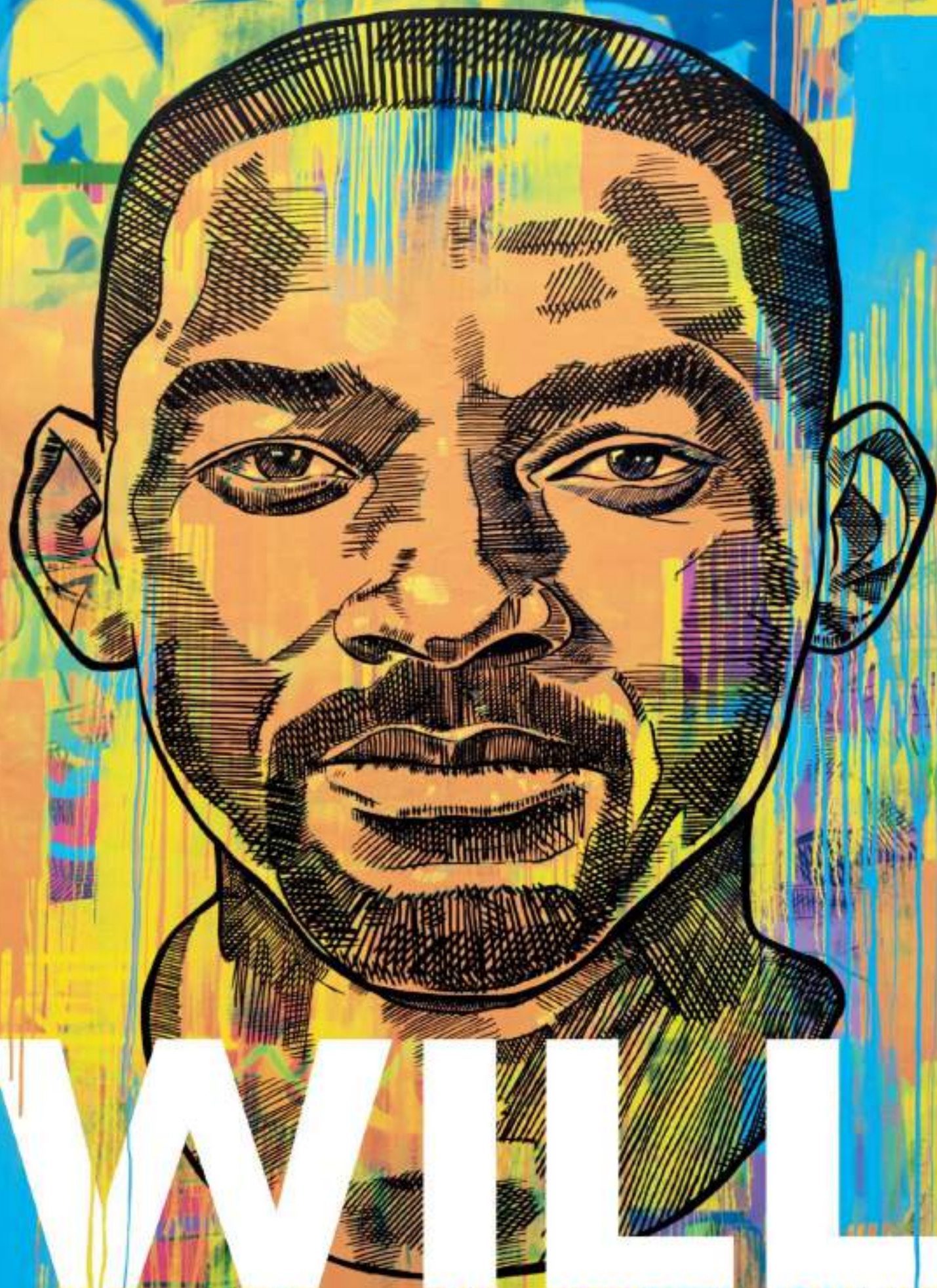




WILL

WILL

WILL SMITH

WITH MARK MANSON

Penguin Press | New York | 2021

PENGUIN PRESS
An imprint of Penguin Random House LLC
penguinrandomhouse.com

Copyright © 2021 by Treyball Content LLC
Penguin supports copyright. Copyright fuels creativity, encourages diverse voices, promotes free speech, and creates a vibrant culture. Thank you for buying an authorized edition of this book and for complying with copyright laws by not reproducing, scanning, or distributing any part of it in any form without permission. You are supporting writers and allowing Penguin to continue to publish books for every reader.

“Just the Two of Us” (Will Smith Rap Version)
Words and Music by Ralph MacDonald, William Salter, Bill Withers, and Will Smith
© 1998 BMG Ruby Songs (ASCAP) / Antisia Music Inc. (ASCAP)
All Rights Administered by BMG Rights Management (US) LLC.
Used by Permission. All Rights Reserved.

“Yvette” by Grandmaster Caz, © 1985 Curtis Brown

“La Loba” from *Women Who Run with the Wolves* by Clarissa Pinkola Estés, Ph.D., copyright © 1992, 1995 by Clarissa Pinkola Estés, Ph.D. Used by permission of Ballantine Books, an imprint of Random House, a division of Penguin Random House LLC and Clarissa Pinkola Estés, Ph.D. All rights reserved.

“Go See the Doctor”
Words and Music by Mohandas Dewese
Copyright © 1986 by Universal Music - Z Songs
International Copyright Secured. All Rights Reserved.
Reprinted by Permission of Hal Leonard LLC.

“Hold It Now Hit It”
Words and Music by Rick Rubin, Adam Horovitz, Adam Yauch, and Michael Diamond
Copyright © 1986 AMERICAN DEF TUNE, UNIVERSAL - POLYGRAM INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHING, INC. and BROOKLYN DUST MUSIC
All Rights for AMERICAN DEF TUNE Controlled and Administered by UNIVERSAL MUSIC CORP.
All Rights for BROOKLYN DUST MUSIC Controlled and Administered by UNIVERSAL - POLYGRAM INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHING, INC.
All Rights Reserved. Used by Permission.
Reprinted by Permission of Hal Leonard LLC.

“My Adidas”
Words and Music by Darryl McDaniels, Joseph Simmons, and Rick Rubin
Copyright © 1986 PROTOONS, INC.
All Rights Controlled and Administered by UNIVERSAL MUSIC CORP.
All Rights Reserved. Used by Permission.
Reprinted by Permission of Hal Leonard LLC.

Illustration credits appear on [this page](#).

ISBN 9781984877925 (hardcover)
ISBN 9781984877932 (ebook)
ISBN 9781984879868 (international edition)

COVER DESIGN BY DARREN HAGGAR
COVER ART BY BMIKE BASED ON A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRIAN BOWEN SMITH
BOOK DESIGN BY LUCIA BERNARD, ADAPTED FOR EBOOK BY SHAYAN SAALABI

Some names and identifying characteristics have been changed to protect the privacy of the individuals involved.

pid_prh_5.8.0_c0_r0

CONTENTS

THE WALL

1. Fear
2. Fantasy
3. Performance
4. Power
5. Hope
6. Ignorance
7. Adventure
8. Pain
9. Destruction
10. Alchemy
11. Adaptation
12. Desire
13. Devotion
14. Boom
15. Inferno
16. Purpose
17. Perfection
18. Mutiny
19. Retreat
20. Surrender
21. Love

THE JUMP

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

ILLUSTRATION CREDITS

THE WALL

When I was eleven years old, my father decided he needed a new wall on the front of his shop. It would be a big wall: roughly twelve feet high by twenty feet long. The old wall was crumbling, and he was “sick-o’-lookin’ at it.” But rather than hire a contractor or construction company, he thought it would be a good project for my younger brother, Harry, and me.

Daddio did the demolition. I remember looking at that gaping hole in excruciating disbelief. I was utterly certain that there would never be a wall there ever again.

Every day for nearly a year, my brother and I would go to my father’s shop after school to work on that wall. We did everything ourselves. We dug the footing, mixed the mortar, and carried the buckets. I still remember the formula: two parts cement, one part sand, one part lime. Harry was in charge of the hose. We’d mix the pile with shovels out on the sidewalk and then fill two-gallon buckets and lay our separate bricks. We did it without any rebar or wood forms, just one of those levels with the water bubble in the middle.

If you know *anything* about construction, you know this is a loony-ass way to do this. If we can keep it real, this is chain-gang kinda labor. Today we would just call Child Protective Services. This is a job so tedious and unnecessarily long that what ended up taking two kids most of a year would have only taken a team of grown men a couple of days, at most.

My brother and I worked weekends, holidays, vacations. We worked through the summer that year. It didn’t matter. My father never took a day off, so neither could we. There were so many times I remember looking at that hole, totally discouraged. I couldn’t see how this was ever going to end. The dimensions became unfathomably large in my mind. It seemed like we were building the Great Wall of West Philly—billions of red bricks stretching infinitely into some distant nowhere. I was certain that I would grow old and die still mixing concrete and carrying those buckets. I just knew it.

But Daddio wouldn’t let us stop. Every day, we had to be there, mixing concrete, carrying buckets, laying bricks. It didn’t matter if it was raining, if it was hot as hell, if I was mad, if I was sad, if I was sick, if I had a test the next day—there were no excuses. My brother and I tried to complain and protest, but it made no difference to Daddio; we were trapped. This wall was a constant; it was permanence. Seasons changed, friends came and went, teachers retired—but the wall remained. Always, the wall remained.

One day, Harry and I were in a particularly stank mood. We were dragging our feet and grumbling, “impossible this” and “ridiculous that.”

“Why’d we have to build a wall for, anyway? This is impossible. It’s never gonna get done.”

Daddio overheard us, threw down his tools, and marched over to where we were yapping. He snatched a brick out of my hand and held it up in front of us.

“Stop thinking about the damn wall!” he said. “There *is* no wall. There are only *bricks*. Your job is to lay *this brick* perfectly. Then move on to the next brick. Then lay *that brick* perfectly. Then the next one. Don’t be worrying about no wall. Your only concern is *one brick*.”

He walked back into the shop. Harry and I looked at each other, shook our heads—*This dude’s a kook*—and went back to mixing.

• • •

Some of the most impactful lessons I’ve ever received, I’ve had to learn in spite of myself. I resisted them, I denied them, but ultimately the weight of their truth became unavoidable. My father’s brick wall was one of those lessons.

The days dragged on, and as much as I hated to admit it, I started to see what he was talking about. When I focused on the *wall*, the job felt impossible. Never-ending. But when I focused on *one brick*, everything got easy—I *knew* I could lay one damn brick well. . . .

As the weeks passed, the bricks mounted, and the hole got just a little bit smaller. I started to see that the difference between a task that feels impossible and a task that feels doable is merely a matter of perspective. Are you paying attention to the wall? Or are you paying attention to the brick? Whether it was acing the tests to get accepted into college, hitting it big as one of the first global hip-hop artists, or constructing one of the most successful careers in Hollywood history, in all cases, what appeared to be impossibly large goals could be broken down into individually manageable tasks—insurmountable walls comprised of a series of conceivably layable bricks.

For my entire career, I have been absolutely relentless. I’ve been committed to a work ethic of uncompromising intensity. And the secret to my success is as boring as it is unsurprising: You show up and you lay another brick. Pissed off? Lay another brick. Bad opening weekend? Lay another brick. Album sales dropping? Get up and lay another brick. Marriage failing? Lay another brick.

Over the past thirty years, like all of us, I have dealt with failure, loss, humiliation, divorce, and death. I’ve had my life threatened, my money taken away, my privacy invaded, my family disintegrated—and every single day, still, I got up, mixed concrete, and laid another brick. No matter what you’re going through, there is *always* another brick sitting right there in front of you, waiting to be laid. The only question is, are you going to get up and lay it?

I’ve heard people say that a child’s personality is influenced by the meaning of their name. Well, my father gave me *my* name, he gave me *his* name, and he gave me my greatest advantage in life: my ability to weather adversity.

He gave me will.

• • •

It was a cold, overcast day, nearly a year after my brother and I had begun. By that time, the wall had become such a fixture in my life that thoughts of finishing it felt like delusions. Like, if we ever *did* finish, there would tragically be another hole, right behind it, that immediately needed to be filled. But on that frigid September morning, we mixed the final pile, filled the final bucket, and laid the final brick.

Daddio had been standing there watching the last few bricks being set into place. Cigarette in hand, he stood quietly admiring our work. Harry and I set and leveled the final brick, then silence. Harry kinda shrugged—*What now? Do we jump, do we cheer, do we celebrate?* We gingerly stepped back and stood on each side of Daddio.

The three of us surveyed our family's new wall.

Daddio plucked his cigarette to the ground, twisting his boot to put it out, exhaled the final drag of smoke, and, never taking his eyes off the wall, he said, "Now, don't y'all *ever* tell me there's something you *can't* do."

Then he walked into the shop and got back to work.

FEAR

I've always thought of myself as a coward. Most of my memories of my childhood involve me being afraid in some way—afraid of other kids, afraid of being hurt or embarrassed, afraid of being seen as weak.

But mostly, I was afraid of my father.

When I was nine years old, I watched my father punch my mother in the side of her head so hard that she collapsed. I saw her spit blood. That moment in that bedroom, probably more than any other moment in my life, has defined who I am today.

Within everything that I have done since then—the awards and accolades, the spotlights and the attention, the characters and the laughs—there has been a subtle string of apologies to my mother for my inaction that day. For failing her in that moment. For failing to stand up to my father.

For being a coward.

What you have come to understand as “Will Smith,” the alien-annihilating MC, the bigger-than-life movie star, is largely a construction—a carefully crafted and honed character—designed to protect myself. To hide myself from the world. To hide the coward.

. . .

My father was my hero.

His name was Willard Carroll Smith, but we all called him “Daddio.”

Daddio was born and raised in the rough and rugged streets of North Philadelphia in the 1940s. Daddio's father, my grandfather, owned a small fish market. He had to work from 4:00 a.m. until late at night every day. My grandmother was a nurse and often worked the night shift at the hospital. As a result, Daddio spent much of his childhood alone and unsupervised. The North Philly streets had a way of hardening you. You either crystallized into a mean motherfucker, or the hood broke you. Daddio was smoking cigarettes by eleven and drinking by the age of fourteen. My father developed a defiant and aggressive attitude that would continue all his life.

When he was fourteen, my grandparents, fearing where his life was headed, scraped together what money they could and sent him to an agricultural boarding school in the Pennsylvania countryside where kids learned farming techniques and basic handyman work. It was a strict and traditional place, and by sending him there they hoped to introduce some much-needed structure and discipline into his life.

But nobody was going to tell my father what to do. Other than working on some of the tractor engines, he couldn't be bothered with what he described as "that hillbilly bullshit." He would skip classes; he smoked cigarettes and kept on drinking.

At age sixteen, Daddio was done with this school and ready to go home. He decided to get himself kicked out. He started disrupting classes, ignoring all the rules, and antagonizing anyone in a position of authority. But when the administrators tried to send him home, my grandparents refused to take him back. "We paid for the full year," they said. "You're getting paid to deal with him, so *deal* with him." Daddio was stuck.

But Daddio was a hustler—he was going to find his way out: On his seventeenth birthday, he snuck off campus, walked half a dozen miles to the nearest recruiting office, and enlisted in the United States Air Force. This was classic Daddio—he was so hell-bent on defying authority and rebelling against both his parents and the school that he jumped out of the frying pan of an agricultural boarding school and directly into the fire of the United States military. He ended up in the exact structure and discipline my grandparents had desperately hoped to instill in him.

But as it turned out, Daddio *loved* it. It was in the military that he discovered the transformative power of order and discipline, two values that he came to worship as the guardrails protecting him from the worst parts of himself. Wake up at 4:00 a.m., train all morning, work all day, study all night—he found his lane. He discovered that he could outlast anybody, and he began to take pride in that. It was another aspect of his defiant attitude. Nobody could force him to wake up with a bugle horn because he already *was* up.

With his passionate work ethic, boundless energy, and undeniable intelligence, he should have quickly risen through the ranks. But there were two issues.

First, he had a brutal temper, and superior officer or not, if you were wrong, he wasn't doing it. Second, his drinking. Let me tell you, my father was one of the smartest people I've ever known, but when he was angry, or drunk, he became an idiot. He would break his own rules, subvert his own objectives, destroy his own things.

After about two years in the military, this self-destructive streak peeked through the veil of order and ended his service career.

One night, he and the guys from his platoon were gambling. (Daddio was sweet with a pair of dice.) He took those dudes for almost a thousand dollars. Once he'd stashed the winnings in his footlocker, he headed out to get something to eat, but when he returned from the mess hall, the guys had stolen back the money. In his fury, Daddio drank himself into a frenzy, took out his service pistol, and lit up the barracks. Nobody got hurt, but it was enough for the air force to show him the door. He was fortunate that he wasn't court-martialed—instead, they just discharged him, put him on a bus, and invited him to never come back.

This was a tension that ripped through my father's entire life—he demanded such rigid perfection from himself and the people around him, yet after too many drinks, or if he snapped, he would burn everything to the ground.

• • •

Daddio moved back to Philly. Undaunted, he took a job in a steel mill while putting himself through night school. He studied engineering and showed a real aptitude for both electricity and the science of refrigeration. One day, after being passed over for a promotion at the steel mill for the third or fourth time because of his race, he simply walked out the door and never went back. He knew refrigeration, so he decided he'd start his own business.

Daddio was brilliant. Like many sons, I worshipped my father, but he also terrified me. He was one of the greatest blessings of my life, and also one of my greatest sources of pain.

• • •

My mom was born Carolyn Elaine Bright. She's a Pittsburgh girl, born and raised in Homewood, a predominantly Black neighborhood on the east side of the city.

My mother, a.k.a. "Mom-Mom," is eloquent and sophisticated. She has a petite frame, with long, elegant, piano player's fingers, perfectly sized to deliver a gorgeous rendition of "Für Elise." She had been a standout student at Westinghouse High School and was one of the first Black women to ever study at Carnegie Mellon University. Mom-Mom would often say that knowledge was the only thing that the world couldn't take away from you. And she only cared about three things: education, education, and education.

She loved business—banking, finance, sales, contracts. Mom-Mom always had her own money.

Life moved quickly for my mother, as it often did in those days. She married her first husband at the age of twenty, had a daughter, and was divorced less than three years later. By twenty-five, as a struggling single mom, she was probably one of the most educated African American women in all of Pittsburgh, yet she was still working jobs beneath the level of her true potential. Feeling trapped and craving bigger opportunities, she packed up the baby and moved to live with her mother—my grandmother Gigi—in Philadelphia.

My parents met in the summer of 1964. Mom-Mom was working as a notary in the Fidelity Bank in Philly. She was rolling out with some girlfriends to a party, and one of them told her she just *had* to meet this man. His name was Will Smith.

In many ways, Mom-Mom is the total opposite of my father. Whereas Daddio was the boisterous, charismatic center of attention, Mom-Mom is quiet and reserved; not because she's shy or intimidated, but because she "only speaks when it improves on silence." She loves words and always chooses them carefully—she speaks with an academic sophistication. Daddio, on the other hand, was loud, spewing the lingo of a

1950s North Philly hood rat. He loved the poetry of his profanity—I once heard him call a man a “dirty rat, cocksuckin’, low-down, mangy pig fucker.”

Mom-Mom doesn’t use profanity.

It’s important to note here, that back in the day, Daddio was the *man*. Six foot two, smart, good-looking, the proud owner of a fire-engine-red convertible Pontiac. He was funny; he could sing; he could play the guitar. He could *lock* people into him—he was always the dude standing in the middle of a party with a drink in one hand and a cigarette in the other, a master storyteller who could keep a room buzzing.

When Mom-Mom first saw Daddio, he reminded her of a tall Marvin Gaye. He was savvy and knew his way around people. He could talk his way into a party, get free drinks and a table near the front. Daddio had a way of moving through the world like everything was under control, it was all going to be fine. This was comforting for my mom.

My mother’s memory of their first days together is just a blurred montage of restaurants and clubs, strung together by a stream of jokes and laughter. Mom-Mom couldn’t get over how funny he was, but most important to her, he was ambitious. He had his own business. He had employees. He wanted to work in white neighborhoods, with white people working for *him*.

Daddio was going places.

My father wasn’t used to interacting with women of my mother’s educational accomplishments—*Man, this bird’s smart as a muthafucka*, he thought. Daddio was the *street* smarts to Mom-Mom’s *book* smarts.

My parents had a lot in common, too. They both had a passion for music. They loved jazz, blues, and, later, funk and R&B. They lived through the glorious Motown days and spent much of it dancing together in musty basement parties and jazz clubs.

But there were strange commonalities, as well—the stuff that startles you and makes you think, *This must be God’s plan*. Both of my parents had mothers who were nurses who worked night shifts (one was Helen; one was Ellen). Both of my parents had short-lived marriages in their early twenties, and they both had daughters. And in perhaps the strangest coincidence, they had both named their daughters Pam.

My parents got married in a small ceremony at Niagara Falls in 1966. Soon after, Daddio moved into my grandmother Gigi’s house, on North Fifty-Fourth Street in West Philadelphia. It wasn’t long before they combined their very different strengths and talents into an effective team. Mom-Mom ran Daddio’s office: payroll, contracts, taxes, accounting, permits. And Daddio got to do what he did best: work hard and make money.

Both of my parents would later speak fondly of those early years. They were young, in love, ambitious, and they were movin’ on up.

• • •

My full name is Willard Carroll Smith II—*not* Junior. Daddio would always correct people: “Hey! He ain’t no mutherfuckin’ Junior.” He felt like calling me “Junior” diminished both of us.

I was born on September 25, 1968. My mom says that from the moment I showed up, I was a talker. Always smiling, yapping, and babbling away, content to just be making noise.

Gigi worked the graveyard shift at Jefferson Hospital in Center City, Philadelphia, so she’d take care of me in the mornings while my parents were at work. Her house had a huge porch, which served as my front-row seat to the drama of North Fifty-Fourth Street, and a stage on which I could join in the theatrics. She’d prop me up on that porch and watch me jibber-jabber with anybody and everybody who walked by. Even at that age, I loved having an audience.

My twin brother and sister, Harry and Ellen, were born on May 5, 1971. And counting Mom-Mom’s daughter Pam, just like that there would now be six of us under one roof.

Fortunately, the North Philly entrepreneur in Daddio was alive and well. He had gone from repairing refrigerators to installing and maintaining refrigerator and freezer cases in major supermarkets. Business was taking off—he was expanding beyond Philly into the surrounding suburbs. He started to build a fleet of trucks and hire a crew of refrigeration and electrical technicians. He also rented a small building to use as his base of operations.

Daddio was always hustling. I remember one particularly frigid winter, cash got tight, so he taught himself how to repair kerosene heaters. They were all the rage in Philly at the time. He put up a bunch of flyers, and people started bringing him their broken heaters. Daddio figured out that once he’d fixed a heater, he’d have to “test” it for a couple days, to make sure it was working. At any given time, he’d have ten or twelve kerosene heaters “being tested for the quality of his work.” That many heaters will easily warm a West Philly row home, even in the coldest of winters. So Daddio canceled our gas service, kept his family warm and toasty for the winter, *and got paid for it*.

By the time that I was two years old, Daddio had established his business firmly enough to buy a house about a mile away from Gigi in a middle-class neighborhood of West Philly called Wynnefield.

I grew up at 5943 Woodcrest Avenue on a tree-lined street of thirty grayish-red brick row homes, all connected. The physical proximity of the houses cultivated a strong sense of community. (It also meant that if your neighbor had roaches, you had roaches, too.) Everybody knew everybody. For a young Black family in the 1970s, this was as American dream as you could get.

Across the street was Beeber Middle School and its majestic concrete playground. Basketball, baseball, girls jumpin’ double Dutch. The ol’ heads slap-boxing. And the second the summer hit, pop goes the water plug. Our neighborhood was thick with kids, and we were always outside playing. Living within one hundred yards of my

house, there were almost forty kids my age. Stacey, David, Reecie, Cheri, Michael, Teddy, Shawn, Omarr, and on and on—and that’s not even counting their siblings, or the kids on the next blocks. (Stacey Brooks is my oldest friend in the world. We met the day my family moved to Woodcrest. I was two, she was three. Our mothers pushed our strollers up to each other and introduced us. I was in love with her by the time I was seven. But she was in love with David Brandon. He was nine.)

Times were good, and people were clearly having sex . . . a lot.

My middle-class upbringing contributed to the constant criticism I took early in my rap career. I was not a gangster, and I wasn’t selling drugs. I grew up on a nice street in a two-parent household. I went to a Catholic school with mostly white kids until I was fourteen. My mom was college educated. And for all of his faults, my father always put food on the table and would die before he abandoned his kids.

My story was very different from the ones being told by the young Black men who were launching the global phenomenon that would later become hip-hop. In their minds, I was somehow an illegitimate artist; they would call me “soft,” “whack,” “corny,” a “bubblegum rapper,” criticisms that violently infuriated me. Looking back, I realize I may have been projecting a little, but the reason I hated it so much was that they were unknowingly poking at the thing I most hated about myself, my sense that I was a coward.

. . .

Daddio saw the world in terms of commanders and missions, a military mind-set that informed every aspect of his life. He would come to run our family as though we were a platoon on a battlefield and the Woodcrest house was our barracks. He didn’t *ask* us to clean our rooms or to make our beds—he commanded, “Police your area.”

In his world, there was no such thing as a “small thing.” Doing your homework was a mission. Cleaning the bathroom was a mission. Getting groceries from the supermarket was a mission. And scrubbing a floor? It was never just about scrubbing a floor—it was about your ability to follow orders, to exhibit self-discipline, and to complete a task with the utmost perfection. “Ninety-nine percent is the same as zero” was one of his favorite sayings.

If a soldier failed his or her mission, it had to be repeated until perfected. And to disobey a command meant you faced a court-martial, and the punishment usually came in the form of a belt to your bare ass. (He’d say, “Take ’em off, I ain’t gon’ beat my clothes.”)

In Daddio’s mind, everything was life or death. He was preparing his children to thrive in a harsh world—a world that he saw as chaotic and brutal. The instilling of fear was—and still is to a large degree—a cultural parenting tactic in the Black community. Fear is embraced as a survival necessity. It is a widely held belief that in order to protect Black children, they must fear parental authority. The instilling of fear is viewed as an offering of love.

On May 13, 1985, Daddio came into our rooms calling for us to get on the floor. A couple of miles south of Woodcrest, the Philadelphia Police Department had just dropped a pair of one-pound bombs on a residential neighborhood. We could hear the faint *ka-ka-ka-kaaaaa-ka-ka-kaaaaa* of automatic gunfire. Five children and six adults would die that day in what is now known as the MOVE bombing. Two entire city blocks—sixty-five homes—were burned to the ground.

The news always seemed to reinforce Daddio's point of view. Daddio's ideology was centered on training us mentally and physically to handle life's inevitable adversities, but what he unwittingly created was an environment of constant tension and anxiety.

I remember one Sunday afternoon, Daddio was taking a rare day off and sitting in the living room watching TV. He called me over: "'Ey, Will?"

Popping straight to attention, I said, "Yes, Daddy?"

"Run up to Mr. Bryant's and grab my Tareyton 100s."

"Yes, sir!"

He handed me five dollars, and I was off to the corner store. I was maybe ten years old at the time, but this was the 1970s, back when parents could send their kid to buy cigarettes.

I ran down the street directly to Mr. Bryant's without stopping. Totally out of breath, a perfect soldier.

"Hi, Mr. Bryant, my dad sent me to pick up his cigarettes."

"How you doin', Will?" Mr. Bryant said. "They didn't come in today—tell Daddio they should be here tomorrow. I'll hold a carton for him."

"OK, thank you, Mr. Bryant. I'll tell him."

Still a good soldier, I headed home. On my way back, I ran into David and Danny Brandon, who had just gotten this weird new thing called a Nerf football. It was a football, but it was soft.

Any soldier would have stopped.

This thing was *amazing*—I got lost in the ingenuity of this extraordinary object. *You could throw it in the winter, but it wouldn't hurt your fingers if you caught it! You could miss it, it could hit you in the face, and you'd be fine!* One minute turned into five, and then five became ten, ten became twenty . . . Suddenly, David and Danny freeze. Their eyes lock over my shoulder.

I turn, and my stomach drops. Daddio, bare-chested, striding up the middle of the street right at me.

"WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOIN'?"

David and Danny evaporated. I quickly try to explain.

"Daddy, Mr. Bryant said the cigarettes didn't come in and—"

"WHAT DID I TELL YOU TO DO?"

"I know, Daddy, but I—"

"WHO'S IN CHARGE?!"

"Whadda you mean—"

“WHO’S IN CHARGE?! YOU? OR ME?”

My heart pounding out of my chest, my voice quivers: “You are, Daddy—”

“BECAUSE IF TWO PEOPLE ARE IN CHARGE, *EVERYBODY DIES!* SO, IF YOU’RE IN CHARGE, LET ME KNOW BECAUSE I WILL DEFER TO YOUR LEADERSHIP!”

His nostrils flaring, the vein in his left temple pulsing madly, his eyes burning through my fragile, ten-year-old innocence.

“When I send you on a mission, there are two possibilities—one, you complete the mission. Or two, YOU. ARE. DEAD. Do you understand me?”

“Yes, Daddy.”

Daddio grabbed me by the back of the neck and dragged me home.

I didn’t think I deserved a whuppin’ for that. Most of the times I got hit during my childhood, I didn’t think I’d earned it—it felt like an injustice. I wasn’t the kind of kid you needed to spank. I already wanted to please you. David Brandon needed a beatin’. Matt Brown needed a beatin’. If I got in trouble, it was usually because I was distracted—I would forget something or my mind would drift. I think the corporal punishment of my childhood just convinced me I was bad.

. . .

The constant fear during my childhood honed my sensitivity to every detail in my environment. From a very young age, I developed a razor-sharp intuition, an ability to attune to every emotion around me. I learned to sense anger, predict joy, and understand sadness on far deeper levels than most other kids.

Recognizing these emotions was crucial and critical for my personal safety: a tone in Daddio’s voice, a pointed question from my mother, a twitch of my sister’s eye. I processed these things quickly and profoundly—a missed glance or misinterpreted word could quickly deteriorate into a belt on my ass or a fist in my mother’s face.

Daddio had a black leather key pouch hooked on his utility belt that held about thirty keys, which for me served as an alarm system. The second he’d walk through the door you could hear his keys jingling as he placed them back into their case and reset them at his hip. I became so in tune that I could discern his mood from the rhythm and the intensity with which he handled his keys. My bedroom was at the top of the stairs, directly facing down to the front door. If he was in a good mood, they would jingle effortlessly, as though they were lighter than usual. If he was pissed, I could hear the jolt of pressure as he reattached them to his hip.

And if he was drunk, the keys didn’t matter.

This emotional awareness has stayed with me throughout my life. Paradoxically it has served me well as an actor and performer. I could easily recognize, comprehend, and emulate complex emotions long before I knew that people would pay me for it.

• • •

My father was born on the heels of the Great Depression. He was a poor Black kid living on the streets of North Philly in the 1940s. He basically had a tenth-grade education. Yet, over the course of his life, he built a business with a dozen employees and seven trucks, selling thirty thousand pounds of ice per day to grocery stores and supermarkets in three states. He went weeks without taking a day off, decades without taking a vacation. My mother has memories of Daddio coming home in the middle of the night from the shop; dumping thousands of dollars in cash onto the bed, saying, “Count that”; and then immediately heading out into the night to get back to work.

My father tormented me. And he was also one of the greatest men I’ve ever known. My father was violent, but he was also at every game, play, and recital. He was an alcoholic, but he was sober at every premiere of every one of my movies. He listened to every record. He visited every studio. The same intense perfectionism that terrorized his family put food on the table every night of my life. So many of my friends grew up either not knowing their fathers or not having their fathers around. But Daddio had my back and never abandoned his post, not even once.

And while he never learned to overcome his own demons, he would cultivate in me the tools to confront my own.

• • •

As much as we all suffered under Daddio’s militaristic views of love and family, nobody suffered more than my mother. If two people being in charge meant everybody dies, then that meant my mother could never be in charge.

The problem was that my mother wasn’t the type of woman to be commanded. She was educated, proud, and stubborn, and as much as we begged her to please be quiet, she refused.

Once, when Daddio slapped her, she egged him on.

“Oh, you’re such a man! You think that hitting a woman makes you a man, huh?”

He hit her again, knocking her to the ground.

She stood right back up, looked him in the eye, and calmly said, “Hit me all you want, but you can never hurt me.”

I have never forgotten that. The idea that he could hit her body but somehow *she* was in control of what “hurt” her? I wanted to be strong like that.

• • •

Everybody in my house could fight.

Except me.

My older sister Pam was strong like our mother. She was six years older than me, and she was kinda my childhood bodyguard. She would stand up to anybody at any time. There were multiple situations where somebody would take my money or I would get bullied or come home crying, and Pam would grab me by the hand, walk me straight outside, and scream, “WHO DID IT? Point to ’em, Will!” Then she’d proceed to casually whoop the whole ass of the unfortunate kid I pointed at. It was a sad day when she left for college.

Harry turned out to be strong, too. While I took extra special care to please my father every chance I got, Harry mimicked my mother’s behavior. Starting at a young age, he preferred to just stand up and take the beatings. He once yelled at my father, “You can hit me, but you can’t make me cry. [Smack.] I’m not crying! [Smack.] I’m not crying.” Eventually, realizing he couldn’t break him, Daddio laid off Harry altogether. All along, Harry’s courage—the fact that my little brother was able to stand up to “the monster”—just reinforced my shame. In a family of fighters, I was the weak one. I was the coward.

• • •

In acting, understanding a character’s fears is a critical part of understanding his or her psyche. The fears create desires and the desires precipitate actions. These repetitive actions and predictable responses are the building blocks of great cinematic characters.

It’s pretty much the same in real life. Something bad happens to us, and we decide we’re never going to let that happen again. But in order to prevent it, we have to *be* a certain way. We choose the behaviors that we believe will deliver safety, stability, and love. And we repeat them, over and over again. In the movies, we call it a character; in real life, we call it personality.

How we decide to respond to our fears, *that* is the person we become.

I decided to be funny.

• • •

Each of my siblings remembers that night in that bedroom with our mother. Each of us was incredibly scared, but each of us responded differently, in ways that would go on to define who we were for much of our lives.

Harry, despite being only six years old, tried to intervene and protect our mother—he would do so many times over the coming years, sometimes successfully. But that night, Daddio just shoved him away.

My brother intuitively got my mother’s lesson about pain: Harry had discovered that untouchable place within himself, that place where you could hit him as much as you wanted, but you could never hurt him. I remember him once yelling at my father, “You’ll have to kill me to make me stop.”

That same night, my sister Ellen responded by running to her bedroom, curling up on the bed, covering her ears, and crying. Later, she would recall Daddio walking by her room and, hearing her sobbing, coldly asking, “Now what da fuck *you* crying about?”

Ellen withdrew. Not only from Daddio but from the rest of the family. Years later, her withdrawal would result in outright rebellion. She’d stay out all night drinking and smoking and wouldn’t even bother to call to say where she was.

If Harry was “fight,” Ellen was “flight,” and I became a pleaser. Throughout our childhood, my siblings and I judged one another harshly for our different reactions, and those judgments hardened into resentment. Ellen felt like Harry and I didn’t support her; Harry felt that, as the older brother, I should have been stronger, I should have done something. And I felt like their responses only inflamed the situations and made it worse for all of us. I wanted everybody to just shut the fuck up and do it my way.

I wanted to please and placate him, because as long as Daddio was laughing and smiling, I believed, *we would be safe*. I was the entertainer in the family. I wanted to keep everything light and fun and joyful. And while this psychological response would later bear artistic and financial fruits, it also meant that my little nine-year-old brain processed Daddio’s abusive episodes *as somehow being my fault*.

I *should* have been able to keep my father satisfied. I *should* have been able to protect my mother. I *should* have been able to make the family stable and happy. I *should* have been able to make everything all right.

And it’s in this compulsive desire to constantly please others, to keep them laughing and smiling at all times, to redirect all the attention in the room away from the ugly and uncomfortable, toward the joyful and the beautiful—it’s there that a true entertainer is born.

But that night, in that bedroom, with me standing there in the doorway, watching my father’s fists collide with the woman I loved most in this world, watching as she collapsed on the ground, helpless, I just stood there. Frozen.

I had been scared my whole childhood, but this was the first time I had been aware of my own inaction. I was my mom’s oldest son. I was less than ten yards away. I was the only chance she had for help.

Yet, I did nothing.

It was then that my young identity congealed in my mind. It became encased in a hard sediment, an unshakable feeling that no matter what I have done, and no matter how successful I have become, no matter how much money I’ve made or how many #1 hits I’ve had or how many box office records I’ve broken, there is that subtle and silent feeling always pulsating in the back of my mind: that I am a coward; that I have failed; that I am sorry, Mom-Mom, so sorry.

Do you know what happens when two people are in charge? When two people are in charge, everybody dies!

That night, in that bedroom, at only nine years old, watching the destruction of my family as my mother collapsed to the floor—in that moment, I decided. I made a silent promise. To my mother, to my family, to myself:

One day, I would be in charge.

And this would never, *ever* happen again.

FANTASY

Now, I know y'all were thinkin' I was going to start this book off with, "Iiiiiin West Philadelphia, born and raised . . .," not with stories of domestic abuse and violence.

I was tempted, I mean, how could I not be? I'm a make-believer. And not just any ol' make-believer, I'm a Legendary, Bad Boy, Man in Black kind of make-believer: I'm a *movie* star. My first impulse is always to clean up the truth in my mind. To make it better. To shine it up a little bit so it doesn't hurt as much. I redesign it and replace it with whatever suits me. Or really, whatever suits *you*: I'm a crowd-pleaser. It's my *actual* job. The "truth" is whatever I decide to make you believe, and I *will* make you believe it: That's what I do.

I'm a master storyteller. I thought about showing you the pretty me, a flawless diamond; a swaggy, unbreakable winner. A fantasy image of a successful human being. I'm *always* tempted to make-believe. I live in an ongoing war with reality.

Of course, there's the red-carpet-walking, fly-car-driving, tight-fade-wearing, box-office-record-breaking, hot-chick-marrying, *I Am Legend*—pull-up-doing, jiggy-ass "Will Smith" . . .

And then there's me. This book is about me.

*Iiiiiin West Philadelphia, born and raised
On the playground is where I spent most of my days
Chilling out, maxing, relaxing all cool
I got my ass beat and bullied every day after school . . .*

That's how the song *should* have gone. OK . . . I can admit I was a weird kid. Kinda skinny, sorta goofy, with a bizarre taste in clothes. I was also the unfortunate owner of a prominent set of ears that made David Brandon once say that I looked like a trophy.

As I think back, I probably would have made fun of me, too. It didn't help that I liked math and science; they were my favorite subjects in school. I think I like math because it's exact; I like when things add up. Numbers don't play games or have moods or opinions.

And I talked a *lot*—probably too much. But, most important, I had a wild and vivid imagination, a fantasy life that was much broader and lasted way longer than most children. Whereas when most kids just played around with plastic army men, Nerf

balls, and toy guns, I would construct elaborate fantasy scenarios and then get lost in them.

When I was about eight or nine, Mom-Mom sent me and Pam to Sayre Morris day camp in Southwest Philadelphia. It was the usual, bargain-basement thing: rec room, swimming pool, arts and crafts. I came home after the first day and ran into the kitchen, where my mom was sitting with our next-door neighbor, Miss Freda.

“Hey, baby, how was camp?” Mom-Mom asked.

“Aw, Mom, I *loved* it. They had this big jazz band with trumpets and violins and singers and drums, and they had one of those horn things that do like this.” I mimicked the back-and-forth movement of a trombone.

“And then we had a dance battle, and like fifty people were doing choreographed moves together. . . .”

Miss Freda looked at my mom—*A full jazz band? Fifty choreographed dancers? At a children’s summer camp?*

What Miss Freda didn’t know was that she was caught in the cross fire of a playful game between my mother and me, one that still goes on even to this day. The rules are, I describe the most colorful, vivid, outlandish scene that I can come up with, which I then superimpose over the reality of my actual experience, and Mom-Mom’s job is to determine how much of it is actually true, and in which case, does she need to do something?

My mom paused and came nose to nose with me. Her gaze served as a sort of old-school, mother-wit lie detector, looking for the slightest wobble in my commitment to my story. I didn’t flinch.

She’d seen enough.

“Willard, stop playing. There was no jazz band at Sayre day camp.”

“No, Mom, I’m telling you—it was *crazy*.”

Miss Freda, confused, said, “But, Carolyn, he didn’t even know the word for a trombone—he had to have seen it, right?”

“No. He does this mess all the time.”

Just then, Pam walked into the kitchen, and my mother said, “Pam, was there a full jazz band, a dance contest, and a trombone at camp today?”

Pam rolled her eyes.

“What? No. It was a *jukebox*, Mom. Will stood there and listened to the jukebox all day—he didn’t even get in the pool.”

Mom-Mom looked to Miss Freda. “I *told* you.”

I burst into laughter—Mom-Mom won this round, but at least I beat Miss Freda.

. . .

My imagination is my gift, and when it merges with my work ethic, I can make money rain from the heavens.

My imagination has always been the part of me that Mom-Mom loved the most. (Well, that and when I got good grades.) It's a weird mix of love that she has for me. She loves my silly side, but she needs me to be smart.

At some point in her life, she decided that she was only allowed to talk about important stuff: educational reform, generational wealth, the new misleading national health guidelines. She doesn't "entertain foolishness." Her and Daddio debated *everything*.

"Integration is the worst thing that ever happened to Black folks," Daddio said emphatically.

"You don't believe that, Will—you're just sayin' it to pluck my nerves," Mom-Mom said dismissively.

"Listen to me, Car'lyn! Before integration, we had our own. Black businesses were thriving because niggas had to patronize niggas. The cleaners, the restaurant, the hardware store—everybody needed everybody. As soon as Black folks was allowed to eat at McDonald's, our entire economic infrastructure collapsed."

"So are you suggesting that you'd prefer to be raising these children in slavery, or in Jim Crow?" Mom-Mom said.

"I'm suggestin' that if there was a nigga water fountain, niggas would be gettin' hired to fix it."

Mom-Mom would never say it to Daddio, but she would repeat all the time, "Never argue with a fool, because from a distance, people can't tell who's who." So when she would stop arguing with you, you knew what she thought of your position.

When I say silly stuff, it makes the world *lighter* for her. But she needs me to say smart stuff, too. That makes her feel safe. She thinks that the only way I'll be able to survive is if I'm intelligent. She likes about a sixty-forty ratio of smart to silly. She's the best audience I've ever had. It's like there's some hidden part of her that even she's not aware of that's always egging me on.

Come on, Will, sillier, smarter, sillier, smarter . . .

I like to hit her with stuff that, on the surface, is super silly, and I hide the smart under it to see if she can find it. I like the look on her face when she thinks something is just stupid, and then the smart part sneaks up on her. (That's *my* favorite, too.)

Comedy is an extension of intelligence. It's hard to be really funny if you're not really smart. And laughter is Mom-Mom's medicine. In a way, I'm her little doctor, and the more she laughs, the more silly, smart, spectacular shit I make up.

. . .

As a child, I would disappear into my imagination. I could daydream endlessly—there was nothing more entertaining to me than my fantasy worlds. There *was* a jazz band at camp; I *heard* the trumpets; I *saw* the trombone, the zoot suits, the big dance scene. The worlds that my mind created and inhabited were as real to me as "real life," sometimes even more so.

This constant stream of images and colors and ideas and silliness became my safe place. And then, to be able to share that space, to be able to transport someone, became the ultimate bliss. I love the ecstasy of a person's rapt attention, taking them on a roller-coaster ride of their emotions locked in harmony with my fantasy creation.

For me, the border between fantasy and reality has always been thin and transparent, and I've been able to step in and out of each effortlessly.

The problem is one man's fantasy is another man's lie. I developed a reputation in the neighborhood as a compulsive liar. My friends felt like they could never trust what I said.

This is a strange quirk about me and even continues to this day. It's a running joke among my friends and family that you have to dial back my stories two or three notches to know what *actually* happened. Sometimes I'll tell a story and then a friend will look at Jada and say, "OK, so what *really* happened?"

But as a child, what the other kids didn't understand was that I didn't lie about my perceptions, my perceptions lied *to me*. I would get lost; sometimes I would lose track of what was real and what I had made up. It became a defense mechanism—my mind wouldn't even contemplate what was true. I would think, *What do they need to hear to be OK?*

But Mom-Mom got me—she *delighted* in my peculiarities. She made space for me to be as silly and creative as I could be.

For instance, for much of my childhood I had an imaginary friend named Magicker. A lot of kids go through the imaginary-friend phase—usually between four and six years old. Those imaginary friends are amorphous identities that don't really have any shape or personality. The imaginary friend wants whatever the child wants, hates what the child hates, and so on. It's made up to affirm the child's thoughts and feelings.

But Magicker was different; even as I write this book, the memory of Magicker is as vivid and resonant as any of the actual experiences of my childhood. He was a full-blown *person*.

Magicker was a little white boy with red hair, fair skin, and freckles. He always wore a little powder-blue polyester suit, with a fire-engine-red bow tie. His pants rode just a little bit too high, exposing poorly chosen white socks.

Whereas most other children's imaginary friends served as projections and affirmations, Magicker had distinct preferences and opinions about what games we should play and where we should go and what we should do. Sometimes, he would disagree with me; other times, he'd make me go outside when I didn't want to. He had strong ideas about certain types of foods and the character of people in my life. Even as I'm sitting here recalling our relationship, I'm thinking, *Damn it, Magicker, this is my imagination!*

Magicker was such a significant presence in my childhood that my mom would sometimes set out a separate plate for him at the dinner table. And if she wasn't making any headway with *me*, she'd talk to Magicker instead.

"OK, Magicker, are you ready to go to bed?"

Fortunately, this was the one thing that Magicker and I always agreed on—we were never ready to go to bed.

• • •

A side effect of being lost in a fantasy life was that I had a lot of eccentric ideas about what was fly, fashionable, or funny. For example, I'm not sure how it developed, but I stumbled into an unfortunate but passionate cowboy-boot phase. Man, I *loved* cowboy boots; in fact, I refused to wear anything else on my feet. I'd wear them with sweatsuits; I'd wear them with jeans.

Hell, I even wore them with shorts.

Now, a Black kid in West Philly in cowboy boots might as well just put a bull's-eye on his back. Kids would make fun of me and tease me mercilessly, but I didn't understand *why*. "These boots are *dope*!" And the more they laughed, the deeper my commitment to cowboy boots grew.

I was always a bit of an oddball. Things that felt normal to me could seem strange to others, and things that other people celebrated sometimes didn't inspire me in the least.

Back in the day, Huffy mountain bikes were on fire; every kid wanted one. And one Christmas, all my friends on my block got together and we agreed to ask our parents for Huffy bikes that year. The plan was we would all ride our matching bikes to Merion Park, a small park just far enough outside our neighborhood to feel like we were on an adventure.

Well, Christmas came, and Santa made good on ten brand-new, matching Huffys. Noon rolled around, and everybody was out front.

Everybody, that is, except me.

See, I didn't ask for a Huffy. Huffys were for suckaz! And they were about to witness what a *real* bike looked like. Because while they had all asked for stock, standard, run-of-the-mill Huffy mountain bikes, I ain't no sheep. I had asked for . . . a bright red Raleigh Chopper. Choppers were those low-rider bikes with a big wheel in the back and a tiny one up front, with the handlebars that stuck way up in the air, with the three-speed gear shift and an L-bucket dragster saddle, a.k.a. the banana seat. They were like the Harley-Davidson of kid's bikes. You felt like you were on a *motorcycle* on that thing. It was the undisputed coolest bike on earth.

I couldn't sleep the night before imagining my entrance. I had worked out my big reveal: I would wait for everybody to line up out front, ready to go, but I would come out from the *back* driveway, maintaining the element of surprise. I even planned and practiced what I was gonna say when they saw me on my Chopper. "Whaddup, suckaz, what y'all waiting for? Let's go!" and then I'd just ride past them so they would have to catch up with me: Will Smith, the leader of the pack, the king of the neighborhood.

The moment arrived. I had been watching them from behind the curtains in my living room; I could tell they were all waiting and wondering, *Where's Will at?* And

just then I rolled out from the driveway, handlebars scraping the heavens, peddling smoothly in my cowboy boots—that Raleigh Chopper first gear was *butter*.

I was *the man*.

I float on by, all eyes on me. I throw the nod, then hit them with the line: “Whaddup, suckaz, what y’all waitin’ for? Let’s go!”

It was quiet for a few seconds. I figured I had ’em shook.

Then I was nearly knocked off my Chopper by the roar of laughter that emerged behind me. Teddy Allison literally laid on the ground laughing.

Through his tears he managed to say, “What the *fuck* is that jawn?”

I hit the brakes and turned to scan the rest of the crowd to see if Teddy was just bussin’, or if he was speaking for everybody.

“Nigga, are you in a biker gang?” said Danny Brandon. “You can’t even see over them handlebars!”

Michael Barr said quietly, “This what happens when you go to white schools.”

But it didn’t matter what they thought, because to me, I was *hot*. That’s one of the things about having an overactive imagination: I could make my mind believe *anything*. I was able to cultivate an almost delusional level of confidence.

And while this somewhat skewed perception of myself would often end in ridicule or getting my ass kicked when I was young, on many occasions throughout my life it served as a superpower. When you are unaware that you shouldn’t be able to do something, then you just do it. When my parents told me I couldn’t be a rapper because there were no careers in hip-hop, it didn’t deter me, because I knew *parents just don’t understand*. When television producers asked me if I could act, I said, “Of course,” even though I had never acted a day in my life—I thought, *How hard can it be?* When movie studios said they couldn’t cast me because African American leads don’t sell to international audiences, I wasn’t necessarily offended, I just couldn’t understand how a motherfucker *that* wrong could have *this* job. It wasn’t just the racism that bothered me, it was the *stupidity*. People would tell me how I was supposed to be, and it just didn’t make any sense. I felt like their rules didn’t apply to me.

Living in your own little world with your own rules can be an advantage sometimes, but you have to be careful. You can’t get *too* detached from reality. Because there are consequences.

. . .

My consciousness was an infinite playground that I delighted in exploring.

But when I was a kid, the benefits of my fantastical delusions were still far off in the future, and the consequences were front and center. Tolerance and open-mindedness weren’t the most common schoolyard virtues in West Philly. Kids could be cruel. And the more eccentric you are, the less mercy you will be shown.

The playground is a hunting ground where every little boy is testing the limits of his own budding masculinity, attempting to prove himself as stronger and dominant, constantly flexing and challenging other boys, measuring himself against them, and punishing those weaker than himself.

I was skinny and profoundly unathletic. My limbs and my torso had a sadly dysfunctional relationship. In addition, I had an overactive imagination and, from what the other kids could tell, I lied incessantly. All this meant that I was singled out by the other boys as an easy and justifiable target on which to prove their dominance. I got pushed around, picked last for games, hit, and spit on—you name it, I got it.

One day, when I was probably twelve or thirteen years old, a bunch of us were playing basketball in the schoolyard. I was fresh to death in my bright green shorts and my favorite cowboy boots. In my *mind*, I was Magic Johnson, but on the actual court I was more like a figure skater—cowboy boots don't necessarily provide the requisite grip or ankle support you might otherwise find in a standard basketball shoe.

Basically, I was stumbling all over the place.

At some point, the universal basketball bragging began, everybody trying to demonstrate how they could replicate the moves of their favorite players. One guy shouted out "KAREEM!" as he slung up a sky hook. Another screamed out "BIRD!," throwing up a three. But this was Philadelphia in the early eighties—how dare they disrespect these Philly streets? There's only one name to yell out on these courts: Dr. J, Julius Erving.

So, I said, "Watch out! Here comes the DOC! Move, y'all, I'm about to dunk!"

Matt Brown bust out laughing. "Nigga, you can't dunk."

Granted, I had never dunked before, but as soon as I said it, I believed it. As I made my way back to half court, I licked my fingers and wiped the bottom of my cowboy boots for traction. As I prepared to take a running start, I swear to the Almighty I had no doubt I was about to dunk this ball.

As I stretched my shoulder to prepare for full extension, the guys started throwing out bets.

"I bet you three dollars you can't do it, Will!"

"Bet!" I clapped back. "Get my money ready!"

"I'm in for five!" somebody said.

"I'll take all-a y'all's money! Bring it!"

And I'm agreeing to all of them, because in my mind, this ball is already dunked. The guys all fan out. There's a moment of anticipation; I steady myself, as the murmuring settles. And then, *boom!* I take off running down the court. I'm seeing the Julius Erving "Rock the Baby" cradle dunk in the 1983 finals sweep against the Lakers. Cowboy boots clomping, feet flailing, I hit my stride. About to take off, I'm up, I'm flying, the cameras are flashing, the crowd is going crazy.

And then . . . silence.

And somehow, I'm falling. Backward? Something has gone wrong.

SLAM!—reality hits with the force of paved asphalt.

I am not Julius Erving.

I am out. Cold.

The bigger the fantasy you live, the more painful the inevitable collision with reality. If you cultivate the fantasy that your marriage will be forever joyful and effortless, then reality is going to pay you back in equal proportion to your delusion. If you live the fantasy that making money will earn you love, then the universe will slap you awake, in the tune of a thousand angry voices.

And if you think you can dunk like Julius Erving in cowboy boots, then gravitational reality will invoke a painful and divinely perfect retribution.

Let's rewind and see what actually happened:

I had clomped my way from half court; all was still going well as I accelerated past the foul line. I took my last dribble; liftoff was smooth—not perfect—but I was airborne. As I ascended, I got just high enough to hit the rim with the ball, completely halting my forward momentum, thereby causing my legs to fly out from under me. (The slang terminology for this particular sporting mishap is “hanging yourself on the rim.”) As I think back, the added weight of the cowboy boots may have exacerbated the torque.

I came down hard, directly on the back on my head and neck, knocking myself unconscious.

When I wake up, my friend Omarr is standing over me. I can see the strobing lights of an ambulance, there's blood in my hair, and I have no idea where my left cowboy boot is.

I can hear Omarr's voice.

“He's awake! He's awake!”

Omarr is my oldest friend—well, except for Stacey Brooks. When he was little, he was so pigeon-toed that he'd be tripping himself and falling and scuffin' himself all the time when we were playing. His parents decided that he should have corrective surgery. When he was five, the doctors broke both of his legs and reset them. Omarr had leg braces all summer, but when it was time to go to school, all of a sudden, he was the fastest kid on the block *and* the best dancer. It made us all want the magical surgery!

As my vision slowly sharpens, Omarr's face slips into focus. I can see in his eyes that my fall must have been pretty bad. He isn't laughing; he's scared.

“Yo, man, you alright?”

I do a quick inventory—I can move my hands, my arms, my legs, my feet. Nothing broken. I muster an affirmative nod.

As they strap me to the stretcher and slide me into the ambulance, I catch a final glimpse of Omarr.

“Yo, O! It went in, right?”

• • •

Make-believe is a normal part of psychological development. But as we grow up, we start to let go of our fantasy life simply because we discover that living in the *real* world is more valuable to us than clinging to our fantasies. We have to learn how to deal with others, how to succeed at school and at work, how to survive in the material world. And it's hard to do that if you're unable to perceive reality accurately.

As such, we all have to learn to make a distinction between what is real and what is not. In fact, some people make the distinction so well that, as adults, they unfortunately lose the ability to embrace anything other than concrete, material reality.

But, for some reason, I didn't go through this process. Or, perhaps, I *refused* to go through this process. That's because my fantasy life is what protected me from the world. Offered the choice between the infinite playground of my imagination and a reality filled with constant threat, my mind chose fantasy.

We all delude ourselves a little bit around the things that scare us. We're afraid of not being accepted by people at work, or at school, or on Twitter, so we convince ourselves that they're stuck-up or ignorant or cruel. We concoct entire narratives about other people's lives when in fact we have no clue what they're thinking or feeling or struggling with. We invent these stories to protect ourselves. We imagine all sorts of things to be true about ourselves or the world, not because we've seen evidence for it, but because it's the only thing that keeps us from collapsing back into fear.

Sometimes we'd rather blindfold ourselves than take a cold, hard look at the world *exactly* as it is.

The problem is delusion works like poisoned honey—it tastes sweet in the beginning but ultimately ends in sickness and misery. The stories we tell ourselves, which are designed for our protection, are the same stories that create the walls that prevent the very connections we so desperately crave. I told myself that I had a friend named Magicker because it made me feel less alone. But that fantasy was also a part of why I was disconnected from the other kids in the neighborhood. Later in my life, I would invent the fantasy that becoming rich and famous would solve all of the other problems in my life. But the pursuit and maintenance of that fantasy only drove the people I loved further away from me.

As a child, I told myself that if I kept Daddio entertained and made him laugh then he wouldn't hurt my mother. But that fantasy only caused me to feel like a coward, an unworthy son, despite the fact that none of it was my fault.

My fantasy life, while in some ways protecting me, also caused me to feel more guilt and shame and more self-loathing. All fantasies eventually fail. No matter how hard you fight, the truth is undefeated; reality remains the undisputed champ.

. . .

Daddio only took one summer vacation in my entire childhood. When your family sells ice, you are trapped at work from the first week of June, when you get out of

school, to just after Labor Day, when you go back.

But in the summer of 1976, Daddio decided to take off two months, rent a camper, and drive the family cross-country. There was a family reunion from Gigi's side in Los Angeles. We took the northern route out to LA, and the southern route back to Philly.

I have seen every nook and cranny of the United States of America. We left Philly and headed west to Pittsburgh to see Mom-Mom's childhood home. Her father—we called him Pap Pap—still lived there. He seemed like a really old version of Daddio. Legend had it that Pap Pap would get so angry sometimes that his nose would bleed—and that could be just watching the Steelers.

Next stop, Cleveland, to see Aunt Tootie and Uncle Walt. Then Chicago to the Great Lakes, then on to Minneapolis and the Dakotas. We saw prairie dogs, but I don't know why they call them that. They look like tall hamsters that stand upright—think Timon from *The Lion King*. Harry got a handmade drum from a Sioux tribal leader in South Dakota. He banged that thing all the way through Mount Rushmore, the Devils Tower, and into Yellowstone National Park. We saw Old Faithful—I couldn't believe they could tell you down to the second exactly when it was going to erupt. The ranger would point and then *abracadabra!* Huge jets of boiling water shooting up out of the ground. The smell was nasty—Daddio said it was sulfur (I was glad to find that out because for a second, I thought it was Ellen).

Mom-Mom woke us up at sunrise on the top of a mountain in Wyoming. We were *above* the clouds. *This is what heaven must feel like*. But then we got stuck for an hour because a black bear walked out into the middle of the road and headed straight for our camper. It was a park rule that you had to turn off your vehicle if there was a bear within fifty feet of you. Daddio slammed the window closed with both hands—it's the only memory I have of him ever being scared of anything.

After about two weeks, Daddio started commenting that this was the longest period in his life that he'd gone without seeing any Black people. (Apart from us, of course—we're Black.) Daddio was suffering from Negro Withdrawal Syndrome, or NWS, but one day at a rest stop in Wyoming, he saw a Black couple driving away, and he chased them and pulled them over just to shake their hands and say hi. They thought it was very funny.

Daddio drove all day to the Craters of the Moon National Monument in Idaho—it looks just like the moon, and you actually *feel* like you're on it. He was exhausted, but Mom-Mom didn't want to be on the moon—she didn't feel comfortable there—so we never checked into the motel, and Mom-Mom drove us south to Salt Lake City. When Daddio woke up, he took us out into the Great Salt Lake. He explained how buoyancy works in salt water versus the fresh water of the Great Lakes; he showed us how easy it is to float. He made ice, so he knew everything about water.

But the most incredible thing I'd ever seen in my young life was the Grand Canyon.

"This entire canyon was carved by water," Mom-Mom said.

I was in total awe, but I was too scared to approach the edge. I remembered Peter Brady on *The Brady Bunch* also being amazed about how water could possibly make

this canyon. “Wow!” he said. “No wonder you don’t like us to leave the water faucets dripping.”

And just when I thought the day couldn’t get any better, Harry accidentally dropped his drum into the canyon. It seemed like it fell for about three days. I was so sick of hearing him bang that thing it felt like the heavens had answered my prayers.

This trip expanded and detonated my imagination. Every person we came across seemed like a new and fascinating character; every destination was a dreamland; and I felt like life was just waiting for me to make up the story. The American landscape was so diverse and beautiful—there were mountains and prairies and valleys and white-water rivers and regular deserts and painted deserts and green forests and petrified forests and corn into infinity and sequoias or redwoods—whichever ones we saw—touching the sky, which was filled with sun sometimes and tornadoes in the distance and funny clouds and scary clouds and all the clouds in between.

These were the best eight weeks of my childhood—everybody was happy.

We were the perfect family.

. . .

About a block away from Woodcrest, at the end of Graham Street, there was a known sex offender. All the kids in the neighborhood knew about him, and our parents told us to never go anywhere near his house. We rarely saw him—he was like a ghost or an urban legend.

One day, I saw a little girl going up the front steps to his house—he was standing in the open doorway, inviting her in. My heart started pounding in my chest; I thought about calling out to her, but I froze—she was too far away, and I could see him. I was terrified.

I ran home, up the steps to my bedroom, and slammed the door. Nobody was supposed to go into that house. That was the Bad Man’s house. *Did he see me? Is he coming to get me?*

Needing to get as far away as possible, I hid in the closet, shaking. I could feel Magicker with me.

You have to tell an adult, Will.

“But I can’t. What if the man found out it was me? What if he tries to hurt me for telling on him?”

Will, go tell your parents right now.

“I can’t I can’t I can’t.”

Will. Go. Right now.

But all I could do was curl up on the floor of the closet and cry.

WILL! GET UP! You have to go tell your parents!

Magicker was angry now. He never got angry.

You have to tell someone! You have to get up, NOW!

I closed my eyes and buried my head in my hands.

“I can’t.”

Just like I couldn’t face my father. Just like I couldn’t face the neighborhood bullies. I couldn’t even *tell* someone that somebody else was potentially being hurt. What was wrong with me? Why was I always so afraid? Why was I such a coward?

I just laid there, trembling. Ashamed. Weak. Moments passed. I took my hands away from my eyes.

Magicker was gone.

There’s a moment when your fantasies recede and you realize that you are still *you*. Imaginary friends or dunking basketballs won’t make the fear go away. They may help you forget for a moment, but reality remains undefeated. Fortunately, someone else had seen the girl enter the house and had intervened. But what if they hadn’t?

I never saw Magicker again.

PERFORMANCE

Sunday morning at Resurrection Baptist Church and the monotone voice of Reverend Claudis Amaker echoed across old rickety wooden ceilings, raining down the infallible word of God upon us.

My grandmother Gigi (pronounced “Jee-Jee”) always dressed up for church. To her, the Sunday presentation of yourself was an intentional act of devotion to the Lord. She wore one of those pristine, floral, church-lady dresses, perfectly accessorized with the church pearls and the church hat with the giant satin flower pinned to it. During the sermons, she’d fan herself, eyes closed, shaking her head in agreement, chiming in, “Preach, Pastor, say it again!” or just a simple “Mmm-hmmm!” Every once in a while, she would glance down at me, checking to make sure I was paying attention.

But I was just nine years old. People clapped and swayed and cried and prayed, all the while my nine-year-old mind couldn’t help but wonder if this service was ever going to end.

Except every third Sunday when the visiting Reverend Ronald West would take the pulpit.

Reverend Amaker was our *home* pastor, and he would *talk* about the power of God, but all I could hear was the voice of the adults in *Charlie Brown*—“Wah, waaah, wah, wah.” Reverend West, though, would *show* you God’s power. He wore stylish red CAZAL glasses with a matching three-piece suit, punctuated with the standard bleached-white Baptist pocket hanky—he was six foot three, 210 pounds of God’s glory.

And do not let him near your piano, because after Reverend West played it, you could just wheel that thing out to the trash.

Reverend West led the choir. He always started off seated, playing the piano with his left hand, directing the choir with his right, calmly leaning into some slow, Mahalia Jackson-style ballad to warm up the elders.

This was just the calm before the storm.

Slowly, he would transform, allowing the music to carry him into a trance. Tears would fill his eyes, sweat building on his brow, as he rummaged for his hanky to clear the fog from his glasses. The drums, the bass, the voices, all rising at his command, as if imploring the Holy Spirit to show itself. And then, like clockwork, an ecstatic crescendo, and . . . *BOOM!* The Holy Ghost fills the room. Reverend West explodes from his seat, kicking over the stool, both hands possessed, banging in praise on the piano. Then, with a guttural roar, he blazes across the stage to the three-tiered electric organ, demanding that it do what God intended it to do, swirling massive orchestral

Baptist chords, all the while sweat flying; the congregation erupting, singing, dancing; old women passing out in the aisles, weeping; Reverend West pointing, directing, never once losing control of the choir and the band . . . until his body would collapse in surrender and gratitude for the merciful bliss of God's love.

As the music settled, Gigi returned to her seat, dabbing tears from her eyes, and my little heart pounding—not even totally sure what that sweet vibration was inside my body—all I could think was *I wanna do THAT. I want to make people feel like THAT.*

*Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I 'wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.*

It's always been funny to me that the first prayer my grandmother taught me was actually a rap.

Gigi was Jesus's homegirl. I've met many people who say they are religious. But I've never met anyone who lived out Christ's gospel the way my grandmother did. She walked and talked and *embodied* the example of Christ. This was not a Sunday thing for her. It was a 24-7-365 thing. Everything she said, everything she did, everything she *thought*, it was to glorify God.

Gigi worked the graveyard shift at the hospital, which allowed both of my parents to maintain full-time jobs. She watched my siblings and me during the day and worked at night. At the young age of four or five, hearing the phrase "the graveyard shift" filled me with images of ghouls and demons and my superhero grandmother slaying vile creatures just so she could feed me—while I lay in bed, safe and sound, caressing the silken edges of my cream-colored puffed blankie.

I used to beg her, "Please don't go, Gigi! Please stay here with me!" I felt such guilt. My impressionable mind twisted the situation into a sense of personal failure and weakness. I thought, *What kind of kid stays in bed while his grandmother has to fight monsters in a graveyard at midnight?*

It felt as though she was risking her life to protect me. And in some sense, maybe she was—not her *life*, but she was certainly sacrificing a big part of herself for me, my siblings, and my parents.

"One day, I'm gonna take care of you, Gigi," I said.

"Aww, thank you, Lover Boy." That was her nickname for me.

. . .

One day we were sitting on Gigi's front porch. She was crocheting a sweater—which at some point I was going to be forced to wear—when a homeless woman walked by.

Her clothes were filthy; her face was darkened and haggard, a mix of dirt and sunburn. Her front teeth were missing. And even though she was down on the street, I could smell the pungent reek of urine. I'd never seen a homeless person before. She looked like a witch to me, and I prayed she'd just walk on by.

But Gigi stopped her.

"Excuse me, miss, what's your name?"

I was horrified—I thought, *Gigi, what are you doing? Just let her go!*

This woman was clearly not used to being asked her name, or at least not recently. She seemed to almost have to *remember* it.

After a long pause, as she sized up my grandmother, she said, "Clara."

"Will, this is Miss Clara," Gigi said, as though they were old friends.

With that, Gigi walked down off the porch and put her arm around Clara.

"I'm Helen," Gigi said, and *invited her into the house*.

My mind was furiously flip-flopping between disgust and terror. But it was about to get way worse.

First, they went to the kitchen. Gigi didn't give Miss Clara food that was already prepared in the refrigerator; she cooked her a fresh meal, from scratch. While Clara ate, Gigi handed her a robe, took all of her clothes, and washed and folded them.

"Will?" Gigi called out.

What could she possibly want with me? I thought.

"Yes, Gigi?"

"Go run Miss Clara a bath."

As I think back, this may be the moment where one of my most famous movie catchphrases was born: *OH HELL NAW!* I thought.

I ran the bath.

Gigi then took Miss Clara upstairs, bathed her with her bare hands, brushed her teeth, and washed her hair.

I wanted to scream, *Gigi! Stop touching that dirty lady! She's gonna stank up our bathtub!* But I knew better than to say that.

They were both about the same size, so Gigi took Clara to her closet and began holding up clothes in front of her in the mirror to see which ones would fit.

Miss Clara was gasping with gratitude. Through tears, she kept saying, "This is too much, Helen, way too much. Please stop. I don't deserve this."

But Gigi wasn't having it. She held both of Clara's hands, gently shaking them to get Clara to look into her eyes.

"Jesus loves you, and so do I," Gigi said. That was the end of the discussion.

. . .

Gigi didn't make a distinction between your burdens and her own. She truly believed the message of the Gospel. She saw loving and serving others not as a responsibility but as an honor. I never heard her gripe about working the graveyard shift. Never

heard her say a negative word about my father, even though he had beaten her daughter. With her Bible in hand, her arms were open not only for us but for everyone. She was joyfully her brothers' and sisters' keeper.

Gigi was the moral compass that has guided my entire life. She was my conduit to God. If *Gigi* was happy with me, that meant that *God* was happy with me; but if she was unhappy, that meant that the universe was displeased. Gigi's approval of me meant that the universe approved of whatever I was doing. In my mind, she had a direct line to God. When she was talking, I felt like I was getting explicit instructions *from God*. So her approval wasn't simply the adoration of a loving, gentle grandmother—her approval was how I would access and harness the power and favor of the Lord.

Gigi personified my understanding of holiness and divinity. To this day, when I ask myself, *What makes a person good?*, my mind immediately pictures my grandmother. When I sat in those hard wooden pews at Resurrection Baptist as a kid, I didn't understand the meaning of the sermons or the intricacies of scripture. But I got Gigi. She lived as Christ taught her to live. She walked the walk. And through her, I saw God's love. I *felt* God's love. And that love gave me a sense of hope. Gigi was light. She illuminated the possibility that life could be beautiful.

• • •

When I think back to my childhood, I visualize my father, my mother, and Gigi arranged as a philosophical triangle.

My father was one side of the triangle: discipline. He taught me how to work, how to be relentless. He instilled in me an ethic that "It's better to die than to quit."

My mother: education. She believed that knowledge was the irrevocable key to a successful life. She wanted me to study, to learn, to grow, to cultivate a deep and broad understanding, to either "know what you're talking about or be quiet."

Gigi: love (God). Whereas I tried to please my mother and father so I wouldn't get into trouble, I wanted to please Gigi so that I could bathe in that transcendent ecstasy of divine love.

These three ideas—discipline, education, and love—would fight for my attention throughout the rest of my life.

• • •

Gigi was obsessed with this one Broadway play from the 1960s called *Purlie Victorious* that was turned into the musical *Purlie* in 1970. Written by Ossie Davis, it was the story of a Black preacher named Purlie who went down to Georgia, opened a church, and began saving enslaved people from an evil plantation owner. One year, Gigi decided all the kids at church had to perform *Purlie*. We had to learn every word,

and every song, front to back. She would have my siblings and me practice in the living room, record player blaring, as we sang and danced along.

Forty years later, I can still sing you every song from *Purlie*.

Gigi was always encouraging me to perform. She was the self-appointed head of special events at Resurrection Baptist Church and organized all of the Easter recitations, nativity reenactments, the Thanksgiving feeding of the poor, holiday talent shows, post-baptism potluck dinners, and on and on—you name it, she planned it. As soon as my brother and sisters and I could talk, Gigi had us up in front of the congregation giving a rendition of some biblical something, for all to see and “enjoy.”

Both my parents encouraged music as well. We all took piano lessons as kids because Mom-Mom played. My brother, Harry, blew a saxophone badly for a while, and I took drum lessons briefly in middle school, including a thankfully forgettable stint abusing a snare in the Our Lady of Lourdes marching band. But the piano was the only instrument that actually liked me.

One of the more famous moments on *The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air* was the final scene of the pilot, where after an argument with Uncle Phil, he leaves the room and I sit down on the piano bench. The producers had originally planned on me sitting with my back to the piano so they could push the camera in on my face as I pondered the profundity of Uncle Phil’s closing words. But when I sat down, I *faced* the piano, and began playing Mom-Mom’s favorite, Beethoven’s “Für Elise.” James Avery, stunned, stepped back around the corner. The set went silent as everyone realized this show was about to be special. The whole point of the scene had been to never judge a book by its cover. The producers were so inspired by this improvisational moment that they kept it, and it became the defining thematic premise of the entire series.

But my greatest piano performance had come a decade earlier.

I was eleven years old, and Gigi had organized a children’s talent show, followed by an Easter-egg hunt in Resurrection Hall. I had been practicing the Morris Albert song “Feelings” as a part of my piano lessons. Gigi had made me play it for her every night for a month. Then she sprung it on me.

“Lover Boy, I want you to play this song for everybody at church on Easter.”

At the time, it was the only song I knew how to play, and I had never played the piano in front of anybody except my family.

“Wait, Gigi, no, I can’t, I’m not ready,” I said. “I’m gonna mess up the notes.”

She smiled.

“Aw, baby,” she said, gently caressing my cheek, “God doesn’t care if you hit the notes right.”

Gigi had a magical, invisible power; she would never apply force, yet no one could resist her overwhelming energy.

And so it was that two weeks later I found myself dressed in a cream, pin-striped three-piece Easter suit, sitting at the piano in Resurrection Hall. Gigi beaming in the wings. My hands trembling. Two hundred faces gazing. Silence. Anticipation. My

heart pounding out of my chest—it felt like it wanted to leave whether I decided to or not. And Gigi gave me the nod.

I took a deep breath, somehow found an F, and began.

The way the piano was situated onstage, I had eye contact with Gigi the whole time. Morris Albert’s “Feelings” was ringing through Resurrection Hall for an audience of two hundred people. But I was only playing for one person. And the look on her face . . . I still struggle to describe it. The words “pride” or “approval” are pale and inadequate. I can only say that I have been chasing that look in the eyes of every woman I’ve ever loved ever since. I’ve never felt more certain of someone’s adoration. All my career, my performances, my albums—everything—has been a relentless, unbroken quest to relive the delicious purity I felt when I played “Feelings” at Resurrection Hall for my Gigi.

I didn’t have to *do* anything different; I didn’t have to *be* anything different. In that moment, just as I was, bum notes and all, I was enough.

. . .

I began to perform all the time.

Whether I was making up skits for my parents, or reenacting a movie for my friends, or singing songs at church for Gigi, performance became my little secret oasis of love. It gave me the warmth of affection but behind the protection of a mask. It was perfect: I could hide myself *and* be loved at the same time, mitigating the risk of vulnerability but gaining everything.

I was hooked.

But it would take me another forty years before I understood that I had misinterpreted my grandmother’s deepest lesson. If I had understood what she was *truly* trying to teach me, this book would end right here. But as you can see, there are nineteen more chapters.

One year, during Christmas Eve services—Resurrection Hall decorated from entry to altar, adorned to a level that even Jesus may have thought was a bit too much—Gigi was peacefully swaying to the choir’s soothing rendition of “Blessed Assurance.” I watched her rock and hum, and I found myself becoming hypnotized by her tranquility. She was not quite smiling, but the soft rise in the corners of her mouth betrayed an invincible serenity. I would later come to recognize this look as the look that people have when they know things that the rest of us don’t.

She caught me staring.

“Yes, Lover Boy?”

“Gigi, why you so happy all the time?” I whispered.

Now she was fully smiling. She paused, like a gardener preparing to sow essential seeds. She leaned over and whispered in my ear, “I trust God. And I am so thankful for his grace in my life. I know that every single breath I take is a gift. And it’s impossible

to be unhappy when you're grateful. He put the sun in the sky, and the moon. He gave me *you*. And our whole family. And for *all* of that, he only gave me one job."

"What's your job, Gigi?"

"To love and care for all his children," she said. "So everywhere I go, I try to make everything I touch better."

Then she reached out and touched the end of my nose.

"Boop. . . . See?"

. . .

I've been called "nigger" to my face five or six times in my life—twice by police officers, a couple of times by random strangers, once by a white "friend," but never by anyone who I thought was *smart* or *strong*. I once heard some of the white kids at school "joke" about "catch a nigger, kill a nigger" day, an apparently well-known "holiday" in their neighborhoods. Back in the early 1900s, some of Philly's white community members would pick a specific day to assault any Black person they saw walking around their neighborhood. Seventy years later, some of my Catholic school classmates still thought it was funny to joke about it. But every encounter I've ever had with overt racism was with people I estimated to be weak enemies at best. They always seemed unintelligent, angry, and to me, easily circumvented or defeated. So, consequently, *overt* racism—although dangerous and ever-present as an external threat—never made me feel inferior.

I was raised to believe that I am inherently equipped to handle any problems that may arise in my life, racism included. Some combination of hard work, education, and God would topple any and all obstacles and enemies. The only variable was the level of my commitment to the fight.

But as I grew older, I started to become more aware of the silent, unspoken, and more insidious forms of prejudice lurking around me. I'd get in more trouble for doing the same things my white classmates would do. I got called on less often, and I felt like teachers took me less seriously.

I spent most of my childhood straddling and navigating two cultures: my Black world of home and the neighborhood, Resurrection Baptist, and Daddio's shop; and the white world of school, Catholic church, and the prevailing culture of America. I went to an all-Black church, lived on an all-Black street, and grew up playing with mostly other Black kids. But at the same time, I was one of only three Black children attending Our Lady of Lourdes, the local Catholic K–8.

At school, it was impossible to not feel like an outcast. I didn't dress like the white kids. I didn't listen to Led Zeppelin or AC/DC, and I *never* got my head around lacrosse. I simply didn't fit in. But back in the neighborhood, I didn't quite fit in, either. I didn't talk like the other kids or use the slang they did—my mother didn't even allow us to say "ain't" at home. Mom-Mom worked for the school board of

Philadelphia, and she was a stickler for words. One day, she heard me yell out to my friends, “Hey, where y’all gon’ be at?”

Her head whipped around in disbelief, like that girl from *The Exorcist*. “I hope they’re going to be behind that preposition,” Mom-Mom said.

At Catholic school, no matter how well-spoken or intelligent, I was still the Black kid. In Wynnefield, no matter how up I was on the latest music or fashion, I was never quite “Black enough.” I became one of the first hip-hop artists who was considered “safe” enough for white audiences. But with Black audiences, I was labeled “soft” because I wasn’t rapping about hard-core, gangster shit. This racial dynamic is something that has plagued me in various forms throughout my entire life.

But just like at home, performance and humor became my sword and shield. I was your classic class clown, telling jokes, making silly noises, being all-around ridiculous. As long as I was the “funny kid,” it meant I wasn’t just the “Black kid.”

Funny is color-blind; comedy defuses all negativity. It is impossible to be angry, hateful, or violent when you’re doubled over laughing.

But I started to notice that a joke that would kill at Our Lady of Lourdes would garner blank stares in Wynnefield—and vice versa. I realized that white people and Black people responded differently to my humor.

My white friends tended to lean into my bigger, broader moments, when I was light and silly and displayed a cartoonlike physicality. One of the white boys in Lourdes once tried to light his fart in the bathroom; I thought that was a little far to get a laugh, but it worked. They also liked puns and word play, witty sarcasm, and they *demand*ed a happy ending—everyone had to come out OK.

My Black friends preferred their jokes more real and raw and demanded a gritty slice of truth at the core of the comedy. They saw my silliness as weakness—I would have got the whole shit kicked out of me if I’d tried to light a fart in Wynnefield. They responded better when my humor sprang from strength, from more of a battle mentality—put-downs, insults, disses, and nothing played bigger than smashing somebody who was talking shit. They loved it when someone got what was coming to them—karmic justice—even if the somebody was *them*. As Black people, we love laughing at ourselves. When we can joke about something—our pains, our problems, our tragedies—it makes them just a little bit more bearable.

I learned to move between these two worlds. If I was making the kids on the corner laugh, I wasn’t getting my ass kicked. If I was making the white kids at school laugh, I wasn’t a nigger. If I was making Daddio laugh, it meant my family was safe. I began to equate laughter with safety.

The little scientist in my head started searching for what I called “the Number One Answer.” “The Number One Answer” is the perfect, mythical joke that obliterates everyone who hears it, no matter their race, creed, color, age, nation of origin, sexual orientation—no one would be safe from the power of this joke. Throughout my career, and quite honestly, my entire life, this has been an obsession for me. I am forever seeking the perfect wording, the perfect tone of voice, the perfect delivery, the perfect

physicality, the perfect *swagginess*, all of which would coalesce into a perfect moment of comedic nirvana and unalloyed human harmony.

But despite my high aspirations, life at Our Lady of Lourdes grew more and more difficult. I've always been reluctant to ascribe the escalating issues between myself and the school to racism. The subtle forms of disrespect, the multiple suspensions in seventh and eighth grade, exclusions from parties and school events . . . I've often wondered if it was more about me being Baptist in a Catholic school than being Black in a white world. The school wanted my parents to have me baptized Catholic, but they refused, even though doing so would have meant a 20 percent reduction in the yearly tuition. They knew that Lourdes was so much better academically than the local public schools, so they insisted that I tough it out.

The breaking point came halfway through my eighth-grade year. I played on my middle school football team, and I had proven myself as the top defensive back of the season—seventeen interceptions in ten games.

Each year, the football team would have a banquet where all the players, parents, and the coaches hosted a dinner to honor the team at the end of the season. The kids who won awards were supposed to sit at the front and then walk up onstage and be recognized. Since I had the most interceptions on the team, I was set to receive my trophy: Defensive Player of the Year. But a week before the banquet, I was informed by Sister Agnes that because I had been suspended from school (before the football season had even started), I wouldn't be allowed to sit up front or receive an award onstage. I was disappointed, but I figured that was fair—it was a rule, and everybody knew I won anyway.

But on the night of the banquet, I saw my white friend Ross Dempsey sitting at the front, preparing to receive his trophy, even though we had gotten suspended together.

This injustice *infuriated* me. I leaned over to Mom-Mom and Daddio and told them what was going on. Without a word, they looked at each other, and in a moment of rare but potent agreement, they stood up, and we left.

We drove home that night in silence. A few days later, over dinner, without looking up from his meal, Daddio said, "We're done with that school."

And that was that.

. . .

That summer was hot.

Business was booming and cash was flowing, so Daddio treated himself to a Kodak Super 8 home movie camera and projector. This was dope as hell. It had one of those big rubber eye pieces and a little leather strap for your wrist so you didn't drop your whole summer's worth of money off your back patio.

Had Daddio grown up in a different time or place, he definitely would have been an artist. When he was a teenager, one of his schoolteachers loaned him a camera and he

fell in love with photography. He ran all over North Philly snapping photos and later learned to develop film in a darkroom.

But when it started to consume all of his time and attention, his parents and teachers reminded him that he needed to work and make money. Photography was an expensive hobby. So when he was sent to boarding school, they made him give the camera back. His heart was broken, but Daddio never lost his love for photography.

His new Super 8 camera turned him into one of “those” dads, the kind who, at birthday parties and barbecues, would follow all the kids around filming everything they did, making us smile, do tricks, or be funny. Because the camera didn’t have sound, he encouraged us to wildly overexaggerate our movements—Charlie Chaplin-style—to communicate his narrative without words.

Daddio let go behind the camera. When there was work to be done, he was all about order and discipline. But when his camera was rolling, he wanted to see me jumping around and being silly. I ate up the attention—you could not keep me out of his picture frame, even when he was not trying to shoot me. (I invented photobombing.)

After we would shoot, Daddio would rush down into the basement, throw a sheet up on the wall, and carefully feed the delicate reels of film into the projector. Following a series of frustrating snags and misfires, the sheet would suddenly light up . . . with us! A road trip here, a birthday party there. These were our family’s highlights.

Daddio would sometimes play the guitar, too. Glass of Chivas Regal on the side table, a Tareyton 100 dangling out of his mouth, his eyes squinting from the dancing smoke, he’d pick the chords to Andy Williams’s “The Shadow of Your Smile,” or attempt some intricate jazz riff that his workingman’s hands were just too battered to perfect. He’d pluck, strum, and even sing. It was *always* something romantic; love songs seemed to put him in a good mood. My mom, too.

The music and home movies brought peace to the house. I think our home movies depicted Daddio’s dream of a perfect, happy family. And by a strange alchemy, what was true on the screen became true in the basement as we all watched together. In every image we were all smiling, laughing, having fun. There was no fear, no tension, no violence. For those brief moments, Daddio’s life imitated his art, as we all smiled and laughed and sang along.

. . .

Psychoanalysts have written about how our relationship with our parents in childhood and early adolescence creates our “map” for understanding love in adulthood. When we interact with our parents as children, some behaviors and attitudes win us attention and affection and other behaviors and attitudes cause us to feel abandoned, unsafe, and unloved. The behaviors and attitudes that win us affection often come to define what we understand as love.

Daddio appreciated when I worked hard and performed his directed orders with intensity and precision. He applauded when I was disciplined in laying a perfect brick

toward the construction of a perfect wall. Mom-Mom loved when I used my brain—*she* applauded the thinker within me, when my wit and intellect were most on display. My mom is my prototype: patient, brilliant, formidable, nurturing. She'd prefer to do things together, but she's going to be fine with or without you. Mom-Mom can carry it all for a while if you need to take a break.

With Gigi, there was something majestic and empowering about how she loved me. Whenever I performed for her, I felt like I was plugged into the *Force*, like I couldn't lose. She was like the sun to me. If I could just make the world see me the way Gigi saw me when I played "Feelings," then that was it. That was the mountaintop.

The concepts of love and performance became fused in my mind. Love became something earned by saying and doing the right things. In my mind, great performances got you love; bad performances left you abandoned and alone. An exquisite performance secured affection. But if you sucked, you sucked by your damn self.

I performed to placate my father to quell his fouler moods. I performed to distract my family from the growing tension and resentment that was consuming our home. I performed to get the kids in my neighborhood to like me. As such, I began to see happiness for myself and my loved ones as a function of my ability to perform. If I performed well, we would all be safe and happy. If my performance faltered, we were in trouble.

Daddio was at his most loving either behind a camera or projector. Therefore, I always wanted to be in front of his camera, and he always wanted me in front of it. It was one of the few times in my childhood where he and I were perfectly aligned. I loved being in my father's home movies. It brought me closer to him. And that deep craving for his love and approval undoubtedly played a role in my desire to perform on film later on in life.

• • •

Throughout my life, I have been haunted by an agonizing sense that I am failing the women I love. Over the years, in my romantic relationships, I would always do too much. Coddling, overprotecting, desperately trying to please them, even when they were totally fine. This insatiable desire to please manifested as an exhausting neediness.

To me, love was a performance, so if you weren't clapping, I was failing. To succeed in love, the ones you care for must constantly applaud. Spoiler alert: This is not a way to have healthy relationships.

• • •

When I was thirteen years old, Daddio hit Mom-Mom for the last time. She'd had enough. She went to work the next morning and didn't come home. She didn't go far—just a few blocks to Gigi's house—but the message was clear: She was done. This was the first of only two times in my life that I contemplated suicide. I thought about pills; I knew where a boy had lost his legs on the train tracks; I had seen people cut their wrists in a bathtub on TV. But what kept ringing in my mind was a faint memory of hearing Gigi say that killing yourself was a sin.

Daddio reverted to full military protocols. He was now in absolute command; he was going to do it all. He woke up at four that next morning to prepare breakfast. He was determined to prove that he didn't need Mom-Mom.

By five thirty, the plates were on the table: half an apple, sunny-side eggs, and a slice of scrapple. A pitcher of orange juice and a pitcher of milk. Mom-Mom never did pitchers.

By six, Ellen and I were sitting at the table. Harry knew he was supposed to be down by six. I guess 6:04 was my brother's silent protest. Daddio let it go (he would never have ordinarily let it go; 6:04 would usually have meant no breakfast for Harry). The food had been sitting out for thirty minutes, so the eggs were cold, and the half apple was turning brown. Ellen and I ate quietly.

"The eggs are hard," Harry said.

Daddio seemed to not even hear him; he was washing the dishes. *Start clean, stay clean* was one of Daddio's maxims. He used it for cooking and at work. You clean up as you go along, not leaving one big mess for the end.

Harry's nose turned up at the food.

"The apple is all brown," Harry said.

Please, Harry, just leave him alone. . . .

"And what's this mess?" Harry said, poking the scrapple with his finger.

Without a word, Daddio snatched up Harry from the chair and carried him to the front door, opened it, and deposited Harry outside. He then handed Harry his book bag and slammed the door.

Harry didn't come home that day after school. He went to Gigi's house and moved in with Mom-Mom.

When Harry left, it was just as painful for me as Mom-Mom leaving. I wanted to be with her, too, but I was too scared to leave. It only solidified my deepest insecurity. I could no longer deny the truth: I was a coward.

Mom-Mom lived at Gigi's for three years. We saw Mom-Mom every day. She would bring us lunch, and we would stop by Gigi's, sometimes spend the night. The houses were close enough that we maintained our outward proximity, but on the inside, our family was broken.

It was during this time that I began to escape into television. I found solace and joy in the perfectly crafted family narratives of my favorite sitcoms: *Happy Days*; *Good Times*; *The Brady Bunch*; *Laverne & Shirley*; *Mork & Mindy*—and Jack Tripper on *Three's Company* was the truth. I idealized the families I saw on TV. They were doing exactly what I had been trying to do—they'd have a problem, Mr. Cunningham would be pissed; Richie would be scared; it would look bad for a minute, but then the Fonz would say something funny, bang the jukebox, everybody laughed, and they all lived happily ever after.

Yes. Exactly. It's not that fuckin' hard!

I wanted to be the happy-go-lucky teenager who always got along with his parents. I wanted to have a mother and father who loved each other. I wanted to live with two beautiful girls against Mr. Roper's rules. At a minimum, I felt I deserved a quirky alien who would come down from Ork and solve all my problems.

Instead, I was trapped in chaos.

But my *biggest* obsession as a kid was the television show *Dallas*. The Ewings were a large, wealthy Texas oil family, led by J.R., the iron-willed patriarch. He ruled the Ewing clan much like Daddio ruled the Smiths. Except J.R. Ewing was hella rich. People give you a whole lot more leeway when your family compound has a *name*. That blew my *mind*. Their house had a *name*! "Southfork" was a three-hundred-acre ranch in North Texas. The entire Ewing family—brothers, sisters, parents, grandparents, in-laws, aunts, uncles, nieces, nephews—everybody lived at Southfork. I wanted *my* whole family to live together like that.

I will never forget the scene that changed my life. In retrospect, it was just a small moment: It was a normal sunny day in North Texas. The Ewing family was assembling for the mandatory family meal. They cut to an exterior shot of the palatial mansion, and Sue Ellen, J.R.'s wife, came to breakfast on a *horse*. My young mind would never be the same. She came from *her* house on the property to the *family* house on the property on a *fucking horse*? To me, Southfork was heaven: a property where everybody lives together and my wife could come to breakfast on a fucking horse.

Meanwhile, in the real world, I buried my shortcomings further under layers and layers of performance. I adopted a personality that was indefatigably cheery, upbeat, and positive. I responded to the dissonance of my world by remaining purely constant: I was always smiling. Always fun and ready to laugh. *Nothing wrong in my world*.

One day, I would be in charge, and everything was going to be perfect. *We are going to have a big house on a huge property and everybody's going to live together, and I'll take care of everybody*.

I would be the golden child. My mother's savior. My father's usurper. It was going to be the performance of a lifetime. And over the next forty years, I would never break character. Not once.

POWER

Paul was in trouble. He was getting into fights, staying out late, sneaking to New York from his home in Jersey to hang with the “wrong crowds”—I heard Mom-Mom say he’d even knocked out a cop. He was eighteen years old, and my aunt Barbara couldn’t handle him anymore. Desperate, she called the one person she knew who could help: Daddio.

It had been a few years since any of us had seen my cousin Paul. We all remembered him as a sweet but serious kid. But when he showed up in Philly in the summer of 1983, he was a grown-ass man.

Paul was tall now, his shoulders were broad, and he was *shredded*. This dude was a brick. The knuckles on his hands had scratches and cuts and keloid scars that he clearly did not get from cooking. He sported a *huge* Afro with a Black Power–fist pick stuck in the top. But *his* pick was the special edition that had the peace sign cut out of the wrist/handle. And if that didn’t get your attention, Paul also went everywhere with an attack-trained German shepherd named Duke.

Paul had recently achieved his first-degree black belt in kung fu, and proudly walked around West Philly dressed in his gi and kung fu slippers. He was full-on into his militant Black Power phase. He was like the no-bullshit, real-life version of Bruce Leeroy from the movie *The Last Dragon*.

Paul never said much, but when he did speak, he was unfailingly polite—he would karate bow all the time and end every sentence with either a “yes, sir” or “no, ma’am.” He stayed to himself, and he didn’t bother anybody, but if you fucked with him, and he snapped . . . two words: Scorched. Earth.

. . .

By this time, Daddio’s business, ACRAAC (Air-Conditioning, Refrigeration, Air Compressors) was poppin’. It had expanded and morphed beyond just refrigeration repair. When he would sell his clients new refrigeration equipment, they would often *pay* him just to get the old ones out of their stores. His shop became a sort of graveyard for refrigerators and ice machines. But instead of sending them to the junkyard, Daddio would work day and night to refurbish and rebuild them. Before he knew it, he had the capacity to produce thousands of pounds of ice each day from machines that had been thrown away as trash. And just like that, our family was now

in the cubed-ice business, manufacturing, packaging, and delivering bags of ice throughout Philadelphia, into Jersey, and even as far as Delaware.

The problem was that bagging thousands of pounds of ice each day required labor. A *lot* of labor. And because ice is cheap, you need the labor to be cheap. It started with me and Harry and Ellen and both my sisters Pam, and then all of our friends. And then Daddio started recruiting extended family and all of *their* friends. Child labor laws were very different back in the day, so pretty soon, every kid in the neighborhood was bagging ice. ACRAC was the way kids stayed off the street and made a little money for the summer. Daddio had become a kind of kid whisperer in Wynnefield. Because he was so military-minded, he was instilling structure and discipline to the level that most of these kids had never experienced. And he paid cash! If a kid was late, he sent them home. If someone cursed or fought, they were out. The kids' parents loved it—their kids were earning cash money and learning respect and discipline. Daddio was in his lane.

So, when Paul started getting in trouble, my aunt Barbara shipped him to Philly hoping that the structure (and cash) of Daddio's ice house would change his life's trajectory.

But it was *my* trajectory that would end up being forever changed.

. . .

Paul moved in with us in late May, just in time for the summer ice rush. He had me walk him around the neighborhood. I showed him where Mr. Bryant's was, and I introduced him to my friends—I was showing off my cool-ass cousin. Paul loved hanging with me—he thought I was *hilarious*. He started showing me how to connect with Duke, and even shared the secret attack commands—which were in *German* (a German shepherd, trained *in German*—I thought that was hot). And best of all, he was teaching me kung fu. That summer, he became a kind of big brother that I never had.

Daddio ran ACRAC the same way he ran our house: as a commander. He would yell and rant and curse; we'd all be terrified, walking on eggshells, hoping he wouldn't explode. But Paul was the first person I ever met who wasn't bothered in the least by Daddio's anger or outbursts. When Daddio would flip, Paul would get totally calm and still, never taking his eyes off Daddio. Paul's body language was very clear: *You can say anything you want, old man, as long as you say it over there. But if you come over here, two words . . . Scorched. Earth.*

I was amazed—Paul and Daddio got along perfectly. The idea that someone could be confronted by the Daddio ogre, stand in the storm of his rage and fury . . . and disarm him with nothing more than a look and a laugh? I had never experienced that kind of power. Paul's martial arts training allowed him to submit to Daddio's authority. He respected him, but he was not afraid of him, because deep down inside, Paul knew that if he needed to, he could kill him.

And Daddio knew that, too.

For the first time in my childhood, Paul made me feel safe in my own home. He was powerful. If Paul was around, no one would mess with me. Not the neighborhood kids. Not the white boys from school. Not even Daddio.

And just when I thought it was impossible for my cousin to get any cooler, he unlocked the world of hip-hop.

• • •

Back then, hip-hop wasn't what it is now. There had been a couple of hits, but for the most part it was still underground. There were no albums or singles, no radio play, no videos—you had to know somebody who knew somebody who could get you a cassette tape of one of the live performances exploding from the epicenter: New York City. People would literally go stand in the audience at a party and hold up a boom box over their heads to record the performers. That's how mixtapes were created—people physically going to a party and holding a big-ass radio up in the air for an hour, two hours, then making copies of the tape and giving them to their friends. People in New York would cut a tape of some of their favorite hip-hop artists, make a copy, then take it to their friend in Boston, mail one to their brother in LA, or play one for their little cousin in Philly. These tapes got traded, sold, copied, and traded again. This hand-to-hand exchange across the country was what drove the rocket-fueled expansion of hip-hop. It was grassroots. It was viral before anyone knew what “going viral” was. It was straight from the street to the heart.

Back in the 1970s in New York City, Black communities would throw block parties. They'd shut down their block, and a DJ—short for “disc jockey”—would bring out a turntable and a box of records and play on the street for everybody to dance. Given that this was the 1970s, most of what they played was funk and disco music.

The songs in both funk and disco always featured instrumental sections somewhere in the middle. The song would be jammin' along, and then it would begin to rise, until it reached a soaring crescendo with every instrument at full blast, and then *BOOM!* Nothing but the drummer. This became known as the “break.” Break beats were designed to have a little extra *spladow* to 'em. The break was the time for performers like James Brown to show off their dance moves, but as it turned out, the breaks became the hottest part of the song and always set the party on fire.

Because everybody loved dancing to the breaks so much, one day at a block party in the Bronx, a guy named DJ Kool Herc came up with the idea to bring out two turntables and have two of the same record. That way, he could switch back and forth between them, playing only the break, and keeping it going indefinitely. Two turntables and a mixer also meant that he could blast between James Brown and the Winstons and back to Brown then to Sly and the Family Stone—from break to break to break, only playing the favorite ten seconds of everybody's favorite records. This created a frenzied, new-style dance party. And modern DJing was born.

Because the DJ now had two turntables and a mixer, another innovation emerged: scratching. Scratching was done by moving a record back and forth, creating a wild new sound in music. One of the records could be scratched while the other played the break. The record being scratched would then be released, perfectly on beat, and then the process was flipped so that the break could continue for as long the people wanted to hear it.

And the only thing that was missing from the equation to make it hip-hop was rapping.

DJs now had two turntables and twice as many records. The demands of the craft consumed more and more of their attention, preventing them from being able to interact with the crowd as much as they used to. So they started bringing their brother or one of their friends along to be on the mic to engage with the crowd. These “masters of ceremonies” would talk to the audience, hype ’em up, brag about the DJ, and generally entertain the audience: “Ladies, lemme hear ya!” “Who got a hundred dollars in they pocket?” “Where Brooklyn at?”

Eventually, the most creative MCs started to talk in rhymes to the rhythm of the break beats—a flavor imported from Jamaican immigrants known as “rapping.”

The block parties began to *blaze*. Especially when the rhymes were clever, funny, poetic, or, best of all, when they shouted out your neighborhood.

The equation was now complete: DJing + MCing = Hip-Hop.

And the world was *not* ready.

. . .

Paul’s “troublesome” escapes to New York City had given him access to *all* the mixtapes. He knew people who were down with a crew called “the Zulu Nation,” an early collective of hard-core hip-hop enthusiasts based out of the New York/New Jersey area. He could get me any tape: Grandmaster Flash; Melle Mel and the Furious Five; the Treacherous Three; Kool Moe Dee battling Busy Bee Starski; and my all-time favorite, Grandmaster Caz and the Cold Crush Brothers.

Grandmaster Caz was single-handedly, undeniably, the greatest influence of my hip-hop life. He was the prototype for the Fresh Prince. He was one of hip-hop’s first storytellers. Caz was witty, he was clever, his verses took you on a journey; you’d be on the edge of your seat listening to him rap, always wondering what was gonna happen next. And most of all, my dude knew how to land a punch line. I wanted to be just like Caz. In fact, my first hit single, “Girls Ain’t Nothing But Trouble,” was inspired by—wait, no, *influenced* by . . . OK, basically, I studied every single line of a Grandmaster Caz mixtape freestyle called “Yvette” and then wrote my own version of his story. I guess why I connected to him so much was that I had had a similar experience to what he describes in “Yvette,” but it never dawned on me to write a rhyme about it. In a way, Caz validated and unleashed a creative part of me that I never thought anybody would care about. He made it OK to be me.

*It was a long time ago, but I'll never forget
I got caught in the bed with this girl named Yvette
I was scared like hell, but I got away
That's why I'm here talking to you today . . .
I was outside of my school, shootin' up the rock
A crowd of people gathered round listenin' to my box
It was me, the L, the A, and the Al'
And then I slipped away to make a phone call
And to this very day it was a move I regret
But I didn't know it then, so I called Yvette.*

GRANDMASTER CAZ, "YVETTE"

There's probably no need to point out the similarities, but to gild the proverbial lily: I always loved that Caz was on a *basketball* court when he makes the call to Yvette. So in the theme song for *The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air*, I put my character on a basketball court, too—a quiet homage to the legend.

. . .

I'm not exactly sure when I became "a rapper." Back then, hip-hop wasn't something we *did*—it was what we *were*. Hip-hop was not just our music—it was dance; it was fashion, street art, politics, social justice. It was everything; it was life; it was us. Outsiders didn't see it as a legitimate genre of music to pursue and perfect, but we weren't even thinking about it in those terms. It was something new, fresh, fun, and exciting that was growing around us and within us. None of us thought it was going to blow up and dominate the world like it does today, and if someone had asked, "Where do you think hip-hop will be in forty years?," I probably *wouldn't* have said, "Oh, it'll be one of the most impactful forms of music in the history of humankind." We simply loved what we were doing, so we kept doing it.

I still remember the first rhyme I ever wrote; I was twelve years old:

*At the age of one, I had just begun, on my journey to the T-O-P.
And at age two, everybody knew, that I was a hellafied [huh] MC.
At age three, any sure shot could see, I was a bona fide lover at heart.
I got an IQ of 142 and, like my name, I'm a work of art.*

Fortunately, I got better. With Paul's tapes and encouragement, I became obsessed. I was already an incessant talker and performer. But now I was walking around *all day*,

quietly babbling and rapping to myself, constructing new rhymes, reciting my favorite verses, trying to freestyle on whatever was going on around me. I went out and bought one of those black-and-white speckled composition notebooks and started writing down my rhymes and practicing them in my room in the mirror.

My fantasy-driven mind would splash all over those pages, sometimes even surprising me by what came out. My creative river was raging. Rapping was the most natural thing in the world to me.

And from the cocoon of a bullied, awkward kid, emerged a natural-born killer MC.

• • •

Overbrook High School was located less than a mile away from Our Lady of Lourdes. But it may as well have been on another planet. The environments could not have been more different. Whereas Lourdes bordered the wealthy white neighborhood of Lower Merion, Overbrook was the center of a section called Hilltop, which anchored the poorer Black neighborhoods of West Philadelphia.

Our Lady of Lourdes was a small, intimate Catholic school with only a few dozen kids per grade, most of them white. I had been one of only three or four Black kids in the entire place.

But Overbrook was nicknamed “the Castle on the Hill.” It was gigantic, an absolute monster of a structure. Built in 1924, back when they used *real* materials to build buildings, it spanned two square city blocks and loomed over the neighborhood like a stone fortress. You had to ascend a mountain of thirty stairs just to make it from the sidewalk to the front door, and if you survived the climb, what you found inside was nearly twelve hundred students, 99 percent of them Black.

Swarms of kids buzzed through the city-block-long hallways. At Lourdes, everyone had known who I was, but when I walked into Overbrook on my first day, I was completely anonymous.

I was intimidated and terrified. As I look back with today’s understanding, I was probably on the edge of a panic attack. My heart was racing, my hands were shaking, but by this time I had developed an infallible strategy for coping with my fear: performance. If I could get them laughing and smiling, then I would feel safe.

I’m still not exactly sure why I did what I did that first day. It was a reflex, some bizarre automatic defense mechanism, as though my emotional immune system had kicked in and took control of my mouth.

I was talking before I knew what I was going to say, and thereby started my high school career with maybe the stupidest thing I had done in my life up until that point.

Just before 8:00 a.m., EST, a couple hundred kids gathered in the sprawling cafeteria for orientation. We were the new kids, there to get acclimated, to get our class assignments, and to be officially welcomed to Overbrook High School. As I entered the cafeteria, the mounting pressure of my anxiety finally became too much. I put my hands up into the air and shouted:

“ ‘Scuse me, ‘scuse me, may I have everybody’s attention please?”

The room quieted; two hundred students all turned and looked—at me.

“He’s here,” I said, pointing to myself. “Y’all can relax, because he’s here. . . . You’re welcome. Go ‘head back to what y’all doin’. . . . I’ll be here if y’all need me.”

There was a strange silence—clearly, this was an educational first for most of the kids. A couple of them chuckled, then most just went back to doing what they had been doing before they were so bizarrely interrupted. I’m not sure what response I had hoped for from the crowd, but the outburst had at least purged most of my anxiety and tension.

As I ventured deeper into the room, I slid past a dude who had clearly not been impressed by my announcement. Without looking up, he said, “Man, don’t nobody give a *fuck* that you here.”

Without missing a beat, I leaned down to him and said, “ ‘Ey, just gimme ten minutes, your *girl* gon’ care.”

Oooooohhhh! The voices around us rang out; there were even a couple claps.

The kid looked at me for a second but didn’t say a word. He gave this stiff-chinned nod—not a nod of agreement—but a nod of *A’ight, so that’s how it’s gonna be*.

I moved on victoriously, thinking, *Maybe this high school thing ain’t gon’ be so bad*. At 8:31, orientation was complete, and the students were all released into the Overbrook halls to juke and fumble and stumble around until we located our homeroom classes.

My homeroom was 315, and as I was rounding the stairs between the second and third floors, I saw the dude from the lunchroom out of the corner of my eye, sneaking up behind me. Then there was a blue flash, a sharp pain to the right side of my head . . . and then nothing.

The next thing I remember is the taste of blood, then a clamor of voices, my top lip is swollen, and my front teeth are loose, and I have the worst headache I’ve ever had. This guy had taken one of those old-school combination locks—the kind that everybody used for their lockers. He’d put the lock in the palm of his hand and the steel loop over his middle finger, creating a makeshift form of brass knuckles. As he passed, he cracked me on the right side of my head with the lock. I went down instantly; as I fell, I hit my mouth on the stairs. Blood everywhere, kids screaming, teachers running, everybody trying to figure out if I had died or not.

. . .

The lights in the principal’s office are killing my eyes. I’m holding a towel over my mouth as Daddio walks in. Pretty soon, the police are there, and I mumble through my recollection. Daddio is furious; the police are talking to the principal about pressing charges. In my haze, all I can think is *Wait, wait, everybody slow down. This is all happening too fast*.

I just wanted to hit pause and then rewind. I wanted a do-over. I didn't want to be here; I didn't want any of this to be the truth.

"Come on," Daddio says, "let's go."

He stands me up.

The hallways are empty now. Daddio feels like a lion that can't find anything to kill. We exit the side door. I'd only been at Overbrook for an hour and a half. It's weird to be out of school in the middle of the day. The Sugar Bowl convenience store is across the street. I wanted a water ice and a pretzel. It just seemed like Daddio wasn't in the mood, so I didn't ask.

As we drove away, I saw the kid being led in handcuffs from his first day of high school and discarded into the back of a paddy wagon. He was later expelled, and I never even knew his name.

. . .

Night. The moonlight glints off my swollen, Vaseline-caked lips. The first moment of solace in a day of complete and utter insanity. As I lay in my bed (on my left side), I wonder, *What the hell happened? How did I get here?*

Just then, Gigi came in to check on me. She changed out my ice pack, plumped up my pillow, and reset the bandage on my head. I gotta say, it's not too bad having a nurse for a grandmother.

I told her the whole story. She didn't lecture or scold. She simply said, "You know, if you stopped talking so much, maybe you could see some of those hits coming."

Then she kissed me and went on her way.

I couldn't stop thinking about Gigi's words. She was right—I *was* always talking, always joking—I never shut up. I talked not because I had anything particularly important to say, but because I was afraid. It began to dawn on me that my overcompensation and fake bravado were really just another, more insidious, manifestation of the coward.

My thoughts were swirling. My mind drifted to the time when Gigi found my first rap book.

Like most young kids emulating their hip-hop idols, I had been writing verses full of curse words and slick, slangy vulgarities, and I had accidentally left my book out in the kitchen.

Gigi found it and read it. She never said anything to me, but she wrote me a note on the inside front cover.

Dear Willard,

Truly intelligent people do not have to use language like this to express themselves. God has blessed you with the gift of words. Be sure you are using your gifts to uplift others. Please show the world that you are as intelligent as we think you are.

Love,
Gigi

Lying in my bed, I was overcome with shame. Had I used my words to uplift others? I thought about this kid sitting in a jail cell somewhere—*What is his grandmother doing right now?* He had potentially thrown his whole life away, a demise maybe not caused but certainly provoked by my words. I knew for certain I didn't want to be *that* kinda person.

But my shame slowly began to give way to a staggering realization of the power of words. I knew that I had unconsciously caused my whole day—I didn't know exactly how, but I knew for damn sure I had done it. I sensed for the first time that I *wasn't* weak; in fact, I was *infinitely* powerful—I just had no control over it. My imagination was running wild with the possibilities. God had indeed blessed me with the gift of words. And that night, I was getting my first glimpse of the power of those words to alter and shape my reality.

And then I asked myself, *If I have this much power, shouldn't I use it for good?* Words can affect how people view themselves, how they treat each other, how they navigate the world. Words can build people up, or they can tear them down. I decided that night that I wanted to use my words to empower others, to help rather than hurt.

I never cursed again in my rhymes. And I got criticized and smashed for years for that choice. But there was no peer pressure that even came close to overriding Gigi pressure.

• • •

Those first months of high school were a little rocky, but I was certainly no longer anonymous. And in the same way that the power of my words had almost destroyed me, I was now starting to see their power painting my dreams.

By the middle of that school year, hip-hop had really started to bubble in Philly, and now everyone had their own cousin Paul—somebody they knew in New York who could get them mixtapes. The success of “Rapper’s Delight” by the Sugarhill Gang was putting major dents into mainstream barriers. Everybody was listening to that song all the time.

Walking the halls of Overbrook that year was like walking through a hip-hop battleground. Hip-hop may not have been on TV, it may not have been on the radio,

but at Overbrook High, everybody was rapping. Nobody knew it yet, but I had been writing rhymes every day for the past eight months. I had pages and pages of different concepts and punch lines and stories. I started to keep a stash memorized and ready to go. I would walk up on groups of kids rapping and join in, and I slowly started to develop a reputation as a pretty good rapper.

The new thing was freestylin'. Somebody would beatbox with their mouth and then the rapper would improvise in the moment about whatever was around them—some kid's funny shoes, the test you failed in math class, the girl you liked, whatever.

This was always my biggest strength. I had been cracking jokes my entire life. Now all I had to do was make them rhyme and people were flippin'.

The best beatboxer in the whole school was a guy named Clarence Holmes—everybody called him Clate. Not only could he generate the most bass, but he could mimic the actual sounds of popular breakbeats. And on top of *that*, Clate could do sound effects—he could make a bird noise in the hallway that was so realistic people would be turning around to see who let a bird in here. I soon realized that every time Clate beatboxed for me, he always made me sound better. I started seeking him out every day after class. I'd roll up and hit him with our standard greeting: “'Sup, C, you ready to rock?”

“You know what it is,” he'd say.

Clate was always ready to rock. *Always*. So much so that we all started callin' him “Ready Rock C.”

Pretty soon, what started out as just casual freestyle sessions—rhymin' and flowin' and trying to one-up each other—morphed into what became known as battles. I would step up and do a verse, then the other kid would try to one-up me. Maybe he'd make fun of my hair or my clothes. Then, when his verse finished, I had to step back in and freestyle a response. The judge of who “won” was determined mainly by who got the biggest laugh or cheer from the crowd. If you won the crowd, you won the battle.

I was *invincible*—two words: Scorched. Earth.

There were some guys who were cleverer than me, who had tighter flows or better voices, or more developed poetic sense. But *nobody* was as funny as me. Nobody could rock the crowd with a punch line the way I did. What nobody seemed to ever understand was that you *can't beat funny*. You can spit all the tough gangster shit you want—you can rip rhymes about all the money and women in the world—but if your pants are just a little bit too far above your shoes, and somebody says,

*Look at you, homey, pretendin' you all fly
looks like your shoes went to a party and your pants got high*

and forty people laugh? You're done. It's over.

Rapping changed everything for me. For the first time in my life, I was popular. I was getting attention and respect. Ready Rock and I were from Wynnefield, but

Overbrook was in Hilltop. Many times, in these battles, we'd be reppin' for Wynnefield. So a lot of the same neighborhood guys who used to pick on me and make fun of me were now getting hyped when *I* showed up. I was making new friends; girls were starting to feel me. Ready Rock and I became inseparable.

The other reason I never lost a rap battle was because I had been raised in the house of Daddio, molded and chiseled by his unrelenting work ethic. I practiced incessantly. Unlike the other kids, who were starting to smoke weed and cut class, I spent hours and hours filling notebooks with rhymes every day. I'd stand in the mirror and practice my verses, making sure my face and my body language were perfectly matched to reinforce and punctuate the punch lines. I was tightening my delivery and trying to deepen my tone. Every break between class, and before and after school, I was always looking for some sucker who was slippin'. I'd battle anybody—in the lunchroom, in the parking lot, at the Tustin Playground or the Beeber schoolyard. In class, I started having fun with my teachers, rhyming answers back when they called on me. I'd rhyme to my parents. I'd answer the phone in rhymes. A lot of adults pretended they hated it, but I knew they loved it.

The combination of hip-hop and humor made me untouchable. I had found my voice. I was choosing my words poetically and comedically. And now, for the first time, I was experiencing a surge of power over my own life. My teachers loved me. I'd be late for a class or miss my homework or get caught being silly in the back of the room. They couldn't yell at me because they were laughing.

I started noticing that I was never getting in trouble. One of my favorite teachers was Miss Brown. She taught algebra II, elementary functions, and trig. She had flawless, chocolate skin and big, steady brown eyes. Her body was just under five feet tall, but she was six eight on the inside. She knew exactly what I was doing. By this point, I was at least a foot taller than her, and when I would do something that she needed to check me for, she'd walk right up into my chest and say, "Come down here so I can talk to you."

Learning is really easy when you can feel that your teachers love you. Miss Brown began to jokingly call me "Prince Charming." She'd sarcastically say things like, "Oh, look, Prince Charming has graced us with his homework this Monday morning. How kind of him."

The kids would laugh, and I would eat it up. As long as everybody's laughing, I'm good.

Back in the eighties, the word "fresh" was the new hip-hop slang. Everybody was sayin' it every other word—like "fly" in the seventies, or "dope" in the nineties; in the eighties, if something was hot, you'd say, "Man, that's fresh." One day I came running into Miss Brown's class literally only forty-five seconds after the bell, and, looking at her watch, she said, "His Highness, the Prince, two minutes late . . ."

I quickly corrected her.

"Nah, Miss Brown, we both know I am barely thirty seconds late. And if you don't mind, thenceforth and hitherto do I demand to be known as the *Fresh Prince*." The

classroom burst out laughing.
The name stuck.

• • •

In order to feel confident and secure, you need to have something to feel confident and secure *about*. We all want to feel good about ourselves, but many of us don't recognize how much work that *actually* takes.

Internal power and confidence are born of insight and proficiency. When you understand something, or you're good at something, you feel strong, and it makes you feel like you have something to offer. When you have adequately cultivated your unique skills and gifts, then you're excited about approaching and interacting with the world. And what I learned from Paul was that being good at something allows you to be calm in a storm, knowing that you can handle whatever comes. There is a great Bruce Lee quote that resonates with me. One of Lee's students once asked him, "Master, you constantly speak to us of *peace*, yet every day you train us to *fight*. How do you reconcile these conflicting ideas?" And Bruce Lee responded, "It is better to be a warrior in a garden, than a gardener in a war."

Rapping didn't just win me the approval I desperately craved from my peers; it gave me a sense of power. But I knew it was fleeting; it demanded my constant attention and nurturing. I knew I was good, but I also knew that I had to work.

It wasn't going to just *come* to me. I had to go get it.

• • •

I kept seeing her in the hallways—I'd even had a dream about her—but we were from two different cliques. I was rappin' now, so I was rollin' with the cool kids, but she wore big-ass glasses, and her and all of her friends were in the art program and lugged around those big-ass portfolio bags.

But Melanie Parker was beautiful. She noticed me soon after the unfortunate lock incident. She was a mochaccino-flavored cutie—she had that sort of goofy-gorgeous-genius thing, a beguiling mixture of insecurity and quirkiness surrounding a simmering core of artistic brilliance.

We had been sniffin' around each other for a few weeks, and I could tell she was far too much of a lady to speak first. She had gorgeous mahogany eyes, and a springtime smile that I would come to understand was painted on top of hidden layers of sadness. Melanie was a broken angel, and from the moment I saw her, I wanted nothing more than to take care of her.

So, I pressed up on her.

"Wassup, cutie. I'm the Prince," I said.

She smiled politely, and said, "What does your *mother* call you?"

I was thinking, *Damn—my mother calls me by my government name.*

“Well, she calls me Willard,” I said, “but you can call me—”

“Willard,” she interrupted. “Nice to meet you, *Willard*. I’m Melanie.”

She never called me *Will*, she never called me *Prince*—she called me *asshole* once or twice. But to this day, she calls me Willard.

“Look, that’s a big-ass art bag,” I said. “May I carry it for you to your next class?”

Melanie paused; I sensed that she already liked me, but she felt like she had to make it difficult. She handed me the bag without a word and walked off to class. I followed her, already completely in love. When we reached her classroom, I handed her the bag.

“I think you should let me carry it home for you, too, this afternoon,” I said. “You should rest your art muscles.”

I would walk Melanie home from Overbrook every day. She took easily to wonder and awe—everything was interesting to her. She was one of those people who could stop and look at a tree for ten minutes. Melanie lived in the opposite direction from Woodcrest, so I’d walk ten minutes to her house—carrying her big-ass portfolio all the way—then twenty minutes back to mine, thinking about those eyes all the way home.

Melanie was born and raised in Minneapolis. Her household was filled with violence to a tragic extreme: Her mother ended up killing her father and went to prison for it. Her mother incarcerated, Melanie moved to Philly to live with her aunt, a strict Muslim who opened her home to her niece but who maintained very strong opinions about how a teenage girl should behave.

I never quite got the whole story, but on one occasion, Melanie and her aunt had a very serious disagreement about something, which escalated to the point that her aunt threw Melanie out of the house. Legally, without a place to stay, Melanie could have been sent back to Minneapolis and placed into foster care. I was panic-stricken. I told Mom-Mom the whole story and begged her to let Melanie stay with us.

“Mom, it will only be for a little while,” I said. “I’ll get a job, do whatever I have to do to get a bunch of money, and me and Melanie will get our own place. I love her, Mommy. Please can she stay with us till I can figure it out?”

Mom-Mom’s eyes welled, her tears a complex emotional mixture. On the one hand, this was *exactly* the kind of son she had hoped to raise—loving, responsible, committed. But on the other hand, she knew from personal experience the fragile realities of young love.

“Oh, hell no!” Daddio said. “Car’lyn, you know exactly what they gon’ be doin’.”

But I had already promised my mother: “No sex.” Melanie would stay in the basement; I would sleep in my room two floors up. It was only temporary. Daddio protested, but Mom-Mom won this one.

I’m still not exactly sure why I did what I did that night. To this day, I have no idea what I was thinking. Of all the experiences I am sharing in this book, this is the individual moment of personal behavior that makes the least sense to me.

Before I reveal what happened, I would like to preface my remarks by making it unequivocally clear that I was *deeply* and *totally* in love with Melanie Parker. We were

going to be married; we were going to have four beautiful mochaccino-flavored children; and our union would live alongside the epic tales of romance: Romeo and Juliet, Tristan and Iseult, Tupac and Janet, even Eddie and Halle in *Boomerang*.

But at 4:00 a.m., less than three months into our star-crossed love affair, Mom-Mom should have been asleep but tragically decided she wanted a cup of coffee. And wearing slippers far too quiet to defend her delicate sensibilities, she approached the threshold of the family kitchen. Still innocent, she flipped the light switch as she had done tens of thousands of times before. But this time, her eyes landed upon her eldest son and his girlfriend deep in the throes of reckless lovemaking. As a teenager, outside of physical injury, you *cannot* feel worse than having your mother catch you and your girlfriend doggy-style on her kitchen floor.

“OH, *WILLARD!*” Mom-Mom growled, slapping the lights off. Stomping furiously up the stairs, the slamming of her bedroom door functioned as a disastrous exclamation point.

Now she wants to make noise!

By the grace of God, those few days at Woodcrest allowed Melanie’s aunt to calm down and let her move back in. I was only sixteen, but I was all in—I was determined more than ever to get us our own place so Melanie and I could build a life together.

• • •

I had gotten my driver’s permit just before my sixteenth birthday. Ready Rock and I loved to drive around West Philly after school every day, looking for people to battle. They were pretty easy to find back then. It would be a bunch of dudes standing on a corner in a circle, one of them with their hands cupped around their mouth, bopping their head back and forth—the universal human beatboxing posture.

We’d pull the car over, step out, strike the B-boys’ stance, and it was *on*. It didn’t take but a minute for me to start schoolin’ fools. I’m dropping punch lines, people waving and screaming—“AWWWWW SHIT! YOU HEAR WHAT HE SAID?” The smart guys just quit when they realized I had won the crowd, because once the crowd is against you, anything you say just makes you look stupider. But some suckaz didn’t—they would try to keep going, and then two words: Scorched. Earth.

By my junior year, I had developed a reputation around West Philly. I joined a crew of slightly older guys—we called ourselves “the Hypnotic MCs.” The design of the group was based on Grandmaster Caz and the Cold Crush Brothers: We had a DJ and four MCs. DJ Groove on the tables; Jamie Fresh; Sheihkie-D; my friend Mark Forrest, a.k.a. the Lord Supreme; and me, the Fresh Prince. (Ready Rock would pop in and out, but he wasn’t really feeling these dudes.)

I took my role in the Hypnotic MCs very seriously. I attacked it with the discipline Daddio had instilled in me. But back then, I hadn’t learned yet that most people didn’t have the same work ethic as me.

I wanted to rehearse every day, on a specific schedule. They were looking at it more casually. Sometimes they would show up late to rehearsal, and other times not at all. I wanted us to perform at all the block parties and pool our money to buy equipment, pass out flyers to advertise ourselves, create our own cassettes. Because I was the youngest, they always kind of laughed at me and dismissed my ideas. I did finally convince everybody to put up \$200 a piece so we could purchase the brand-new SP-12 sampling beatbox. I dug in for a few weeks at the ice house and came up with my share. We now had a beatbox, four microphones, two turntables, and all the records we'd ever need. Because Groove was the DJ, we agreed to keep all the equipment at his house.

We did a handful of pretty good shows together over about a six-month period, but mostly the equipment just sat there in Groove's basement unused. I was getting frustrated—nobody wanted to grind and go get it. My work ethic and constant pushing slowly drove a wedge between me and the group. They resented me for always bugging them and ruining what to them was just supposed to be a fun hobby. I resented them for not putting the effort in to make this thing as good as it could possibly be.

I remember being at rehearsals with them and finding myself barking out a Daddio axiom: "Ninety-nine percent is the same as zero!"

We started having arguments and fights over everything: over lines, over which break beats went best with what harmony, over who would take which verse—every decision became a chore. Knowing what I know now, I can see that there was no way it could have worked, but back then, my mind-set was that *everything* could be fixed.

But finally, after months of no progress on recording anything, I went to Groove's house and told the guys that I was out. To them, I was the obnoxious kid who was killin' everybody's vibe anyway. They sorta shrugged, shared a laugh between themselves, and threw me deuces.

So I grabbed my mic and my headphones, and, in the honor of fairness, I offered to buy the SP-12 back from them.

"It's not for sale," Groove said. There was a new coldness in his voice.

"C'mon, man, y'all not even usin' that thing," I said. "My dad will help me with the cash. . . ."

They just ignored me and kept talking among themselves. It wasn't about the SP-12; it wasn't even about resentment. It was about power—they were disrespecting me because they could. They knew I couldn't do anything.

"A'ight, fine," I said. "Just give me my two hundred dollars and y'all can keep it."

They all kinda smirked at one another and then Groove said, "Nope."

No argument. Nobody raised their voice. Just no after no.

Outwardly I stayed cool, but a fury was beginning to churn inside me. I had suffered bullying and abuse in my home and all through my childhood. And I was sick of that shit.

“OK,” I said calmly. “I’ll see y’all later.” But as I started to leave, I realized that the SP-12 was sitting right there. So I walked over to it, I paused, then I snatched it up, violently ripping the cables from the wall, held it high over my head with the knobs facing down, and *CRASH!* I slammed it down onto the concrete basement floor. That thing *disintegrated*—knobs, plastic, transistors, spraying everywhere.

“What tha fuck are ya *doin’*?” Groove screamed.

And then I hauled ass up the basement stairs and out into the street. They were right on me in the beginning, but I was the young one. Back in the day, how I was running was known as “bookin’.” I put my head down and didn’t look back for eight blocks. When I finally slowed down, there was no one behind me.

I was on my own now.

• • •

All of the windows were broken out of Daddio’s brand-new Chevy van. The radio, and all of his tools, were gone.

Paul had the van when it happened. And he was almost in tears apologizing to Daddio. Daddio was trying to calm him down.

“This shit happens, man—that’s why we have insurance,” Daddio said.

But something about Paul’s inner code made this unforgivable. He felt like the van was in his possession and he had been entrusted with it. I had never seen him like this. Paul felt like he had somehow failed and dishonored Daddio. Daddio could see *that thing* rising up in Paul, the thing that led to him being in West Philly in the first place.

“Hey, Paul, look at me,” Daddio said. “You know how many times niggas done broke in and stole my shit?”

“I know exactly who did it, Uncle Will,” Paul said.

“Fuck them niggas, Paul,” Daddio said. “We got too much shit to do. Leave it alone.”

But Paul couldn’t let it go. He was messing with a girl named Shelley who used to mess with this ol’ head named Black. Black ran Wynnefield. He was always on the corner in front of Mr. Bryant’s store with seven or eight of his friends. Black was about six foot four and always had his shirt off. He didn’t give a *fuck*. He would smoke weed *outside* in the *daytime*.

Paul walked straight into the middle of the crowd, right up to Black.

“Did you touch my uncle’s van?” Paul said. Everybody on the corner laughed.

“Yeah, I did it, what you gon’ do about it—”

BLOOP.

Within a couple of seconds, Black’s nose was broken. But he didn’t know yet. He wouldn’t find out until later, when he regained consciousness.

I’d never seen a fight like this except in the movies. Paul beat up everybody. Every dude on the corner either bleeding, running away, or asleep.

Paul didn't come home that night. Or the next. He had disobeyed Daddio. I guess that was too much for him to bear.

It would be thirty-five years before I saw him again.

HOPE

Mom-Mom and Harry moved back into Woodcrest. My family wasn't one that talked about things. I was never privy to what she and Daddio had decided—I didn't ask; they didn't tell. But whatever it was, he never put his hands on her again.

It was midway through my senior year. I had just gotten my SAT scores: low twelve hundreds. This was far from a perfect score, but for a Black kid from an inner-city school in Philadelphia, those numbers were more than good enough to get me really good options for college. Mom-Mom was ecstatic. She was dancing around the house, calling all her friends at Carnegie Mellon and MIT—you would have thought *she* was going back to college.

My strong subjects were math and science. By 1986, more and more schools were beginning to offer computer science and engineering courses. Mom-Mom set up a war room. She had a map of the United States; she was cross-referencing “engineering schools” with “cities and states where we had family members,” “cost of living” with “distance from Philadelphia.” With that information at hand, she narrowed down my options to her top five or six schools, organized in order of most likely to least likely acceptance. She then filled out all of the applications, handled all of the housing logistics, and weighed all of the travel and financial-aid issues. At the time she worked for the school board of Philadelphia, so when it came to education, her organization and execution made even Daddio applaud.

We had family friends in Wisconsin, and suddenly Mom-Mom decided we were going to take a quick family trip to see them. (The patriarch, Walter McCallum [we called him Uncle Whatchamacallit], was tight with the admissions officer at the university's College of Engineering.) She had already gotten my sister Pam into Hampton University, and I was up next. Her wildest dreams as a parent were coming true—all of her kids were going to college.

Mom-Mom was the commander in charge of the “Will Getting into College” mission. All of a sudden, she was very comfortable with the idea that *if two people are in charge, everybody dies*.

• • •

It was a Friday night, and my girl Judy Stewart was having her birthday party up the block. I met up with Ready Rock after school.

“Yo, you goin’ to Judy’s party tonight?” he said.

“Nah, man, she played me. I DJ’d her party for the last two years and she got somebody else and didn’t even tell me.”

“Well, she didn’t just get *somebody* else, man. She got Jazzy Jeff.”

“Word?! I’ve been hearin’ about him, but I never saw him cut.”

“Yeah, man. He’s *ill*,” Ready said. “He’s from Southwest, though, and he’s gonna be in *our* hood! We gon’ stand for that?”

Ready Rock always knew how to gas me up for a battle. Not that I needed much fuel.

“Yo, what’s his rapper’s name?” I said.

“MC Ice. He can’t touch *you*, though.”

“*Nobody* can touch me.”

Ready Rock loved when I talked dirty like that. He gave me a pound. My mind was churning with battle rhymes organizing themselves for tonight’s slaughter.

“You know what, we’re gonna hit that party tonight and *smash* these fools,” I said. “We gotta rep Wynnefield.”

“Bet!” he said. “Ready Rock C and the Fresh Prince versus Jazzy Jeff and MC Ice! I’ll meet you there at eight.”

“A’ight, bet. Later.”

. . .

Jeffrey Allen Townes grew up on Rodman Street in southwest Philly, about four or five miles from Wynnefield. Jeff came from a musical family. His father used to emcee for the jazz legend Count Basie. His older brothers played in funk and fusion bands, and his sisters were always singing Motown tunes. He was the baby of the family and was a musical sponge, absorbing and processing all of the incredible talent that was happening around him.

At the age of fifteen, Jeff was diagnosed with cancer, non-Hodgkin’s lymphoma. After various painful and difficult treatments, he managed to beat the illness, but his mother became understandably overprotective, and Jeff found himself spending his days in the family basement surrounded by ten thousand of his father’s and brothers’ jazz, funk, and blues records. Jeff would spend all day digging through them, listening to everything from John Coltrane and Charlie Mingus to Stevie Wonder and James Brown, noting the different styles, the musicianship, the instrumentation.

When he was ten, Jeff had begun DJing. His encyclopedic knowledge made him a musical marvel. Everyone called him “Jazz” because of his ability to seamlessly blend complex jazz tunes with modern funk, disco, or hip-hop rhythms. Eventually, that got extended to “Jazzy Jeff.”

A lot of you young guns might not know this, but back in the day, DJs were actually more famous than MCs. Rapping was still pretty rudimentary. We hadn’t developed the rhythmic or linguistic ingenuity that we have today. Instead, *DJing* was the innovative and exciting center of attention.

It's hard to explain to people who aren't familiar with old-school cuttin', but Jeff's ability to scratch out rhythms and blend sounds was, and still is, for the most part, unparalleled. He pioneered techniques and styles in those Philly basement parties as a teenager that are still used by thousands of DJs all over the world today. He could manipulate records in ways that no one had seen or heard before. He could bend keys and time signatures and alter sounds, one of which I later named "the Transformer Scratch," because it reminded me of the sound effect from the *Transformers* cartoon. He could make the vocal lines of two records "talk" back and forth to each other, creating "conversations" from two completely different songs.

I could go on and on. But I'll stop and just say there's a reason why many, including myself, consider Jeff to be the GOAT of hip-hop DJing. Even today, over thirty years later, he's revered by DJing experts as one of the best in the world.

The point is: I know I am the big famous movie guy, but back in the eighties, *Jazzy Jeff was the star*. It was *me* backing *him* up.

. . .

That night at Judy's, I showed up early. I made my entrance into her basement: two-tone Lee jeans, black on the back, white on the front, with "Fresh Prince" down the left leg in red letters and a matching two-tone Lee jacket. I had taken the Lee patch off the waistband of the pants and had attached it to a silver rope chain around my neck.

I was almost too fly for this party.

As I stepped into the room, my mind flashed to the last time I had been in Judy's basement. The harrowing events documented in my first single, "Girls Ain't Nothing But Trouble," actually happened right here. I was with one of Judy's girlfriends in that basement one night when Judy's father woke up at around 2:00 a.m. to the unmistakable sounds of exquisite lovemaking (my sounds, not hers). From the top floor I heard him bellowing and tearing down the stairs.

"WHO THE FUCK IS IN MY HOUSE?"

I bolted up and scrambled naked through the narrow back hall, snatching open the door to the rear driveway, which to my horror had since disappeared under twelve inches of snow.

It was thirty-one degrees, and I had a choice to make.

"Where is he? WHERE IS HE?" Judy's father roared.

Decision made.

I ran a full city block, butt naked, back to my house, in the snow. I was outside for over ten minutes making snowballs, trying to hit Harry's bedroom window. Finally, the window goes up, and Harry looks down.

I had not heard my brother laugh harder before, or since.

It also happens that Judy's basement was where I met Jeff for the first time. Whatever magic juju Judy had going on in her basement in the mid-eighties, apparently Jeff and I owe our careers to it. Thanks, Judy.

• • •

When I arrived, Jeff was still setting up. Judy introduced us.

“What up, man, I’m Jazz,” he said.

“Prince,” I said, pointing to my leg.

I was thinking, *This is Jazzy Jeff?* He was wearing these big-ass glasses, and he didn’t have his name on his clothes anywhere—how was anybody supposed to know he was Jazzy Jeff? There was a Band-Aid around the middle scratching finger on his left hand. Apparently, he had been scratching so much that the top knuckle of his finger now had a bend in it. Everybody was raving about this dude, but I was *thoroughly* unimpressed. *If this joka is the best DJ in the city, I’m sad for Philly.* A lot of the famous DJs back in those days were flashy, doing backflips and jumping over their turntables and all of that. Jeff was quiet, skinny, soft-spoken, and looked more like a science nerd than a samurai on the wheels of steel.

I sat down and chilled while Jeff continued to set up. It’s always good to show up early before a battle so you can clock your material. I was plotting all the punch lines I was gonna kick about his glasses and his Band-Aid, but I was really going to be battling Ice. A few minutes go by and I say, “Yo, Jazz, where’s Ice?”

Jeff didn’t even look up. I could tell this was a sore subject.

“Good question. I called him like five times. He never hit me back.”

Back then there were no cell phones—you couldn’t get in touch with people like today. Judy’s guests were arriving now, but there was no sign of Ready Rock. The party was starting. I could see that Judy was getting nervous, and I could sense that Jeff wasn’t feeling too great, either. My “pleaser” kicked in, full steam.

“Hey, I’ll rock wit’ you till Ice gets here if you want,” I said.

Jeff, relieved, said, “Aw, that would be dope. Thanks. I *hate* having to talk on the mic.”

“I got you,” I said. “There’s *nothing* I enjoy more than talking on a mic.”

We both laughed. Judy squealed and clapped her hands.

• • •

There are rare moments as an artist that you cannot quantify or measure. As much as you try, you can rarely reproduce them and it’s near impossible to describe them. But every artist knows what I’m talking about—those moments of divine inspiration where creativity flows out of you so brilliantly and effortlessly that somehow you are better than you have ever been before.

That night with Jeff was the first time I ever tasted it, the place that athletes call “the zone.” It felt like we already existed as a group and we just had to catch up to ourselves—natural, comfortable, home.

Jeff could sense my rhyme style. He always knew when my jokes were coming, when to drop the track out so people could clearly hear the punch line, and I could tell by which hand he was using what type of scratch was coming. He preferred different scratches with his left hand than with his right. Sensing this, I could draw the audience's attention to which scratch was coming by which hand he was transitioning to. He was choosing the tracks and adjusting the tempos based on what he felt best accentuated the narrative structure and the flow of my rhymes. And just as the music crescendoed, I'd throw down a dagger of a line and Jeff would drop the beat into the funkier, hottest, party-rocking shit these Philly kids had ever seen in their lives.

That night was crazy. When the party was over, me and Jeff stood out in the driveway catching our breath and cooling off. We were still hyped.

"Yo, the Truck Turner echo thing you did was *blaze*," I said.

"Your flow sits *perfect* locked to that Chic bassline!" Jeff responded. "Next time, we'll use the 'Bounce, Rock, Skate, Roll' and then *transition* to Chic . . ."

"Word! Word!"

Ideas poured out of us like a fire hose, creativity ricocheting back and forth between us. Everything *he* said set off *three* ideas in my mind, and my responses had him holding his head and walking around in circles.

We never really talked about it, never really made it official, but that wild November night in Judy Stewart's basement, he became my DJ, and I became his rapper. From then on, we were DJ Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince, just two kids from West Philly—partners, friends, brothers.

And we still are today.

. . .

Over the next couple of months, me and Jeff dug in *hard*. We practiced every day, performed every weekend. He *lived* in his mother's basement. It was his sanctuary, his magic workshop. When you entered, it felt like you were getting a sneak peek behind the curtain of the wizard.

Jeff was the first friend I'd ever had who plain and simple outworked me. I think it would be a misrepresentation to say that he "practiced a lot." It wasn't that he was *practicing*—it was that he *didn't do anything else*. You'd never catch Jeff in the kitchen or watching TV. You wouldn't show up at his house and see him walking up the front steps coming back from the store. He didn't *go* to the store; I guess wizards don't do their own shopping. Jeff was standing in front of his turntables fourteen to eighteen hours a day, seven days a week, 365 days a year. It's literally the only image I can conjure of Jeff in his childhood home.

Jeff was a mad scientist, and he loved technology. He was always waiting for a new gadget to arrive in the mail that you could only get from some seventy-eight-year-old guitar builder of questionable history in Vienna. Jeff was moving from solely DJing

into beat making and recording. He got a TASCAM four-track recorder, and he was experimenting with creating his own records. He now had a mini studio.

Jeff is three years older than me, so he had already graduated, but I had to still go to school *and* work at the ice house. So by the time I'd get to rehearsal around 4:00 p.m., Jeff had already put in ten hours of work. He'd give me two tracks to write to; I'd show up the next day with one written, and he'd hand me six more tracks. This went on for the first few months of our partnership. DJ Jazzy Jeff was a hip-hop terminator. *He didn't eat, he didn't sleep, and he absolutely positively would not stop until you were dead.*

I tried to keep up—I would stay as late as I could, until Mom-Mom or Daddio would call asking me if I knew what time it was. Those early months in Jeff's basement were among the most creative times I've ever experienced. Everything was cutting-edge, everything was hot; it was experimental and inspiring. I never wanted to leave. We were seeking our sound, but we found ourselves.

• • •

One night, we were rehearsing in Jeff's basement and some random dude wearing a Lacoste polo shirt, tan khakis with a razor crease, and Adidas shell toes crawled through the basement window. He calmly went and took a seat in what he clearly thought of as *his* corner. The music was playing, and Jeff and I were deeply engaged in our artistic banter, so I guess he didn't want to interrupt us. Jeff didn't react to his presence at all. This went on for a few minutes, until I tried to break the awkwardness that obviously only I was feeling.

"Hey, man, you gotta watch wearing those shoes with them pants. If khakis touch shell tops, they could blow your ankles up."

I was just trying to break the ice, but the dude looked at me, perceiving a challenge, and said, "Oh, is *that* what we doin'? We *bussin'*? Because we can get started with those car-door ears of yours. . . ."

"Nah, nah, nah, homie, I'm just messin' wit' you. I'm Will. They call me Fresh Prince."

Jeff finally popped out of his nutty-professor trance and snapped his headphones off.

"Oh damn! Whaddup, JL?" Jeff said. "When did *you* get here?"

James Lassiter was Jeff's best friend from childhood. JL grew up one block over, on Hazel Avenue. When Jeff was sick as a child, his mother wouldn't allow him to go off his front porch, so JL would come over and sit for hours and hours with Jeff, keeping him company. This routine continued long after Jeff's recovery and well into their adult lives.

JL was a serious cat. When I met him, he was putting himself through Temple law school. He was studying during the day and working at the University of Pennsylvania hospital at night. He would stop at Jeff's for the last two hours of his day, part habit, part unwind, part front seat to the evolution of the greatest DJ who has ever lived.

• • •

Our rise in the Philly hip-hop scene was nuclear. We had done every show we could: block parties, school dances, proms, basement parties, birthdays, fundraisers in church parking lots—you name it, we did it. We had established a rep as fun, creative, captivating party rockers. Eventually, in early 1986, we scored our first real gig at a major venue, the famous Wynne Ballroom. “Wynne” was short for Wynnefield—my hood, my people, with my new DJ. And we smashed it. We were the hottest hip-hop duo in these Philly streets.

But our big break came in September 1986, when Jeff was invited to compete in the New Music Seminar Battle for World Supremacy.

The Battle for World Supremacy was an old-school DJ and MC battle competition held annually in New York City. All of the legends of hip-hop had performed and competed in it: Grandmaster Flash, Busy Bee, Mantronix, Melle Mel, and so on. It was like the Olympics of early eighties hip-hop.

Local radio DJ Lady B is an iconic pioneer of Philly hip-hop. She was playing rap music before anybody in the city, back when it was only on WHAT AM radio. She called Dave “Funken” Klein, who was one of the event coordinators, and told him that she had a DJ in Philly who was changing the game. Lady B pressed Funken Klein to put Jeff in the competition.

Even though it was just two hours away by car, the drive felt like a pilgrimage. New York City was the mecca of hip-hop. I had never been to New York. To me, the idea that music could be my passport to new worlds excited and inspired me. Here I was, *right now*, walking through New York City, headed to the coolest event on the planet. And all because of rap music.

The Battle was being held in the grand ballroom at the Marriott Marquis in Times Square. We rolled up, ten-deep, full swag; red Phillies baseball caps filled the room. We were intimidated and in awe, but you couldn’t tell it from all the noise we were making—Philly was now officially in the building.

Jeff approached the sign-in table. I was standing behind him, arms crossed, chin high, B-boy stance on swole. Melle Mel walks by to my left, entering the ballroom. My B-boy stance got just a little less swole. And then Grandmaster Flash entered right behind him. For comfort, I put my arms by my side. And then I heard a sound over my shoulder, that outburst you hear when old friends haven’t seen each other for a while. I vaguely recognized one of the voices. *Where do I know that voice from?*

And then it hit me. I had never seen him in person before, but I knew it was him. He wasn’t rocking a B-boy stance, no flashy clothes, no entourage, but the crowd still parted when he walked through. The undisputed favorite for the MC competition: Grandmaster Caz.

As he passed, it took everything I had not to squeal, “I LOVE YOU, CAZ!” Fortunately, he passed quickly, and I didn’t play myself, but I’m not sure how much

longer I could have held out. Jeff finished signing in, I put my hands in my pockets, and went quietly to find a seat.

• • •

There were two sections of the Battle for World Supremacy—the MC competition, and the DJ competition. Eight competitors in each; three elimination rounds; last man standing wins. The battle was set up so that each competitor had three thirty-second slots in each round to do their thing. They would go back and forth with their routines, and at the end, the judges would score them, partially based on their techniques and overall performance, but also on the reaction of the crowd.

The MCs were up first, and it wasn't even a fair fight: round after round, rapper after rapper fell to the wit and charisma of my idol. Grandmaster Caz was crowned the World Supreme MC, and I could hold out no longer:

“I LOVE YOU, CAZ!”

The DJs were up next. Back in the day, this was the battle people *really* came to see.

As the newcomer, in the first round, Jeff was paired against DJ Cheese, the previous year's champion. Most DJs had worked out two or four routines and repeated them throughout the competition. But Jeff had spent the previous week preparing nine separate thirty-second routines. He realized that if there were three rounds, each round having three slots, that he would be able to go through the whole tournament without ever repeating a single routine. But he took it even further: Each routine was timed perfectly to end in thirty seconds. So, whereas other DJs were looking sloppy getting cut off by the buzzer, or they had a twenty-second intro and never really got their routines started, Jeff's perfectly timed routines had punch lines right at twenty-nine seconds—the effect was that Jeff's buzzer became a signal to the crowd to erupt.

The first round is set to begin. Jeff walks across the stage, maybe a little overeager, just a bit too happy to be there, and extends a hand of greeting to DJ Cheese. Cheese looks Jeff up and down and flags him (refused to shake his hand). As Jeff returns to his DJ setup, his cheerful demeanor is gone, and his eyes have turned icy. If Cheese would have known what was coming, he would have just shaken Jeff's hand, or better yet, tried to break it off.

Cheese was up first—he came out strong. But Jeff fired back with one of Philly's favorites, a tricky rhythm scratch. People were looking at one another and murmuring, not quite sure what they had just seen. DJ Cheese is eyeballin' Jeff, sensing that this is just the beginning. Nobody had ever seen cuttin' like this. The crowd was inching up on to the edges of their seats.

DJ Cheese unleashed his second routine and once again nailed it. The crowd *cheers*—big scores from all the judges. Then the audience settles down to see what other artillery the Philly kid has brought with him. And with no announcement and no fanfare, Jeff introduces the world to his “Transformer Scratch.” In 1986, that was the illest thing anybody had ever heard. And that was just the first ten seconds. He finishes

the routine slicing “Pump Me Up” by Grandmaster Flash and the Furious Five. There’s a verse at the end of that song that goes:

*I’m the bow-legged brother, there’ll never be another
I bought a mansion for my mother*

Jeff did a breakdown, cutting the last line into syllables:

*And I bought
a
man-
sion,
for
my*

And then he held it, letting the clock run out, and at twenty-nine seconds, right before the buzzer, he released the last word:

mother

The buzzer sounded, and the crowd lost it. The judges were jumping up out of their seats and walking around with their hands on their heads. Jeff’s scratches were so clean, sharp, and calculated that people realized they were witnessing the evolution of the art form. DJ Jazzy Jeff was now serving notice that the road to World Supremacy rolled through Philly.

Jeff was flawless that night. And when it was all said and done, the 1986 World Supreme DJ was a kid who spent most of his life in a basement in Southwest Philly: my DJ, DJ Jazzy Jeff.

Afterward, we all piled into our single room at the Marriott Marquis. We knew something big had just happened—Eric B. & Rakim even came to the room to personally congratulate Jeff. We weren’t quite sure where this was all going, but we had the sense that some important fuse had just been lit.

We stayed up all night, laughing, dreaming, plotting, planning. That night was the first night I realized that the possibilities hip-hop presented me far outstretched anything else I had dared hope for. My whole life, my parents’ hopes for me had been predicated on education and hard work. I was supposed to go to college. I was supposed to get a good job. I was supposed to move up in the world. And as the self-

designated golden child, I had always committed to living up to my parents' hopes and dreams. I couldn't imagine it otherwise.

But by the time we drove home the next morning, New York disappearing behind us, I was struck with an overwhelming conviction: *I am not going to college.*

• • •

Dana Goodman had cash.

He was about five six and heavyset, not fat, but thick in a way that he could hurt you if he had to. Approaching forty, he was a Wynnefield ol' head. When you would see him standing on the corner it was only briefly, because he was *above* those fools—he was doin' *real* shit.

Dana was the little brother of *Lawrence* Goodman, founder of Pop Art Records, one of the first New York-based hip-hop labels. Lawrence was from Philly, but he was killing them in NYC.

Those first few months back in Philly, me and Jeff were on fire. Jeff was now spending 80 percent of his time making records and 20 percent DJing. We had finished six or seven songs on Jeff's TASCAM four-track. He had mixed them as best he could, but Jeff was becoming increasingly frustrated that his equipment couldn't quite reproduce the sounds that were trapped in his head.

I had recently purchased a Sharp 777, the original hip-hop boom box. It was one of the first times I noticed a major corporation responding to the demands of our burgeoning art form. The 777 was a loud-ass, heavy-ass radio. You had to be strong to carry that thing around, and you had to carry it, because for some reason, if you sat it on the ground, it drained your expensive ten D batteries way faster. Best of all, the 777 had dual, high-speed cassette replication capabilities, so I would take the cassettes that me and Jeff made home with me, and I would stay up all night high-speed-dubbing our demos. This was the old days where you had to do one tape at a time. It was dull and monotonous—you know, like, building a brick wall when you're fucking nine—but it needed to be done, so I did it.

I then handed those tapes out to *everybody*. I didn't care if you even knew what hip-hop was, if you got two ears and a tape deck, then my name's the Fresh Prince—it says it right here on my pants—and I've got a tape you gotta hear.

Overbrook High was situated in Hilltop, and Hilltop was run by about thirty dudes who called themselves "the Hilltop Hustlers." One of the top rappers in that crew was Steady B, and Stead' was Lawrence Goodman's nephew. The word on the street was that his uncle had just given him a deal and he had music coming out later that year. I wanted Stead' to get my tape to Lawrence—the problem was, I was from across the bridge in Wynnefield, and if there was one thing that a Hilltop Hustler would *never* do, it's help a nigga from Wynnefield.

But then it hit me: Dana Goodman lives in *Wynnefield*! Maybe he'll pass our tape to Lawrence.

Dana and Lawrence, like many brothers, had a bit of a sibling rivalry going on. Dana saw the money his brother was making with his record label, and he hoped to start a label of his own. He called up me and Jeff and said he wanted to meet. So we invited him over to Jeff's to hear us perform.

Dana was wearing a dark blue velour Sergio Tacchini sweatsuit, the one with the red and white elasticated wrist- and ankle bands. The sweatsuit was zipped open just low enough to reveal his seven or eight slim gold chains bouncing off the Afro on his chest. He was that older dude who *almost* got away with dressing like the kids, except he had dress socks on. Dana always wore sunglasses—indoors, outdoors, noon, midnight, basketball court, church. You never caught Dana not rockin' his shades.

That day, Dana pulled up in front of Jeff's house in a brand-new, four-door, steel-blue Audi 4000 CS Quattro 5-Speed, and for the first time in my life, I saw a phone in a car. It was the first car phone ever—it was a rotary-dial, house phone that somehow worked in his car. Dana stepped out on Rodman Street; he was a *boss*. He was loud, he was a showman, and the sun was bangin' off his pinkie ring. Me and Jeff were standing on his mom's porch; Dana saw us, threw his arms wide open, and in his low, weathered baritone voice, yelled out to the kids playing, and the neighbors passing, "YOOOW! Dere they go!" pointing to me and Jeff. "That's *them*, y'all. You better get they autographs *now*! That's DJ Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince! Them boys 'bout to *do sumpn'*!"

He called me and Jeff down.

"Come 'ere, y'all. Gimme some love!" Me and Jeff stepped down to the sidewalk, and Dana hugged us like a proud father.

"Love what y'all did up in New York, holdin' it down for *Philly*!"

Me and Jeff smiled.

"Well, you know, that's what we *do*," I said.

Just then, one of Jeff's neighbors, a dude a few years older named Keith, called out: "'Eyy! Dana! Dat you, man?! Oh, shit, it's Dana Goodman—what you *slummin'*, man?"

Keith and Dana shook hands—one of those long, elaborate handshakes with multiple steps from a previous generation, which also didn't go with Dana's sweatsuit.

"What brings you 'round these parts?" Keith asked.

"Oh, you know. I'm here to talk to these boys about a little business," Dana said.

"*Business*?" Keith looked at me and Jeff. His energy shifted slightly, but our youth and our excitement blinded us to the subtleties.

Keith pulled Dana aside, put his arm around him.

"You know this is Jimmy Townes's little brother, right?"

Dana looked over at Jeff.

"Jimmy Townes's brother?"

Keith got up real close to Dana and whispered something in his ear that we couldn't hear.

Dana looked down, then started nodding, “Yeah, yeah, I got you, man, this jus’ business. *I’m tryin’ to help them.*”

“*Fam-ily,*” Keith said, loud enough for us to hear this time. He then said his goodbyes and went back down the street.

Dana came down to the basement. Me and Jeff let him hear everything we had. Dana picked the two songs he liked the most: the first was called “Just One of Those Days.” “Just One of Those Days” features a slow, 92 BPM groove where I rapped about having one of those days where everything goes wrong. For the chorus, Jeff sampled Irving Berlin’s “Puttin’ on the Ritz,” a 1928 ragtime joint that was the first song ever performed in a film by an interracial ensemble. It was pure Jazzy Jeff, mixing old-time, high-brow music with the scratches and rhythms of hip-hop. It crystalized our musical dynamic: Jeff’s musical sophistication and in-depth knowledge married to my natural storytelling and humor.

The second song was “Girls Ain’t Nothing But Trouble,” the one inspired by Grandmaster Caz’s “Yvette.” This time, Jeff sampled the theme song from the famous 1960s sitcom *I Dream of Jeannie*. He used the brand-new Roland 909 drum machine, and he de-tuned the toms to make them sound like a bassline. I told the story of the night in Judy Stewart’s basement when my exquisite lovemaking almost got me frostbitten. Dana loved it; he was cracking up.

“Yo, did that really happen? Tell the truth: That happen for real?”

“Yeah, man,” I said, “that was a rough night.”

He burst out laughing.

“Boy, y’all sum talented, funny niggas,” he said.

Hip-hop has evolved so much over the decades that listening to those songs now I cringe—they sound so simplistic and repetitive. But back then, what we were doing was revolutionary. Jeff and I played with the structure of songs in a way that no one else in hip-hop had up until that point. We had lyric-less choruses; we had verses that were half samples, half raps. I was building verses that constructed a full story—each verse leading into the next, begging the listener to finish the song to find out what happened by the end. It was a new day—dare I say . . . it was fresh.

Dana was bobbing his head to the beat, clapping his hands, stomping. And then finally, playing as if he couldn’t take it anymore, he said, “That’s enough, that’s enough, turn it off!”

Jeff hit the stop button on the four-track.

If we had been in a cartoon, Dana would have had spinning dollar signs in his eyes. But in real life, he thumbed the gold chains on his chest, and said, “Aw, man! What y’all say we make a *record*?”

Me and Jeff snapped—we were *hyped*. Jumpin’, high-fivin’, yellin’—we were so naive, we thought that was *it*. You just invite a guy to your house, and he says, “Let’s make a record!” and boom, you’re a star!

We didn’t realize that Dana didn’t even have a company yet. He had no distribution, very few connections in radio or television.

And DJ Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince were his first foray into the music business.

• • •

A week later, we walked into Studio 4, a professional recording studio that Dana found in downtown Philly.

It's hard to describe what Jeff's face looked like when he entered the main control room. It was as if he were a seventeen-year-old virgin walking onto the set of a porno movie and finding out that he was the star. Dana presented us with a recording contract, and we signed it.

We had never been in a real recording studio before, so we weren't really sure what to do or how it worked. Dana had at least been in with his brother on many of the Pop Art hits. He had ideas of how it should be and what he wanted to hear. The contract dictated that Dana was the producer and co-songwriter of our music. He started telling Jeff to change tempos, to shift pitches, to add cuts and adjust sounds. Jeff disagreed with many of Dana's creative choices, but in Dana's mind, since he paid for the studio time, he was in charge. Jeff was fuming, but this was our big shot, our one chance, so we didn't want to mess it up.

"Just One of Those Days" got mangled in that recording session. The tempos between the verse and chorus were different. The song inexplicably changed keys. The mix was awful. Jeff still hates that track, even though we rerecorded it later.

But "Girls" got through the recording sessions mostly unscathed and still held up as a song. Despite Jeff's grumblings, it was decided that "Girls" would be our first release as a single, and "Just One of Those Days" would be the B side. We'd release them to build up some hype while we recorded our first full album.

The "Girls Ain't Nothing But Trouble" single "came out" in March 1986, although nobody knew it, because it was on Dana's new record label, Word-Up Records. No offices, no employees, no distribution—the single wasn't even in stores; Dana was selling the vinyl out of the trunk of his car. Nothing was happening. To his credit, he was doing everything he knew how to do. He was a hustler—he spent his own money, and he absolutely believed in DJ Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince.

Even though nobody knew we had a record out, Jeff's win at the Battle for World Supremacy meant that promoters started calling to put him on shows, and I came as a part of the package deal. We started hitting the nicer clubs around Philly; we played Delaware and Atlantic City.

The shows were getting big enough that there were contracts, and on one occasion, we needed to sign and fax one back by 5:00 p.m. the same day or we'd lose the gig. Jeff and I were scrambling—who the hell do we know with a fax machine?

JL was sitting in "JL's Corner" of Jeff's basement, in his own world, "reading" the back of an Ohio Players album cover, the one with the naked girl on the inside with the honey all over her. Jeff and I were getting more and more frantic, trying to prevent this \$1,500 from evaporating as 5:00 p.m. approached.

Neither of *us* had a fax machine; I figured Mom-Mom might have access to one at work, but it was already late on Friday. Daddio didn't like that "newfangled shit." And Word-Up Records only had a rotary-dial car phone in its mobile business office.

JL sat there quietly, as Jeff and I became aggravated with each other.

"You got all of this computer shit down here but you don't have a damn fax machine?" I said. "You can get a sampling guitar pedal from a Nazi in Vienna and you don't have no way of faxing a damn contract?"

"How is it *my* job? What do *you* do in the group?"

JL never looked up; and in a bored monotone voice, he said, as much to the Ohio Players girl as to me and Jeff, "I have a fax machine. . . ."

And that's how James Lassiter became our manager.

. . .

There's a great concept from Jim Rohn:

"Look at the five people you spend the most time with because that's who you are."

This is an idea I've always understood innately. Deep down inside, I knew that my dreams would be made or broken by the people I chose to surround myself with. Confucius had it right: It's nearly impossible for the quality of your *life* to be higher than the quality of your *friends*. And by the grace of God, there has never been a single moment in my life when I have looked to my left or to my right and not seen an extraordinary friend, someone who believed in me and was down for whatever.

JL was in his final year of law school, and while it may have been a casual act of convenience for Jeff and me to hire him as our manager, we quickly realized that JL was not a casual kinda guy. He started making contact with all of our venues and concert promoters and began requesting documentation and financial information about record sales and studio costs from Dana. And when he wasn't satisfied with the responses, he hired a New York City attorney to oversee all of our business dealings. JL was one of those guys who didn't care about fame or money; he wasn't flashy, and he didn't want fancy clothes or sparkly jewels. He prided himself simply on defending the people he loved.

JL read the recording contract we had signed with Dana. He had highlighted and circled and x-ed out clauses, which didn't really matter because we had already signed it. Perched in "JL's Corner," with a perplexed look on his face, he asked, "Did you two *read* this contract?"

Jeff and I kinda glanced at each other.

"I didn't read it, did you?" I said.

Jeff shook his head, and then to JL said, "Nah. What does it say?"

That was not the answer JL was hoping for.

"It says that y'all are *stupid*."

Dana was always upbeat, telling us how hard he was working and how much money he was spending to promote the record. Jeff had heard it a couple of times on WHAT

around midnight, and a few friends and family members had caught it, but it was getting spotty airplay at best.

“You gotta bribe radio stations; you gotta wine and dine people. You know, it’s *competitive*. They be trying to jawn me up! They playin’ it, though, y’all just not catchin’ it! Just give me some time, y’all gon’ be HUGE!”

• • •

Since I had secretly decided that I wasn’t going to college, I stopped doing homework, I didn’t study for tests, and I didn’t even show up for a lot of my classes. As far as Daddio was concerned, if I was disciplined at the ice house, performed my tasks impeccably, and wasn’t getting myself arrested or killed, he was cool. But Mom-Mom was friends with all of my teachers at Overbrook, and she snapped.

Mom-Mom’s super-most parenting mission was for me, and for all of her children, to go to college. For her, college was *everything*. It was what she had picked up and moved to Philly for. It was why she tolerated Daddio’s drinking and violence. It was a big part of why she moved back to Woodcrest. To her, a college education was the fundamental bedrock of a successful life. And without it, I was doomed.

Hope sustains life. Hope is the elixir of survival during our darkest times. The ability to envision and imagine a brighter day gives meaning to our suffering and renders it bearable. When we lose hope, we lose our central source of strength and resilience.

My mother’s hopes for her kids had sustained her through the darkest years of her marriage. But now, I had developed hopes of my own. I had hip-hop hopes. I had hopes for albums and being onstage in front of fifty thousand people shouting “Hooooooo!!” when I told them to. These hopes were now empowering and sustaining *me*. I would have *died* if I had to give them up. I couldn’t; I wouldn’t.

It came to a head one afternoon toward the end of my senior year. I hadn’t come home after school; I had gone straight to Jeff’s to rehearse. It was about 10:00 p.m. when I finally made it home. I could feel Mom-Mom before I even put my key in the front door.

Sure enough, Mom-Mom was in the kitchen, waiting for me.

“Hey, Mom!” I said, mock-joyfully.

“Are you having a problem?” she said evenly.

“Nah, I’m good, Mom.”

“No, apparently, you’re having a *big* problem. Or, at least, you’re about to.”

“What’s up, Mom, what happened?”

“I just talked to Mrs. Stubbs. After four years you’ve forgotten where your classrooms are?”

“No, Mom, I’m just doin’ a lot of stuff.”

“What are you doing that’s more important than getting into college? You know these schools are going to look at your final senior grades? We have come too far for

you to throw your life away now. What is your *problem*?”

Mom-Mom’s voice and her posture denoted anger, but I saw something else beneath that: She was terrified. My heart melted.

“Mom. I’ve been working with Jeff for almost a year. People say he is the best DJ in the world. Rap is blowin’ up. It’s on the radio, it’s on MTV, and Run-DMC went to *Japan*. I’m tellin’ you, Mom, we are making songs that are as good as what anybody else is doing. Every time we perform, people go *crazy*. We found a record producer who’s puttin’ up money; we have a manager. Nobody in Philly can rap as good as me. Everybody says we’re gonna be stars. I just need some time to make it happen.”

“No. You can’t be a rapper,” she said bluntly.

“What? Why not?”

“Because I don’t know what that is. You listen to me right now: You will not cut another class; you will not miss another test. You will complete every single piece of homework that is assigned to you. You are going to college in the fall. Period.”

“Mom, just listen to the *music*. . . .”

“I’ve been hearing you hippity-hopping around here your whole life! That is a *hobby*; that is not a *career*. Good night.”

She stood up from the kitchen table, turned to walk away, and I stopped her with probably the worst thing I ever said to my mother.

“Mom, I’m not going to college.”

. . .

I was here on the backs of generations who had struggled through hardship and sacrifice—the blessed recipient in a long lineage of striving African Americans to have a stable, educated, middle-class life in America. Mom-Mom and Daddio’s generation grew up in the throes of segregation and immense poverty. Gigi’s family had escaped the Jim Crow South. My mother had fought through decades of school district bureaucracies, financial uncertainty, and Daddio’s bullshit to get me to this point. And she was going to be damned if I didn’t go to college because of some music I was doing at basement parties with homeboys named Jazz and Ready Rock.

Our hopes had finally collided. And these hopes were inherently incompatible with each other. One had to give way. One of us was going to have our heart broken.

The thing I’ve learned over the years about *advice* is that no one can accurately predict the future, but we all think we can. So advice at its best is one person’s limited perspective of the infinite possibilities before you. People’s advice is based on their fears, their experiences, their prejudices, and at the end of the day, their advice is just that: it’s *theirs*, not yours. When people give you advice, they’re basing it on what *they* would do, what *they* can perceive, on what *they* think *you* can do. But the bottom line is, while yes, it is true that we are all subject to a series of universal laws, patterns, tides, and currents—all of which are somewhat predictable—you are the first time

you've *ever* happened. YOU and NOW are a unique occurrence, of which you are the most reliable measure of all the possibilities.

I've always loved the scene in *The Pursuit of Happyness* on the basketball court, in which Jaden's character shoots the ball and yells, "I'm going pro!" My character, Chris Gardner, discourages him from pursuing basketball but catches himself: "Don't ever let somebody tell you you *can't* do something, not even me. . . . You got a dream . . . you gotta protect it. People can't do something themselves, they want to tell you you can't do it. If you want something, go get it. Period."

My mother's college education saved her life, which solidified for her a fundamental premise: A college education is the only armor against the brutality of this world. And without a college education, I would be condemned to certain destruction. This was not her *advice* to me—this was "the truth." To her, being a rapper was impossible.

But I am not my mother. Just as her education saved and defended her from the hardships of her early life, performance and hip-hop had saved me from *mine*. It's clearer when I look back now. While we were gridlocked and colliding and arguing, the reality was, both things were true—one was true for *her*, and the other was true for *me*.

But at the time, neither of us could compromise because it would mean destroying everything we stood for.

. . .

Daddio was caught in the middle. Mom-Mom was *demanding* that he make me go to college, and I was begging him to please understand what *I* was saying.

It was clear that he was going to have the final word. Daddio was going to be the judge, the jury, and the executioner of the hopes and dreams of either his wife or his son.

Daddio deliberated for about a week. He would take me for a drive, Mom-Mom for a walk; he'd ask questions and listen to us talk. In the meantime, Woodcrest was as cold as the ice house. My mother and I were cordial—we kept it on "hi" and "bye." And then one evening, Daddio called us both into the kitchen. My mother and I sat at the table, and Daddio leaned against the stove.

Daddio had been here before, except the last time he was sitting in *my* seat, when he was being told by his parents what he could and couldn't do, when he had so loved his camera, but he'd been told it was just a hobby, not a career. At his heart, Daddio was an artist who had been robbed of his dreams and his passions because they were "unrealistic" and "impractical." But he also knew firsthand the viciousness of this world against an uneducated Black kid. Everything Daddio ever did, somebody had told him he couldn't do it. He was supposed to get a job because there was no way he could start his own business; people told him there was no way white people would work for *him*; there was no way real supermarkets would buy ice from a Black man.

He lived against a ferocious headwind of doubt and discouragement, but he did it all anyway.

“So, here’s what we gonna do,” Daddio said. “You got one year. Your mother said she can get all them schools to hold your acceptance till next September. We’re gonna help you and support you to do anything you think you need to do to succeed. But in one year, if it ain’t happenin’, you’re going to go to whichever one of them school’s your mother choose. That work for you?”

In my mind a year was forever. I was ecstatic.

He turned to Mom-Mom. “That work for you?”

Mom-Mom clearly didn’t love it, but this was a compromise that kept her dreams alive. She only said one word.

“Yup.”

And with that, Daddio went back to work.

My experiences with my father are a mixed bag, to say the least. But that night, in the kitchen at 5943 Woodcrest Avenue, he displayed the most exquisite leadership I had ever seen.

That was how a father was supposed to be.

. . .

A few weeks later, my mother called the dean at the University of Wisconsin, a school where my application had been accepted. She told the dean everything.

“It’s terrible,” she said. “My son wants to take a gap year. He’s doing something called ‘rapping.’ He’s got a manager, and some company is paying him to record an album. It all sounds suspect to me, but we were wondering if you could hold his place until September ’87.”

The dean listened patiently. “I think that’s incredible, Mrs. Smith.”

“What?” Mom-Mom said.

“For a young man his age? He would *never* get that kind of life experience here. He should *absolutely* do it.”

My mother was floored.

“And certainly we’ll hold a spot for him. If his album doesn’t work out, he can attend next year. That’s no problem.”

. . .

A few weeks later, in early May, about a month before my graduation, I was bagging ice at ACRAC. In case you were wondering, bagging ice is just as dull and monotonous as it sounds. And you *always* hurt your back. The aluminum scoop held about four pounds of ice; two and a half scoops into a ten-pound bag, which you would then spin to twist the top and then drop it into the tie machine and then toss the

bag into the shopping cart. If you stacked them correctly you could get about twenty-four bags into one shopping cart. Then you roll the cart into the freezer, take the bags out one at a time, and stack them. In a four-hour session, one person could do 200–250 bags. It's repetitive and you just kinda zone out for a few hours while you do it.

I always liked to do it at night because that's when Power 99 played hip-hop. I'd listen to the "Power 9 at 9" countdown, getting lost in my own world and staying up on the new hip-hop jawns. I would rap along, memorizing my favorite songs, and shovel on beat, inventing my own rhymes.

But that night, I was quiet. For the first time I understood the old saying "Be careful what you wish for because you just might get it." I had held my ground against my parents, and they gave in. But now I had to prove it.

"Number five—five—five—*five!* We got Kool Moe Dee's brand-new track, 'Go See the Doctor.' "

*I . . . was . . . walking down the street, rocking my beat,
clapping my hands and stomping my feet.
I saw a little lady, so neat and petite,
she was so sweet, yes, I wanted to meet—*

I mean, I'm as good as Kool Moe Dee, I thought, trying to psych myself up. But Mom-Mom had gotten into my head. What if she's right? What if a rapper isn't really a thing? And only one year? Is that enough? This last year just blazed on by. Maybe I should go to college. I did do all of this with Jeff while I went to high school—maybe I could go to college and still do music.

Scoop, bag. Scoop, bag. Scoop, bag.

I am not tryin' to be livin' at home. I need my own spot, my own money, my own car. . . .

"Number FOOOOURRR!!! The Beastie Boys are back with 'Hold It Now, Hit It.' "

*Now I chill real ill when I start to chill,
When I fill my pockets with a knot of dollar bills
Sippin' pints of ale outta da windowsill
When I get my fill I'm chilly chill*

Scoop, bag. Scoop, bag. Scoop, bag.

Man, I'm definitely as good as the Beastie Boys. Except they're on the radio, and I'm baggin' ice. Maybe baggin' ice is my destiny. But, man, if I'm stuck here with Daddio in ten years, I'm-a sever my own head with the dull end of this ice scoop.

I mean, Run-DMC and Beastie Boys had to have their own versions of baggin' ice, right? Or maybe they were flukes, one in a million . . .

“Number—number—number THREE!!! Check it out, y'all—hot off the presses from Stetsasonic's debut album, *On Fire*, this is a new one, you guys been asking for it, it's called 'My Rhyme.' ”

But I'm one in a million. Jeff's one in a million. Mom-Mom is not my target audience. How she think she gonna tell if a rapper is good or not? She judgin' stuff she don't even understand. And what about Melanie? You can not keep a girlfriend if you runnin' off to some college somewhere. She'll be tossed up with some other joka in two weeks.

Scoop, bag. Scoop, bag. Scoop, bag.

“And we're back, with number TWOOOOO!! It's yo' boys' old favorite, that's right, RUN! D! M! C! 'My Adidas!' ” This was my *jam*; it snapped me out of my funk. I was back to shoveling on beat and rappin' along.

*My. Ahhhh-didas walk through concert doors
And roam all over coliseum floors
I stepped on stage, at Live Aid
All the people gave, and the poor got paid*

My shoveling picked up pace, completely involuntarily.
That's *the power of hip-hop*, I thought.

*My Adidas touch the sand of a foreign land
With mic in hand
I cold took command*

But my reverie was short-lived. I couldn't get my mind off Mom-Mom. I'd failed to protect her from Daddio. I wasn't brave enough to go with her when she left. And now, the hopes she had for me, the dreams that had sustained her through all her pain and trouble, I was spittin' in the face of that. I couldn't shake the sense that I was failing her again.

“My Adidas” finished playing, and Power 99 went to a commercial break. I realized I had missed the end of the song.

Damn, I thought. *Not even “My Adidas” could pull me out of this one.*

I rolled the final cart into the freezer. I was done for the night. I counted the bags while commercials blared—new mattress sales, “everything must go.”

Maybe I could sell mattresses, I thought. *That shit can't be hard. I could do hip-hop mattress raps.*

*Get a good night's rest, good sleep routines
Got twins and fulls, got kings and queens*

I threw the shovel on the side, closed the machines up.

“And we’re back, with the ‘Power 9 at 9’ Countdown! Tonight, we have a newcomer to the countdown—”

Shutting off the lights, I realized I couldn’t find my keys. I’d lost my keys a few times before, and Daddio had had to come pick me up. I was dreading the thought of having to call him to come get me. Here I am, demanding my independence, about to have to call my daddy to pick me up because I can’t find my damn keys.

“The phones have been off the *hook* all day from y’all wanting to hear these guys, so get ready for our hometown boys, Philly’s very own, *DJ Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince*. This is . . . ‘Girls Ain’t Nothing But’—”

I totally froze. My mouth was hanging open, for some reason my heart was pounding. I wanted to scream, I wanted to jump, but at the same time I didn’t want to do anything to bump into the universe and knock my record off the radio. Then those words. Those words I knew so well and had repeated hundreds, maybe thousands, of times before, were coming out of the radio:

*Listen, homeboys, don’t mean to bust your bubble
But girls of the world ain’t nothin’ but trouble!*

It was my voice. That was me. On the radio. *Me. My rhymes. My voice!* I wanted to call people, but I didn’t want to miss it.

*Just last week when I was walking down the street
I observed this lovely lady that I wanted to meet*

I ran outside; I wanted to grab somebody, to tell somebody, “THAT’S ME, Y’ALL, THAT’S ME.”

But it was ten o’clock; nobody was out there. I started giggling, a knee-jerk reaction that I still have to this day when I find myself in extreme emotional circumstances. I couldn’t stop laughing. It was a joyous, blissful laughter. The pure joy of a child waking up on Christmas morning. The joy of discovery. Of renewed hope. Of a new life.

The joy of being right about me.

IGNORANCE

We didn't know shit.

The tour bus pulled up on Woodcrest. We'd all agreed we'd meet at my house because my street was the widest. My whole family assembled to see us off. Mom-Mom, Daddio, Gigi, Ellen, Harry; Pam was home now, too. But Melanie said she couldn't bear to see me drive away—we had said our goodbyes the night before.

The neighborhood kids had never seen a tour bus before, so they buzzed around, checking the tires, peering into the luggage bays, and talking to the driver.

Somehow, Dana had done it. "Girls Ain't Nothing But Trouble" lit up local radio in May 1986—finally. When it first came out in March it had stumbled, but by late May it caught fire. We were hearing that it was getting played in Delaware, New Jersey, and even New York City.

I graduated from high school in June, which meant I had an entire month as a senior with a hit record on the radio (that's too much power for one seventeen-year-old to have). As I ran offstage in my cap and gown, waving my diploma, I ran to hug Mom-Mom. But she jokingly refused to hug me, snatched the diploma out of my hand, and said, "Boy, this is MINE."

By July, Dana had me and Jeff locked in Studio 4 in downtown Philadelphia recording our debut album, *Rock the House*. Because Jeff and I had been making songs since the day we met, we finished the album at light speed. But Dana kept messing with the songs, remixing and reengineering them, and ultimately ruining the production. Our relationship with him was already souring, but we didn't have time to focus on that. We had a hit song, and we had to figure out how to capitalize on it right now.

We did a few shows up and down the East Coast with LL Cool J and Whodini, including a couple of sold-out gigs in New York City. Then we booked our first full tour: We would be opening for Public Enemy and 2 Live Crew, two of the biggest hip-hop acts in the country at the time.

We fed our luggage into the belly of the tour bus. My biological family ceremoniously presenting me unto my new hip-hop family. JL was the new "father"—he was the mature one; he was the adult in the room. He gave Mom-Mom and Daddio our itinerary, complete with bus routing, hotel names and phone numbers, venue addresses and dates, agents' names and contact info.

JL was twenty-one, going on twenty-two. He was the oldest, and Mom-Mom and Daddio were relieved he was in charge. Omarr was the youngest—he was only sixteen, and even at that age his fashion sense was fire. He always had the hottest gear

and was the only person I've ever known who traveled with an iron. Most groups had at least two dancers for the symmetry, but Omarr's leg surgery had been so effective that we only needed him. He and I had grown up about ten doors from each other; he had been a witness to most of the major events of my life so far. He had seen me through Raleigh Choppers, cowboy boots; he'd bagged more than his share of ice; he'd even lied to me as I was being deposited into the back of an ambulance.

"Oh yeah, man, definitely, you *definitely* dunked it."

Omarr wouldn't be graduating high school until next year, so JL had to walk up the street to his house to promise his mother that he would take responsibility for Omarr getting his homework done and maintaining his honor roll status (Miss Brown—who had already played a key role in the naming of the Fresh Prince—had made this a condition of Omarr being allowed to go on tour with us).

"Mrs. Rambert, you don't have to be concerned," JL said to Omarr's mom. "I graduated from Overbrook; *Will* graduated from Overbrook; and I give you my word: I will make sure that *Omarr* graduates from Overbrook."

Over the next year, JL helped Omarr do his homework in hotel rooms, on tour buses, at rest stops, and they even missed our day at Six Flags Over Georgia because of Pythagoras.

Ready Rock had stayed out partying the night before; he was exhausted. He threw his bags on the bus and was fast asleep in his bunk before we even pulled off.

Jeff had just gotten brand-new Anvil cases to transport his turntables, records, and beatboxes. At the time, because of my excitement, I didn't notice, but Jeff was quiet and to himself that day. In subsequent years he would confide in us that because of his sheltered childhood, every time we would have to leave Philly, he suffered extreme anxiety attacks and other physical reactions. He would have thirty- to forty-minute vomiting spells, but for the longest time, he never said a word.

We had all decided that if we were going to be traveling around to all of these strange towns and cities, it would be unwise to go without security. And in the early days of hip-hop, "security" was defined as your biggest and tallest friend who didn't smile. Ours was Charles Alston, a.k.a. Charlie Mack.

Charlie Mack was raised in South Philly, one of the rougher sections of town. His parents were separated, and he lived with his mom. They moved a lot during his early childhood, until the chaos of his home life pushed him into the streets.

Charlie started hustling on the corners when he was just eleven years old. Not too long after, he graduated to gun totin' and more serious drug dealing. By the time we met him, he was six foot seven, almost three hundred pounds, and nobody messed with Charlie Mack.

He showed up that day with a green trash bag full of ones and fives—clearly the previous evening's revenues from his purveying of neighborhood pharmaceuticals. He had the trash bag slung over his shoulder like a ghetto-ass Santa Claus.

"Charlie. You *cannot* walk around carrying a Hefty bag full of cash," JL said.

“Wha’chu mean, wha’chu mean, wha’chu sayin’? I’m not goin’ nowhere wit’out my money,” Charlie grumbled.

Charlie’s voice is way too deep, and he speaks way too fast to be nearly seven feet tall. And when he gets excited, he has no problem saying the same word or phrase as many times as necessary until you submit. “My man my man my man my man, and again, and again, hold up hold up hold up hold up hold up.” This will stop *anybody* in their tracks—the timbre and speed of repetition are barely comprehensible but magically induce compliance on the part of the listener.

So we let him calm down—me, Jeff, and JL spoke to him later. We talked about our dreams and what we all hoped to build together. We offered Charlie a choice: He could continue to be a drug dealer, or he could take this shot with us to build real lives. We couldn’t pay him as much as he could make on the streets, but when we could, we promised we would.

Charlie paused; I could tell he was weighing the whole of his life. He had dreams, too. And in some deep, hidden part of his soul, he knew he was living beneath himself—he had just needed someone to say it out loud.

“I think I can fuck wit’ y’all,” he said.

He ultimately devoted his life to DJ Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince. It would prove to be a commitment that was not without twists and turns. But one thing was true from that day on: He never sold drugs again.

• • •

Bags are finally loaded. Everyone has said their goodbyes. The posse is mounted. I hug my family and step into the tour bus doorwell. Three dirty rubber stairs, the threshold into my new life, a stargate, the portal out of my childhood and into the infinitely unknowable—on my own, where Daddio could no longer hurt me, but he could no longer protect me, either. Away from the shame of failing my mother, away from the fear in her eyes that seemed to say, *He’s ruining his life*.

As the doors began to close, I caught eyes with Gigi. She smiled that smile I’d seen in Resurrection Baptist Church every single Sunday of my life.

“Jus’ remember, Lover Boy,” she said, “be nice to everybody you pass on your way up, coz you just might have to pass them again on your way down.”

• • •

The sun was setting as our bus rattled across the Chesapeake Bay Bridge. Pennsylvania had turned into Delaware, Delaware had turned into Maryland, and the initial excitement had settled. The hum of the road lulled my heart into a reverie.

The thought washed over me: *I am in charge now*.

I had never been in love like I was with Melanie Parker. I wanted to build a life for us, to shield her from the chaos in the world. I wanted to do it right.

From the time I was five years old, I always wanted to be married. I wanted my own family. Even my childhood games with my siblings: We used to play “White Family.” Ellen was “Kathy,” Harry was “Dickie,” and I was “Junior.”

Later, my fantasies as a teenager never involved having multiple girlfriends or wild orgies. My fantasies always involved *one* woman. I wanted to ravish her with my complete, undivided devotion and affection. I wanted to be the best man she’s ever known—I wanted to fulfil all of her dreams, solve all of her problems, take away all of her pain. I wanted her to *adore* me. I wanted to be so trustworthy and emotionally reliable that I would cleanse her impression of *all* men. And if I could have killed a dragon for her, climbed up her hair, entered the heavily guarded castle, and then have my kiss work as an antidote to the poison she’d ingested, that would have just been a little icing on my love cake.

I was eighteen.

From the day I met her, Melanie had been the center of my life. Healing the pain of her trauma became my constant preoccupation. The look in Melanie’s eyes became the substitute for Gigi’s approval. I’ve always needed a woman to achieve for. When I performed, I was now performing for Melanie. When I started making money rapping, in my mind, I was making money for her. I bound my self-esteem to the sliding scale of her happiness. If she was happy, that meant I was a good person. If she was unhappy, that meant I was a monster.

• • •

We arrived in Tallahassee on the first leg of our southern run. The rest of the guys would go to the venue early to set up and sound check, and because all I had to do was rap, I could arrive forty-five minutes before showtime. On that first night, I walked into the dressing room to find the whole squad sitting around with six or seven girls. Jordache jeans and bamboo earrings everywhere. The dressing room smelled like the perfume section of a Merry-Go-Round.

I politely asked Keisha, Mercedes, and Cinnamon ‘n’ them to leave. And I called a crew meeting.

“We gotta get these rules straight,” I said. “I don’t want no girls in the dressing rooms; no girls on the bus; and whatever floor we’re staying on in the hotel, I don’t want no girls there, either. I don’t wanna be smellin’ no perfume and hearin’ no giggling ‘n’ shit. I’m in love with Melanie, we’re in a *relationship*, and I am not out here for no foolishness.”

The guys all kind of looked at one another as if to say, *He can’t be serious*. Ready Rock raised his hand, and I pointed to him.

“What, man?”

Ready Rock, somewhat confused, said, “So, where we supposed to fuck all the groupies at?”

“Hopefully, you’ll be fucking them behind that preposition,” I said.

“Will, that’s crazy, man,” Charlie Mack said. “You’re not out here by yourself. This is all of us. How you makin’ lateral decisions?”

“Look, man, I’m about to *propose* to this girl; we’re getting *married*. And I am *not* messin’ it up because of a bunch-a horny-ass ghetto hyenas.”

“Big bro, I respec’ that you in love ’n’ all that,” Omarr said, “but that don’t make me no hyena.”

I was going full choirboy. And the guys didn’t like it *at all*. But when my mind locks onto an idea—when I commit to a system of beliefs—there are only two options: one, I complete my mission.

Or two, I’m dead.

. . .

We didn’t know shit.

We didn’t realize you had to pay the bus driver yourself, and if you didn’t, he might just go home. We didn’t know that some venues would skim money off the top—that they’d lie to you about how many tickets they’d sold. We didn’t know that unruly audiences would throw things at you onstage if they didn’t like you—pennies, bottles, batteries, shoes, and even an M-80 explosive in Oakland one night. We didn’t know there were all kinds of curfew laws and union rules in different states that meant your show would get shut down if you didn’t shut up and get offstage quick enough. We didn’t know that you had to grease the security guys at the venue if you didn’t want your stuff to come up missing. We didn’t realize that one inch on a map could equal twelve hours on a tour bus.

People often say *ignorance is bliss*.

Maybe . . . right up until it’s *not*.

We punish ourselves for not knowing. We always complain about what we could and should have done, and how much of a mistake it was that we did *that* thing, that *unforgivable* thing. We beat on ourselves for being so stupid, regretting our choices and lamenting the horrible decisions we make.

But here’s the reality—*that’s what life is*. Living is the journey from not knowing to knowing. From not understanding to understanding. From confusion to clarity. By universal design you are born into a perplexing situation, bewildered, and you have one job as a human: figure this shit out.

Life is learning. Period. Overcoming ignorance is the whole point of the journey. You’re not *supposed* to know at the beginning. The whole point of venturing into uncertainty is to bring light to the darkness of our ignorance. I heard a great saying once: Life is like school, with one key difference—in school you get the lesson, and then you take the test. But in life, you get the test, and it’s your job to take the lesson.

We're all waiting until we have deep knowledge, wisdom, and a sense of certainty before we venture forth. But we've got it backward—venturing forth is how we gain the knowledge.

Over the next few years, while our ignorance would rain down a deluge of pain and suffering, when I look back, I see clearly it could have been no other way. The universe only teaches through experience.

So, even when you haven't the slightest clue what you're doing, you just have to take a deep breath and get on the damn bus.

. . .

You couldn't have found three more different groups to put on the same stage than DJ Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince, Public Enemy, and 2 Live Crew. But hip-hop was like that back then.

I found myself studying the audience even more than the performers. We were all tapping into totally different aspects of the human spirit.

Public Enemy would ignite social consciousness—people would stomp and yell and cheer, venting their dissatisfaction with authority. I noticed how the security energy in the building—particularly in the South—would heighten as Chuck D riled the audience to rail against our shared sense of injustice.

As part of their show, they had a stunt man dress up as a KKK member. They played out a scene in which he was sentenced for his crimes against humanity, and then in the most shocking moment of their entire show, they put a noose around his neck and hung him onstage. For thirty seconds his body jerking and convulsing in mid-air, while the crowd watched until his last shudder. And then silence, his lifeless body swinging above center stage . . . and then:

YES! The rhythm, the rebel!

Chuck D would drop into “Rebel Without a Pause,” as *chaos* and *pandemonium* was unleashed. And while I have experienced other performers who have *matched* the level of intensity Public Enemy could conjure, I have *never* seen it surpassed.

2 Live Crew tapped into an entirely different kind of energy. Luther Campbell, a.k.a. Luke Skyywalker or Uncle Luke, came out onstage and screamed to the crowd, “Heeeeeeeeyyyyyyy!?” and fifteen thousand people screamed “WE WANT SOME PUSSYY!!” including the probably eight thousand women in attendance. (I still haven't totally figured that one out.) We had never heard of 2 Live Crew, yet in Florida they were the headliner. Their hit single was called “We Want Some Pussy.” They were giving the crowd permission to unleash, at least verbally, their inner hyenas. This

was further amplified by the simulated lewd sex acts they included in their shows. And if I can keep it real, some nights they just skipped the *simulated* part.

But what really caught my attention was how smart everybody was. This was an era when “authority”—be it government, business, law enforcement, even many parents—was skeptical and fearful of the growing influence of hip-hop and hip-hop artists. Rap concerts were met with stringent scrutiny, particularly when we toured through southern states. When you’re on tour with Public Enemy and 2 Live Crew in Georgia, South Carolina, Mississippi, and Alabama, rest assured your ass was gonna get stringently scrutinized.

Before the concerts in the South, there were always meetings with local sheriffs and chiefs of police to inform us of the local laws and statutes that governed the behavior that would be tolerated onstage. We were informed that any infringement would lead to an immediate ending of the show, and we would be forcibly pulled offstage and arrested. Needless to say, both public fellatio and hanging Klansmen were frowned upon in Mississippi.

Given the high stakes, these meetings would inevitably escalate into social debate and legal interpretation. Chuck D knew the law—he had local advocates, community leaders, and legal scholars arming him with the counterarguments and information necessary to defend his First Amendment rights. And when all else failed, he had bail money preorganized. But what was *not* gonna happen was some local sheriff telling him he couldn’t perform his show exactly the way he wanted to perform it. He hung a Klansman every single night of that tour.

Luke Skywalker, on the other hand, *wanted* to get arrested. He saw it as supremely effective publicity. Uncle Luke was a brilliant entrepreneur; he owned his own record company, distributor, agency, and merchandising group, not to mention barbershops, supermarkets, and nightclubs. He hadn’t yet worked out how to expand his businesses beyond his regional foothold. But he knew that if he got arrested in Macon, Georgia, that Baton Rouge and Shreveport, Louisiana, would sell out within twenty-four hours of the headline. (And on top of it, he’d had a perfectly lovely time onstage.) He was also well aware of the growing national and international spotlight that was shining on the question of art versus morality. At the time, Tipper Gore, then the wife of the senator, Al Gore, was leading the charge against profanity in entertainment. Back then, FCC rules forbade broadcasting profanity, and 2 Live didn’t have a single record that didn’t have profanity in it. (Even record store owners were getting arrested for crimes of obscenity for selling their albums.) So, Uncle Luke got a boat, built a radio station on it, and kept it offshore in international waters where he could legally broadcast back to the mainland. Luke saw 2 Live Crew being at the explosive center of this battle, and he aimed to harness this fuel to expand his business globally.

Eventually, the US Court of Appeals ruled that rap was protected by the First Amendment. (More than twenty years later, Luther Campbell ended up running for mayor of Miami-Dade County.)

I remember sitting in those meetings, wanting to raise my hand so bad and say, *Excuse me, Mr. Sherriff Officer sir, you don't need to look at me, coz my grandmother agrees with you. But honestly, you can probably just arrest them right now. Coz Chuck is definitely gonna hang a Klansman tonight, and Luke never gets past the first chorus before his balls are all the way out.*

Now, our show, Mr. Officer sir, is good, wholesome, family fun! Jeff is the best DJ on earth. Ready Rock C can make the theme from Sanford and Son sound like it's underwater! Omarr couldn't even walk till he was six, but now he's the best damn dancer since . . . Who might you know? . . . Who's a good white dancer? . . . Fred Astaire! And if there was ever a Black kid you wanted your daughter, Becky Sue, to bring home, I promise you it's me. You won't have no problems out of us. Are we free to go now?

I don't remember JL speaking once in any of those meetings. Instead, he filled legal pads with notes. He studied every single word; he later went back to research the statutes; he met with Public Enemy's managers; made friends with tour promoters; picked Luke Skyywalker's brain about major labels versus self-distribution. JL spent less and less time going with us sightseeing, to clubs, or to amusement parks, and more and more time studying the music business from any and every angle.

. . .

Touring had opened our eyes to the industry and the intricacies of how it actually worked. Public Enemy had a management company, accountants, A&R reps, and road managers. We just had JL. Word-Up Records, Dana's record label, still didn't have any other artists signed to it; Dana didn't tell us how many records we sold. Our record still wasn't available in any stores outside of Philly.

But the breaking point for me happened when we found out that Dana had not been returning calls from Russell Simmons.

Back then, Russell was arguably the single most important person in the hip-hop world. He had been representing artists and producing records since 1977. He cofounded Def Jam Records, the biggest hip-hop label in the eighties. And he had groomed, managed, and produced all of the biggest acts, such as the Beastie Boys, Run-DMC, LL Cool J, and Whodini.

Apparently, Russell had been trying to contact us for months already, but none of his messages were getting to us because he was trying to reach us through Dana.

We were pissed.

Russell absolutely *loved* DJ Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince. He was raving about the first line of "Girls Ain't Nothing But Trouble" where I say, "Aw my eye, my eye / Man this guy just walked up to me and punched me in my eye, man / Talkin' 'bout how I was just trying to talk to his girl, man / I don't even know her, man!"

"That's the illest shit I've ever heard," Russell said. "What rapper admits they got punched in the eye?"

Russell recognized our honesty, vulnerability, and self-deprecating humor—unheard of in hip-hop at the time—as a passport to places rappers had never gone. Russell wanted to work with us; unfortunately, Dana refused to talk to him.

I've always marveled at JL's and Dana's opposite reactions to Russell's enthusiasm. Whereas Dana was threatened by Russell's interest, JL saw Russ as a potential teacher and a gateway to new opportunities.

And JL had a plan: Even though Dana controlled the recording of our music, JL controlled the management of our career. He agreed to turn over the management of DJ Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince to Russell Simmons and Lyor Cohen at Rush Management under three conditions: (1) they would put Jazzy Jeff and Fresh Prince on tour with their biggest artists; (2) they would hire JL to oversee our account; and (3) they would teach JL the business.

Russell agreed.

It is so painful when people I care about miss the opportunity to elevate. I've been in this kind of situation maybe fifty times in my career. I am trying to climb and fly as high as humanly possible, and I want to take the people I love with me. But invariably, at critical moments, when the necessity to level up presents itself, some people—like JL—rise to the occasion and others fold. Whether they don't see the grander vision, or can't take the heat of the fresh challenge, or they're trapped by some hidden, self-defeating narrative, over and over I have suffered the pain of waving from the bow of the new ship as they're left behind, standing on the shore.

"You gotta get us out of this Dana deal," I said to JL.

"It doesn't work like that," JL said.

"So he can just hold us back and there's nothing we can do? Doesn't he have some legal responsibility?"

"He has a *contract*," JL said. "You just make the records. Let me figure this out."

Hip-hop was now a global business, and DJ Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince were primed to be packaged and sold to the world. We needed national and global distribution.

Jive Records was based out of London. (Jive would later become famous for masterminding the careers of Britney Spears, NSYNC, and Backstreet Boys, but back in the eighties, they were the biggest hip-hop label in Europe.) With Dana controlling our record in the United States, JL orchestrated an international distribution deal with Jive to sell *Rock the House* overseas. Jive hired Dana's Word-Up Records to be the official distributor of DJ Jazzy and Jeff and the Fresh Prince in the United States.

On the surface, this appeared to be an easy win for Dana. He'd get to keep selling our records in the States while we'd gain a bigger profile worldwide and go into the studio on Jive's dime. Basically, Jive would cover all the costs, but Dana would still get a revenue stream at home. Dana couldn't wait to sign *that* contract. Dana got a big check and sold our international rights to Jive.

Jive immediately remastered and rereleased *Rock the House*, in March 1987, with a new cover and a new burst of energy, and it became a significant global hit. They were

also able to sell this new version as an import in the United States. Dana realized that he had opted for a one-time payment instead of a royalty, and he could do nothing about the imports. So he demanded more money and threatened to refuse all cooperation with Jive.

A legal battle ensued. And as soon as the lawyers started digging into our paperwork, they figured out that I had been seventeen when I signed the contract with Dana. Under Pennsylvania law, anyone under the age of eighteen cannot legally sign a contract without a parent or guardian present. I had signed mine in the lobby of a studio before a recording session, therefore, in legal terms, our contract with Dana never existed.

Just like that, Dana Goodman was out of the DJ Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince business.

Dana was furious. At first, he blamed Jive and Russell Simmons. But lacking the lawyers and money to go after them, he decided to exact revenge on the next best thing: me.

People in the neighborhood started pulling me up: “Hey, man, Dana’s really upset. Just watch your back.”

Then, one night, he pulled up outside our house, parked his car on the street, and just sat there. I was terrified, but Daddio never flinched. Not saying a word, he opened the front door, walked up to Dana’s car, and leaned down into the open passenger-side window. Daddio saw a gun on the dashboard.

“Can I help you?” Daddio said.

“Where’s that muthafucka at?” Dana gruffly responded.

“Well, if the muthafucka you’re looking for is Will, he’s in the house. You’re welcome to come in and kill him now. And the whole family’s home, too, coz if you touch Will, you gon’ have to kill us all. . . . But we ain’t acceptin’ no fuckin’ threats from you.”

Daddio immediately turned his back on a man who could easily have shot him and strolled into the house. I’m not sure if it was his military training or his upbringing on the streets of North Philly, but he taught me a valuable lesson that day: It’s better to die than to walk around scared.

I was in the living room, peeking from behind the curtain. I watched as Dana put his car in drive and drove away.

ADVENTURE

If this book were a movie, we’ve now reached the montage scene where the music kicks in (“For the Love of Money” by the O’Jays), and everything goes great.

Our hero can’t miss; he’s on the come-up. Every shot goes in; every kiss burns with the passion of a thousand suns; he can’t get to the bank fast enough to cash all the checks. His name dances off the lips and rings in the ears of the high and the mighty—no longer emblazoned on the side of his pants, his moniker now bounces off his chest in twenty-four-carat herringbone gold littered with ethically sourced diamonds.

It became clear in this year that he was *never* going to college.

• • •

Our debut album, *Rock the House*—led by “Girls Ain’t Nothing But Trouble” as the first single, and now plugged into the international distribution system of Jive Records—ended up going gold (selling more than 500,000 copies) and would eventually reach #83 on the Billboard 200 chart. And while that wasn’t necessarily considered earth-shattering at the time, Cinderella had made it to the ball.

Now, I don’t want to be the old guy at the end of the bar yapping about how much better music was in *his* day. How these kids don’t know nothin’ about *real* rap. There is actually brain science that theorizes that the songs you hear in your teenage years become embrowned in your emotional memory, heightening their nostalgic power beyond any other period in your life.

That’s not what’s happening here. I get that that’s what happens with other people. But this is not some dopamine-induced opinion, blinkered by wistful memories of a fairy-tale adolescence. No! What *I’m* saying is *objectively*, and ***factually true***: The late 1980s was the greatest time in hip-hop history, period, full stop, amen.

Please be seated; allow me to make my case.

From the moment Jeff and I stepped on that tour bus in late 1986, through summer 1988, we performed nearly two hundred shows. And I would like to list just a few of the hip-hop icons with whom we shared a stage (imagine this in my “trying not to be an asshole” voice):

Run-DMC
LL Cool J
Whodini

Public Enemy
2 Live Crew
Salt-N-Pepa
Eric B. & Rakim
N.W.A
EPMD
UTFO
J.J. Fad
Beastie Boys
The Geto Boys
Heavy D and the Boyz
Sir Mix-A-Lot
Kid 'n Play
MC Lyte
Queen Latifah
Grandmaster Flash
Ice-T
Mantronix and Just-Ice
Eazy-E
Too Short
MC Hammer
Doug E. Fresh and Slick Rick
Big Daddy Kane
Biz Markie
Roxanne Shante
MC Shan and the whole Juice Crew
A Tribe Called Quest
Leaders of the New School
Naughty by Nature
Shall I continue, or we good?

This was one of the greatest periods of my life. Everything was new—we were defining the culture. We were a part of the wave, the tsunami that was carrying hip-hop across the globe. Every artist was unique—something happened every show that was a first in hip-hop. We were playing in front of crowds where sometimes 50 percent of the audience had never seen someone rap before. They were in awe. There was an intoxicating energy of discovery and adventure.

This was a time in my life rich with first encounters and mind-expanding new experiences. The executive who ran our account at Jive was a Japanese woman named Ann Carli. At first, Jeff and I were a little confused at how she was going to direct our careers, and then she spoke. She had been at the heart of the initial bursts of hip-hop in New York City. She fed Jeff and me a global diet of the world's hip-hop colorings. I could feel my spirit of adventure awakening. I discovered the vital importance of

travel—it lends critical perspective. Things that had been debilitating problems in my mind on the streets of West Philly barely existed in a rodeo arena in Omaha, Nebraska. I made a promise to myself that I would eat anything that the locals ate. I've eaten blackened alligator, sea slugs, camel, and chocolate-covered crickets. (Everything tastes like chicken. It doesn't—I just always wanted to say that.) I wanted to see and do everything.

On the back of the moderate but solid success of *Rock the House*, Jive Records was eager for us to record a follow-up album as soon as possible. In the fall of 1987, our first-ever trip out of the United States was scheduled—six weeks in London, where Jive was headquartered, to record in their company studios.

But two weeks prior to our departure date, JL called me with that 1:00 a.m. phone call where even the tone of the ring makes your heart jump.

“Jeff was in a car accident,” he said.

Disoriented, I responded, “What happened? Where is he? Is he cool?”

“I don't know; I'm going to the hospital; I'll hit you back.”

Back then, there were no texts, no reaching people in their cars, no minute-to-minute reports on how your loved ones were doing. You just made sure everybody stayed off the landline, you kept checking the phone for a dial tone, and you waited. And the longer you waited, the more graphic and disturbing the pictures your mind painted—until you were absolutely certain that you'd never see them again.

At about 3:15 a.m., the phone rang again. This time the ring was louder than it should have been, like it was ringing *at* me instead *for* me.

I answered.

“Yo.”

“He's cool,” JL said. “His right leg is broken, and he has a cast from his hip to his ankle. Other than that, he's fine. But the doctor said he shouldn't fly. We need to postpone the trip for about eight weeks.”

In the background I heard Jeff scream out, “I don't give a fuck WHAT that doctor says. In two weeks, I'm-a be on a plane to London.”

And true to his determined spirit, two weeks later, we were checking in to the Holiday Inn, Swiss Cottage. It was me and Charlie in one tiny cramped-ass hotel room, and JL, Ready Rock, and Jeff and his full-length cast in another. Just five Philly kids, dreary English days and dank English nights, but a private recording studio set aside just for *us* on Jive's dime.

We spent more than a month in London, and I couldn't have told you a single thing about the city. We didn't walk through Hyde Park or visit Westminster Abbey. We didn't see Buckingham Palace or climb the Tower of London. We didn't sit in a thousand-year-old pub and eat fish and chips. And we sure as hell didn't go to no soccer match.

We never even adjusted from our jet lag. We woke up at 4:00 p.m. every day, hit the studio by 6:00 p.m., worked until about 6:00 a.m., grabbed some free breakfast from

the Swiss Cottage buffet, and went to bed around 7:00 a.m. We kept that schedule up for almost six weeks.

And it was *bliss*.

Well, except for the one night that Jeff decided he wanted his cast taken off. His six-week appointment to have it removed fell while we were still in London, and his leg was starting to itch, but he didn't trust Britain's National Health Service to take it off. He was more comfortable if me and Charlie Mack did it.

As a general rule, if someone asks me if I can do something, the answer is always yes, a delusional trait that both Charlie Mack and I share wholeheartedly.

"It's a cast, I'm sayin', it's just a cast. Let's just take it off," Charlie said indifferently.

I, too, felt confident in the basic simplicity of the operation. It was just a cast.

I called room service and requested a steak knife. Little did I know that British hotels didn't carry steak knives (this would make the process of cutting a piece of steak far too easy for them). Undeterred, I said, "Well, can you send up thirty butter knives, please?"

The Swiss Cottage butter knives had a tiny serrated edge at the tip (which suggests that they weren't actually butter knives). My plan was, I would give Charlie fifteen knives, and he would begin cutting at Jeff's ankle, and I would take fifteen knives and start cutting at Jeff's hip. The way the math played out in my mind, by the time we'd worn out the serrated edges of the "butter knives," we should have met at Jeff's knee for a quick high-five celebration before making the last ceremonial cut. I had a vague memory that this two-ended, meet-in-the-middle process was successfully employed in the building of the Panama Canal and equally in the construction of the United States railroad system.

The cutting began. Or the lack thereof. Butter knife after butter knife bent and fell, as confusion grew into frustration on Charlie's sweat-moistened face.

"Yo, these knives ain't doin' shit," he said.

I was twelve years old the last time I'd had a cast, and at the time they were made of plaster of paris. Apparently, cast science had advanced since then, and Jeff's was made out of some new alien material that I later learned was fiberglass.

About six knives in, I called a halt. Undeterred, I suggested that Jeff get into the bathtub. We'd make the water as hot as he could take it, thereby softening this puppy up. I assured Jeff it would come right off. He agreed.

Me and Charlie helped Jeff into the bathtub, both legs fully submerged, and then we waited. Pretty soon, a look of concern washed over Jeff's face.

"Yo, man, y'all need to get this shit off, it's tightenin' up," Jeff said.

I remember thinking, *What would MacGyver do?* MacGyver was a hit 1980s TV show where the lead character, Angus MacGyver, would get into all kinds of predicaments, only to come up with some ingenious solution. As I was attempting to channel my inner Mac, I heard the door to the hotel room open—a few seconds later, JL pokes his head into the bathroom.

By this point, Jeff is squirming and moaning in the bathtub, while Charlie Mack and I are on our knees holding two “butter knives” with twenty-eight others scattered all over the bathroom floor. JL takes a long pause, presumably trying to puzzle out what he’s seeing.

Stumped, he shouts, “WHAT THE FUCK ARE Y’ALL DOIN’?”

“JL, JL!” Jeff squealed. “You gotta get this shit off my leg!”

“WHY ARE YOU IN THE TUB?”

JL had spent the previous two years working at a hospital. So, while it was not his expertise, either, he at least knew that you don’t soak a fiberglass cast in hot water while it’s still on somebody’s leg.

“YOU CAN’T GET THAT CAST WET LIKE THAT.”

“Just get it off, y’all,” Jeff wailed.

“Stop bitchin’, man, it can’t be that bad,” Charlie said.

“GET HIM OUT THE GODDAMN TUB,” JL barked.

“YOU DON’T NEED TO BE YELLIN’ AT US, JL, THAT DON’T HELP *SHIT!*” Charlie snapped back.

Me and Charlie got Jeff out of the tub as instructed and laid him on the bathroom floor. We had been keeping canned foods in our hotel rooms because Swiss Cottage room service wasn’t all it could have been. JL immediately went over and opened a can of beef stew. With the jagged edge of the aluminum lid, he came over to Jeff’s cast, and whereas Charlie and I had been trying to cut vertically up and down the cast, JL made gentle horizontal moves *across* the cast, and like Grant through Richmond, in less than ninety seconds, he had made a full-length incision, which Charlie and I were able to easily pry fully open.

Jeff was free.

Angrily, JL threw the top of the beef stew can into the trash, and as he exited, he grumbled, “Y’all are as stoopid as shit.”

• • •

In medical scenarios, we may have been dumb and dumber. But in the studio, we were *fire*. Those recording sessions were probably the purest creative experiences I have ever had in my career. We recorded so many songs, and the record company loved so many of them, that they decided to attempt something that had never before been tried in the world of rap: DJ Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince would release hip-hop’s first double album.

Jeff and I had no concept of what this album was going to do, whether it was something fans would want to hear, whether MTV would like it, whether radio stations would play it, whether hip-hop heads would diss it. None of this crossed our minds—all we cared about was that we were inspired and inflamed by the creative process. We were having *fun*—we were best friends at the center of our new family, and we were on the cutting edge of a burgeoning global art form.

We were riding high, but in hindsight, imperceptible seeds of impending discontent were being sown.

Some people thrive at high altitudes, but others can't breathe. And what do people do when they climb a mountain and realize the air is too thin? They try to get back down as fast as possible. Quincy Jones called it "altitude sickness."

In high school, Ready Rock and I had been best friends. We would ride around every single day battling and creating. We were inseparable. But as DJ Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince began to take shape, human beatboxing was becoming less and less of a core art form within our group. The record company was also not interested in songs featuring human beatboxing. The result was that Clate was being pushed to the fringes of our new family. I was telling him to not worry—"I got you," I said. In hindsight, it was too much change too fast, and the experience demanded emotional maturity that was far beyond what *any* of us possessed.

And to make matters even more painful and complicated, Charlie Mack and I were becoming locked at the hip. We weren't just sharing a hotel room together—we were sharing every aspect of our lives. There's even a song on the album celebrating my relationship with Charlie, "Charlie Mack (The First Out the Limo)." The song developed from Charlie overdoing his security job—he would sit in the front of the limo with the driver, and he would be pissed if me or Jeff got out before *he* did. He would bark, "Gotdam, y'all, lemme secure the perimeter before y'all step out!"

There are no songs on the album about Ready Rock.

From 1987 until 1990, I did not step outside without Charlie Mack with me. Whereas Jeff and JL were quiet, introspective homebodies, Charlie and I were loud, raucous, center-of-attention party-starters. We were always looking for something to get ourselves into. We both loved to party; we loved to talk; we loved traveling and gambling and fast cars; and women loved us. Charlie not only matched but also challenged my adventurous spirit. This joka never wanted to sleep. If we were only in a town for ten hours, he didn't see any reason to spend a single minute in the hotel room. Many a day he *literally* dragged me out of bed to go to Paisley Park in Minneapolis, or to go hear a speech given by some activist in Chicago, or demand that we take a picture on "the Strip," which is what Charlie calls the Champs-Élysées in Paris.

"C'mon, man," he'd say, "you get to sleep all you want when you dead."

The other part of our chemistry was that Charlie and I are both incredibly competitive and absolutely delusional in our high self-regard. We'd spend entire days arguing about who could run faster, who's a better driver, who could throw a football farther, who was more handsome, who was funnier, who was smarter, and, most of all, which one girls liked more.

Charlie absolutely hated it when a woman walked past him to flirt with me. He could *not* figure out why a woman would want to waste time with *me* if she could have *him*. He finally begrudgingly concluded, "Man, the only reason girls wanna get wit' you is coz you're famous."

To which I replied, “Nah, Charlie, you got it *backward*: I’m *famous* because all the girls wanna *get* with me.”

We were the yin to each other’s yang; we filled in the gaps in each other’s life experience. We saw each other’s blind spots and augmented each other’s deficiencies.

Charlie, like Daddio, had sharp streetwise instincts—he used to call it his “ghetto radar.” Charlie just *knew* when something bad was about to happen. We’d be out somewhere, everything would be going great, and out of nowhere, Charlie would whisper in my ear, “Let’s go.”

I’d be like, “What? Yo, we just go here.”

And then, more forcibly, “Get up. *Right. Now.* I said, ‘Let’s *go.*’” I remember thinking that Charlie Mack was the human equivalent of an overly sensitive smoke alarm that keeps going off at 2:00 a.m. when there’s no fire. And because it’s a smoke alarm, you can’t ignore it, because one day there may actually be flames. But Charlie Mack was an *infallible*, perfectly calibrated hood smoke alarm. Every single time, I’d be grumbling in the parking lot as the sound of gunshots rang out from the party we’d just left.

We compensated for each other’s weaknesses. Charlie knew the streets, and I understood broader emotional patterns. I was book smart and mainstream-friendly. Whereas Charlie’s physical appearance was scary and intimidating, I knew how to smile, make people feel safe, and get us in anywhere.

Both of us were wildly deficient, but together we made one really capable person.

I was Charlie’s ticket into rooms into which he would never have been invited. And Charlie was the hammer that came down on anybody who dared to talk shit about me. He emboldened me to defend myself physically. Around this time, the chorus of criticism that I was “corny” and “soft” was beginning to rise. I didn’t curse; I rapped about my high school experiences; I used a lot of humor. The shit-talking was that I wasn’t a “real MC” or—the worst—that I wasn’t “Black enough” and my music wasn’t “real hip-hop.”

“Jus’ punch the muthafucka in the *face!*” Charlie would say. “He won’t say that shit next time.”

So, with him having my back, I started doing exactly that: If somebody talked shit, I punched them in the face . . . (and then jumped behind Charlie).

. . .

He’s *the DJ, I’m the Rapper* was released on March 29, 1988. Anchored by “Brand New Funk” and “Parents Just Don’t Understand,” the album would eventually reach #4 on the Billboard 200, going triple platinum (selling more than three million copies).

What was so groundbreaking about the record was that half was a DJ-centered tour de force, a “scratch album” in which Jeff absolutely massacred the wheels of steel.

And the other half was the rapper side, where I was allowed to let the hyper-creative, poetic playfulness of my nineteen-year-old mind run wild.

Then, the unimaginable happened: It was announced that the 31st Annual Grammy Awards would be the first to include a rap category. And “Parents Just Don’t Understand” was nominated alongside Salt-N-Pepa’s “Push It,” “Going Back to Cali” by LL Cool J, Kool Moe Dee’s “Wild Wild West,” and “Supersonic” by J.J. Fad.

This was the first time I ever saw Jeff cry. I was excited beyond anything I’d ever experienced, but I’m not an “accomplishment cryer.” I wasn’t mature enough to ask back then, but I always wanted to know exactly what part of it was so emotional for Jeff. Was he thinking about his cancer as a child? Was it his mother and his musical family who had been reaching for this for so many years and he was the one bringing this honor? Was he scared? Did he realize there was no going back—that his old life was gone forever—and that the bar was now set so high?

Charlie Mack, who had recently joined the Nation of Islam, said, “This the will-a God. Y’all aligned with the will-a God. You won! I’m tellin’ you, you won. None of them records gonna beat your record. What God ordains, no man contains.”

Charlie Mack had been speaking in spiritual rhymes for a few months now. But in pure Charlie Mack form, on February 22, 1989, Bobby McFerrin won Record of the Year for “Don’t Worry, Be Happy;” Album of the Year was George Michael’s *Faith*; Tracy Chapman won Best New Artist; and the winner for Best Rap Performance was DJ Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince for “Parents Just Don’t Understand,” making us the first rappers *ever* to receive a Grammy Award.

We ultimately ended up boycotting the actual ceremony because NARAS, the Grammy committee, refused to televise the presentation of the rap award. We felt like that was a slap in the face—rap music had outsold the industry that year; we deserved to be there. Russell Simmons and Lyor Cohen organized the boycott for Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince, along with Salt-N-Pepa, Ice-T, Public Enemy, Doug E. Fresh and Slick Rick, Stetsasonic, and many others.

And even though we weren’t at the Grammys, Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince were everywhere else. Life changed forever—well, almost. Jeff’s mom planned a celebration dinner for Jeff and me after our first American Music Award. We showed up on the block as returning hometown heroes—people were coming out of their houses to cheer and applaud and shake our hands. It took us twenty minutes to get into Jeff’s mom’s house. When we finally made it in she threw her arms around us, gushing pride and joy. Then she handed Jeff five dollars and a shopping list.

“Jeffrey, I want you to go to the corner and get me some bread, some baking soda, and see if they got them yams that come in a can.”

“But, Mom . . . ,” Jeff started.

“But nothing, boy, go get that stuff I told you to get.”

So, DJ Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince had to walk through our adoring fans up to Looney’s.

They didn’t have the yams.

• • •

Russell Simmons was orchestrating the global destruction of all barriers to hip-hop, and me and Jeff were one of his battering rams. We were the “clean” group, the “respectable” group—for Russell, we were the perfect weapon against all naysayers. We were at the tip of the spear. We launched *Yo! MTV Raps*, blasting hip-hop into daytime television. When the Four Seasons Hotels would not allow rap artists to stay during their tours, Russell convinced them to allow DJ Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince, opening the doors for future hip-hop artists to use the chain. Daytime radio was terrified to put rappers on live, so they always forced rappers to prerecord interviews to make sure we didn’t say anything crazy. Me and Jeff were among the first wave to be allowed to speak live on the radio during the day.

Our shows were getting bigger, the crowds were getting louder. One night in Detroit, at the Joe Louis Arena, I got overexcited and forgot the words to “Parents Just Don’t Understand.” This had never happened to me before. My heart dropped into my stomach. There are few things more embarrassing than forgetting the words to the one song that eighteen thousand people spent their hard-earned money to come and hear. But something miraculous happened: The entire crowd began to sing the lyrics back to me. Every person knew every word. I held the mic out to the crowd, and they finished the song. It took everything I had not to burst into tears. Thousands of people saying *my words* back to me. I felt loved, protected, and cradled by a crowd of strangers.

We were red-hot, and unstoppable.

At twenty years old, I was a world-famous rapper, a Grammy Award winner, and a Freshly minted millionaire (pun intended).

I *would* drop the mic, but I need it for the next chapter.

• • •

For months, Gigi had been saving up to move to a sixteenth-floor apartment overlooking the Main Line. It was a beautiful building set up for senior-friendly living. Her house on North Fifty-Fourth Street had become a burden for her—too many stairs, and generally inconvenient for her advancing years. With my first money, I surprised Gigi with the apartment she’d been saving up for. She had thought we were just going to *look* at it, but then the real estate agent handed her the keys.

“Lover Boy?” she said, with a gasp. “How’d you do this?”

“Well, Gigi, see, there’s this thing called rap music . . . ,” I said, putting my arms around her.

Melanie and I moved into Gigi’s old house on North Fifty-Fourth Street. My childhood home was now our new home. I had promised Melanie that I would take care of her, and here I was, providing the first safe home of her short life.

I’d won. All of my dreams were blossoming into vivid THX sound and Technicolor.

I had conquered life.

PAIN

He was light-skinned, with light eyes. I hated dudes like that.

I've always been intimidated by those Christopher Williams—lookin' jokas. Women have always shoulder-surfed right past me to gawk over Al B. Sure! or El DeBarge.

I had just come home from a two-week run in the Pacific Northwest: Seattle, Portland, and a bunch of the little ones in between. I used to run right offstage, into the car, straight to the airport, to get back to Melanie as quickly as possible. I didn't want to leave any room for my inner hyena to grab the wheel and drunk-drive through my life.

I was meeting Melanie at her aunt's house; I had the car drop me off there directly from the airport. We were going to walk from her aunt's to our new home. For old time's sake, we were going to pass Overbrook High and hit the Sugar Bowl convenience store for a water ice and a soft Philly pretzel, just as we'd done a thousand times before.

I always loved how much Melanie missed me. Even weekend gigs . . . when I came home Monday mornings, she acted like I'd been gone for months. She knew how to make a dude feel glad he was home.

When I walked in after the Northwest trip, she and her aunt were in the kitchen, cooking, just as they'd been so many times before. Being on the road can be excruciatingly lonely—it feels almost like it dehydrates your heart. Her aunt was in her usual dark blue hijab with her glasses way down on the tip of her nose so she could see into the pots. The smell of the food seemed to soften and quench my parched soul. Melanie was in one of her art smocks that doubled as an apron. (I always thought that was weird; paint is *chemicals*—that smock did not belong in a kitchen.)

I looked at Melanie. Everything was the same except something wasn't. Her energy was odd; something was off. Because of my upbringing, it's almost as if I have a shock collar wrapped around my central nervous system. When I perceive that something is askew, that someone's external behavior is out of sync with what is going on in their heart and mind, my body experiences what I can best describe as a gradual rising electrical current. I feel a *bzzzzzz*. And then it's like I'm shivering, but I'm not cold.

The kitchen was hot, but I had the chills.

We sat down. We ate dinner. We talked about the neighbor's dogs. Melanie's aunt had once been to Portland. She didn't like that section of the country—too rainy. Melanie was laughing too much.

Bzzzzzz.

After dinner we watched *Trading Places*. I know every word Eddie Murphy says in that movie; he was my idol. Melanie and I had seen it at least ten times, but tonight she kept laughing too hard.

BZZZZZZZZZZ.

Her aunt went to bed. We were finally alone. Melanie snuggled into me; I had missed her a lot on this trip. We kissed. But her kisses felt less like affection and more like something she thought she'd better do if she was going to successfully hide the fact that she had fucked somebody.

BZZZZZ. BZZZZZ. BZZZZZ. BZZZZZ.

To this day I don't know how I knew. Or how I felt so confident to commit wholeheartedly the way I did to my instinct. Taking her arm from around my neck, pushing away, I stood up and yelled, "You think I'm STUPID?"

"What?" Melanie said.

But not strongly enough.

"I know what the fuck you did. Stop looking at me like I'm stupid." I was all in, every chip on the table. I was holding nothing, but she folded.

"I'm sorry," she said, bursting into tears. "It only happened one time. But I don't love him, I'm so sorry. I love you. We were just friends, and then . . . you were gone! I didn't know what you were doin' out there. I was missing you. I swear to God, I won't do it again."

What? I was *right*? But no. Why?

I had been knocked unconscious in the past. My first day at Overbrook High when I was hit in the head with that lock: there is a blue flash, and then you're in a strange, alternate universe where all of the things you once believed are now up for grabs. Gravity, cause and effect, love, whether or not it rains in Southern California.

This is impossible. I've done everything right. I'm winning. I'm the best. I've made a home for us. I've spent months arguing and fighting with a ravenous, slathering pride of ghetto hyenas to keep girls off the buses and out of the hotel rooms. I haven't touched or kissed or barely even glanced at another woman. I come straight home from the airport. We've talked about babies and making a better home than either of us had grown up in. How could you possibly do this to me? How could you do this to us?

On the outside, though, I was strangely calm, because none of these thoughts were registering as actual feelings. I *wanted* to be angry—I mean, you're supposed to be pissed when somebody cheats on you, right? But I *felt* nothing.

Melanie was covering her face, crying on the couch.

Dan Aykroyd was attacking Eddie Murphy. Eddie was pleading for his life: "It was the *Dukes*. It was the *Dukes*."

And I just stood there, numb. When somebody cheats on you, you have to *do* something. But what? I didn't feel any emotions, but I was not going to be a coward. Not this time.

What do you do when somebody cheats on you? I knew I had to do the storm-out thing. But I also knew I had to do something violent to punctuate my departure. I

scanned the room for possibilities. Next to the fireplace I noticed one of those forged-iron pointy things that you poke the logs with. But what will I do with it? *I sure wish I had some emotion to give me a little direction.* . . .

Nevertheless, I picked it up. The front entry to Melanie's aunt's house was a beautiful wooden atrium holding a hundred glass panels. I stood for a moment, looking at Melanie weeping, deeply uncommitted to my as-yet-undetermined but-absolutely-mandatory hissy fit. I calmly carried the iron pointy thing toward the front door and began to break the windows out one by one.

I guess I smashed about twelve, maybe fifteen, before I felt I had sufficiently done my performative duty as a cuckolded twenty-year-old. I slammed the pointy thing to the ground—it scared the hell out of me: It clanged a lot louder than I thought it would. *Shit—what if Melanie's aunt heard that?* I thought. *I should probably go.*

Melanie and I were supposed to be walking home together, but instead I decided to walk to Woodcrest alone.

Mom-Mom had finally had enough. She had kicked Daddio out while I was on tour, this time for good. Daddio had moved into the apartments above the ACRA office. I knew Mom-Mom would be home alone.

It was about a twenty-two-minute walk. I could not believe I had just broken all those windows. I couldn't locate where it had come from within me. It seemed so strange to me to break things because I thought I *should*, not because I was at all emotionally impelled to do so. This discordance was hilarious to me. Out of nowhere I began to chuckle, replaying the scene in my mind. I was thinking, *Will, you are an absolute lunatic.* And that made me laugh even more. This whole shit was hysterical.

By the time I got to Woodcrest, Mom-Mom was sitting on the front step. Clearly, she had spoken to Melanie's aunt; she never sat on the front step. Her eyes were brimming; she was hoping to God that I was OK, but she was bracing for the storm. She knew her boy.

When I saw her eyes, I felt how completely in tune she was to my pain. It wasn't just mine anymore, it was *ours*. And like a blast of dynamite demolishing the dam holding back the river of my agony, I collapsed on the sidewalk, ten feet from where the tour bus had borne me away from her.

Mom-Mom runs down, throwing her arms around me, as I wail. My childhood home mutely staring down upon my anguish. I had believed that leaving Woodcrest would mean I'd never have to feel this way again.

"How could she *do* this, Mommy? Why did God let this happen?"

Mom-Mom said nothing; she just held me. I was an adult now; my problems were beyond her fixing. I could feel her tears falling on the back of my neck.

She picked me up and took me home.

. . .

Hearbreak should be considered a disease—it induces a debilitating state akin to mental illness. The pain I was suffering was so intense I would have preferred to have been stabbed or beaten or have a tooth pulled without Novocain.

My girlfriend had cheated on me, which was proof to my shattered mind that I was a piece of shit—I reasoned that she wouldn’t have cheated if I had been good enough. I had failed *another* woman.

I desperately needed relief. But as there’s no pill for heartbreak, I resorted to the homeopathic remedies of shopping and rampant sexual intercourse.

Shopping: That next week, I flew ten of my friends from Philly to Atlanta and I closed down the Gucci store.

“Whatever y’all want, I got it,” I said, slinging my Amex down on the counter.

I had an Amex card now. And unlike my heart, *it* was unbreakable. Money was flowing like the Nile. We had just launched the “DJ Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince Rap Hotline.” 1-900-909-JEFF was the first-ever 900 number. Premium-rate telephone numbers were a revolutionary new way to connect with fans (and, basically, the predecessor to modern social media). Fans called our number, and we would leave daily messages—a few minutes long—about where we were and what we were doing. It cost two dollars for the first minute, and forty-five cents for each additional minute. At the height of the popularity of the line, we were getting five thousand calls a day.

Do the math. My Amex card wasn’t just unbreakable, it was invincible.

Rampant sexual intercourse: Up until this point in my life, I had only had sex with one woman other than Melanie. But over the next few months, I went full ghetto hyena. I had sex with so many women, and it was so constitutionally disagreeable to the core of my being, that I developed a psychosomatic reaction to having an orgasm: It would literally make me gag and sometimes even vomit. In every case, though, I had hoped to God that this beautiful stranger would be “the one”—the woman who would love me, who would heal me, who would make this pain go away.

But invariably there I was, retching and wretched. And the look in the eyes of the woman even further deepened my agony. I was doing the very thing I hated Daddio for—hurting women.

. . .

I was miserable, so I purchased my first house, a mansion facing Merion Park, in the rich neighborhood across City Line. I had seen it in my dreams—bleached white hardwood floors, two-story ceilings in the living room, and a Jacuzzi in the master bedroom (not in the *bathroom*—in the *bedroom*). The first thing I bought for the place—before beds, couches, towels, or even silverware—was a pool table.

I eventually got a bed. It was the first time I’d ever slept in a king-sized. Me and Harry had slept in the same bed most of our childhood. Me and Charlie Mack had roomed together on the road. I realized that first night on Merion Road that I had never

really slept alone. I didn't like it. My heart was bleeding—I was dying in love with Melanie Parker.

I wanted her back.

My mind at the time still correlated performance with love. The entire basis for my self-esteem was foundationally dependent upon whether my woman was happy. My self-image was inexorably bound up in women's opinion and approval of me. I figured that since I was not receiving the love I so deeply craved, it had to be because of a deficiency in me as the lead character. If I had performed the role of "boyfriend" better, she wouldn't have cheated.

As you can probably imagine, that bought me a first-class ticket on a bullet train to agony.

Melanie worked at the Merry-Go-Round in the Gallery, a mall in downtown Philly. I had it all planned: a grand, romantic gesture of forgiveness. I was going to walk in, our eyes would meet, I would forgive her, and she would fall into my arms, gushing tears of gratitude and remorse. Then I would tell her that I wanted to marry her and that no wife of mine has to work in a shit-ass Merry-Go-Round. We would give her boss the middle finger, hop into my brand-new Benz 300CE, and I would take her to her new Merion Road mansion, the one with the Jacuzzi in the bedroom, not the bathroom.

Parking at the Gallery was rough, so Charlie Mack drove us. That way he could sit in the car and keep it parked right in front of the store so I could Romeo-flex into the Merry-Go-Round, sweep her off her feet, and carry her over the threshold to the awaiting Benz.

Beep beep! Charlie hit the horn.

"Yo, man, you know I don't have no license. So, if the cops come, I'm-a just dip," Charlie said.

This joka was messing up my whole production.

"Why don't you just get your goddamn license?" I yelled.

"You know I got a gun charge! I can't get it yet! Jus' go get Melanie, man, hurry up before 5-0 roll up!"

I ran into the store. It was a quiet day; the place was mostly empty. Melanie was behind the counter, folding Jordache jeans. She didn't see me—I got to watch her for a few (I would have watched her longer, but Charlie didn't have a license). In those few moments, I knew I didn't want to be without her. Whatever was empty inside of me felt full when I saw her. All that ached was soothed; all that was thirsty was quenched.

She looked up, and our eyes met. There was a brief but undeniable moment of clarity. Melanie absolutely loved me. And I loved her.

Bzzzzzzzz.

Shit. My damn shock collar. I don't know what it is, but I trust it. I let my attention tunnel deeper inside of her. I walk up to her; we hug. Still not right.

BZZZZZZZ.

I let go of her. We smile. I scan the store.

He was light-skinned, with light eyes. I hate dudes like that.

BZZZZZZZZZZ.

I look back to Melanie. She pretends to fold the clothes quicker.

“My lunch break is in fifteen, we can go get something to eat,” she says.

BZZZZZZZZZZ.

I look back to him. He won’t make eye contact with me now.

I see you, motherfucker.

I charge across the store. He tries to get away—guilty. But there’s nowhere to hide in a Merry-Go-Round. I’m all over him. Melanie is screaming. Somehow, Charlie Mack appears, and pulls me off him. The store is a wreck; so are his pretty green eyes. Charlie is dragging me, and I am dragging Melanie. We scramble into the getaway car.

“Nigga, I told you I had a gun charge. What are you *doin’*?” Charlie barked as we peeled away.

That was Melanie’s last day at the Merry-Go-Round. She promised to never see that guy again. I took her home to her new mansion on the Main Line. The one with the Jacuzzi in the bedroom, not the bathroom.

We vowed to make it work. My secret, unspoken oath was, *If you come back, I promise I’ll be good enough.*

. . .

The JBM stands for the Junior Black Mafia. Their motto in Philly was “Get down, or lay down.” Meaning, you were either with them or against them; you were either a part of them or you were dead.

When you’re a twenty-year-old rapper from the inner city of Philadelphia who’s just made his first million dollars, the only people who can afford to hang with you are other rappers, professional athletes, or drug dealers.

I picked drug dealers.

Bucky was five foot one, and the one is a stretch. He was a former Golden Gloves champion, and he was one of the top lieutenants in the JBM. When he was in the room, he commanded the first and the last word. If you had a disagreement, he was more than happy to take off his \$30,000 worth of jewelry and meet you in the street. But if you were disrespectful, the jewelry didn’t matter, because he never wore a ring on his trigger finger.

Bucky loved to laugh. He reveled in my sense of humor. With today’s eyes, I can see that he was coming to Merion Road to get a break, a little breather from the stress and brutality of the street. I was his personal court jester. He loved to hear me buss on people—insult comedy was his favorite; coincidentally, it was my forte.

I made the mistake, though, one night, of cracking a joke about Bucky’s height.

“Yo, Buck, you wanna boost, or maybe a stepstool for that next shot?”

Nobody even snickered. Buck stayed calm, which was a terrible sign; the room fell silent. He walked over to me, his chin barely reaching my chest. He just stood there. I

knew that meant I had to bend down so he could talk to me. I lowered myself like a silverback in the wild surrendering to the alpha.

Buck whispered in my ear, “Just coz you a *star*, don’t mean I won’t make you *see* some.”

The logic of his analogy wasn’t entirely flawless, but the underlying point was well taken. I never joked about Buck again.

Merion Road was now party central. At any given time, there would be twenty or more people in the house, blasting music, shooting pool, thousands of dollars’ worth of Philly cheesesteaks littering the kitchen. (I probably could have just bought Overbrook Pizza for how much money I spent there.) There were boxing matches in the backyard, and a basketball court . . . in the living room.

And nonstop gambling on *everything*. Needless to say, this environment was not conducive to Melanie’s artistic aspirations.

“Willard, can you turn the music down a little bit?” she’d say.

“My bad, babe, give me about a hour. I’m schoolin’ these fools. . . .”

I felt like my forgiveness had been such a gigantic gesture of love that she should be grateful to even be here.

The truth was, I never actually forgave her.

. . .

The weekends were when it really turned up.

It was not uncommon for \$150,000 to change hands between Friday night and Sunday morning. My boy Bam was the best pool shooter; he was always taking our money on the table. But one Saturday night, I caught fire on the pool table; I could not miss. Full-length bank shots, combinations, 8-ball spot shots, perfect English dropping the cue ball into sweet positions, everything went exactly where I was calling it. Buck found himself on the short (sorry!) . . . I mean *unfortunate* end of a \$30,000 losing streak. He sent one of his boys to go get more cash. But Buck lived in Southwest—that was at least a forty-five-minute round trip—so he threw his car keys on the table. The room erupted—“Ooooooh *shit!*” My heart jumped for a minute, but I ain’t no bitch. I threw the keys to my brand-new sea-foam green Benz 300 right next to the keys to his custom black convertible BMW 325i.

“Rack ’em up,” I said.

I ran four balls off the break; high balls. The room was church silent. Bucky sized up his first shot—easy 2 ball in the corner; left himself great position on the 7 in the side. A little too aggressive, though, left himself out of position in the corner; he had to bank the 4 back under. But Buck ain’t no bitch, either. He ran the entire rack, and all I could do was watch helplessly, chalking my custom pool cue for a shot I may never get to take.

Bucky lined up the 8 ball. Bank shot, cross corner. The 8 was sailing in slow motion toward the corner pocket. The gravity of the 8 ball was preparing to snatch my car

keys with it into the abyss. A roar brewing as the ball approached: “Awwwwwwwwww . . .”

But . . . No! The 8 ball clips the titty just enough to rattle it around and stand up in the jaws of the pocket. The room explodes.

I’ve got new life. But I gotta do some real shootin’. I’ve still got three balls to pocket before I get a shot at the 8-ball duck in the corner—and if I miss one, Bucky’s back on the table, and *he’s* not gonna miss.

My first ball is the dreaded straight shot, full-length of the table. I don’t play with it—I line it up, dead center of the pocket, two to go. Second shot would be in the side pocket, but my third shot’s in the corner, meaning I gotta put some English on the cue ball (“drawz,” meaning hitting it low to cause it to spin backward). If not, it could roll straight into the corner pocket, scratching and ensuring Bucky’s victory.

My concept around shooting pool was to never ponder the shots too long. Line it up, hit it. Line up the next one, hit it. No time to let my mind punish me with doubt or indecision. Charlie Mack always used to say, “Scared money can’t make no money.” That would become a motto for my life. But that night, it was an ice-cold mind-set that made me unbeatable.

And just like the rest of the night, I couldn’t miss. All Bucky could do was watch helplessly, chalking his pool cue, for a shot he would never get to take. I ran the table, tapped in the 8 ball, and respectfully picked up both sets of car keys.

Bucky was furious, but he was way too gangsta to let you see it. He stormed out of the house, slinging the door open, only to realize he might need to call a cab.

I ran out behind him.

“Yo, Buck,” I said.

“Not now, nigga, gimme a minute,” he said, with all the gangsta that a dude preparing to hitchhike could muster.

“Buck, here.” I held out his car keys. “I’m not takin’ your damn car.”

“What?” he said, confused.

“You’re my boy. I’m not keepin’ your *car*,” I said.

“You serious?” he said, looking at me like I had four heads.

“Buck, I’m not gonna invite you to my house and then take your car. I’m an asshole, but not *that* much.” I shoved the keys into his hand.

I didn’t recognize it in this moment, but I would see clearly later, that this was a gesture of humanity that was nonexistent in the environment in which Bucky was forced to survive. He noticed it, and he became visibly emotional.

“Why you trippin, Buck? It’s not that serious . . .,” I said.

He gathered himself, shook the keys in his hand, and said, “Coz I would have kept *your* car.”

I turned to go back into the house. Bucky chirped his car open, and yelled to me, “Hey! If anybody ever fuck wit’ *you*, they got a problem wit’ *me*.”

And he meant it.

• • •

At the time, I didn't correlate my cravings and my generally erratic behavior with the wounded state of my heart. When I bought a candy-apple-red IROC-Z and dipped the rims in a matching candy apple, I wasn't perceiving that as a medicinal reflex. Nor did I connect the purchase of my custom Suburban with four eighteen-inch woofers taking up the entire back half to my feelings of inadequacy, loss, and betrayal. I just thought it was fun that when I was picking up someone, I wouldn't have to call ahead—I would just put my volume on about seven, and they knew who was coming.

I was *spun* out and I was *acting* out. I bought my first motorcycle: a blue Suzuki Katana 600. I didn't even know how to ride, and I crashed it in the first week. But I was ballin' way too hard to drive a banged-up bike, so I bought a new one, the red one.

JL crashed *that* bike; the damage wasn't too bad: just some scuffs on the side panels. But then, not to be outdone by JL, Harry totaled it. I figured this was a sign—maybe bikes weren't for me—so I bought a turquoise T-top Corvette.

I lined all of my cars and motorcycles up in front of the house and invited Daddio over so he could see how well I was doing. Daddio pulled up in his two-tone blue Chevy work van. He always believed that vehicles should have a utility. I stood proudly out front as he got out of the van. We hugged.

"I just got the 'Vette last week," I said.

"These are *all yours*?" he asked, looking disdainfully at my fresh new fleet.

"Yup," I said proudly. My arms were respectfully by my side, but in my mind my B-boy stance was on swole.

"Boy, why you need *three* cars?" he said. "You only got *one* ass."

This wasn't exactly the response I'd been hoping for. But his mathematical opinion fell on deaf ears, because the 1988 Grammy for Best Rap Performance went to DJ Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince for "Parents Just Don't Understand."

• • •

Melanie and I weren't having sex anymore.

Something had been broken. We both wanted nothing more than for it to be fixed, but we were barely twenty years old. Our romantic dreams were far too fragile to survive the brutality of our immaturity.

I started going to Los Angeles a lot. It was the first time I realized the vibrational power of a city. As soon as the plane would touch down at LAX, something inside of me would awaken and align. Something *I was*, and something *LA was*, clicked into harmonious agreement. The energy of the town excited me. I needed less sleep; I was always refreshed; my skin looked better; I was eating right; I wanted to work out. I was inspired. I have since realized the critical importance of environment. Choosing the city you live in is as important as choosing your life partner.

And I had just met Tanya Moore. She embodied the sunshine and the possibilities that defined LA: the quintessential West Coast rider. Fine as hell, sophisticated, but sharp in the streets. She knew what neighborhoods to walk in, and which ones to drive around. She knew that my red Phillies baseball cap should come off at LAX, and I could put it back on as soon as the flight home crossed the Mississippi.

Pooh Richardson was the star shooting guard for UCLA, which, next to millionaire rapper, was about as good a gig as a twenty-two-year-old Black kid could get. He was born and raised in the heart of South Philly, and he walked around UCLA like the damn mayor. Pooh was everything on that campus, and when his Philly homeboys showed up, he laid it out.

Pooh was dating Tanya's cousin Tgia, who basically managed Pooh's life. She handled his food, his press; she would clear the room when he needed to get ready for practice. It was a relationship mind-set that to me at the time seemed so mature. Pooh was the star, but he literally wouldn't know where his sneakers were. His one job was to play basketball *well*—Tgia did *everything* else. When I saw them together I knew I wanted *that*. They were partners in the "Pooh Richardson Going to the NBA Business." (He ended up playing ten years in the league.)

Me and Charlie Mack rolled up to Pauley Pavilion where UCLA was playing Stanford. We saw Pooh in the locker after the game.

"Philly is in the building!" he screamed.

The first thing a Philly dude notices when one of his homeboys moves to another city is how bad his fade haircut looks. Philly is known for the fade—we invented it, and we do it right.

"Yo, man, your barber is slippin'," I said obligatorily. I probably would have said it no matter what it looked like. When you're from Philly, and somebody gets their haircut in another city, you *have* to say it looks bad.

"Yeah, we haven't figured that one out here yet," Pooh joked, touching the sides of his fade. If you're from Philly, you have to say something like that, too.

He introduced me to Tgia and her cousin Tanya. I must have been too obvious in my appreciation of Tanya's beauty, because Pooh grabbed a towel and held it up to my mouth.

"Yo, man, you slobberin', I don't want you to slip and fall on your spit."

I shoved the towel away, slightly embarrassed but keeping my smile and my charm on blaze.

"C'mon, man, go ahead wit' that shit." I laughed, turning to introduce myself to Tanya.

"There must be something in the water in Philly," Tanya said. "They're growin' y'all real nice out there."

Pooh jumped in.

"Yo, Tanya, I'm tellin' you, this nigga is the *next one*. You better lock him up now coz he's going from here to the *moon*!"

I was thinking, lock *me* up? Shit, she had me at *real nice*.

• • •

JL was the only one of my friends who'd ever seen me cry. On a train ride to New York one day, I'd broken down when I told him the story about Melanie, sobbing into his chest. JL is *not* an emotional guy, and I was *not* holding back. (He would later tell me that in that moment, he devoted his life to me. JL said he *knew* he needed to protect me.)

JL pulled me up one day.

"Hey, man, you gettin' into a lot of fights lately. Wassup?"

There was a couple of months stretch when I literally got into a fight every weekend. I'm not sure if it was knowing that Bucky had my back, or that Charlie Mack was standing right beside me—or if it was the only elixir that could satiate my raging heart—but I started sucker punching everybody and anybody who even looked at me sideways. I was angry, because even a Grammy, millions of dollars, and a candy-apple-red IROC didn't even begin to fill the holes inside of me.

The thing about money, sex, and success is that when you don't have them, you can justify your misery—*shit, if I had money, sex, and success, I'd feel great!* However misguided that may be, it psychologically permeates as hope. But once you *are* rich, famous, successful—and you're still insecure and unhappy—the terrifying thought begins to lurk: *Maybe the problem is me.*

Of course, I dismissed that foolishness quickly. I just needed more money, more women, more Grammys.

• • •

The record company was ready for our follow-up album to *He's the DJ*. Three million records sold, first-ever Grammy Award in rap, but this *new* album was gonna smash all of that.

JL wanted us to do preliminary recording in Jeff's mom's house. Whereas I had bought cars, clothes, and houses, Jeff had converted the basement into a *Star Trek*-level home recording studio. JL thought it would be the most cost-effective approach to get our ideas down in southwest Philly, and then go for the final recording back to London. Jive owned the recording studios there, and we got preferred rates.

But me and Jeff had other ideas. Jeff had heard of a famous recording studio in the Bahamas—Compass Point Studios in Nassau. He suggested we record there. After all, Mick Jagger, Grace Jones, David Bowie, Sade, even Iron Maiden had all recorded at Compass Point. Since we were big-time now and had a multiplatinum album of our own, it only seemed fitting that we record where multiplatinum artists record. Jeff couldn't wait to dig into the studio and check out the tech. I couldn't wait to check out the two massive casinos that had just been built in Nassau.

We were hyped. JL protested, but he was outvoted two to one. No filibusters in Jeff's mom's basement. That next Friday, we were off to the Bahamas . . . all *ten* of us.

. . .

I had never been to the Bahamas.

It was ninety degrees and sunny when we landed. Our luggage and equipment got held up in customs, so we hit the beach. Rum punch and chicken fingers until the sun set, then we hit the casino—till sunrise. And that's how the "recording" of our new album went for about the first week or so.

We had scheduled six weeks to record, and we had locked out the studio, meaning, we had to pay whether we used it or not. Our first full session in the studio—day nine in the Bahamas—was more like a night in a club: Jeff was DJing while we all sat around with girls and food and drinks. Occasionally, I would get up on the mic, more performing for the crowd than trying to innovate or create new music.

After that first session, JL pulled Jeff and me aside and warned us that we were burning through \$10,000 a day, and that if we didn't start recording, he was pulling the plug. Me and Jeff were kind of offended.

"You don't understand the creative process," I said. "This environment, the people, all the stuff we're doing is our inspiration."

"Yeah, J," Jeff chimed in, "don't block the flow."

"Just let us do what we do, and you do what *you* do," I said.

JL nodded, very slowly, as if to say, *OK, I see how it is*.

One month, and a couple of hundred thousand dollars into our "process," and the red recording light hadn't come on once—we had still not completed a single song.

I guess JL was justified in doing what he did. At the time, I couldn't believe he did it. I would never have done it to him. But I guess he felt that the times were desperate, so he employed equally desperate measures.

It was a Friday night. About twenty of us were lounging around in the studio. Our LA squad had flown in to help with the "creative process." I was about five rum punches in, and I had graduated beyond chicken fingers into *jerk* chicken, black beans, and rice. I guess it was hot in there because I had my shirt off.

It doesn't matter how old you get—there are some childhood images that will always bring a chill down your spine or make your stomach drop. I was holding court in the middle of Compass Point Studio A when the door started to open. I first caught a glimpse of JL pushing the door wider, and then . . .

Daddio.

The room froze. Those who knew, *knew*—the other guests *guessed*. Daddio calmly took in the scene. His eldest son, topless. Rum punch and jerk chicken stinkin' up the room. Bahamian bikinis bouncing and misbehaving. And we were "at work." To Daddio, this was Sodom and Gomorrah.

He paused. Then:

“Everybody get the fuck out,” he said. “I need to talk to Will and Jeff.”

• • •

We landed at Philadelphia International Airport at 2:38 p.m. I slept the entire flight. I don’t remember takeoff, or landing. I’m not sure it’s an actual medical condition, but I’m pretty certain I was in an embarrassment coma. James “JL” Lassiter had dropped a dime on me and tattled to my daddy. The whole shit was a debacle.

But within two weeks, our third album, *And in This Corner . . .*, was at least finished.

In the tragic aftermath of his grim reaper–like appearance at Compass Point, Daddio had made an aggressive, but nonetheless convincing, assessment of our behavior.

“You boys are fucking off an opportunity that most people can’t even *dream* about. You got a major corporation financin’ your project, and you got girls and shit sitting around in the studio? Keep your dick out them people’s money. You can *bullshit*, just don’t *bullshit* while you on the *clock*. This shit ain’t gonna last forever.”

While Daddio’s Bahamian intervention had saved us from further immediate catastrophe, the first domino had already been tipped. With no budget left, we quickly cobbled together the best tracks we could come up with. But there was no real vision or continuity to the album. Me and Jeff were unfocused, and out of sync.

And in This Corner . . . was doomed from the start.

DESTRUCTION

The downward spiral had begun.

And in This Corner . . . came out Halloween 1989 and achieved full crickets. In a desperate attempt to salvage something from the mess, we sprinted out onto the road to perform and promote and do anything we could to inject some life into the album, but it was dead on arrival.

The winter of 1989 was a progressively abominable shit show.

It began with Ready Rock. He had recorded a bunch of songs, none of which ended up making the album. He was one of the best beatboxers there ever was, and in our live shows he definitely got some of the biggest cheers. But hip-hop was changing—beatboxers were becoming less central to the art form. He felt disrespected and disregarded.

As a result, our disagreements became division, division became open conflict, until Ready and I were damn near at war.

. . .

Clate started showing up late for everything: flights, sound checks, meetings. He'd sleep all day and be in a stank mood all night. Throughout the tour, our arguments escalated in both frequency and intensity. In his mind, he and Jeff were the main attractions, and *they* were carrying *me*.

"Me and Jeff are the only talented ones around here, the rest of y'all just riding our coattails," Clate shouted, during one of our innumerable collisions.

It all came to a head one night in Kansas City. During our show, we would introduce Ready Rock at about the halfway point. He'd come out, and me and him had a fifteen-minute routine before he'd go off and me and Jeff would close the show. He had a grand entrance—I'd be rapping, and at the end of my verse I'd shout, "Ready Rock C, Give Jeff a hand!" I'd dramatically point to the side, the spotlight would come on, and he would do a helicopter sound effect with his mouth that would shock the hell out of the crowd. He could open and close his hand around the microphone, shifting the frequency to give the illusion of the helicopter passing from left to right.

The crowd loved it.

But this night, I shouted, I pointed, the spotlight panned, but no Ready Rock. Jeff just kept the beat going, and after another four bars, I said it again: "Ready Rock C! Give Jeff a hand!"

Clate didn't come out.

Without missing a beat, Jeff launched into the next track and we continued the show as if nothing had happened.

It is unbelievably painful for me as I write this chapter because these conflicts and misunderstandings had such simple solutions, yet our immaturity demanded that we had to suffer excruciating consequences in order to learn the most basic lessons of human relating. It's so obvious to me today how hurtful it must have been for Clate to go from being my best friend and my creative right hand to someone who was increasingly being excluded and alienated and asked by photographers to step out of pictures. And what's worse, we never even talked about it.

But that night, we were two young rams.

After our set, I went raging backstage.

"*Where the fuck is Clate?*" I screamed. I blast into the dressing room, and there he is, sitting in *my* chair, sunglasses on, calmly eating a bag of Doritos.

"*Man, where the hell were you at?*"

Clate didn't respond—he just sat there crunchin'.

"Why you ain't come out?" I roared.

He continued crunchin'. After a few seconds, he swallowed and said, "I just didn't feel like performing tonight."

I was shocked and incensed; but I said nothing.

We stared at each other. Each second our new reality was hardening. In my heart, he had about ten seconds before the concrete set.

Nine, eight, seven, six.

Crunch. Crunch. Stare.

Five, four, three.

Crunch. Stare.

Two.

"A'ight, cool," I said, as I turned and walked out.

I never called for Ready Rock again.

. . .

The next night, Jeff and I altered the set. Clate was standing there at the side of the stage. The part in the show came where he'd usually be called out; we skipped over it and went to the next song. Same thing in Dallas, same thing in Houston, same thing in San Antonio.

We stopped speaking. Clate started riding on other groups' buses, and when he rode with us, he stayed in his bunk. One day, near the end of the tour, we heard a strange sound coming from his bunk.

Click-clack, snap. Click-clack, snap.

Charlie Mack's bunk was directly above Clate's. Charlie, irritated by the sound, leaned out of his bunk to investigate. He opened the curtain to Clate's bunk.

“Yo, man, what the hell is you doin’?” Charlie screamed, jumping down from his bunk.

Clate was cleaning a semiautomatic Uzi submachine gun. He didn’t have any bullets, but he was practicing chambering a round and pulling the trigger.

Click-clack, snap. Click-clack, snap.

Gone was my high school friend—the easy laugh, the excitement of battling on the street corners around Overbrook, the joy of stumbling onto a new sound. Left in his place was a person I no longer recognized.

In my entire life, few things have been more painful than watching someone I love self-destruct. Daddio used to say, “You can stop a homicide, but you can’t stop no suicide.” Ready Rock was making good money doing what he loved. He was performing in front of thousands of people and seeing the world. He had a crew of friends who would die for him. Yet, there was some blind or broken part of him that, for some reason, couldn’t perceive the full scope of the opportunity stretching out before him. He had made his way into the abundant part of the Great River only to scratch and claw his way back to the desert.

Throughout my career, I have seen this pattern over and over again. I have given hundreds of jobs to people, many of whom have ultimately cracked and crumbled under the pressure of the possibilities. As the great Negro poet Charlie Mack once put it, “*Pressure busts pipes, homie.*”

We all have to contend with the natural processes of destruction. Everything is impermanent—your body’s going to get old; your best friend is going to graduate and move to another city; that tree you used to climb in front of Stacey Brooks’s house is going to crash down in a storm. Your parents are going to die. Everything changes; it rises, and it falls. Nothing and no one is immune to the entropy of the universe.

That is why *self*-destruction is such a terrible crime. It’s hard enough as it is.

When we got back to Philly, Ready Rock grabbed his bag, I grabbed mine. There were no goodbyes, no eye contact. I watched him walk off down Woodcrest; he never looked back even once.

. . .

Because of my childhood experiences with Daddio’s destructive streak, I’ve always had very low tolerance when I recognize similar energies within people around me. The funny thing is, it’s always crystal clear to me when I perceive them in others, but I’m blind as a bat to those same energies within myself.

The first (and only real) single from the third album was called, “I Think I Can Beat Mike Tyson.” I’ve often used Mike’s invincibility at the time as a metaphor to explain the distinction between natural destruction and self-destruction.

Imagine you were to secure a title fight against Mike Tyson in his prime. Fearful for your life, you hire legendary trainer Freddie Roach, you commit to the perfect diet, the perfect training regimen, you do everything within your power to prepare yourself to

face Iron Mike. You step into the ring in impeccable physical and mental condition, and Mike destroys you within fifteen seconds. You did everything you could possibly have done, and still lost. You're just not as good a fighter as Mike Tyson. That is a *bearable* loss; that is what I'm calling *natural* destruction.

But if you were lollygagging during training, didn't really eat right, and let your boy Pookie train you—and *then* Mike knocks you out in fifteen seconds—now you have to face an *unbearable* loss. You have to live the rest of your life not knowing what might have happened had you done your best. In the back of your mind, forever, you will know that you didn't only lose to Mike Tyson, you lost to *yourself*. The fight wasn't you versus Mike—it was you *and* Mike versus *you*.

That's how I feel about *And in This Corner* . . . The music business is fickle—some records work; some don't. Sometimes there's a track that you think is going to be a hit, and no one feels it; then the one you weren't even thinking about becomes a monster. That's the natural way, the inevitable ebb and flow of the universe. But if you piss away \$300,000 on rum punch and chicken fingers, and your father has to fly in and drag your ass home, and then you throw together a bunch of tracks in your best friend's mother's basement, you're manifesting an unfair fight. It's two against one: it's you *and* the universe versus *you*.

It's respectable to lose to the universe. It's a tragedy to lose to yourself.

. . .

A*nd in This Corner* . . . flopped, hard. We were coming off three million records sold—triple-platinum sales—and the first-ever Grammy Award in rap. Expectations and investments were very high. And we crashed and burned.

We knew the album was a swing and a miss. But it didn't become real until we went out on tour again. The crowds were thinner. People weren't as hyped to see us. They were no longer singing my lyrics back to me. And our performance fees were cut by almost 70 percent. We made it OK in our minds by thinking of it as "promotion."

In retrospect, I could feel the impending onslaught, but I couldn't figure out what to do, or how to stop it. And I certainly didn't think it was going to get as bad as it did.

By this time, Melanie and I were living in that dreadful demilitarized zone between the bliss-filled old days of romance and hopeful possibilities, and the fast-approaching inescapable days of resentment, rage, and destruction. Trapped in that awful quiet lovelessness where two people coexist in the same house but rarely in the same room. Where the air is filled with apathetic words, not yet dipping into vitriol but purposely devoid of kindness. That unique hell where you know it's done but it's not over yet.

. . .

Me and Charlie were spending more and more time in LA.

The second I would land, Tanya would be at the airport with a rental car, keys to the hotel, dinner reservations, whatever I needed. LA girls always seemed organized and business-minded. They were always fly, and always pursuing some kind of dream or opportunity. There was something about the culture of Los Angeles that bred an upwardly mobile mentality. Tanya never asked me for anything; this was just how she got down. She made me feel at home.

We knew each other for almost a year but we never even kissed.

I could faintly sense that Tanya and Los Angeles were about to play some significant role in my survival. I guess I was kind of unconsciously locating the lighthouse and the lifeboat for the storm that was darkening on the horizon. Gigi's words were ringing in my mind: *Jus' remember, Lover Boy, be nice to everybody you pass on your way up, coz you just might have to pass them again on your way down.*

Becoming famous is about as much fun as the material world has to offer. *Being* famous, bit of a mixed bag; but *fading* famous sucks ass.

I could read the writing on the walls—some of it was in my own handwriting. I saw the crowds' silent faces at the end of our sets. I noticed how business calls that once got returned in two hours were now taking two weeks or didn't get returned at all. And most alarmingly, my Amex wasn't quite breaking, but it was bending like a muthafucka. And in the middle of all of that distortion, the subtle compass within me kept pointing west.

Charlie could feel it, too.

He took it upon himself to push and to dig and to cajole—everything within his power to excavate and manifest a more positive future. Charlie was shameless. He would introduce me to absolutely anybody within shouting distance, even people he didn't know.

"Little Richard! Little Richard!" he bellowed across the Soul Train Awards.

Then, excitedly to me, "Will, that's Little Richard, he wit' Diana Ross. . . . Come on, get the picture."

"Damn, Charlie, they *talkin'*! Jus' leave them alone," I said, wildly embarrassed.

"You want the picture, or you don't want the picture? You gotta be *seen* wit' people." Then he dragged me over to Little Richard and Diana Ross, and basically listed my entire discography for them.

"I know y'all heard it—he got a Grammy. Y'all, like, in the Grammy Club together!"

Charlie Mack is bigger than most human beings, and certainly bigger than most people's security. So, once he decided he wanted something—like a picture, or a conversation—things tended to gravitate out of his way.

LA illuminated the limits to my fame. I was huge in the world of hip-hop, but in Hollywood, I was nobody. At a Lakers game, I was nobody. At the Roxbury, I was *extra* nobody. When Eddie walked in, he shut it down. It was humbling, it was embarrassing, and it was frustrating.

I remember one night in LA, the DC go-go band EU (Experience Unlimited) was playing at the Palladium. They had opened for us in 1988 and '89 and we had developed a friendship with the lead singer, Sugar Bear, and the rest of the group. Spike Lee had just put their song "Da Butt" in his movie *School Daze*, and EU was now the hottest group in the country. Charlie and I planned to take a break from the emotional battery of being nobodies in Hollywood and just for a night retreat to the world of music.

We headed to the Palladium and rolled up to the backstage entrance. Hordes of groupies and fans all pleading with the bouncers about how their cousin left a ticket, but the will call is closed—the usual crap that makes security guards just look over their heads and ignore them. Charlie does his usual thing, stepping up to the front and speaking for me.

"Hey, my man, I'm here with the Fresh Prince."

"The who?" the security guard says, looking past Charlie to me.

I always hate these kinds of moments where I have to stand there and try to look recognizable. Because now, everybody is staring at you to see if you're famous enough to pass the "bouncer test." You're out on a limb. And when you just flopped an album, it's a thin and rickety branch.

"The Fresh Prince, man. The Fresh Prince. You know, Jazzy *Jeff* and 'em," Charlie clarified.

The bouncer looked at me with the universal glare that signifies *I'm foraging through my visual Rolodex and . . . nope, you're not in there.*

"If y'all ain't got tickets, y'all gonna need to move to the back."

Just then, the door opens, and Sugar Bear from EU sticks his head out and looks around. I made a rookie error—I overcommitted. But when I saw a familiar face, he felt like one of those round life preservers being thrown to me as I was drowning in a deepening sea of insignificance and irrelevance. Before I could stop myself, I blurt out, "Hey! Sugar Bear!"

Sugar Bear looks *right at me*. There's a moment of recognition. I point at the security guard as if to say *Yo, man, tell this dude to move and let us in.*

Sugar Bear pauses, looks at the security guard, subtly shakes his head. He scans the crowd to see if the person he was really looking for is out there. They're not, so he turns and goes back inside.

I turned and gracefully made the ex-famous person's walk of shame. Inside, I was raging, but as is my habitual emotional way, on the outside, I was totally calm. I didn't know where I was going, but block after block, I just walked. Charlie said nothing but kept step right behind me. We walked for miles in silence.

What the hell was happening? Since we came off tour, Jeff had retreated to his mom's basement. His reaction to the looming winter of our careers was to hibernate—he had turned down a chance to do a show in Africa and a tour in Australia. I was pissed that he was hiding—it seemed like cowardice on his part. And it activated my most violent trigger: I'd been fighting my entire life to not be a coward. I believed that

we needed to go head-to-head with the obstacles that were building against us, but I couldn't do it without him. I felt like he'd betrayed me.

JL was complaining about me and Charlie being in LA so much.

"Y'all are wasting your time—you need to come home so we can get back into the studio, writing and recording," JL said.

Melanie and I were barely speaking. And here I was, in the empty streets of Hollywood, on a Thursday night, anonymous and adrift.

Charlie Mack was like an old-time boxing trainer whose fighter had just got his whole ass handed to him in the previous round. If we weren't on Hollywood Boulevard, he definitely would have been pouring ice water down my shorts. I was hurt bad. But I knew I had another round in me.

We approached a crosswalk, the red hand beckoning directly to *me*. Halt. Stop. Breathe. Think. My rage settled. Contemplation churned into passion, then . . . a decision.

"That will never, *ever*, happen again," I said. "I promise you that."

Charlie didn't open his mouth; he just nodded his head. He knew something profound was happening inside of me. And he was down for whatever.

The light changed, and we walked on.

. . .

I didn't pay my taxes.

It's not like I forgot, it was more like . . . I just didn't pay my taxes. In January 1990, Uncle Sam decided that I'd had enough fun and he wanted his.

I owed the IRS taxes on around \$3 million of income. I think somewhere above a million dollars, Uncle Sam shifts from ornery to irritable and everything north of about \$2.3 million makes him aggressive and cantankerous.

So, as was my general approach to problem-solving during this period of my life, I dumped it on JL.

"Wait, you didn't pay *any* taxes?" he said. He was on the phone, but I could tell that he sat down.

To this day, JL is the most frugal, sensible, and fiscally responsible person I've ever met. He doesn't spend any money on anything ever. No fancy cars, no jewelry, no trips, no Jacuzzi in his bedroom nor his bathroom. While Jeff and I were spending our spoils wildly, JL never moved from his childhood bedroom. He was taking this very phone call in his mother's kitchen.

"Nah, nothing," I said.

"Like, *nothing* nothing?"

"Yeah. No. I mean, yeah. Nah."

"Y'all are stoopid as shit," JL said. "Y'all understand this is a *big* problem, right?"

I didn't notice in the moment, but JL kept saying "y'all," denoting a plurality of stupidity. I would later discover that Jeff hadn't paid his taxes, either. And to make

matters worse, JL had been lax on billing us for his commissions, so not only had we spent all of *our* money, we had spent JL's cut, too.

We were all broke.

JL hired a tax attorney (for me and Jeff—he paid *his* taxes), scheduled a meeting, showed them the notices from the IRS. He also engaged an accounting firm, Gelfand, Rennert & Feldman, to oversee our hypothetical future earnings.

First went all the cars. Then my motorcycles. Stereo systems are very expensive when they go in—they're worth damn near nothing when they come out. Then the excruciating decision was made—IRS, attorney, and accountants unanimously agreed: I would have to sell the Lower Merion house, pool table included.

I was rich and famous, minus the rich, and minus the famous.

I was *worse* than broke—I was in the *hole*. The walls were tumbling down. I had enjoyed Sodom and Gomorrah way more than I was enjoying Jericho.

• • •

There's a strange thing that happens when someone falls: Your demise somehow proves to everyone you've ever disagreed with that *they* were right, and *you* were wrong. They develop a smugness and seem to get a brutal enjoyment out of the fact that God is finally punishing you. People tend to have a schizophrenic relationship with winners—if you're down too long, you become an underdog and they feel impelled to root for you. But if you're ever unfortunate enough to be *up* too long, you better get a helmet.

One night, in the middle of what would become the final racks of 8 ball ever played on my first pool table on Merion Road, Melanie came down the stairs. She was looking fine as hell, wearing a royal-blue miniskirt and matching leather jacket. She had on three-inch heels—she never rocked heels. Big bamboo earrings I had bought her that she'd never worn before. Her makeup was perfect, no glasses tonight; eyeliner. Her cleavage would certainly not have been approved of in her aunt's house. So why did she think it would be approved of in mine?

She pranced through the gauntlet of me, Charlie, Bam, Bucky, and a couple more of my JBM boys. Everybody looked, but nobody made a sound. The JBM had a code—they were always respectful of each other's women.

"Where you goin'?" I asked, as I missed an easy 11 ball in the side.

"Out," Melanie said.

All I could think was, *Why the fuck is she doing this right now? Is she really going to challenge me in a room full of Philly's hardest gangsters and killers? In the middle of the IRS seizing all my shit? Wearing clothes that I paid for? Making me miss an easy-ass 11 ball in the side?*

BZZZZZZZZ.

"Where's 'out'?" I said, as Charlie lined up his next shot, about to take a hundred dollars that I didn't have.

“I don’t know.” She shrugged. “Out.”

“I think you’re not going out,” I said, drawing a line in the sand and trying to save face. “You should go ahead back upstairs.”

“Whatever, Willard,” she said, as she moved toward the door.

“If you walk out that door, I promise you it’s gonna be a bad look.”

We stared at each other. Each second our new reality was hardening. In my heart, she had about ten seconds to go back upstairs before the concrete set.

Nine, eight, seven, six.

Charlie sunk a high ball in the side.

Five, four, three.

Eyeliners. Cleavage. Bamboo hoops.

Two.

“I’ll see you later, Willard.”

Melanie walked out.

• • •

An hour later, I was in the house alone. Melanie and I were no longer in that loveless demilitarized zone. The bliss-filled old days were finally giving way to the days of resentment, rage, and destruction.

Melanie’s taxi pulled up around 2:00 a.m. I was waiting for her out front. I had collected everything I’d ever bought for her—clothes, shoes, bags.

Anything that would burn.

I had drenched everything in lighter fluid.

Our eyes met.

I struck the match.

WHOOSH.

• • •

As I write this chapter, I have never seen or spoken to Melanie again. I’ve reached out on multiple occasions over the years with no response. She was the victim of one of the lowest points in my life. Yes, we were young, yes, we hurt each other, but she did not deserve how I treated her; she did not deserve how it ended.

• • •

Charlie Mack was in love with Mimi Brown, one of the most iconic DJs in Philadelphia history. She was the seductive, sultry voice of our childhood imaginings, and seeing her in person did not disappoint. Charlie missed no opportunity to get me to

the station. I kept finding myself doing interviews at WDAS FM, on Mimi's show. It was like Charlie was now my publicist, and he had one contact in the music industry: Mimi Brown.

This was my third interview with Mimi in the span of two weeks. She had launched a show called *Rap Digest*—I was running out of things to talk about, but Charlie felt we weren't quite hitting the critical points we needed.

"Mimi, oh my god, oh my god—I'm tellin' you! The people just love hearin' y'all talk! Y'all lightin' them phones *up*! We gotta keep doin' this!" Charlie gushed romantically.

Mimi had been an early supporter and advocate for DJ Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince. She was one of the first to ever play our records, and she was one of the Philly pioneers pushing hip-hop onto daytime radio. And she loved a hometown boy. It was always the same with Mimi, whether we were hot or cold, big record or no record—she wanted her studio to feel like home. We were always welcome.

It was a win-win-win—Mimi got a great interview, I felt respected and appreciated, and Charlie got to shoot his shot.

The studio was a cozy little soundproof room with glass on two sides. People within the station could walk by and look in on the interviews and talent who showed up. Mimi and I were always a particularly appealing attraction—we laughed and joked a lot, and we played an interesting mix of hip-hop and R&B that was revolutionary at the time. It felt like a live show as we interacted with the staffers behind the glass.

One afternoon, I started rapping live, which doesn't sound like much today, but I *promise* you it was jaw-dropping back then—this was one of the first times it had ever happened on Philadelphia radio. You have to understand, this was a time when many radio stations' promotional taglines were "*All music—no rap!*"

Behind the glass, the crowd grew and started going crazy—some because they realized they were witnessing the birth of a new era, and others because they probably thought they were witnessing the death of Mimi Brown's career. As I play and perform to the glass, I'm stopped in my tracks as I realize . . . I'm face-to-face, eye-to-eye, with Dana Goodman. He had heard me on the radio and decided to show up.

If the motherfucker you're looking for is Will, he's in the house. You're welcome to come in and kill him now.

Dana stares, emotionless, and whispers into the ear of the dude with him. The dude nods and moves toward the door of the studio. I keep performing, my eyes steady on Dana. I try to signal to Charlie, but he's staring at Mimi.

The door opens. The man enters the booth and stands beside Charlie. Charlie's ghetto radar is once again on point. Charlie slides almost imperceptibly into striking distance—he's no longer looking at Mimi. I finish rapping; the crowd applauds; Mimi and I sit down to continue our interview.

"You need to thank Dana Goodman," the man yells out.

"Yo, my man, they're live on the radio. Cool out," Charlie whispers.

"You need to thank Dana Goodman," the man yells out, louder this time.

“Homie, we can do whatever you wanna do *outside*. But you gon’ be quiet in here,” Charlie said, more forcefully.

The dude put his palm on Charlie’s chest to shove him away.

“Tell your man to thank Dana G—”

Before his lips could form the first o of Goodman, Charlie cracked him with a straight right hand dead on the button, and dude’s head explodes like a watermelon. It was as if Charlie had shot his fist out of a cannon. The guy crashed into the metal rack holding the eight-track cassettes, scattering them all over the room. Dude was down and *out*. Charlie grabs me, and Mimi and runs us toward the back parking lot.

“Charlie, Dana’s out there,” I shout.

“Just keep goin’, keep goin’,” Charlie says. We exit into the back parking lot as station security grabs Mimi. Charlie throws me into the car, and we’re out.

. . .

I had never been in a jail cell before. It was way too small, and there were way too many of us in there. Frankly, I felt like we all deserved better.

Apparently, there is an arcane law in Pennsylvania—the “master/slave clause”—that states that if one person commits a crime *under the control or direct influence of a master*, then the “master” is legally liable for the actions of the submissive/slave party. The man’s legal team argued that because of my “dominant” relationship with Charlie, I was culpable for his actions. Charlie was never even arrested, even though it was he who had broken the man’s left eye socket and irreparably damaged his cornea. Clearly, the man’s legal team thought that I was a “deep pocket” and logically reasoned that I was a bigger financial target than Charlie.

The joke was on them. I didn’t have a dime to my name. But as I sat in that jail cell, facing aggravated assault, criminal conspiracy, simple assault, and reckless endangerment charges for a punch I hadn’t even thrown, I finally understood a term I’d heard many times before: Rock. Bottom. I was literally lying on a cold stone floor. Everything I had, everything I built, the woman I loved, was gone. I was broken. And as I lay there in the fetal position, trying to figure out *How the fuck did I get here?*, I made the horrific error of clinging to the universal, rock-bottom axiom of hope: *Well, I guess it can’t get any worse than this.* . . .

. . .

Hopefully none of you will ever need this information, but if you can at all avoid it, do *not* get arrested on a Friday. I was released on Monday morning (no one gets let out on a weekend). I went straight to Woodcrest to see Mom-Mom; I hadn’t spoken to her; I was sure she’d be a mess.

The crazy thing is, when I saw the police car in front of Woodcrest, it never even crossed my mind that they were there because of me.

One of my childhood friends, Lil' Reggie, had recently become a cop. He had the kind of heart that everybody wanted in a police officer. Reggie was the Man in the neighborhood; Mom-Mom loved him, and everybody respected him.

When I walked in, Mom-Mom and Reggie were sitting in the kitchen. She hugged me. . . .

BZZZZZZZZ.

Damn it, my shock collar. What the hell has Reggie been saying to my mom?

I gave Reggie a pound, we hugged and caught up a bit. He had heard about everything that had happened with Charlie and my weekend in jail.

"I want you to know that I got your back," Reggie said.

BZZZZZZZZ.

"Uh-huh, for sure, Reggie, I know that," I replied.

"I'm going to ask you a couple of questions, and I need you to keep it one hundred with me. . . ."

BZZZZZZZZ.

"Do you happen to know . . . ?"

He listed four names. All four were guys from the JBM. Guys I had been gambling with—and not taking cars from—for the past two years.

My heart jumped into my throat. I felt like I had to swallow it back into my chest.

"I *might* know 'em. Why?"

"Willard, do you *know* them, or *not*?" Mom-Mom blurted, cutting through all my bullshit.

"Look," Reggie said, "I'm here to help. You know what they do, right? What they're into?"

I nodded.

"Will, you got a good thing going with your music. Those guys are bad. They're being watched by the FBI. And the Feds are about to shut it all down. Word is that they have photos of them coming in and out of your house, of you driving their cars, and traveling with them. Do you know that it's a crime to give and take money from them?"

I couldn't breathe.

"It *really* doesn't look good," Reggie said. "You need to get away from them. Right now. The FBI is comin' with the thunder and sending a big rap star to prison would just be a cherry on top."

Mom-Mom's face was stone, but the volcano inside was churning and boiling. This was exactly why I needed to take my dumb ass to college.

"You didn't get involved in any of the stuff they did, right? I can't help you if you don't tell me the truth—you clean, right?" Reggie said.

"Yeah, yeah, *totally*. We just played pool and partied," I said.

“Alright, but you need to lay low for a minute. Maybe get out of Philly. It’s about to get ugly.”

• • •

I called Tanya and asked if I could come stay with her for a little while. She was ecstatic.

The problem was, I couldn’t afford the plane ticket. My Amex was finally broken—literally. I decided that I needed to take a chance.

I called Bucky.

We met in Fairmount Park, near the Plateau. I pulled up behind his black 325i and jumped into the passenger seat. I loved his car—he had the Alpine CD changer that held twelve CDs; when I got mine, I could only afford the six-changer.

I told him everything—that the Feds were circling, that I was moving to LA, and that he should leave, too. He kinda chuckled, laid his head back on the headrest like he knew that he had been living on a runaway roller coaster that had always been predestined to come to a fiery end. He closed his eyes; we sat in silence.

It was about 6:00 p.m. There was a flight to LA in two hours.

I hated that I had to interrupt him to ask him for money.

“Hey, Buck, I need to hold somethin’ to get out to LA,” I said quietly.

“What ya gon’ do in LA?” Buck asked, not even opening his eyes.

“I don’t know for sure. I just love it out there. There’s a chick out there I’m feelin’. Our album crashed, so . . . I might try acting.”

“You could definitely do that acting shit,” he said, smiling as he seemed to replay some of my funniest highlights. “You the dumbest nigga I know for sure.” He was laughing out loud now.

“How much you need?” Buck asked.

“Nothin’ heavy. I need to get out there, get an apartment, be able to move around a little bit.”

“A’ight, I got ten G’s here. You need more than that we can run to the spot.”

“Nah, that’s straight.”

Buck had a secret compartment under the driver’s seat floor mat. He grabbed the ten G’s, reached into the back seat, shook a Tastykake Butterscotch Krimpet out of a brown paper bag, and stuffed the cash into it. He handed it to me, but when I grabbed it, he wouldn’t let it go.

He looked straight into my eyes.

“You know you not better than me, right?” he said.

“Of course, Buck, I know that,” I said, somewhat confused.

“I’m just like you. We the same.” He got quiet for a moment, then said, “I could do *all* that shit you do. I just fucked up. We just born in different spots.”

“Yeah, that’s real,” I said.

Bucky let the money go.

“Just do *right*, man,” he said.

“No doubt, Buck. I’m-a get this back to you quick.”

He chuckled again, as if somehow, he knew he would never need it.

“When I get my feet, you should roll out to LA.”

Bucky chuckled the same knowing chuckle.

“Sure, man, I’ll do that.”

He gave me a pound.

I made my flight.

Three days later, Bucky was dead.

ALCHEMY

Tanya had secured us an apartment in Marina del Rey. She knew somebody who knew somebody, and it was only 1,300 bucks a month. I didn't really care.

There were 7,700 dollars left in Bucky's brown paper bag. He had been shot in the head in front of his house. It was a setup. Reggie explained this was the classic playbook—when the Feds close in, everybody turns on each other.

I didn't leave the apartment for weeks. Part fear, part exhaustion—I was in shock. My entire life had collapsed.

I guess my depressed and debilitated state elicited a divine act of mercy from Tanya: We never really talked about it, but we both knew she was my woman now. And she set upon the harrowing task of breathing my spirit back to life. We spent every moment together. Tanya coddled, comforted, and cared for me; she cried with me, and helped me mourn. We would talk for hours; I met her mother and her grandmother. She didn't cook, but she could order the hell out of some takeout.

We fell in love. I coulda hidden in that apartment with her forever.

But then, after a few weeks, as if some cosmic egg timer had sounded—at a frequency just beyond *my* hearing, but well within *her* sonic range—this phase was over. Tanya shifted gears like a drunk trucker crossing the Texas panhandle.

"OK," she said, "that's enough. It's time to get back to life."

"What?" I said, as the cold water of reality flooded our Marina del Rey love nest.

"You've gotta *do* something," she said. "You took a break—that's good. You needed it. But that brown paper bag is almost empty. What are you gonna *do*?"

"What do you mean, what am I gonna *do*?" I said, getting agitated.

"Which part of 'What are you going to do?' is hard for you to understand?" Tanya replied, with equal and opposite agitation. "You have to get out."

"Get out and *do what? Go where?*" I shouted.

"I don't fuckin' know!" she clapped back. "But whatever it is, you ain't gonna find it in this kitchen! Just go . . . I don't know . . . go back to Arsenio."

The Arsenio Hall Show was the biggest talk show in America at the time. Everybody who was anybody appeared on *Arsenio*. He was like the Panama Canal of celebrity—all roads to public success ran through *The Arsenio Hall Show*. Charlie had been dragging me there for months.

"We gotta stay where it's happenin'," he said.

Arsenio and I had become kinda halfway friends during the height of me and Jeff's Grammy run. We had appeared on the show and Arsenio had taken a liking to me.

"Go to Arsenio and *do what?*" I yelled.

“Arsenio likes you! Just go to the *show* and hang out. *Meet* people.”

“You sound crazy as shit,” I said. “So, you want me to go to *The Arsenio Hall Show* and stand around like a dickhead so I could might meet somebody?”

“Yes, exactly—so you *could might meet* somebody!”

“I’m not doing this wit’ you. That’s dumb, and I’m not in the mood for this shit.”

• • •

I arrived at *The Arsenio Hall Show* about 4:30 p.m. Five o’clock was showtime. That half hour before was prime mingle time. Charlie Mack was in his world.

“Yo, man, Eddie here tonight! I’m-a go grab him,” Charlie said.

Eddie Murphy was appearing on the show that night. He knew who I was—he kept calling me “Young Prince.” Arsenio was a lightning rod for magical moments. Many people would argue that Bill Clinton playing the sax on the show solidified his presidential victory. Michael Jackson, Mariah Carey, Miles Davis, Madonna—Magic Johnson even appeared on *Arsenio* twenty-four hours after his HIV announcement.

As I stood backstage, I felt the electrical currents of possibility pulsing and receding—it was like a lush forest with ripe fruit on every tree. The show was a flashpoint, a nexus, a cosmic garden of opportunity that Arsenio knowingly and purposefully cultivated. If Tanya had just said *that*, I wouldn’t have been a dickhead.

Charlie and I went almost every day for months. His routine was that he would accost famous strangers and drag them against their will to come meet me. I met everybody—politicians, actors, musicians, athletes, executives.

Benny Medina was an A&R exec at Warner Bros. Records. I didn’t know who he was, but apparently, Charlie thought he was important enough to be accosted and dragged. Benny had worked under Berry Gordy at Motown. At Warner Bros., he now oversaw some of their biggest hip-hop acts, including Queen Latifah, De La Soul, and Big Daddy Kane. He was about five foot seven, stocky build, brown skin, curly hair, rockin’ hot gear—you could tell he thought he was fly. He knew how to work a room. He was an unapologetic, straight-down-the-middle mover and shaker. Benny could smile when it was time to smile—which was most of the time—but he could get real gully if somebody impeded the movement or desires of one of his artists.

“Hey, Will—this is Benny Medina. Benny, this the Fresh Prince—you know that, though,” Charlie Mack said.

Benny knew all about my music. We talked for a bit about hip-hop and the impact technology was having on the music industry, and the future of video on demand, and then out of nowhere, he asked, “Do you know how to act?”

Act? You mean to perform actions in order to elicit joy and passion from those around me? You mean to warp my perceptions of myself as a means to hide myself? You mean to believe deeply in stories that don’t exist, that never existed, that could never exist? You mean to play the role of who everyone around me wants me to be, rather than who I actually am?

As a general rule, if someone asks me if I can do something, the answer is always yes.

“Yeah, definitely, for sure, I can definitely act, yes, sir,” I said, employing too many words. “Yes.”

“I figured you could,” Benny said. “I can see it in your music videos. I might have something to talk to you about. Let’s keep in touch.”

I didn’t think anything of it. In Philly, we always clown dudes like this. “Being Hollywood” is like the worst thing you can be—it’s the *definition* of insincerity. Moments like that happen all the time in LA. I moved on and forgot about it. Yet, that quick three-minute “Hollywood chat” would turn out to be one of the most important conversations of my life.

• • •

Benny Medina is the *real* Fresh Prince of Bel-Air.

Benny was an orphan who grew up with extended family in the projects of East Los Angeles. Then, as a teenager, he was taken in by a friend’s wealthy Jewish family who lived in Beverly Hills. Benny was Afro Latino and found himself at Beverly Hills High School. He was a good kid, yet the chasm between the two worlds created a constant culture clash that was a combustible source of tension . . . and humor.

By the time I met him at *The Arsenio Hall Show*, Benny Medina was plotting a move into television.

• • •

The universe is not logical, it’s magical.

A major aspect of the pain and mental anguish we experience as humans is that our minds seek, and often demand, logic and order from an illogical universe. Our minds desperately want shit to add up, but the rules of logic do not apply to the laws of possibility. The universe functions under the laws of magic.

I was in Detroit a few weeks after my “Hollywood chat.” JL had booked a couple of shows to help us to dig out of our collective financial hole. The Joe Louis Arena was always crazy—we loved playing there. We were back down to one hotel room. Strangely enough, it was soothing for all of us to be together again in such cramped quarters. Jeff had headphones on making beats; Omarr was watching TV; Charlie was cutting his toenails. I hated when he did that; I felt like goddamn *Braveheart* in there—like I needed a Scottish battle shield and to paint my face blue.

None of us knew that this was the last time we’d ever tour together.

JL burst into the room.

“Yo, get up. Quincy Jones wants to talk to you!”

“Quincy Jones? To me? For what? What I do?” I was still shell-shocked from the last chapter.

“Did you meet somebody named Benny Medina?” JL asked.

“Yeah, the Warner Bros. dude.”

“Well, he works with *Quincy*,” JL whispered, almost knocking my front teeth out jamming the phone into my face.

“I *told* you,” Charlie said.

“Hello, Mr. Jones, how are you?” I said with the tone and diction that would have made Mom-Mom, Daddio, *and* Gigi proud. “I’m great, sir, thank you. Detroit. Yup, Joe Louis. We perform tomorrow night.”

“Yo, man, what he sayin’? We can’t hear him!” Charlie Mack said, pausing his fusillade.

“Shhh!” JL hissed.

“Yo, don’t shush me J, I’m a grown-ass man.”

“Will you shut your grown-ass *up*?” Jeff chimed in.

“Uhm, sure,” I said. “When is it? Oh, wow, OK . . . Uhm, well, yes, definitely. I don’t perform till tomorrow night. Thank you. Thank you, sir. Alright. I will see you then.”

I put the phone down slowly, the whole squad staring at me, like I just took a pregnancy test.

“Quincy Jones wants me to come to his birthday party,” I said to myself as much as to the squad.

“To perform?” Omarr asked.

“Nah. Him and this dude Benny Medina have an idea for a TV show they wanna pitch.”

“When do you need to be there?” JL asked.

“Tonight.”

. . .

Quincy Jones’s party fell on the same night as the Soul Train Music Awards. He was being honored with the Heritage Award for Career Achievement and the birthday/after-party was being held at his Bel-Air mansion. JL got me on a 3:00 p.m. out of Detroit and I landed in LA just as the sun was going down.

It all felt surreal, a little head-spinny. I had flown by myself, which was uncommon and uncomfortable, and now, as traffic backed up on the 405, I had a moment to contemplate, *Why the hell am I driving to Quincy Jones’s house?*

It was about thirty minutes from LAX to Quincy’s. When I pulled up, there was valet parking. Quincy Jones had valet parking *at his house*—twenty red-coated valet parkers *in his driveway*. It looked like the British were coming. It was right up there with Sue Ellen Ewing’s fucking breakfast horse.

By the time I arrived, the party was on full bang. *Everybody* was there, from Steven Spielberg to Tevin Campbell; Stevie Wonder and Lionel Richie were arriving as I pulled up. That was too much for me; I knew I didn't belong here. And right before my fragile self-image convinced me to bounce, I saw Benny Medina, a familiar face—a life preserver as I was drowning in yet another sea of insignificance and irrelevance, et cetera.

“Hey man,” Benny called out, “you *made* it!”

I *wanted* to say, *Yeah, man, fuck you, I'm out*. But instead, I said, “Yo, man, don't take that jacket off—trust me, you won't see it again.”

Benny was wearing one of those Versace, Picasso-looking jackets. He laughed, tugged on the lapel, and said, “If tonight goes well, it's yours. Let's go meet Quincy.”

I just thought that was too fast. *Couldn't I at least get a drink first? Or one of them little toast points with some cheese or some salmon or something? Damn. You're jus' gon' rush me to meet Quincy Jones from the driveway? I need to stretch; you're gon' have me pullin' a hammy out here.*

The center of the party was in Quincy's massive living room—two-story vaulted ceilings, and a couple hundred of Hollywood's heaviest hitters and A-list rainmakers. Quincy was holding court, a sorcerer in a designer jacket with a piano keyboard embroidered down the left side. Benny and I enter, and before Benny can make the introduction, Quincy and I catch eyes.

“Heyyyy!” Quincy yells out. “The Fresh Prince is here, y'all!”

That would have been embarrassing if anybody had actually given a shit. But it didn't matter to me, because the most important person gave a shit. Quincy is like that—he loves and enjoys people. Every person is a unique work of art to him. He doesn't play celebrity favorites; he genuinely finds something interesting about everybody.

Quincy bounds across the room, arms open, and grips Benny and I in a single embrace.

“Welcome man, welcome,” Quincy gushes.

“Thank you, Mr. Jones. This house is *amazing*!” I gush right back.

“Oh, you *like* this? This is Bel-Air! Benny tryin' to set the show in Beverly Hills. I keep tellin' him, man, *fuck* Beverly Hills! Bel-Air make Beverly Hills look like public housin'! Did Benny tell you about the show?”

“Well, a little bit. I mean, uh, he told me he grew up in Watts. And he moved in with a rich family . . .”

“Where you from?” Quincy said.

“Philly,” I said with the requisite swag and pride that Philadelphians use to make sure you know that our city is better than yours.

“Ah, man, I *love* Philly!” He leaned in and whispered, “I had some things happen in Philly we not even gon' talk about.” Then he laughed and nodded, signifying some unspeakable wilder days in his youth.

“OK, that's it, it's perfect: Your character's from Philly. Will from Philly! Then he goes to Bel-Air!” He was back at full volume now. Quincy had clearly been tastin' a

little bit; I figured it was *his* house, and *his* birthday, and *his* Achievement Award, so if he wanted to be drunk and loud, then *gotdamnit, Quincy, you be drunk and loud!*

“Brandon! *Brandon!*” Quincy hollered across the room at a fortysomething-year-old white guy. The guy seemed low-key, understated attire, but everybody was fully attentive while he was talking. Well, until Quincy interrupted him, shouting his name, startling him and pretty much everyone else. Quincy waves him over.

“Brandon! It’s Philly to Bel-Air now!”

Brandon Tartikoff was the head of NBC, and the most powerful decision-maker at the network. He decided which shows were financed and aired on the station. He approached with his second in command, Warren Littlefield (Littlefield would ultimately end up running the network).

“Y’all come meet the Fresh Prince!” Quincy said. We all shook hands. They looked at me in a way that I missed back then, but I understand *today*—it’s the look that executives have when tens of hours of conversations have gone on about you behind your back. And they still haven’t quite decided if they’re going to roll the dice on you.

“OK, yeah, can I have everybody’s attention?” Quincy bellowed. “We gon’ have a audition. Clear the furniture out the living room!”

I was looking around, thinking, *Oh, wow—an audition at a party, that’s dope! Quincy is the man! I wonder who’s auditioning?*

“Get Will a copy of that Morris Day script, the one we were workin’ on,” Quincy said. At first slowly, and then painfully, I remember that *my* name was Will. My father had given it to me. And since he wasn’t here, and nobody else was moving. . . .

Reality took hold. Quincy Jones was asking me to do an impromptu audition in front of some of the biggest icons, present and past, in all of entertainment, not to mention the top brass at the National Broadcasting Company, home to *The Cosby Show*, *Cheers*, *The Golden Girls*, *L.A. Law*, and *Seinfeld*. My knees buckled. Couches were being moved and someone handed me a script.

I grabbed Quincy’s arm, probably a little harder than was respectful.

“Quincy, no, wait, no, I can’t *do* this now,” I whispered in his ear.

Quincy looked at me with an unflinching, tipsy joy.

“Y’all keep settin’ up!” he ordered the room. “I’m gon’ talk to Will in the library.”

. . .

Quincy Jones understands magic.

He sees the universe as an infinite playground of magical possibilities. He recognizes miraculous potential in every moment and every thing and everyone around him. His superpower is that he has learned to present himself to the universe as a lightning rod, placing himself perfectly to capture and conduct the ever-present, ever-recurring magical flashes of brilliance surrounding us all.

Quincy Jones is an intuitive, artistic storm chaser. He can sense the subtle flickerings of the *impossible* preparing to strike. He prepared himself for decades,

studying music, playing thousands of gigs, learning from masters, surrounding himself with the most accomplished performers and artists. Quincy used to say, “Things are *always* impossible, right up until they’re *not*!” He learned how to prepare the environment and invited the energy in; he saw himself as the “conductor,” both in the electrical sense and the musical definition. His main job was to keep all of us from missing the miracle, from blocking the subtle magical opportunity that was obviously (to him) presenting itself.

Gigi had a similar idea—she would say, “Don’t block your blessings.” Even though these possibilities are abundantly and perpetually flowing around us, we can miss them, or even worse, block or repel them.

Gigi used to love to tell the Bible story of the death of Lazarus. Lazarus was a great friend of Jesus, so when he fell ill and died, Lazarus’s sisters, Martha and Mary, were devastated. They had sent word to Jesus, begging him to hurry. Jesus had to walk two hot dusty days from the other side of the River Jordan. He was already exhausted—he’d worked all week, preaching during the Feast of Dedication. When he arrived in Bethany, Lazarus had already been dead and buried for four days. When Jesus approached the tomb, he saw that the rock was still in place at the mouth of the cave, as was the burial tradition of the time.

Jesus wept, perturbed, and said—and I paraphrase . . .

“So, lemme get this straight. Y’all made me walk fifteen frickin’ furlongs—’scuse my language—to hot-dag’on Bethany, where Pharisees and Sadducees is runnin’ around here like roaches just waiting for a chance to take a pop at me, to perform the miracle of raising your patriarch from the dead, restoring your family to blessed wholeness and light, and y’all can’t even move the rock from in front of the tomb? If I’m gonna raise this boy from the dead, the least y’all lazy jokas could do is move the dag’on rock!”

This was an idea that Quincy understood fully. Magic demands awareness (faith—you have to *believe* in magic); preparation (move the rock—we must identify and eradicate the poisonous resistances and impediments within ourselves); then, surrender (stay out of the way and trust the magic to do what it does). Quincy helped people get their rocks out of the way of the blessed light that is *always* trying to shine in. The universe *wants* you to have the miracle! Move the damn rock! Quincy was moving furniture, but he was trying to get *all* of us—me, Brandon, Benny, even himself—to move our rocks out of the way.

. . .

Quincy’s library was dark mahogany. High-back leather armchairs; I don’t know if the rugs were from Persia, but they looked expensive. I don’t remember much else about the room because I was blinded by the glare from the gaggle of Grammy, Tony, Emmy, and Academy Awards scattered around the place like butter knives in a Swiss Cottage hotel bathroom. A framed poster of Oprah Winfrey’s *The Color Purple*

hovered over my left shoulder; Michael Jackson's *Thriller* sales plaque loomed over my right—48,000,000 sold. (I could have just written the word “million,” but I wanted you to feel how many zeroes that is.) I felt Michael looking at me on his toes in the classic “Billie Jean” pose, as if he were saying, *So what are you gonna do, Will?*

I take a seat. Quincy stands in front of me. He's been here before. This is what he does. He moves rocks for a living.

“Talk to me, Philly,” he says. “What you need?”

“Quincy, I'm, I'm . . . not prepared to do an audition,” I stammered. “I didn't know, when you called, you know, what we were doing and all that.”

“It's only a couple of scenes. I got some people out there who will read with you. You just gotta be you and have fun.”

“Quincy, I can *not* do an audition in the middle of a party. I need to prepare, I just need some time, to work on it.”

“OK, I hear that—how much time you need?” Quincy asked.

“I mean, just, uh, give me a week, and I'll find an acting coach, and I can study it, so I can do it, not just read it.”

Quincy considered my words.

“OK, so you need a week?”

“Yes, a week, a week is *perfect!*”

“OK, so you know what's gonna happen in a week?” Quincy asked. But before I could answer, he said, “Brandon Tartikoff is going to have an emergency on one of his shows and he's gonna have to fly to Kansas to fire somebody. Then he's gonna have to reschedule for the following week.”

“Oh, cool, cool! *Two* weeks would be even better,” I said, missing the subtleties of Quincy's point.

“Right, two weeks. Then Warren Littlefield is gonna have something at his kids' elementary school that he forgot was on the schedule he can't get out of because his wife's going to tear him a new one if he doesn't show up. And *he's* gonna have to reschedule for two weeks after *that*.”

“Right,” I said, slowly starting to glean his point. “So, a month . . . ?”

Quincy leaned in, eyes crystal clear, suddenly sharp, totally sober.

“But right now, everybody that needs to say yes to this show is sitting out there in that living room waiting for *you*. And you are about to make a decision that will affect the rest of your life.”

I took it in. I looked at Michael, then to Oprah. They looked right back at me. *We know baby, it's hard.*

“Whatcha gon' do, Philly?”

“Fuck it,” I said. “Gimme ten minutes.”

. . .

I don't remember much about the audition—it's kind of a blurry collage of jokes, laughs, punch lines, and ad-libs—Quincy, then Brandon, Benny—twenty magical minutes culminating in an ovation from the entire room. The applause, like a defibrillator, jolted my awareness back into the moment, reestablishing my mental timeline.

Quincy stands up, aggressively pointing at Brandon Tartikoff.

"Did you like it?" Quincy screamed.

"Yes, yes, I liked it, Q," Brandon said calmly, keeping his cards close to his vest.

"Don't give me that shit! You know what I'm talkin' about! DID YOU LIKE IT?"

Brandon knew exactly what Quincy was talking about.

"Yes, Quincy, I *liked* it," Brandon said firmly, and confidently.

"Yes!" Quincy shouted, clapping his hands and turning to point at a different man, who turned out to be Brandon Tartikoff's chief legal counsel, who had been "strategically" invited to Quincy's party.

"You!" he said, to the man who was in mid-mini-pizza bite. "You're Brandon's lawyer. You heard what he just said. Draw me up a deal memo right now!"

I was thinking, *Damn, Quincy Jones got power. That's not even his lawyer! He makin' other people's lawyers do work, on Wednesday, at nine at night, at a party!*

The lawyer looked at Brandon; Brandon attempted to chime in.

"Quincy, listen—"

"NO PARALYSIS THROUGH ANALYSIS!" Quincy shouted. "Draw me up a deal memo, RIGHT NOW!"

Brandon relents and nods to his legal counsel, who steps up, exits to the NBC limousine where he would spend the next two hours drafting a deal memo.

Next, Quincy snaps around with the same aggressive index finger/magic wand, only this time it's pointing at me.

"You got a lawyer?"

"Well, no, no, not at the party . . ." I stuttered.

Quincy spins again, now in full magical conductor mode, wand pointing at a new victim.

"Get me Ken Hertz on the phone! That's Philly's new lawyer!"

(As a side note, Ken Hertz was in the maternity ward at Cedars-Sinai where his second daughter had just been born. But when you're a young lawyer, with a brand-new family, and you get a 10:00 p.m. call from Quincy Jones, and the maternity ward at Cedars-Sinai is twenty minutes from Quincy's house, you arrive in eighteen minutes. I met Ken Hertz that night; he represented me in the negotiations with NBC, and for every other deal since. He's still my lawyer to this day. He named his daughter Cori.)

I mentioned that Quincy had been drinking, right? There was no reason for him to be saying everything as loudly as he was saying it—it wasn't that big a room. We could all hear him perfectly well. But, maybe he knew he wasn't speaking to our *ears*—he was bellowing to reach the caverns behind the rocks, simultaneously conjuring

and welcoming the magic of the universe. I guess he wanted to be loud enough to make sure that the miracle didn't miss the house.

"NO PARALYSIS THROUGH ANALYSIS!" Quincy shouted again and again. He would intone this mantra nearly fifty times over the next two hours. It was the answer to every question, it was the response to every stutter, it was the solution to every legal problem. Until, two hours later, when Quincy Jones, Brandon Tartikoff, Benny Medina—and Will Smith—entered into an agreement to shoot a pilot for a television show tentatively titled *The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air*.

• • •

Now, this is a story all about how my life got flipped, turned upside down. And I'd like to take a minute, just sit right there—I'll tell you how I became the prince of a town called Bel-Air.

Six weeks earlier, I had been curled up in a ball in Marina del Rey, lost, depressed, and terrified. And just like that, the universe had given me a new family: James Avery. Janet Hubert-Whitten. Alfonso Ribeiro. Tatyana Ali. Karyn Parsons. Joseph Marcell.

James Avery: Uncle Phil. Six foot four, 320 pounds. Shakespearean actor. New father figure. Demanded the highest commitment to my craft. "You're not a rapper here—you're an actor. So, act like it." I spent the greater part of the next six years seeking his approval.

Janet Hubert-Whitten: The first Aunt Viv. Triple threat—singer, dancer, actress. Elite on all levels. Starred in *Cats* on Broadway. The conscience of the show. Fought tirelessly to maintain a dignified portrayal of African Americans on *The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air*. In hindsight, the show suffered after she left.

Alfonso Ribeiro: Carlton Banks. Acting since nine years old. "The Tap Dance Kid." Broadway; television; film. Unflinching ally, great friend—he rode with me no matter what. Gave me the best advice ever ("Hey, man, I hear the producers discussing names for your character. Take it from me: Give your character *your* name, Will Smith. Because people are going to call you that for the rest of your life." —Carlton).

Tatyana Ali: Ashley Banks. Eleven years old and still had more experience than me. Singer, dancer, actress: *Sesame Street*, *Star Search*, Eddie Murphy's *Raw*, performing with Samuel L. Jackson. Would spend her teenage years on set ultimately educating herself to Harvard University. One of the most disciplined people I've ever met.

Karyn Parsons: Hilary Banks. The least experienced next to me. Beat out a slew of Hollywood big hitters to win her role. Was smart enough to tell me "hell no" when I tried to explain that we were not *really* cousins so it would be fine if we dated. ("I swear it won't mess up our working relationship." She knew better than that—good call, K.P.)

Joseph Marcell: Geoffrey Butler. Royal Shakespeare Company; Globe Theater: *Othello*, *King Lear*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; Solly Two Kings in August

Wilson's *Gem of the Ocean*. Producers of *Fresh Prince* were torn between him and another actor. My first *Fresh Prince* flex was "I want Joseph Marcell."

• • •

In Hollywood terms, the conception, casting, writing, deal making, set design, shooting, editing, and airing of *The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air* hovered on the border of the miraculous. Shows don't happen this fast. Everything went perfectly. Quincy's party had been on March 14, 1990; the writing, auditions, final casting, and deal making was completed by the end of April. Staffing, set design, wardrobe, et cetera, were completed, and we were shooting the pilot in mid-May. The show was edited and tested in late July; we promoted in August, and it aired on September 10, 1990.

There was no paralysis through analysis.

And I *loved* it.

I found my thing. The world of acting unleashed all the artistic impulses within me. It was the first external canvas that felt big enough to hold the landscapes of my imagination. My musical expression always felt narrow and constrained by the limits of my skills and talents. Making music felt like living in a great neighborhood, whereas acting felt like being set free in an infinite universe. As an actor, I would get to be anybody, go anywhere, and do anything: world champion boxer, fighter pilot, tennis coach, galaxy defender, cop, lawyer, businessman, doctor, lover, preacher, genie—I would even get to be a fish. Acting encompasses all the things that I am—storyteller, performer, comedian, musician, teacher.

Don't get me wrong: I really like making music; but I *love* acting.

• • •

Mom-Mom was an avid reader. Her every free moment was spent between the pages of everything from Edgar Allan Poe to Agatha Christie to Toni Morrison to Stephen King to Maya Angelou to Sherlock Holmes and Sidney Poitier's autobiography. She would often talk about a book that "spoke to her soul" or "she just couldn't put it down." It had penetrated her and transformed her way of seeing or being, but I had never experienced that. I was well into my twenties before I actually read an entire book cover to cover.

The Alchemist, a novel by Brazilian author Paulo Coelho, was my first literary love affair. The book spoke to my soul, and I just couldn't put it down. It penetrated me and transformed my way of seeing and being.

The Alchemist is the journey of a young Andalusian shepherd boy named Santiago. He has a recurring dream of a hidden treasure buried at the pyramids of Giza, in Egypt. The dream beckons him so profoundly that he sells his entire flock, gives up his life in southern Spain, and sets out to follow the whispers of his heart to Egypt, to pursue

what Paulo Coelho describes as his “Personal Legend,” his divine calling, what I think of as his destiny, his dharma.

But Santiago’s journey is not an easy one. I cheered and feared and jeered every step of the way as he was loved and hated and helped and hindered along his perilous path. I felt like I *was* Santiago, my hidden treasure buried somewhere under the Hollywood sign. *The Alchemist* is probably the most influential book I’ve ever read. It empowered my dreamer’s spirit and validated my suffering. If Santiago could suffer, survive, and claim his treasure, then so could I.

An alchemist is a spiritual chemist, a master of transmutation. The great feat of an alchemist is that they can do the impossible: They can turn *lead* into *gold*. This concept erupted in my mind—the ability to take anything that life gives you and turn it into gold.

Gigi could take the last half glass of Welch’s grape juice and mix it with the last swallow of Dole pineapple juice, throw in some Kool-Aid packets, dice up some lemon and the other half of the orange she was just eating, and swirl it all together with a blast of Canada Dry ginger ale—freeze it—and hand you the best damn Popsicle you’ve ever had in your life. This was *after* you’d looked in the refrigerator five separate times and each time told her that there was *nothing* in there.

Quincy Jones is an alchemist, and he had set my mind on fire; I had never met anybody like him. I wanted to be an alchemist, too. I wanted to be able to transform anything and everything that life gave me into gold.

The universe had given me a second chance, and I swore to God that I would *not* need a third.

ADAPTATION

JL refused to come to LA.

The whole “TV thing” was disconcerting to him—it was all happening too fast, it was out of left field and outside his expertise. I’d been to Quincy Jones’s birthday party, and the next day I had a TV show? There was no plan, no strategy, and we were all still trying to recover from the catastrophic financial and creative collapse of DJ Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince. And *now*, I wanted JL to pack up everything and move to Los Angeles because Quincy Jones is . . . an *alchemist*?

Tanya and I had gotten a new apartment in Burbank, walking distance to NBC. My full focus was clearly now on television. And making this pilot episode *hot*.

“Dude. You need to be in the studio doing what you do,” JL implored.

“J, I’m *tellin’* you, our future is out *here*! Our music shit is dead.”

“Well, that’s not true. . . . But whatever you need me for, I can do it from Philly.”

“J, you don’t *understand*—you have to be *out* here. It’s not scheduled meetings and structured like that. People make decisions at birthday parties and in fucking *diners*.”

JL knows me as well as anybody on this earth. He saw me (and sometimes *still* sees me) as an impetuous artist who needs to be protected from myself. He saw *himself* as the final checkpoint of sanity keeping Will from driving us all off a cliff. JL couldn’t stomach the uncertainty and the tornado of change that he felt was endangering our recovery.

Omarr moved immediately; Charlie came out every week.

(Just as a piece of *Fresh Prince of Bel-Air* trivia: In the opening credits of the show, when I get in “one little fight and my mom got scared,” the person I get into “one little fight” with, the guy who is spinning me around and precipitating my departure for California? That’s Charlie Mack.)

I figured if I could convince Jeff to come to LA, then JL would see that all of us were out here. So, without even telling Jeff, I went to the producers at NBC and pitched them a character for him to play on the show. I told them he was my music partner and that he was a bigger star in the hip-hop community than I was—our fans would go crazy if they saw Jeff on the show.

Obviously, they were worried about adding *yet another* Philly homeboy who had *zero* acting experience into a prime-time sitcom. But this became my second *Fresh Prince* flex. They reluctantly agreed to “test” him in six episodes—or a quarter of the first season.

Excited, I hit Jeff to tell him the news.

“Ah, man, thanks,” he said, “but I’m not really feelin’ that TV actin’ stuff—that’s *you*. I just wanna do music.”

I was dumbstruck.

“Jeff. You can do music in LA—they got studios out here like we got liquor stores and churches. Plus, they’re offering you ten grand per episode. That’s easy money, man.”

Silence.

“Jeff?”

“I’m just not feelin’ it, man. . . . That LA shit’s not me. I’m a Philly boy.”

I wanted to scream, *What the fuck are you talking about? You are broke. You are back in your mom’s basement. You don’t have a choice.*

But instead, I just said, “OK. I’ll holla at you later.”

. . .

Change can be scary, but it’s utterly unavoidable. In fact, impermanence is the only thing you can truly rely on. If you are unwilling or unable to pivot and adapt to the incessant, fluctuating tides of life, you will not enjoy being here. Sometimes, people try to play the cards that they *wish* they had, instead of playing the hand they’ve been dealt. The capacity to adjust and improvise is arguably the single most critical human ability.

There’s a Buddhist parable that has guided me through many a perilous transition: A man is standing on the banks of a treacherous, raging river. It’s rainy season—if he can’t get to the other side, he’s done. He quickly builds a raft and uses it to safely cross the river. In joyous relief, he high-fives himself, lifts the raft, and heads toward the forest.

But as he attempts to make his way through the dense tree cover, the raft is banging and knocking into trees and becoming entangled in vines, preventing him from moving forward. He only has one chance for survival: He must leave the raft behind—the vessel that saved his life yesterday is the same one that will kill him today if he does not let it go.

The raft represents our outmoded ideas and old ways of thinking that no longer serve us. For example, the same angry, aggressive persona you cultivated as a child to protect yourself from bullies and predators will now destroy every relationship you have if you’re unwilling to let it go. Things can be perfectly useful and absolutely necessary during certain periods of our lives. But a time will come when we must put them aside or die.

Simply put, if we don’t adapt, we become extinct. I saw JL’s and Jeff’s choice to stay in Philly as a death sentence for both of them. But I also knew that I wouldn’t allow it.

• • •

The *Fresh Prince of Bel-Air* was behind the 8 ball from the beginning.

A show of this size would usually have been greenlit nine months earlier. Because of the truncated, damn-near-impossible shooting schedule, decisions were having to be made in real time across the spectrum of the entire production. In JL's absence, Benny Medina stepped up in a managerial capacity. He became the contact for all things "Will Smith." Benny knew what he was doing, and he knew how to get things done. But my heart hurt being in LA without JL and Jeff.

I had to get them out here, so I threw up a Hail Mary at the buzzer: I told JL that I would record another album if he agreed to spend one week out of every month in LA. At the time, I didn't see music as any major part of my future, but I didn't tell him that; I just needed him in LA.

Now, I had to convince Jeff.

"Look, man, just do *three* episodes. If you hate it, you only got three to go. If you love it, you can get a spot out here and we'll go back to the producers and get you more. *And* we can record! The worst-case scenario? You clear sixty grand for being on a network television show, and at a minimum? More pussy."

I wasn't entirely sure which part of that argument sold Jeff, but I didn't care—he was coming.

(*FP* trivia moment: Jeff went on to become one of the most beloved characters on the show, and he loved it. His signature comedic bit was Uncle Phil throwing him out of the house. During the shooting of the pilot episode, no one knew that this bit would catch on, so we only had one shot of Jeff flying out of the house. The interior of the Bel-Air mansion and the exterior are two different locations, and we only had a one-day shoot at the exterior location. So, we had to use the same shot of Jeff being thrown out over and over. Therefore, any time you see Jeff enter with the brown-and-white Aztec-patterned shirt, you know that he'll be thrown out in that scene.)

The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air premiered on September 10, 1990, and was an immediate success, becoming the highest-rated debut show of that season. That meant there were definitely going to be more seasons.

Opportunities were heating up, but despite it all, JL was *still* skeptical. Even a year later and tens of millions of weekly viewers, JL kept his bedroom at his mother's house in Philly. I guess in his defense, it was barely a year ago that he had seen me burn through three million dollars, not pay a single dime to the IRS, collapse DJ Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince over chicken fingers and rum punches, and then blithely move to LA to become a TV star.

When I put it like that, I guess it's amazing that he still took my calls. But even though he was denying it, it was undeniable: the show was a hit, the iron was hot, and it was time to strike.

I was hungry, focused, and excited about the new life I was being blessed to undertake. But my personal and professional crash and burn had taught me a harsh,

universal lesson: Nothing lasts forever. *Everything* rises and falls—no matter how hot the summer gets, the winter is inevitable. I promised myself I would never get caught sleeping again. That during the good times, I would plant and nurture the seeds of the “next thing.” And if I was truly wise, and attuned to the movements of the industry, I would be able to time the harvest of the next thing impeccably, just before the death of the old thing. In the same way that my music career was scorching hot, then icy cold, I knew the same thing would one day happen in TV. I was about to be on blaze—but one day, I knew I’d be cold again. I asked myself: *After television, what would be my next thing?* There was only one answer: *movies*.

But I also made a deeper, more problematic conclusion: that love and relationships were also subject to the universal law of impermanence. I vowed to never get caught without my eye on my next love. My heart had been crushed, and I was *certain* that it would happen again. I knew there would be a blissful, springtime meeting; a hot summer whirlwind; a melancholy fall; and then an icy winter death. I decided that my only emotional defense against this brutal cosmic certainty was to outcreate the cycle of destruction. In my mind, I knew I had to be like Tarzan: catching the next vine just as I let go of the old one. If I could grab the new thing, while simultaneously releasing the dying thing, I could avoid and escape the harshest elements of winter and indefinitely sustain the vibrance of springtime bliss.

• • •

Sitcom television is the individual, undisputed, greatest job on earth.

A sitcom workweek was five days to produce one episode. Monday was the table read—actors, producers, writers sit around a table and read the script aloud. Everybody would give notes, and overnight the writers would deliver a new draft. Tuesday and Wednesday were playtime: the actors onstage trying to breathe life into the words. *This* was the part that made sitcom television the best job. We got paid to laugh, joke, play, create, debate, grow, and love on each other. At the end of each day, we would do a run-through for the writers and show them what we had come up with. And Tuesday and Wednesday night they would make adjustments, improving the script.

Thursday was a technical run-through. Lights, sound, cameras, all figuring out how they would cover the action of the scenes. And then . . . Friday: the live, in-studio audience.

Friday nights on the set of *The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air* were like being at the hottest club in the city—everybody who was anybody made their way to our tapings. The top comedians on the mic, the most gorgeous Hollywood starlets, professional athletes, musicians—a who’s who of the flyest of the fly.

And then there was our unique competitive advantage: Everybody in our cast could sing and dance. So, between scenes, Alfonso would perform Michael Jackson; Joe Marcell would sing some obscure, hilarious British show tune; James Avery would

demonstrate all the old-school dances; Janet Hubbert-Whitten was an Alvin Ailey-trained dancer, and a Juilliard-trained actor and singer; even Tatyana, at eleven years old, was jumpin' in the game. And then, as if all that wasn't enough to send the studio audience into hysteria, we dropped our nuke: DJ Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince would perform live every Friday night. Our between-scene moments were as iconic as anything we ever put on camera.

This was heaven. A new family, a new home, a new life.

• • •

The message read, *I need a cut of that Will Smith business.*

JL received this message from an infamous LA gangbanger with a reputation for shakedowns, violent extortion, and charging “fees” for “protection.” JL decided not to respond. We were no strangers to violence and attempted intimidation. We had guys in Philly who were more than prepared to make trips to “handle things” if we needed it.

But LA was different. There was a brazenness and a pervasiveness that made us feel uncertain. In Philly, you could easily discern the dangerous areas and avoid them—you knew if the trash wasn't getting picked up, if there were cars parked on the sidewalk, abandoned buildings on the same block as family homes, you had to be careful in that neighborhood. And of course, the projects—you knew what that was. But in LA, the “worst” neighborhoods would have green grass and palm trees. Carjackings *in broad daylight* were common—you could get caught slipping anywhere. We couldn't work out where to drive or what to wear . . . it all felt dangerously confusing. *None* of us carried guns in Philly; *all* of us carried guns in LA.

There were now five messages for JL. *I need a cut of that Will Smith business. You should probably respond.* We had heard the stories about this dude—he would just take people's money, force them to sign over their publishing, strong-arming people throughout the industry. We were new to LA, and we did *not* want trouble. But if trouble wanted us, we were right here.

JL decided to take the call.

“This is James Lassiter. How can I help you?”

“You a hard man to get in touch with,” the dude said. “I'm thinkin' I need to get into that Will Smith business.”

“OK,” JL responded, taking a pause to measure his next move. “I think we can do that.”

“Good, good . . .,” the dude said.

“But I have a partner,” JL interjected. “I don't make the final decision. You'll need to speak with him.”

“OK, let's set that up.”

“Absolutely; immediately. My partner works at the Federal Bureau of Investigation,” JL said evenly. “I'll set the call. And any deal that you and he come up with, I'm down for it.”

We never heard from him again.

• • •

A threat is one thing; violence is something else.

But when you grow up in violent environments, your mind adapts to perceive threats *everywhere*. You reason that you cannot afford to get caught slipping, even once. You begin to respond to a *perceived* threat and to *actual* violence equally, even though they're very different things. There's an old adage: I'd rather be judged by twelve than carried by six.

It was a Wednesday. We were struggling on set, trying to make a scene work. We all felt it—the writing wasn't landing as authentic or funny. So I took it upon myself to begin making changes to the scene. When the producers came down and saw all of the “unilateral” adjustments I'd made, they immediately called the leadership at NBCP (the production arm of the network), who demanded that we stop production and come to the office right now.

Benny Medina, JL, me, and Jeff Pollack (Benny Medina's television partner) headed to the “emergency meeting” in the exec's office. There were two couches facing each other, with a wooden coffee table in between, and a huge etched-glass desk at one end.

The executive was standing, leaning against his desk, facing the two couches. His posture suggested that he was in charge and that he was pissed. We entered and took our seats in front of the “headmaster.” JL and Benny sat on one couch, and me and Jeff Pollack sat facing them on the other.

No formalities, no hellos, no hearing our side of the story.

“So, you're a big man, huh?” the executive asked me.

I didn't totally understand the question, so I didn't respond. He begins to circle the perimeter of the two couches. It felt like the scene from *New Jack City* when Wesley Snipes was trying to get somebody to explain to him how the Carter got infiltrated.

“So, you can unilaterally change any of the words you want on a network sitcom, huh?”

At that moment, he's standing behind me. I made eye contact with JL. *Is this dude about to swing on me?*

JL looks at me as if to say, *I got my eye on him—if he even flinches, I got you.*

“Hundreds of millions of dollars, multiple partners, a shit-ton of fucking veterans of the business . . . and *you* get to decide what the words are?”

At this point, he has circled behind the other couch and behind JL. I give J the same look he gave me. *If he even flinches, I got you.*

The executive now circles back behind me. Jeff Pollack, the only white person in our group, begins to explain.

“I'm not sure you've been brought up to speed on the totality and the complexity of the situation. . . .”

“Well, hold on, Jeff, I know what I need to know . . .” said the executive. Now, he’s over my right shoulder, and his voice is beginning to rise.

“I’ve seen this happen a thousand fucking times. You can be gone just as fast as you got here. . . .”

In front of JL, on the coffee table, is one of those five-pound glass snow globes. JL surreptitiously grabs it and sits it in his lap. Our eyes locked. He has a different look this time.

Whatever you wanna do, homie.

I jump up and spin, stepping around the couch, coming face-to-face with the exec.

“What the fuck you wanna do, bitch?” I sneered.

JL jumps up, now fully brandishing the snow globe.

“Hold on, guys, hold on,” Benny Medina implores.

“Back up, Jeff,” JL says. Since Jeff came with us, he’s confused about JL’s tone and energy toward him, especially as all he did was stand up. But JL has a five-pound snow globe in his hand, so Jeff does as he’s told and quickly backs up.

“Who the fuck is you talkin’ to?” I woofed at the executive. In retrospect, I did notice that the man’s eyes were completely surrendered and that he had *no* idea what was happening. He clearly had never been called a bitch in his life and wanted no beef whatsoever.

“Who the fuck is you squarin’ off on?” I was fully in it now. I could tell he wanted to respond, but he was still stuck trying to unravel the urban koan *What the fuck you wanna do, bitch?*

“Will, uhm, clearly we’ve gotten off on the wrong foot, here,” he said sweetly, his left hand now holding his lower back.

“You damn right! You standin’ up screamin’ on motherfuckers. Sit *down* when you talk to me.”

“But, Will,” he said, even more sweetly, “I just had major back surgery and the doctor told me that I should stand up when I’m . . .”

“You gon’ sit the fuck down when you talk to me,” I growled.

“But, Will, the doc . . .”

“SIT. THE. FUCK. DOWN!”

He gingerly made his way over to the edge of his big glass desk, delicately placing his hand to brace himself. Wincing, he lowered himself painfully onto the edge of the desk.

Benny had seen enough. “OK, we’re good. You guys, go,” he said. “JL, put the snow globe down.”

Jeff steps in front of the exec and gestures for JL and I to leave the room. We comply. As we’re exiting, we hear Jeff whisper, “We are so sorry.”

. . .

WHAT THE HELL WAS THAAAAAAT?”

Jeff Pollack is screaming at the top of his lungs in the parking lot. This was the only time I ever heard Jeff raise his voice.

“Dude looked like he was about to swing on me,” I said in my defense.

I had heard the term before, people “pulling their hair out,” but this was the only time I’d ever *seen* it in real life. Jeff was actually taking two fistfuls of his own hair and tugging on them as if he wanted to rip them out of his scalp.

“A sixty-four-year-old television executive with a bad back was going to ‘swing on you’?”

Me and JL kinda looked at each. In the office, we had been certain; but when you hear it in a parking lot, it feels like it *might* not hold up in court.

“Well, why was he standin’ up, walkin’ around us, like he was gon’ do somethin’?” I asked, in a last-ditch defense of my perception.

“WHAT. THE. HELL. WAS. HE. GOING. TO. DO? He’s just had major invasive lumbar decompression surgery!”

“OK, guys, let’s take a break,” Benny said compassionately. “I gotta call Quincy.”
Oh, shit, Quincy.

I immediately rushed to try to call Q first.

“Quincy’s on a call right now, Will, can I have him return?”

Fuck, no, tell him to hang up with NBC and hear my side of the story first.

“Sure, that would be great, thanks,” I said.

After the worst thirty minutes of my life, he hit me back.

“I think I fucked up,” I blurted.

“It’s fine—people cuss each other out all the time,” Quincy said. “Just never put your hands on nobody. I talked to ’em, it’s good. What happened on set?”

“I changed some lines in the script because they was tryin’ to have me say some whack shit. They tryin’ to tell *me* what a dude from Philly would say. And I’m like, that line’s not *real*. . . .”

“Oh, so it was a *creative* disagreement . . .” Quincy said.

“I guess that’s what they call it in LA,” I said.

“You have a script right there?” Quincy asked.

“Yeah, I got one right here.”

“OK. What’s it say on the cover?”

“Uhhmm,” I said, confused, “*The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air?*”

“Right. And who’s the Fresh Prince?” Quincy barked.

“Me,” I said.

“EXACTLY! Don’t nobody know what the fuck you’re supposed to say better than you. If they could do what you do, they wouldn’t have hired you. You say what you wanna say, the way you wanna say it. And when somebody has a problem with it, tell ’em to call me.”

I was barely twenty-two years old, and Quincy Jones had just empowered me to say whatever I wanted to say on a network television show. He took my side over producers, writers, executives, advertisers, everybody.

He bet on me.
“Yes, sir,” I said.

• • •

JL and I were shook up by how thoroughly we had misread the snow globe situation. We were coming from violent homes and violent neighborhoods and the violent music world. It was not unreasonable to think that an executive might get violent. We felt cornered and vulnerable. JL and I had been 100 percent certain that that executive was going to hit me.

It’s amazing how skewed your vision can become when you see the present through the lens of your past. It was a very difficult psychological rehabilitation for us to learn how to put down the snow globe.

• • •

As per my agreement with JL, me and Jeff went to work on our fourth album, which would become *Homebase*. But Jeff and I were on TV now, so we were essentially moonlighting from our day jobs to make music. We were used to open-ended creative time; in the past, we’d blocked out months to conceive, write, and record (and consume chicken fingers). But now, because of the specific and limited time frames, we had to be laser-focused and razor-sharp with every single moment of studio time. To quote Daddio, “There was no bullshittin’ while we were on the clock.” The result was, as opposed to *And in This Corner . . .*, for *Homebase* we made twice as many songs in half as much time for a quarter of the budget. And the songs were better.

Another by-product of our television success was that we were freed from the pressure of *needing* the record to be a hit. If the album bombed, we would be fine—our rents (and our tax liabilities) were getting paid with *Bel-Air* money. We got to have fun again—it was just me and Jeff being me and Jeff, getting back to what made us great. We were getting back to our home base.

It was also the first time we opened up our creative process to new producers and other creative voices. I had been working in Chicago, finishing my vocals on the album with a couple of young Jive Records producers named Hula and Fingers. Jeff was doing the final mixing in New York, and I was booked on a 6:00 p.m. flight from O’Hare to LAX. Me, Hula, and Fingers had partied hard the night before, celebrating the completion of *Homebase*. I had blown my voice out yelling all night in the club. On the way to O’Hare, I stopped by the studio to pick up a couple of CDs of the sequenced album so I could listen on the plane. Hula gave me the CD, I tucked it in my backpack, and headed to the door.

Fingers called after me. “Hey, man, there’s one more track that we were messin’ with. Jeff said he likes it. He told us to give it to you and see if you wanted to lay

something real quick.”

I was exhausted, my voice was blown out, I was ready to get home to LA, and plus, the album was finished. Fingers was holding out a CD with the word “Untitled” in Magic Marker across the top. Just seeing the word “Untitled” was exasperating. Even the thought of having to write a whole new song made my stomach hurt. I was done.

“Hey, Fingers,” I said, “I appreciate you, man, y’all have done great work. But I’m exhausted; I mean, listen to my voice. I couldn’t lay nothin’ if I *wanted* to. You would probably have to get *Jesus* to hand me that CD for me to write another song.”

The guys laughed, but out of courtesy I took the CD.

I arrived at Chicago O’Hare an hour before my flight to the announcement that Flight 1024 to Los Angeles has been delayed ninety minutes.

Gotdamnit—why is it always like that? The more you wanna get home, the more delayed your damn flight is.

I found a quiet corner, put my headphones on, and decided to listen to “Untitled.” The track opened with Fingers’s voice into a crazy drum drop with a rising crowd cheer.

*Druuuuuuumz, pleeeeeease
Aaaaaaaa, yeah!*

And then a sultry female voice:

*Summer, summer, summertime
Time to sit back and unwind*

“Oh. My. God.”

I must have looked crazy in that airport lounge; I had that face that musicians get when a track is bangin’. It’s like you smellin’ something *nasty*. My head was about to bop off my shoulders.

I quickly grabbed my rhyme book from my backpack, and the next two hours was nothing short of divine intervention. I didn’t *write* “Summertime” as much as I *channeled* it. My mind collapsed into the bliss of summertime in Philadelphia. I felt myself floating through my childhood summer memories and my hand was just along for the ride, trying to keep up. “Summertime” is the only song I’ve ever written from beginning straight through to the end and didn’t edit or change a single word. The lyrics, as they appear on the final cut, are *exactly* as they came through. It was a pure stream of consciousness. I would later learn a term that resonated deeply with my experience at O’Hare that night: *psychography*, or automatic writing, is a theoretical psychic ability allowing someone to produce written words without *consciously*

writing. (Skeptics call it self-delusion; I call it “another Grammy” and “my first #1 record.”)

“Flight 1024 is now boarding. . . .”

“Shit.”

I knew this song was crazy. And if I didn’t record it today, it wasn’t going to be on the album. I could hear Quincy in my head, *Whatcha gon’ do, Philly?*

“Fuck it.”

I popped up, back in the car, back to the studio.

My voice was wrecked. The pitch and tone of voice I was famous for was high, up-tempo, and wrapped in a smile. But every time I reached for that energy in the studio that night, my voice would crack and fail. Hula and Fingers kept telling me, “Don’t worry about it—just work with what you got. Lay down in that lower register. Gimme some Rakim. . . .”

That was exactly the direction I needed. Rakim was hands down my favorite rapper at the time. So, I settled down and decided to play the cards I’d been dealt, rather than the ones I wished I had.

My vocal delivery on “Summertime” shocked the hip-hop world. It was released on May 20, 1991, and within a month, it had hit #1 on the Hot R&B/Hip-Hop and #4 on the Billboard Hot 100 charts. The music video was recorded back home in Philly with me and Jeff’s real family and friends.

Homebase went platinum within two months. It won an American Music Award and snatched our second Grammy. (Just as a piece of Jazzy Jeff and Fresh Prince trivia, we boycotted when “Parents Just Don’t Understand” won our first Grammy, and “Summertime” was nominated against the monster Naughty by Nature hit “O.P.P.” And I was *positive* we were going to lose, so I didn’t go. Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince now had two Grammys, and I had yet to make an appearance anywhere near the award show.)

. . .

Meanwhile, in my other career . . .

I studied my lines obsessively. In those early days of the *Fresh Prince*, I was so terrified of failing that I would memorize the entire screenplay—not just my lines, but everybody’s. It was the only thing that kept my anxieties at bay. If I was going to lose, it was damn sure going to be somebody’s else’s fault.

I may have overdone it slightly. I was so prepared that I was unconsciously mouthing all the other actor’s lines on camera *as they said them*.

Fortunately, there’s an interesting thing that happens when you watch TV—your eyes focus on the person who’s talking. This is a form of something called “inattention blindness.” Daniel Simons, in *Smithsonian* magazine, describes it like this: “This form of invisibility depends not on the limits of the eye, but on the limits of the mind. We consciously see only a small subset of our visual world, and when our

attention is focused on one thing, we fail to notice other, unexpected things around us—including those we might want to see.”

A perfect example of this phenomenon is in season 1, episode 5, “Homeboy, Sweet Homeboy.” Don Cheadle plays my boy from Philly, Ice Tray. If you look closely, you’ll see that I’m mouthing Don’s lines. But even though I’m front and center, mouthing away like an idiot, you didn’t notice at home because your attention was focused on the actor who was speaking: inattentive blindness. Feel free to pull up that episode and watch me nincompoop my way through the scene.

Karyn was nominated to break the embarrassing news to me. Of course, I denied it, and was horrified (and remain so) when I was shown the excruciating evidence. To this day, I cannot bear to watch that episode.

All of these world-class, stage-trained master thespians, and the dumbass rapper is mouthing their words back to them. And the show is named after *him*.

It took me a couple of weeks to break the simian habit. I would be in a scene, damn near biting through my bottom lip. But I got it.

• • •

There were very few people in my life I wanted to impress more than James Avery. James had been acting longer than I had been alive, and he was my paragon, the pinnacle of dramatic presence. I desperately wanted him to think I was a good actor.

But nothing I did impressed James Avery.

He played my father figure on the show and slowly assumed the role in real life. He was demanding and always pushing me to “master my instrument” as an actor.

“You can do jokes with your eyes closed,” he’d say. “You have that naturally, and it’s beautiful to watch. But you have deeper talent in there,” he said, tapping on my chest emphatically, “that you can’t even imagine yet. And you’re never going to find it if you don’t *reach* for it. There’s a difference between talent and skill. Talent comes from God—you’re born with it. Skill comes from sweat and practice and commitment. Don’t just skate through this opportunity. Hone your craft.”

One of the proudest moments of my career was in one of the most famous episodes of *The Fresh Prince*, “Papa’s Got a Brand New Excuse.” In the show, Will’s biological father, Lou, played by Ben Vereen, comes back into his life and spends time with him again. Will is thrilled to have his father back, but Uncle Phil is skeptical. This drives a wedge between Will and Uncle Phil.

Will’s father, a big-rig trucker, invites Will to travel with him over the summer. Will is excited and decides to go against Uncle Phil’s urgings. The climax of the episode happens when Will’s father comes up with an excuse and cancels the father-son trip and disappears again, leaving Will brokenhearted with Uncle Phil trying to console him.

This was the most demanding dramatic scene for my character of the entire series. It was me going toe-to-toe with James Avery. Master actors revel in the opportunity to go

head-to-head in a scene with other masters. But I was not a master—I was a scared little boy in the shadow of a giant. When actors have these types of scenes, you know they’re coming for weeks; everybody else knows it, too. The anticipation wreaks havoc on your sleep, on your appetite, on your memory, on your nerves. On set, dramatic scenes have the energy of a prizefight—cast and crew lean forward in their seats to see if you’ll bring it home. But the studio audience has no idea, and you want to shock and surprise them.

It was Friday night; the audience was in place and the episode was going along great. And then the final scene.

I had studied day and night. I felt ready. But on the first take, I froze. My mind went blank, and I missed my second line. I was anxious and trying too hard, speaking too fast, stumbling through my words. The director quickly yelled cut to not blow the surprise for the audience. But I snapped.

“FUUUUUUUUCK!” I bellowed at the top of my lungs. “FUUUUUUUUCK!” The veins in my neck bulging, my fists balled tight.

“HEY!” James yelled, snapping me back to attention.

“Settle down,” he whispered. Then, pointing his index and middle finger to his own eyes, he gave me the universal signal for *Focus on me*.

He leaned into my ear.

“Use *me*. Look into my eyes and talk to *me*.”

I fell into his gaze, somehow plugging into his power, our stare, unbroken, until he felt I had been sufficiently fueled. James didn’t wait for the director; he called action from the floor.

The next take is what appeared in the actual episode:

Uncle Phil: I’m sorry. I, you know, if there was something that I could do—

Will: You know what, you ain’t got to do nothing, Uncle Phil. It ain’t, like, I’m still five years old, you know? Ain’t like I’m gonna be sitting up every night asking my mom, “When’s Daddy coming home?” you know? Who needs him? Hey, he wasn’t there to teach me how to shoot my first basket. But I learned, didn’t I? I got pretty damn good at it, too, didn’t I, Uncle Phil? Got through my first date without him. Right? learned how to drive. I learned how to shave. I learned how to fight without him. I had fourteen great birthdays without him. He never even sent me a damn card! [Screams toward the empty door] TO HELL WITH HIM!

I ain’t need him then, and I don’t need him now.

Uncle Phil: Will . . .

Will: No, you know what Uncle Phil? I’m going to get through college without him. I’m gonna get a great job without him. I’m-a marry me a beautiful honey. And I’m-a have me a whole bunch of kids. I’ll be a better father than he ever was. And I sure as hell don’t need him for that, because they ain’t a damn thing he could ever teach me about how to love my kids.

And after a beat, Will starts crying and says, “How come he don’t want me, man?”

Uncle Phil lovingly gathers Will into his arms. The shot slowly pans away onto a statue of a father and son Will had purchased as a gift. In the embrace, James Avery whispers in my ear.

“Now, *that* is fucking acting.”

DESIRE

What does he want?

As an actor, this is the single most important question to ask of the character you are preparing to portray. His “want”/dramatic quest is the first pillar of behavior. What someone desires is a portal into the essential truth of their personality. If you want to understand why someone did something, you need only answer the question, *What did he want?* An actor’s overarching focus is to unearth the “system of wants” that intertwine and sometimes collide within the mind of a character to create their psychological driving force. Acting is like building out a new personality for yourself from scratch.

(Once you have a foundational comprehension of a character’s central motivation, the real acting fun begins with the second question: *Why does he want it?* But that’s for later.)

The war between desire and obstacle is the heart and soul of dramatic storytelling (sometimes, the obstacles are *internal*—those are the fun ones). In filmmaking circles, there is a simple axiom that describes the structure of a great character journey: *somebody wants something badly, and goes for it, against all odds.* (Another variation is, *a person falls into a hole, and tries to get out.*) If you think about any movie you’ve ever liked, any character you’ve ever rooted for, it’s because they wanted something you could relate to and they struggled, risking life and limb, to achieve it.

What’s true about movies is also true about life: You tell me what you *want*, and I’ll tell you who you *are*.

• • •

What are we doin’, man?” JL asked me one day, out of nowhere.

“What do you mean?”

“I mean, everything. There are too many people, there are too many things happening—I can’t function like this. If you want me to help you, I need to know what I’m helping you to do.”

“Shit is goin’ good, J. I think you just not seein’ it.”

“No,” JL insisted, “I *am* seeing it. I’m seeing it all over the place, and unfocused, and I’m seeing us about to do the same shit we did last time. I’m not gonna be out here just winging it. I need to know what the *goal* is.”

I didn't really understand his question. In my mind, he was just scared. I knew he didn't do well with disorganization. He was a minimalist, damn near an ascetic—he had very few clothes, his bedroom was always kept in impeccable condition, and everything in his life had a place and a purpose. And when things weren't neatly arranged, in a way he could get his head around, he'd feel disrupted, disturbed, and ultimately would want no part of it. So I was trying to give him a stabilizing, simple answer.

"The goal is to not be broke, J," I said. "To be able to have fun, to be able to travel and live how we want. To not have the IRS taking our shit no more."

"So, technically, that's *five* goals. And that's my problem: What is the dream? What are we trying to build? What do you want?" he pressed definitively.

I had never said this out loud before. I had tried the phrase in my head a few times, but I had never given it voice.

Mom-Mom once laid out about fifty family photos of me and my brother and sisters, all throughout our childhood. She stood smugly over them and asked me if I noticed anything. I scoured the pictures like a detective trying to discover the clue that would break the case. After a few minutes, I gave up.

"I don't notice anything, Mom," I said.

"Look at your brother and sisters. Notice how in some pictures they're looking off to the side, or their faces are twisted, or hidden behind someone. Now look at you. There is not a single photo where you are not looking *directly* into the camera."

I've always had a sense of the camera. I love performing. I like the camera, and more important, it likes me. I had held a secret dream for as long as I could remember. I didn't even feel comfortable dreaming it. I didn't *deserve* to dream this big. But in my quietest moments, alone, there was a consistent yearning, an emotional compass that was always trained on the Hollywood sign.

I wanted to do what Eddie Murphy was doing. I wanted to make people feel how I felt the first time I saw *Star Wars*.

I wanted to be Eddie Murphy in *Star Wars*.

So, for the first time ever, I said it out loud to JL.

"I want to be the biggest movie star in the world."

JL is the type of guy who rarely reacts outwardly. His standard face is: poker. Whether you say, *JL, your mom is on the phone*, or *JL, the oven just exploded, and the whole crib is on fire*, or, *I want to be the biggest movie star in the world*, his countenance remains exactly the same. He never divulges what he's thinking, so you always find yourself leaning in for some tiny hint.

I leaned in, hard.

"Now, *that's* a goal," JL said.

• • •

Stephen Covey, in *The 7 Habits of Highly Effective People*, said there are only two human problems: (1) knowing what you want, but not knowing how to get it; and (2) not knowing what you want.

Clarity of mission is a powerful cornerstone of success. Knowing what you want gives direction to your life—every word, every action, every association, can be accurately chosen and harnessed to precipitate your desired outcome. What you eat, when you sleep, where you go, who you talk to, what you allow them to say to you, who your friends are, can all be corralled and launched toward your wildest dreams.

(Desire, however, is a double-edged sword. But that's for later—I didn't know that back then.)

When JL has a goal, his ability to educate and transform his mind is beyond that of anyone I've ever met. He spent the next few months reading every screenplay in Hollywood. Old ones, new ones, bad ones, good ones, successful movies that had already come out, failed movies that were never released, hits and flops and everything in between. He probably read one hundred screenplays, and we would discuss the pros and cons of each.

We had our goal, and the first question we asked was *What makes someone a movie star (as opposed to simply an actor)?*

Movie stars tend to play likeable characters who embody and depict the best of humanity: courage, ingenuity, success against the odds. I loved the idea of being a better person in a movie than I was in real life. I could protect people, I could kill bad things, I could fly, all the women would love me—they have to, it says it right here in the script. I came up with a way to describe what makes a great movie star character: I call it the three Fs of movie stardom: You have to be able to fight, you have to be funny, and you have to be good at sex.

Beneath the three Fs are our deepest human yearnings: fighting equates to safety, security, and physical survival. Being funny equates to joy, happiness, and freedom from all negativity. And being good at sex equates to the promise of love.

And encompassing these qualities, the biggest movie stars make the biggest movies in the world. *Movie stars put asses in seats.*

The next obvious question was *What are the key elements of the biggest movies?* JL grabbed a list of the top-ten-grossing movies of all time to see if we could determine a pattern. And it was crystal clear: Ten out of the top ten films of all time had special effects. Nine out of ten had special effects and creatures. Eight out of ten had special effects, creatures, and a romantic storyline.

(We would ultimately discover that *all* of the top ten movies were about love, but we didn't notice that back then.)

We knew what we were looking for. Now, we just had to go find it and convince whoever had it to give it to us.

The problem was that the biggest movies in the world were also the most expensive to produce and promote, meaning they were hyper-risky propositions. They were career-making, or career-ending, for everyone involved. I was young, unknown,

inexperienced, and Black, trying to convince studios to bet \$150 million production budgets and \$150 million promotional budgets on my charm, good looks, and modesty.

• • •

Tanya used to smoke weed. (To this day, I never have.) I think Daddio's alcoholism made me keenly attuned to all substance use around me. I tried to let her do her, but now with the clarity of my new mission, I couldn't see how my girl smoking weed would be helpful. I was ready for a family; I was ready to start my life. I told her she had to stop.

My demand was not received well.

"You are such a priss," Tanya said. "It's just *weed*. I'm not snorting coke off the bathroom floor."

"Drugs are drugs," I said, like it was deep.

"No, they are not," she said indignantly. "This is not that serious."

"Oh, this shit is *very* serious," I said. "I can smell the weed in your nose hairs."

"I'll make you a deal," I said. "You stop smoking for thirty days. Prove to me you're not addicted. Then we'll talk about it."

She thought for a moment. I got the sense that she could have done it, but something about the inflexibility of my stance seemed to trigger a deep-rooted resistance within her. She loved me, she wanted to please me, but there was no way in hell she was going to let me control her.

I can still see her standing there: Arms folded. Head cocked to the side, knowing she was about to make a big decision. Then, calmly, she said, "No."

When you know what you want, it clarifies what you don't want. And even painful decisions, though not easy, become simple.

"Cool," I said.

• • •

Have you ever seen those National Geographic documentaries on the Alaskan salmon migration? The ones where the hungry brown bears stand in the middle of the river, waiting for a salmon to jump out of the water and directly into their mouths?

That's how Alfonso Ribeiro and I used to stand outside of *The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air* casting office.

Every Black actress in Hollywood made the pilgrimage through those hallowed halls. One day in 1990, me and Alf were sitting, having lunch. Alf was waxing philosophical about something. He is deeply passionate and opinionated, and he always felt that if he said things *loud* enough and chopped his right hand into the palm of his left hand *hard* enough, that it made whatever he was saying true.

Then she walked by. I damn near choked to death on my Roscoe's chicken and waffles.

"Who the fuck is *that*?" I whispered to Alf, between his relentless chops. "She is *not* from L.A." (East Coast recognize East Coast.)

She was pissed. Apparently, the casting agent had just told her she wasn't tall enough to play my girlfriend on the show. She hated that about Hollywood—that somehow her height (or lack thereof) was of more vital importance to the art than her abundant talents.

Oblivious to all of this, I stepped into the river.

"Whatup, shawty?" I said, poorly choosing my descriptive.

"Whatever, nigga, move," she said, gesturing me away with the swat of her hand. And with that, she was gone.

That was the first time I ever saw Jada Pinkett.

It was love at first sight.

. . .

Alfonso found out that Jada had landed a role on a sitcom called *A Different World*, the eight-thirty spinoff of *The Cosby Show*. He knew one of the writers on the show, and he found out when Jada was shooting. It was perfect—we taped on Friday, but *A Different World* taped on Thursday, so me and Alf could head over right after work.

By this point, *The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air* was bubbling hard, and me and Alf were hot in these Hollywood streets. The plan was, he and I would go to the taping of *A Different World*, and we would sit in the audience. That would give me an opportunity to adequately Fresh Prince flex. The audience would, of course, erupt when we showed up; Jada would hear all of the cheering during her scene, and she would look out to the crowd and realize it was because of me. (And Alf.)

So, I pulled out the twenty-four-carat herringbone gold chain, "The Fresh Prince" dancin' across my chest, the "T," the "F," and the "P" gleaming with VVS1 clarity, round brilliant-cut diamonds everywhere, fresh to def, ready to stunt.

Everything was rolling like clockwork. Me and Alf step in, the place goes boom. I didn't see Jada, but she knew I was in the building. I shushed the crowd.

"Come on, y'all, they're tryna shoot," I whispered, magnanimously, as me and Alf took our front-row seats in the right corner. Jada's scene didn't come till about midway through the taping, but there she was, in all her East Coast glory. She was fire—her accent, her mannerisms, her hair, her *attitude*. She felt like home.

Between scenes, Alfonso saw his writer friend, Orlando Jones, who was talking to a gorgeous, caramel-skinned woman in the front-row center. She's clearly not from L.A., either—I can tell by her slight discomfort with the grandeur of everything. I make my way over; I say "What's up" to Orlando, and I introduce myself to the woman.

Her name is Sheree Zampino; she is from New York. Not *real* New York—Schenectady (near Albany, damn near *Canada*).

“Now, here’s the deal,” I said. “We’re just meeting, so I’m-a give you a pass on this one. But the next time somebody asks you where you’re from, you are *forbidden* to say ‘New York’ when you know damn well you are from Schenectady.”

If she had been drinking water, she would have done a spit take. She begins to laugh uncontrollably, as if I had given voice to one of her own, secret inner whispers. The bell rings, signaling for the audience to settle down so that taping can continue, but she hasn’t gotten herself back together yet. She needs to be quiet. But I’m *definitely* not going to allow that. I lean into her ear.

“It’s misleading, and an utter misrepresentation of the truth. If you tell people you’re from New York, they’re thinking the Bronx, Brooklyn—I mean hell, even Staten Island. They’re gonna think you’re *cool*. Then they find out you’re from *Schenectady*?”

At this point, she’s nearly choking with laughter, begging me to please be quiet. But there is no chance of that.

“I’m just sayin’, you shouldn’t be goin’ around, *lyin’* to people. Fucking Schenectady is *not* New York. You’re sitting here representing . . . *Canada*. You should be wearing a maple leaf sweater and handing out syrup.”

Fortunately, the scene ends, and she is free to laugh out loud. Her makeup running, eyes red, totally out of breath, she said the thing that any comedian who has ever told a joke craves to hear—the ultimate in comedic approval:

“You are a *dumb* man.”

I didn’t meet Jada that night. Sheree and I left together before the show was even over. We laughed all the way through dinner, all the way through that fall, and three months later, we were married.

. . .

Willard Carroll Smith III was born on November 11, 1992. From birth we called him “Trey,” since he was the third Willard Smith.

*From the first time the doctor placed you in my arms
I knew I’d meet death before I’d let you meet harm
Although questions arose in my mind, would I be man enough?
Against wrong, choose right and be standin’ up
From the hospital that first night
Took a hour just ta get the car seat in right
People drivin’ all fast, got me kinda upset
Got you home safe, placed you in your bassinette
That night I don’t think one wink I slept
As I slipped out my bed, to your crib I crept
Touched your head gently, felt my heart melt*

*'Cause I knew I loved you more than life itself
Then to my knees, and I begged the Lord please
Let me be a good daddy, all he needs
Love, knowledge, discipline, too
I pledge my life to you*

"JUST THE TWO OF US"

That is the public depiction of Trey's birth and my introduction to fatherhood.

But that first night was far more emotionally tumultuous than my poetic verse suggests. Sheree was asleep and we had a tiny bassinet for Trey in an adjacent bedroom. I couldn't stop looking at him. I was terrified.

I had wanted this my whole life. And here I was, with *my son, my wife, my family. My turn.* My body was quaking, overwhelmed with the immensity of the responsibility to this tiny human life. I fell to my knees, sobbing uncontrollably, praying to God: "Please, help me do it *right*. Please help me be a good daddy."

My mind swerved and careened like a drone through my childhood. I had talked so much shit about Daddio—now, here *I* was. Would I be smart enough to orchestrate the building of a wall for *my son*? Could I put food on the table and keep the lights on without fail? Would I be strong enough to fend off someone who came to kill him?

It's 3:00 a.m. I'm on my knees. I'm just a little boy. I never wanted my daddy so bad. And then, something clicked, deep in a place where nothing had ever clicked before. A decision, an ironclad conviction. I wiped my tears, I stood up, I gently touched Trey's head. And I knew. There were only two possibilities: (1) I was going to be the best father this planet had ever seen, or (2) I was going to be dead.

• • •

I literally can count on one hand the number of times in my life I've been sick—I *never* get sick.

It was a Friday night, tape night at *The Fresh Prince*. I had been vomiting all day. I could barely move; I'm pretty sure it was food poisoning. I stayed in my dressing room during pretape and rehearsals in order to conserve my energy to make one big burst in front of the live audience.

Sheree had come to the set to take care of me. She couldn't understand why we couldn't just tape another day.

"How would you ever respect me if I did that?" I said, between gags.

Working while sick, injured, or under difficult conditions became a badge of honor for me. I wanted to thrive where my competition would fold. I wanted my wife to know that I was invincible. Women (and Europeans) always shake their heads or

describe this trait negatively. But on a primal level, it's really hard to not respect a warrior.

Friday nights became major networking events for us. JL would invite sponsors, executives, anyone from the business world we were looking to impress. Our approach was to invite their entire families. When someone's kids and spouse have a great time, they're more inclined to want to be in business with you, and there was no greater time to have than Friday nights at *The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air*. This particular night was a big one, but I was dying. I didn't have it in me to entertain.

Sheree took the reins. I had never seen her in this light. She moved the meetings out of my dressing room and set up space on the stage. She got extra food and asked the rest of the cast to take up some of the schmoozing weight. She wasn't only doing it for her husband—she *loved* it. She moved from couple to couple, family to family, engaging on whatever topic they found interesting. She showed the kids around the stage; she exchanged telephone numbers with the wives and made sure everyone had the time of their lives. She held it down, so I was able to pop in for ten minutes, seal the deals, and get to the taping.

Sheree was the perfect hostess, bringing life to the wife I had seen in my head. Like Tgia with Pooh Richardson, Sheree and I were a team in the “Will Becoming the Biggest Movie Star in the World” business.

We bought a townhome in Toluca Lake, strategically located nine minutes from NBC Burbank, where *The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air* was now shooting. This proximity would give me the maximum time at home and at work. These were prime logistics. The condo was also just seven minutes from the Buena Vista apartments where the whole Philly squad was headquartered, and only fifteen minutes over the hill into Hollywood, making it a perfectly situated staging area for my impending cinematic invasion.

One Saturday afternoon, as I was studying my lines for Monday's table read, Sheree was in the kitchen, cooking, which was just one of the aspects of her creative spirit.

I loved the artist within her. She had gone to the Fashion Institute of Technology (which was *actually* in New York City). She could make her own clothes, she could paint; it was the first time that I had ever seen someone hang their own art in their home. I thought that was hot. She was also a martial artist—her father was a 9th Dan grandmaster and instructor of tae kwon do, and Sheree could defend herself if she had to.

Sheree had a strong nurturing instinct—her father was Italian, and her grandma Zampino had been an expert homemaker. The Italian side of Sheree's family had owned the L&M Supermarket in Schenectady, so they always had tons of food, and the heart of the family was centered around mealtime. When Sheree's parents separated, her mother reentered the workforce so the kitchen became Sheree's domain. Sheree loved to cook and feed people—she was the only person I'd ever met who could turn scraps into a delicious feast the way Gigi could. We'd have viewing parties each week for new *Fresh Prince of Bel-Air* episodes. Sheree took to it instinctively, cooking for

everyone and making the house warm and inviting. There were always at least five Philly homeboys in the house, conspicuously stalking around the kitchen, preparing to pounce on the next succulent morsel Sheree tossed into their cages.

Sheree's vision of a happy life was joyful, harmonious nurturing—taking care of people; homemaking. She was happy to live a simple life as a mom and a wife. I wanted to conquer. My definition of love was protection and provision, securing the family's physical and financial future. My belief was: "A meal is a lot less enjoyable if you have to eat it in a tent underneath an overpass."

. . .

Omarr was setting up a small portable studio in the garage when the phone rang.

"Yo, Will, it's JL," Omarr yelled.

I ran over and picked it up.

"Whatup, J?"

"Hey, I was just making sure you were home. I need to talk to you. Immediately."

"Why, wassup, what happened?" I said urgently.

"I need to talk to you in person. I'm on my way."

Click.

I always hate when people do that. Don't call me with the fucking emergency voice, get me on the phone, and then not tell me what happened. *We're on the phone—just say it!* Fortunately, the agreeable logistics meant I only had to wait nine minutes—two minutes for him to get to his car, and seven minutes for him to drive from the Buena Vista apartments. (We'd save time on this side because I'd be waiting for him at the front door.)

Nine minutes later, JL pulls up. He seems . . . OK, so it's not *medical*. He looks anxious, but not fearful; he's kinda smiling, but *sad*. This is *clearly* something he could have just said over the phone.

"Whatup, J?" We exchanged a standard Philly half pound, half hug. JL preferred the variation where you clutch the person's hand and keep your arm across your chest, giving *you* the sense of a hug but maintaining *his* personal space at the same time.

He dives right in.

"Alright, look—there's a studio that wants you to costar in a gangster movie called *8 Heads in a Duffel Bag*. They're prepared to pay you ten million dollars."

"GOTDAMN!" I wrap both arms around the top of my head.

I went to give JL a high five, which he returned half-heartedly.

He held on to my hand and said, "And I came here to advise you *not* to take it."

"Wait . . . *what?*"

"I don't think you should accept the part. It's not right."

Still holding his hand, I wanted to rip his arm out of its shoulder socket, and then beat him to death with it. Instead, I said calmly, "It sound right as hell to me, J."

“It’s not—it’s the wrong look. I read it *five* times. I kept trying to make it be right. It’s not. I *was* just gonna turn it down and not tell you. . . . Look, at the end of the day, it’s *your* call. I was there with you for these last few years, so . . . I will rock with you whatever you decide to do, but I’m advising against it. If you truly want to be the biggest movie star in the world, do not take this movie.”

“J. That’s a *lot* of money, dude.”

“Tom Cruise wouldn’t take this role,” JL said.

We turned down *8 Heads in a Duffel Bag*.

JL, as my manager, earned a 15 percent commission. When he advised me to turn down *8 Heads in a Duffel Bag*, he was walking away from \$1.5 million for himself. (Have I mentioned that he was still living in his childhood bedroom at his mother’s house?) He was taking the risk *with* me, because he believed in the vision—he believed in *me*.

. . .

About a month later, JL called me *hyped*. This time, he behaved as a respectable human and told me what was going on . . . *over the phone*.

“I’ve got the *one*,” he said excitedly. (JL never gets excited.)

I was being offered a supporting role in the film adaptation of John Guare’s Pulitzer Prize–finalist stage play, called *Six Degrees of Separation*.

“This is right where we want to be,” JL said. “People are not taking you seriously yet as an actor. We gotta go *against* stereotypical roles. We need to make people *forget* that they’re watching a rapper. We gotta make them see a movie star.

“Plus, you’ll be protected in third bill, surrounded by a veteran cast: Stockard Channing, Donald Sutherland, and Sir Ian McKellen. The pedigree is ridiculous. I want everyone to see you with that level of actor. We gotta shock these people and get their attention. And every single word your character says is brilliant—it’s one of the best written things I’ve ever read. In fact, the movie is about *your* character. This is star-making material.”

“Damn, J, you are *hyped* about this one!”

“I’m tellin’ you, this is the *one*,” he said, punching his fist into his hand.

“Word! How much?”

“Well, this one’s different. . . .”

“I get that, J, but, how much?” I said.

I took *Six Degrees of Separation* for \$300,000.

. . .

JL had done his part. He had found exquisite material powered by world-class artists. Now it was on me.

My military upbringing kicked into gear—I had my mission: I needed to *smash* this role. I immediately flew to London with JL to see the final weeks of Stockard Channing’s West End stage performance of the play. And once the shooting schedule was set, Sheree, Trey, and I moved to New York.

Six Degrees of Separation is about a wealthy white couple who live on the Upper East Side of New York City. They are older, and lonely, empty nesters whose kids have recently moved out. They spend their days collecting and dealing famous art. Then, one night, a young Black man shows up on their doorstep. He is cut from being mugged and stabbed on the street. He says he is a friend of their children from Harvard, and the son of Sidney Poitier. The couple takes the young man in, and over the course of the story, Paul (my role) turns out to be a con artist. Yet, despite Paul’s victimizing the couple, he and Louisa, played by Stockard Channing, strangely begin to fall for each other.

This character was so drastically different from who I was, and his life experience was so foreign to me, that I felt impelled to employ method acting (something I knew absolutely nothing about). I memorized the words of the entire screenplay, verbatim. I vowed that I would not miss a single line while I was on set.

During the months of my preparation, I would spend four or five days at a stretch without breaking character. Not once, not one moment. I would go to a jewelry store or a bakery and try to discern what Paul’s likes and dislikes were. I wanted to get comfortable in real life and real situations, not only *thinking* as Paul would think, but learning to involuntary *feel* the way that he would feel.

It was fun . . . at first. But then slowly, and imperceptibly, I lost touch with my own likes and dislikes, I lost access to the intonation and rhythm of my own speech—I lost touch with Will Smith. Sheree started to say things like, “Why are you *looking* at me like that?” and “Stop talking like that.” I was totally oblivious—I couldn’t figure out what she meant. In my mind, I was going back and forth between Paul and me, but Will Smith had quietly slipped away. Sheree was suddenly living with a stranger.

We tend to think of our personalities as fixed and solid. We think of our likes and our dislikes, our beliefs, our nationalities, our political affiliations and religious convictions, our mannerisms, our sexual predilections, et cetera, as *set*, as *us*. But the reality is, most of the things that we think of as *us* are *learned* habits and patterns, and entirely malleable, and the danger when actors venture out to the far ends of our consciousness is that sometimes we lose the bread crumbs marking our way home. We realize that the characters we play in a film are no different than the characters we play in life. Will Smith is no more “real” than Paul—they’re both characters that were invented, practiced, and performed, reinforced, and refined by friends, loved ones, and the external world. What you think of as your “self” is a fragile construct.

Sheree and I were in the first few months of our marriage with a brand-new baby, and for Sheree, I can imagine that this experience was unsettling to say the least. She’d married a guy named “Will Smith,” and now she was living with a guy named “Paul

Poitier.” And to make matters worse, during shooting I fell in love with Stockard Channing. Not as “Will,” but as “Paul.” I couldn’t turn him off.

After the film wrapped, Sheree and Trey and I moved back to LA. Our marriage was off to a rocky start. I found myself desperately yearning to see and speak to Stockard. I only saw her once, and I never said anything, but she’s a vet, and I sensed that she knew what had happened. She probably said the words “Sheree” and “Trey” fifty times.

Fortunately, it was time to go back to work on *The Fresh Prince*.

• • •

What the fuck are you doin’?” Alfonso blurted out.

“What do you mean, Alfonso?” I said.

“THAT! I mean, *that*. Why are you talking like that?”

“Talking like *what*?” Paul said.

“Like THAT!” Karyn chimed in.

“The ‘w’ is *before* the h. It’s not *hwat*, Will,” Alfonso said frustratedly.

I had lost touch with the Fresh Prince. I couldn’t remember how he walked or talked or which Jordans he preferred. This went on for ten full episodes at the beginning of season 4. I had lost my sense of humor, my timing, my swag, my charisma, and my ability to improvise and ad-lib.

Cast and crew alike were terrified. This was the season that Alfonso truly began to shine. For the first few episodes the writers had to write away from my character and toward Carlton. Alfonso stepped up and took the comedic weight. No one knew what was happening; no one was relating my behavior on the set of *Fresh Prince* to my ill-conceived foray into the dangerous psychological world of method acting in *Six Degrees*.

I couldn’t tell a joke to save my life. The scary part was that I couldn’t see what everybody else saw. But if enough people tell you that you’re drunk, then you should probably sit down. So, I immediately hired five or six of my friends from Philly to work on the writing staff, on the crew, and to surround me on set while I relearned how to play the character of “Will.”

It worked. Right around mid-season, something clicked. I was in a scene with Karyn, and my character was trying to convince her to go on a date with his teacher, but he had a mole next to his left nostril. And for Hilary, this was an absolute deal breaker. My character was begging her to just give him a chance, and in a moment of career-saving comedic inspiration, I ad-libbed, “Come on, you’re making a mountain out of a mole, Hil.”

The audience roared; I was back. And method acting was gone forever.

• • •

I am not trying to relinquish any of my responsibility for the deterioration of our marriage, but I believe firmly that the early months of our union, being marred by my disappearance into the character of Paul in *Six Degrees of Separation*, created a disconnect between Sheree and me from which we would never recover.

At the end of 1993, *Six Degrees of Separation* came out to widespread critical acclaim. Stockard Channing was nominated for an Oscar for her performance, and critics wrote glowing reviews of my surprising casting as Paul. JL was right—my name started to be discussed in Hollywood as a serious actor.

. . .

Achieving goals requires strict organization and unwavering discipline. I began to lean more into structure and order, but Sheree was an artist: she cooks by feel, not by recipe; she was much more fluid, intuitive, and less structured. It drove me crazy. 6:17 is *not* six o'clock.

It was Friday night, tape night. My barber had gotten into a car accident—he was fine, but he wasn't going to be able to cut me for the show. Five hours before the taping of a network sitcom and a young man from Philadelphia is about to be forced to go on network television without a fresh fade.

Never.

I put out the 911 call for a barber. A guy named Slice came back as the blue ribbon of the Philly fade standard. I hit him up.

"Yo, Slice, whatsup?"

"What's happenin', Will?"

"I'm jammed up over here. I need you, brethren."

At the time, my fade was legendary. To cut *my* hair, for *The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air*, was not only a challenge but also a catapult for a young barber in Hollywood.

"Damn, Will, I would love to, man," Slice said, "but I got a cut I have to do in San Diego. The client is paying me cash. And I got my kids for the weekend. . . ."

"San Diego? Man, that's a two-hour drive both ways. You need to come get this local money."

"Oh, trust me, I would *prefer* local money . . . I would not be drivin' to San Diego if I didn't need it so bad. I got my kids, I gotta break my baby mama off somethin'—"

"How much is he paying you? Actually, whatever it is, I'll double it—come get this local money."

Slice was being paid \$500 for the San Diego cut; I promised him a thousand to come directly to set. I didn't have cash with me, so I called Sheree.

"Babe, how much cheese you got on you?"

"Probably about two thousand, why?" Sheree said.

"A'ight, I'm gonna send a guy named Slice by in about a hour, so, just break him off a G."

“OK,” Sheree said.

“A’ight, I love you, catch you later.”

Slice came to set, sharpened me up perfectly—he lived up to his name—I gave him the address to the house and went and shot the episode.

That next week, my barber still wasn’t ready to come back to work, so I hit Slice.

“Whatsup man, it’s Will.”

“Ay,” he said coldly.

“I need you again, man. I need that sweet shit you do.”

“Yeah,” he said, “I don’t think so.” I could tell something was wrong.

“Why, man, whatsup?”

“That’s fucked up what you did.”

“What I do?” I said, confused.

“That was some real bullshit. It’s fucked up.”

Click.

I was trying to replay our last interaction. As far as I could tell, everything had gone perfectly. So, perplexed, I called Sheree.

“Hey, babe, did anything happen with Slice last week?”

“Uhm, oh no,” she said, remembering. “I just didn’t have the cash that I thought I had.”

“Well, what did you give him?” I said.

“Four hundred—I only had a thousand.”

“I told you to give him a thousand dollars,” I belted out.

At the time, because of my IRS issues, we didn’t have credit cards—we were functioning on cash. And it was Friday night; these were the days before ATMs were everywhere and it would be Monday at 9:00 a.m. before we could have gotten more cash.

“That was all I had,” she snapped back.

“He had his fucking *kids* for the weekend. I promised him the thousand dollars. I took him off of another job.”

“Well, *I* have a baby over here who’s going to need to eat this weekend, too. I wasn’t giving him all my cash. What do you want me to do?”

“I want you to do what the fuck you say you’re gonna do. So, you just don’t pay the man, you don’t call me, you don’t say shit? You broke *my* word!”

“Will, I am not your errand girl. . . .”

“Ain’t nobody say you was no errand girl.”

“Just stop overreacting. He’ll live.”

This moment is among the handful of times in my life where I hit an absolute ten of fury. In general, I’m a man who measures his words. This was not one of those times.

“You know what—maybe one day you’ll be *worth* something,” I said, slamming down the phone.

If God were to give me back one sentence from my entire life, to erase it, to make it so I never said it, and the person never heard it, it would be those seven words.

Something broke in our marriage—something we would never get back. (Sheree would later confide that was the most her feelings had been hurt in her adult life.)

Sheree and I deteriorated quickly after that. We argued about everything—nothing was too trivial to fight about: I recall criticizing how she washed a skillet. . . . Sheree and I would go days without speaking to each other. We even invented a “game” that we “played” when people came over called “You Know What I Hate About You . . . ?” And the “winner” was whoever could make our guests “laugh” the most.

I found myself yet again in love’s death spiral. It was a vicious riptide, dragging our dreams into the depths. Sheree took Trey and went to clear her head back home in Schenectady. Our marriage was becoming increasingly unbearable for her. She was going to take a few weeks to decide what she wanted to do.

. . .

The Baked Potato was a small lounge in Studio City. Tisha Campbell and Duane Martin, two close friends of mine, invited me to join them there. They were strangely insistent that I show up.

I’m not really a “lounge” guy, but they assured me that I’d be happy I came. A little after 8:00 p.m., I walked through the door, made my way to their table: Duane, Tisha, and Jada Pinkett. And just like that, I was a lounge guy.

Duane was always in the middle of some deal, brokering some takeover of something, managing the band while simultaneously purchasing the venue they were performing in. Tisha was the matchmaker; she knew that Sheree and I were on the outs, and she wanted to make sure, just in case, that I had no consideration other than Jada.

They neglected to inform Jada or myself of this planned meeting.

I had seen Jada a few times around town over the past year—nothing too memorable—casual Hollywood hi’s and byes. She was still stunningly gorgeous to me. Still swaggy. Still full of that delicious, East Coast energy. But something was different. Something a little deeper, something profound just below my depth of perception. Maybe it was that I was older now; I was a father; perhaps I was more open, or maybe pain recognizes pain . . . but I felt her differently. She was only twenty-two, but her eyes felt like they had witnessed centuries. They seemed to know secrets and struggles far beyond her years.

We talked about everything—she could meet me, ascend, and elaborate on all topics and subjects, from Tupac to apartheid, from college basketball to Ganesh and eastern mysticism. It was like we went away to a private place alone, content to embrace the joy of our questions, unburdened by the quest for answers. Being together was the answer.

Hours passed like minutes. I could sense the potential potency of our combined energies. Cities and empires were being constructed in my mind as we laughed and

pondered and debated. Her body was so tiny, but her spirit was so strong. She was confident, solid, unwavering—a ten-ton cornerstone holding up the Great Pyramid.

Jada would later confide in me that she had heard a voice speak clearly, with no sentimentality, just a matter-of-fact: *That is your husband*. For the time being, she rejected the prophecy. I was married, and that was a nonstarter. We gently returned from our private inner sojourn and settled back into our hard metal seats. We said our extended goodbyes; neither of us really wanted to leave. I walked her to her car and watched her drive away. I left that night dazed, smashed, imprisoned between elation and reality. I had met a queen strong enough to bear the weight of my dreams. But it was not to be.

• • •

A few days later, Sheree came home from her time in Schenectady, and we decided we'd meet at our favorite restaurant, the Palm. They had the best lobster in the city—they were huge. We always ordered one, the perfect portion size to share.

I guess I had hoped that the time apart and the intertwining of our forks over our favorite meal would somehow rekindle and reconnect our wounded hearts. I had certainly put my faith in the revitalizing power of melted butter and those silly plastic lobster bibs.

I arrived first. Sheree had dropped Trey off at her mother's directly from the airport. She walked in; she was beautiful as always. We hugged and took our seats. I had preordered; she liked when I did that. We talked about Trey and Schenectady and her father's new dojo. He and Trey had had a ball—he had gotten him his own little gi.

Everything was perfectly pleasant, but suddenly I started to feel light-headed. There was a weird, dry, metallic taste forming in my mouth. I tried to breathe through it. I was thinking, *Oh shit, am I about to pass out?*

"Are you OK?" Sheree asked, looking concerned.

A surging wave of dizziness, a shortness of breath, beads of sweat jumping up on my forehead . . .

"Yeah, I'm good," I lied. "Let me run to the bathroom real quick."

I charged into the bathroom and locked myself into one of the stalls. I sat down to try to catch my breath—*What the hell is happening?* I suddenly burst into tears. For the next twenty minutes, I purged, toggling back and forth between sobbing and laughing hysterically. *Am I having a fucking nervous breakdown?*

And slowly, my emotional truth came into vivid, three-dimensional clarity.

I knew with absolute certainty that Jada Pinkett was the woman of my dreams. But I had committed my life before God to Sheree. And there was no version of me *ever* going back on my word. My tears were railing against the harshness of this reality. And my laughter was cursing its absurdity.

But soon, my hysteria subsided. I wiped my tears, and I exited the stall fully prepared to spend the rest of my life with Sheree Smith.

DEVOTION

It sucks getting divorce papers. It's like a publicly filed declaration that you're an unlovable piece of shit. And no matter how awful your relationship has been, it's *always* a surprise when you get 'em. I mean, you knew it was *bad*, but goddamn . . . you never imagined it was *that* bad.

And the divorce gods are merciless: By a fluke of the Los Angeles postal system, I received the papers on February 14. Fucking Valentine's Day.

Sheree was done. I couldn't believe this was happening. The lowest point in my life had been my parents' separation, and this felt worse. I was repeating the cycle. I was blindsided. I was in denial. I was furious. And I was saddling my son with the same burden that had pushed me to contemplating taking my own life.

Sheree said that I wasn't in love with *her*, I was in love with the *idea* of her—what I believed a wife should be like.

"Anybody could be here," she once said.

Sheree used to call herself my "placeholder wife." The woman who was supposed to check the box of "Wife in Will Smith's Perfect Life."

Sheree and I had recently bought a house in Encino that was being renovated. Sheree had already taken Trey and moved there. I felt like she was ruining my life, destroying my family. I had silently promised myself that I would *never* let this happen. And here I was, not even thirty years old, and my family was being destroyed.

I felt like I was dying.

I called Quincy.

"Hey, Philly, what's goin' on?" he said.

"Sheree filed for divorce."

"Shit," he said. "How you doin'?"

"I'm hurt, man. Lawyers 'n' shit. I don't even *want* a divorce—"

"I been there, brother," Quincy interrupted. "Lemme give you some advice."

I leaned into the pause. I'd never needed a good word like I did at that moment.

"Give that woman half your shit and move on with your life," Quincy said.

Huh?

"All my divorces took place in one day. As soon as somebody act like they don't wanna be with *me*, they can take half of this shit and let the doorknob hit 'em. . . . And let me tell you some shit you're not gonna believe right now."

He brought his voice down, like Morpheus trying to make sure I could handle the red pill.

“Y’all gonna be together every fuckin’ Christmas anyway,” he said. “When you have kids with somebody, you’re *stuck*.”

Quincy had been divorced three times.

“Man, I got a ex-wife across the street. I got another ex-wife a block away, I got kids in three different houses. We’re still family! They think divorcin’ your ass will get them away from you. It *won’t*. You gonna be on billboards and commercials ’n’ shit all the time. . . . Give that woman half, tell her you’ll see her on Christmas Eve, and move on with your life. You gonna make all that money back next year anyway. Just write the damn check and move on.”

This wasn’t exactly what I’d been hoping to hear. I wanted him to tell me how to fix it. How to make her keep her promise. I thought there were only two options: you complete the mission, or you die. Where the fuck did the third option of quitting come from?

And half of *Thriller* is a *lot*.

. . .

I would never have gotten married if I thought divorce was an option.

If quitting is a possibility, everyone will pick that—it’s the easiest one. Who wouldn’t pick *not* running at 5:00 a.m. over running at 5:00 a.m.? If quitting is an option, you’ll never finish anything hard. The only way an imperfect mind can be forced to achieve is by removing all of its other options. To me, the heart of all successful human interactions is we look at each other and we know we’re about to attempt something that is difficult/impossible. And we look in each other’s eyes, and we shake hands, and we both vow to die before we quit.

And that’s what I thought we did. This is such a simple idea to me. The vows are “til *death* do us part”—God agrees with me. The vow is not to your partner—the vow is to the *weakest* part of *yourself*. How could you *not* quit if that’s one of the options?

The reason you say you’re gonna do it or die is because death is what happens when you *don’t* do it. Your mind is trying to protect you from hard things, to defend you from pain. The problem is, all of your dreams are on the other side of pain and difficulty. So, a mind that tries to seek pleasure and comfort and the easy way inadvertently poisons its dreams—your mind becomes a barrier to your dreams, an internal enemy.

If it was easy, everybody would do it.

The reason we make vows is because we know we’re about to do a hell walk. You don’t have to vow to do easy things. No one ever said, “I vow to eat every ounce of this crème brulee—I swear to the wide heavens that I will not leave one speck on my plate! And I vow to skip my run tomorrow morning, and I vow to sleep in!” We wouldn’t need to make vows if it was easy. The reason the vows are so extreme—“in sickness and in health, till death do us part”—is because *life* is so extreme. Nothing else can keep us there. That’s the *point* of devotion. I’m not against divorce, and I’m

not against surrendering in a battle, but it has to be at the *end* of the battle—not while you’re putting your armor on, not the first scary moment, not the first casualty. In my experience, most people get divorced too soon, before they’ve extracted the lessons that will keep them from doing the exact same things in their next relationships.

• • •

I’m still not totally sure what I was thinking. Maybe it was pain; maybe it was delirium. Maybe I wasn’t thinking at all.

Maybe I didn’t need to think, because I was clear. I could see the North Star through the fog.

On February 19, only five days after I received my divorce papers, I called Jada. I hadn’t seen her, or heard from her, in months. The phone seemed to ring forever.

Click.

“Hello?”

“Whatup, Jada. It’s Will.”

“Heyyyy!” she said. Her voice seemed to still echo with the magic of our night at the Baked Potato. “How you doin’?”

“I’m good. Better now that I’m talkin’ to you.”

In hindsight, I probably could have given her a little more context, or warning.

“Hey, are you seeing anybody?” I said.

Jada hesitated—partly stunned, partly confused.

“Um, no. Why?”

“Cool, you’re seeing me now, a’ight?”

“Um . . . OK . . . Yes,” Jada said, sensing there was something big at play but knowing now was not the time to question.

“A’ight, I’m at work, I’ll hit you later. OK?”

“OK.”

What I didn’t know at the time was that Jada was in Baltimore. She had been so discouraged and disillusioned by Hollywood that she had left the business and moved back home. She had purchased a beautiful, turn-of-the-century, five-acre farm in Maryland and had begun renovations. She had decided to build a simple, quiet life for herself.

After my phone call, she went directly to the airport and flew to Los Angeles. Jada would never spend a single night in her Maryland farmhouse.

• • •

I never really bought into the whole “past lives” thing. I would hear people say, “We must have known each other in a former life.” I always thought that was corny. But

those first couple of months with Jada transformed me from a disbeliever to an agnostic.

We fit together so naturally, and our energies combined exponentially in a way that felt like old friends more than new lovers. We had an unspoken language, and everything we focused on flourished.

My divorce from Sheree wasn't yet final, so Jada and I decided it would be prudent if we kept our relationship under wraps. (We were both getting pretty famous, and we felt it just wouldn't have been a good look.) The blessed yet unintended consequence was that we spent every single moment together, just us. The first three or four months were as wild a romantic whirlwind as our bodies could have possibly handled. We traveled to exotic secret getaways—Cabo, private Caribbean islands, Aspen, secluded estates in Maui—and we discovered private air travel. We checked in under aliases (I would tell you what they are, but we still use them today). We drank every day, and had sex multiple times every day, for four straight months. I started to wonder if this was a competition. Either way, as far as I was concerned, there were only two possibilities: (1) I was going to satisfy this woman sexually, or (2) I was going to die trying.

But the heart and soul of our union was then, and is still today, intense, luminescent conversation. Even to the writing of this very sentence, if Jada and I begin a conversation, it is a minimum two-hour endeavor. And it is not uncommon that we talk for five or six hours at a stretch. Our joy of pondering and perusing the mysteries of the universe, through the mirror of each other's experience, is unbridled ecstasy. Even in the depths of disagreement, there is nothing in this world that either of us more cherishes or enjoys than the opportunity to grow and learn from each other through passionate communication.

. . .

Riiiiiiiiinnnnggg.

"Hello?"

"Hey, Lover Boy."

"Hey, Gigi! How you doin'?" I said.

"Oh, I'm good. Do you have something you want to say to me?" Gigi asked, leading the witness. I had no idea what she was getting at. This was unlike our normal interactions. Clearly, she had something on her mind.

"Um, I don't think so," I said cautiously, as I ran through all the shit I might have done. "Do I?"

"Well, somebody said you have a new girlfriend that you've had for a long time."

Damn it. My sister Ellen . . .

"Well, nah, yeah, but . . ."

"We're keeping secrets from each other now?" she asked, melting all my defenses.

"Well, no, Gigi, I just—"

“Well, somebody said she’s an actress.”

“Gigi, somebody is *Ellen*. Ellen’s the only person who would be telling you all my business.”

My sister Ellen stays in the mix; she always has. Every party, every piece of gossip, every rumor—she’s the girl on the block that when something happens, she has the scoop. If she worked for the police department, she would drop crime by 40 percent in her first week. She knows everything about everybody at all times. Ellen also happened to be a *huge* Jada Pinkett fan; Ellen is Peaches from *A Low Down Dirty Shame*. She couldn’t believe I was hiding Jada from the family, so she told on me.

“I’m not keepin’ secrets, Gigi. . . .”

“OK, well you can just send a plane ticket, and I’ll come out and meet her. Tomorrow.”

“OK, yes, Gigi. I love you. I’ll see you tomorrow.”

“Love you, too.”

Click.

This next story has been a bone of contention between Jada and me for more than two decades. It’s been so contentious that I considered leaving it out of this book altogether. But I decided, to let you, dear reader, settle our dispute once and for all. So, please clear your minds. You have been chosen as the Supreme Court of this story. The question to you, learned justices, is a simple one: “Is this prank *funny* or *not funny*?”

Gigi arrived in sunny Los Angeles early the next morning and came directly to my house. I had just purchased a new place in Westlake Village, a suburb about an hour northwest of LA. We had breakfast together; she loved the house. I could tell more than anything that she just wanted to make sure I was OK.

Jada was working that day, so her plan was that she would run to her house when she got off, freshen up, and then head to *my* house to meet my Gigi. Jada had heard all the stories about Gigi that you’ve been reading in this book, and she was so excited to finally get to know my grandmother.

Gigi wasn’t a big movie fan, and she didn’t know who Jada Pinkett was. So, I decided to show Gigi one of Jada’s most popular movies.

At 3:00 p.m., Jada called me from her home in Studio City, which was exactly forty-four minutes, door to door, from my spot.

“Hey, babe, are you leaving *right* now?” I said.

“Um, in about fifteen minutes,” Jada said.

“OK, I’ll see you when you get here. I love you.”

Jason’s Lyric was Jada’s current movie. The film is a beautiful love story between Lyric, played by Jada, and Jason, played by Allen Payne. At sixty-three minutes into *Jason’s Lyric*, Jada has a graphic love scene that has become one of the most iconic love scenes in African American cinema. So when Jada said she was leaving her house in fifteen minutes, to take the forty-four-minute drive to my place, I pushed play on *Jason’s Lyric*, and Gigi started watching.

Fifteen plus forty-four is fifty-nine minutes, and I trusted the comedy gods to do their part with traffic, parking, maybe a hug and kiss in the driveway. The comedic scene had been set.

And boy, did the comedy gods come through. In a moment of unbelievable comedic synchronicity, Jada walked into my family room exactly sixty-three and a half minutes later to find Gigi summoning all the Jesus she could muster as Lyric and Jason roll around butt nekkid on-screen—not even *socks* on—outside on the grass.

Jada freezes. She looks at Gigi, then to the screen. Back to Gigi. Horrified. Then to me. Back to the screen. To Gigi. To me.

“Gigi, I’d like you to meet my new girlfriend, Jada,” I said, filled with so much joy I could barely stand.

Gigi sits back on the couch, folds her arms, and says, “When I was young, people didn’t have to take their clothes off to make movies.”

Jada plastered an uneasy smile on her face, and awkwardly hugged Gigi.

“Will,” Jada said calmly, “may I speak to you in the other room, please?”

“We’ll be right back, Gigi,” I said.

Jada and I went into the bedroom.

“Why. The. Fuck. Did. You. Do. That?” she whisper-yelled.

“Babe, I *promise* you it’s funny.”

“WHAT?”

“Babe, it’s a joke, it’s fine. We’re gonna get married, we’re gonna have kids, it’s a *story*. We’re gonna tell this for *years*. This is how you met my grandmother. This is how she met you! Please trust me, it’s *funny*. . . .”

“IT’S NOT FUCKING FUNNY.”

“OK, not today, but . . .”

“NOT EVER! You play too damn much.”

“Life is about memories,” I said. “You’re mad *now*, but that wears off, I’m tellin’ you, it’s *genius*. This is perfect for us. One day, you are going to laugh and laugh and laugh.”

Gigi ultimately loved Jada; they had a beautiful relationship. Years of joy and family laughter—their bond was precious: It grew deeper and wider with every interaction. And it is my ardent belief that my orchestration of that initial meeting laid the foundation for their profound connection.

To this very moment, however, Jada has never even cracked a smile—not even the tiniest chuckle—about that meeting, not even once. So, ladies and gentlemen of the Court, I ask you humbly to search your hearts, and if I’m wrong, I will accept the censure of the court. But I feel honor-bound to pose the question anyway—almost rhetorically—for closure, and final resolution between Jada and me: *Is that shit funny, or what?*

Jada grew up with Tupac Shakur. They were best friends; they went to high school together at the Baltimore School for the Arts. Two young dreamers, fighting their way from under the weight of abuse and neglect to become “Tupac” and “Jada.” And though they were never intimate, their love for each other is legendary—they defined “ride or die.”

In the beginning of our relationship, my mind was tortured by their connection. He was **'PAC!** and I was me.

He had a fearless passion that was intoxicating, a militant morality, and a willingness to fight and die for what he believed was right. 'Pac was like Harry—he triggered the perception of myself as a coward. I hated that I wasn't what he was in the world, and I suffered a raging jealousy: I wanted Jada to look at me like that.

So when Jada and I committed to each other, and the demands of our relationship made her less available to 'Pac, my immature mind took it as a twisted kind of victory. Jada was the paragon, the pinnacle, the queen of queens. If she chose me over Tupac, there was no way I could be a coward. I have rarely felt more validated.

I was in a room with Tupac on multiple occasions, but I never spoke to him. The way Jada loved 'Pac rendered me incapable of being friends with him. I was too immature.

• • •

Will, Martin Lawrence is on the phone.”

I had never met Martin; I had no idea how he got my number. I was, however, acutely aware of the burning jealousy in my heart. He is a comic genius. Martin was the people's champ—he was the star of his own Fox television show, *Martin*. In the Black community, he was loved and revered the way I had always yearned for.

We were the two biggest Black actors on TV at the time. *The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air* was higher rated, but Martin's comedy street cred was undisputed—he was the funniest dude on TV. I studied him day in and day out; his physical mannerisms, his vocal inflections, his scene structuring—in my heart, I knew he was naturally funnier than me, and I hated it.

“Marty Maaaar!”

“Big Will-aaaay!”

I'm not sure you can actually love somebody forever from six seconds of a first phone call. But for some reason, we couldn't stop laughing just from hearing each other say each other's names. For nearly three decades, we have greeted each other identically, and laughed every single time.

“Marty Maaaar!”

“Big Will-aaaay!”

He invited me to dinner at his Beverly Hills mansion. Martin was also born and raised on the East Coast—just outside DC—and the second I walked in I was all the

way at home. His sisters are just like my sisters; his brother is just like my brother; his friends have Jeff, JL, Omarr, and Charlie Mack written all over them. We understood each other from the jump.

“I got this script I love,” Martin said. “It’s produced by Don Simpson and Jerry Bruckheimer. It’s called *Bad Boys*. I was gonna reach out to try to do it with Eddie, but my sister said, ‘Hell, no, you gotta do that with Will.’ And I thought about it. Look at what we’ve been able to do separately—can you imagine what would happen if we collab?”

“Word,” I said. “That could be *crazy*. What’s the story about?”

“It’s about two cops in Miami who have to change roles in their lives to solve a murder. One of the cops is married with kids, a family man. The other is a rich playboy. You can read the script and see which role you want to play. The words and the scenes aren’t totally there yet, but if we get in there together, we can freak this joint.”

“I’ll read it immediately. But even if it’s not this one, we definitely gonna work together.”

“Don’t give me that Hollywood shit, Big Willie—we gonna make this movie or not?” We both cracked up.

“Oh, so I don’t get to read it, huh?” I said.

“Ain’t none of the words right. We gotta dive in and fix it. Listen to me—the two biggest Black actors on television come together to make a big-time Hollywood movie. People will lose their *minds*. Come on, Big Willie, don’t miss the boat!”

• • •

Don Simpson and Jerry Bruckheimer had originally slated Jon Lovitz and Dana Carvey to star in *Bad Boys*. (Yes, I know, that would have been a very different movie.) But as things go in Hollywood, the deal fell apart, and Martin took control of the screenplay.

Nobody was 100 percent certain about me—not the studio, not the producers; nobody, in fact, but Martin. He got to the point where he was telling people he wouldn’t make it *without* me. I started off looking at him as my competition, and he turned out to be one of the greatest friends and allies I’ve ever had in Hollywood.

Uncertainties were quelled, deals were hammered out, and we found ourselves at the table read for *Bad Boys*. The director was a first-timer; he had never directed a feature-length film before. He had, however, done an award-winning music video for Meat Loaf. On a \$50,000 budget, he managed to shoot a plane crash—with no special effects. He just crashed an airplane and shot it. In a pop video. His visual boldness, cinematic ingenuity, and fiscal wizardry made Michael Bay the unanimous choice.

The table read began. Everyone could feel the potential powder keg of creative possibilities, but there was no spark in the screenplay. The words that may have been perfect for Dana Carvey and Jon Lovitz rang clunky, forced, and unrealistic for Martin

and me. The table read ended, and Don Simpson ceremoniously rolled up his screenplay, walked over to the trash can, slam-dunked the script, and announced to cast, crew, studio, and director: “Well, we’re not shootin’ a fuckin’ word of that bullshit.”

And with that, he walked out.

You might think that a big-time Hollywood producer slinging a screenplay into the trash, three weeks before shooting, might be unsettling for two young actors and a director who’d never made a movie.

But exactly the opposite occurred. Michael was used to making music videos; he was comfortable behind the 8 ball. He never had enough money, he never had enough time, and he always had to improvise. Martin and I were from the world of television; we were used to making up everything we said anyway. We were used to getting pages five minutes before a scene; we were used to scrambling and ad-libbing and trying to catch lightning in a bottle. In a way, Don Simpson throwing out the screenplay set us free.

It was both a challenge and an invitation. We all combined our collective resources—Don and Jerry grabbed seasoned writers from their Hollywood network; Martin and I pulled in the top dogs from our TV and stand-up teams; Michael Bay secured a nimble crew that knew how to run and gun. We would shoot during the day and then work together every night to create the next day’s work.

Martin and I had so much chemistry that Michael eventually stopped concerning himself with the specifics of the dialogue. After a while, he simply trusted that Martin and I would show up with something great. One day, on set, everyone was sitting around waiting while Martin and I were taking a long time to figure out exactly what we wanted to say in a scene.

Michael yelled, “I don’t give a fuck what you say, just say it in my shot.”

The entire shoot of *Bad Boys* was exhilarating and educational in a somewhat hectic, by-the-seat-of-our-pants kinda way. There was no time for paralysis through analysis; we had to figure it out, shoot it, and move on.

One day, Michael Bay and I had one of our biggest disputes. This was the first time I had ever worked out. I had put on twelve pounds, and for the first time in my life, I had muscles. There’s a famous scene where my character chases a car on foot over a bridge. Michael was demanding that I do the scene with no shirt.

“Mike, come on man, that’s corny,” I said.

“Corny? Are you crazy? It’s Miami, dude—you’re a badass cop. Take your fucking shirt off!”

I wasn’t yet secure with my new body. The thought of standing around all day with no shirt on intimidated me.

“Mike, I hate when I see that in movies,” I said. “The dude just all greased up, pretending like it’s natural to be in an abandoned church with shafts of light, and doves ’n’ shit, and no shirt on.”

“You’re wrong, you’re wrong, you’re wrong!” Michael yelled. “No shirt, dude! Just take it off. Trust me and do what I say. I’m trying to make you a superhero!”

“It’s not that big a deal. Just let me do a tight T-shirt,” I said.

“We’ve seen that the whole movie! This is your breakout!”

We ultimately landed on a compromise: I would wear a shirt, but it had to be unbuttoned. I felt like I wasn’t completely naked and vulnerable, and Michael knew that the shirt would billow like a cape when I ran.

The scene was set. What I hadn’t told anyone was that I had secretly been training with the UCLA track coach. For my whole childhood, I had hated how actors ran in movies. Other than Carl Weathers on the beach with Sly in *Rocky III*, I cannot name a single scene from a film where I thought that an actor looked badass running. And I promised myself that the first time I ran on camera, I was going to look like Carl Lewis. I had trained high knees, high elbows, for four months. I was ready.

We set for the first pass; Michael yelled, “ACTION!” A Bronco storms across the Miami footbridge, and in the distance Mike Lowrey, full stride, looking like an Olympic sprinter, comes into frame. Two-hundred-yard sprint, top speed, elbows back, knees up, gun in hand, shirt billowing out behind.

“CUT!”

Michael Bay charges across the street, grinning like a twelve-year-old boy who just found his father’s *Playboy* stash. I’m winded; I’d given it all I had; hands on my knees, hunched over catching my breath. As Michael approaches, I slowly stand up.

“How’d it look?” I asked.

He smacks me on my bare chest, and screams at the top of his lungs, “I JUST MADE YOU A FUCKING MOVIE STAR!”

• • •

My divorce process was long, silly, and unnecessarily tedious. I did *not* take Quincy Jones’s advice. I haggled over every dime, decision, and determination. It’s amazing how quickly and grotesquely love dissolves into litigation. But after four grueling months, the final papers were prepared for signature.

Sheree and I hadn’t spoken much during this time. So, when she requested a conversation, I was actually a little surprised.

“I’ve been seeing a therapist for the past few months,” Sheree said. “I was trying to figure out how to make all of this less painful for all of us. And I’ve been taking a really honest look at myself.”

“Uh-huh,” I said, waiting for the shoe to drop.

“I realized that I didn’t do everything I could have done to make this work. Neither of us did. I know we have our divorce papers, but we also have a son. And I think we owe it to him to do everything in our power to keep our family together.”

I couldn’t believe it. *What am I supposed to do with that? Jada and I are in love. But if there’s a chance to preserve my family . . .* How could I say no?

I told Sheree I needed some time to process.

I immediately called Jada. I told her everything. She didn't say a word. I could tell she was crying. The restraining of her sniffles and tears made them all the more agonizing to hear. She steadied her breath, collecting herself; she cleared her throat. And then she spoke.

"Sheree is right. When you have a child with someone, it is your responsibility to do everything you can to create a loving home for them. I grew up without both of my parents. I love you. And I am devastated. But I will never do that to Trey. You and Sheree need to figure it out."

I was overwhelmed by Jada's selflessness. The willingness to put her own needs aside to do what she felt was right. Through tears and a breaking heart, she found resolve in loving kindness.

I picked up a pen, and I signed my divorce papers.

BOOM

Me and Jada were knocked out. The previous two weeks had been the biggest grind of my professional career. Sixteen-hour days, no weekends off, for fifteen straight days. I was exhausted.

It was 3:00 a.m. when the phone rang. Those middle-of-the-night calls always suck—somebody’s either in jail, the hospital, or worse.

“Yo?” I said, in a groggy, raspy, hopeful whisper.

“MAN. YOU SEE THEM NUMBERS?” The voice bellowed as if it were noon on a football field.

“Huh? Hey, Dad. What?”

“I SAID, DID YOU SEE THESE GODDAMN NUMBERS?” Daddio reiterated.

Independence Day had just opened. It was 6:00 a.m. in Philly, and the film had broken every conceivable box office record; it was world news.

“Dad. It’s only 3:00 a.m. out here. . . .”

“I SAID, DID YOU SEE THESE GODDAMN NUMBERS?” He seemed pretty hell-bent on getting his question answered.

“Nah, Dad, I haven’t seen ’em yet. JL will—”

“Remember I told *you*! There’s no such thing as luck. That you are the creator of your own destiny. Remember I told you that?”

“Yeah, Dad, I remember. But can we—”

“Remember I told *you*? That there was no such thing as luck. Only what you *make*? Remember I told you that?”

“Of course, Dad, you would say that all the time, but—”

“Remember I told *you*—there’s no such thing as luck? Luck is when preparation meets opportunity. Remember I told you that?”

“Yes, Dad, absolutely—”

“Well, that’s a buncha *bullshit*! You the *luckiest* muthafucka I ever met in my *life*.”

This was one of the greatest laughs Daddio and I ever shared—waves of raucous laughter settling back to giggles and then, with no words, and no warning, erupting again into hysteria. Years of discord, not justified, but somehow cleansed with every purifying wave. We probably laughed without speaking for ten minutes.

Though we never talked about it, *Independence Day* represented a significant victory for him, a validation. It put an exclamation point on some story he had been telling himself about himself. Something was finished in his mind.

Not long after, he sold ACRA—the work of the ice house was done.

He started calling himself “the Fresh King.”

• • •

The next ten years of my professional life were an absolute, unadulterated, unblemished rout of the entertainment industry.

Bad Boys; Independence Day; Men in Black; Enemy of the State; Wild Wild West; Ali; Men in Black II; Bad Boys II; I, Robot; Shark Tale; Hitch; The Pursuit of Happyness; I Am Legend; and Hancock. Resulting in more than \$8,000,000,000 in global box office. And not to be a stickler, but that number is from almost thirty years ago, when tickets were less than half the price they are today. Adjusting for inflation . . . you know what, that's neither here nor there.

Two Academy Award nominations: *Ali* and *The Pursuit of Happyness*.

Over thirty million records sold: “Men in Black,” “Gettin’ Jiggy Wit It,” “Just the Two of Us,” “Miami,” and “Wild Wild West” leading the charge. Not to mention the theme song from *The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air*, which technically counts as a record. In which case, it's the biggest rap song in history. But that's neither here nor there, either.

I'm getting ahead of myself. *Independence Day* had just come out. *The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air* was in season six. JL had gotten us a seat at the big table. We were now represented by Ken Stovitz and Richard Lovett at the most powerful agency in Hollywood: CAA. And I had just gotten back to even with the IRS. Now, I was just broke—from this point on, I could start *making* some money.

Bad Boys had hit movie theaters in 1995 and had been a solid success. Nothing earth-shattering, but a whole lot of earth-shaking was going on. I had grown up as the lanky, goofy kid with the big ears. But I snuck into a movie theater on opening weekend of *Bad Boys* and the scene came where I run across the bridge with my shirt open. I heard a fortysomething Black woman purr out loud, “Mmmm. Look at *Will!*”

I wanted to scream, *I'M RIGHT HERE, MISS!*

It was the first time I had ever experienced a woman having a sexual reaction to my manness. Up until this point in my life, I had used comedy to attract women. And now I was being objectified. It was wonderful. All I could think was, *OK, Michael Bay, you were right, I was wrong. Thank you.* From that point forward, directors had to argue with me to keep my shirt on.

We were preparing to go into our sixth season of *The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air*, and I had just signed on to shoot *Independence Day* over the summer of 1995. The sixth season was our final contracted season. The question arose: Would I do a seventh?

The ratings of *The Fresh Prince* had fallen slightly but progressively. The storylines were becoming increasingly hokey and it was difficult to maintain the “Freshness.” But we were all making more money than we'd ever made in any previous season.

There is an episode of *Happy Days* in which Fonzie *literally* jumped over a shark on water skis dressed in his signature leather jacket. In the world of sitcom TV, “jumping the shark” is now used metaphorically to signal the beginning of the end, the moment after which a television show has passed its prime—whatever made the show special is

now increasingly hard to capture. The problem is you don't know it at the time—you always feel that you can rekindle the magic.

Anyone who has ever been on a sitcom can tell you the episode in which their show jumped the shark. Ours was season 5, episode 15, “Bullets Over Bel-Air,” the one in which I got shot and Carlton started carrying a gun.

I had successfully fulfilled a promise to myself that I would never get caught in a cycle of deterioration without having the next thing on tap. The show could easily sustain another season; this was my family; I loved them. But a movie career was now a viable option; I was at a crossroads.

John Amos—the legendary actor who played James Evans on the iconic 1970s hit sitcom *Good Times*—costarred in three episodes of *The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air*. His character on *Good Times* was famously and brutally killed off because of a contract dispute. The show was ultimately canceled mid-season; no final episode, no goodbyes, no beautiful montage of memorable moments—just over. John Amos had heard the rumblings of my consideration of a seventh season. One day between rehearsals, he took me for a walk in the parking lot.

“This is one of the most beautiful sets I’ve ever worked on,” John said. “I can feel that you all really love each other.”

“Yes, sir,” I said. “We’ve all fallen into our character roles in real life.”

“I may be oversteppin’ my bounds a bit here,” John went on. “But none of these execs, or producers, or businesspeople, give a shit about your family. Do *not* let them fuck off all of your hard work and passion. It is *your* responsibility to make sure these people get to leave this show with some dignity.”

I had remembered even as a child being jarred by James Evans’s death on *Good Times*. As a kid, I wouldn’t have used the word “dignity,” but in retrospect there was a sense of disrespect that my heart sensed. As a fan, I felt insulted and abused by the narrative. John’s character was unceremoniously killed off, and almost twenty years later the man himself spoke the word that fit the hole in my heart. The whole shit was undignified. I even sensed John’s pain, that maybe *he* had failed his TV family.

The next week, I gathered my cast together. I told everyone that season six would be our final season and that they should take the year to make whatever plans or preparations they felt necessary. I promised them that we would go out with style and grace.

The final episode of *The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air* aired on May 20, 1996—a one-hour finale. The week of shooting had been the most emotional week of my professional life. We laughed, we cried, we reminisced, we loved on each other. And we said goodbye.

I sent my television family off with dignity.

• • •

Meanwhile, in my *real-life* family, I had to pay my own child support—not to my ex-wife for *my* child. That would be normal, and right. I had to pay *my* child support, to my own mother, for *myself*.

Plus, interest and penalties.

Exactly. Let me explain.

Harry had graduated from Hampton University with an accounting degree and had been in charge of all family investments. He was now taking the family into real estate and his first official venture was to help Mom-Mom secure the home of her dreams. They found an old farmhouse in Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania; Mom-Mom was head over heels, so on Christmas morning 1997, we surprised her with the keys.

In the move from Woodcrest, sifting through ancient boxes, Mom-Mom had found her and Daddio's unexecuted divorce papers. Almost twenty years earlier, they had gone through the whole divorce process, but for whatever reason they never got around to signing the final documents. Mom-Mom didn't realize that technically, she wasn't *actually* divorced. So, she signed her divorce papers . . . and *filed* them.

I'm on set shooting *Wild Wild West* when I get an urgent call from Daddio, demanding a mandatory and immediate family meeting, minus Mom-Mom. Still dressed in chaps and spurs, I joined Harry and Ellen on the call.

"Did any of y'all talk to your mother?" Daddio says.

"Um, we talk to her all the time. Is there something specific?" I said.

"She sent over these divorce papers," Daddio said, "and I want to know what y'all think I should do with 'em?"

Just for a little context: Our parents had been separated for twenty years. And they have barely exchanged three words in the last decade. And two of the words are unprintable. Daddio had even started a new family; I had a beautiful new sister named Ashley. So, as his loving children, we find ourselves legitimately confused. And as his loving children, we have roles we tend to play. Ellen never has time for his foolishness. Harry wants to go head-to-head and challenge every syllable he utters. And I try to be the peacemaker. Therefore, as a rule, I tend to talk first.

"Well, what exactly do you *mean*, Dad?" I say, gently and lovingly, recognizing there's something going on that I don't understand.

This causes my father to repeat slightly louder, and more aggressively, as if tone and tenor were the basis of my misunderstanding.

"Your mother sent over these divorce papers, and I said I want to know what y'all think I should do with 'em?"

Immediately, there is a break in the sibling ranks.

Ellen says, "I don't have time for this, I'll talk to y'all later."

We're losing numbers rapidly. We're suffering casualties—I need to resolve this quickly.

"Well, Dad, we *heard* you, it's just that you and Mommy have barely spoken in twenty years. So, I just—"

"I'm askin' y'all what you think I should do with these divorce papers."

Now, Harry's heard enough and blurts out indignantly, "*SIGN 'EM?*"

"Oh, just sign 'em, just like *that?*"

Frankly, Daddio's starting to lose me.

"Dad, I don't understand the question. You and Mommy's relationship—"

"Oh, so *you* think I should just sign 'em, too?" Daddio said.

"Well . . . yes?" I said.

"AND THROW IT ALL AWAY, JUST LIKE THAT?"

To this day, I have no idea what Daddio was thinking. Maybe there was some bizarre finality in the signature that was too much to bear; maybe it was why he never signed them in the first place. But the first domino had been tipped.

Mom-Mom's filing of the divorce papers triggered the full weight of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. Daddio had taken care of us, but he had never *officially* paid child support, a fact that came to light upon the basic review of the paperwork. Mom-Mom was informed that with interest and penalties, Daddio owed her close to \$140,000. And she wanted every single dime of her money. Under Pennsylvania law, if he refused, or couldn't afford to pay, he could be arrested, jailed, and have his assets seized by the sheriff.

"Mom," I pleaded, "don't be like that."

"No, he owes me money, and I want it."

"Mom, he doesn't have \$140,000. . . ."

"Well, that sounds like a *personal* problem to me," she said.

"C'mon, Mom, you're in your new house, everything's good. Let's just make this go easy."

"Oh, this'll go *real* easy. He's gonna give me my money, or he's going to jail."

Mom-Mom wouldn't budge. Too many years of Daddio's crap . . .

"And don't you help him out with *nothin'*, Will!" she said, pointing at me like Celie from *The Color Purple*. "Let *him* figure out how he's gonna pay me my money."

I was stuck. Daddio didn't have \$140,000, and Mom-Mom was unwilling to make any concession whatsoever. And there was no version of me letting my father go to jail. So, in an underhanded, Ponzi-style, backdoor deal, I transferred \$140,000 into Daddio's account; he immediately cut a check to the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania for the full amount, and the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania made Mom-Mom whole on back child support.

This made me the first person in the history of Pennsylvania to pay their own damn child support. (Note: When Mom-Mom found out that I had paid Daddio's debt, she was pissed. And immediately wrote me a check for \$140,000, making her the first person in the history of Pennsylvania to pay her own child back the back child support that they had paid for themselves.)

We should tell this story during Black History Month.

Planet Hollywood was launching in Sydney, Australia, in May 1996. It was a themed restaurant that celebrated the history of Tinseltown. Three of the founding members of the project were three of the biggest movie stars in the world, the Three Wise Men, the Hollywood Magi: Arnold Schwarzenegger, Sylvester Stallone, and Bruce Willis. I was invited to attend the grand opening. I canceled everything and cleared my schedule for the opportunity to be in the same room with the three masters who could absolutely show me the road.

The opening of the restaurant was as big as any movie premiere. Red carpets, searchlights, a massive press line, fans screaming and jockeying for autographs. I made my way into a green room set up in the rear of the restaurant. And there they were: all three of them, *together*—Arnold, Sly, Bruce. I channeled my inner Charlie Mack and interrupted their conversation.

“Hey, guys. Congrats on everything with the restaurant. . . .”

They politely acknowledged my youthful enthusiasm with a subtle hint of, *Uh, you don’t interrupt the three biggest movie stars in the world when you’ve only done one film and a TV show.*

Undeterred, I kept going: “Quick question: I wanna do what y’all are doin’. I want to be the biggest movie star in the world. And if there was ever an iconic trio who knew, I *know* it’s y’all.”

They all chuckled—I guess the audacity of the question qualified me for an honest answer. They all looked at one another, and in some secret, nonverbal, biggest-movie-star-in-the-world language, they decided that it would be Arnold who answered me.

Imagine the following in the Arnold voice:

“You are not a movie star if your movies are only successful in America. You are not a movie star until every person in every country on earth knows who you are. You have to travel the globe, shake every hand, kiss every baby. Think of yourself as a politician running for Biggest Movie Star in the World.”

Bruce and Sly concurred.

“Thank you, guys,” I said. “I didn’t mean to interrupt—y’all can go ahead back to talkin’”

I walked away like the kid in the “Mean” Joe Greene Coke commercial from the eighties. Mean Joe was a famous football player, and he throws the kid his jersey after the Super Bowl. Arnold had given me the key, the key that would become my secret weapon for the next two decades.

This made perfect sense to me. The movie companies were putting up north of \$150,000,000 to plaster the movie posters in every country in the world. I would get to piggyback on their massive financial investment. In my mind, I was *never* promoting a movie—I was using their \$150,000,000 to promote *me*. As far as I was concerned, the movie’s not the product here; *I* am the product. I was grateful to the movie companies for their investment in my future.

I started to notice how much other actors hated traveling, press, and promoting. It seemed like utter insanity to me. JL and I ran the numbers. We realized, for example, a

film that might only earn \$10 million in Spain could easily earn \$15 to \$25 million if you go to the country, do a premiere, a day of press, and a couple of fan events. (It doesn't hurt if you learn a handful of phrases in the local language and say them on the news.) If you multiply that across thirty global territories, actually showing up in the countries could take a \$250 million box office global potential north of half a billion dollars.

As a gross participant, a portion of those extra dollars went directly into my pocket. Not to mention, I became a bigger movie star in each specific territory, meaning that the next movie company would pay me more money than any other actor, because they knew I could double or maybe even triple the bottom line through global promotions.

So I would shoot *The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air* during the week, leave the set, go straight to the airport, fly to Europe overnight, land Saturday morning, do interviews all day, do a premiere, sign autographs all night, head straight back to the airport, hop back on the jet, memorize my lines for the next *Fresh Prince* episode on the flight, and land in LA just in time to go to sleep Sunday night. Then I'd wake up Monday morning and do it all over again.

I had been given the Holy Grail of movie stardom. I scanned the field of my competition to see who else *knew*, who else held the secret . . . and *Tom Cruise* was the head of the pack.

I started quietly monitoring all of Tom's global promotional activities. When I arrived in a country to promote my movie, I would ask the local movie executives to give me Tom's promotional schedule. And I vowed to do two hours more than whatever he did in every country.

Unfortunately, Tom Cruise is either a cyborg, or there are six of him. I was receiving reports of four-and-a-half hour stretches on red carpets in Paris, London, Tokyo . . . In Berlin, Tom literally signed *every single autograph* until there was no one else who wanted one. Tom Cruise's global promotions were the individual best in Hollywood.

How could I beat him? What do I have that he doesn't have?

And it hit me.

Music.

I started setting up stages and doing live performances, free music concerts outside the movie premiere for the fans who couldn't get in to see the film. We once had ten thousand people fill the streets in Piccadilly Circus, London. It was so wild that the police had to ultimately shut it down. Same in Berlin; Red Square in Moscow was the biggest-ever Hollywood premiere up until that point. Tom couldn't do that—neither could Arnold, Bruce, or Sly. I'd found my way out of the entertainment news segment and into *headline* news. And once your movie moves from entertainment to news, it's no longer a movie—it's a cultural phenomenon.

The special effects in *Independence Day* were beyond anything anyone had seen up until that time. The promotions for the film simply showed an alien ship hovering over the White House and blowing it up in a single laser strike. People lost their damn minds.

Independence Day earned \$306 million in the United States. The movie company was happy and had broken even. But then the global promotions kicked in. \$72 million in Germany, \$58 million in the UK, \$40 million in France, \$23 million in Italy, and \$93 million in Japan alone. Within a month, it was the second-highest-grossing film of all time, topping out at \$817 million—an unheard-of number at the time—and all on a \$75 million budget.

We had found the formula. *Independence Day* had special effects, creatures, and a love story, and when we added our global promotional sledgehammer, two words: Scorched. Earth. I had gone from being poor to rich to broke with no acting experience, to starring in the highest-grossing film in the world. And I was only twenty-seven years old.

I felt invincible; but I had felt that before. I knew what it was like to have the wind at my back. But this time, my foot was on the gas, and I wasn't letting up until the wheels fell off. Full beast mode.

. . .

It is very difficult to tell this next story without either cloaking its graphic nature in euphemism and inuendo—and thereby diluting its potency—or being so explicit as to offend the delicate reader and fuck up my book sales. But this is such a pivotal and astonishing experience in my life and my relationship with Jada that I feel impelled to roll my literary dice.

We were in Cabo San Lucas, Mexico. It was one of our favorite hideaways. We had rented a beautiful hacienda in the hills. Jada and I had spent a raucous evening in the company of our dear friend, Jose Cuervo. (That's a euphemism.)

Jada was on top of me as the sweet crescendo simultaneously crept upon us. (Innuendo.)

"I'm crescendoing," she said. "I'm crescendoing!"

"I'm crescendoing, too!" I said.

And as the majestic movement reached its culmination, a shock wave shudders through Jada's body. And then panic—a look of abject terror washed over her face.

"I'm pregnant," she said.

"What?"

At first, I thought she was joking, so I began to snicker.

"Oh no, oh no, oh no, this can't happen. This can't happen!" she said, rocking back and forth, with two fistfuls of her own hair.

Now, I'm cracking up.

"It's not *funny*, Will. It felt like a lock on a vault, one of those big wheels that spins and bolts into place. I felt it. I'm tellin' you, I'm pregnant."

"Babe, I'm no fertility expert," I said, choking back laughter, "but I'm pretty sure they're not even finished swimmin' yet. I think *scientifically* you can't be pregnant."

“I know my body, Will,” she snapped. “I’m pregnant!” Then she rolled over and burst into tears.

I couldn’t figure out what the hell was happening. But she was serious and genuinely scared. I wanted to be helpful, so I rubbed her back and said, “Babe, just stand up and jump up and down.”

“WILL! Stop it! What are we gonna do?”

I felt like this was now going too far and she needed tough love.

“Jada, stop trippin’,” I said sternly. “I understand that you’re experiencing something right now. But you are *not pregnant*. It doesn’t happen that fast. It’s impossible.”

• • •

Jaden Christopher Syre Smith was born on July 8, 1998, pretty much nine months to the day. . . . In our family, we affectionately refer to his conception as “the Miracle.”

But the road to his birth was a rocky one.

Jada didn’t believe in *conventional* marriage, and despised the traditional ceremony. She also had questions about the viability of monogamy as a framework for successful long-term relationships.

Jada had dreamed about a simple, *alternative* ceremony: She saw herself on a mountaintop in a white dress, just she and I. No preacher, no family, no witnesses—just us and God. She had studied the evolution of marriage law from slavery through Reconstruction, and this had given her a serious aversion to the idea that she had to ask the government for permission to pledge her life to her beloved. Jada wanted to look into my eyes, devote her undying love before God, and then get on with the difficult business of building a life together.

Jada had no illusion that love and family would be an easy endeavor; this was another reason she hated traditional wedding ceremonies. She thought that the fluffiness and the pageantry of a classic wedding ceremony was flawed symbolism and gave a false sense of the true gravity of the undertaking. She would say, “A *real* wedding ceremony should be a marathon—we should have to run an *actual* marathon together. And if we’re both still there at the finish line, then we’ve earned the right to get married. You gotta *know* that that person is a survivor.”

While I understood her point, I would always think to myself, *That’s some real unromantic shit right there. Would we have them shiny tinfoil blankets awkwardly slung over our shoulders to prevent hypothermia, and crap running down the back of our legs?*

I did not say this out loud.

• • •

I got an emergency call from Jada’s mother, Gammy. She was near tears.

“Will, you and Jada *have* to get married,” Gammy pleaded. “I hear all this newfangled foolishness y’all are talkin’ about, but you have to have a wedding. Like regular people. Like normal people—with an aisle, a pastor, and some cake.”

“Gam, I’m with *you*,” I said. “I already gave her a ring. And you think I want to tell *Gigi* I’m having a baby and I’m not getting married?”

“Will, this is my only child,” Gammy said. “Please please please convince her to have a wedding. I want to *see* y’all get married! The family wants to be there to support you.”

“I hear you, Gam. Have you told Jada how you feel?”

“Yes, I have,” Gam said, “but she is *not* trying to hear it.”

“Alright, I got you, Gam. We’ll figure it out.”

Jada held her ground as long as she could, but pretty soon, the “wedding pressure” became too much. She was in her second trimester, she was tired and uncomfortable, and didn’t want to argue. She also couldn’t bear the thought of breaking her mother’s heart, and deep down inside—even though I wasn’t saying it—she knew I wanted a wedding, too. So she agreed to have a traditional ceremony in Baltimore on New Year’s Eve under one condition: Gammy had to handle *everything*. Jada agreed to show up, walk down the aisle, eat some cake, yell “Happy New Year!,” and be *out*.

Gam was ecstatic. To this day, Jada refers to our ceremony as “Gammy’s Wedding.”

It was beautiful. It took place in a historic castle just outside the city. It was a very small ceremony—not as small as Jada would have preferred; about one hundred friends and family. There was a pastor, and it was government sanctioned. And while the event itself was joyful and heartwarming, this would be the first of many compromises Jada would make over the years that painfully negated her own values.

She had boarded the Will Train, and there was no way off.

• • •

Not all forms of fame are created equal.

Music famous is fast, current, and immediate. It’s quick-burning, and hard to sustain. But when you touch someone’s heart with music, it’s forever. Once one of your songs fuses with an experience in somebody’s life, there’s damn near nothing that could break that bond. And when you make *party* music, your fame becomes synonymous with fun—you become the center of the party. That’s probably why popular musicians are often associated with sex, drugs, and alcohol. If you’re *having* sex, drugs, or alcohol, you probably want some music to go along with it.

Television famous is a little different. When you’re on TV, people are used to you being in their living room or their bedroom or their kitchen. They are used to watching you in their underwear; they think of you as a friend. When you’re music famous, people will scream and cheer, but they’re used to being kept at a distance—if Beyoncé

or Kanye doesn't sign your autograph, you are like, *Well, of course not, they're Beyoncé and Kanye*. But when you're TV famous, people expect you to honor that "friendship." TV fans are much more insulted by being denied access.

But movie famous is a whole different beast. There is something about the forty-foot silver screen that exalts those projected upon it. Movie famous borders on worship . . . and not always in a good way. Crowds literally part when you're movie famous. Other times, they can flood and nearly drown you.

There's a reverence when you're a movie star. When I was music famous, fans called me "Fresh Prince." When I was TV famous, people yelled out, "Hey, Will!" But the Monday morning after *Independence Day* opened to record-breaking box office receipts was the first time anyone ever referred to me as "Mr. Smith."

Movie stardom also had effects on my relationships. When I was music famous, my family and friends saw it as cool and fun. When I was TV famous, there was a subtle distance growing between us, but Friday nights at *The Fresh Prince* felt so family-oriented that we would reconnect and feel as bonded as we always had. But when I became movie famous, something fundamental changed. Some friends and family I had known my whole life shifted into one of two camps: Either so respectful and deferential that it felt like we were strangers—I couldn't find my loved one within their new behavior. Or, in the second camp, they became disrespectful to try to show me that I'm not no damn movie star round here.

. . .

I've got another one," JL said.

I was recording in New York. JL interrupted a studio session. He never does that.

"I really like it," he said. "It has all the ingredients—great script, great director, Steven Spielberg producing. But there's one major issue. . . . I don't want to poison your read. Just read it and call me right after."

The script was for another sci-fi film. It was about a "secret bureau that licenses, monitors, and polices alien activity on the planet Earth." The director, Barry Sonnenfeld, had asked for me by name; it wasn't an audition—it was an offer.

I read the script that night. Everything about it sounded great. Comedy. Creatures. Space. But I had JL's same concern: back-to-back alien movies. I was worried that the film would be too similar to *Independence Day*. And then, because *Independence Day* had been such a gigantic hit, it felt like going back to the same alien well could only set us up to look smaller and less successful. It seemed to me that at best, this would be a lateral move. *Bad Boys* was a buddy-cop movie; *Independence Day* was an alien movie; and this new script was a buddy-cop alien movie.

I told JL I wasn't feeling it. We thought about it over the weekend, and on Monday we passed.

• • •

Steven Spielberg is on the phone for you, Will.”

I was in New York City recording with a studio full of hard rocks and hip-hop heads.

My ego could not have been more on swole than in that moment.

“Oh . . . Steve is not calling for any of y’all?” I said.

I dipped out to take the call, and in the ten yards from the studio to the phone, I got real unswole, real fast.

“Hello, Mr. Spielberg, sir,” I said, in a least swole tone of voice I could muster. I had just turned down his movie; I would hate to have burned this bridge.

“Hey, Will, call me Steven. How are you?”

“I’m great, Mr. Spielberg, sir, thank you so much for asking.”

“Better yet, *where* are you?”

“New York,” I said.

“OK, perfect,” he said. “Then we can do this in person.”

Uh-oh.

“Do what?”

“Well, you turned my movie down and I’d like to talk to you about that,” he said good-naturedly. We shared a laugh. The tone of his chuckle registered to me as, *Fool, you know I made Jaws, right?*

“Well, no, it wasn’t like that . . . you know,” I said, saying absolutely nothing.

“I just want to show you some images and talk about it. Barry and I are neighbors. Can you come to the Hamptons?”

“Um, sure. When’s best?”

“How about today?”

What is it with these guys and the “right now, today, no paralysis through analysis” shit?

“You can chopper up. You’ll be here in an hour, you’ll be back in three. How’s that sound?”

I’ve been to this dance before.

“Yes, sir, Mr. Spielberg, sir. Yes, that works for me,” I said.

• • •

Less than an hour later I landed at Steven Spielberg’s Hamptons estate. There he was, dressed casually in jeans and an old T-shirt, looking like he didn’t realize he was Steven Spielberg.

His house was a Cape Cod–style cinematic temple: original posters of classic films, pictures of him with Hollywood greats, an office with the actual model of E.T. used in the film, concept drawings of the mechanized shark from *Jaws*.

Everywhere I looked, I saw film greatness, but I was struck by Steven's complete absence of flexin'. Here he was, Steven Spielberg, director of four of the top ten films of all time, but what stood out above all was his childlike joy for cinema. He was anxious and excited to show me the vision for *Men in Black*.

We sat down in his office. He served homemade carbonated lemonade; I wasn't sure I'd ever had *carbonated* lemonade before; I was damn sure I'd never had *homemade* carbonated lemonade before. It was so good it caught me off guard.

"So, why don't you want to be in my alien movie?"

"Well, it's not that I *don't* want to be in it. I mean, I love the script. And I was really, *really* flattered that you thought of me."

He could feel my hesitancy.

"Just tell me what the problem is. Let's see if we can fix it."

I laid out all of my thoughts and concerns about *Bad Boys* and *Independence Day* and similarities and repetitiveness and my fear around getting pigeonholed into being the "Alien Guy."

He listened intently; in retrospect, I recognize his skill set as that of a master director—he spends his life listening to actors, cinematographers, writers, studio executives, producers—determining the problem, and finding a solution to synthesize everyone's brilliance into a single creation.

He took a long pause, deeply pondering my reservations. Finally, he spoke.

"OK, Will, I understand. Completely."

Thank God.

"Ahh, OK, I'm so glad because, you know, I have so much respect for you," I said. "This whole decision is making my brain hurt."

We share a laugh.

"Then don't use *your* brain for this decision. Use *mine*."

He said it jokingly, but it rang like the Liberty Bell in my mind . . . that time it cracked.

Indiana Jones, *Jurassic Park*, *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, *Jaws*, *The Color Purple*, *Schindler's List*, *Saving Private Ryan*, oh, and *E.T.* It dawned on me that if one of us had to make the decision of whether or not I made this film, who should it be?

We spent the rest of the afternoon together. I met the director, Barry Sonnenfeld. We drove around the Hamptons; we went to their kids' school. I went full fanboy on Spielberg; we talked about his process, choosing concepts, developing screenplays, his opinions about story and character and what makes a hit movie and the differences between actors and movie stars. Barry is quite possibly the silliest man on the face of the earth. His sense of humor is as sharp and layered as anyone I've ever known. We are polar opposites, yet our comedic harmony was perfectly calibrated instantly. We cracked each other up; I loved how he saw me.

They gave me a list of movies to watch and things to read and turned me on to what would become the central conceptual framework for how I chose and made movies for

the rest of my career: Joseph Campbell's theory of the monomyth, the hero's journey as laid out in *The Hero with a Thousand Faces*.

• • •

Published in 1949, *The Hero with a Thousand Faces* became my second literary love affair. It would not be an overstatement to say that I bet my entire movie career on this book.

Joseph Campbell's work reveals a hidden story structure embedded in global mythology, folk tales, and classic storytelling. This pattern, this narrative template, has appeared across all cultures and across all time. Campbell theorizes that the reason these ideas, archetypes, patterns, and themes are so universally embedded in our stories is because they are universally embedded in the human experience.

The human mind is a storytelling machine. The creation of narrative is hard-wired into us. What we call "memory" and "imagination" are essentially just stories that we program into our minds as a survival mechanism to protect ourselves and to help us thrive. We are what Jonathan Gottschall called "storytelling animals." Our minds abhor abstraction—from the beginning of time, humans have used character and story to make sense of the mystery of life. We need our lives to *mean* something. It is a kind of mental illness if we cannot shape our experiences into a story that gives our existence a sense of purpose.

Campbell laid out seventeen stages that encompass what he called the "monomyth," or "the hero's journey." (Christopher Vogler, in his landmark interpretation of Joseph Campbell's work, *The Writer's Journey*, refined the stages to twelve. Chris's book has become a Hollywood standard and a classic screenwriting textbook throughout the world.)

The fundamental narrative pattern of the hero's journey is as follows: A hero receives a "call to adventure." Something happens in his life that forces him to embark upon a journey that takes him into a world of danger and wonder. He faces a series of challenges, tests, and trials; he encounters allies and enemies (maybe even falls in love), all culminating in a "supreme ordeal." And if he proves himself wise enough, and strong enough, to overcome his internal wounds (traumas), and external obstacles, and survive this near-death ordeal, he comes away with a "treasure"—what Campbell calls the "elixir," a rare wisdom and insight. He is now empowered to "return home" with "the boon" and do the only thing that makes a human life worth living: help others find their way.

Some stories just bounce off us; we don't get it, we don't feel it, it doesn't mean anything to us. But some stories penetrate; they get past our defenses and plunge into our secret spaces, bypassing our brains and inducing physical reactions: tears, chills, laughter, gasps. They light us up, creating ecstatic pleasure; they inspire us; they make us want to strive. Great stories illuminate truth, and ultimately make us want to see the movie again and again and again.

The list of Hollywood blockbusters that conform to the hero's journey paradigm is almost innumerable. Just off the top of my head? *The Wizard of Oz*; *The Matrix*; *Jaws*; the Star Wars films; *Titanic*; *Braveheart*; the Harry Potter series; *Rocky*; *The Lord of the Rings*; *The Lion King*; *Finding Nemo*; *Forrest Gump*; *The Incredibles*; *Silence of the Lambs*; *Mulan*; *Gladiator*; *Aladdin*; Indiana Jones; *Beauty and the Beast*; and *Dances with Wolves/Avatar* (watch them back-to-back).

The hero's journey became my road map to creating riveting characters and centering them in universally resonant stories, films that transcend language, age, race, religion, culture, nationality, education, economic status. Joseph Campbell/Christopher Vogler had codified the story elements of universal struggle, transformation, and rebirth as one's greatest self—to me, this was cinematic gold, and the key to global human wish-fulfillment. The movie star represents the warrior in the life-or-death battle against the brutality of the human condition.

It is the path of the caterpillar becoming a butterfly; it is the story of Christ, Buddha, Mohammed, Moses, Arjuna; it is the story of Cassius Clay becoming Muhammad Ali; it is the universal arc of transformation; it is the story of Santiago in *The Alchemist*.

• • •

M*en in Black* checked all the boxes. It was a special-effects movie with creatures, a bromance (a love story), and a perfect hero's journey. This would be a major test for the efficacy of the "Will Smith Cinematic Success Formula."

Men in Black was slated for release on July 2, 1997. This was the same weekend that *Independence Day* had hit cinemas the previous year. In Hollywood, all weekends are not equal—the Fourth of July was the most coveted slot of the year. It was where the studios put all of their make-or-break films. Because of the summer holiday, every day was like a Friday, meaning your box office numbers could be 200 to 300 percent bigger on the Fourth than any other weekend. When the studios put your movie on that date, they're betting the farm on you. I decided I wanted to publicly lean into the pressure. In all of my press interviews, I began referring to the Fourth of July weekend as "Big Willie Weekend."

They ate it up. It made headlines everywhere. (In the UK, it had an added though unintended media benefit, because "willy" is slang for the male reproductive organ, and "big" means big. It was as if I was inviting my British fans to join me for "Big Dick Weekend.")

The release of *Men in Black* took on the energy of a prizefight. It was me versus the box office. I was trying to bring to the world of film openings the same anticipation that Muhammad Ali would bring to a title fight. I wanted to come to town like Barnum and Bailey, parading into countries and cities, near and far, the ringmaster galvanizing and unleashing the global circus. I wanted to orchestrate size, scope, and spectacle, the

likes of which had never before been witnessed. We were teed up, and Big Willie was coming with the thunder. (That wording was just for my British friends.)

• • •

Omarr was the youngest in our crew. He'd started out as my dancer, and now that me and Jeff were performing a lot less, I had brought him in as a wardrobe consultant on *Fresh Prince*—Omarr has a great sense of style, and he helped establish my overall fashion flavor.

But he had been quietly and secretly plotting his career shot: With JL and my attention moving more and more into the direction of television and film, he wanted to be in charge of the production and management of my music career. He'd been courting the Trackmasters, up-and-coming New York-based music producers. They'd worked with Nas, LL Cool J, Foxy Brown, and they had a vision for my return to music.

Omarr was anxious to break out of his "Little Omarr" status. He felt things bubbling, and he wanted his shot to contribute.

"Big bro, I'm tellin' you," Omarr said, "how the theme song for *Fresh Prince* popped off crazy? We gotta link a song to *Men in Black*. Trust me, fam, it'll be outta here. Everything in music is dark right now. You can counterprogram the whole culture."

When you're famous, everybody has an idea. Everybody has a new business, a demo, or a better way that you should be doing things. It's even more extreme with friends and family because they feel entitled, and you feel obligated. So I listened patiently to Omarr's pitch.

Then he played me an idea, using a sample of Patrice Rushen's "Forget Me Nots." The demo singer comes in on the hook, "Here come the Men in Black." I turned to Omarr with that classic musician face, bopping my head and looking like something stinks.

We jumped into the studio with the Trackmasters. They modernized the drums and the orchestration—it was bangin'. I wrote and recorded the lyrics to "MiB," and as we listened back to the rough two-track mix, I turned to Omarr and said, "I think you may have just gotten yourself a new job."

(Omarr would later run the same play with Jaden and Justin Bieber on *The Karate Kid* with "Never Say Never"—number one movie, number one record.)

There are very few things in entertainment that are more combustible than a hit movie combined with a hit record. Think about Whitney Houston's *The Bodyguard* and "I Will Always Love You"; Prince's "Purple Rain"; Rocky and "Eye of the Tiger"; *Saturday Night Fever*; *Footloose*; *Grease* . . . Y'all get it. The alchemy of the story and the soundtrack together is like a self-perpetuating tornado sucking all the cash out of the weekend.

The symbiotic relationship between movie, song, and music video was a perfect promotional storm. The song works as massive radio promotion for the movie that is essentially free. The music video acts like a trailer for the movie, and the movie sends fans to buy the album and request the song and video.

We were now locked and loaded. All there was left to do was to wait for the Fourth of July . . . I mean, Big Willie Weekend.

INFERNO

The boy and his father had been unjustly imprisoned. The Greek King who jailed them was an asshole—the charges were trumped-up, no bail, not even a public defender. They were looking at life.

Father and son decided they were going to escape. Dad was a master craftsman, a genius inventor—he could design, build, or fix anything. And he refused to let his son rot in this stank-ass jail cell. So Dad engineered two sets of wings made of wax and feathers to effect their daring escape. But before their flight, the father sternly cautioned his beloved child: “Do not fly too close to the sun, as the wax will melt. And do not fly too low, as the feathers will get wet in the sea.”

But the son, Icarus, wasn’t hearing *none* of that. He was off, over the thick stone walls, past the towers—freedom!—rising into the vast blue ether. As he was getting higher and higher, he was getting *higher* and *higher*. The bliss, the intoxication, the rush of flight, pumped a torrent of adrenaline through his immature veins, the proverbial moth to the flame. The sun ever closer, the inferno scorching and blinding, but still he climbs, flying higher and higher, until his delicate wax wings start to soften and begin to melt, disintegrating and dripping back to the sea. Icarus begins to lose altitude, slowly at first, imperceptibly, then he’s falling. The sea looms; the sun recedes; the disaster is upon him. Icarus burns, crashes, and then he’s gone.

The thing is, I was totally comfortable flying so near to the sun; it was just that everybody else around me was my wings.

Will Smith was named Hollywood’s most bankable star in a survey of movie industry professionals. . . . The stars were ranked on ability to attract financing for a project, box office success, appeal to different audience demographics and other factors. . . . Smith was the only person to receive a perfect score of 10. —REUTERS

Smith ranks first . . . of more than 1,400 working actors [edging out Johnny Depp, Brad Pitt, Leonardo DiCaprio, Angelina Jolie, Tom Hanks, Denzel Washington, Meryl Streep, Jack Nicholson, Tom Cruise, Matt Damon] when it comes to ensuring the financial success of film projects. —FORBES

“We can safely say now that Will Smith owns the Fourth of July weekend,” said Jeff Blake, president of worldwide marketing and distribution for Columbia Pictures. —THE NEW YORK TIMES

Big Willie Weekend was madness—*Men in Black* opened to \$51 million in the first three days in the United States alone. It was #1 in more than forty countries around the world, ultimately steamrolling to \$250 million domestic and topping out at almost \$600 million worldwide. (The soundtrack ended up selling more than five million copies. To capitalize on the momentum, we followed immediately with *Big Willie Style*, which sold more than twelve million worldwide.)

It was now official; it was unanimous; I was the undisputed biggest movie star in the world.

But just to be clear, this is not about me; this is not some narrative ego trip; it's not about flexin' or identity inflation. This is purely for historical context, a background, a framework, all in order to give you, dear reader, greater perspective and deeper insight into just how much I was actually smashin' on muthafuckas.

• • •

Something changed when I saw her.

I'm not even going to try to explain it. But I was never the same again. We knew we were having a girl, but I had no idea what that was going to do inside of me.

I had been in varying degrees of terror and confusion for the births of my sons. Trey was born of an emergency cesarean section and was immediately rushed into the NICU. My first image of him was of an IV tube inserted into the center of the top of his skull. When Jaden was born, Jada was in distress and my attention was fully on her, not on the delivery of my new son. My memories of both births are laced with fragmented, fearful flashes.

So, this time, as a veteran of the maternity ward, free from all of those novice, new jack parent phobias, I vowed complete and total attention. I wanted to be present and involved, every step of the way.

Willow Camille Reign Smith was born on Halloween 2000. Her due date had been November 11, which is Trey's birthday, but even in the womb, she knew she wasn't sharing no birthday with nobody. She showed up two weeks early, in dramatic fashion.

I was the first person to hold her. She was so tiny; her whole body fit in one hand, her limbs dangling off the edges of my palm. Within fifteen seconds she had her nickname, something I call her to this day: My Bean. Her beautiful emerald eyes trying to focus. She couldn't quite see me, but some part of her seemed to know I was hers.

I always enjoy recounting the stories of my children's births—partly to depict the harrowing journeys to parenthood, but mainly to embarrass my kids in front of their friends. The punch line to Willow's story is: she came out, I held her, I gazed in awe at her, and then screamed at the top of my lungs, "OH MY GOD, WHERE'S HIS PENIS?"

Willow hates it when I tell that story, which only makes it funnier to me and makes me want to tell it all the time (in, like, books and stuff).

• • •

Something strange happened in our family dynamic after Willow was born. Up until then, we had maintained a fragile equilibrium—Sheree and I had one child, and Jada and I had one child. We'd all worked very hard to cultivate a sense of a singular family. It was rough in the beginning, but Jada and Sheree agreed that Jaden and Trey

must think of themselves as full brothers. Jada even refused the term “stepmom.” To this day, Trey refers to her as his bonus mom.

When Jaden was born, we tried to make sure that Trey was involved every step of the way. We had spoken to a psychologist to help us make the transition through Jaden’s birth. The psychologist suggested that we allow Trey—who was six at the time—to be a part of naming the new baby. She instructed us that if Trey was part of the naming process, he would think of the new child as *his* brother. The choosing of the name would create a sense of ownership and connection.

Jada and I came home excited to involve Trey. Trey was in his room playing *Mario Kart* on his new Nintendo 64. He was displaying the standard catatonic stare of the video-game-addicted prepubescent male.

“Trey!” I said excitedly.

“Hey, Dad,” Trey said, never taking his eyes off the TV.

“We got a surprise for you! We want you to help pick a name for your brother.”

“OK,” the little caveman said, in a semi-comatose, unresponsive response.

“Trey, stop playing for a second,” Jada said.

“OK,” he said, “gimme one minute.”

“Trey, this is *important*,” I said, getting frustrated that my psychological master move was being thwarted by a six-year-old. “We need you to pick a name for your brother—”

“LUIGI!” he shouted, continuing to play.

Jada and I look to each other in abject horror, both of us thinking the exact same thing: *Have you ever met a nigga named Luigi?*

Jada jumps in.

“Trey, is that the *only* name you like?” she said, in her best fake, singsongy mother voice.

Trey, apparently feeling a sense of rejection, immediately pauses the game.

“But you said *I* get to pick my brother’s name!”

“Well, yes, Trey,” I say, invoking my best fake, singsongy father voice. “But we’re only asking if you have *another* name. In case maybe he doesn’t look like a Luigi. . . .”

“I WANT LUIGI! IT’S MY FAVORITE NAME!” Trey wailed.

“OK, OK,” Jada said calmly. “It’s your choice.”

. . .

I’m going to happily choke the hell out of that lady!”

“I’m callin’ her now, Will, just relax,” Jada said, dialing frantically.

I’m pacing around our bedroom, fuming, imagining having to introduce my new son as Luigi Smith because some damn four-hundred-dollar-an-hour shrink made up some shit about naming kids.

“We’re gonna have to move to fuckin’ Palermo!”

The psychologist apologized profusely, but she had a new solution: She instructed us to quickly buy Trey a puppy. She theorized that if “Luigi” is Trey’s favorite name, he won’t want to wait until his brother is born to use it—he’ll want to name the *puppy* Luigi. Then, we’ll be able to ask him for *another* name for his brother, this time being careful to lead the witness a little more effectively.

We immediately rushed out and purchased a beautiful, fluffy, gray Lhasa apso.

“Trey, we got another surprise for you!” I said.

“WHOA!” Trey cheered, running over to hug his new puppy.

“What do you want to name him?” Jada stage-whispers, verbally tiptoeing back into the Afro Italian minefield.

And sure enough, Trey yells, “LUIGI!”

Jada had successfully completed phase one. Now, I was up.

“But wait, Trey, your brother can’t have the same name as the puppy,” I said.

Jada snaps around on me, uncomfortable with the open-endedness of my promptings.

“I wanna name the *puppy* Luigi!” Trey said emphatically.

Phase two, nailed. Now, for the third, and most critical phase.

“So, you’ll have to pick another name for your brother,” I said. “I have an idea—we’ll *all* pick a name. I’ll pick one, Jada will pick one, and you’ll pick one! And we’ll give your brother *all* three names.”

Trey had just made a new friend at school named Christopher. So, by the grace of a benevolent creator, Trey yells out, “CHRISTOPHER! I want to name my new brother Christopher.”

“YES!” Jada shouts, damn near fist pumping.

In the end, I picked “Jaden”; Trey picked “Christopher”; and Jada picked “Syre”: Jaden Christopher Syre Smith. (For the historical record, JL refused to call Jaden anything but “Luigi” until Jaden’s fifteenth birthday.)

. . .

Willow’s birth had tipped the scales of our precariously balanced blended family and suddenly, for the first time, from within, and from without, there was a sense of my “new” family and my “old” family. In the press, when people would refer to “Will Smith’s family,” they would often times use pictures of only myself, Jada, Jaden, and Willow, leaving out Sheree and Trey. The media preferred the symmetry and conventionality of the nuclear grouping.

As the heat of my global fame came to a boil, so did the cauldron of public scrutiny. My family’s already fragile wax wings began to soften. Sheree and Trey started to retreat from the spotlight, but the spotlight was where I lived. I took their withdrawal personally. *What do you mean you don’t want to go to the premiere of my movie? My family has to walk the red carpet with me. That’s how we eat.*

“I want our son to have a normal life,” Sheree said one day. “I want him to go to school; I want him to go to church; I want him to have regular friends. . . .”

“That’s not his life!” I said.

“That’s not *your* life, Will—it can absolutely be Trey’s life. That’s why he has a mother *and* a father. I don’t want him bouncing around from city to city, set to set, with no stability.”

“My son has to be with *me*,” I said. “I’m the man you had a baby with. So, I’m the father that your son has. In order for me to parent, he has to have the freedom to move when I move.”

“What about school, Will?” Sheree said.

“Tatyana had a tutor on the set of *The Fresh Prince* and got accepted to Harvard. Of course he needs to be educated, but school is not the only place that kids get educated.”

“Will, I’ve seen you on set,” Sheree said. “You’re not even going to be paying attention to him. He’s gonna be left with whatever tutor or nanny you hire. Some people do make movies in LA, you know—did you ever think about maybe staying in LA and raising your son?”

. . .

The emotional wall I keep crashing into while writing this book is that *today*, I know the right answers to many of these questions. But in the confusion of yesterday, I created so many unnecessary messes.

Did you ever think about maybe staying in LA and raising your son?

Here’s what I *should* have said:

“First of all, I love you. I realize that this is not the life either of us envisioned, but this is where we are. I know it’s scary. But I am devoted to you and to Trey with all of my being for the rest of my life. Now, in order to secure resources for our family, I have to be mobile, and I have to be global. But I hear you and I understand your concerns; it’s scary to go against prevailing wisdom. I know that I’m asking you to come with me down an uncharted, dangerous, rocky-ass road. It’s terrifying to not send your kids to traditional schools, or to not know what city they’re going to be in month-to-month. Now, I’m not sayin’ I have all the answers right now, but I promise you, if you ride with me, and support me on this journey, I will *die* before I allow our family to not flourish.”

Now, here’s what I actually said:

“Sure, then we’ll just sell everything and live on whatever *you* can earn.”

. . .

Hey, man, if you say you heard it from me, I will deny it,” Harry said under his breath. “I showed the property to Jada, and she said it was too big. But I’ve known you my whole life, and you’ve only ever talked about Southfork. I found it.”

Harry, as head of our family real estate office, had been charged with finding my Southfork. Even as a child, he knew of my obsession with *Dallas* and my fantasy of having a property with a name. He had found a 256-acre ranch, forty-five minutes northwest of Los Angeles.

“Jada asked me not to show it to you,” Harry said. “So, out of respect for her, I can’t. But here’s the address. It’s everything you ever dreamed about.”

Harry’s like JL—there’s no sauce on his descriptions. If he said it was “everything I’d ever dreamed about,” that meant “sneak away to see it today.”

There were five existing houses on the property; a beautiful lake; horse stables; hiking trails; extensive chaparral flora and fauna. A gorgeous doe walked up to the front door on my first tour; I took it as a sign. I loved it. I had the perfect wife, three beautiful children, and I was the undisputed biggest movie star in the world. The final triumphant brushstroke on my lifelong dreamscape would be “Her Lake,” a house with a name.

Jada loved horses; I was shaking with anticipation. I could see her, just like Sue Ellen, coming to breakfast on a stallion. This purchase would serve as the physical manifestation of my love for Jada. This land would nurture the seeds of our hopes and shelter our flowering aspirations. As soon as I saw the lake on the property, I knew it was for her: Her Lake. (I considered the Spanish translation—*Su Lago*—but ultimately remembered that I was from Philly and she was from B’more.)

Jada didn’t want the property. All she could see were the fifty people it would take to manage, upkeep, secure, and operate 256 acres, horses, five buildings, and a bunch of bold-ass deer continually ringing your doorbell. On top of all that, she knew that I would be away six months of every year working, saddling her with the full responsibility of Her Lake.

She hated the whole idea.

I had just visited India for the first time. Harry and I had stood in front of the Taj Mahal and marveled, not only at its aesthetic detail and beauty but also at the loving intention behind its construction. Many people don’t realize this, but the Taj Mahal is a single mausoleum, designed, constructed, and maintained for one woman: Mumtaz Mahal, the favorite wife of Emperor Shah Jahan. The emperor was so distressed by the death of his beloved that he commissioned the construction of the Taj Mahal. He preserved her body for the more than twenty years it took to build (from 1632 to 1653); he spent thirty-two million rupees (nearly a billion dollars in today’s currency), and employed twenty thousand of the world’s greatest artisans, imported Italian marble (which was not an easy thing to do in seventeenth-century India—and not to mention that India had its own makrana marble he could have been using), all to create a *private* tomb worthy of his lost love.

I related to Emperor Shah Jahan—I wanted anything I was involved with to stand the test of time. I wanted everything around me to be the grandest and most magnificent that anyone had ever seen. Powered by burning passion, my creative impulses would forge the finest expression of anything I touched: movies, music, family, children, businesses, marriage.

I was inspired and consumed by the dream of the Smith family. And Her Lake was an imperative.

“Will, I don’t like it,” Jada said. “I don’t want it. It’s too big, it’s too expensive. And you’re not gonna be here. It’s too many people, it’s too much space, it’s too much noise. No!”

“Babe, I promise you,” I said, “you’re not seein’ what I’m seein’. You’re looking at it as it is right now. You can’t see what’s in my head.”

“I don’t know what you want me to say. I don’t like it; I don’t want it.”

This was Jada’s second great compromise, the next stop on the ever-accelerating Will Train.

Hindsight? Twenty-twenty. To all of my young male readers: no means no. Nothing good comes from spending your hard-earned money on a “family home” that your wife doesn’t want. You are putting a down payment on discord and for years you will be paying off a mortgage of misery.

Or worse.

• • •

One of the greatest disagreements Jada and I ever had was in a therapy session around priorities. Jada and I were both given a sheet of paper and a pen, and the exercise was to list our priorities, ordered from most important to least. Jada and I feverishly scribbled away, and after a few minutes, we were instructed to hand our sheets of paper to each other.

Surprisingly, we’d both only written four priorities each. As I read Jada’s, a look of confusion spread across my face. And as she read mine, her eyes swam with tears. In the twenty-five years we’ve been together I’ve never felt her more injured than in that moment. Jada had listed her priorities as:

1. The children
2. Will
3. Myself
4. Extended family and friends.

I had written:

1. Me
2. Jada
3. The children
4. My career

The therapist reminded us that this was an opportunity to get to know each other better. He said that we should reserve our judgments of each other and remain open to the process of exploration and discovery. Then he asked which of us wanted to respond first.

“Babe,” I said, “I can see you’re struggling with something. What was it that I wrote that’s bothering you?”

Jada could barely speak.

“I cannot believe you put yourself above our children,” she said, her voice quivering.

“What do you mean?” I said, “I love our children as much as you do. I was actually surprised that you put yourself third. That doesn’t make any sense to me. It’s like the airlines: You have to put your mask on first before attempting to assist others. Of course I will take care of all of y’all, but *by* taking care of me.”

“This explains a lot,” Jada said.

“I feel like you’re taking it wrong, babe.”

“Oh, no, I’m taking it exactly how you wrote it on this paper.”

“Jada, all I’m saying is that if you don’t go to the gym, if you don’t eat right, if you don’t take your mental and emotional condition as *primary*, you’re not going to be as good a mother. You take care of your kids *by* taking care of yourself.”

I tried to recover and clarify, but her heart was shattered. She didn’t even wipe the tears.

• • •

I have spoken over the years to many artists, musicians, innovators, athletes, thinkers, poets, entrepreneurs, big dreamers from all walks of life, and there is a secret conversation that always seems to arise: *How can we fully pursue and realize our visions while at the same time cultivating love, a thriving family, and fulfilling relationships?* And here’s the harsh reality for everyone who loves a dreamer: Everything comes second to the dream.

The attainment of my dream became an act of survival. In my darkest nights, my dream saved my life—it was my light, my food. My vision of brighter days sustained me. It was my whole purpose. I saw my hopes as the ticket to a better life—to joy, fulfilment, security, safety. I saw the realization of my dream as my *only* road to love and happiness. Failure equaled death. My belief was, *When I get to the top of this mountain, I will never be scared again. I will never be sad again. I’ll never be abused*

or disrespected or unloved. Everything worth living for is at the top of this mountain. And there is nothing I am unwilling to leave or to lose to get there. And anyone who opposes or impedes my progress is my enemy.

But here's the dichotomy: My wife was my vision; my family was my vision. My picture encompassed joy, fulfillment, and prosperity for *all* of us. It's *my* vision, but it's not selfish because I'm doing it for everyone around me. (Spoiler alert: it's a little bit more complicated than a dichotomy.)

• • •

I never understood the term “embarrassment of riches” until “Gettin’ Jiggy Wit It” went to #1. It was my first #1 on the Billboard Hot 100 chart. And so much shit was going so absolutely perfectly in my amazing life, that, well, I was legitimately embarrassed.

I always remember the image of Michael Jordan shrugging, palms up, after dropping his sixth three in the first half of game one of the 1992 finals against the Portland Trail Blazers. He couldn't miss—he wasn't necessarily even a three-point shooter. And even though he was choosing the shots, he had practiced the shots, and he was taking the shots with every intention of making them, he was just as shocked as we were that they were all going in.

Just for a sense of the timeline, *Independence Day* was July 1996; the “Men in Black” song was mid-June 1997, and the movie was two weeks later; *Big Willie Style* was November 1997, right after I started filming *Enemy of the State*.

I married Jada on December 31, 1997.

“Gettin’ Jiggy Wit It” was released in January 1998, to a decent response. Then it labored a bit through February—that month I received my third Grammy, for “Men in Black,” so we were sort of OK with “Jiggy” not being a hit. Then, the wheels of serendipity began to turn: In an episode of *Seinfeld*, Jerry is attempting to woo a woman who is not feeling him at all.

He asks her, “What is the problem?”

To which she responds, “What do you want from me, Jerry?”

“I’m trying to get jiggy with you,” Jerry says emphatically.

Fans appreciated *Seinfeld*’s risqué redefinition of the word “jiggy.” That next week, Stuart Scott, on ESPN, over the countdown for NBA shots of the week, yelled out, “And he is gettin’ jiggy with it!” over the top dunk. Immediately, we saw a spike in single and album sales, and by March, “Gettin’ Jiggy Wit It” was #1.

I was embarrassed. But I was just warming up.

Oh, by the way, during this time, Jim Carrey became the first actor to earn \$20 million per movie, setting the A-list fee for the top of Hollywood. So, it was obvious that if Jim was worth twenty, the conversations with me started at . . . twenty-one.

• • •

Being a great father was central to my vision of the perfect life. I loved the idea of teaching and crafting and molding and nurturing my children's hearts and minds. Boys need man training. It was my responsibility to teach them how to "hunt," how to survive and navigate the material world. I began to see Sheree as an impediment to my forging of Trey as a young warrior. My father raised me on the ice truck, mixing concrete at the shop. I was forged in the heat of daily battle.

"My son is going to be with me wherever I am because that's the only way I can teach him," I said.

Sheree and I deteriorated into almost daily parenting disagreements. She wanted me to enforce her bedtime rules for Trey. But I didn't care what time he went to sleep as long as he woke up and did his chores. He would learn about going to sleep by waking up and having shitty mornings. She wanted me to limit his video game play, but I was thinking, *What if he's a video game genius and he's going to invent the next PlayStation?* I wanted to align with his love of video games and introduce him to coders and designers and fan the flames of his excitement about video gaming.

Sheree wanted me to pressure him about school and getting good grades, but I didn't view conventional schooling as mandatory for success. I was more concerned with his commitment to critical thinking. I saw school as getting in the way of me having time with him to teach him the *real* shit. I wanted him to see the entire world as school, and every person as a teacher, every place as a classroom.

These conflicting parenting and worldviews landed us in a custody battle. Trey was about nine years old, and now his parents were both demanding full custody. The emotion of these types of disputes is so extreme that very little sanity prevails. It becomes a strange game of chicken, with the child in the middle. How aggressive are you willing to be against your ex with the risk of injuring your child if you miss? And the answer is tainted with the delusion that your behavior is strictly and only for the protection of the child, so you feel justified in higher levels of emotional violence because after all, it's your ex's fault anyway—they are causing the whole thing. It's obvious, and *everyone* can see it's their fault, except them.

I called Daddio. He listened calmly, patiently, a veteran of a very similar petty war.

"Hey, man, look," Daddio said, with an uncharacteristic delicacy. He understood where my mind was, and he knew he had to be careful. "You can't win. You can't fight with a kid's mother. The kid will hate you forever."

Daddio had hit a bull's-eye in my heart. I knew that to be true firsthand.

"So, what am I supposed to do?" I asked. "Just let her mess up my son?"

"You have to wait. When he turns thirteen years old, she ain't gonna be able to do nuthin' with him. He's gonna reach for you. It'll be your turn then. But for now, let her do whatever she gonna do. You just get in where you fit in."

When I look back on my life, I'm still torn about the pros and cons of my decision. But I stopped fighting Sheree. I agreed to shared legal custody, but Trey's primary

residence would be with her. But it also meant that he could not leave the State of California without her permission, permission that she was unlikely to grant anytime during the school year. The result was, three- and four-month stretches where I didn't see Trey. And this was pre-FaceTime. The other unintended consequence was that because Willow and Jaden were homeschooled, they were with me at all times.

But true to Daddio's hard-earned insight, three weeks after Trey's thirteenth birthday, he asked if he could move in with me. Just as Daddio had said, it was my turn now. It was joyful and exciting—Jaden and Willow were ecstatic to have their big brother living with them full-time. But the chasm between me and Trey was deep and wide. Dark seeds of misunderstanding, resentment, and distrust had taken root. Though it would be years before their flowers would fruit.

Will, it's an emergency, call me right now!!!

Ellen's text was like defibrillation paddles to my chest. She lives with Mom-Mom.

"Yo, what happened?" I said.

"MommywasonacruiseinTurkey . . .," Ellen said hysterically.

"Ellen," I said, icy calm. "We're gonna handle whatever it is. But I need you to take a breath so I can understand what's going on."

I surprised myself with the calmness and steadiness of my reaction. I wanted to be in charge; I wanted to be responsible; I liked being the only person Ellen wanted to depend on to fix it. And for the first time, I had an inkling I might be good at it.

"Mom-Mom was on a cruise in Turkey," Ellen wailed, "and I don't even know what happened, but she's in the hospital."

"OK. It's all good. Just relax. Who's she with?"

"Aunt Florence," Ellen said.

Mom-Mom's greatest joy over the past few years had been to travel and explore. Every birthday, Christmas, holiday, I'd surprise her and her friends with another adventure—they had even nicknamed her "the Trip Tester." In Turkey, she's been traveling with Florence Avery, James Avery's mother. They'd become travel buddies, and James would always joke, "Your mother is dragging mine around the world on a Will Smith budget! I can't afford it—you're responsible for both of 'em!"

On the first stop of their Turkish cruise, they were walking through the ruins at Ephesus. Mom-Mom had been so excited to see the columns that she didn't notice a step that was worn away—she slipped and her ankle slammed onto the jagged concrete.

Mom-Mom was rushed to the nearest hospital, which was understaffed and ill-equipped to deal with her injury. By this time her ankle was badly swollen, and she

was sent back to the ship. The ship doctor determined that the ankle was broken, and she needed to go to the American hospital in Turkey to get a cast placed properly.

I was in London at the time. Mom-Mom is diabetic, and with her condition worsening and the medical barriers to travel increasing, I arranged a medevac to the UK, and within ten days we were all back in Philly.

Mom-Mom's diabetic condition caused significant complications in the healing of her ankle. It decreased blood flow, which was necessary for her ankle to heal. Her ankle had been pinned through the tibia with an external fixator, or stabilizing cage, after which she had developed osteomyelitis, an infection of the bone, which with progression can cause a loss of bone integrity and necrosis (bone death). And while the doctors were attempting to do everything in their power to heal her ankle, for the first time, the word that all diabetics fear—"amputation"—was being mentioned.

Mom-Mom had been in the hospital for nearly two months, and for a woman who had discovered the great joys of globe-trotting, this immobility was becoming too much to bear.

"How much longer am I going to be in this bed?" Mom-Mom said.

"Well, we're trying to increase blood flow to your ankle, but it'll probably take at least three months to be able to determine if the procedure will be effective," the doctor said.

"And in three months, what are the chances that you'll be able to save my leg?" Mom-Mom said.

"We're looking at fifty-fifty."

"So you're saying that I could lay in this bed for the next three months and then you could still have to amputate my leg?"

"Well, yes, that's a possibility, but . . ."

"Cut it off now," Mom-Mom said sharply.

"Wait, Mom, just let him finish what he's saying . . .," I said.

"I'm not wasting my life away in this bed," Mom-Mom said. "Cut it off now. I've got a cruise I'm planning on in June."

That is the most gangsta sentence I have ever heard.

Mom-Mom's leg was amputated just below the knee. Within seven weeks, she was fitted for her first prosthetic limb. And within four months, she'd set out to finish her cruise with Florence Avery.

Three days after Mom-Mom had left Turkey, a massive, 7.8-magnitude earthquake hit the country, killing twenty thousand people. The doctor treating her in Philadelphia told her that the hospital she'd been in in Turkey had been destroyed.

"All I lost was a leg," Mom-Mom said. And then she bowed her head, and lowered her voice. "Thank you, God."

PURPOSE

No! Hell no. Absolutely not; no way. Never—not gonna happen. Uh-uh, nope.”

That was my reaction when JL told me that Michael Mann wanted me to star in his forthcoming Muhammad Ali biopic. The thought of it literally ran a chill down my spine. Ali was one of the most recognized and beloved human beings on earth—a living legend. I was not about to be the dude who ruined the cinematic portrayal of his life and legacy.

Besides, everything was going great—I was already the undisputed, undefeated Hollywood Box Office Heavyweight Champion of the World—why roll the dice? Why risk my title? The degree of difficulty in portraying Ali bordered on stupidity. The risk-reward proposition was catastrophically imbalanced toward abysmal global failure and universal, eternal embarrassment. In a nutshell, I didn’t like my odds.

Not only would I have to learn how to fight, but I’d have to learn how to fight like the greatest fighter of all time. *Great* fighters can’t fight like Ali. I had never boxed before. He was over 220 pounds; I barely weighed 190. The dialect and cadence of his voice was singular—no one sounds like Ali. People throughout the world have such fond memories of this revolutionary icon of social justice. There was more video of Muhammad Ali than damn near any other person ever—and not just any old video: classic, era-defining images seared into the hearts and minds of boxing fans and non-fans alike. Everybody knew Muhammad Ali.

“Not this one, J. I’m not feelin’ it.”

“I think you should just meet with Michael Mann,” JL said.

“I don’t wanna be in the room, hear him pitch for an hour, and then have to tell him no. I definitely wanna work with him—just not on this.”

“I think you should take the meeting,” JL said, as if he hadn’t already said it, and as if I hadn’t already said no.

I paused, and then attempted to clarify my position: “No! Hell no. Absolutely not; no way. Never—not gonna happen. Uh-uh, nope.”

We hung up, and I went about my safe, challenge-ducking, risk-averse little life.

About a week later, JL called again.

I would have to guess that I have spoken to James Lassiter on the telephone over the past few decades somewhere north of twenty thousand times, with an average call lasting between seven and twelve minutes, give or take, which comes out to about 171,000 minutes. This means I’ve spent roughly 118 days on the phone with JL. So, just as a point of reference, if it were a *single* call, and we started it by wishing each other a Happy New Year, by the end of the call I could ask him what he was doing for

Easter. We've talked on the phone about *everything*—births, marriages, movies, kids, accidents, music, money, not money, death, dumb shit, and sports.

But this twenty-six-second call is definitely in the Lassiter top five. In his standard, unfazed monotone flair, he said: "Muhammad Ali asked to speak to you personally."

• • •

There are rare individuals among us who just know *who* they are, they know *what* they are, and they are crystal clear about what they are here to *do*—Gandhi, Mother Teresa, Martin Luther King Jr., Nelson Mandela, and even budding change agents like Malala Yousafzai and Greta Thunberg. Each accepted their divine duties and are willing to suffer for what is right and to benefit others. There's an intoxicating power in their conviction—they are calm, they are decisive, and they are loving, even in the midst of conflict and the worst of storms. Just being in their presence inspires your heart toward higher purpose. You want to follow them; you want to serve them; you want to fight alongside them.

Muhammad Ali, at the height of his fame and fortune—and in the prime years of his athletic capabilities—gave up everything to oppose the war in Vietnam. He refused induction into the US Army on religious grounds as a conscientious objector, and in 1967, Ali was convicted of "draft evasion" and sentenced to five years in prison. His passport was seized; he was heavily fined; and he was punished with a three-year ban from boxing.

I ain't draft dodging. I ain't burning no flag. I ain't running to Canada. I'm staying right here. You want to send me to jail? Fine, you go right ahead. I've been in jail for four hundred years. I could be there for four or five more, but I ain't going no ten thousand miles to help murder and kill other poor people. If I want to die, I'll die right here, right now, fightin' you, if I want to die. You my enemy, not no Chinese, no Viet Cong, no Japanese. You my opposer when I want freedom. You my opposer when I want justice. You my opposer when I want equality. Want me to go somewhere and fight for you? You won't even stand up for me right here in America, for my rights and my religious beliefs. You won't even stand up for me right here at home.

• • •

I meet with the champ; his wife, Lonnie; and his daughters, Laila and May May, in Las Vegas.

Ali is seated in front of a bowl of chicken noodle soup. Even though I had no intention of portraying him in the film, I couldn't help but clock his hair, the shape of his lips around the spoon, his left hand balancing himself on the table while eating with his right, and the surprising fluidity of his physical movements. He looks up and sees me, his face collapsing into the iconic Ali scowl, his top teeth comedically biting into his bottom lip.

"Who let that sucka in here?" Ali yells, as he jumps up from the table. Clearly the family has been here before. Everyone falls into their roles. May May steps in front of her father.

"Come on, Daddy," she says, "let's not do this today."

Ali pretends to struggle to get past her.

“This sucka think he can just walk up in here. Let me at him,” he said, sounding just like Muhammad Ali.

It’s Lonnie’s turn to step in. She and May May are now trying to both hold Ali back.

“Come on, honey,” Lonnie said kindly, “just finish your soup. Can we have *one* day when you’re not trying to fight somebody?”

Not to be outdone, I decided to play along.

“Listen to your wife, champ,” I said. “Just eat your soup. You don’t want none of what’s over here.”

This puts Ali into a mock rage.

“That’s it! That’s it! Y’all move out my way! I wanna hear how he talk with my fist in his mouth!”

Everyone is roaring with laughter. Who knows how many times the family has played out this scene? But this time, it was Ali’s gift to me—he knew I would talk about it for the rest of my life.

That’s how Ali was. He was always trying to create something that would make you smile forever. He knew he was Muhammad Ali; he knew what that meant to people; and there was no length he was unwilling to go to in order to autograph your heart with a loving memory.

Once he’s “calmed down,” he hugged me. He began checking my biceps and my abs and feeling the bone structure of my hands. He held his hands up like boxing mitts.

“Let me see your jab,” said Muhammad Ali.

“Well, I haven’t trained or anything yet, champ. . . .”

“Come on, now, you can’t jab wit’ your lips! Let me feel it,” the greatest fighter of all time insisted.

I didn’t know anything about how to box or land a punch. I was a southpaw at the time. But I reach out and tap Ali’s hand with the saddest right-hand jab. And Ali scares the hell out of me as he screams in pain, doubles over, clutching his hand.

“Did y’all see that?” he said, pointing at me. “That boy just hit me! I was mindin’ my own business and he struck me! You’re gon’ to jail tonight, sucka!”

The room once again erupted in joyous laughter. Ali then announced to Lonnie, “He’s almost pretty enough to play me.”

. . .

We talked for hours.

“They got me on a diet,” Ali said. “Lonnie thinks I’m gettin’ too fat.”

I peer comically at his stomach.

“Yeah, look like you got a lot goin’ on over there, champ,” I said.

Ali put two hands on his belly, looked down at it, and shakes it.

“Aw, man, this ain’t nuthin’ but a young girl’s playground.”

I clocked how similar our senses of humor were. Our banter was fluid and comfortable; there was a deep childlike core to him that harmonized with my own. His

heart was transparent to me. Ali told me about his childhood; how his life changed when he learned how to fight; his Olympic win; his difficulties with women; the strained relationship with his father. I was shocked by how much I innately understood him. The actor in me thought, *Oh shit. I might be able to do this.* . . .

“I don’t want anybody else to do this movie,” Ali says. “I’ve been tellin’ people no for years. But I would be honored if you would tell my story to the world.”

. . .

Michael Mann is one of my all-time favorite filmmakers: *Heat*; *The Last of the Mohicans*; *The Insider*; *Manhunter*; *Miami Vice*. The meeting was in a small warehouse that he’d converted into his office in LA. The main section was a three-thousand-square-foot Muhammad Ali war room: thousands of pictures, books, memorabilia, magazine articles, stacks of overstuffed color-coded binders, videos on multiple televisions—interviews on one, Ali’s jab on a loop on another. A heavy bag, weights, wraps, gloves, and jump ropes surrounded a perfectly lit boxing ring in the center.

It looked like an FBI Quantico situation room—the level of detail was mind-boggling. When I arrive, Michael is midconversation with an elderly Italian man. Four black leather jackets hang on mannequins in front of them. They’re in some dispute. Michael wanted an identical jacket to one he’d seen in a picture of Ali from the late sixties. The Italian man was the now seventy-five-year-old tailor who had made the original jacket. He had sent four versions of the jacket, none of which had met Michael’s approval, so Michael flew the man in from Chicago to discuss the problem. The tailor is vehemently defending the precision of his work, pointing back and forth between the 1960s picture and the jackets. (All four jackets were identical to my eye, by the way.)

“Michael, with all due respect,” the tailor says, “I made the original jacket. And I made these four replicas. Everything is sourced and constructed exactly as it was forty years ago.”

“Something’s off,” Michael says, “it’s not right.”

As the debate intensifies, it suddenly hits Michael.

“I see the problem,” Michael eureka, pointing to Ali’s collar in the photo. “The stitching on the collar of the replicas is single thread; but look, in the photo, the stitching is double thread.”

The tailor squints and realizes that Michael is correct. He then remembers that in the mid-1970s, the fabric of the thread changed, and he stopped using the double-stitching technique. He shook Michael’s hand and set off to make the jacket . . . *right*.

As it turns out, Michael Mann is a savant-level researcher. I had never before (nor since) met a more thorough cinematic scientist.

We sat at Michael’s desk.

“I met Malcolm X in 1963,” Michael said. “I’m one year younger than Ali. So, generationally, I was pissed off about the same things he was pissed off about. I’m not looking to idolize him; that would diminish his humanity. This is not a story about boxing—it’s about politics, war, religion, and rebellion. I want to create an inside view, an intimate perspective. I want to see his despondency when his fortunes are at their absolute most abysmal.”

“I have no idea how to become Muhammad Ali,” I admitted.

“Well, fortunately, you don’t have to worry about that,” Michael said. “I will create the curriculum that will render you *as* Ali. All you have to do is follow the syllabus.”

Michael explained that he would do all of the research, build a world-class team of teachers, experts, trainers. He would be in charge of my schedule; he would surround me with people who had actually been there with Ali. He would pick my clothes, he would build a cast, he would even choose the music I would listen to.

All I had to do was commit.

I loved the sound of that recipe: take one firm commander, mix in some clear orders, just add discipline, and shake thoroughly. I could definitely do that.

“But it’s not gonna be easy,” Michael said. “It’s going to take everything you’ve got. And then just a little bit more than that. Do you have any boxing experience?”

“None whatsoever,” I said.

Michael, unfazed, maybe even a little inspired by that damning revelation, reaches for the phone on his desk.

“Is Darrell still here?” he asks, knowing damn well that Darrell was still here. “Good. Have him come in.”

. . .

Darrell Foster is the individual hardest man I’ve ever met in my life.

Born and raised on the streets of Washington, DC, Darrell survived a horrific childhood marred by violence and abuse.

“Shit—it’s a damn miracle I ain’t dead or in jail,” he’d say. “If it wasn’t for boxin’, man, ain’t no tellin’ . . . these gloves saved my life.”

Darrell was an athletic prodigy. He started boxing at age ten, and within a few years he was the best amateur boxer in the country at his weight class. At thirteen, he won the Golden Gloves, the equivalent of the Super Bowl for amateur boxers. He was undefeated. He had college scholarships lined up. His coaches were even eyeing the Olympics.

Then, at seventeen, Darrell Foster nearly killed a guy in the ring, pounding him after the referee had told him to stop. Just like that, the sport that Darrell owed his life to was taken away from him. He was banned from competition.

Darrell became a trainer. There, too, he excelled. He had grown up with Sugar Ray Leonard—one of the best boxers of all time—and had been his training partner, helping him win an Olympic gold medal and become world champion in five different

weight classes. Once Sugar Ray retired, Darrell moved out to Hollywood and began consulting on films. There, he helped train Woody Harrelson and Antonio Banderas in the 1999 film *Play It to the Bone*. And in 2000, when Michael Mann needed someone to do the heavy lifting of turning Will Smith into Muhammad Ali, Darrell was Michael's top choice to carry that load.

Darrell enters the room—five ten, 190 pounds. Imagine if you could crossbreed a pit bull with a brick. The omega symbol is branded proudly on his upper left arm—he's a Que Dog (a member of the Omega Psi Phi fraternity). They're as hard as they come. His posture is rigid, straight up and down, head high, shoulders back, like a soldier. Like a general. His hands, at their default setting, halfway to a fist, just in case.

His presence is intense.

He's already looking me up and down. Unconvinced. He holds his hand out to greet me—not a handshake, a closed fist. We pound.

"How tall are you?" Darrell says.

"I'm six two."

"What you weighin' right now?"

"I'm probably one ninety. . . ."

"Yeah, that's not enough," he says, almost to himself, making his way to the boxing ring. "Take your shoes off, hop up in here."

What? I have jeans on. And jewelry. I'm fly right now.

But Darrell is already in the ring, waiting for me. Michael Mann is grabbing a video camera. Darrell slides the focus mitts on, and he claps them together, an explosion echoing through the cavernous warehouse. The reverberation seems to say, *Hurry the fuck up, bling boy. . . .*

Darrell didn't give two shits that I was the biggest movie star in the world. In fact, he almost saw it as the biggest problem.

Michael Mann helps me on with the fourteen-ounce gloves, and I step into the ring.

This dude better not hit me.

"Ninety percent of the people on earth are right-handed," Darrell said in a voice that seemed to be louder than necessary. "That means that if you're gon' get knocked out in the street, most of the time it's gon' be with a looping overhand right. In order to deliver that punch, a person's right foot gotta be set back—that's how they gon' get the leverage to throw it. You see that shit in the street all the time when niggas is beefin'. So, when you see them shift their weight, you know what's comin'. Your rear cranium bone's the hardest bone in your skull, so all we gon' practice today: put your left ear down to your shoulder, and we gon' break their hand on the top of your head. Then you gon' fire your right hand straight back."

For about thirty minutes, we repeated that sequence. Darrell was pretending like we were in the street. He would talk shit, then shift his right foot back, throw the overhand right; I would time it so that I caught the mitt on the back-left section of my cranium—"the hardest bone of my skull"—and then I'd fire my right hand back at the center of his mitt.

“You master that,” Darrell said, “you gon’ stretch most muthafuckas in the street.”

“Is that a move Ali did?” I said.

“Don’t you worry about Ali. I gotta teach you how to fight first.”

Something about that promise rang deep within me. He was going to teach me how to fight for *real*. The thought of being able to physically defend myself induced reverence and surrender to Darrell’s leadership.

Michael and Darrell share a silent look. They’ve seen enough—clearly, they need to talk about me behind my back. Darrell begins to remove the mitts and steps out of the ring.

“I’ll see you tomorrow,” Darrell says.

“What are we doin’ tomorrow?” I say.

“Five at five. We only got a year—we need to get started.”

. . .

Darrell’s style of training is full immersion: He doesn’t ask anybody to do anything that he doesn’t do. Over the next year, he ran every mile, jumped every rope, lifted every weight, sparred as many rounds—every moment of training, right by my side. He ate when I ate; he slept when I slept; he worked when I worked. Often, he would quote Edgar Guest’s poem “The Sermons We See”:

*I’d rather see a sermon than hear one any day;
I’d rather one should walk with me than merely tell the way.
The eye’s a better pupil and more willing than the ear,
Fine counsel is confusing, but example’s always clear . . .*

This was not a dude I thought was going to quote poetry.

Darrell had a “no actors” rule—he set up an authentic fight camp. Every boxing role in the film would be cast with active, professional fighters: former heavyweight champ Michael Bentt as Sonny Liston; James “Lights Out” Toney—a three-weight-class champ—as Joe Frazier; IBF cruiserweight champ Alfred Cole as Ernie Terrell; and 17–1 heavyweight contender Charles Shufford Jr. as George Foreman. These would be the anchor fights of the film.

“We ain’t doin’ no Hollywood bullshit around here. This a real fight camp,” Darrell said. “We are preparing for a title shot. Fuck a movie.”

Everybody knew we were doing this for Muhammad Ali. Every fighter felt indebted and dedicated to the champ. There was an energy around the project that I had never experienced before. The *purpose* of the film had a unifying and electrifying effect on all of us.

That first week was brutal. I had just finished a thirty-minute footwork drill, and I was exhausted, so I laid down in the ring.

Darrell saw me from across the gym and snapped.

“Hey! Get the fuck up!”

I stood as he made his way over to the ring.

“Do not get comfortable with your back on that canvas,” he said. “You fight how you train.”

You fight how you train was one of Darrell’s central axioms. “You do *everything* how you do *one* thing,” he’d say. Darrell didn’t want me to get comfortable with my back on the canvas in case I ever got knocked down. He wanted lying down in a boxing ring to feel utterly foreign to me, just in case I ever found myself lying down in a boxing ring.

His position was: dreams are built on discipline; discipline is built on habits; habits are built on training. And training takes place in every single second and every situation of your life: how you wash the dishes; how you drive a car; how you present a report at school or at work. You either do your best *all* the time or you don’t; if the behavior has not been trained and practiced, then the switch will not be there when you need it.

“Training is for the purpose of habituating reactions to extreme circumstances,” Darrell said. “When situations get hot, you can’t rely on yo’ thinkin’ mind. You must have habituated reflexive responses that kick in without the necessity of thought. *Never* de-train your killer instincts.”

• • •

The Sonny Liston and Joe Frazier fights feature early in the movie, so Michael Bentt and James Toney were the first fighters I trained with. Darrell and I had spent the first three months with just the two of us, working on the fundamentals: footwork, posture, cardio, and developing the fluidity of the classic Ali jab—what Ali called the “snake lick” because it mimicked the strike of a cobra. Michael Mann brought in a brain scientist to help with what he called “burning new neural passages.” The scientist created a twenty-minute loop of the quintessential Ali footwork and jab. I would sit in a pitch-black room, watching the loop twice a day, staring at the repeated movement until it was seared on my brain stem.

The first few months of training were in front of mirrors, in empty gyms, and in solitary locations. We ran at altitude in the snow in Colorado, in combat boots. I could barely breathe; Darrell had run the same distance but looked like he had just awakened from a refreshing nap. I had to take a knee. Darrell didn’t care much for my little breaktime in the snowbank.

“Write his name,” Darrell said.

“What?” I said, struggling for a sip of oxygen.

“Ali. Write it.”

I leaned down and slowly began to write.

A-L-I.

Darrell snapped a picture.

“You need to remember why we’re suffering,” he said, as he began to run.

• • •

When the group training camp began, it was no longer just Darrell and me. For the first time, I was gloved up across the ring from seasoned boxing champions.

Darrell whispered to me as he laced my gloves, “These are not actors. These are instinctual fighters. Their hands will just fly before they even know it. The first rule of boxing: protect yourself at all times.”

In the mirror, I was starting to look like Muhammad Ali. I was 223 pounds of muscle now, with a one-rep max bench press of 365 pounds. But as soon as another fighter stepped in the ring, my fear wouldn’t allow me to maintain my forward posture. I began leaning back at the waist too much.

“Don’t compromise your spine angle! Lean in!” Darrell yells from outside the ring. “Just stay off the train tracks! Create angles.”

But Michael Bentt was not inspiring me in the least to lean in toward him. I decided, *Fuck it, just lean in!* And my simple, two-inch spinal adjustment triggers Michael Bentt’s right hand. I see it coming, but it’s too late. I only have enough time to put my chin down a little and brace for impact. Bentt’s right hand lands high on my forehead, but because of my forward posture, my head doesn’t snap back—instead, it compresses down onto my spinal column. I feel an electrical shock shoot from the top of my spine down both arms, ending at my elbows. I have an alkaline, metallic taste in my mouth like I’ve just licked a nine-volt battery. Fortunately, Bentt sees that I’m hurt and doesn’t follow with the left hook he hit Tommy Morrison with to become heavyweight champ.

This was the first time I’d been truly hit. Every fighter in the room knew that this was a make-or-break moment—fight or flight. Everybody went silent. Darrell calmly stepped up into the ring and sat me in the corner.

“You good?” he said, knowing damn well I was not good.

Michael Bentt appeared over Darrell’s shoulder. “You a’ight, Gawd?” he said in his thick Brooklyn accent.

All I could think was, *Where the fuck are my car keys?*

As I look back on my life, I see funny stories, beautiful experiences, tragic losses, magnificent victories—all held together by a handful of pivotal moments, critical choices that completely altered the trajectory of my journey. In that ring with Michael Bentt, a switch got flipped that would take a decade to get unflipped. The warrior within me took complete command of everything in my life.

I stood up off the stool, looked at Bentt, and said, “Good shot. Let’s work.”

• • •

The one year of training and the five months of filming of *Ali* was the most grueling mental, physical, and emotional test of my entire career, but also the most transformative.

The filming of *Ali* spanned seven cities and two continents. We began in LA, did two weeks in Chicago, quick shoots in New York and Miami, and then it was time to bring it home. We were heading to the motherland. We were heading to Africa, a place I'd never been.

The final sequence of *Ali* was shot in Mozambique. Michael Mann is a purist—he wanted to shoot in the Democratic Republic of the Congo, where the actual “Rumble in the Jungle” took place. But the raging civil war there redirected the production to Maputo.

Michael wanted the cast to feel what it was like to fly together and arrive together—Jamie Foxx, Jeffrey Wright, Nona Gaye, Mykelti Williamson, Ron Silver, Mario Van Peebles, Jon Voight, and Michael Michele; and me, JL, Charlie, and my whole squad. Michael was trying to orchestrate a similar emotional experience to the one that Ali and his crew had had. This was a part of his cinematic genius.

And it worked.

It is difficult to overestimate the power of a first experience in Africa. Two steps off the airplane, and I'm already crying. I'm not sure if it was my cells or my soul that recognized their origin, but it was visceral and overwhelming. We found a quiet place just outside the airport in Maputo, Mozambique; we all huddled, held hands, knelt down, and kissed the ground. One of the airport workers yelled out from the other side of the fence, “Welcome home, brothers!”

• • •

Nelson Mandela has invited us to dinner,” JL said, in his regular-ass JL voice.

I couldn't even respond.

“His current wife is Graça Machel, the former first lady of Mozambique,” he said, as though he was reading from Wikipedia. “They have a house near here.”

“J, you *gotta* start putting some expression on it when you tell me shit like that,” I said.

I had felt the world moving differently around this film. Ali's name alone opened doors in a way I'd never experienced. It engendered the goodwill of every person we approached. His legacy lubricated the logistical wheels of the production; deal negotiations, permits, locations, casting—everything and everybody wanted to serve Ali. Whatever we needed to tell his story properly, the answer was always yes. It wasn't because of his fame, or his boxing titles; it wasn't about success, or money; the always-positive reaction was about people's deep recognition and reverence for a life

lived in integrity. In the face of grievous injustice, profound prejudice, and financial devastation, he never wavered from the convictions of his principles. He was the greatest fighter of all time yet would always say, “My religion is love.”

Everybody wanted to be a part of honoring him.

I had experienced the magnetism of fame, I knew well the allure of celebrity, the attraction of money, but this was my first dose of the power of *purpose* and the radiance of service.

• • •

Nelson Mandela had spent twenty-seven years unjustly imprisoned for opposing the South African apartheid regime. His eyes had been damaged from hard labor in the lime quarries. Upon the toppling of the apartheid system, he was released from Victor Verster Prison and was subsequently elected president of South Africa.

One of his first official undertakings was the Truth and Reconciliation Commission hearings, where the architects and the perpetrators of the heinous system of racial segregation and brutality were put on trial. And in a controversial and extraordinary act, Nelson Mandela offered forgiveness and amnesty to those who would confess their atrocities. He was, however, widely criticized for this stance, but as he wrote in 2012:

In the end, reconciliation is a spiritual process, which requires more than just a legal framework. It has to happen in the hearts and minds of people.

The night of the dinner came. Twenty cast and crew members made our way to his suburban home in Maputo. As I entered, Charlie Mack and JL by my side, my eyes once again welled with tears.

“You don’t need to cry, man,” Charlie Mack said, “you belong here.”

“Hallo, Willie!” Mr. Mandela said, joyfully bringing me into his arms. “Come—you will sit with me.”

“Madiba”—as he’s known among his closest friends and family—grabbed my hand and walked me around his home. We must have held hands for a full ten minutes. Men didn’t hold hands like this where I grew up; the show of affection was overwhelming.

I introduced him to everyone; he, in turn, introduced me to his wife, Graça, and his family. He took his seat at the head of the dining room table and sat me to his right hand. We all ate and talked and laughed, and he praised us for honoring Ali. Then, as the meal wound down, Madiba began to recount in vivid detail the horrors of apartheid and his twenty-seven years in prison, eighteen of them on Robben Island.

“As inmates, once a month we were shown a film—movies from all over the world—but American cinema was my particular favorite. There was a film called *In the Heat of the Night*, starring Sidney Poitier. And in the middle of the movie, there was a strange glitch. I could tell that the film had been edited. I was so intrigued. I used all my angles and connections on the outside to determine what had been taken out. It

took weeks, but finally I was informed that Sidney Poitier had slapped a white man in the face. Something in my spirit was energized. If Black men in American cinema are standing on equal ground with their white counterparts, then it was only a matter of time. The film empowered me, it inspired me.”

And then he paused, he looked directly into my eyes, and said, “Never underestimate the power of what you do.”

• • •

After dinner, cast and crew are milling about. The evening is winding down. Madiba and I are sharing a quiet moment. He sits calmly, taking in the room. I catch myself staring. He has the same little smile and trancelike countenance that Gigi displayed every Sunday in Resurrection Baptist Church—the soft rise in the corners of his mouth betraying an invincible serenity.

My heart jumped at the recognition. He soon feels my gaze and turns his attention to me. I ask him, jokingly, but in all seriousness, “What’s that look?”

He peered into me as if trying to discern whether I had accidentally asked a good question, or, if I had asked in earnest, was I ready to hear the answer?

“If you will come and spend time with me,” Madiba said, “I will show you.”

• • •

If you will come and spend time with me, I will show you.

Madiba’s words lingered as we prepared to film the final scenes of *Ali*—the “Rumble in the Jungle,” Ali versus Foreman. In a perfect example of art imitating life, this was the most difficult fight of Ali’s career, and also the most difficult fight to capture on film. The sequence took two weeks to shoot; Michael Mann had an entire stadium refurbished and over 20,000 extras in the stands. With the lights and the humidity, it was over 105 degrees in the ring, and I lost eleven pounds on the first day of shooting. That meant I had to double the portions of chicken breast, broccoli, and brown rice I’d been “enjoying” for months.

One weekend, everyone was sitting around in the house we had rented just outside Maputo. I had been training with Darrell and the other fighters for more than a year, and everything was coming down to this final sequence.

The Africa experience was the culmination of the entire journey. My boys Bilaal Salaam, Dave Haines, and Mike Soccio flew in and brought a spark of new energy that I desperately needed at the time. But while everyone was thinking of this as a regular movie shoot, Darrell saw it as a fight camp.

My boy Bilaal ended up losing one hundred pounds during the training and filming. Dave Haines was my stand-in—in Hollywood terms, that means he would stand in the

spots that I would eventually be so the crew could set the lights and the shots and get everything ready. Dave so impressed Michael Mann that Michael gave him the role of Ali's brother, Rahman, in the movie. I accidentally gave Dave a concussion during a sparring session.

My boy Mike had been a writer on *The Fresh Prince*. I had hired him to video document our entire African experience. As far as he was concerned, he was here in a domestic capacity, and accordingly, he had had a case of Snickers shipped in from Philly.

Darrell exploded.

"Nigga, you eatin' a fuckin' Snickers?" he said, which for Mike was confusing on two levels—one, in his mind he was just a videographer, and two, he's white. "Will is about to be in a ring with a 235-pound muthafucka punchin' at his head. This is the challenge of his lifetime. We all benefittin' from his suffering and you stuck in the fuckin' pleasure principle. He don't need to be seen' yo ass chompin' on no fuckin' candy bar! You either helpin', or you hurtin'. And if you not committed to helpin', then you need to take your ass the fuck home."

(Africa side note #1: Mike ultimately trained into the best shape of his life, and thank God, because as great a writer as he is, as a videographer, he failed bad: One time on safari we were chased by an elephant, and Mike was so terrified he couldn't pick the camera up, and all we got was the audio . . . of Mike screaming, and Charlie Mack saying "That's a motherfuckin' elephant!" eleven times in a row.)

Darrell and JL were perfectly in sync. JL knew the magnitude of this endeavor. He had been fighting for that kind of order for years. Charlie's father had been a boxer; Charlie had been around boxing gyms his whole life—he understood the idea of supporting the champ to secure our collective win (Charlie and Dave even started calling me "champ"). Omarr never trusted anybody anyway, so he loved that Darrell was defending the space.

This fight-camp, support-the-champ mentality became the new law of our group. *Everybody* had to run five at five; *everybody* had to work out in the gym; *everybody* had to eat right; *everybody* had to read and study and offer new ideas. *Everybody* had to live a disciplined life, to reach for the best version of themselves, otherwise they had to go the fuck home. The unified mission of telling Muhammad Ali's story established a new fundamental way of being that would extend within our group far beyond the completion of *Ali*.

. . .

The infrastructure in Mozambique was not equipped at the time to sustain a production the size of *Ali*. We literally had to rebuild and refurbish hotels and residences to accommodate cast and crew. Most of that crew and assets had to be brought in from neighboring South Africa. This created a subtle tension: a mostly white South African production contingent, working for a mostly African American

cast and crew, backed by a 100 percent Black Mozambican support staff. The racial and nationalistic frictions were simmering from day one.

But there was an immediate camaraderie between the African American cast members and the Mozambicans. Jamie Foxx damn near became a local—he went out every night; Jeffrey Wright spent every free moment with artists, poets, and musicians—he was always bringing somebody to the set who had blown his mind. (Africa side note #2: My barber, Pierce, ended up falling in love and getting married to a beautiful Mozambican girl named Iva. They have two gorgeous children, Madiu and Gaelle.)

We all took a liking to a young production assistant named Jorge Maciel. He was in his early twenties and had one of those personalities that you never forget. Everybody liked him, which made him the de facto leader of the Mozambican PAs. (Africa side note #3: Jorge told us he wanted to move to the United States. We told him, “Sure, Jorge, if you get there, we got you.” Six months after *Ali* wrapped, Jorge appeared in Los Angeles; he moved in with Pierce, and I financed a cleaning company that he owned and operated for five years, until he felt he had gathered sufficient business knowledge to return and build in his native Mozambique. We finance the trucking company that he owns and operates to this day.)

The experience of Africa was spiritual, transformative, and deeply emotional for all of us.

One day, Jorge came to Charlie Mack and informed him that one of the white South African crew members had assaulted a young Mozambican PA. The South African crew member was responsible for cleaning and maintaining the bathrooms on set; apparently, the Mozambican boy had allegedly left urine drops on the toilet seat. The crew member chased him down, grabbed him by the scruff of his neck, took him back to the bathroom, and allegedly wiped the toilet seat with his face.

Charlie comes to my trailer in a rage.

“Yo, come with me right now, motherfuckas is trippin’.”

I didn’t know which motherfuckas and what kind of trippin’, but I’ve known Charlie long enough to know it wasn’t good. News of the incident was building on set, and a crowd was forming around the bathrooms. By the time we reach the scene there are ten of us. To the left are fifteen Mozambican PAs, and to the right, thirty white South African crew members. Charlie Mack walks right into the middle.

“Who did it?” he says.

The Mozambicans point to the accused crew member. We all turn and face him.

“Yo, you put somebody’s head in the toilet?” Charlie says, towering over the guy.

“This doesn’t have anything to do with you,” the man says.

“Oh, it got *everything* to do with me. I want *my* head in the toilet,” Charlie said, now invading the man’s personal space.

Feeling uncomfortable with the proximity, the man takes two steps backward, which prompts Charlie to take three steps forward. Now we are fully squared off with the South African crew members, each of us picking who we’re going to stretch if it kicks off.

“What I gotta do to get *my* head in the toilet?”

Other crew members attempt to deescalate the situation.

“Let’s all just turn it down a little bit . . .” Which only prompts Charlie to turn it up.

“I WANT MY HEAD IN THE TOILET! WHAT DO I HAVE TO DO TO GET MY HEAD IN THE TOILET? YOUR MOTHER’S A MOTHERFUCKING BITCH! WILL THAT DO IT?” Charlie says, screaming directly into the face of the accused.

“YOUR MOTHER’S A HO-ASS FUCKING BITCH! WILL THAT GET MY HEAD IN THE TOILET? YOU LIKE PUTTING MUTHAFUCKAS HEADS IN THE TOILET! PUT MY HEAD IN THE TOILET! JUST TELL ME WHAT I GOTTA DO! IF I KNOCK YOUR FUCKING FRONT TEETH OUT, WILL *THAT* GET MY HEAD IN THE TOILET?”

Just then, Michael Mann walks up. He had heard of the incident brewing. He was probably the only person in all of Mozambique (except probably Nelson Mandela) who could have gotten water on this fire. Michael pointed to me and then to the head of the South African crew.

“You, and you, in my office, please. Everybody else, go back to work.”

. . .

That guy needs to go home. Right now,” I said.

“It doesn’t work like that,” the appointed crew spokesperson said. “And, with all due respect, this doesn’t have anything to do with you. We will handle it internally.”

“You can handle it wherever you wanna handle it,” I said, “but you gonna handle it with your racist friend gone. He’s fired. He cannot be here.”

“I agree with that,” Michael said. “That kind of behavior will not be tolerated on my set.”

“You arrogant Americans and your foolish racism,” he said. “Every confrontation doesn’t fit into your childish conception of race.”

“So, wait a minute,” I said, “let me understand: You’re saying that he would have done the same thing had it been a *white* crew member?”

“I’m saying that you couldn’t possibly comprehend the complexity of what’s going on here.”

“OK,” I said, “well how about this: That motherfucka’s fired just for being a dickhead.”

“Well,” the man said, “if *he* goes, we *all* go.”

The “all” he was speaking of was about one hundred members of our South African crew. If they were to leave, that would shut our film down—tens of millions of dollars down the drain. This was a potentially catastrophic threat. My heart pounded; my mind raced; I had promised Muhammad Ali that I would bring his story to the world. If I let the crew quit, the project could be doomed.

And then it hit me like a left hook from heaven: This is Ali. This moment is the whole point. Muhammad Ali gave up *everything* for this very purpose. Fuck this

movie. Ali would never want his film to come to the screen on the back of a seventeen-year-old boy's head in a toilet.

I was crystal clear.

"Then all of you motherfuckers can go the fuck home," I said. "I will spend every dime of my fee to fly a crew from the US. But what we're not gonna have is people's heads getting shoved into toilets on Muhammad Ali's movie. Go. Home."

With that, I left Michael's office.

Michael was 100 percent behind me. Ultimately, only about 20 percent of the crew left. Michael and I ended up splitting the overages. It was a few million dollars between us, but it felt like a no-brainer. I was coming into an understanding of the power of purpose.

Purpose and desire can seem similar, but they are very different, sometimes even opposing forces.

Desire is personal, narrow, and pointed, and tends toward self-preservation, self-gratification, and short-term gains and pleasures. Purpose is wider, broader, a longer-term vision encompassing the benefit of others—something outside of yourself you're willing to fight for. There have been many times in my life where I was acting from a place of desire but I'd fully convinced myself that it was purpose.

Desire is what you want; purpose is the flowering of what you are. Desire tends to weaken over time, whereas purpose strengthens the more you lean into it. Desire can be depleting because it's insatiable; purpose is empowering—it's a stronger engine. Purpose has a way of contextualizing life's unavoidable sufferings and making them meaningful and worthwhile. As Viktor Frankl wrote, "In some ways suffering ceases to be suffering at the moment it finds a meaning, such as the meaning of a sacrifice."

A noble aim engenders positive feelings. When we pursue what we believe to be a profound and valuable goal, it stirs the best parts of ourselves and others.

• • •

I am not a man who is prone to regrets. But every year for the rest of his life, Nelson Mandela sent me a message urging me to come spend some time with him. *I am an old man, don't delay.*

But some deep part of me felt unworthy; the *world* needs Nelson Mandela—who was I to take up one more second of that man's time? I'd seen Madiba many times over the years—a charity event here, an awards presentation there, only five and ten minutes at a time.

On December 5, 2013, I was on a promotional tour in Sydney, Australia. I was watching the TV when the current South African president Jacob Zuma appeared on the screen.

"Fellow South Africans," Zuma said, "our beloved Nelson Rolihlahla Mandela, the founding president of our democratic nation, has departed."

Nelson Mandela died in Johannesburg, South Africa, just before 9:00 p.m. local time. He had been surrounded by his family and closest friends; he was ninety-five years old.

Madiba was gone. This was one of the greatest moments of regret in my entire life.

How could I not have taken him up on his offer? Over the years, I've done deep soul-searching around that question. He held me in the purest affection and highest regard. It was scary to me. He saw something in me that I hadn't yet seen in myself. I think subconsciously I didn't want to spend extended time with him for fear that I wouldn't live up to his impression of me. Maybe I thought he'd ask me to do something or change something about my life that I'd be unable or unwilling to change.

Madiba thought I was special—I didn't want to prove him wrong.

He has since appeared to me multiple times in dreams, always wearing that same knowing smile—his energy seems to communicate,

I'm still here whenever you are ready.

PERFECTION

YEAR	MOVIE	OPENED	DOMESTIC (USD)	GLOBAL (USD)
2002	<i>Men in Black II</i>	#1	190,418,803	441,767,803
2003	<i>Bad Boys II</i>	#1	138,540,870	273,271,982
2004	<i>I, Robot</i>	#1	144,801,023	348,629,585
2004	<i>Shark Tale</i>	#1	161,412,000	371,741,123
2005	<i>Hitch</i>	#1	177,784,257	366,784,257
2006	<i>The Pursuit of Happyness</i>	#1	162,586,036	307,311,093
2007	<i>I Am Legend</i>	#1	256,393,010	585,532,684
2008	<i>Hancock</i>	#1	227,946,274	624,234,272

I was gonna put the totals, but I thought it might be fun for y'all to add it up with the kids.) What you're looking at is arguably the greatest individual hot streak in the history of Hollywood. (Note: My editor forced me, against my will, to add "arguably.")

I was running my life like a fight camp. Darrell had become not only my trainer but my mentor and my protector. Ali had been my first Academy Award nomination—and validation of the fight-camp way of life.

(Smith family trivia: The *Ali* nomination would be yet another award ceremony that I would miss. Willow was one year old and was at home with Gammy and had to be rushed to the hospital with a 103-degree fever. [She had an ear infection.] Jada and I sprinted from the Oscars six minutes before the announcement of Best Actor. As we drove away, I saw Denzel win my award on the jumbotron.)

For the next ten years, Darrell never left my side. He pushed me, motivated me, and defended my psychological space for the whole of my cinematic heyday. And he would check *anybody*.

During this run, my team was on fire. Nobody moved how we moved. People in Hollywood were trying to figure out how we managed to be so productive and so successful so consistently.

My core group—Harry, JL, Charlie, Omarr, Darrell; my chief of staff Jana Babatunde-Bey; my nephews Kyle and Dion; my brother-in-law Caleeb Pinkett; family manager Miguel Melendez; my executive assistant Danielle Demmerella—everybody embraced the philosophy of the fight camp. We were building our lives, we were striving for perfection, we demanded excellence from each other and everybody around us, and like the Junior Black Mafia, you could either get down, or lay down. From corporate relationships to extended family and friends—Mia Pitts (property manager), Fawn Boardley (creative director), Judy Murdock (makeup artist), Pierce Austin (hair stylist), Robert Mata (wardrobe)—and all the way to the guys who detailed the cars, everyone had to strive and climb or they couldn't be here.

I am a dreamer, and a builder. I picture grand visions, and then I build the systems to make them real in the world. That is my love language. I want to help the people I love build extraordinary lives for themselves. But it demands that they be willing to grind and sacrifice and most importantly, they have to trust me. And if they don't, it registers as a complete rejection of my love.

The team started referring to themselves as “the Lifers.” They were ride-or-die. It's impossible to build something that is of a higher quality than the quality of the people around you.

• • •

There's a strange and perturbing success paradox. When you have *nothing*, you suffer the fear and pain of grinding to achieve your goals. But when you have *everything*, you suffer the brutal recurring nightmare of losing it all.

I had the wife; I had the family; I had the property with the name. I was the biggest movie star in the world, but I started to notice the “subtle sickness,” a sort of sneaky poverty mentality. I was more anxious and fearful than ever. It all seemed so fragile—one injury, one scandal, or one flop movie away from having to move back to Philly. *What if the financial crash of 1929 happened again?* There's only one fear worse than the fear of not attaining the object of your desire: and that's the fear of losing it.

And opening weekends are the worst of all—pure hell. It's like a presidential election night, everybody scrambling around, trying to cross-reference the 6:00 p.m. numbers out of Miami with the 7:45 numbers out of Pittsburgh. The East Coast numbers come in first—then you hold your breath for Chicago, then Houston, and no matter how good the polls looked, or how confident you are, deep down inside you know anything can happen: a snowstorm in the Midwest on a Thursday night shuts down hundreds of theaters, killing 12 percent of your opening-weekend box office. And depending on the genre, Siskel and Ebert trash your movie? Another 6 percent gone.

The axiom used to be *opening weekend is about the movie star, final gross is about the movie*. So, while there are plenty of other factors involved, and many people are going to get fired if the movie doesn't open, the face on the poster takes the biggest hit. It doesn't matter how big your previous movie was, if this one doesn't open bigger, that means you're over; that means moving trucks outside Her Lake, and all the incoming boxes are labeled “Robert Downey Jr.”

• • •

When I was about nine years old, Daddio took me on a job with him into the basement of Forty-Eighth and Brown Shop 'n Bag supermarket. I'm sure most of you have never been into the basement of a supermarket. I'm not sure I can quite

communicate what it's like down there, but let me give it a shot: imagine an old, creaky wooden staircase, one or two steps are always missing. Daddio points them out, but to my young mind, these bottomless gaps are not just a tripping hazard, they are gateways to hell.

The stairs lead down to a very poorly lit dungeon where out-of-date food goes to die. I'm in charge of the flashlight—we need it because the string of single light bulbs is erratic and flickering ominously. This is the stuff that horror movies are made of, and both Daddio and I are Black, so one of us is definitely not coming out alive. Our shoes squeak and squelch as every step sticks to the gunk-caked floor. Decades of broken bottles of ketchup, leaking canned goods, rotted bags of long-since-thawed peas: a repository for the unsalable.

These cellars are generally poorly ventilated and oppressively hot. The smell gets into your clothes and your hair . . . but Daddio likes it. To him that's the aroma of hard work. *That's how you fucking smell when you are doing what has to be done to feed your family.*

Two lines of compressors—the engines that power the refrigerator and freezer cases upstairs—run down either side of this basement abyss. I point the flashlight to the barely visible dust-covered numbers above the compressors.

“There it is, number 19,” Daddio says.

There are d-CON trays everywhere. D-Con is a powerful rat poison—rodents eat it, and it essentially burns away the interior of their stomachs and intestinal tracts, leaving a pretty disgusting disemboweled carcass. And directly under compressor #19 was the top half of a rat that had clearly overindulged on d-CON. Without a single moment of hesitation, Daddio bent down, grabbed the dead rat with his bare hand, and tossed it aside. Two slaps of his hand on the side of his jeans—presumably to fully disinfect it—then he lay down, placing his head into the exact spot where the half-a-rat had spent the last month of its life. Choking my lunch back down, I distinctly remember understanding that this act was for *me*, for my brother and sisters, for my family. But I also distinctly remember thinking that if the roles were reversed, my kids would not have eaten that night.

I believe that the stress and uncertainty of Daddio's lifelong financial struggle was a major part of what kept him from being able to emotionally sustain a family. After you've just discarded a dead rat with your bare hand and laid your head down in the same space, you're not trying to hear shit from nobody about how hard their day was.

Witnessing my parents' struggles branded me with the impression that financial stability was an *imperative* for love and family to have any chance whatsoever to thrive.

. . .

I was on a tear—the biggest winning streak in Hollywood history. I was working seventy to eighty hours a week; holidays, weekends, even “vacations” became a time

to advance. I noticed that most people came back from Christmas vacation heavier and out of shape. So, the holidays, for *me*, became an opportunity to extend my lead.

I made it a point to come back every New Year in better shape than I left the last. I would work out and sometimes even abstain from Christmas dinner as act of personal discipline. Darrell loved and praised my austerity. “If you not eatin’, then I’m not eatin’,” he would say. I would spend the days studying and writing, reading a book, or rewriting a script, touching in and out of whatever holiday festivities others were enjoying.

I decided to throw lavish Christmas and New Year’s parties—it was a win-win-win. Jada and the kids would have all of their friends and cousins and family in town for a week of mountain fun. I would lure my business associates to beautiful ski destinations that I paid for. That meant they had an all-expenses paid trip for themselves and their families. And I got to have my whole team in a remote location—a captive audience—for daily strategy meetings that helped me get a jump on the year and on my competition.

I was killing it, I was winning at everything, and winning, to me, meant everything else in my life should be perfect and everyone around me should be happy.

But it wasn’t, and they weren’t.

Throughout our relationship, mornings had been Jada and my bonding, building, and connecting time. We would wake up before sunrise and talk for hours. We would share the dreams we’d had during the night, revelations, new ideas; we’d discuss the kids and any issues in our family.

But these days, I could tell something was shifting. Jada was having almost daily crying spells. Now, in our mornings, she would wake up sobbing. During one stretch, she cried for forty-five days straight.

. . .

So, Will, to what do you attribute your meteoric success?”

“Well, I consider myself to be fairly average in talent. Where I believe I excel is in my unflinching, unyielding discipline and work ethic. While the other guy is eating, I’m working. While the other guy is sleeping, I’m working. While the other guy is making love . . . well . . . I’m making love, too, but I’m working really hard at it.”

Reporters used to love that response, and while I was “joking,” the reality of the math was very simple to me: If I could wake up and start an hour earlier than everyone else, *and* stay an hour later than everyone else, *and* work through my lunch break, I would be gaining fifteen extra hours every week on the competition. That works out to 780 more productive hours in a year than the next guy—that’s the equivalent of one month. If you give me a one-month headstart on anybody, they’ll *never* catch me. And if they need their weekends and vacations, so they can get their beauty rest and recover and maintain their little punk-ass “work-life balance,” then they will always be looking at my taillights.

• • •

It was Christmas Eve.

We had rented a house in Aspen, Colorado. The two weeks either side of Christmas were Jada's entire reason for enduring the rest of the year. She had two nonnegotiable demands: the whole family had to be there for the whole two weeks, and it must be spent where there was snow. We would move around year to year, depending on the probability of frozen precipitation. There was no holiday, no celebration, no gathering or event that got anywhere near the emotional value Jada placed on family time at Christmas. Her Christmases as a child had been "less than festive," to say the least. And she was going to make up for it with her own family. (Note: Sheree has spent every Christmas with us for almost two decades. Quincy was right.)

Everyone had to wear the Christmas clothes that Jada picked out. One-piece pajamas with footies; ugly sweaters; reindeer ears; special one-horse-open-sleigh rides; singing Christmas carols. All mandatory. Black Santa Claus lamps in every bedroom, motion-activated Rudolphins scaring the shit out of you when you just want a Christmas cookie in the middle of the night; and a forty-foot Christmas tree wedged in the corner of our living room looking like Shaq in a Prius.

During the year, Jada was Peaches from *A Low Down Dirty Shame*—a ghetto superstar—but at the first jingle of sleigh bells, she turned into a Midwestern, middle-aged white lady.

This year, Jada decided that we were going to enjoy a family game of Monopoly. Just for a little context, I am a *master* Monopoly player. This is not a joke; I'm not saying it to be facetious; this is not hyperbole. I have studied, I have worked with professional instructors—I fully intended to play international Monopoly tournaments. When the dice hit, I don't have to count squares; I know that States is six squares to New York—I just pick the piece up and move it. I also know that if you land on Go when you have a lot of property, you don't want to roll a 7 because you'll hit Chance, and you always know the Property Assessment card is coming; and you hate that 9 from Kentucky because it throws you back to jail and you have to walk the gauntlet again without collecting your \$200.

We all sat down, and the game began. I found myself in the unenviable Monopoly position of being stuck with Boardwalk and Park Place. Amateurs think that Boardwalk and Park Place are prime real estate; what they don't realize is that they are actually priced out of the range of manageability. The property values increase as you move around the board from Go—Boardwalk and Park Place are the most expensive to buy, and the most expensive to build. And, because there's only two of them, you lose a 40 percent probability of getting hit as other players move around the board. You invest all of this money, they take longer to build—so you're hitting other players' properties before yours are set up to be hit—and then people skate past them for the

whole of the game. In a nutshell, Boardwalk and Park Place are sucker properties. They force you into a Hail Mary toward the end of the game, praying for a big hit.

In this lamentable Monopoly purgatory is where I found myself this night.

Willow was seven—she established the first monopoly: Illinois, the red properties. I have Virginia and States (the purples), Boardwalk and Park Place, and three of the railroads. But I'm broke. Jaden is leery of my Monopoly skill set, so he's squeamish about doing deals with me. He's nine, and he's refusing every angle and offer I present him with to get St. Charles from him and complete my purple monopoly. Jada has the Pacific line—that's the greens—but she doesn't have any cash to build, either, so she's no threat. Trey has Baltic and Mediterranean—that's the plum color right next to Go—and the full Connecticut line, the baby blues. He has an entire block; he burned most of his cash to get it, but he's the guerilla on the board. (Note: Having an entire block or corner is the holy grail of Monopoly—you get hit every single time around the board and by every player.)

As the houses and hotels begin to come up on the board, the frailty of my Boardwalk and Park Place position is being exposed. The competitive noose is tightening around my neck; the Hail Mary is now or never.

Jada lands on Pacific.

"YES!" I scream, clapping my hands, causing the motion-activated Rudolph to slowly turn and see what the noise was. Pacific is *Jada's* property, so no one can understand why that was such an exciting moment for me. To the untrained eye, she just landed on her own property. But they are novices, and I am a master. I think I may have also startled Jada with my elation.

"Why was that so exciting to you?" she said.

"Well, you just landed on Pacific!" I said joyfully. I was excited to explain my logic and usher them into my elevated sphere of Monopoly understanding.

"Pacific is six spaces from Park Place, and eight from Boardwalk. Other than 7, 6 and 8 are statistically the most common numbers rolled on a pair of dice. 6 has six potential possibilities: five-one, four-two, three-three, three-three, two-four, and one-five. As does 8: six-two, five-three, four-four, four-four, three-five, and two-six. When you pick those dice up next time, there's a 13.89 percent probability that you'll throw a 6—same percentage for 8, which comes out to nearly 30 percent probability that when you throw those dice, you're going to get a 6 or an 8! And when you do, I'm going to have three houses on each, and you, young lady, are toast—you can't afford the hit."

I busily set to mortgaging all of my other properties—\$100 each for the railroads, \$70 for States, \$80 for Virginia—just enough to go from two houses to three on Boardwalk and Park Place, which in Monopoly is the exponential increase: When you go from two to three, you maximize the return on investment.

"Are you sure you wanna do that?" Jada asks calmly.

"Hell yeah!" I say, my eyes widening with anticipation. I hand Jaden—who is the banker—the \$400 necessary to complete my Hail Mary transaction. "You are *definitely*

rolling a 6 or an 8!”

Jada remains steady, not breaking her gaze upon me.

“So, you are *sure* that you want to put your *wife* out of the *family* Monopoly game with your *children* on *Christmas Eve*?”

I finally turn and catch eyes with her. I was *totally* certain I wanted to do that *before* she put the emphasis on those key words—*wife*, *family*, *children*, and *Christmas Eve*—but now, I was down to *mostly* certain.

“If you can’t stand the Monopoly heat, you gotta stay out the Monopoly kitchen, Jada,” I said jokingly.

Jada nods her head, slowly palming the dice, shakes them way too many times, clearly trying to give me a chance to change my mind. But I am dug in.

She drops the dice into the center of the board. The mystical 13.89 percent probability becomes a 100 percent stone-cold actuality.

Four—two.

Jada turns her property into the banker (Jaden), kisses Willow, touches Trey’s hair, and heads off to bed.

Yes, dear reader, it’s obvious *today*. But I was functioning at the time on a very different operating system. My mind-set was: *You fight how you train*. I felt like Jada and my family needed me to think like that. They needed me to cultivate and maintain a winner’s mind. They needed me to never de-train my warrior instincts. I am a Black man in Hollywood—in order to sustain my position, I can’t get caught slipping, not even once.

I had to be perfect at all times.

It took me years to realize that Jada wasn’t actually playing Monopoly. She was bonding and connecting and enjoying family time. Apparently, I was the only person who was actually *playing* Monopoly. I have since upgraded my software and developed a new axiom: *Never get caught playing Monopoly*.

. . .

Daddio taught me how to play chess when I was seven years old. In the summers, we would play almost every night. He would set the board up on the back porch and go back and forth between the game and the grill. He would play our next-door neighbor Mr. John sometimes; he played me no differently. Daddio didn’t believe in taking it easy on kids. He thought that giving children false wins did a vile disservice to their growth and development—even to their ability to survive in the world. He smashed me game after game, month after month—checkmate after brutal checkmate—year after year, until I was thirteen years old.

I will never forget the moment. He had taught me the Giuoco Piano opening. I had faithfully played that opening and response for years. But on my own, I started practicing the Ruy Lopez variation, and he was less familiar with that. The game moved calmly from the opening to the middle game; my position was strong. And

Daddio knew it. No trips to the grill, no sips of his Chivas Regal. His Tareyton 100 burned untouched in his ashtray.

Total silence. Total attention upon every move.

Daddio's style was unrelenting attack.

"Put the pieces down their throat, ram them down their throat," he'd say, But not tonight. First, he pulled his bishop backward, and then scrambled his knight back to defend his king.

It was my move. And I saw it.

But he didn't.

I was frozen.

I sat over the board, my heart pounding, minutes burning away. I couldn't bring myself to make the fatal move.

"Aw, shit," Daddio says.

He saw it.

Daddio looks directly into my eyes. He knows my hesitancy is not because I don't see it. He knows it's because I'm scared to make it.

"Go ahead, move it," he said.

I picked up my knight, setting it gingerly into its final position. The felt on the bottom of the chess piece like a soft guillotine.

"What's that?" he said.

I couldn't even bring myself to say the final words.

"Uhhmm, check . . . ?" I said.

"You know goddamn well that ain't no check. What is that?"

"Checkmate?"

"Why you puttin' a question on it? Say it!"

"Checkmate."

"Yup, good game."

Daddio shook my hand, grabbed his cigarette and his drink, and went inside.

We never played chess again. For years, I thought it was because he was a sore loser. But as I got to understand him better, I saw that he wanted my final memory of playing chess with my father to be perfect. He wanted my mind to be programmed to winning and to savor victory. His training of me on the chessboard was complete; it was a mythological rite of passage, and he didn't want to tarnish it.

. . .

Nothing in our world is mine," Jada said. "I didn't want to live like this. I wanted a small farm and a quiet life."

"I get that," I said, "but we're here. So, how do we fix it? You can do anything, babe, so what do you wanna do?"

Jada had loved metal music all through her teenage years. She has one of the most eclectic ears I've ever known. She'd always dreamed of having a band, but she caught

me off guard when she announced she was putting together a heavy *metal* band.

Jada is a brilliant poet and thinker. The depth of her lyrics has always captivated and moved me. I was trying to love and support her, so I was quietly going along with her journey, and then she handed me a book called *Women Who Run with the Wolves* by Clarissa Pinkola Estés. Jada had marked a story titled “*La Loba*” (“The Wolf Woman”):

The sole work of La Loba is the collecting of bones. She collects and preserves especially that which is in danger of being lost to the world. . . . When she has assembled an entire skeleton, . . . she . . . raises her arms over it, and sings out . . . so deeply that the floor of the desert shakes, and as she sings, the wolf opens its eyes, leaps up, and runs away. . . . The wolf is suddenly transformed into a laughing woman who runs free toward the horizon.

A dismantled skeleton that lies under the sand. It is our work to recover the parts . . . to look for the indestructible life force, the bones. . . . [It is] a miracle story . . . a resurrection story. . . . If we will sing the song, we can call up the psychic remains of the wild soul and sing her into vital shape again.

To breathe soul over the thing that is ailing or in need of restoration by descending into the deepest mood of great love and feeling, then to speak one's soul. . . . This is singing over the bones. We cannot make the mistake of attempting to elicit this great feeling of love from a lover, for this woman's labor of finding and singing the creation hymn is a solitary work, a work carried out in the desert of the psyche.

The idea that *La Loba* had to sing over the bones to resurrect the dead parts of herself was intensely resonant to me. If you kill one aspect of a woman, you kill the whole woman. *La Loba* gathers the “dismantled skeleton” of the shattered feminine and begins to sing it back to life. Jada had killed parts of herself to sustain our family. And her band, Wicked Wisdom, was how Jada would unleash *La Loba* to resurrect the whole of herself.

But I was not ready for Ozzfest.

. . .

I can do that, Daddy.”

Jaden used to lay in bed with me when I would read screenplays, deciding which new world I would inhabit next. He loved to *hear* the stories as much as I loved to tell them to him. He’d stare and watch me as my mind danced, trying the characters on for size.

“You can do what, man?” I said.

“I heard you on the phone with the man earlier.”

“The man” was Gabriele Muccino, an Italian director who had just been hired to make *The Pursuit of Happyness*. Gabriele didn’t speak English—we needed a translator for our initial meeting. The leading directors in Hollywood were being considered for this film, but Gabriele was the top choice. . . .

Todd Black, a major Hollywood producer, had sent JL a 20/20 piece about a guy named Chris Gardner. Chris had gone from homeless, and living with his young son on the streets of San Francisco, to becoming a successful stockbroker. The screenplay was stunning; it was a perfect hero’s journey.

We had our choice of the top of the top of directors, but I loved *L’ultimo bacio* by a director named Gabriele Muccino, so I asked JL to set up a meeting. I was pretty sure that he wouldn’t ultimately direct the film, but I had long ago learned the power and

importance of exploration. General meetings with world-class artists had become standard operating procedure.

The meeting was awful. Gabriele didn't want to use the translator; he was trying to speak English, but he didn't speak English. JL and I didn't even try to speak Italian, because we don't speak Italian. But Gabriele's artistic passion culminated in two game-changing moves: one, he gave us an Italian film, Vittorio De Sica's *Bicycle Thieves*, which won the Academy Award for most outstanding foreign language film in 1950, and through the translator, said, "This is the movie I want to make." And then, he got me: he said, "If you don't choose me to direct this film, please don't choose an American filmmaker, because Americans don't understand the beauty of the American dream."

Gabriele was in.

• • •

So what makes you think you can do this, man?" I said to Jaden.

Jaden was six years old at the time, and other than elaborate home movies, he'd never shown any interest in the business.

"The man keeps saying to you that he can't find a little boy to play your son. That's because *I'm* your son, Daddy."

"Well, that's true, man," I said, laughing. "But this would be acting, pretending."

"Pretending to be your son, though, Daddy. Duh! I be your son every day!"

Gabriele Muccino had been struggling to cast the perfect actor to play my son. He had seen nearly five hundred kids. Gabriele is an instinctual, intuitive artist—things have to *feel* right for him. Jada and I decided that we would let Jaden audition.

"Grazie, grazie, grazie!" Gabriele exclaimed. "I wanted Jaden for this role from the first moment I met him, but the studio forbade me from asking you."

"What? Why?"

"The studio felt like it was a death sentence for the film from a marketing standpoint. They felt that people wouldn't be able to suspend disbelief seeing Jaden and you on camera as father and son."

The studio also felt that it would seem like nepotism, and just put us in the hole from the first announcement. At Gabriele's pleading, they agreed to allow him to put Jaden and me on camera as a chemistry test.

It was such a touchy subject at the studio that Jada and I removed ourselves from the decision-making process. We allowed Gabriele to run with his vision and cast whoever he wanted. Because we were producers, and I was starring, there were conflicts of interest everywhere we looked. So Jada and I agreed that we would not speak on the subject—we would be parents only.

Jaden ultimately was asked to audition an unprecedented nine separate times. The studio simply didn't want the problems that came along with casting him. But audition

after audition, in all of his innocent, six-year-old glory, he proved himself the right actor for the role. After his ninth audition, though, the studio requested a tenth.

Jada had had enough. She informed Gabriele and the studio that Jaden was no longer available for the role. At which point, Gabriele—the bleeding, passionate artist that he is—decided that he was emotionally incapable of making the film without Jaden.

The studio relented and offered Jaden the role of Christopher Jr. in *The Pursuit of Happyness*.

For me, this was perfection—on the set, at work, with my son. That was how I wanted to parent: on the battlefield of life, real stakes, real outcomes, real hunting. I could correct errors in real time, and I could teach in real-life scenarios.

This is how I defined parental love.

• • •

Ozzfest is a traveling heavy metal festival. Established by Ozzy Osbourne and his wife, Sharon, it began in 1996 and featured all the metals: thrash, industrial, hardcore punk, deathcore, metalcore, post-hardcore, alternative, death, gothic, and nu. Sharon had seen Jada's band and some part of her understood. She and Jada became friends, and Sharon put Wicked Wisdom on Ozzfest in summer 2005.

Ozzfest is the least African American event outside of that broom-and-big-ass-hockey-puck thing they do at the Winter Olympics.

"Babe, are you sure you don't wanna do some R and B?" I asked softly, but I meant it hard.

"This is the music I feel," Jada said softly, but she meant it hard. So we packed up our children and headed down the black brick road to the land of Ozz.

• • •

I had never seen this side of Jada.

La Loba was raging. Ozzfest is a purist audience, and what began as skepticism and dismissal, with every show was transformed first into silence, and ultimately into respect. Jada's creative energies were being revived. She was coming up with ideas for TV shows and movies she wanted to write and direct; she was filling journals with poetry and artwork. It was breathtaking to see the bones struggling to reanimate. With every spit, curse, and growl, Jada seemed to come alive.

Jada and I had agreed early in our marriage that we would never work at the same time. One of us would always have to be available full-time to the children. *The Pursuit of Happyness* was slated to begin principal photography in fall 2005. Jada's appearance at Ozzfest was so successful that Guns N' Roses asked her to open for

them on their upcoming tour. But the tour was set smack-dab, dead center in the middle of *Pursuit*.

At the time, I felt like Jada had options—we had Mom-Mom and Gammy, and I was going to be there every step of the way. Jaden and I would be sharing a trailer—all his scenes were with me.

In retrospect, I can see the truth: Jada was faced with a horrific reality, and there was no version of her leaving her six-year-old son without his mother on his first movie gig.

Jada turned down Guns N' Roses.

• • •

The *Pursuit of Happyness* came out in 2006 and was a critical success and box office smash, and garnered my second Academy Award nomination. If I felt invincible before, now I *really* felt it. I just made a movie about a homeless Black guy who gets a job in the eighties, and *still* crushed every other movie at the box office that season.

I couldn't miss.

The streak continued: *I Am Legend* roared out the first weekend with the largest-ever box office gross for a movie in December. It was a movie that featured me, on-screen alone—with a dog—and it grossed around \$600 million.

Then *Hancock*, written by Vince Gilligan of *Breaking Bad* fame, about an alcoholic superhero, came out and grossed another \$600 million plus within six months of *I Am Legend*.

I was unstoppable. It was the greatest streak of smash hits of any movie actor in Hollywood history. I became the highest-grossing film actor *ever*. And I still wasn't even forty years old.

The problem was, I'd conflated being successful with being loved and being happy.

These are three separate things.

And since I'd conflated them, I ended up suffering from an even more insidious version of the "subtle sickness," which I can best describe as "more, more, more, more."

If I am more successful, I'll be happier, and people will love me more.

I was trying to fill an internal emotional hole with external, material achievements. Ultimately, this kind of obsession is insatiable. The more you get, the more you want, all the time never quite scratching the itch. You end up with a mind consumed by what it *doesn't* have and what it *didn't* get, and in a spiraling inability to enjoy what it *has*.

I Am Legend had opened to the biggest December opening ever. When JL called to give me the weekend grosses, he was uncharacteristically ecstatic.

"The three-day was \$77,211,321 in 3,600 theaters. That's over \$21,000 *per* venue. Nobody's ever done that, ever."

I was quiet for a moment and then I recognized a subtle dissatisfaction.

“Why do you think we missed eighty?” I asked.

“What?” JL said.

“I’m sayin’, do you think it was the ending? I feel like if we had made the adjustment to the final moment, you know, if we could have made it feel more like *Gladiator* at the end. . . .”

“Are you fuckin’ serious right now?” JL said. “It’s the biggest opening ever. *Ever.*”

“I get that, J, I’m just asking you a question,” I said.

This is the only time that James Lassiter has ever hung up on me. *Ever.*

. . .

I am sitting with Wayne Gretzky and Joe Montana. Their sons, Trevor and Nick, respectively, are on the field with Trey. And over the loudspeaker the game announcer shouts, “Montana, deep to Smith . . . touchdown!”

Trey is a wide receiver on the number one high school football team in Southern California, Oaks Christian. And the son of football legend Joe Montana just threw a touchdown pass to my firstborn. If my life were a movie, I would have looked directly into the camera, broken the fourth wall, and said, “Who wrote this bullshit?”

So let me get this straight: You want us to believe that my character grew up bagging ice in West Philly, wins the first Grammy ever given to a rapper; becomes a TV star, then the biggest movie star in the world, breaking box office records every time he releases a damn movie; marries a beautiful actress, artist, performer, and poet; has three spectacular children; and the greatest hockey player in the history of the sport, Wayne Gretzky, just patted him on the back because his son just caught a touchdown pass from the son of the greatest quarterback in the history of *that* sport, Joe Montana?

That’s unrealistic; I’m not filming a word of that bullshit; get me Aaron Sorkin on the phone. We gotta rewrite this crap immediately. And somebody see if Robert Downey Jr. is available!

I’m not sure if it’s because of my lack of athletic fulfilment in my youth, or the magical energies of the Friday night lights, or the surprising development of Trey’s physical abilities and talents, but there was nothing in life that I enjoyed more than watching that kid play football. Trey was being courted by the top college scouts—Wayne and Joe were guiding me through the process. As our children were getting older, it seemed like Jada and I used to play a man-to-man defense, but now we were having to switch to a zone. Every kid had something important happening all the time. Just as Trey was preparing for his senior-year football season, Jaden was approved by the studio to star in *The Karate Kid* with Jackie Chan. The family was ecstatic.

Then we realized: shooting would mean three months in Beijing. Trey’s games were in Southern California. We all agreed that this was an opportunity that Jaden couldn’t pass up. We as a family would support him. But the previous year, every family

member had been at every single one of Trey's games. And the thought of Trey playing without his family in the stands was unacceptable.

During this time, it was becoming clear that the likelihood of Wicked Wisdom returning to the stage was dwindling with every moment of Smith Family Perfection™. But in my mind, there was still a solution for every problem. We would have to grind, we would have to sacrifice, we would all have to suffer a little bit, but I had the vision, and if everybody followed my lead, we would continue to win, and we would all be happy. We were even winning in the stands: I had Jada to my right, and Sheree to my left. We were the picture of the perfect blended family. Nobody could do what we were doing. (Not even us.)

My way of problem-solving was to prioritize. I would decide which problems on the list were most pressing and focus on those—but what I missed was that everybody's list was different.

Jada, Willow, Jaden, and I left for Beijing in June 2009; Trey went back to school that September. All ten of Trey's football games would fall during principal photography of *The Karate Kid*.

And then the grace of God revealed itself in the form of the international date line. Beijing to Los Angeles is a twelve-hour flight. A 10:00 p.m. flight out of Beijing on Friday crossed the date line, landing in Los Angeles at ten Friday morning, just in time to get to the house, get some rest, and make it to Trey's game at six Friday night. A 4:00 p.m. flight on Saturday going the other way arrives at 4:00 a.m. Monday morning, just in time to get back to work. Jaden and I commuted ten straight weeks, Beijing to Los Angeles and back, never missing a single one of Trey's games.

I was loving life. I felt like a master.

. . .

Oprah Winfrey asked us to come on her show—me, Jada, Trey, Jaden, and Willow, even Sheree and her husband, Terrell. An entire episode dedicated to the Smith Family Perfection™. I was the biggest movie star in the world. *Karate Kid*, Jaden's first feature with him as the star, was about to be the number one movie in the world. The first season of Jada's new show *Hawthorne* had premiered, with her as the lead role. Willow had just signed to Roc Nation to record her first album. Trey was the star of his high school football team. And to top it all off, here was my ex-wife, talking about how much her and Jada collaborate to raise the kids.

I finally had it—my own version of *Dallas*. The picture was complete, and it was perfect. I had built a family empire—this was beyond anything I'd ever dreamed.

"I feel like J.R. Ewing," I said to Jada jokingly.

She said, "You know J.R. got shot, right?"

MUTINY

*Hop up out the bed, turn my swag on
Pay no attention to them haters
Because we whip 'em off . . .*

“Whip My Hair” was a platinum, global hit record. Michael Jackson and Stevie Wonder were the only artists in history to have a higher-ranking single at a younger age than Willow Smith. The record was released two weeks before her tenth birthday. Little girls around the world were whipping their hair—the iron was hot, and it was time to strike.

Jada and I never pressured the kids into show business. It was true that fame and fortune made Jada uncomfortable—she felt ambivalent about her kids being celebrities. But part of my vision for Her Lake was that it would be a creative campus, an artists’ haven. I wanted to shorten the distance between anyone having an idea and being able to create art. I built a music studio; there were video cameras and editing bays; there were sketch pads in every room, painting supplies and pencils everywhere; and eventually, even our living room became the studio for Jada’s *Red Table Talk*. The fact is, the kids simply grew up in it, so there was nothing to pressure. I grew up working in Daddio’s shop. It struck me as normal that kids do what their parents do. My father sold ice, so I bagged it. Similarly, for Trey, Jaden, and Willow, there was nothing unusual about being on a film set or in a recording studio. It’s the family business—it was their normal experience.

So no, I did not push my kids into show business because I was an insane, overbearing father. It was only *after* they decided to be in show business that I became an insane, overbearing father.

In the case of Willow, when she was about eight years old, she got really into singing. This is not unusual for an eight-year-old girl. Eight-year-old girls all over the world love to sing and dream about singing onstage.

The only difference was that most dads would put her in the church choir, or maybe sign her up for a voice lesson or two.

I’m not that kind of dad.

My mind-set at the time was that there is no reason to do *anything* unless you are prepared to take a shot at being the best on earth. My belief was, you should always be aiming at the pinnacle, always striving for the very top of the mountain. Nothing should be done half-heartedly.

• • •

Willow landed a thirty-day European tour opening for Justin Bieber. This was a huge moment for our family. The baby was now throwing her hat (hair) into the ring. The frenzy around “Whip My Hair” was madness. Television appearances, magazine covers, red carpets, orange carpets, photo shoots—she was on *Jimmy Fallon*, *Ellen*, blanket coverage across Europe. The entire family flew for Willow’s sold-out opening night at the Birmingham National Indoor Arena in the British Midlands. She absolutely smashed.

Next up was Dublin, Ireland. Same deal. Same set. Once again, she slayed. Another sold-out arena, a synchronized tsunami of ginger tresses—never-before and never-since has that much hair been whipped in the Republic of Ireland.

The tour continued—night after night I watched her grow. Her voice was getting stronger, her stage presence coming alive, she started to learn how to work a crowd, she was able to pop in and out of dance sequences.

I felt like a genius.

Jada had flown back to LA, so I was on daddy duty. On the last night of the tour, Willow comes offstage, in full post-performance bliss, and jumps into my arms.

“Baby, you *ripped!*” I said.

“Thank you, Daddy!” she squealed.

“Was it fun?”

“Yes, Daddy, I saw all the little girls in the front and all the way to the top! They knew all the words!”

“Yes, they did, that’s crazy, right?” I said, remembering the feeling in Detroit when the crowd sang “Parents” back to me. “Alright! We’re going to go home for a couple of days, then we’re gonna start the album. And Justin’s team loves what you’re doing so much that they want you to do the same thing . . . *in Australia!*”

“I’m finished, Daddy!” she gushed, with so much glee that I almost missed what she’d said.

“What you say, Bean?”

“I said I’m *finished*, Daddy—I’m ready to go home.”

“Well, yeah, you’re finished for a few days, sweetie, but really you just started. You have a few more weeks to go,” I said in the standard parental not-taking-my-kid-seriously tone.

“No, no, Daddy, I’m finished.”

“Yes, for this part, Bean, you made a promise to Mr. Jay-Z that you would do the whole album and more videos. . . .”

“No, Daddy, *you* made a promise to Mr. Jay-Z . . . ,” she said, smiling that she scored a point off her daddy.

“Honey, *we* promised *together*. And when you start something, you have to finish it.”

“It doesn’t matter to you that I’m done, Daddy?” Willow said.

“Well, of course it *matters*, baby, but you *can’t* be done.”

“Why, Daddy? I had fun, and I’m finished.”

“I get that, but you can’t be finished until you complete what you promised to do.”

This was such a foreign idea to her. She stared at me with no malice, no anger—just a delicate confusion. And then she relented.

“OK, Daddy.”

We flew home.

The Smith Family European Conquest had been a mega success. I set out busily organizing the next phase: world domination. One morning at Her Lake, I had just finished a call with Jay-Z when Willow came skipping into the kitchen for breakfast.

“Good morning, Daddy,” Willow said joyfully, as she bounced to the refrigerator.

My jaw nearly dislocated, dislodged, and shattered on the kitchen floor: My world-dominating, hair-whipping, future global superstar was *totally bald*. During the night, Willow had shaved her entire head. My mind raced and scrambled—how was she going to whip her hair if she didn’t have any? Who the hell wants to pay to watch some kid whip their head back and forth?

But before I could respond, I felt something slowly turning, shifting, until it clicked into place: In a moment of divine connection and revelation, she had reached me. I wasn’t angry; I was *shaken*, the feeling you would have if you were absentmindedly looking at your cell phone and you stepped off the sidewalk into the path of an oncoming bus and at the last second someone snatched you back to safety.

Willow was my little catcher in the rye. I leaned down, peered deeply into her eyes, and said, “I got it. I am so sorry. I see you.”

As strange as this may sound, in that moment I discovered *feelings*.

• • •

I*t doesn’t matter to you that I’m done, Daddy?*

I know it sounds crazy, but Willow’s question put a Liberty Bell-sized crack in my worldview. It was just an innocent question from a daughter to her father, but somehow, I knew that it was more than that: What she was really asking me was, “Don’t you care how I *feel*?” It was the deepest, existential human question. It may be the most important question that we as humans ever ask each other. *Does it matter to you how I feel?*

Even though she was only ten years old, and my choice to abandon the conquest had sufficiently answered her question in the affirmative, I asked myself *What is my honest answer?* I took a deep, hard, self-reflective look at my belief systems around feelings. And my truth startled me.

I would have never said this out loud, but a truthful answer to “Does it matter to you how I feel?” would have sounded something like this:

Not exactly, sweetheart—feelings are *seventh* on my list.

1. Food
2. Shelter
3. Security
4. Intelligence
5. Strength
6. Productivity

First and foremost, I care that you eat . . . every day. Second, I care that you have somewhere to live; third, I care that you're safe. Fourth, I care that you are intelligent, and your mind is trained to solve the problems of your life. Fifth, I care that you're strong, because the world is hard. And sixth, I care that you're productive—I want you to contribute to the human family. And I believe that if you have all of those things, they will add up to you feeling great.

I believe that if I take care of one through six, number seven will take care of itself.

This is not something I just apply to you: I don't even care how *I* feel. Many of my feelings have been enemies to my dreams and to our prosperity. I don't *feel* like running five miles at 5:00 a.m.; I don't *feel* like working eighty hours a week; I don't *feel* like getting booed onstage, and feces thrown, and M-80s hurled at my head. And I know that if I worry about how I feel, I won't be able to feed, clothe, house, and protect my family. When I determine a right action for our survival and prosperity, it doesn't matter to me that I don't feel like doing it. If it's obviously an action of supreme benefit, then to hell with my feelings. When people are too worried about how they feel, they'll never feel how they want to feel.

Note: To any of my horrified readers, I don't care how you feel.

. . .

Just kidding, folks. That was a joke.

Here's the thing: I watched my father's negative emotions seize control of his ample intellect and cause him over and over again to destroy beautiful parts of our family. I also sat in church one time when Miss Mamie caught the Holy Ghost, and she was so overwhelmed by "positive emotion" that she leaped from the pew in joyful ecstasy and swung her left hand so wildly that she damn near broke my nose. (And didn't even notice.)

While my feelings about feelings have evolved and elevated, I still struggle to this day when extreme emotion arises in myself or others. Feelings are extremely valuable tools for maneuvering and manifesting in the world. They are like fire—they can be

used to cook and heat and cleanse. But when extreme emotions go unchecked, my experience has been that they will incinerate your dreams.

Unfortunately, at the time, I was neither wise enough nor articulate enough to prevent the many gruesome wildfires that were about to consume my life.

Willow's act of protest kicked off a period in our family that I refer to as "the Mutiny." The pressure had been building for years; I was trying to head it off; but it was all about to unravel.

• • •

We were sitting in the kitchen. Me, Jada, Willow. Willow was eating dulce de leche ice cream, her left hand playing with my beard, a spoonful of Häagen-Dazs in her right.

She said it so sweetly, but sometimes from the mouths of babes . . .

"Mommy?"

"Yes, sweetie?"

"It's so sad," Willow said.

"What is, honey?"

"Daddy has a picture of a family in his mind. And it's not *us*!"

I was at the top of the mountain. I was living beyond everything I had ever dreamed. Every goal had been attained, every obstacle conquered. And then some.

Yet, everybody around me was miserable.

Daddy has a picture of a family in his mind. And it's not us!

Willow looked me in the eye with so much compassion. She genuinely felt bad for me, dulce de leche dripping down her arm. Jada mercifully looked away, pretending she'd seen something of critical importance in the lower freezer.

Willow just kept rubbing my face.

"It's OK, Daddy. You'll be OK."

To this day, dulce de leche ice cream is forbidden in my house.

• • •

I started noticing feelings everywhere. I'd be sitting in a business meeting, and someone would say, "It's nothing personal . . . it's just business." And I realized, *Oh, shit, there's no such thing as "just business"—everything is personal*. People get furious, excited, frustrated, hopeful, *hopeless*, disappointed, fearful, embarrassed, all in the confines of "business" meetings. Everybody is caught up in their feelings, making all their decisions all the time based *only* on how they feel. Even my aversion to extreme feelings . . . *is based on how I feel about feelings*. I felt like Christopher Columbus who had discovered this "new" place where people was already at (sorry

about that preposition, Mom-Mom). All of politics, all of religion, all of sports, culture, marketing, eating, shopping, sex—everything is centered on how people feel.

Then the truth hit me like a 90 mph fastball: Nobody gives a shit about anything *except* how they feel. Feeling good is the most important thing to everyone, everywhere, at *all* times. We are choosing our words, actions, and behaviors in order to achieve a feeling that we deem positive. There's nothing more important than feeling how we want to feel. And people determine whether or not you love them by how well they *feel* you honor their feelings.

This has been a precarious conundrum in most of my adult relationships. I have always been less concerned about someone's immediate feelings than I have been about their overall well-being. People in my life have consistently complained about feeling unconsidered by me, and when left unaddressed, this has sometimes festered into their feeling unloved.

I would walk through fire for the people I love. I am fully prepared to die for my family. But no—I haven't always focused on their feelings. I don't trust feelings; feelings come and go and change like the weather. You can't plan anything around them. And just because somebody feels something, doesn't make it true; just because your feelings are extreme, doesn't mean that you're right—in fact, the more extreme your feelings are, the more likely it is that they're skewed.

People care less about facts, truth, probabilities, or intentions than they do about how they *feel* and how well you have displayed that you care about those feelings. So, when we open sentences with “The fact of the matter is,” the other person is thinking, *I just talked for ten minutes—I told you what my fact of the matter is.* Or if we say, “Look, here's the reality,” the other person is thinking, *Asshole—I just told the reality.* Other classic offenders include “Truth be told . . .,” and “At the end of the day . . .,” and “I get it—but in all likelihood . . .,” and “I get it—but here's the thing . . .,” and “Can I be honest?” Use any of those, and you're dead in the water. People take it as a total negation of what they just said and a complete disregard of their feelings.

Nobody cares what *you* think and what *you* feel. They care what *they* think and what *they* feel. That's why they said it.

There are other inherent questions attached to *Does it matter to you how I feel?* If the answer is yes, then the next unspoken question is *How much?*

And then, *What behavior alterations are you willing to make to show me how much?*

And what parts of your personal agenda are you willing to let go of in order to apply that energy to my agenda?

Are you willing to put your thoughts and feelings aside in order to care for mine?

In essence, people want you to behave differently so they can feel better. How much you're willing to change will prove to them how much you love them.

Trey was twenty years old; Jaden was fourteen; Willow was twelve. I began to experiment with my parenting by reassessing my relationships with my children in terms of my care and concern for their *feelings*.

I was a master provider and protector. I was a world-class teacher. But I began to be able to perceive the subtle, and not-so-subtle, emotional injuries of their childhoods. The one consolation I afforded myself was that at least I saw I was getting better. Trey had gotten the most ignorant version of my parenting; Jaden got Will Dad 2.0, which was a slight upgrade, and even though Willow had had to shave her head, she had stopped me before her point of no return.

At eleven years old, Willow, for all intents and purposes, retired from the entertainment industry. I knew a part of it was the intrinsic pressure of the business, but I also knew a bigger part of it was that she had felt unprotected. She couldn't articulate it, but it was clear that she didn't want any part of anything that took my focus off her heart.

I could feel my family turning away from me, questioning my leadership and even my love. Trey asked me at dinner one night, "Dad, what do you worship?" Sheree had recently rediscovered the church; she'd found comfort and transformation in Christ—it was beautiful to watch, and it was real. And while I was happy that she had kindled a new faith and direction, I deeply resented that she began questioning and judging my choices and my decisions in my life. In the Black community, when someone discovers faith as an adult and begins to point out your transgressions and detail your only path to salvation, we call that "holy-rollin'." And there are very few things more incensing than one of your ex-sin partners pointing out your current sins.

I loved how Trey took to the Bible; he has one of the purest hearts of any human I have ever met. I was excited to discuss Abraham and Isaac and to debate the righteousness of David and what the story of Lazarus really meant. I was wide open to ponder the life of Christ in the spiritual context, and the historical, even the mythological if his mind could handle it. What I was neither prepared nor willing to do was to debate the scriptural inadequacies of my life decisions.

"I worship God," I said.

"Are you sure?"

"So, here's the deal. Your Bible is brand-new, with pages you haven't even looked at yet. Mine is tattered and worn, with no page unturned. So why don't you rough your Bible up a little bit, then we can have this conversation in a few years?"

I had brushed off his question, but I couldn't stop thinking about it. I do interviews for a living; thirty-five years of questions in fiftysomething languages. And the number one greatest question that I have ever been asked is "What do you worship?"

And the second greatest question is "Are you sure?"

• • •

I decided we needed a family project. We tended to rally around one another when one of us had a significant endeavor. Trey playing football, Willow with her music, Jaden during *Karate Kid*, Jada or myself on a film set—there was something galvanizing when we worked together. *After Earth* became the project that was going to rejuvenate and reconnect us.

I had seen a TV show called *I Shouldn't Be Alive*. It featured different stories about harrowing, life-threatening ordeals and jaw-dropping brushes with death. One of the stories was about a father and son who had become stranded in the wilderness, miles and miles from civilization. The father was injured in an accident, and the teenage son had to travel alone through dangerous terrain to find help and save his dad.

As I watched, I kept imagining myself injured and helpless and Jaden climbing through the wilderness, trying to get to civilization to save me. The scenario stuck in my mind—a coming-of-age story about a young man trying to save his father. The idea morphed into a movie—it would also be about a father learning to trust and depend on his son. It would be a metaphor, a means to healing their relationship.

At the time, I was also experimenting with migrating story through time and setting: Can you take a 1940s Berlin nightclub, with all of the core human themes and conflicts, and set it twelve hundred years in the future and maintain the fundamental human truths? I sent the episode of *I Shouldn't Be Alive* to M. Night Shyamalan. He felt great about the episode and thought there was a movie in it. When Night felt the idea, I took it as providence. Night had vowed to shoot the interiors of his films in only one city: Philadelphia.

Night lived just outside Philly; I had never worked on a film in my hometown. My immediate family and my extended family would be together for three whole months. My foot was on the gas.

I had also just agreed to mentor Jada's brother, Caleeb Pinkett, in the process of script development. He is a world-class history buff, and historians tend to have profound insight into character and story. He was a perfect pupil, and he was my brother-in-law. Family, family, family.

JL hated the idea. JL hated the treatment. JL hated the timing. JL hated everything about it.

"It's just a concept," JL said. "Finish the script. Complete the story. Let's not pull the trigger until we know what we're pulling the trigger *on*."

But I wasn't hearing it. I needed this to save my family. And then there was the secret vow, my hidden agenda: I was going to make sure that Jaden felt loved, protected, and cared for, every step through the process. He was going to know, unequivocally, that his father cares about his feelings.

After Earth was set one millennium in the future, after humankind had rendered the planet uninhabitable. Father and son crash-land in the most dangerous place in the universe: Earth. The interiors of the film had been shot in Philly, and the exteriors would be captured in Moab, Utah, and Costa Rica. Jaden's character, Kitai, would have to make his way through jungles, rivers, plains, canyons, and volcanic streams in order to save his injured father.

I was determined to create a joyful and loving environment for Jaden on set. Costa Rica was hot (slangily and temperature-wise). I had giant, air-conditioned tents set up at every location so Jaden could chill between shots—ping-pong tables, food, music, somewhere he could take a nap.

"What the fuck is this tent shit?" Darrell said, pulling me to the side.

"It's hot, D, I just want him to be comfortable."

"Comfortable? You gon' make this little nigga *soft*. Your character is the top general in the universe. How he supposed to save your ass comin' out of a fuckin' *tent*? Let his ass wait in the sun like everybody else."

Darrell had been my mentor, my coach, and confidant for a decade now. He had prodded and pounded and propelled me into my wildest dreams. He knew how to build winners; he had been there with Sugar Ray versus Marvin Hagler; he knew how to design soldiers. I'm not sure why I didn't just tell him what I was going through and what I was doing; I was probably embarrassed, or maybe I just concluded that he wouldn't understand. But Darrell saw my actions as a form of sabotage. I was breaking all the rules that had defined our successful conquest.

This drove a wedge between us that eventually grew into a chasm and ultimately estrangement. We stopped working together. At the time, I couldn't muster the courage to communicate with him directly. Our decade-long, hyper-successful partnership just ended without even a conversation.

Darrell would later confide, "You broke my heart, and you never even told me why."

. . .

In terms of my relationship with Jaden, the filming was perfection. When I would come on set on *The Karate Kid*, Jaden would deflate and lose his energy—it was as if the enemy had arrived. I was the person who was going to push him, to make him do another take, to extend the movie shoot another month in China because I wasn't happy with a scene. But on *After Earth*, I didn't allow production to go one minute beyond his allotted shooting schedule. I was his protector.

One day on set—in what was my highest parenting moment with Jaden—he was shooting an action sequence on one soundstage, and I was producing a shot on another. I wasn't onstage with him, but I had a monitor where I could see everything he was doing. One of the coordinators was asking him to do a move that Jaden was

uncomfortable with. He tried a few times to explain that he didn't want to do it, but the man wasn't taking no for an answer. I could see on the monitor that they were in dispute, so I turned on the sound.

"That doesn't seem realistic to me," Jaden said respectfully.

"Well, let's just get a few takes," the coordinator insisted.

And then, the individual greatest words I've ever heard from Jaden's mouth: "Can someone go get my dad, please?"

It makes me teary every time I think about it. I had transformed our relationship; I had purified his perception of me; I was no longer the ogre who was going to push and punish him. I was the person he called for in his time of need. I can still see him standing there, confident. It was as if he knew he had a lion that would protect him—he didn't want to sic it on anybody, but he knew he could if he had to.

When I grew up, I knew I had a lion, but I hated that sometimes he'd bite *me*.

• • •

The shooting of *After Earth* was a magical bonding experience for Jaden and me. He was fresh into his teens—the mythological timing was perfect. I had succeeded in illustrating the depth of my care and concern. But in my preoccupation with his well-being, I had diverted my usual hyper-intensive focus away from the storytelling, the screenplay, and the overall sculpting of the film. As a result, our father-and-son honeymoon was short-lived. *After Earth* was an abysmal box office and critical failure. And what was worse was that Jaden took the hit. Fans and the press were absolutely vicious; they said and printed things about Jaden that I refuse to repeat. Jaden had faithfully done everything that I'd instructed him to do, and I had coached him into the worst public mauling he'd ever experienced.

We never discussed it, but I sensed he felt betrayed, misled, and he lost his trust in my leadership. Jaden likes to win, and he doesn't mind a little suffering to secure a victory. (This is also an inherent parenting problem—there is no "one size fits all." They all need different things.)

I've read enough to know that a critical stage of a boy becoming a man is the moment of individuation from his father, that instant when you realize your father is not Superman. He's a flawed human. That moment when you make the scary decision to separate from him and live and die by your own hand.

Just like Daddio on the chessboard, as a father it's what you hope for. But at fifteen years old, when Jaden asked about being an emancipated minor, my heart shattered. He ultimately decided against it, but it sucks when you hurt your kids.

Back then, I made the troubling conclusion that questing with empathy was an oxymoron, and you could either worry about how people feel, or you could win.

But you had to pick *one*.

• • •

On the night of Jada's thirty-seventh birthday, I had a vision. I saw her fortieth birthday party—it was huge, it was wild. It would be the Taj Mahal of birthday parties. Something she would never forget: a public display of my love and affection that would fix everything.

I planned it for three years.

I love planning events, orchestrating spectacle and emotion. In my mind, the sum total of a happy life is the quality of your memories, so I'm always looking for the most vivid memory that I can create.

Growing up, Jada had been close to her grandmother who had passed a few years earlier. Secretly, I contacted Jada's aunt Karen, who was the default family archivist. Karen had pictures, videos, and letters from Jada's grandmother, and she had recently discovered microcassettes on which Jada's grandmother had recorded her thoughts during the final weeks of her life. No one in the family had heard the tapes. They would be the centerpiece of my birthday presentation to Jada.

The vision was ablaze. I would do a documentary short film about Jada's life. I hired a production team to research her family's genealogy, tracking her grandmother's lineage all the way back to slavery. Then I hired a director to compile the information and make the film.

But the film, by itself, wouldn't be Taj Mahal enough.

Jada loved Santa Fe, New Mexico, and the art scene there. It would be a surprise three-day birthday weekend. I shut down an entire hotel in the city, invited dozens of our closest friends and family. We'd have gourmet dinners each night under the stars, followed by a surprise event. Friday night would be a private art show; Saturday morning would be a spiritual pilgrimage (a hike to Picacho Peak). I got Jada's favorite painters to come and do custom paintings and family classes. Mary J. Blige loved Jada and agreed to give a surprise performance on Saturday night. And the crown of the weekend would be the unveiling of the documentary about her life.

This was going to be my big triumph, how I would win my way back into my wife's heart.

That first evening was blissful—an intimate candlelit dinner on an outdoor rustic terrace. There were maybe twenty of us. I wanted it to be small enough for Jada but big enough for me. A cellist played as we dined; the mood was calm and loving. Everyone recounted their favorite Jada stories. Everything went perfectly. Friday night set the stage; now Saturday was gonna bring the house down.

Saturday morning the rest of the guests arrived. I had multiple activities planned—golf, hiking, brunch, spa treatments. I wanted everybody to have the freedom to move around as they pleased until the sun set, then it was *my* time to shine.

Dinner was at 6:00 p.m. There were forty of us now.

The dinner went off without a hitch. Everyone remarked on how beautiful the decor was, how delicious the food had been; I even overheard some of the women teasing

their husbands.

“When I turn forty, you better plan me a Will Party.”

“Well, you blew my fortieth, but if I decide to stay with you, you make sure my fiftieth is like this.”

“I wonder if Will and Jada need a wife.”

I was the perfect husband. And they didn’t even realize I was just getting started. The dinner had been more than anyone could have asked for—an exquisite show of love that Emperor Shah Jahan himself would have approved of. And just before dessert, I gently began tapping my spoon on my wineglass. (I had seen that in movies, but I’d never done it in real life. It works!)

“Well, first I would like to thank you all for coming to celebrate forty years of Jada. If you will now all follow me, we will be having our dessert in the garden.”

I ceremoniously led the way. A twenty-yard-long flowered archway had been hidden from view for the entire dinner. The reveal drew oohs and aahs from the crowd. The inside of the archway was lined with photos of Jada, a gallery in celebration of her power, her beauty, and her contribution to all of our lives, perfect lighting illuminating not only the pictures but also the quality and the abundance of my love.

The far end of the archway spilled into an open-air theater. Again, the crowd reacts in awe. Jada seemed to be enjoying herself, but she was quiet—I couldn’t get a good read. But it didn’t matter because I knew the documentary would be a hands-down grand slam emotional home run.

I escorted Jada to her front-row seat. Gammy hadn’t seen or heard any of this footage of her mother, either, so I sat her right next to Jada. The rest of the guests scrambled to get the best possible seats. They could feel something special was about to happen.

I had traced Jada’s family lineage back to slavery. I had found pictures and stories of Union Army war heroes, Black Wall Street businesspeople, enslaved people, doctors, artists, all of whom had been her ancestors. I had secretly flown with Jaden to the church in Jamaica where her great-grandparents had met and married.

The comedic high point of the film was a meeting between me; Jaden; Jada’s brother, Caleeb; and a descendant of the family who had owned Jada’s family during slavery. So, imagine you’re a sweet sixty-seven-year-old accountant from a tiny suburb outside Cleveland, Ohio. It’s a normal Wednesday in your normal life; you’re watching a little *Jeopardy!* with your loving wife. You’ve just complimented her on her pot roast, there’s a knock at the door, and there stands Will Smith and the Karate Kid. And the Karate Kid’s uncle.

And a camera crew.

The man and his wife were great sports. He just so happened to be his family’s historian; he knew the stories and the names and the people we were talking about. He showed us pictures and paraphernalia, and we ultimately got him to formally apologize on camera.

“Happy birthday, Jada,” he said. “Sorry for the misunderstanding!”

The audience was roaring. People could not believe the lengths I'd gone to. I heard folks saying, "Will is a damn fool" and "I've never seen anything like this!" and "What the hell is he going to do *next* year?"

I still wasn't finished.

The room goes silent as Jada's beloved grandmother begins to speak. The recordings had been directed to specific family members, many of whom were in the crowd. For the first time since her passing, Jada was hearing the voice of her grandmother speaking directly to her.

I had seen the video a hundred times at this point, so I was only watching Jada. The entire place is in tears—her family, my family, everybody. All except Jada. She sat motionless, refusing to make eye contact with me. The video ends—family and friends erupt in a standing ovation.

Then, the screen rises, revealing Mary J. Blige.

. . .

We went back to the hotel room. Jada still hadn't said anything: not a "thank you," not an "I loved it." Nothing. She took a shower. I was sitting there, waiting.

After about thirty minutes, Jada emerged from the bathroom.

"I don't want to do anything tomorrow," she said. "So you can cancel whatever you had planned."

I was dumbfounded.

"OK," I said, stifling my growing disappointment. "It's late, we'll just wait until tomorrow and see how you feel."

The next day, I had scheduled a group painting lesson with one of her favorite painters, Beth Ames Swartz, who I had flown in specifically for this event.

"I'm telling you how I feel. I don't want to do it," Jada said.

"Well, you don't know what it is, so you can't know if you want to do it or not."

"It's my birthday—just cancel it!" Jada snapped.

"I'll cancel it *in the morning*. Just go to sleep and see how you feel," I snapped back.

"CANCEL IT NOW!" Jada shrieked.

"What the hell is your *problem*?" I asked.

"That was the most *disgusting* display of ego I have ever seen in my life!" she said.

"Ego? *Ego*? You are the most ungrateful . . . I ain't *never* doing *shit* for you *ever* again."

"Good. I don't *want* shit from you anyway!"

At this point, we are both screaming at the top of our lungs, which was very uncharacteristic. We had struggled to transcend the verbal killing fields of our childhood homes. This night was unlike any before, or since. The pressure cooker of our perfect picture was cracking.

We were so heated that we forgot that we were sharing the hotel suite with Willow. There was a tiny loft above our bedroom. Willow had been listening the whole time.

Willow slowly emerged, frightened, shaking, crying, both hands clutching her ears.

“Just stop! Stop! Please stop!”

This is the worst I’ve ever felt as a parent. I immediately calmed down and moved to comfort Willow. She recoiled, refusing to let me touch her.

“Just FIGURE IT OUT! Both of you, figure it out!”

With that, Willow left and went to sleep with Jaden.

. . .

Jada and I didn’t speak anymore in Santa Fe. We didn’t speak on the flight back to Los Angeles. We didn’t speak for a few days after we got home.

Our marriage wasn’t working. We could no longer pretend. We were both miserable, and clearly something had to change.

“I retire,” I said. “I retire from trying to make you happy. You are free. You need to go make *yourself* happy and prove to me that it’s even possible. But I quit—you go do you, and I’m-a go do me.”

Jada and I were suffering the brutal death of our romantic fantasies, the burning away of the idealistic illusion of the perfect marriage and the perfect family.

Neither of us wanted a divorce; we knew we loved each other, and some aspects of our union were magical. But the *structure* of the life that we had established was strangling both of us. We’d gotten married in our twenties; we were now in our forties. Our unhealed inner children were choking the shit out of each other. And that had to stop. We both had work to do, and we agreed that this phase would not be together. The painful awakening was to the reality that we were two separate people on two independent, individual journeys. We had simply chosen to walk this portion together.

We cried like crazy, hugged, and agreed to let each other go.

Give your hearts, but not into each other’s keeping.

For only the hand of Life can contain your hearts.

And stand together yet not too near together:

For the pillars of the temple stand apart.

Jada sent me this quote from Kahlil Gibran and repeated over and over, “What’s true will remain.”

We had concluded that no one can *make* a person happy. You can make a person smile; you can compose a moment that helps a person to feel good; you can deliver a joke that makes a person laugh; you can create an environment where a person feels safe. We can and *must* be helpful and kind and loving, but whether a person is *happy*

or not is utterly out of your control. Every person must wage a solitary internal war for their own contentment.

We agreed that Jada's happiness had to be her responsibility, and my happiness had to be my responsibility. We were going to seek our distinct, innermost personal joys, and then we were going to return and present ourselves to the relationship and to each other already happy—not coming to each other begging with empty cups, demanding the other person fulfill our needs. We felt that this vampiric relational model was unfair, unrealistic, destructive—even abusive. To place the responsibility for your happiness on anybody other than yourself is a recipe for misery.

RETREAT

I had achieved everything I'd ever dreamed: career, family, businesses, health, megastardom, a house with a name. In fact, it was *better* than I had dreamed it. More money, more fame, more property, more success. *And* I did everything the right way. I had reached the mountaintop—then discovered that the clouds had hidden an even higher peak, and then I'd scaled *that* one. Short of raising jokas from the dead, what else do y'all want me to do? I did it as big and as bold and as brightly as anyone had ever done it. Or probably ever *will* do it.

What the fuck is everybody so upset about? How is it even possible that my life is falling apart . . . *again*!

What am I missing?

. . .

Is it just me, or does *everybody* who's going through a breakup or difficult times during a relationship call their exes?

I guess it somehow brings relief to talk to somebody who hates you less than they used to. They've processed their disappointment and disgust, refracted it through distance and time, subtracted the 12 to 15 percent they *now* see was their fault (it's actually closer to 50 percent), resulting in the "good times" being bronzed in their memories and a pleasant nostalgic twinge when your number pops up on their caller ID. (And not to forget: They hate their *current* man now, so you don't look so bad.)

Tanya had moved to Trinidad after we broke up. She wanted out of LA—too much noise, too much history, probably even too much Will. But we stayed on good terms, and I had helped her move. I hadn't seen her in a few years—she was married now, with two beautiful little island-toasted babies, Marley and Sekai.

On the phone, her voice sounded different, beach-life kind of different: a sun-sweetened softness, a calmness, a transformation all the way to her name: She now went by Tyana, Ty for short—an outward gesture of maintaining the essence of who she was, while signaling a purging of past poisons.

Ty and her family were back in LA for the Thanksgiving holiday.

"You have to meet Scoty!" Ty said. "I'm tellin' you, y'all would vibe." She had been saying this to me for years.

Her husband, Scoty Sardinha, was an artist from Trinidad and Tobago, and a far cry from the executives, Lakers, and rappers-turned-actors she was used to dealing with.

Scoty was different (oh, and she didn't hate him yet—in fact, quite the opposite). I'd been hearing about him, and the beauty of Trinidad, from mutual friends whom Ty had been hosting in her new island haven. Queen Latifah had just come back, and she was raving. Queen has exquisite tastes, and is very particular about her accommodations, so when she says some place is hot, you know it's hot.

"I need to borrow your husband," I said.

I'm not sure why I said it like that—I think I may be a drama queen. I love the shock value and the amusing bullshittery of tattooing a sentence on someone's memory. I think it also breaks the ice for me; if I land it right, it's so shocking that it takes away the shock of the shocking shit I just said.

"Well, damn," Ty said, "how long you need him . . . and more importantly, what you gonna *use* him for?"

We always laughed easy.

"I've never been to Trinidad," I said. "Queen said it's hot."

"Oh, that's perfect," Ty said excitedly. I could tell she was already seeing the beach parties and art exhibits they were going to take me to.

"We're going next month, for Christmas," she said.

"I want him to take me tomorrow," I said firmly. "I gotta get out of LA."

"Well damn, nigga, tomorrow is Thanksgiving!"

Ty's known me long enough to know when something's going on with me. And she's loved me long enough to want to help.

"I mean, shit, y'all can *eat*—we'll leave *after* dinner," I said reassuringly.

"I can't go tomorrow," Ty said.

"I just wanna go with Scoty."

Beat.

Beat.

Beat.

"Hello?"

. . .

Scoty Sardinha had never been on a private plane before. And it had been almost fifteen years since I went anywhere without security.

"Yeah, man," he says in his easy Caribbean accent, dreadlocks tied back behind his head, "No problem, man. Dis is *my island*. I know *plenty* people there. Trust me. Everyt'ing will be cool. Don't study it."

Scoty was definitely *not* the type of guy I was used to hanging out with. He was laid-back and comfortable with just letting things happen around him. I was used to wrestling and bending the universe to my will through sheer discipline and exertion. Scoty seemed pleased to let the universe bend whichever way it wanted, and then sit back, *inhale*, and laugh about it.

“I’ll show you a true Trini experience,” Scoty said somewhere over the Gulf of Mexico.

It had been decades since I had gone anywhere without the place being prepped and briefed.

“Are you sure it’s going to be OK when we land? I’m kinda famous,” I said.

“No way, man! I’m telling you: Trinis are cool people. Most laid-back time of your life! They don’t really study people. They’re not even going to care that you’re Will Smith. It’s gonna be fine, trust me.”

We landed at Piarco International Airport in Trinidad around 2:00 p.m.

Bedlam ensued.

The entire airport staff was on the tarmac. Airport security surrounds me and escorts us to a private room. Scoty is in shock—he’s never seen anything like this in his life.

“I don’t know why they’re gettin’ on like this, man. They come like it’s never-see-come-see. It’s just unruly!”

Scoty takes out his cell phone to contact his friend Jason, who was picking us up.

Scoty didn’t know any of the Movie Star Rules™, particularly, rule 4a, section II: *Plan ahead for all departures and arrivals*. It’s difficult to move film stars through crowds. Note: You should call your friend who’s picking you and the movie star up *before* you land at the airport.

“Jason! Nah, maaan,” Scoty yelled into the cell phone. “I told yuh we wuz on the whey! Nooo, Jason! I meant on the plane—I called yuh from the plane. Come nah, man! It was a personal, *private* plane! Where you, man? How far you reach? Jason! Nooooo. That’s too loooong. Drive fasta than that!”

The center of Scoty’s charm is he doesn’t see people as “somebodies and nobodies”—everybody’s somebody. I couldn’t remember the last time I had carried my own luggage. As prosaic as that might sound, no security, no assistants, in a foreign country, for me was an intimidating, epic adventure.

Forty minutes later, airport security escorted us to Jason’s SUV. We got safely into the car and off to Scoty’s childhood home.

I wasn’t sure what I was seeking, but I had told him, “No hotels, no car services, no formal plans.” I wanted to be in *his* life, in *his* house, with *his* friends, doing whatever they would ordinarily do if the Fresh Prince wasn’t here.

One of his childhood friends, Che Lovelace, was a forty-three-year-old painter from a prominent Trini arts family. He had an exhibit that night. We dropped our gear at Scoty’s mom’s house and rolled over to Che’s show at the Aquarela Galleries. Scoty was driving.

“You just relax and make yourself at home, man!” Scoty said. “My crew won’t give you no trouble. Everybody here will be respectful of yuh space.”

“I don’t know, Scoty,” I said, “I’ve never been here before, but we may want to be prepared for people being excited.”

“Noooo, man, not here. Diff’rent scene! These are *my* folks, and they’re not on all that. My people not like that.”

We arrived at the art show—two steps out of the car, and it was a massive, chaotic mob scene. A couple of hundred people cheering, pushing, grabbing, screaming. It was all love, but as the saying goes, sometimes, love hurts. Excited crowds can be dangerous. Scoty is now in full security mode, trying to get me through the electrified crowd of “his folks.”

It was the first time that I had ever had “security” who was wearing flip-flops.

It was also the first time since I had become famous that I didn’t have backup. No security, no one to call; I didn’t know where I was, where the exits were, where the US embassy was. Nothing. It even felt like I didn’t speak the language. It’s what a baby must feel like being expelled from the safety of the womb.

I was a forty-two-year-old newborn.

We make our way through the gallery. Safe now in the artist’s VIP, I meet Che and his family: his younger sister, Asha “Lulu” Lovelace; Che’s son, Roscoe; and Lulu’s daughters, Ila and Eva. There is something about the Trini sun that bakes children to perfection—these were the most beautiful kids you can imagine.

Che is a figurative artist—his work mixes realism with abstraction. He typically paints figures from the local Carnival, on board using pastel paints and powdered pigments, vividly capturing the vibrancy of Caribbean life. I got lost in the eyes of his depiction of a young woman in a painting he called *Dancehall Queen*. I felt her welcoming me to the island. The exhibition was well attended, and the varied cross-section of Trinidad’s melting pot was a canvas in itself.

Eventually, we headed back to the Lovelace family home. A covered porch; music, food, conversation. Nestled in a lush area known as Cascade, the home’s green exterior caused the house to almost disappear into the surrounding forestry. The “limin’ ” (the Trini word for hanging out/partying) happened on the covered wooden veranda, which was open on three sides to the sloping garden and the Cascade Valley. There was a dining table, Morris chairs, and my favorite spot, the standard Trini hammock.

The Lovelace family is a family of artists, poets, intellectuals. Earl Lovelace, the patriarch, is a renowned novelist, journalist, playwright, and poet. Lulu is a professor of cinema at the University of the West Indies; Walt, the older brother, is a cinematographer; the house itself was filled with Che’s artwork. The conversation was vibrant and expansive.

“What is that sweet scent?” I asked.

“That’s called the ylang-ylang tree,” Lulu said. “It’s best this time of the year when the breeze comes in off the west.”

I had never heard the music of Lulu’s playlist—Senegalese singers Ismaël Lô, Baaba Maal, and Youssou N’Dour, all harmonizing with the ylang-ylang tree, transporting me into a sweet wistfulness. Delicious food, Caribbean breezes, toasted-caramel children scattered and scampering.

“Are you spending the night?” Ila asked, in her six-year-old innocence. I laughed that adult laugh that adults laugh when they’re not really laughing.

Well, Ila, apart from one night in the Lincoln Bedroom after Bill Clinton's inauguration, I haven't stayed over at anyone's house since I was twelve years old. I don't even stay at my parents' spots when I go back to Philly. I know you're only six, Ila, but you need to understand that there are significant logistical difficulties to safely transporting a "global icon" around the world. For starters, I travel with a minimum of ten people, meaning we need a minimum of eleven rooms. And if it's at all possible, for security purposes, my entourage will take a whole floor of the finest hotels in the world. Of course, my room is always the one all the way at the end of the hallway; the room with the double doors. . . .

Not to mention, I don't really know any of you; I barely know Scoty. I'm here alone, and I've never been alone. So, the thought of staying over with strangers—even strangers as kind and as beautiful as your family—scares the livings daylights out of me.

So, yes, Ila, yes, I'm spending the night.

"So, where's my room?" I asked her.

. . .

My room was nicknamed "the Dungeon." It was a storage area with a garage vibe that had been converted into a guest room. Books, old vinyl records, and pottery were strewn about. The only piece of furniture was a handcrafted, wooden platform bed that I would later find out Scoty had made. A white sheet billowed over the wrought-iron, glassless window: the eighty-degree Caribbean nights left no need for anything else.

My luggage was still at Scoty's mom's house.

"I'll come tru tomorrow wit' it," Scoty said, as he *drove* away, leaving the biggest movie star in the world with no toothbrush at a stranger's house. When I agreed to stay, I thought it was clear that I was agreeing for me *and* Scoty. *I can't believe this joka left me here . . . Charlie Mack's gonna shove Scoty's head in a toilet when he finds out.*

I always know my direction. It was a Daddio prerequisite. At any moment, during my childhood, he would ask, "Which way is north?" or "Point east." He had made it very clear that the passenger in any vehicle is the navigator. The driver gets the last word on the radio and the temperature—the passenger/navigator is in charge of the map and the call on left or right (and snacks—we would have to feed Daddio while he was driving).

This night, though, I couldn't see the moon, and I had been distracted during the drive to the house. I wasn't really up on my star constellations. As I lay twelve inches off a concrete floor somewhere in the Caribbean, I began to chuckle—my lifelong reaction to trauma and anxiety. My chuckle upgraded to a giggle, my giggle escalated into a guffaw, and my guffaw bloomed into full-on hysterics.

Where am I? What am I doing? What is going on? How did my life get here? I don't even know where here is. Nobody I love knows where I am. This would be the perfect

time for someone to kill me; not that anyone would want to kill me—I mean, Wild Wild West wasn't that bad.

What if a woman walked in right now? What if she was wearing a long, white see-through nightgown. What if she put her finger to her lips—Shhh. What if she kissed me? What if she told me I was on the right path?

What if I believed her?

. . .

I slept for about twelve hours.

I went to sleep at forty-two years old—when I woke up, I felt like I was about twenty-eight. I would have slept longer, but the aroma of the tomato choka, smoked herring, sada roti, homemade bread, and local fruits I didn't even recognize hit me like a dose of sweet smelling salts. After I embarrassed myself by eating three platefuls and finishing off Ila's half-eaten bread, Scoty finally pulled up.

Still no toothbrush.

"My boy Jonathan has a Bertram yacht," Scoty announced. "We're lookin' to go DDI."

The entire Lovelace family oohs and claps—clearly DDI is something good.

"What's DDI?" I ask.

"Down de islands."

. . .

We set sail at about 9:00 a.m.—me, Scoty, Che, Lulu, Roscoe, Ila, Eva, and Jonathan. After about forty minutes, we tucked into a secluded cove, off Chacachacare Island. Scoty, Che, and Jonathan are in the water before the anchor hits the sea floor. I was trying to stay awake, but either the soothing sway of the Bertram or my gluttonous assault on Ila's leftovers sent me back into the land of nod.

Two hours later, I awake to find the boat empty. Everyone's in the water now except Roscoe, Che's five-year-old son. He's eating a ripe mango, or, more accurately, it looks like he's wearing it, or it's eating him—he's drenched in the flesh and the juice.

I yelled to Scoty and crew, "Yooooo! What's the plan?"

"Whatcha mean, man?"

"I'm saying, the plan, for today—what we doing?"

"We here," Scoty said, gesturing to the horizon.

"I know, but what are we *doing*?"

They all kind of look at one another. *What does he mean?*

"I'm sayin', y'all got some Jet Skis or something?" I say. "Like, what's around here? What we gettin' into?"

"Look around, man," Scoty called from the water, "we reconnectin' and limin'."

What the fuck is “reconnectin’ ” and “limin’ ”?

Roscoe and his mango had been watching the whole exchange. I went back inside, lay down on the couch, closed my eyes for another thirty minutes.

These jokas are really about to sit around and do nothing, all day. I was dying. There was no service on my phone, so no texts or calls. We were an hour from land, and ninety minutes from an airport. I was trapped; I felt like a caged animal. I was getting . . . angry. *How dare they waste my valuable time like this?*

I stand up and head back out on deck. They’re still in the same spots, just floatin’ and yappin’. I couldn’t understand what they were doing. I was jittery, I was pacing, checking the time on my phone. And then I caught myself: I noticed the turbulence of my thoughts and feelings, which stood in stark contradistinction to my surroundings, and I thought, *Oh shit, this is crackhead behavior.* I could *not* sit still. My mind was agitated—I needed an activity, a target, a mission, an adventure. Something, *anything*, to do.

I caught eyes with Roscoe, peeking over the curvature of yet another mango—this one’s bigger than his head. He was just looking at me sweetly, as if to say, “You know you look *crazy*, right?”

It all slowly drifted into focus: Am I an addict? I don’t do drugs, I don’t really drink, I’m not hooked on sex like some ghetto hyena. But I did *not* know how to stop, or be still, or be quiet, or alone. I’m addicted to the approval of others, and to secure their approval, I became addicted to *winning*. And to guarantee and sustain my stream of massive victories, I became addicted to working, to grinding, and obsessively pursuing perfection.

But there was a deeper issue at play. I saw downtime as the enemy, a place where you lose things. When I had left space between Melanie and me, she had cheated. Daddio saw the space between tasks at the shop as laziness. Darrell never wanted me to sit down in the gym—he saw downtime as the crack where the pleasure principle would poison all our hard work. I never wanted Jeff to put interludes on our albums because I saw the lull between tracks as the empty space for the audience to stop listening. I didn’t want to leave space between my TV show, the next movie, and my next record, because I didn’t want to give people an opportunity to fall in love with The Rock during my absence.

But the most perturbing aspect of my need to fill every second was that it kept me from having to feel.

My mind drifted to my *I Am Legend* phone call with JL. The film had broken global box office records, but still I was dissatisfied. The subtle sickness was becoming a whole lot less subtle. I asked myself, *How much did I Am Legend need to make for me to be happy? How much would have been enough? How many more consecutive #1 movies do I need? How much money would it take for me to feel safe and secure? How many Grammys or Academy Awards do I need to feel loved and approved of? How much healthier do my kids need to be? How many more times does Jada need to say, “I love you”? When will enough be enough?*

The problem is, the more you get, the more you want. It's like drinking salt water to quench your thirst. We develop a tolerance that makes us need more just to get the same high.

I started to recognize the game, the trick, the insanity, the carrot on the stick. I had never liked vampire movies, but I suddenly understood their mythology—they are a metaphor for insatiable human hunger, unquenchable thirsts, and chronic dissatisfaction—the attempt to fill a spiritual hole with external things.

If unparalleled winning and achieving everything I've ever dreamed of does not secure perfect happiness and ultimate bliss, then what does?

I looked at Roscoe. As far as he was concerned, the key to life was mango.

• • •

Come on in! The water warm!" Lulu shouted.

"I don't know how to swim," I said.

Clearly, they had never heard an actual human say that before. First, they laughed, then came the realization that I wasn't joking with them. And then they all looked at me like I was starring in a UNICEF commercial: "Please help this stereotypical Afro American urban homeboy—just one dollar a week will help this joka learn how to swim."

I had always feared the ocean—it seemed so vast and unpredictable. It could be calm and beautiful one minute, and then violent and monstrous the next. Even as a child, I stayed far from the water on family trips to Atlantic City.

I remember being at the Grand Canyon and Mom-Mom saying, "This entire canyon was created by water."

That was a terrifying proposition to me. The ocean and water—we just didn't vibe.

One of my most traumatic childhood memories was of nearly drowning in a public swimming pool. I can still see myself underwater, disoriented—I couldn't figure out which way was up. I'm choking and I know I'm dying. Mom-Mom leaps from her deck chair and dives into the pool. I can see her hand coming toward my face. She grabs me under my arms and lifts me out of the pool onto the side.

Years later, as I recount to one of Mom-Mom's friends my harrowing brush with death, Mom-Mom's face contorts into confusion. She's trying to read me. We've been here many times, but she can tell something's different.

"You know that never happened, right?" Mom-Mom gently asks.

"What do you mean?" I say.

"Willard, that never happened," she says, a little more urgently.

"I remember the whole thing, Mom," I say.

"You never got in a pool, you never got in the ocean. We sent you to swimming class once, and you wouldn't even put your feet in the water."

"But, Mom, I can see it all. You had an Afro, and you were wearing a blue bathing suit."

“Well, it must be your *other* mother, because this one never had that experience.”

I begin to forensically examine my memory. And then it hits me: *If I was under the water, disoriented, how did I see Mom-Mom jump into the pool?* Then my cinematic experience kicks in: I realize that the angles of my visual recollection are not from my point of view. In my mind’s eye, I’m seeing the incident as if I were on the side of the pool. The two-shot of me and Mom-Mom in my mind is impossible—this is a false memory. But all my anxiety about the ocean, my fear and aversion to water, is 100 percent real.

This revelation shook me. Is my memory really that unreliable? Did I dream it? Did I make it up? Is it a past-life experience? If it was, what the hell was Mom-Mom doing there, and why did she have an Afro?

Either way, it didn’t really matter: I still hated the ocean.

• • •

Memory is not a flawless recording of what actually happened. It’s not a video of your experience. It’s not even a photograph. It is your psychological, artistic rendering. It is more like an abstract impressionist painting of what happened than it is a pure, unfiltered depiction. *And* it’s not fixed—the painting morphs, it fades or expands over time. Sometimes you add colors to a memory that weren’t there a year ago, or five years ago, or even collapse multiple memories and paint them into one.

The problem is that most of us trust our memories implicitly. Our memories are the basis for our perception of reality. We then commit to these conclusions, unlocking the requisite emotions and the corresponding actions and behaviors. We move into the world clinging to our flawed assumptions, unleashing upon ourselves the cosmic consequences of wrong ideas.

I *trust* the memory that I nearly drowned—in fact, I’m fully committed to the truth of that story. Water is dangerous, and it tried to kill me when I was little. So, when my brother and sisters are playing in the ocean, I’m by myself halfway up the beach. As an adult, I don’t let my kids go in the ocean by themselves. The fear and anxiety take hold in my mind and then constrict my ability to be able to enjoy the beauty of 70 percent of the earth’s surface.

• • •

Jus’ relax, man!”

I’m barely ten yards from the shore, but the sea is choppy. The water is up to my waist. As Scoty sits down, the water is up to his neck.

“Take a dip and chill,” he says. “It won’t go over your head.”

“Yo, man, shit is touching my legs,” I say.

“Seaweed, man! Sargassum! It’s a problem we workin’ on. Just come in.”

Scoty reaches down and grabs a handful of whatever sargassum is and slings it away from me—apparently, the fact that it’s now eight feet away is supposed to make me comfortable. I take a deep breath, and I sit. The sea is almost translucent, and as warm as bathwater. The waves are knocking and jolting and tossing me around.

“Don’t fight it, man,” Scoty says. “It’s a flow. It’ll carry yuh out, but it’ll bring you back.”

Scoty is calmly floating in complete harmony with the rhythm of the sea, and I’m bangin’ around like a monkey fuckin’ a football. And while I never got fully comfortable, I began to understand the human relationship with the ocean.

Reconnectin’ and limin’.

The ebb and flow of the tide is the heartbeat of the planet. When they sit in the ocean all day, they are tuning themselves in to the frequency of the earth. This alignment, to Scoty, was the highest human experience. When he spends time with anyone he loves, he wants to spend it in the ocean—surfing, fishing, boating, water-skiing, swimming, reconnectin’, and limin’.

• • •

When I left Trinidad, I was clear about one thing: I knew I was missing something—something about life, something about relationships, perhaps even something about me.

I just didn’t know what it was.

But I was no longer fully defending my old belief systems. I was open to the idea that *maybe* fight-camp mentality, in the domestic realm, isn’t quite the optimal relating paradigm. I didn’t yet know what the new ideas were, but I was certain there would have to be some.

Why are you so afraid of silence?

Silence is the root of everything.

If you spiral into its void a hundred voices will thunder messages you long to hear. —RUMI

I hate it when people send me Instagram quotes that are supposed to be deep. They always come with a little fancy border, and the background’s always mauve, and in some woke-ass, illegible, calligraphy font—and when they truly wanna get you, they add a picture of a really, really old Asian man.

Silence is the root of everything made absolutely no sense to me whatsoever. I make noise for a living. I was so confused, I texted back, “WTF?????????”

My phone rang immediately. It was my boy Antoine.

“Man, don’t be sendin’ me your little pseudo-inspirational Buddha-babble,” I said. “If you gon’ send me quotes, send me lyrics from Talib Kweli.”

“I just got back from India,” he said, cracking up, knowing he had no business sending me that Rumi bullshit.

“That is no excuse,” I said. “What were you doin’ in India?”

“I did a thing called ‘Vipassana.’ It’s a ten-day *silent* retreat—no television, no phone, no talking. It was wild. You *have* to do it.”

“No talking for ten days? What’s it called again?”

“Vipassana—it means ‘to see things as they really are.’ ”

Antoine and I hadn’t spoken in over a year, but I guess he just needed somebody to talk to.

It’s weird how people can feel when you’re seeking—higher curiosity seems to emit energy at a different frequency. As soon as you truly open to something different, it’s like a cosmic shout into an energetic megaphone: *YO! Where y’all at? You see I’m strugglin’ over here?*

“Yeah, man, I’m not sure I’m ready for India,” I said. “But I do like the idea of seeing things as they really are.”

My entire childhood I shared a bedroom with Harry. If you drew a timeline that stretched from that day I met Melanie, when I was fourteen, all the way to my marriage today, I have only been single for a total of fifteen days. I hated being alone.

I wanted to give Jada her space in LA, so I decided to spend a couple of weeks alone, just I, myself, and me—I wanted to see if the three of us could get along. No television, no phone, no people.

No talking.

I went to our Utah house in the mountains. Totally secluded; at 8,400-foot altitude. I’d organized to have food left at the door, but no human contact. Other than a solitary morning walk, I wasn’t going to leave the house for fourteen straight days.

Antoine had only done ten, so I *had* to beat him.

. . .

Day one was exciting. No texts, no email, no calls. I was preparing my own meals for the first time in thirty years—they were nasty, but I felt good about the attempt. No television, or computers other than my iPad, which I’d filled with books to read. This was the first time in my life I had ever read a whole book in one day: Pema Chödrön’s *When Things Fall Apart*.

Day two and day three each felt like they were about thirty-nine hours long, which would have been almost bearable if it weren’t for the incessant chatter of the entourage in my head.

Days four and five almost broke me. I was crawling up the walls. I was even thinking about taking sleeping aids during the day so I could get some relief. I just somehow knew NyQuil wasn’t an approved Vipassana substance. I had committed to myself that I would do fourteen days, and I’d learned a long time ago, I might break my promise to you, but I’ll never break my promise to me.

Day six, I caught myself in the mirror with a pair of tweezers, plucking my eyebrows. I knew I was in trouble.

By day seven, I had beautifully sculpted eyebrows, and I discovered that there's a name for this condition: trichotillomania, a.k.a. hair-pulling disorder. I knew I didn't have it, but there was always day eight!

Day eight:

That's it, I gotta call somebody.

Shit, nope, not gonna do that.

Why do I feel like I wanna cry?

Vipassana's fucking stupid.

Wait, what time did I start? Am I counting a day from midnight, or from the exact hour I started? So, this is day eight, or nine?

Antoine's a fucking moron.

So is Rumi.

By day nine, I noticed that my dreams were becoming more vivid, and creative ideas were flowing. I started filling up notebook after notebook with rhymes and songs and thoughts and opinions and movies and poetry.

I also started reading about meditation and became intrigued with the idea of "watching my mind." It was my introduction to words like "self-observation," "self-investigation," "consciousness," and "awareness." I tasted a tiny, fleeting moment of what I would later come to recognize as "peace." It didn't last too long, but it was a scent that I would learn to follow.

This time alone in Utah launched the greatest period of reading in my life, a period that would last for the next several years. As a very partial list, I devoured *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*; *Bhagavad Gītā As It Is*; *The Road Less Traveled*; *Don Quixote*; *The Untethered Soul*; *Teachings of the Buddha*; *The Odyssey*; *Moby-Dick*; *How to Win Friends and Influence People*; *The 5 Love Languages*; *As a Man Thinketh*; *Oneness*; *Zen in the Art of Archery*; *Plato's Republic*; *The Way of the Superior Man*; *Iron John*; *Aspire*; *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings*; *The Power Path*; *Man's Search for Meaning*; and on and on and on and on. I must have read at least one hundred books over the next few years.

Day ten was the first time I tried to meditate.

Day eleven, I gave up meditation. It literally felt like my mind was attacking me.

Day twelve, I gave meditation another shot.

I read Chödrön's *How to Meditate: A Practical Guide to Making Friends with Your Mind*.

I like making friends, I thought. I began trying to listen to and observe what was going on in my head, and a painful realization washed across me: I wasn't enjoying being with myself. In fact, I wanted to get away from myself as fast as I could.

And it dawned on me, *If I don't want to be with me, why the fuck would anybody else wanna be with me?*

SURRENDER

What would make you happy? I'm not talking about 'Will Smith,' because he comes with a lot of baggage. But *you*—if *you* could be master of the universe, and you could snap your fingers and have any life you wanted, what would it look like?"

That was a really heavy question.

Michaela Boehm is a single red curly hair over five feet tall. Her Austrian accent makes everything she says ring with psychoanalytical authenticity. She's an author, public speaker, and counselor, with more than three decades and 35,000 client hours in the trenches. Her in-depth training in Jungian psychology, trauma, and relationship therapy is seasoned with an expertise in tantric sexuality.

The Google search alone had me feeling exposed and vulnerable, so when she walked in carrying a silver-spangled Moroccan camel saddlebag, with indeterminate fur, and her first question was "What would make you happy?" I was instantly off balance. *What does she mean by that? What makes her think I'm not happy?* (Apart from the whole, "Can you come and help me because I'm not happy" thing.)

To me, it was blasphemous to even *imagine* something other than the life I'd created. My imagination is usually a white-water-rapids ride of possibilities and potential. But for some reason, this question led me into an area of my inner world that had danger signs all over it, yellow police tape everywhere I looked. The answer would have to be extracted from the place where only the "bad kids" go, the murky, swampy, shadow regions of my psyche. I don't even let myself *think* from inside that neighborhood, so I'm damn sure not going to *speak* from there.

I mean, what if I rip down all the boards and barriers and barricades, and whatever demon is in there takes over? What if I can't put it back? What if I like it being out?

But I approached the dark place. I wanted to see what was in there. I ducked under the first layer of yellow tape. What is she really asking me?

What life would I create if I didn't give a fuck?

And then the shadow spoke: "I would have a harem."

The vulnerability of exposing my unprocessed, unfiltered fantasies first seized me with embarrassment, then filled me with anger—like she'd tricked me.

Maybe Michaela's a witch. How could she get me to reveal my filthy shadow world that fast?

Michaela didn't flinch. She retrieved a journal and a pen from her multicolored enchanted satchel and said, "OK, a harem. Interesting. So, who's in it?"

"What do you mean?" I said.

"Who is in your harem? The women. Tell me their names."

Michaela is holding her pen over her journal, awaiting my answer to her question.

This is some Jedi-mind-trick shit, some Jungian psycho tantric embodiment voodoo. She ain't gettin' me with this.

"Don't sit there like you don't have an answer," Michaela said. "You know exactly who the women are, this is not the first time you've thought about this, you've played this out over and over again in your mind. . . . What are their *names*?"

"I just don't . . . I mean, I just don't understand why you need to know who they are."

"I need to know because I'm going to run your harem," she said, as if I was supposed to know that this was an actual job people did.

"Look, you are Will Effin' Smith. You are one of the richest, most beloved people on earth. If *you* can't have the life that *you* want, the rest of us are screwed."

"Misty Copeland," I said, calling Michaela's bluff. "She's that Black ballerina. . . ."

"I know who Misty Copeland is," Michaela said, as she jotted down her name. "Who else?"

"Halle," I said, stone-faced. *Let's play, witch lady, what else you want?*

"You know harems are not just for sex," Michaela said. "Harems are convened for inspiration. You need a doctor, you need a painter, an architect, a couple lawyers, a musician, a poet. And not just Americans—you should be hearing multiple languages. Your harem should be made up of the most brilliant, unique, and powerful women from around the world. Your responsibility will be resources, and devotion to their individual growth and blossoming. And in return, they will feed you and shower you with their feminine gifts and send you into the world, full and inspired."

For the next two hours, Michaela wrote feverishly. She took out her laptop—*I guess she's a modern witch!*—and showed me pictures and videos and TED Talks of the most dynamic and talented women from across the globe. I'm pacing and laughing and inspired. I was dancing in the shadow zone. And somehow, the demons within me that had seemed too dark and evil to even consider, didn't seem so scary in the light of Michaela's acceptance. When all was said and done, we had about twenty-five names; we had trip routings; global events to attend, like Carnival in Rio and Holi, the Hindu festival of color in India; we had a list of people who my harem and I should meet. Michaela and I high-fived, and I agreed to start making contact with the women first thing Monday morning.

. . .

I had a couple of nights to sleep on it, and by Tuesday, close of business, I was out. With every hour, my enthusiasm waned. Every single harem equation in my mind kept adding up to a hellscape. If I can't figure out how to nurture and nourish one extraordinary woman, what the fuck made me think I could care for twenty-five?

"I don't want a harem," I said.

"Of course you don't," Michaela responded. "But why did you think you did?"

“I guess I felt if I had enough women, I’d always be able to find at least one of them who liked me.”

“As long as you do things for the approval of a woman,” Michaela said, “you will never be free. That is a descending hell. And I’ll tell you—when a woman sees that she can bend you, she loses trust in you. We need you to be solid; we need your ‘yes’ to be a yes, and your ‘no’ to be a no. As long as you are twisting and contorting and selling yourself out for the affection of others, you will always be untrustworthy.”

Michaela began to refer to my nice-guy persona as “Uncle Fluffy.” He was “the pleaser” in me, the part of me that had to smile no matter how I was feeling—doing things I didn’t want to do just to keep the peace. He wasn’t allowed to be in a bad mood or have a bad day. Uncle Fluffy hated conflict, so much so that he’d even lie to avoid it. He signed *every* autograph, shook *every* hand, kissed *every* baby. Fluffy was jovial, talented, smart, generous. Uncle Fluffy needed everyone to like him.

I am so good, I am so nice and resourceful, you don’t have to worry; I’m harmless, you can trust me. I’ll take care of your every need.

Uncle Fluffy was born as my strategic childhood persona. If I was funny enough, sweet enough, harmless enough, entertaining enough, then I wouldn’t be hurt, my mother would be safe, and my family would be happy—no one would ever leave me.

Fluffy wants to be approved of. It’s the only safety he can conceive. As an adult, he became my armor and my shield. I was strangling my truth in the hopes of feeling safe, gaining approval, and being loved.

“I want you to have an experience of yourself minus the need to be approved of,” Michaela said. “Who are you *really*? What does your heart *truly* want? What are your *deepest* values and *authentic* goals? The problem with Uncle Fluffy is that you are never free to make a pure decision, one that is honest and true for you. You are always forced by Fluffy to compromise and to do the thing that gets the most approval, likes, or sales. Will’s creativity is thwarted by Fluffy’s need for approval. What are *Will’s* feelings, *Will’s* opinions, *Will’s* needs, *Will’s* ideas?”

I could see her point that as a child I had crafted a certain identity—that I had decided that there was a specific way that I had to be to survive and thrive in my environment. I could also see that the behavior was often in conflict with the truth of what I was actually thinking and feeling.

But Uncle Fluffy did some beautiful things. He built Her Lake. He let Willow stop whipping her hair when she was done. He begged Jeff and JL to move to LA. He doubled Sheree’s child support when Trey moved in with Will. He auditioned at Quincy Jones’s house when *Will* was too scared and he wanted to leave. Uncle Fluffy was swayed by his admiration for Muhammad Ali to make a movie that *Will* was too afraid to make.

“Uncle Fluffy has been a wonderful friend,” Michaela said. “He just needs to work for you, not the other way around.”

Uncle Fluffy was created based on a lie, designed on the false premise that something was wrong with me, that I was a coward. His job was to perpetually

apologize for my shortcomings and guarantee that I was always safe and loved. And even as the awareness dawned that perhaps he had outlived his usefulness, the fact still remained: Uncle Fluffy paid the bills.

• • •

Fluffy was further complicated by his shadow counterpart, whom Michaela named “the General.” When Fluffs had exhausted his reserves of charm and magnanimity, and yet was still unsuccessful in his attempts to secure adoration, he summoned the General. The General’s job was to get the flag to the top of the hill by any means necessary, and to covertly (and not so covertly) punish those who dared to dissent, even myself. Basically, when I had suppressed my real needs so thoroughly for so long, and still didn’t get the adoration and approval I’d sought, my anguish would express itself as the General.

Because Uncle Fluffy is masking my true feelings (which I’m not even in touch with), when the General shows up, people are shocked and confused. It was sweetness, sweetness, sweetness, and then sour, sour, sourness.

“These personas weave a universe in which you are trapped,” Michaela said, “a spiderweb of demands, obligations, and expectations. And if you dare to step outside of these constructs, you receive exactly the disdain and disapproval you fear most. But neither of these identities is *you*. The question is, can you find safety in yourself and not from some external source of approval? Can you become a Freestanding Man?”

• • •

Michaela and I worked together over the next few years. Her curriculum centered on the idea of becoming a Freestanding Man. Essentially, a Freestanding Man is self-aware, self-reliant, self-motivated, self-confident, and utterly unswayed by people’s approval or disapproval. He knows who he is, he knows what he wants. And because of this, he surrenders his considerable gifts into the service of others.

“You have to sensitize to your own inner landscape and map out the terrain of who you really are, your true desires and true needs,” Michaela said. “When someone asks how you feel, don’t just throw out a Fluffy answer—think about it. Narrate your feelings, at least internally.”

Michaela was trying to get me to put honesty and authenticity *above* my need for approval, as a means of cultivating trust in myself and becoming trustworthy to others.

In the beginning, I found myself still collapsing in the face of disapproval; it was hard to see disappointment in people’s eyes or feel their anger toward me if I refused to fulfil their desires. I was trying to learn to be true to myself and not betray myself and override my own feelings. It was excruciating trying to stop saying yes when I meant no, and to stop saying no to things that I actually wanted.

One of the first things we set out to dismantle was my fame belief system that if I was in public, I wasn't allowed to say no to any fan request. If someone wanted a picture, an autograph, a handshake, a hug—it didn't matter if I was eating or talking or not feeling well; I had obligated myself to fulfilling the promise of my image.

In 2017, I was on the jury at the Cannes Film Festival alongside Spanish director and screenwriter Pedro Almodóvar; German film director Maren Ade; Chinese actress Fan Bingbing; South Korean auteur Park Chan-wook; actress Jessica Chastain; French actress and director Agnès Jaoui; Italian director Paolo Sorrentino; and Gabriel Yared, a Lebanese-French composer. During this time, I was practicing the behavioral change of setting and honoring my personal boundaries. I was going to tell people the truth of how I was feeling; I was going to say no when I meant no, and yes when I meant yes.

It was day five, and we'd already watched fourteen movies, ten of which were subtitled, and six of which were "experimental." The jury deliberations were the greatest cinematic education of my life, but watching and debating three movies a day was physically and intellectually exhausting.

With one more movie to watch before dinner, I needed a beat to be quiet and reset. I had thirty minutes to hit the gym before rejoining the jury. I had told myself that this was *my* time, for me, and I had promised myself that I would not allow anyone to infringe on it.

I entered the gym, and it was totally empty. *Thank the blessed heavens.* I headed over to the ab crunch machine—I was going to do fifteen minutes of core, fifteen minutes of cardio, and be out. *Perfect.*

Midway through my second set, a thirtysomething Black dude with a British accent entered and immediately noticed me. He whipped out his phone as he approached, scrambling to start recording.

"Hey, Will," he said, flipping into landscape mode, "say hi to my cousin!" As he got within a couple of feet of my face, I reached up, putting my hand over the lens of his camera and pushed it down.

"Hey, sorry, man," I said, "I'm training now."

"It's just a quick video, Will," he said. "My cousin has Down syndrome. He loves you. I promise it will be quick. *The Fresh Prince* is the only thing that makes him smile."

Uncle Fluffy: Will, just do the video. It's not even for him. It's for a kid with Down syndrome.

Me: But I promised myself: This is my private time. And he can't just start filming me without asking first.

Uncle Fluffy: He was excited. He's clearly a big fan. Fresh Prince is the only thing that makes the kid smile. Don't be a dick.

Me: I'm not being a dick. I'm trying to honor my promises to myself. I'm allowed to not do a video if I don't want to. Is there no sacred space for myself?

Uncle Fluffy: Sure, there is—your mansion, your limousine services, your penthouse suite, your private jets: All the shit we wouldn't have if I let your newfangled "sense of

self” run our lives. . . .

“Will, there’s nobody in here,” the guy said. “It’s just us. Please, just say hi. . . .”

I know I looked crazy as shit to this dude. I’m still holding his camera down with a thousand-yard stare in my eyes, as the war within me raged.

“I’m sorry, man,” I said, “but no.”

The pain in this man’s eyes is burned in my memory. It brings tears even to this day. He looked at me with such disbelief—*This is not Will Smith. . . .*

“But why not?” he said.

I paused. I searched for the deepest, most honest answer.

“Because I don’t want to,” I said.

The man shook his head in disgust, turned, and left the gym. I knew I had done right by myself, but I hated that someone else—an innocent—had gotten caught in the cross fire of my internal war.

I never made it to the cardio. I went back to my room and could not stop crying.

. . .

Over the next two years, Michaela and I were joined at the hip. She repeated over and over again, “Explore. Experience. Experiment. Expand.” She set free the wild-minded pathfinder within me, whose vision had been narrowed by the obligations and expectations of being “Will Smith.” Michaela encouraged me to “try new things” and “meet new people”—rekindle my spirit of exploration and adventure. I began to take a fresh sampling of the fruits of the human experience.

“As you break out of the narrow boundaries of ‘Will Smith,’ ” Michaela said, “let’s really examine all the beliefs and constructs and paradigms that you’ve bound yourself to. There’s a thing I’ve heard you say a few times: ‘Ninety-nine percent is the same as zero.’ ”

“Yeah,” I said, “Daddio used to say that all the time.”

“Well, you know, mathematically speaking, ninety-nine percent is about as far from zero as you can get.”

I had used that phrase thousands of times in my life, but for some reason, when Michaela said it, I truly heard it for the first time. This has been a stable, foundational axiom that had driven my operating system. But its falsity was so obvious it opened me up to reevaluating and reexamining *all* of my assumptions. If 99 percent is not the same as zero, what is 72 percent, or 23 percent, or 84.69 percent? Hell, what’s zero? Rather than seeing every situation as binary, all of a sudden, the possibilities became infinite.

I realized that I had seen the world but never on vacation. So, I began to travel, with no agenda. I spent time with people I admired who I just wanted to get to know, with no financial or business outcome attached. I visited with famed British-Iraqi architect, the “Queen of the Curve,” Zaha Hadid. I became friends with jazz-rock pianist Eric Robert Lewis. He told me he’d been trained as a classical pianist and the rigid confines

of that discipline had sent him into a nervous breakdown. While in a mental hospital, Bruce Lee had spiritually visited him and told him to use the piano to fight his demons. “ELEW” as he’s known, developed a martial-arts-style of piano playing. He got rid of the stool, he armored himself with steel forearm sleeves, assumed the kata stance, and began to play in his own liberated, one-of-a-kind style.

But Michaela’s most important initiative came when she found out that I couldn’t swim.

“Not on my watch,” she said, in one of the only times I managed to surprise her. When I’d told her I wanted a harem she didn’t flinch—but me not being able to swim sent her to feverishly texting my publicist, Meredith O’Sullivan-Wasson, who is friends with the four-time Olympic gold medalist in swimming Janet Evans.

“You are going to develop a relationship with the ocean, the Big She,” Michaela said. “The ocean is the ultimate woman, a magnificent feminine environment. If you can understand her, you’ll understand us all. The ocean holds all the chaotic glory of Mother Nature, and no amount of power or intellect will ever be able to control or manipulate her. She doesn’t care how you’re feeling, or how you want her to be. All of the things that happen in a woman’s psyche and body are analogous to the ocean. The beauty, the storms, the nourishment, the danger, the moods and weather patterns, birth and death. The Big She will not be conquered or subdued; your only hope to truly enjoy her is to love her, respect her, and surrender.

“I really like this for you because you will be forced to have a beginner’s mind. You’ll have to navigate her moods and emotions, and you’ll have to know when to bow out.”

. . .

I began to woo the Big She. Our first date was one hour off of Lizard Island, on the Great Barrier Reef.

I learned to swim, and I took up scuba diving. When we got a little more serious, I went to the Maldives and found myself in something out of *Finding Nemo*. When I wanted to explore her feisty side, I dove with fourteen-foot, seven-hundred-pound tiger sharks on Tiger Beach in the Bahamas. And when I felt I was ready to taste her depths, I took an OceanX Triton submersible beyond the midnight zone, below the bioluminescent band, three thousand feet down, to what looked like another planet. There were deep-sea creatures hidden in her fathoms that defied my definition of life, that seem to have been created by another God.

I began to see the personality of the Big She as an instructive embodiment of the flow of life. I realized that if I am to enjoy her beauty and her bounty—and avoid being destroyed by her—she demands that I’m fully attuned, attentive, and committed to understanding her. I settled into the acceptance of my powerlessness, which strangely liberated me.

“Surrender” had always been a negative word for me—it meant losing or failing or giving up. But my burgeoning relationship with the ocean was exposing that my sense of control was actually an illusion. Surrender transformed from a weakness word to an infinite power concept. I had had a bias toward action—thrusting, pushing, striving, struggling, *doing*—and I began to realize that their opposites were equally as powerful—inaction, receptiveness, acceptance, non-resistance, *being*. Stopping was equally as powerful as going; resting was equally as powerful as training; silence was equally as powerful as talking.

Letting go was equally as powerful as grasping.

“Surrender” to me no longer meant defeat—it was now an equally powerful tool of manifestation. Losing could be equal to winning in terms of my growth and development.

I began to understand a perplexing phrase that Gigi used to use: “Let go and let God.” That had always seemed wrong to me. It felt like absolving yourself of your responsibilities, like something that people say when they’re too lazy to do what’s necessary to build the life they want. But all of a sudden, it took on new and magical meaning.

There is an energy that’s at work while you’re asleep—the energy that fires the sun, that moves the ocean, that beats your heart. You don’t have to *do* everything; in fact, most of the things that get done, you didn’t have anything to do with them. Actually, it’s a great thing that you were asleep, because if you’d been awake, you would probably have messed it up.

And then, a new wording of Gigi’s axiom came into my mind: It’s not just “Let go and let God”—it’s “Let go and let God *work*.” The surfer and the ocean are a team; the mountain and the climber are partners, not adversaries. The Great River is going to do 99 percent of the work—your 1 percent is to study it, to understand it, to respect its power, and creatively dance within its currents and its laws.

Act when the universe is open, and rest when she’s closed.

• • •

I had never heard of it before. I’ve never smoked weed, never done cocaine or taken any pills, and other than a vodka and cranberry once in a while, I will pass a piss test at the Tour de France. So when my friend Veronica suggested it, I laughed politely, and said, “Thank you, but no thank you. I don’t mess with drugs.”

“Neither do I,” she said. “Ayahuasca is not drugs. It’s *medicine*.”

I’ve known Veronica for years. We never had sex, but we argued like we did. We disagreed about everything; I was incensed by her pessimism, and she, in turn, scorned my optimism. It never dawned on either of us to just talk to other people. I guess we kinda used each other to crash-test our theories about life. We knew the other would never easily agree, so when an idea got past, we knew it was a keeper.

But something was new. Her eyes were different, her energy was nonresistant, flexible. She'd had a rough childhood, which I'm sure contributed to her combative disposition. But now, she was calm, stable—there was an undeniable joy about her. She was filled with fresh insight and the passion of someone who'd been somewhere extraordinary and had been utterly transformed.

I found myself hanging on her every word. She embodied a new wisdom. Her heart had always felt closed and impenetrable, but now she was open, warm, reachable. In the past, I'd always felt like her parent trying to wrestle a hardheaded child into reality. Today, I felt like Matt Damon listening to Robin Williams in *Good Will Hunting*. I was riveted. I was intrigued. I was curious.

"Well, whatever you did, I wanna do that," I said.

Veronica laughed the laugh of the initiated to the uninitiated. She paused, and then began to try to explain the inexplicable.

"Ayahuasca changed my life," she said.

"So how does it work?"

"Well, it's a ceremony that goes from sunset to sunrise. It traditionally takes place in the jungles of South America—mostly Peru, now. But wherever you do it, it's led by a shaman. It begins with drinking the most disgusting tea you can possibly imagine. After about an hour it kicks in and then . . ." She shakes her head and shivers, like she's seen things she'll never be able to unsee.

"And then . . . what?" I said.

"Well, it traps you with your mind."

"That doesn't sound fun *at all*," I said.

"Any issues you may be struggling with, the medicine goes right to them," she said, "and brings them to the surface, making you look at them, experience them, and ultimately heal them. I never told you this before, but when I was a teenager, I had an abortion. It was the most devastating choice I ever made. I've been haunted and crippled—I've done therapy for decades but have never been able to shake the shame.

"In my ayahuasca ceremony, I met my child. He was in heaven. He was so happy, so sweet, so beautiful. I wailed and purged for hours. He forgave me—he even asked me to *name* him. I named him Zion. And in one night, I got free from a lifetime of guilt."

I could sense her yearning to share the fruits of her journey, but there was a hesitation.

"It's fucking brutal," she said. "It ultimately ends in revelation and healing, but the bus trip winds through the darkest parts of your mind. It's rough, but it'll help you find what you're looking for."

. . .

Ayahuasca is a "sacred brew." It has been used for millennia by the indigenous tribes of the Amazonian jungle during spiritual ceremonies and shamanic rituals. It's a kind

of tea made from the bark and stems of a tropical South American vine, sometimes mixed with other psychotropic plants.

The name comes from the Quechua language, where *aya* means “soul” and *huasca* (wasca) is “vine” (translation: “vine of the soul”). Ayahuasca contains a mind-altering compound called dimethyltryptamine (DMT) and is considered a sacred medicine, employed by serious spiritual seekers, not for recreational use.

Ayahuasca’s healing properties are currently being used in the treatment of PTSD, drug addiction, depression, and anxiety, among many other physical and psychological ailments. (I do not condone, nor do I suggest, the use of ayahuasca or any substance without professional medical prescription and supervision. I struggled with the decision of whether to even share my journey with ayahuasca in this book—the only reason I’m writing about it here is because it’s the truth of my experience.)

• • •

The room was dark. A small cabin—one room and a bathroom. Ancient Peruvian tribal chants and sacred melodies drone ethereally from a small speaker in the corner. Images of deities cover the walls. Handmade instruments are strewn around a wooden altar. Blankets, cushions, mats, pillows, cover the floor.

The shaman lives here. Her name is Beata; mid-forties. She reminds me of Meryl Streep (if Meryl had moved to Peru on her twenty-first birthday to study botany and spiritual healing). She hands me a bucket and a small clay cup.

The smell of the ayahuasca preempts my inquiry about the bucket.

Beata takes her seat in front of the altar. We’ve had very little conversation, and I’m beginning to feel concerned that she may not be aware that I’ve never done anything like this before. I’d followed the basic instructions—no medications, drugs, or alcohol for two weeks prior; no food after 2:00 p.m. day of, no drinks after 5:00 p.m. Arrive at seven thirty, in loose-fitting clothes, and ceremony at eight. But it seemed like she needed to be talking more. This feels too big for her to be just setting shit up casually. *Hey, lady, I’m a little shook over here.*

“I don’t really know much about ayahuasca,” I said. “I did some personal research, but is there an orientation of the process or procedure . . . ?”

Beata smiled the smile of the initiated to the uninitiated.

“No,” she said sweetly.

To put it mildly, that answer left me somewhat unsatisfied.

“I just wanna be clear about how . . . and what I’m supposed to expect,” I stumbled.

“The vine will lead you,” Beata said reassuringly. “Just surrender. Let yourself be guided. I’m only here to help you navigate the journey.”

“I get that,” I said, totally not getting it. “So, what’s my next thing?”

She pointed to the burnt-orange clay cup.

“When you’re ready . . .”

I drank the brew.

. . .

Ten minutes . . . nothing.

Twenty-five minutes . . . nada.

Forty minutes . . . zippo.

Maybe it doesn't work on me.

At an hour, the novelty of waiting had worn off—I figured I was immune. It was 9:00 p.m., and I realized I had agreed to do this stupid shit till sunrise. My little mat on the floor was comfortable, so I said fuck it, and went to sleep.

When I woke up, I was floating deep in outer space.

As I regained my bearings, I realized that I was trillions of light-years away from earth. I was so far away that I knew I would never see anything, or anyone I loved, ever again. This is where I would be for eternity.

As I digest the magnitude of my predicament, I begin to glide through the infinity of stars. I notice that they are not stars, as we know them. It is as if Picasso had painted outer space. Colors and cubes and angles—I am suddenly overwhelmed by the majesty of my surroundings. This is the most beautiful place I've ever been in my life. As I am distracted in awe, I can sense a presence behind me.

It's a woman. I turn to see her, but she is unseeable. I can feel the warmth of her energy, close behind me, as close as she could be without touching. She's happy I'm here, and I can tell she will never leave me. Somehow, I know she's been waiting for me.

Her voice centers directly behind my right ear as if her lips were only millimeters away. I turn again, craving just a glimpse of this beatific goddess, but as I move, she moves—I can tell I'm not meant to see her. But I'm OK with that, because every second with her quenches my lifelong thirsts.

She is everything: lover, teacher, mother, protector, guide. She is all I've ever dreamed of, and everything I've ever wanted. I can tell she knows everything I need to know and how to get everywhere I want to go. She is my goal, my solution, my answer. She is the top of the mountain, and the sky beyond.

"Where are we?" I say to her softly.

"What do you mean, silly?" she says, in a tone that melts away everything but bliss.

"This place is beautiful!" I say.

"This is not a place, silly." She kept endearingly calling me silly.

"I've never seen anywhere more beautiful than this," I said.

She laughs.

"Why does that make you laugh?" I ask.

"This is *you*, silly!" she said.

"Huh? What do you mean?"

"This is not a *place*, this is *you*."

My heart begins to race as I look around, bearing witness to the grandeur of this infinite paradise.

“Wait a minute,” I say. “All of this is *me*?”

“Yes, silly.”

“I’m *this* beautiful?”

“Of *course* you are,” she says.

Her words unlock the emotional floodgates within me. I begin to sob and purge—a lifetime of insecurities, self-doubt, and inadequacies violently flushing out of me. Simultaneously, the revelation of my inner beauty fills my heart and mind with possibilities.

“If I’m this beautiful, I don’t need #1 movies to feel good about myself. If I’m this beautiful, I don’t need hit records to feel worthy of love. If I’m this beautiful, I don’t need Jada or anybody else to validate me. If I’m this beautiful, and I have this internal sanctuary I can always return to, then I don’t need anyone to approve of me. *I* approve of me. I am enough.”

This was my first tiny taste of freedom. An invisible yoke had been lifted from my neck. All of my needing and grasping and clinging and lusting and demanding and maneuvering and reaching and craving—all of the insatiable desires that had kept me on my hamster wheel of misery were falling away. I no longer needed to chase the proverbial carrot on the stick.

I wasn’t starving anymore.

In my fifty-plus years on this planet, this is the unparalleled greatest feeling I’ve ever had.

• • •

In the following two years, I did fourteen ceremonies. In eight of them, the woman I would come to know as “Mother” showed up, each time with detailed advice and instructions. (Three of the times that she did *not* appear were among the most hellish psychological experiences I’ve ever endured.)

In my second ceremony, Mother repeated, for what felt like five hours straight, “Stop talking.” She said it so many times I wanted to bang my head on the floor. She was referring to the constant inner chatter that runs incessantly in my head—planning, strategizing, debating, assessing, critiquing, self-judging, questioning, doubting. She pummeled me with the phrase, thousands of times: “Stop talking.”

And at some point, just before sunrise, I noticed it: silence. My inner roommates had stopped talking. It was euphoric. Mother let me bathe in the peace of my inner quietude for about forty minutes. Then, without words she conveyed *why* I needed to stop talking:

In essence, she told me I should be still, and I should be quiet, in order to better observe and understand the people and circumstances around me. She had watched me batter myself for so many years trying to impose my Will on the world. Her point was,

if I stopped talking and thinking so much, I could see and sense the universal tides and I could align my energies to them and achieve twice as much with half as much effort. I heard an echo of Gigi's words to me so many years before: "You know, if you stopped talking so much, maybe you could see some of those hits coming."

Minimizing my talking became my practice for maximizing my awareness. I had always seen the world as my battlefield; I now understood that the true combat zone was my mind.

LOVE

Chronic obstructive pulmonary disease. Idiopathic heart failure. Coronary artery disease. Atrial fibrillation. A normal heart ejection fraction is fifty-five to sixty percent. Daddio's is down to ten percent. His long history of smoking, inhaling refrigerant, and exposure to toxic chemicals, combined with a lifetime of excessive alcohol use . . ."

"So, how long?" I said.

"You should come home."

Dr. Ala Stanford had been our family physician for a few years now. She'd been wrestling with Daddio to make aggressive life changes to preserve and extend the quality of his golden years. Daddio had survived two heart attacks during my childhood; he would tell the stories as a badge of honor. For his second heart attack, he said he felt it coming on. His left arm gave out, so he drove himself to the hospital using only his right arm. When Dr. Ala would plead with him to change his habits, he would say, "Shit, if I stop smokin' and drinkin', I'll probably walk outside and get hit by a bus."

"So, how long, Ala?" I asked.

"Six weeks."

. . .

I had just finished shooting *Collateral Beauty*. It is a film about a father who has to cope with the death of his daughter. As a part of my character research, I had spent the last five months doing a deep dive on the spiritual, psychological, cultural rituals and healing practices that help people face the profound suffering of losing someone. I met with priests, imams, shamans, rabbis, gurus; I read a ton of books on death:

On Death and Dying by Elisabeth Kübler-Ross; *The Tibetan Book of Living and Dying* by Tibetan Buddhist teacher Sogyal Rinpoche; *Tuesdays with Morrie* by Mitch Albom; *The Year of Magical Thinking* by Joan Didion. Going into the role, I felt totally prepared and confident that I could accurately depict the triumphant arc from tragic loss toward perfect healing. I had been trying to find the solution to the agony of loss for my character, but now I was being forced to find it for myself.

. . .

Daddio knew he was dying.

His body was frail; his muscle had deteriorated. His skin draped over his bones like a shroud, his blueish-gray recliner set to its halfway position, Don Lemon muted in the background, Tareyton 100 in hand, less than a carton of cigarettes left in his life. Daddio had told Dr. Ala that he would either quit smoking *or* drinking, and she could pick. Based on his medication profile, she picked drinking.

“Hey, man,” he said, perking up as I walked in.

“Whatup, Daddio?” I approached him to perform what had become our ritual greeting: He leaned forward, I palmed his bald head, and I kissed him where his bald spot used to be. (Five years earlier, Daddio’s bald spot had become so prominent that I begged him to shave his head—“Come on, Dad, you rockin’ a Homie the Clown, that’s not a good look.” He fought me for over a year, until one day I cornered him on the set of *Men in Black 3*, wrestled him into a barber’s chair, and cut his entire head bald. He loved it and wore his head that way for the rest of his life.)

• • •

The *Tibetan Book of Living and Dying* lays out the most critical tenets to supporting and soothing the transition of a dying loved one. The first idea that jumped off the page for me was that a dying person often needs “permission to die.” The book posits that sometimes a dying person will fight and struggle to stay alive if they don’t have the sense that you are going to be OK without them. This can create horrific and painful final days. In order for our loved one to let go and die peacefully, they need to be explicitly reassured that we’re going to be OK after they are gone, that they did a great job with their life, and that we can handle it from here.

Similarly, Rinpoche states, “A dying person most needs to be shown as unconditional a love as possible, released from all expectations.” These concepts crystalized the mission in my mind. I was going to put aside all of my agendas, traumas, questions, and direct my full energies toward the most compassionate and merciful transition that I could tender.

Around week three, I arrived; standard head kiss. I took my seat on the floor. Chris Cuomo was muted today. Daddio’s ability to eat was deteriorating. He had macaroni and cheese, braised beef, and broccoli, untouched in front of him. If Daddio isn’t eating his mac and cheese, he must really not be feeling well.

“Hey, Dad,” I said nervously. “You did good.”

“What you mean?” he asked.

“With your life.”

I don’t think he was expecting to hear that. He took a pull of his Tareyton 100, turned his eyes back to the TV. He didn’t seem like he was ready to go there just yet. But I was.

“I’m sayin’ you did great with your life. And when you’re ready to go, I want you to know that it’s OK. You raised me well. And I got it from here. I’m gonna take care of everybody you love.”

Daddio nodded his head, maintaining his stoic demeanor. His eyes welled yet never broke from CNN. But I knew he’d heard me.

• • •

The soldier was gone.

The ogre barely had enough strength to lift his spoon. He even needed my help to go to the bathroom. As a final attempt to maintain a semblance of his military dignity, he gave me detailed instructions on locking the wheels of his wheelchair, setting it into the perfect position adjacent to his recliner, being careful to close off the left footrest, leaving the right open for him to put his foot on, and the critical importance of placing my left knee outside of his right knee and my right knee straddled between his legs in order to safely lift and maneuver him, my right cheek positioned to his, stepping back at forty-five degrees to turn him and deposit him into his wheelchair.

One night, as I delicately wheeled him from his bedroom toward the bathroom, a darkness arose within me. The path between the two rooms goes past the top of the stairs. As a child I’d always told myself that I would one day avenge my mother. That when I was big enough, when I was strong enough, when I was no longer a coward, I would slay him.

I paused at the top of the stairs.

I could shove him down, and easily get away with it.

I’m Will Smith. No one would ever believe I killed my father on purpose.

I’m one of the best actors in the world. My 911 call would be Academy Award level.

As the decades of pain, anger, and resentment coursed then receded, I shook my head and proceeded to wheel Daddio to the bathroom. Thank God we’re judged by our actions, not by our trauma-driven, inner outbursts.

• • •

I came to see him every week for the next month and a half. There is something strangely clarifying and cleansing about looking into the eyes of someone who has accepted their pending death. The awareness of death bestows profundity and clears all the bullshit out of the way. The finality of it all makes every moment feel infinitely significant. Every hello felt like a gift from God. We were both overwhelmed with gratitude that we got to see each other one more time. And then, every goodbye was complete and perfect because we were saying goodbye with the full knowledge that

this might be our last. Every laugh, every story takes on weight and meaning in that simple fact. Death has a way of transforming the mundane into the magical.

Hellos and goodbyes should be that way in our everyday lives because the reality is tomorrow is not *promised*. I began to embrace every hello with gratitude and to never take a goodbye for granted. The level of devoted focus, honesty, and compassion that Daddio and I shared became the aspirational model for love in my life.

• • •

Daddio had been given six weeks, and he ended up living for three months. I remember on week nine I made my trip to see him. Our meetings had been joyful and poignant, but today he is in an uncharacteristically despondent mood. Shirt off; Tareyton 100 in hand; hunched over his brown wooden folding tray; food untouched.

Standard bald-head kiss.

“Daddio, what’s goin’ on?”

He puts his cigarette down, pensively gazed out at the Ben Franklin Bridge arcing over the Schuylkill River.

“Man,” Daddio said, “you tell motherfuckas you gon’ be dead in six weeks, and nine weeks later you still hangin’ around. This shit is embarrassing.”

This was probably the second biggest laugh Daddio and I ever shared.

• • •

CUT!”

About ten days later, I was on the set of *Bright*, a Netflix fantasy-action cop film directed by David Ayer. We were shooting in downtown Los Angeles. Joel Edgerton, my costar, was behind the wheel of our patrol car; he was my partner in the movie.

David Ayer approaches the window.

“Bro, you need to call your father immediately,” he says softly. “It’s an emergency.”

Even when you’re expecting these phone calls, it doesn’t make it less jarring. My heart was racing. I dialed Daddio’s cell. He answered.

“Hey, man.”

“Hey, Daddio, what’s up?”

“I think it’s tonight,” he said.

His words hit me like a thousand volts.

“OK,” I said calmly. *The Tibetan Book of Living and Dying* had stressed the importance of making a calm space for the transition of loved ones.

“Do you want to FaceTime?” I asked.

“Yeah. But shit, I don’t know how to do that . . .”

“I got you—I’ll FaceTime you,” I said. “You just have to answer.”

“Ellen, come do this FaceTime thing, Will about to call . . .,” he yelled to my sister who had just arrived. My cousin Ricky, a Philadelphia fireman who had been caring for Daddio, is holding the phone.

It’s 2:00 a.m. in an empty downtown LA parking lot. I stand under the brightest streetlight I can find. I want him to be able to see me.

We simply look at each other. Twenty minutes of silence.

Finally, I hear my sister Ellen in the background whisper to Daddio, “Dad—you’re just looking. You don’t have anything you want to say to Will?”

Daddio searches for one last piece of wisdom. One final brick. But he’s empty. He slowly shakes his head, a final surrender.

“Shit, anything I ain’t told this muthafucka already, he sure ain’t gonna get it from me tonight.”

We shared a final laugh, we said goodbye, and forty-five minutes later, Daddio was gone.

. . .

One of the central and most critical tenets of filmmaking is “know your ending.” When you understand the emotional, philosophical, and moral conclusion of your movie, you can better craft everything that leads up to it. The comprehension of the physical plot and thematic endpoints allows you to reverse engineer a more resonant and enjoyable journey for the audience. The end of a film is similar to the punch line of a joke—you want the meaning to erupt in the hearts and minds of the audience. Imagine beginning to tell a joke without knowing the punch line.

Life is like that. You’re born into a bunch of characters, everyone’s looking at you, you can’t communicate, you can’t walk, you can’t feed yourself, yet everybody seems to be excited to see what you’re going to end up doing. So, you begin telling your joke, with no fucking clue what the punch line is going to be. You’re watching the audience—sometimes they chuckle, sometimes they boo, but deep down inside they hope you land the punch line.

In his final days, Daddio wasn’t worried about ACRAC. He wasn’t worried about money; he didn’t even care about food anymore. He had a single burning question about his ending: *Was my life useful?* Daddio needed to know that our lives were better because he was here. He wanted to be reassured that in spite of all of his shortcomings and fumbles and mistakes, that in the net analysis his assets outweighed his liabilities, and his life had been valuable.

When Gigi died, it was a completely different experience. She had been so certain in her loving service and contribution to her family and her community and her commitment to God’s children, that she was *excited* to go to heaven. To Gigi, “God” and “love” were synonymous; they were inseparable, and indistinguishable. She worshipped God by loving others. Love was the only commandment that mattered—to her, if you were being loving, you wouldn’t need all the others.

There was no negative energy around her passing whatsoever. Gigi was so completely fulfilled that I never even cried. She was ready to go and felt that her work here was finished.

I got my first true glimpse into the secret of “the Smile.” I had held a miscomprehension around the physics of ultimate happiness. I had thought that I could gain and win and achieve and conquer and acquire and *succeed* my way to love and happiness. Eight consecutive number one hit movies, thirty million records, four Grammys, and hundreds of millions of dollars makes you happy, right? Makes people love you, right? The fundamental flaw of this theory is the belief that “the Smile” comes from outside, that it is acquired or achieved from external sources or conditions. That someone will love you so much, they will adore you so deeply and thoroughly, that they will fill you with the bliss of “the Smile.”

Spoiler alert: There are no relationships, careers, or houses with a name that can fill the hole. There is nothing that you can receive from the material world that will create inner peace or fulfillment. The truth is, “the Smile” is generated through *output*. It’s not something you *get*, it’s something you cultivate through *giving*. In the end, it will not matter one single bit how well *they* loved *you*—you will only gain “the Smile” based on how well *you* loved *them*.

The physics of love and happiness are counterintuitive. As long as we are stuck in the need to receive—in the cycle of grasping and clinging and demanding that people and the world around us meet our needs—we will be locked into disappointment, anger, and misery. The sweet paradox is being fulfilled by giving, that your output precipitates the input—giving and receiving become simultaneous. To love and to be loved is the highest human reward and ecstasy. Allowing the best within you to serve and unleash the best within others is the most intense of human pleasures.

When I say “love,” I mean discovering, cultivating, and sharing your unique gifts for the purpose of uplifting and empowering your loved ones. “The Smile” is a combination of the *recognition* of the unique treasure within yourself and the *realization* that the treasure is multiplied through giving it away.

Everyone is struggling. Everyone is having a hard time. Life can be brutal, chaotic, confusing, and excruciating. Our hearts are starving. Loving, giving, helping, serving, protecting, nourishing, empowering, and forgiving are the secrets of “the Smile.” Can you imagine what it would feel like if someone loved you, gave you all you needed, helped you, served you, protected you, nourished you, empowered you, and forgave you?

For many of us, the answer to that question is no. But what Gigi knew, and what Nelson Mandela knew, what Muhammad Ali knew—and what Daddio knew in his final moments—is that you must give it to receive it.

Daddio had poured all of his gifts into me. And at the end of his life, he saw that I had used them to build my life. He was fulfilled through his giving, and warts and all, he was content in how he had loved me. And then, by the grace of a benevolent

creator, in his final days—when he had nothing left—I was blessed to pour my gifts into him.

• • •

Births, weddings, and funerals have a way of sifting the gold out of the dirt and the rocks. Daddio's death served as a wake-up call for me. As Jada and I sat at his funeral, I became chillingly aware of the fact that one day, one of us would be saying goodbye to the other, and I questioned: *What did I want our ending to be?*

Our time apart had helped us both to discover the power of loving in freedom. We are simultaneously one hundred percent bound together, and one hundred percent free. We agreed that we were both imperfect people, doing our best to figure out how to be in this world joyfully. What we needed from each other was unconditional love and support—not judgment, not punishment, but total, unbending devotion to each other's growth and well-being.

We came to see our marriage as a spiritual discipline—what Bhakti Tirtha Swami called the ultimate “school of love.” This relationship is our classroom—we are learning to cultivate care, concern, and compassion in the most intimate and difficult of circumstances. There are few things in life more challenging than being married. The intimacy tends to stir up and expose our most poisonous inner energies.

If we can learn to love here, we can love anywhere.

The question is, can we love each other *unconditionally*, or is our love contingent upon the other person acting *exactly* as we need them to? It's easy to “love” somebody when they do what you want them to do, exactly how you want them to do it. But how do you behave when they step outside of your picture? How do you treat them when they hurt you? Those are the times that determine whether or not or not you actually love somebody.

Love is hard. It takes enormous courage to open a wounded heart over and over again to the possibility of love's bliss. Like Charlie Mack always says, “Scared money can't make no money.” Love demands bravery, a willingness to risk it all.

But bravery does not mean the *absence* of fear. Bravery is learning to continue forward even when you're terrified. Jada and I agreed that we would ride together for this lifetime, no matter what.

THE JUMP

We're about to witness something that has never been done before. You've read about it, you've tweeted about it, and it's finally here. I'm Alfonso Ribeiro, and this is 'Will Smith: The Jump,' coming to you [from] the Grand Canyon.

"Today, on his 50th birthday, he will face his fears and heli bungee jump over this jaw-dropping gorge. Now, to be clear, he is bungee jumping out of a helicopter 1,800 feet above the ground. I just got chills thinking about this. This is crazy. . . ."

"Yo, Alfonso, stop sayin' that shit like that!" Charlie Mack barked.

"Charlie, I'm on the air right now. Live," Alfonso hissed.

"I don't give a fuck, Alf, stop making it sound like it's gon' go bad! Like it's too dangerous."

"But also, the weather here can be tricky at the Grand Canyon. We had lightning storms all day yesterday, but we have an experienced stunt team and aerial crew who is keeping track of the winds and the temperature."

"OK, we're out Alfonso!" the producer yells.

"Seriously, Alf, I don't like your whole energy—"

"Charlie, I'm doing my job! Will asked me to host!" Alfonso said, chopping his right hand into his left. "He wants me to build the suspense!"

"Don't build no suspense that make it seem like he gon' die!"

"That's where the suspense comes from, Charlie!"

. . .

So why are you heli bungee jumping over the Grand Canyon?

When I first heard that question out loud, I thought, *It's obvious! I'm in the wicked clutches of an anaconda of a midlife crisis.* But I was live on YouTube, so I couldn't say that.

Here's what I actually said:

"I've had an interesting relationship with fear my whole life. I've traversed the spectrum of fear reactions, from complete debilitation through inspiration and sometimes slipping into outright foolishness. But when the idea of heli bungee jumping over the Grand Canyon came up, I wasn't debilitated, and I sure wasn't inspired—all I could think was, *This shit is stupid.*"

My childhood Grand Canyon trip was a deeply meaningful experience. I've always remembered how beautiful it was, but I also remember how terrified I was to walk up

to the edge. Harry even got close enough to drop his drum in it, but I stayed back, too scared to take in the full majesty.

I've realized that for some reason, God placed the most beautiful things in life on the other side of our worst terrors. If we are not willing to stand in the face of the things that most deeply unnerve us, and then step across the invisible line into the land of dread, then we won't get to experience the best that life has to offer.

So I've been making a conscious effort to attack all the things that I'm scared of. And this is scary. When Yes Theory challenged me to heli bungee, my heart jumped. And I've learned to recognize that feeling as a signal that the great gift has presented itself. As soon as my heart jumps, I'm in—I gotta do it. But I also can't be outdone, so when Yes Theory said "Heli bungee," I added, "Over the Grand Canyon . . . and on my 50th birthday."

. . .

Everybody is here: Mom-Mom, Jada, Sheree, Trey, Jaden, Willow, Harry, Ellen, Pam, Ashley, Kyle, Dion, Gammy, Caleeb, JL, Charlie Mack, Omarr, Scoty and Ty, and on and on. As I took in the dueling landscapes of friends, family, and Grand Canyon, and saw the faces of the next generation—Harry's kids, Ellen's kids, Pam's, JL's, Charlie's, Omarr's, Caleeb's, Scoty and Ty's—I realized: I'm standing in the middle of my dream. This is what I've always wanted: Everyone I love is here, together, as a family, and I had brought them to the Grand Canyon to witness the senseless and horrific death of their uncle Will. I could hear the news reports: "Will Smith, in what is presumed to have been a drug-induced psychosis, leapt to his death in a bizarre heli bungee accident over the Grand Canyon early yesterday afternoon. He is survived by his wife, his baby mama, three children, a smorgasbord of nephews and nieces, extended family and friends, and a day-hiker wondering what all the sirens were about.. He was just 50. In a statement released by YouTube executives, Smith was described as 'a true American lunatic.' End quote."

But another thing happened: The kids *got* it. They seemed to understand the necessity to confront and overcome the things that most terrify them. My niece Caila held on to my leg as I approached the helicopter. And beyond the point where she could no longer follow, she screamed, "I'm gonna be brave like you when I grow up, Uncle Will!"

. . .

Alfonso: Willow, how do you feel about your dad going to do this?

Willow: I just want him to do what makes him happy. And obviously I'm nervous, but this is what he wants and we're all here to support him, and I just want him to do what he loves.

Trey: I'm just really happy he's doing what he wants to do. I mean, bungee jumping out of a helicopter over the Grand Canyon . . . I couldn't say I've ever heard of that done in history, so I'm looking forward. [He] taught us [to] just conquer fear.

Jada: Are you trying to terrify your children?

Will: No, no, no, no. My kids don't get scared. . . .

Alfonso: What's dad's biggest fear?

Jaden: His biggest fear is having any fears.

. . .

Alfonso: Will, you've been in this business for a really long time. And you have a lot of fans, and you also have some very famous fans, and they all wanted to say a little something to you. So, check this out . . .

LeBron James: You about to bungee jump out of a helicopter into the Grand Canyon. Man, you got too far in life to be doing shit like that.

Michael Strahan: Just because you turned 50 doesn't mean you have to lose your mind. If you need to talk to somebody, you can talk to me any time.

Jimmy Fallon: I don't want you to do this. You still have time. You can back out of this. Throw a dummy out of the plane. Do anything.

Quincy Jones: Happy 50, bro.

DJ Jazzy Jeff: Now you got to go to the doctor and let them stick their thumb up your ass. Because that's what happens when you're 50. I know.

Alfonso: Yes. Alright. Always inspiring words from Jazzy Jeff.

. . .

I didn't want to know anything ahead of time. I wanted to walk up to the chopper, get briefed, and do the jump. I wanted to find out in real time, along with the audience, how it was all going to go down.

"Hey, Will, I'm T.J., your stunt coordinator. Let me run you through the basics: You're going to be jumping on a two-hundred-foot active bungee cord. We've got multiple redundant safeties—chest, two to the waist. This cord is an engineering marvel, made from hundreds of individual strands of rubber coated to reduce friction and wear. More strands, more safety. Your body weight is two hundred pounds, right?"

Well, minus the eighteen pounds of fluid and other matter I'm currently shedding due to the crippling terror I'm experiencing, yes.

"You're going to put three Gs into the cord, which when you multiply it by your weight, means you're going to put about 600 pounds of force on it. At the point of maximum stretch, you'll have fallen 550 feet, then you'll bounce several times before ending up hanging about 325 feet below the helicopter. Then we'll bring you back to

the crash pad, unhook you, everybody sings ‘Happy Birthday,’ and we head home. Any questions?”

“Wait, hold on—I just had a terrible thought,” I said. “After this bungee cord stretches, isn’t it going to throw me back up into the rotors of the helicopter?”

“I hope not!” T.J. said, chuckling. “Just kidding—that’s impossible. As you accelerate under the force of gravity, you gain kinetic energy. The bungee cord stretches, absorbing that energy, but only *some* of it. The rest is lost as heat, due to friction and air resistance. This means the rebound can *never* be as high as the initial fall.”

“A’ight, cool, I figured it was totally safe . . .”

“Well . . . there are fundamentals to bungee jumping, but this is heli bungee jumping, so there are subtle peculiarities that make it potentially a little more dangerous. For a start, instead of a stable position, the chopper is moving. The weather conditions have to be just right, and we can’t be too close to any walls or ledges. But *you* are the x-factor I’m most concerned about. This bungee cord weighs over two hundred pounds. When we get up in the air, there will be three guys holding the weight to keep it off of you. But when they let it go, there’s going to be about eight hundred pounds of pull, so you are going out of this chopper whether you like it or not. The only way you can get hurt is if when they let that cord go, you don’t get away from this bird. I’m gonna count down from five, and when I get to one, you *must* jump. If that cord snatches you, it’s *all* bad.”

I’m not jumping. But I’m probably going to get sued. I wonder how much the judgment will be. The average movie costs probably \$40 million, so there’s no way YouTube is paying more than two or three million to put this event on. Plus, what, a million in damages? So, when I walk away right now, it’s probably a \$4 million decision.

I can live with that.

But by then, T.J. was attaching the bungee cord to my chest.

“Wait a second—it’s not going to be attached to my back or my legs?” Every bungee I’d ever seen was attached to people’s legs.

“We’re about the same age,” T.J. said. “Do you remember the Nestea plunge commercial, where the people would jump backward, arms out, into a swimming pool?”

“Yeah, I remember that one from when I was little,” I said.

“When I get to one, I need you to give me your best Nestea plunge.”

“I HAVE TO JUMP BACKWARD???”

. . .

I’m harnessed up, double and triple checks have been completed. The whirr of the chopper blades slowly increases. I move to take my seat in the helicopter.

T.J. stops me.

“Because of the weight of the bungee cord, I’m going to keep you on the outside, on the ski,” T.J. says.

“So, I’m going to be standing ON THE OUTSIDE? When it takes off?” I say, catching myself, realizing I’m an international action hero.

“Yes. Just get your feet firmly planted on the ski. You grab these two handles, hold on to them, and I’ve got you on a tether,” T.J. says, as if that was supposed to make me feel better about being on the outside of a helicopter while it takes off and then flies over the Grand Canyon.

My next and perhaps most startling surprise came as the chopper began to lift off. There is something wildly disconcerting about hanging on to the outside of a helicopter as it takes off. We are eight feet off the ground as the chopper gently banks to the right. I look down to make sure my feet are firmly planted on the ski when suddenly the ground disappears, and the eighteen-hundred-foot gorge reveals itself. My knees buckle under me. I tighten my grip on the steel handles bolted to the helicopter floor.

“Meant to tell you not to look down!” T.J. shouted, with a smile. I thought, *What else has he forgotten to tell me?*

There’s a red light just to my left. A cacophony of military gibberish squawks over the multiple open radios. Everybody is shouting over the thunder of the chopper blades and the percussive timpani that is my heart. I can make out a word here and there —“altitude,” “copy,” “over,” “wind,” “check,” “storm.”

Storm? It would be terrible to nail the jump and then get struck by lightning. . . .

And then, “green light.”

The red light in the chopper, which had been the Hoover Dam holding back the flood of this collective insanity, gives way and turns green. T.J., six inches from my face to be certain that there are no miscommunications, gives me the universal go sign: thumbs-up. And then he shouts, “We are go! Do you copy? We are go!”

I give him one nod in the affirmative. And T.J. begins the countdown.

“FIVE!” T.J. commands, aggressively showing five fingers.

It really is true that your whole life flashes before your eyes when you think you’re going to die.

What if I leap to my death in front of my children? This would be a whack-ass way to go out, and the worst birthday ever. It would be the biggest YouTube special in history, so there’s that. I probably should have thought about all this before now.

I wonder what my kids would say at my funeral.

“FOUR!”

Me and Jada just started playing golf together. She loves it—she gets dressed for a round before the sun even comes up. After all of these years, we found something new we love doing. We’re supposed to be playing tomorrow. I enjoy playing with her more than anybody.

She’s the best friend I’ve ever had.

THREE!

Why is he counting so fast?

TWO!

Look, I'm either gonna die, or I'm not. If God wants me today, ain't nothin' I can do about it anyway. If I die, I'm not even gonna know. So, the real question is, how do I want to live?

ONE!





Daddio in 1971, in the ACRC office. He's probably not talking to anybody—he just knows he's fly.



Mom-Mom and Daddio, pictured here right before they were about to make me.



The Woodcrest house in West Philly. This is where I grew up.



My full name is Willard Carroll Smith II. I was born on September 25, 1968. I'm nekkid under that blanket.



Me and my Gigi in her house on North Fifty-Fourth Street.



Daddio was always teaching—he wanted us to be able to build and create with our hands.



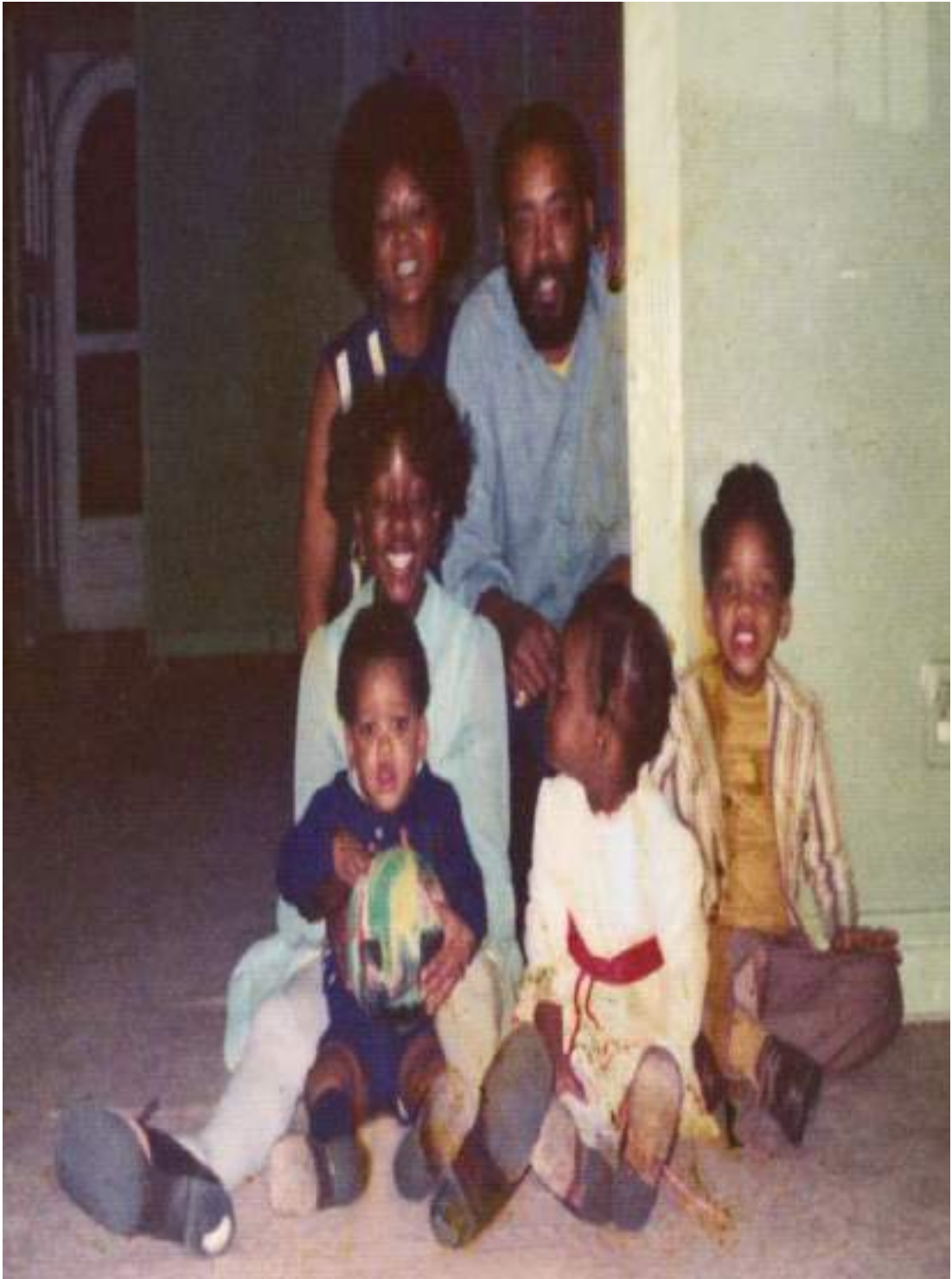
Mom-Mom with my twin siblings, Harry and Ellen. Dig the 'fro.



In the Woodcrest house with Pam, Harry, and Ellen. Early smile practice.



The ACRAC fleet, blocking what is now "Will Smith, Sr. Way" in West Philly. (The dark-blue van with the white lettering is the one Paul had when it was broken into.)



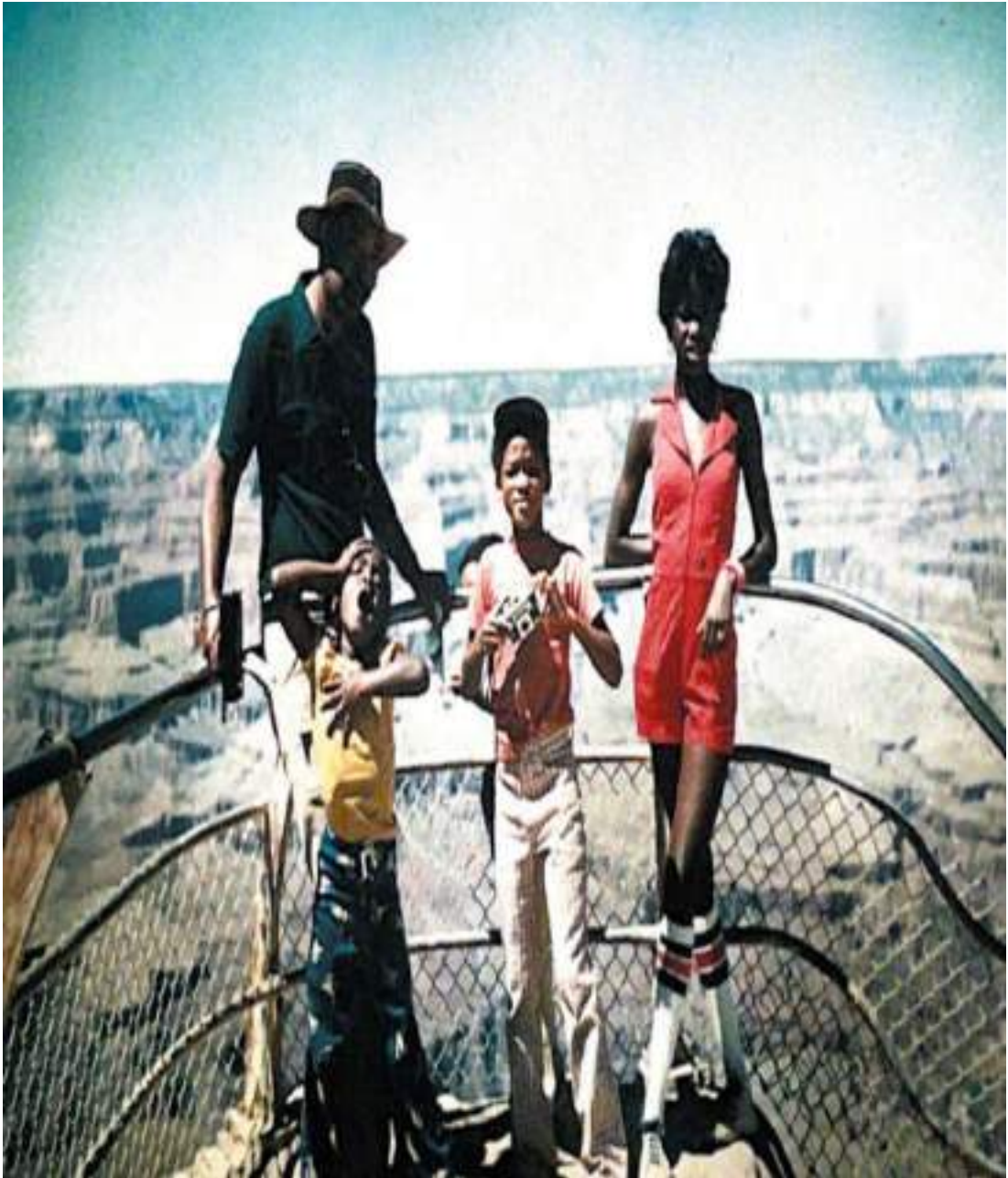
With Mom-Mom, Daddio, Pam, Harry, and Ellen at Woodcrest in the early 1970s.



In the kitchen at Woodcrest. I was a very fearful child.



On the great road trip of my childhood in 1976.



The Grand Canyon was the greatest thing I'd ever seen.



Overbrook High School was nicknamed "the Castle on the Hill." It spanned two square city blocks, and loomed over the neighborhood like a stone fortress.



JL in the blue shirt, and Jeff, in no shirt, on the steps of Jeff's mom's house.



The crew who set out from West Philly on our first major tour in 1986. Clockwise, from top right: me, dancer Omarr, beatboxer Ready Rock, manager James Lassiter, DJ Jazzy Jeff, and security in the form of Charlie Mack Alston (who, if you haven't noticed, is holding me and Jeff up in his arms).



In the early days of hip-hop, "security" was defined as your biggest and tallest friend who didn't smile. Charlie Mack was off-duty in this photo with Jeff.



With JL in London in fall 1987. This was about as tourist as we got.



Gold records for DJ Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince. From left: JL, Jeff, Russell Simmons, and Lyor Cohen. Russell absolutely loved DJ Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince.



Bucky Davis was five foot one, and the one is a stretch. There was absolutely no reason for him to bend over in this photograph.



Mimi Brown is one of the most iconic DJs in Philadelphia history. She was the seductive, sultry voice of our childhood imaginings, and seeing her in person did not disappoint.



Me and Tanya back in the day. I'm cool with everything in this photo except my pants being rolled up . . . and how I'm standing . . . and not having a shirt on . . . and shades at night . . . and what am I looking at?



Me and Quincy Jones, season one, on the living-room set of *The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air*.



Friday night tapings of *The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air* were as hot as any club you've ever been to. Standing, from left: Benny Medina, Joseph Marcell, Alfonso Ribeiro, James Avery, Tyler Collins, Kadeem Hardison (the star of *A Different World*), me, Quincy Jones, Al B. Sure!. Sitting, from left: Tatyana Ali, Janet Hubert, and Karyn Parsons.



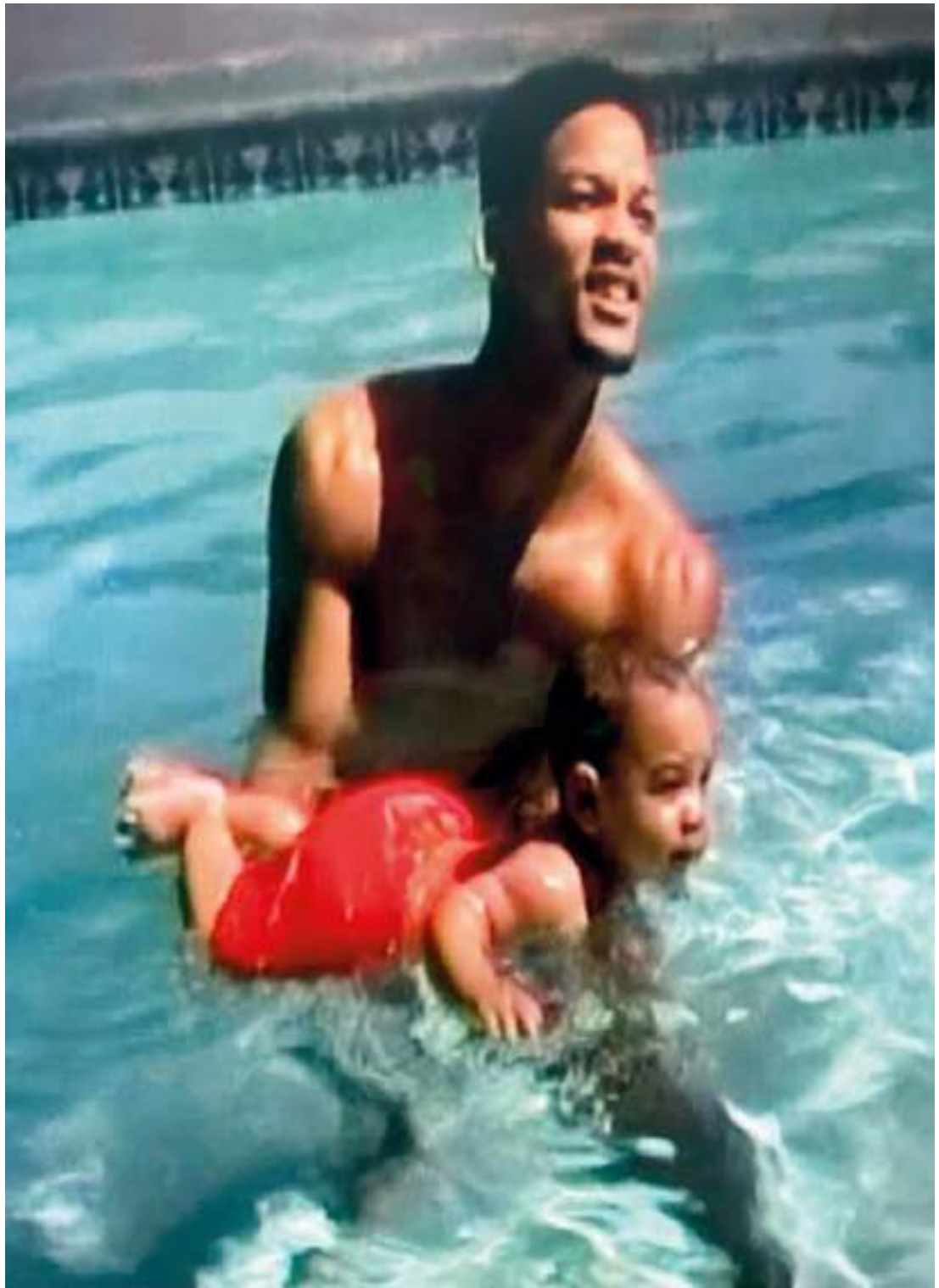
Me and Karyn on the set of the *Fresh Prince*. Don't hate the player, hate the game.



Sheree Zampino is from New York. Not real New York—Schenectady (damn near Canada.) Here with our respective parents on our wedding day in 1992.



With Sheree and Trey in 1993. He got his mom's eyes and his dad's ears.



Hey, I found this baby in the pool. Says his name is Trey. I can't swim, so somebody should probably take him.



Seems like my tailor used all the extra fabric that was left over from Jada's outfit.



Surrounding every strong man are generations of strong women. With Fawn, Gammy, Gigi, Mom-Mom, and Jada.



"Marty Maaaar!" "Big Will-aaaay!"



This is the shot from *Bad Boys* that made me a movie star, despite my novice acting mistake: finger on the trigger.



Saving the world in *Independence Day*, with the help of Judd Hirsch (left) and Jeff Goldblum (right). At the Bonneville Salt Flats it was 110 degrees and the glare off of the white salt was giving people sunburns under their chins. (Not to mention one of the crew members who was wearing baggy shorts and didn't have no drawz on.)



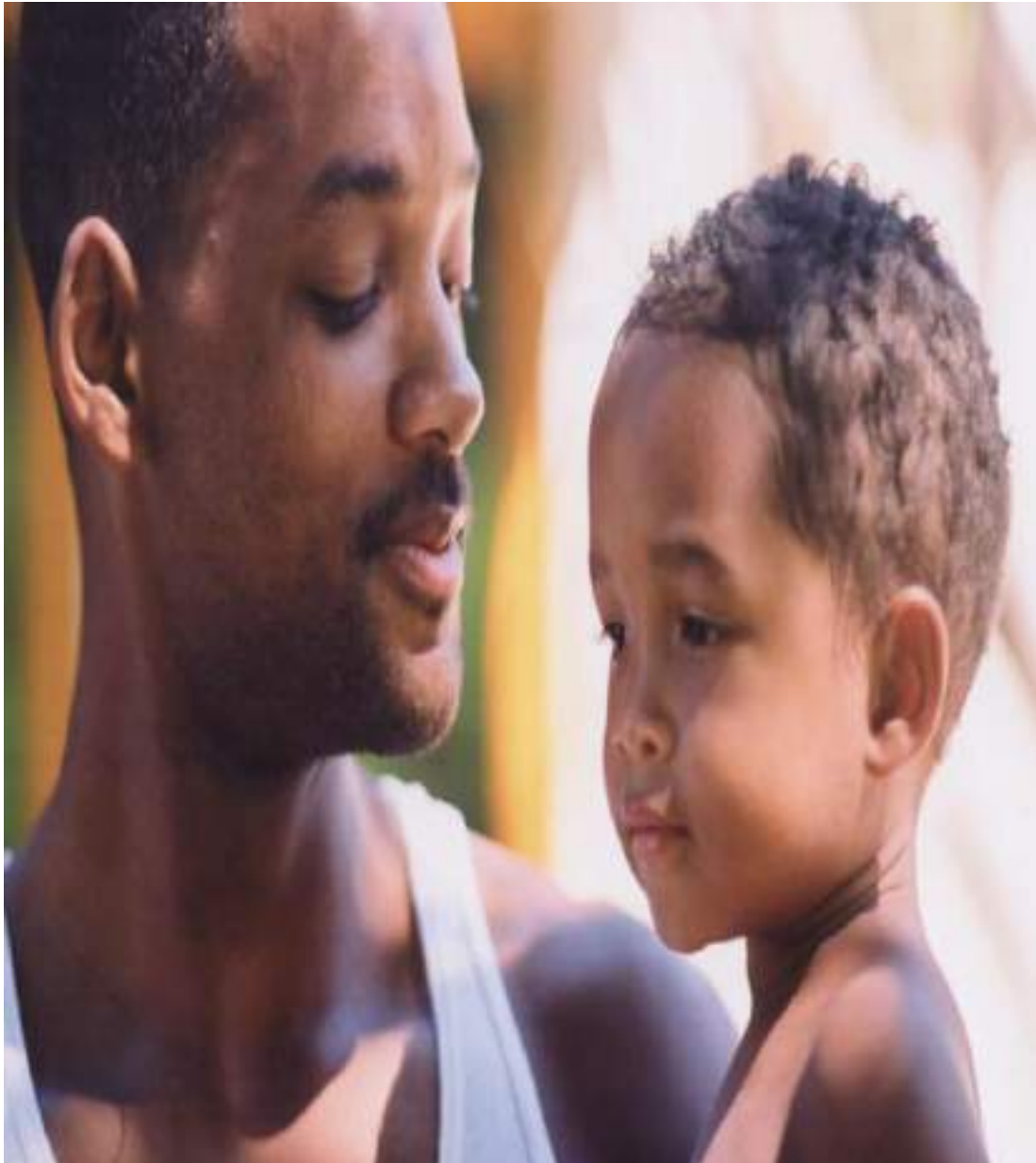
New Year's Eve 1997. Every time I see this picture I think, *Y'all better eat big pieces of that cake—you're going to need to carb up for the run that's coming.*



Jaden Christopher Syre Smith was born on July 8, 1998. If it was up to Trey, his name would have been Luigi.



Trey and baby "Luigi."



Jaden has always been my most calm child.



Willow Camille Reign Smith was born on Halloween 2000.



Jaden, Sheree, Willow, Trey, and Jada.



With Jada and the children.



Mom-Mom and Gigi, Black excellence.



Me and Darrell running at nine thousand feet in Colorado. "Write his name," Darrell said. Darrell snapped a picture. "You need to remember why we're suffering," he said.



Landing in Maputo, Mozambique, for the final sequence of Ali. With JL, Charlie Mack, Darrell Foster, and Bilaal Salaam.



I was shocked by how much I innately understood Muhammad Ali. I clocked how similar our senses of humor were. Our banter was fluid and comfortable. The actor in me thought, *Oh shit. I might be able to do this. . . .*



One of the highlights of my life: Daddio, Trey, and Sheree meeting Nelson Mandela. On the right, director of *Ali*, Michael Mann, and his wife, Summer.



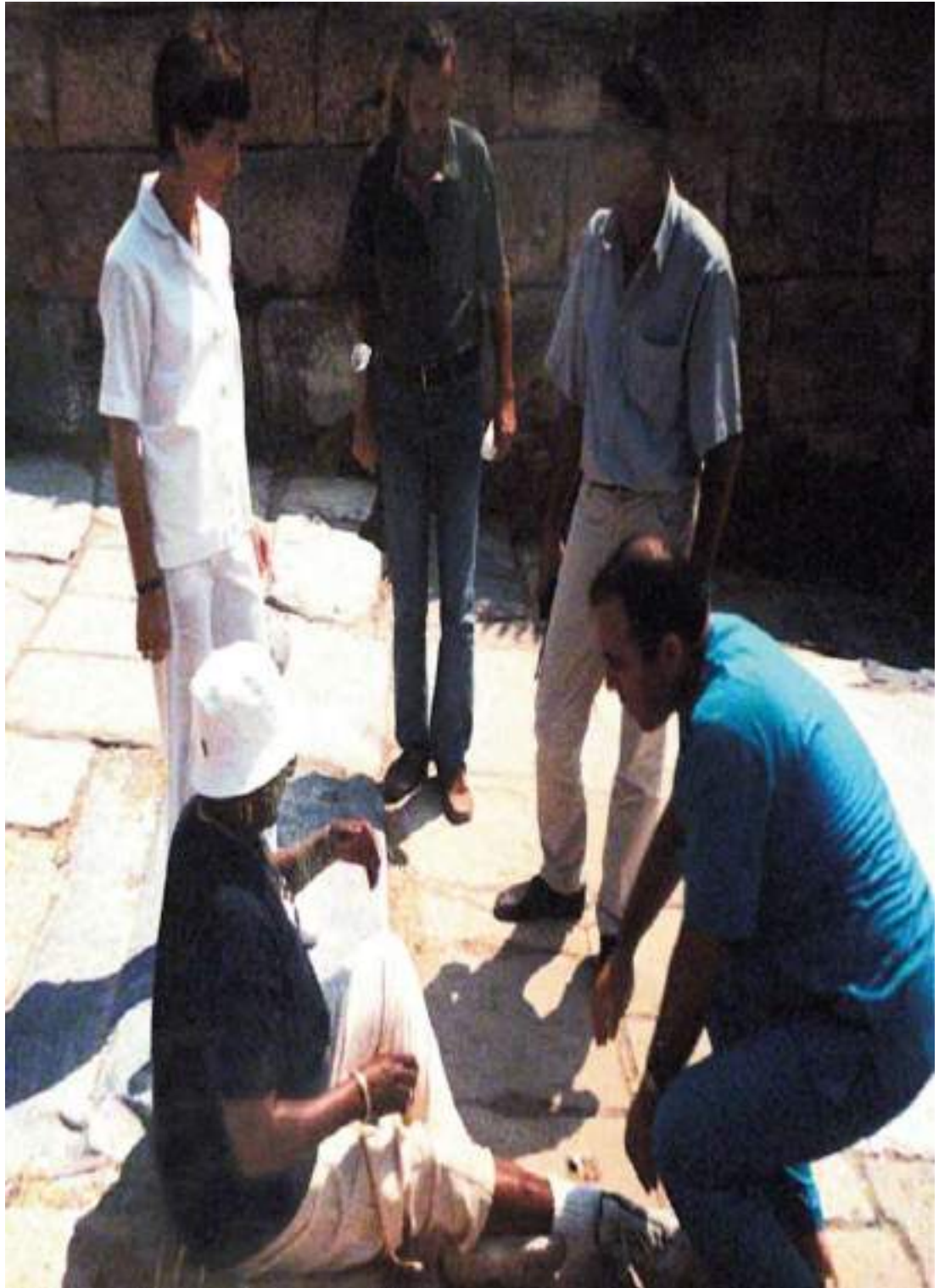
"What's that look?" I once asked Nelson Mandela. He peered into me as if trying to discern whether or not I had accidentally asked a good question, or, if I had asked in earnest, was I ready to hear the answer. "If you will come and spend time with me," Madiba said, "I will show you."



Me, Jada, and JL in Aspen.



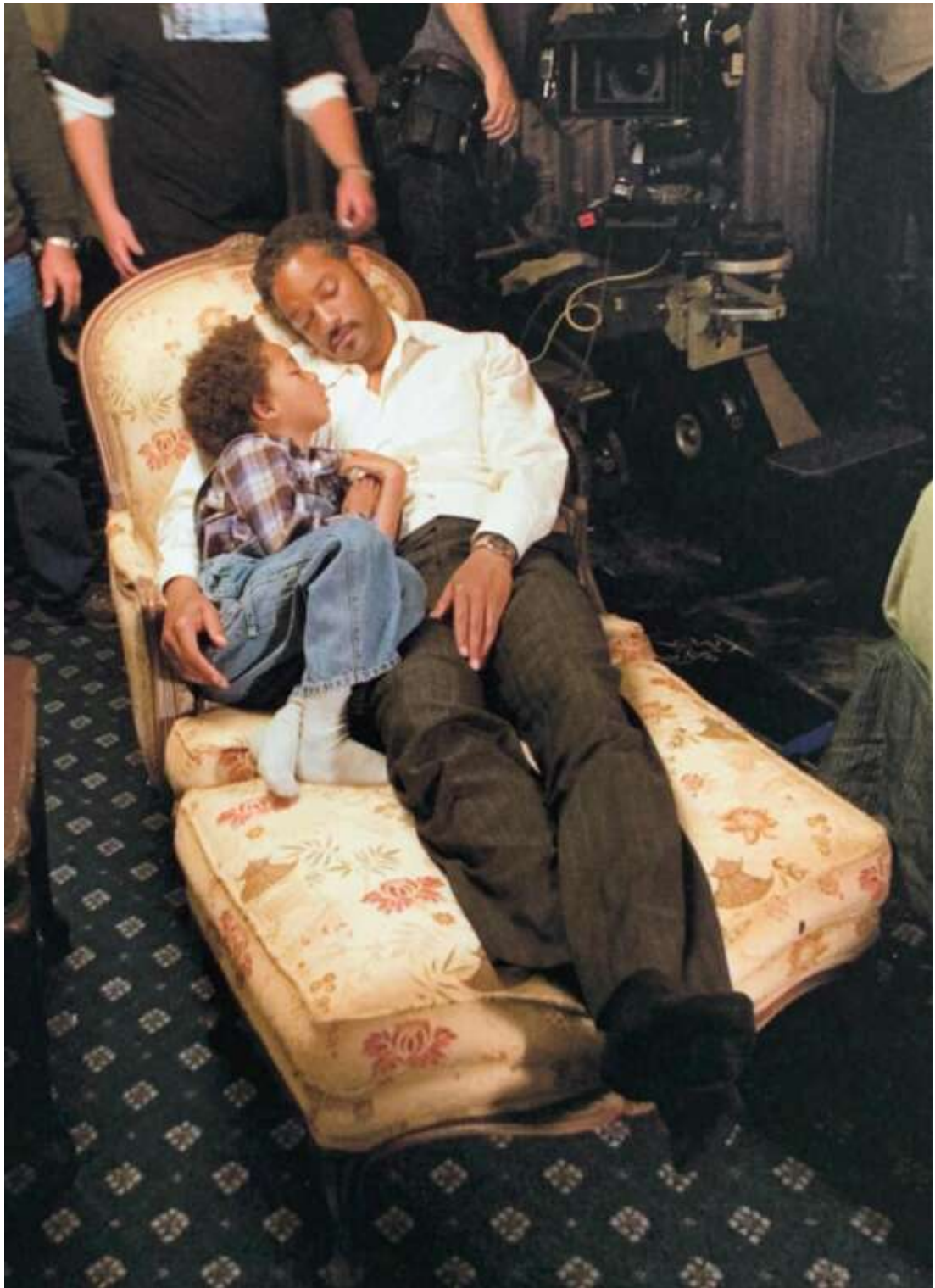
During the year, Jada was Peaches from *A Low Down Dirty Shame*—a ghetto superstar—but at the first jingle of sleigh bells, she turned into a Midwestern, middle-aged white lady. With Jada and Mom-Mom; I'm holding baby Willow.



The moment right after Mom-Mom tripped and broke her ankle in the ruins at Ephesus in Turkey.



Jada on stage at Ozzfest with her band, Wicked Wisdom—#abs.



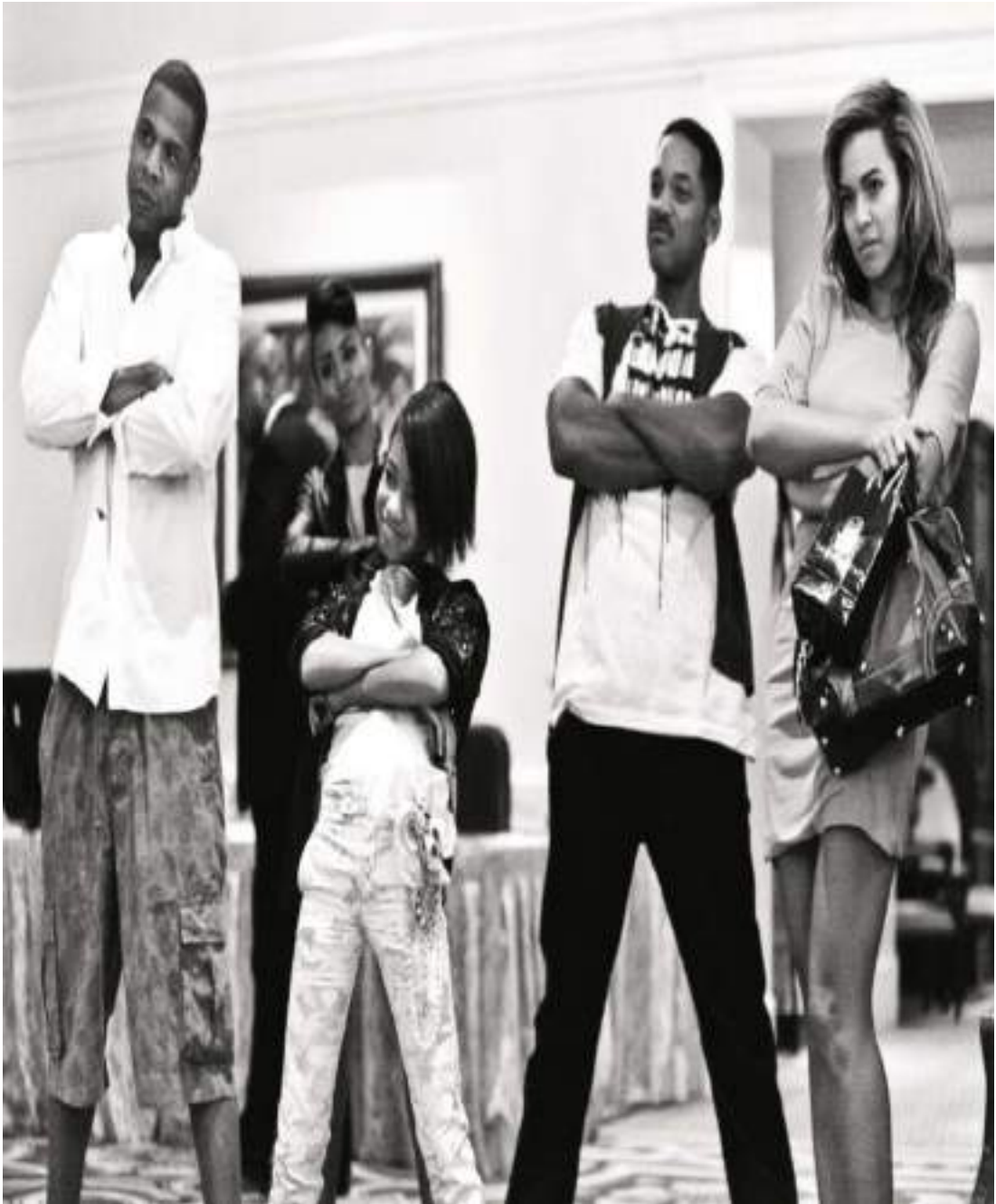
Me and Jaden knocked out on the set of *The Pursuit of Happyness* in San Francisco in 2005. Is that the best sleep-acting you've ever seen or what?



Me and Willow on the set of the "Whip My Hair" video shoot.



On stage at the fortieth annual Grammys in 1998; there are very few things in entertainment that are more combustible than a hit movie combined with a hit record.



Jay-Z, Jada, Willow, me, and Beyoncé the day Willow signed her first record deal with Roc Nation.



In case you were wonderin', I was playing Snoop's "Gin and Juice."



Scotty Sardinha was the first "security" I'd ever had who was wearing flip-flops.



With Michaela Boehm. She is a single red curly hair over five feet tall. Her Austrian accent makes everything she says ring with psychoanalytical authenticity.



This is my no-big-deal-I'm-at-the-Taj-Mahal pose. All I need is a couple grand laid out on the ground in front of me.



Me and Daddio on the set of *Men in Black 3*.



Daddio at his waterfront condo in Philly.



Father's Day 2021.



Mom-Mom with all of her kids and most of her grandkids. From left: Jade, Ashley, Trish, Jaden, Dominic, Skylar, Mia, Willow, Langston, me, Mom-Mom, Caila, Pilar, Kyle, Pam, Trey, Sabrina, Ellen, Dion, Eddie, Harry, Sheree, and Tyler.



ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

This is the most difficult page of the entire book. The number of people I would want to thank is astronomical. Countless angels have carried, shielded, nourished, rescued, and empowered me along my journey. In an effort to do my tiny part for environmental conservation, if I missed you in the book, I will keep a running list of acknowledgments on my Instagram. See you on IG.

ILLUSTRATION CREDITS

[1](#), [2](#), [3](#), [4](#), [5](#), [6](#), [7](#), [8](#), [9](#), [10](#), [11](#), [12](#), and [13](#): Carolyn Smith

[14](#): Courtesy of the author

[15](#): James Lassiter

[16](#): Courtesy of Sony Music Archives. Photographer: Douglas Rowell

[17](#) and [18](#): Charlie Mack

[19](#): Photograph by Lydell Johnson, courtesy of Charlie Mack

[20](#) and [21](#): Charlie Mack

[22](#): Barry King / Alamy Stock Photo

[23](#), [24](#), and [25](#): © 1990 NBCUniversal Media LLC. Used by permission.

[26](#): Sheree Zampino

[27](#) and [28](#): Courtesy of the author

[29](#): Ron Galella, Ltd. / Getty Images

[30](#): Courtesy of the author

[31](#): Bei / Shutterstock

[32](#): BAD BOYS © 1995 Columbia Pictures Industries, Inc. All Rights Reserved. Courtesy of Columbia Pictures

[33](#): Courtesy of the author

[34](#): Charlie Mack

[35](#) and [36](#): Courtesy of the author

[37](#): Donyell Kennedy-McCullough

[38](#), [39](#), [40](#), and [41](#): Courtesy of the author

[42](#): Darrell Foster

[43](#): Charlie Mack

[44](#): REUTERS / Alamy Stock Photo

[45](#): Sheree Zampino

[46](#): Dave M. Benett / Getty Images

[47](#) and [48](#): Courtesy of the author

[49](#): Carolyn Smith

[50](#): UPI / Alamy Stock Photo

[51](#): THE PURSUIT OF HAPPYNESS © 2006 Columbia Pictures Industries, Inc. and GH One LLC. All Rights Reserved. Courtesy of Columbia Pictures

[52](#): Photograph by Alan Silfin, courtesy of the author

[53](#): Timothy A. Clary via Getty Images

[54](#) and [55](#): Photographs by Alan Silfin, courtesy of the author

[56](#) and [57](#): Courtesy of the author

[58](#) and [59](#): Photograph by Alan Silfin, courtesy of the author

[60](#): Photograph by Mike and Moni, courtesy of the author

[61](#): Courtesy of the author

[62](#): Photograph by Max Goodrich, courtesy of the author

[63](#): Photograph by Alan Silfin, courtesy of the author

[64](#): Santiago Lozano

ABOUT THE AUTHORS

Will Smith is an actor, producer, and musician, and a two-time Academy Award nominee and Grammy and NAACP award winner, who has enjoyed a diverse career encompassing films, television shows, and multiplatinum albums. He holds many box office records, including the most consecutive \$100 million–grossing movies (eight). He and his wife founded the Will & Jada Smith Family Foundation to improve lives by providing invaluable resources to accelerate the growth of initiatives that focus on deepening individual and collective empowerment in the areas of arts and education, social empowerment, health and wellness, and sustainability.

Mark Manson is the number one *New York Times* bestselling author of *Everything Is F*cked: A Book about Hope* and *The Subtle Art of Not Giving a F*ck: A Counterintuitive Approach to Living a Good Life*. Manson's books have been translated into more than fifty languages and have sold over twelve million copies worldwide. Manson runs one of the largest personal-growth websites in the world, markmanson.net, with more than two million monthly readers and half a million subscribers.



Penguin
Random House

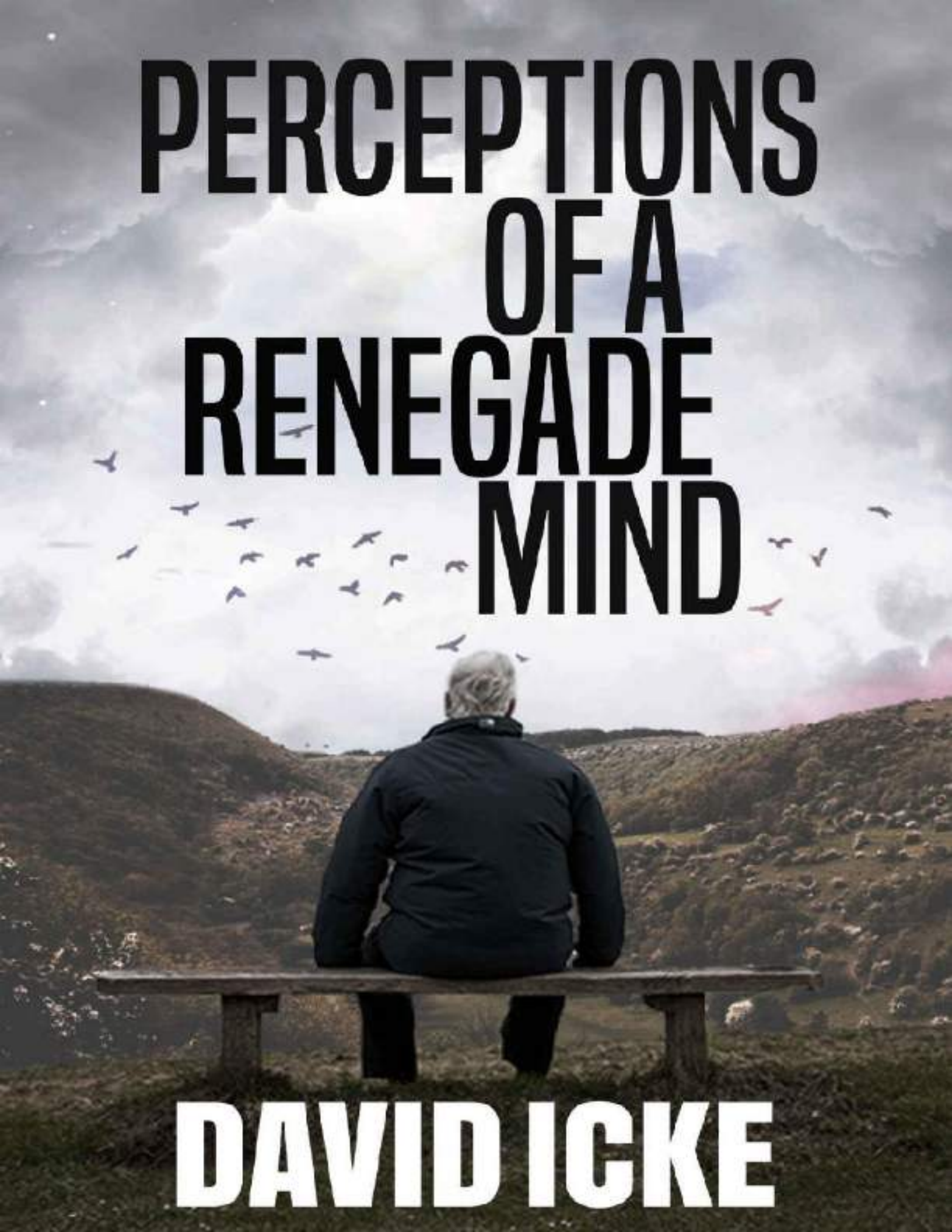
PENGUIN PUBLISHING GROUP

***What's next on
your reading list?***

**Discover your next
great read!**

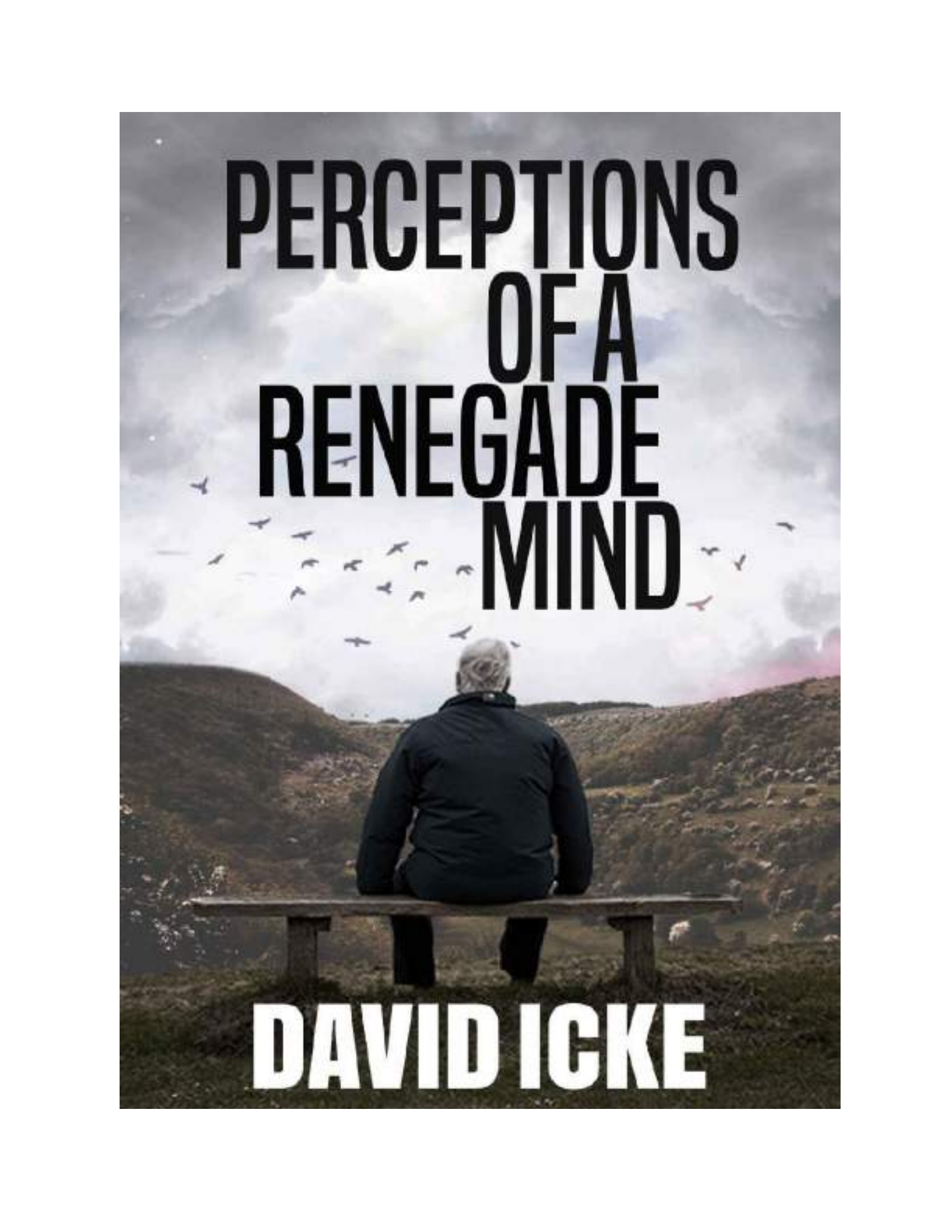
Get personalized book picks and up-to-date news about this author.

[Sign up now.](#)

A person with grey hair, wearing a dark jacket, is seen from behind, sitting on a wooden bench. They are looking out over a vast, hilly landscape under a cloudy sky. Numerous birds are flying in the sky, some appearing to fly towards the person. The overall mood is contemplative and expansive.

PERCEPTIONS OF A RENEGADE MIND

DAVID ICKE



PERCEPTIONS OF A RENEGADE MIND

DAVID ICKE

PERCEPTIONS OF A RENEGADE MIND



ickonic
publishing

First published in July 2021.

ickonic
publishing

**New Enterprise House
St Helens Street
Derby
DE1 3GY
UK**

email: gareth.icke@davidicke.com

Copyright © 2021 David Icke

No part of this book may be reproduced in any form without permission from the Publisher, except for the quotation of brief passages in criticism

Cover Design: Gareth Icke
Book Design: Neil Hague

**British Library Cataloguing-in
Publication Data**

A catalogue record for this book is
available from the British Library

eISBN 978-18384153-1-0

PERCEPTIONS OF A RENEGADE MIND



DAVID ICKE

Dedication:

To Freeeeedom!

ICKONIC

THE ALTERNATIVE

NEW. DIFFERENT. REVOLUTIONARY

**HUNDREDS OF CUTTING EDGE DOCUMENTARIES,
FEATURE FILMS, SERIES & PODCASTS.**

SIGN UP NOW AT ICKONIC.COM

THE LIFE STORY OF DAVID ICKE

RENEGADE

THE FEATURE LENGTH FILM



AVAILABLE NOW AT DAVIDICKE.COM

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

French-born philosopher, mathematician and scientist René Descartes became famous for his statement in Latin in the 17th century which translates into English as: 'I think, therefore I am.'

On the face of it that is true. Thought reflects perception and perception leads to both behaviour and self-identity. In that sense 'we' are what we think. But who or what is doing the thinking and is thinking the only route to perception? Clearly, as we shall see, 'we' are not always the source of 'our' perception, indeed with regard to humanity as a whole this is rarely the case; and thinking is far from the only means of perception. Thought is the village idiot compared with other expressions of consciousness that we all have the potential to access and tap into. This has to be true when we *are* those other expressions of consciousness which are infinite in nature. We have forgotten this, or, more to the point, been manipulated to forget.

These are not just the esoteric musings of the navel. The whole foundation of human control and oppression is control of perception. Once perception is hijacked then so is behaviour which is dictated by perception. Collective perception becomes collective behaviour and collective behaviour is what we call human society. Perception is all and those behind human control know that which is

why perception is the target 24/7 of the psychopathic manipulators that I call the Global Cult. They know that if they dictate perception they will dictate behaviour and collectively dictate the nature of human society. They are further aware that perception is formed from information received and if they control the circulation of information they will to a vast extent direct human behaviour. Censorship of information and opinion has become globally Nazi-like in recent years and never more blatantly than since the illusory 'virus pandemic' was triggered out of China in 2019 and across the world in 2020. Why have billions submitted to house arrest and accepted fascistic societies in a way they would have never believed possible? Those controlling the information spewing from government, mainstream media and Silicon Valley (all controlled by the same Global Cult networks) told them they were in danger from a 'deadly virus' and only by submitting to house arrest and conceding their most basic of freedoms could they and their families be protected. This monumental and provable lie became the *perception* of the billions and therefore the *behaviour* of the billions. In those few words you have the whole structure and modus operandi of human control. Fear is a perception – False Emotion Appearing Real – and fear is the currency of control. In short ... get them by the balls (or give them the impression that you have) and their hearts and minds will follow. Nothing grips the dangly bits and freezes the rear-end more comprehensively than fear.

World number 1

There are two 'worlds' in what appears to be one 'world' and the prime difference between them is knowledge. First we have the mass of human society in which the population is maintained in coldly-calculated ignorance through control of information and the 'education' (indoctrination) system. That's all you really need to control to enslave billions in a perceptual delusion in which what are perceived to be *their* thoughts and opinions are ever-repeated mantras that the system has been downloading all their lives through 'education', media, science, medicine, politics and academia

in which the personnel and advocates are themselves overwhelmingly the perceptual products of the same repetition. Teachers and academics in general are processed by the same programming machine as everyone else, but unlike the great majority they never leave the 'education' program. It gripped them as students and continues to grip them as programmers of subsequent generations of students. The programmed become the programmers – the programmed programmers. The same can largely be said for scientists, doctors and politicians and not least because as the American writer Upton Sinclair said: 'It is difficult to get a man to understand something when his salary depends upon his not understanding it.' If your career and income depend on thinking the way the system demands then you will – bar a few free-minded exceptions – concede your mind to the Perceptual Mainframe that I call the Postage Stamp Consensus. This is a tiny band of perceived knowledge and possibility 'taught' (downloaded) in the schools and universities, pounded out by the mainstream media and on which all government policy is founded. Try thinking, and especially speaking and acting, outside of the 'box' of consensus and see what that does for your career in the Mainstream Everything which bullies, harasses, intimidates and ridicules the population into compliance. Here we have the simple structure which enslaves most of humanity in a perceptual prison cell for an entire lifetime and I'll go deeper into this process shortly. Most of what humanity is taught as fact is nothing more than programmed belief. American science fiction author Frank Herbert was right when he said: 'Belief can be manipulated. Only knowledge is dangerous.' In the 'Covid' age belief is promoted and knowledge is censored. It was always so, but never to the extreme of today.

World number 2

A 'number 2' is slang for 'doing a poo' and how appropriate that is when this other 'world' is doing just that on humanity every minute of every day. World number 2 is a global network of secret societies and semi-secret groups dictating the direction of society via

governments, corporations and authorities of every kind. I have spent more than 30 years uncovering and exposing this network that I call the Global Cult and knowing its agenda is what has made my books so accurate in predicting current and past events. Secret societies are secret for a reason. They want to keep their hoarded knowledge to themselves and their chosen initiates and to hide it from the population which they seek through ignorance to control and subdue. The whole foundation of the division between World 1 and World 2 is *knowledge*. What number 1 knows number 2 must not. Knowledge they have worked so hard to keep secret includes (a) the agenda to enslave humanity in a centrally-controlled global dictatorship, and (b) the nature of reality and life itself. The latter (b) must be suppressed to allow the former (a) to prevail as I shall be explaining. The way the Cult manipulates and interacts with the population can be likened to a spider's web. The 'spider' sits at the centre in the shadows and imposes its will through the web with each strand represented in World number 2 by a secret society, satanic or semi-secret group, and in World number 1 – the world of the seen – by governments, agencies of government, law enforcement, corporations, the banking system, media conglomerates and Silicon Valley (Fig 1 overleaf). The spider and the web connect and coordinate all these organisations to pursue the same global outcome while the population sees them as individual entities working randomly and independently. At the level of the web governments *are* the banking system *are* the corporations *are* the media *are* Silicon Valley *are* the World Health Organization working from their inner cores as one unit. Apparently unconnected countries, corporations, institutions, organisations and people are on the *same team* pursuing the same global outcome. Strands in the web immediately around the spider are the most secretive and exclusive secret societies and their membership is emphatically restricted to the Cult inner-circle emerging through the generations from particular bloodlines for reasons I will come to. At the core of the core you would get them in a single room. That's how many people are dictating the direction of human society and its transformation

through the 'Covid' hoax and other means. As the web expands out from the spider we meet the secret societies that many people will be aware of – the Freemasons, Knights Templar, Knights of Malta, Opus Dei, the inner sanctum of the Jesuit Order, and such like. Note how many are connected to the Church of Rome and there is a reason for that. The Roman Church was established as a revamp, a rebranding, of the relocated 'Church' of Babylon and the Cult imposing global tyranny today can be tracked back to Babylon and Sumer in what is now Iraq.



Figure 1: The global web through which the few control the many. (Image Neil Hague.)

Inner levels of the web operate in the unseen away from the public eye and then we have what I call the cusp organisations located at the point where the hidden meets the seen. They include a series of satellite organisations answering to a secret society founded in London in the late 19th century called the Round Table and among them are the Royal Institute of International Affairs (UK, founded in 1920); Council on Foreign Relations (US, 1921); Bilderberg Group (worldwide, 1954); Trilateral Commission (US/worldwide, 1972); and the Club of Rome (worldwide, 1968) which was created to exploit environmental concerns to justify the centralisation of global power to 'save the planet'. The Club of Rome instigated with others the human-caused climate change hoax which has led to all the 'green

new deals' demanding that very centralisation of control. Cusp organisations, which include endless 'think tanks' all over the world, are designed to coordinate a single global policy between political and business leaders, intelligence personnel, media organisations and anyone who can influence the direction of policy in their own sphere of operation. Major players and regular attenders will know what is happening – or some of it – while others come and go and are kept overwhelmingly in the dark about the big picture. I refer to these cusp groupings as semi-secret in that they can be publicly identified, but what goes on at the inner-core is kept very much 'in house' even from most of their members and participants through a fiercely-imposed system of compartmentalisation. Only let them know what they need to know to serve your interests and no more. The structure of secret societies serves as a perfect example of this principle. Most Freemasons never get higher than the bottom three levels of 'degree' (degree of knowledge) when there are 33 official degrees of the Scottish Rite. Initiates only qualify for the next higher 'compartment' or degree if those at that level choose to allow them. Knowledge can be carefully assigned only to those considered 'safe'. I went to my local Freemason's lodge a few years ago when they were having an 'open day' to show how cuddly they were and when I chatted to some of them I was astonished at how little the rank and file knew even about the most ubiquitous symbols they use. The mushroom technique – keep them in the dark and feed them bullshit – applies to most people in the web as well as the population as a whole. Sub-divisions of the web mirror in theme and structure transnational corporations which have a headquarters somewhere in the world dictating to all their subsidiaries in different countries. Subsidiaries operate in their methodology and branding to the same centrally-dictated plan and policy in pursuit of particular ends. The Cult web functions in the same way. Each country has its own web as a subsidiary of the global one. They consist of networks of secret societies, semi-secret groups and bloodline families and their job is to impose the will of the spider and the global web in their particular country. Subsidiary networks control and manipulate the national political system, finance, corporations, media, medicine, etc. to

ensure that they follow the globally-dictated Cult agenda. These networks were the means through which the 'Covid' hoax could be played out with almost every country responding in the same way.

The 'Yessir' pyramid

Compartmentalisation is the key to understanding how a tiny few can dictate the lives of billions when combined with a top-down sequence of imposition and acquiescence. The inner core of the Cult sits at the peak of the pyramidal hierarchy of human society (Fig 2 overleaf). It imposes its will – its agenda for the world – on the level immediately below which acquiesces to that imposition. This level then imposes the Cult will on the level below them which acquiesces and imposes on the next level. Very quickly we meet levels in the hierarchy that have no idea there even is a Cult, but the sequence of imposition and acquiescence continues down the pyramid in just the same way. 'I don't know why we are doing this but the order came from "on-high" and so we better just do it.' Alfred Lord Tennyson said of the cannon fodder levels in his poem *The Charge of the Light Brigade*: 'Theirs not to reason why; theirs but to do and die.' The next line says that 'into the valley of death rode the six hundred' and they died because they obeyed without question what their perceived 'superiors' told them to do. In the same way the population capitulated to 'Covid'. The whole hierarchical pyramid functions like this to allow the very few to direct the enormous many.

Eventually imposition-acquiescence-imposition-acquiescence comes down to the mass of the population at the foot of the pyramid. If they acquiesce to those levels of the hierarchy imposing on them (governments/law enforcement/doctors/media) a circuit is completed between the population and the handful of super-psychopaths in the Cult inner core at the top of the pyramid.

Without a circuit-breaking refusal to obey, the sequence of imposition and acquiescence allows a staggeringly few people to impose their will upon the entirety of humankind. We are looking at the very sequence that has subjugated billions since the start of 2020. Our freedom has not been taken from us. Humanity has given it

away. Fascists do not impose fascism because there are not enough of them. Fascism is imposed by the population acquiescing to fascism. Put another way allowing their perceptions to be programmed to the extent that leads to the population giving their freedom away by giving their perceptions – their mind – away. If this circuit is not broken by humanity ceasing to cooperate with their own enslavement then nothing can change. For that to happen people have to critically think and see through the lies and window dressing and then summon the backbone to act upon what they see. The Cult spends its days working to stop either happening and its methodology is systematic and highly detailed, but it can be overcome and that is what this book is all about.

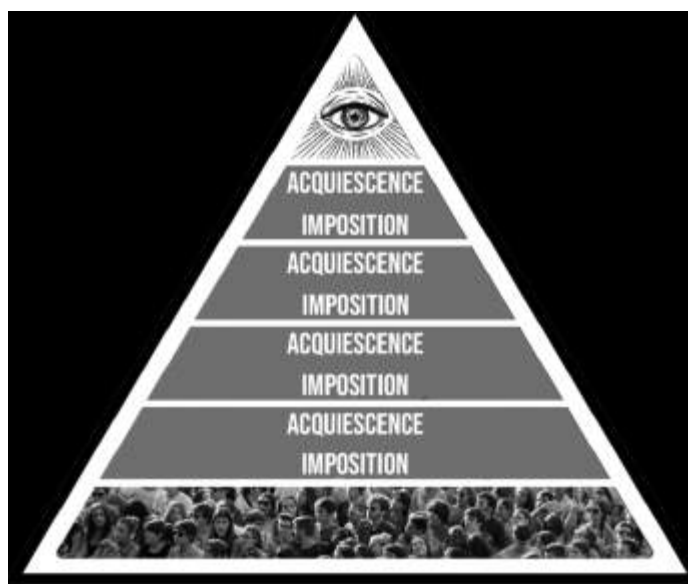


Figure 2: The simple sequence of imposition and compliance that allows a handful of people at the peak of the pyramid to dictate the lives of billions.

The Life Program

Okay, back to world number 1 or the world of the 'masses'. Observe the process of what we call 'life' and it is a perceptual download from cradle to grave. The Cult has created a global structure in which perception can be programmed and the program continually topped-up with what appears to be constant confirmation that the program is indeed true reality. The important word here is 'appears'.

This is the structure, the fly-trap, the Postage Stamp Consensus or Perceptual Mainframe, which represents that incredibly narrow band of perceived possibility delivered by the 'education' system, mainstream media, science and medicine. From the earliest age the download begins with parents who have themselves succumbed to the very programming their children are about to go through. Most parents don't do this out of malevolence and mostly it is quite the opposite. They do what they believe is best for their children and that is what the program has told them is best. Within three or four years comes the major transition from parental programming to full-blown state (Cult) programming in school, college and university where perceptually-programmed teachers and academics pass on their programming to the next generations. Teachers who resist are soon marginalised and their careers ended while children who resist are called a problem child for whom Ritalin may need to be prescribed. A few years after entering the 'world' children are under the control of authority figures representing the state telling them when they have to be there, when they can leave and when they can speak, eat, even go to the toilet. This is calculated preparation for a lifetime of obeying authority in all its forms. Reflex-action fear of authority is instilled by authority from the start. Children soon learn the carrot and stick consequences of obeying or defying authority which is underpinned daily for the rest of their life. Fortunately I daydreamed through this crap and never obeyed authority simply because it told me to. This approach to my alleged 'betters' continues to this day. There can be consequences of pursuing open-minded freedom in a world of closed-minded conformity. I spent a lot of time in school corridors after being ejected from the classroom for not taking some of it seriously and now I spend a lot of time being ejected from Facebook, YouTube and Twitter. But I can tell you that being true to yourself and not compromising your self-respect is far more exhilarating than bowing to authority for authority's sake. You don't have to be a sheep to the shepherd (authority) and the sheep dog (fear of not obeying authority).

The perceptual download continues throughout the formative years in school, college and university while script-reading 'teachers', 'academics' 'scientists', 'doctors' and 'journalists' insist that ongoing generations must be as programmed as they are. Accept the program or you will not pass your 'exams' which confirm your 'degree' of programming. It is tragic to think that many parents pressure their offspring to work hard at school to download the program and qualify for the next stage at college and university. The late, great, American comedian George Carlin said: 'Here's a bumper sticker I'd like to see: We are proud parents of a child who has resisted his teachers' attempts to break his spirit and bend him to the will of his corporate masters.' Well, the best of luck finding many of those, George. Then comes the moment to leave the formal programming years in academia and enter the 'adult' world of work. There you meet others in your chosen or prescribed arena who went through the same Postage Stamp Consensus program before you did. There is therefore overwhelming agreement between almost everyone on the basic foundations of Postage Stamp reality and the rejection, even contempt, of the few who have a mind of their own and are prepared to use it. This has two major effects. Firstly, the consensus confirms to the programmed that their download is really how things are. I mean, everyone knows that, right? Secondly, the arrogance and ignorance of Postage Stamp adherents ensure that anyone questioning the program will have unpleasant consequences for seeking their own truth and not picking their perceptions from the shelf marked: 'Things you must believe without question and if you don't you're a dangerous lunatic conspiracy theorist and a harebrained nutter'.

Every government, agency and corporation is founded on the same Postage Stamp prison cell and you can see why so many people believe the same thing while calling it their own 'opinion'. Fusion of governments and corporations in pursuit of the same agenda was the definition of fascism described by Italian dictator Benito Mussolini. The pressure to conform to perceptual norms downloaded for a lifetime is incessant and infiltrates society right

down to family groups that become censors and condemners of their own 'black sheep' for not, ironically, being sheep. We have seen an explosion of that in the 'Covid' era. Cult-owned global media unleashes its propaganda all day every day in support of the Postage Stamp and targets with abuse and ridicule anyone in the public eye who won't bend their mind to the will of the tyranny. Any response to this is denied (certainly in my case). They don't want to give a platform to expose official lies. Cult-owned-and-created Internet giants like Facebook, Google, YouTube and Twitter delete you for having an unapproved opinion. Facebook boasts that its AI censors delete 97-percent of 'hate speech' before anyone even reports it. Much of that 'hate speech' will simply be an opinion that Facebook and its masters don't want people to see. Such perceptual oppression is widely known as fascism. Even Facebook executive Benny Thomas, a 'CEO Global Planning Lead', said in comments secretly recorded by investigative journalism operation Project Veritas that Facebook is 'too powerful' and should be broken up:

I mean, no king in history has been the ruler of two billion people, but Mark Zuckerberg is ... And he's 36. That's too much for a 36-year-old ... You should not have power over two billion people. I just think that's wrong.

Thomas said Facebook-owned platforms like Instagram, Oculus, and WhatsApp needed to be separate companies. 'It's too much power when they're all one together'. That's the way the Cult likes it, however. We have an executive of a Cult organisation in Benny Thomas that doesn't know there is a Cult such is the compartmentalisation. Thomas said that Facebook and Google 'are no longer companies, they're countries'. Actually they are more powerful than countries on the basis that if you control information you control perception and control human society.

I love my oppressor

Another expression of this psychological trickery is for those who realise they are being pressured into compliance to eventually

convince themselves to believe the official narratives to protect their self-respect from accepting the truth that they have succumbed to meek and subservient compliance. Such people become some of the most vehement defenders of the system. You can see them everywhere screaming abuse at those who prefer to think for themselves and by doing so reminding the compliers of their own capitulation to conformity. 'You are talking dangerous nonsense you Covidiot!!' Are you trying to convince me or yourself? It is a potent form of Stockholm syndrome which is defined as: 'A psychological condition that occurs when a victim of abuse identifies and attaches, or bonds, positively with their abuser.' An example is hostages bonding and even 'falling in love' with their kidnappers. The syndrome has been observed in domestic violence, abused children, concentration camp inmates, prisoners of war and many and various Satanic cults. These are some traits of Stockholm syndrome listed at goodtherapy.org:

- Positive regard towards perpetrators of abuse or captor [see 'Covid'].
- Failure to cooperate with police and other government authorities when it comes to holding perpetrators of abuse or kidnapping accountable [or in the case of 'Covid' cooperating with the police to enforce and defend their captors' demands].
- Little or no effort to escape [see 'Covid'].
- Belief in the goodness of the perpetrators or kidnappers [see 'Covid'].
- Appeasement of captors. This is a manipulative strategy for maintaining one's safety. As victims get rewarded – perhaps with less abuse or even with life itself – their appeasing behaviours are reinforced [see 'Covid'].
- Learned helplessness. This can be akin to 'if you can't beat 'em, join 'em'. As the victims fail to escape the abuse or captivity, they may start giving up and soon realize it's just easier for everyone if they acquiesce all their power to their captors [see 'Covid'].

- Feelings of pity toward the abusers, believing they are actually victims themselves. Because of this, victims may go on a crusade or mission to 'save' [protect] their abuser [see the venom unleashed on those challenging the official 'Covid' narrative].
- Unwillingness to learn to detach from their perpetrators and heal. In essence, victims may tend to be less loyal to themselves than to their abuser [*definitely* see 'Covid'].

Ponder on those traits and compare them with the behaviour of great swathes of the global population who have defended governments and authorities which have spent every minute destroying their lives and livelihoods and those of their children and grandchildren since early 2020 with fascistic lockdowns, house arrest and employment deletion to 'protect' them from a 'deadly virus' that their abusers' perceptually created to bring about this very outcome. We are looking at mass Stockholm syndrome. All those that agree to concede their freedom will believe those perceptions are originating in their own independent 'mind' when in fact by conceding their reality to Stockholm syndrome they have by definition conceded any independence of mind. Listen to the 'opinions' of the acquiescing masses in this 'Covid' era and what gushes forth is the repetition of the official version of everything delivered unprocessed, unfiltered and unquestioned. The whole programming dynamic works this way. I must be free because I'm told that I am and so I think that I am.

You can see what I mean with the chapter theme of 'I'm thinking – Oh, but *are* you?' The great majority are not thinking, let alone for themselves. They are repeating what authority has told them to believe which allows them to be controlled. Weaving through this mentality is the fear that the 'conspiracy theorists' are right and this again explains the often hysterical abuse that ensues when you dare to contest the official narrative of anything. Denial is the mechanism of hiding from yourself what you don't want to be true. Telling people what they want to hear is easy, but it's an infinitely greater challenge to tell them what they would rather not be happening.

One is akin to pushing against an open door while the other is met with vehement resistance no matter what the scale of evidence. I don't want it to be true so I'll convince myself that it's not. Examples are everywhere from the denial that a partner is cheating despite all the signs to the reflex-action rejection of any idea that world events in which country after country act in exactly the same way are centrally coordinated. To accept the latter is to accept that a force of unspeakable evil is working to destroy your life and the lives of your children with nothing too horrific to achieve that end. Who the heck wants that to be true? But if we don't face reality the end is duly achieved and the consequences are far worse and ongoing than breaking through the walls of denial today with the courage to make a stand against tyranny.

Connect the dots – but how?

A crucial aspect of perceptual programming is to portray a world in which everything is random and almost nothing is connected to anything else. Randomness cannot be coordinated by its very nature and once you perceive events as random the idea they could be connected is waved away as the rantings of the tinfoil-hat brigade. You can't plan and coordinate random you idiot! No, you can't, but you can hide the coldly-calculated and long-planned behind the *illusion* of randomness. A foundation manifestation of the Renegade Mind is to scan reality for patterns that connect the apparently random and turn pixels and dots into pictures. This is the way I work and have done so for more than 30 years. You look for similarities in people, modus operandi and desired outcomes and slowly, then ever quicker, the picture forms. For instance: There would seem to be no connection between the 'Covid pandemic' hoax and the human-caused global-warming hoax and yet they are masks (appropriately) on the same face seeking the same outcome. Those pushing the global warming myth through the Club of Rome and other Cult agencies are driving the lies about 'Covid' – Bill Gates is an obvious one, but they are endless. Why would the same people be involved in both when they are clearly not connected? Oh, but they

are. Common themes with personnel are matched by common goals. The 'solutions' to both 'problems' are centralisation of global power to impose the will of the few on the many to 'save' humanity from 'Covid' and save the planet from an 'existential threat' (we need 'zero Covid' and 'zero carbon emissions'). These, in turn, connect with the 'dot' of globalisation which was coined to describe the centralisation of global power in every area of life through incessant political and corporate expansion, trading blocks and superstates like the European Union. If you are the few and you want to control the many you have to centralise power and decision-making. The more you centralise power the more power the few at the centre will have over the many; and the more that power is centralised the more power those at the centre have to centralise even quicker. The momentum of centralisation gets faster and faster which is exactly the process we have witnessed. In this way the hoaxed 'pandemic' and the fakery of human-caused global warming serve the interests of globalisation and the seizure of global power in the hands of the Cult inner-circle which is behind 'Covid', 'climate change' and globalisation. At this point random 'dots' become a clear and obvious picture or pattern.

Klaus Schwab, the classic Bond villain who founded the Cult's Gates-funded World Economic Forum, published a book in 2020, *The Great Reset*, in which he used the 'problem' of 'Covid' to justify a total transformation of human society to 'save' humanity from 'climate change'. Schwab said: 'The pandemic represents a rare but narrow window of opportunity to reflect, reimagine, and reset our world.' What he didn't mention is that the Cult he serves is behind both hoaxes as I show in my book *The Answer*. He and the Cult don't have to reimagine the world. They know precisely what they want and that's why they destroyed human society with 'Covid' to 'build back better' in their grand design. Their job is not to imagine, but to get humanity to imagine and agree with their plans while believing it's all random. It must be pure coincidence that 'The Great Reset' has long been the Cult's code name for the global imposition of fascism and replaced previous code-names of the 'New World

Order' used by Cult frontmen like Father George Bush and the 'New Order of the Ages' which emerged from Freemasonry and much older secret societies. New Order of the Ages appears on the reverse of the Great Seal of the United States as 'Novus ordo seclorum' underneath the Cult symbol used since way back of the pyramid and all seeing-eye (Fig 3). The pyramid is the hierarchy of human control headed by the illuminated eye that symbolises the force behind the Cult which I will expose in later chapters. The term 'Annuit Coeptis' translates as 'He favours our undertaking'. We are told the 'He' is the Christian god, but 'He' is not as I will be explaining.



Figure 3: The all-seeing eye of the Cult 'god' on the Freemason-designed Great Seal of the United States and also on the dollar bill.

Having you on

Two major Cult techniques of perceptual manipulation that relate to all this are what I have called since the 1990s Problem-Reaction-Solution (PRS) and the Totalitarian Tiptoe (TT). They can be uncovered by the inquiring mind with a simple question: Who benefits? The answer usually identifies the perpetrators of a given action or happening through the concept of 'he who most benefits from a crime is the one most likely to have committed it'. The Latin 'Cue bono?' – Who benefits? – is widely attributed to the Roman orator and statesman Marcus Tullius Cicero. No wonder it goes back so far when the concept has been relevant to human behaviour since

history was recorded. Problem-Reaction-Solution is the technique used to manipulate us every day by covertly creating a problem (or the illusion of one) and offering the solution to the problem (or the illusion of one). In the first phase you create the problem and blame someone or something else for why it has happened. This may relate to a financial collapse, terrorist attack, war, global warming or pandemic, anything in fact that will allow you to impose the 'solution' to change society in the way you desire at that time. The 'problem' doesn't have to be real. PRS is manipulation of perception and all you need is the population to believe the problem is real. Human-caused global warming and the 'Covid pandemic' only have to be *perceived* to be real for the population to accept the 'solutions' of authority. I refer to this technique as NO-Problem-Reaction-Solution. Billions did not meekly accept house arrest from early 2020 because there was a real deadly 'Covid pandemic' but because they perceived – believed – that to be the case. The antidote to Problem-Reaction-Solution is to ask who benefits from the proposed solution. Invariably it will be anyone who wants to justify more control through deletion of freedom and centralisation of power and decision-making.

The two world wars were Problem-Reaction-Solutions that transformed and realigned global society. Both were manipulated into being by the Cult as I have detailed in books since the mid-1990s. They dramatically centralised global power, especially World War Two, which led to the United Nations and other global bodies thanks to the overt and covert manipulations of the Rockefeller family and other Cult bloodlines like the Rothschilds. The UN is a stalking horse for full-blown world government that I will come to shortly. The land on which the UN building stands in New York was donated by the Rockefellers and the same Cult family was behind Big Pharma scalpel and drug 'medicine' and the creation of the World Health Organization as part of the UN. They have been stalwarts of the eugenics movement and funded Hitler's race-purity expert' Ernst Rudin. The human-caused global warming hoax has been orchestrated by the Club of Rome through the UN which is

manufacturing both the 'problem' through its Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change and imposing the 'solution' through its Agenda 21 and Agenda 2030 which demand the total centralisation of global power to 'save the world' from a climate hoax the United Nations is itself perpetrating. What a small world the Cult can be seen to be particularly among the inner circles. The bedfellow of Problem-Reaction-Solution is the Totalitarian Tiptoe which became the Totalitarian Sprint in 2020. The technique is fashioned to hide the carefully-coordinated behind the cover of apparently random events. You start the sequence at 'A' and you know you are heading for 'Z'. You don't want people to know that and each step on the journey is presented as a random happening while all the steps strung together lead in the same direction. The speed may have quickened dramatically in recent times, but you can still see the incremental approach of the Tiptoe in the case of 'Covid' as each new imposition takes us deeper into fascism. Tell people they have to do this or that to get back to 'normal', then this and this and this. With each new demand adding to the ones that went before the population's freedom is deleted until it disappears. The spider wraps its web around the flies more comprehensively with each new diktat. I'll highlight this in more detail when I get to the 'Covid' hoax and how it has been pulled off. Another prime example of the Totalitarian Tiptoe is how the Cult-created European Union went from a 'free-trade zone' to a centralised bureaucratic dictatorship through the Tiptoe of incremental centralisation of power until nations became mere administrative units for Cult-owned dark suits in Brussels.

The antidote to ignorance is knowledge which the Cult seeks vehemently to deny us, but despite the systematic censorship to that end the Renegade Mind can overcome this by vociferously seeking out the facts no matter the impediments put in the way. There is also a method of thinking and perceiving – *knowing* – that doesn't even need names, dates, place-type facts to identify the patterns that reveal the story. I'll get to that in the final chapter. All you need to know about the manipulation of human society and to what end is still out there – *at the time of writing* – in the form of books, videos

and websites for those that really want to breach the walls of programmed perception. To access this knowledge requires the abandonment of the mainstream media as a source of information in the awareness that this is owned and controlled by the Cult and therefore promotes mass perceptions that suit the Cult. Mainstream media lies all day, every day. That is its function and very reason for being. Where it does tell the truth, here and there, is only because the truth and the Cult agenda very occasionally coincide. If you look for fact and insight to the BBC, CNN and virtually all the rest of them you are asking to be conned and perceptually programmed.

Know the outcome and you'll see the journey

Events seem random when you have no idea where the world is being taken. Once you do the random becomes the carefully planned. Know the outcome and you'll see the journey is a phrase I have been using for a long time to give context to daily happenings that appear unconnected. Does a problem, or illusion of a problem, trigger a proposed 'solution' that further drives society in the direction of the outcome? Invariably the answer will be yes and the random – *abracadabra* – becomes the clearly coordinated. So what is this outcome that unlocks the door to a massively expanded understanding of daily events? I will summarise its major aspects – the fine detail is in my other books – and those new to this information will see that the world they thought they were living in is a very different place. The foundation of the Cult agenda is the incessant centralisation of power and all such centralisation is ultimately in pursuit of Cult control on a global level. I have described for a long time the planned world structure of top-down dictatorship as the Hunger Games Society. The term obviously comes from the movie series which portrayed a world in which a few living in military-protected hi-tech luxury were the overlords of a population condemned to abject poverty in isolated 'sectors' that were not allowed to interact. 'Covid' lockdowns and travel bans anyone? The 'Hunger Games' pyramid of structural control has the inner circle of the Cult at the top with pretty much the entire

population at the bottom under their control through dependency for survival on the Cult. The whole structure is planned to be protected and enforced by a military-police state ([Fig 4](#)).

Here you have the reason for the global lockdowns of the fake pandemic to coldly destroy independent incomes and livelihoods and make everyone dependent on the 'state' (the Cult that controls the 'states'). I have warned in my books for many years about the plan to introduce a 'guaranteed income' – a barely survivable pittance – designed to impose dependency when employment was destroyed by AI technology and now even more comprehensively at great speed by the 'Covid' scam. Once the pandemic was played and lockdown consequences began to delete independent income the authorities began to talk right on cue about the need for a guaranteed income and a 'Great Reset'. Guaranteed income will be presented as benevolent governments seeking to help a desperate people – desperate as a direct result of actions of the same governments. The truth is that such payments are a trap. You will only get them if you do exactly what the authorities demand including mass vaccination (genetic manipulation). We have seen this theme already in Australia where those dependent on government benefits have them reduced if parents don't agree to have their children vaccinated according to an insane health-destroying government-dictated schedule. Calculated economic collapse applies to governments as well as people. The Cult wants rid of countries through the creation of a world state with countries broken up into regions ruled by a world government and super states like the European Union. Countries must be bankrupted, too, to this end and it's being achieved by the trillions in 'rescue packages' and furlough payments, trillions in lost taxation, and money-no-object spending on 'Covid' including constant all-medium advertising (programming) which has made the media dependent on government for much of its income. The day of reckoning is coming – as planned – for government spending and given that it has been made possible by printing money and not by production/taxation there is inflation on the way that has the

potential to wipe out monetary value. In that case there will be no need for the Cult to steal your money. It just won't be worth anything (see the German Weimar Republic before the Nazis took over). Many have been okay with lockdowns while getting a percentage of their income from so-called furlough payments without having to work. Those payments are dependent, however, on people having at least a theoretical job with a business considered non-essential and ordered to close. As these business go under because they are closed by lockdown after lockdown the furlough stops and it will for everyone eventually. Then what? The 'then what?' is precisely the idea.



Figure 4: The Hunger Games Society structure I have long warned was planned and now the 'Covid' hoax has made it possible. This is the real reason for lockdowns.

Hired hands

Between the Hunger Games Cult elite and the dependent population is planned to be a vicious military-police state (a fusion of the two into one force). This has been in the making for a long time with police looking ever more like the military and carrying weapons to match. The pandemic scam has seen this process accelerate so fast as

lockdown house arrest is brutally enforced by carefully recruited fascist minds and gormless system-servers. The police and military are planned to merge into a centrally-directed world army in a global structure headed by a world government which wouldn't be elected even by the election fixes now in place. The world army is not planned even to be human and instead wars would be fought, primarily against the population, using robot technology controlled by artificial intelligence. I have been warning about this for decades and now militaries around the world are being transformed by this very AI technology. The global regime that I describe is a particular form of fascism known as a technocracy in which decisions are not made by clueless and co-opted politicians but by unelected technocrats – scientists, engineers, technologists and bureaucrats. Cult-owned-and-controlled Silicon Valley giants are examples of technocracy and they already have far more power to direct world events than governments. They are with their censorship *selecting* governments. I know that some are calling the 'Great Reset' a Marxist communist takeover, but fascism and Marxism are different labels for the same tyranny. Tell those who lived in fascist Germany and Stalinist Russia that there was a difference in the way their freedom was deleted and their lives controlled. I could call it a fascist technocracy or a Marxist technocracy and they would be equally accurate. The Hunger Games society with its world government structure would oversee a world army, world central bank and single world cashless currency imposing its will on a microchipped population ([Fig 5](#)). Scan its different elements and see how the illusory pandemic is forcing society in this very direction at great speed. Leaders of 23 countries and the World Health Organization (WHO) backed the idea in March, 2021, of a global treaty for 'international cooperation' in 'health emergencies' and nations should 'come together as a global community for peaceful cooperation that extends beyond this crisis'. Cut the Orwellian bullshit and this means another step towards global government. The plan includes a cashless digital money system that I first warned about in 1993. Right at the start of 'Covid' the deeply corrupt Tedros

Adhanom Ghebreyesus, the crooked and merely gofer 'head' of the World Health Organization, said it was possible to catch the 'virus' by touching cash and it was better to use cashless means. The claim was ridiculous nonsense and like the whole 'Covid' mind-trick it was nothing to do with 'health' and everything to do with pushing every aspect of the Cult agenda. As a result of the Tedros lie the use of cash has plummeted. The Cult script involves a single world digital currency that would eventually be technologically embedded in the body. China is a massive global centre for the Cult and if you watch what is happening there you will know what is planned for everywhere. The Chinese government is developing a digital currency which would allow fines to be deducted immediately via AI for anyone caught on camera breaking its fantastic list of laws and the money is going to be programmable with an expiry date to ensure that no one can accrue wealth except the Cult and its operatives.



Figure 5: The structure of global control the Cult has been working towards for so long and this has been enormously advanced by the 'Covid' illusion.

Serfdom is so smart

The Cult plan is far wider, extreme, and more comprehensive than even most conspiracy researchers appreciate and I will come to the true depths of deceit and control in the chapters 'Who controls the

Cult?’ and ‘Escaping Wetiko’. Even the world that we know is crazy enough. We are being deluged with ever more sophisticated and controlling technology under the heading of ‘smart’. We have smart televisions, smart meters, smart cards, smart cars, smart driving, smart roads, smart pills, smart patches, smart watches, smart skin, smart borders, smart pavements, smart streets, smart cities, smart communities, smart environments, smart growth, smart planet ... smart *everything* around us. Smart technologies and methods of operation are designed to interlock to create a global Smart Grid connecting the entirety of human society including human minds to create a centrally-dictated ‘hive’ mind. ‘Smart cities’ is code for densely-occupied megacities of total surveillance and control through AI. Ever more destructive frequency communication systems like 5G have been rolled out without any official testing for health and psychological effects (colossal). 5G/6G/7G systems are needed to run the Smart Grid and each one becomes more destructive of body and mind. Deleting independent income is crucial to forcing people into these AI-policed prisons by ending private property ownership (except for the Cult elite). The Cult’s Great Reset now openly foresees a global society in which no one will own any possessions and everything will be rented while the Cult would own literally everything under the guise of government and corporations. The aim has been to use the lockdowns to destroy sources of income on a mass scale and when the people are destitute and in unrepayable amounts of debt (problem) Cult assets come forward with the pledge to write-off debt in return for handing over all property and possessions (solution). Everything – literally everything including people – would be connected to the Internet via AI. I was warning years ago about the coming Internet of Things (IoT) in which all devices and technology from your car to your fridge would be plugged into the Internet and controlled by AI. Now we are already there with much more to come. The next stage is the Internet of Everything (IoE) which is planned to include the connection of AI to the human brain and body to replace the human mind with a centrally-controlled AI mind. Instead of perceptions

being manipulated through control of information and censorship those perceptions would come direct from the Cult through AI. What do you think? You think whatever AI decides that you think. In human terms there would be no individual 'think' any longer. Too incredible? The ravings of a lunatic? Not at all. Cult-owned crazies in Silicon Valley have been telling us the plan for years without explaining the real motivation and calculated implications. These include Google executive and 'futurist' Ray Kurzweil who highlights the year 2030 for when this would be underway. He said:

Our thinking ... will be a hybrid of biological and non-biological thinking ... humans will be able to extend their limitations and 'think in the cloud' ... We're going to put gateways to the cloud in our brains ... We're going to gradually merge and enhance ourselves ... In my view, that's the nature of being human – we transcend our limitations.

As the technology becomes vastly superior to what we are then the small proportion that is still human gets smaller and smaller and smaller until it's just utterly negligible.

The sales-pitch of Kurzweil and Cult-owned Silicon Valley is that this would make us 'super-human' when the real aim is to make us post-human and no longer 'human' in the sense that we have come to know. The entire global population would be connected to AI and become the centrally-controlled 'hive-mind' of externally-delivered perceptions. The Smart Grid being installed to impose the Cult's will on the world is being constructed to allow particular locations – even one location – to control the whole global system. From these prime control centres, which absolutely include China and Israel, anything connected to the Internet would be switched on or off and manipulated at will. Energy systems could be cut, communication via the Internet taken down, computer-controlled driverless autonomous vehicles driven off the road, medical devices switched off, the potential is limitless given how much AI and Internet connections now run human society. We have seen nothing yet if we allow this to continue. Autonomous vehicle makers are working with law enforcement to produce cars designed to automatically pull over if they detect a police or emergency vehicle flashing from up to 100 feet away. At a police stop the car would be unlocked and the

window rolled down automatically. Vehicles would only take you where the computer (the state) allowed. The end of petrol vehicles and speed limiters on all new cars in the UK and EU from 2022 are steps leading to electric computerised transport over which ultimately you have no control. The picture is far bigger even than the Cult global network or web and that will become clear when I get to the nature of the 'spider'. There is a connection between all these happenings and the instigation of DNA-manipulating 'vaccines' (which aren't 'vaccines') justified by the 'Covid' hoax. That connection is the unfolding plan to transform the human body from a biological to a synthetic biological state and this is why synthetic biology is such a fast-emerging discipline of mainstream science. 'Covid vaccines' are infusing self-replicating synthetic genetic material into the cells to cumulatively take us on the Totalitarian Tiptoe from Human 1.0 to the synthetic biological Human 2.0 which will be physically and perceptually attached to the Smart Grid to one hundred percent control every thought, perception and deed. Humanity needs to wake up and *fast*.

This is the barest explanation of where the 'outcome' is planned to go but it's enough to see the journey happening all around us. Those new to this information will already see 'Covid' in a whole new context. I will add much more detail as we go along, but for the minutiae evidence see my mega-works, *The Answer*, *The Trigger* and *Everything You Need to Know But Have Never Been Told*.

Now – how does a Renegade Mind see the 'world'?

CHAPTER TWO

Renegade Perception

It is one thing to be clever and another to be wise

George R.R. Martin

A simple definition of the difference between a programmed mind and a Renegade Mind would be that one sees only dots while the other connects them to see the picture. Reading reality with accuracy requires the observer to (a) know the planned outcome and (b) realise that everything, but *everything*, is connected.

The entirety of infinite reality is connected – that's its very nature – and with human society an expression of infinite reality the same must apply. Simple cause and effect is a connection. The effect is triggered by the cause and the effect then becomes the cause of another effect. Nothing happens in isolation because it *can't*. Life in whatever reality is simple choice and consequence. We make choices and these lead to consequences. If we don't like the consequences we can make different choices and get different consequences which lead to other choices and consequences. The choice and the consequence are not only connected they are indivisible. You can't have one without the other as an old song goes. A few cannot control the world unless those being controlled allow that to happen – cause and effect, choice and consequence. Control – who has it and who doesn't – is a two-way process, a symbiotic relationship, involving the controller and controlled. 'They took my freedom away!!' Well, yes, but you also gave it to them. Humanity is

subjected to mass control because humanity has acquiesced to that control. This is all cause and effect and literally a case of give and take. In the same way world events of every kind are connected and the Cult works incessantly to sell the illusion of the random and coincidental to maintain the essential (to them) perception of dots that hide the picture. Renegade Minds know this and constantly scan the world for patterns of connection. This is absolutely pivotal in understanding the happenings in the world and without that perspective clarity is impossible. First you know the planned outcome and then you identify the steps on the journey – the day-by-day apparently random which, when connected in relation to the outcome, no longer appear as individual events, but as the proverbial *chain* of events leading in the same direction. I'll give you some examples:

Political puppet show

We are told to believe that politics is 'adversarial' in that different parties with different beliefs engage in an endless tussle for power. There may have been some truth in that up to a point – and only a point – but today divisions between 'different' parties are rhetorical not ideological. Even the rhetorical is fusing into one-speak as the parties eject any remaining free thinkers while others succumb to the ever-gathering intimidation of anyone with the 'wrong' opinion. The Cult is not a new phenomenon and can be traced back thousands of years as my books have documented. Its intergenerational initiatives have been manipulating events with increasing effect the more that global power has been centralised. In ancient times the Cult secured control through the system of monarchy in which 'special' bloodlines (of which more later) demanded the right to rule as kings and queens simply by birthright and by vanquishing others who claimed the same birthright. There came a time, however, when people had matured enough to see the unfairness of such tyranny and demanded a say in who governed them. Note the word – *governed* them. Not served them – *governed* them, hence government defined as 'the political direction and control exercised over the

actions of the members, citizens, or inhabitants of communities, societies, and states; direction of the affairs of a state, community, etc.' Governments exercise control over rather than serve just like the monarchies before them. Bizarrely there are still countries like the United Kingdom which are ruled by a monarch *and* a government that officially answers to the monarch. The UK head of state and that of Commonwealth countries such as Canada, Australia and New Zealand is 'selected' by who in a *single family* had unprotected sex with whom and in what order. Pinch me it can't be true. Ouch! Shit, it is. The demise of monarchies in most countries offered a potential vacuum in which some form of free and fair society could arise and the Cult had that base covered. Monarchies had served its interests but they couldn't continue in the face of such widespread opposition and, anyway, replacing a 'royal' dictatorship that people could see with a dictatorship 'of the people' hiding behind the concept of 'democracy' presented far greater manipulative possibilities and ways of hiding coordinated tyranny behind the illusion of 'freedom'.

Democracy is quite wrongly defined as government selected by the population. This is not the case at all. It is government selected by *some* of the population (and then only in theory). This 'some' doesn't even have to be the majority as we have seen so often in first-past-the-post elections in which the so-called majority party wins fewer votes than the 'losing' parties combined. Democracy can give total power to a party in government from a minority of the votes cast. It's a sleight of hand to sell tyranny as freedom. Seventy-four million Trump-supporting Americans didn't vote for the 'Democratic' Party of Joe Biden in the distinctly dodgy election in 2020 and yet far from acknowledging the wishes and feelings of that great percentage of American society the Cult-owned Biden government set out from day one to destroy them and their right to a voice and opinion. Empty shell Biden and his Cult handlers said they were doing this to 'protect democracy'. Such is the level of lunacy and sickness to which politics has descended. Connect the dots and relate them to the desired outcome – a world government run by self-appointed technocrats and no longer even elected

politicians. While operating through its political agents in government the Cult is at the same time encouraging public disdain for politicians by putting idiots and incompetents in theoretical power on the road to deleting them. The idea is to instil a public reaction that says of the technocrats: 'Well, they couldn't do any worse than the pathetic politicians.' It's all about controlling perception and Renegade Minds can see through that while programmed minds cannot when they are ignorant of both the planned outcome and the manipulation techniques employed to secure that end. This knowledge can be learned, however, and fast if people choose to get informed.

Politics may at first sight appear very difficult to control from a central point. I mean look at the 'different' parties and how would you be able to oversee them all and their constituent parts? In truth, it's very straightforward because of their structure. We are back to the pyramid of imposition and acquiescence. Organisations are structured in the same way as the system as a whole. Political parties are not open forums of free expression. They are hierarchies. I was a national spokesman for the British Green Party which claimed to be a different kind of politics in which influence and power was devolved; but I can tell you from direct experience – and it's far worse now – that Green parties are run as hierarchies like all the others however much they may try to hide that fact or kid themselves that it's not true. A very few at the top of all political parties are directing policy and personnel. They decide if you are elevated in the party or serve as a government minister and to do that you have to be a yes man or woman. Look at all the maverick political thinkers who never ascended the greasy pole. If you want to progress within the party or reach 'high-office' you need to fall into line and conform. Exceptions to this are rare indeed. Should you want to run for parliament or Congress you have to persuade the local or state level of the party to select you and for that you need to play the game as dictated by the hierarchy. If you secure election and wish to progress within the greater structure you need to go on conforming to what is acceptable to those running the hierarchy

from the peak of the pyramid. Political parties are perceptual gulags and the very fact that there are party 'Whips' appointed to 'whip' politicians into voting the way the hierarchy demands exposes the ridiculous idea that politicians are elected to serve the people they are supposed to represent. Cult operatives and manipulation has long seized control of major parties that have any chance of forming a government and at least most of those that haven't. A new party forms and the Cult goes to work to infiltrate and direct. This has reached such a level today that you see video compilations of 'leaders' of all parties whether Democrats, Republicans, Conservative, Labour and Green parroting the same Cult mantra of 'Build Back Better' and the 'Great Reset' which are straight off the Cult song-sheet to describe the transformation of global society in response to the Cult-instigated hoaxes of the 'Covid pandemic' and human-caused 'climate change'. To see Caroline Lucas, the Green Party MP that I knew when I was in the party in the 1980s, speaking in support of plans proposed by Cult operative Klaus Schwab representing the billionaire global elite is a real head-shaker.

Many parties – one master

The party system is another mind-trick and was instigated to change the nature of the dictatorship by swapping 'royalty' for dark suits that people believed – though now ever less so – represented their interests. Understanding this trick is to realise that a single force (the Cult) controls all parties either directly in terms of the major ones or through manipulation of perception and ideology with others. You don't need to manipulate Green parties to demand your transformation of society in the name of 'climate change' when they are obsessed with the lie that this is essential to 'save the planet'. You just give them a platform and away they go serving your interests while believing they are being environmentally virtuous. America's political structure is a perfect blueprint for how the two or multi-party system is really a one-party state. The Republican Party is controlled from one step back in the shadows by a group made up of billionaires and their gofers known as neoconservatives or Neocons.

I have exposed them in fine detail in my books and they were the driving force behind the policies of the imbecilic presidency of Boy George Bush which included 9/11 (see *The Trigger* for a comprehensive demolition of the official story), the subsequent 'war on terror' (war of terror) and the invasions of Afghanistan and Iraq. The latter was a No-Problem-Reaction-Solution based on claims by Cult operatives, including Bush and British Prime Minister Tony Blair, about Saddam Hussein's 'weapons of mass destruction' which did not exist as war criminals Bush and Blair well knew.



Figure 6: Different front people, different parties – same control system.

The Democratic Party has its own 'Neocon' group controlling from the background which I call the 'Democons' and here's the penny-drop – the Neocons and Democons answer to the same masters one step further back into the shadows (Fig 6). At that level of the Cult the Republican and Democrat parties are controlled by the same people and no matter which is in power the Cult is in power. This is how it works in almost every country and certainly in Britain with Conservative, Labour, Liberal Democrat and Green parties now all on the same page whatever the rhetoric may be in their feeble attempts to appear different. Neocons operated at the time of Bush through a think tank called The Project for the New American Century which in September, 2000, published a document entitled *Rebuilding America's Defenses: Strategies, Forces, and Resources*

For a New Century demanding that America fight ‘multiple, simultaneous major theatre wars’ as a ‘core mission’ to force regime-change in countries including Iraq, Libya and Syria. Neocons arranged for Bush (‘Republican’) and Blair (‘Labour Party’) to front-up the invasion of Iraq and when they departed the Democons orchestrated the targeting of Libya and Syria through Barack Obama (‘Democrat’) and British Prime Minister David Cameron (‘Conservative Party’). We have ‘different’ parties and ‘different’ people, but the same unfolding script. The more the Cult has seized the reigns of parties and personnel the more their policies have transparently pursued the same agenda to the point where the fascist ‘Covid’ impositions of the Conservative junta of Jackboot Johnson in Britain were opposed by the Labour Party because they were not fascist enough. The Labour Party is likened to the US Democrats while the Conservative Party is akin to a British version of the Republicans and on both sides of the Atlantic they all speak the same language and support the direction demanded by the Cult although some more enthusiastically than others. It’s a similar story in country after country because it’s all centrally controlled. Oh, but what about Trump? I’ll come to him shortly. Political ‘choice’ in the ‘party’ system goes like this: You vote for Party A and they get into government. You don’t like what they do so next time you vote for Party B and they get into government. You don’t like what they do when it’s pretty much the same as Party A and why wouldn’t that be with both controlled by the same force? Given that only two, sometimes three, parties have any chance of forming a government to get rid of Party B that you don’t like you have to vote again for Party A which ... you don’t like. This, ladies and gentlemen, is what they call ‘democracy’ which we are told – wrongly – is a term interchangeable with ‘freedom’.

The cult of cults

At this point I need to introduce a major expression of the Global Cult known as Sabbatian-Frankism. Sabbatian is also spelt as Sabbatean. I will summarise here. I have published major exposés

and detailed background in other works. Sabbatian-Frankism combines the names of two frauds posing as 'Jewish' men, Sabbatai Zevi (1626-1676), a rabbi, black magician and occultist who proclaimed he was the Jewish messiah; and Jacob Frank (1726-1791), the Polish 'Jew', black magician and occultist who said he was the reincarnation of 'messiah' Zevi and biblical patriarch Jacob. They worked across two centuries to establish the Sabbatian-Frankist cult that plays a major, indeed central, role in the manipulation of human society by the Global Cult which has its origins much further back in history than Sabbatai Zevi. I should emphasise two points here in response to the shrill voices that will scream 'anti-Semitism': (1) Sabbatian-Frankists are NOT Jewish and only pose as such to hide their cult behind a Jewish façade; and (2) my information about this cult has come from Jewish sources who have long realised that their society and community has been infiltrated and taken over by interloper Sabbatian-Frankists. Infiltration has been the foundation technique of Sabbatian-Frankism from its official origin in the 17th century. Zevi's Sabbatian sect attracted a massive following described as the biggest messianic movement in Jewish history, spreading as far as Africa and Asia, and he promised a return for the Jews to the 'Promised Land' of Israel. Sabbatianism was not Judaism but an inversion of everything that mainstream Judaism stood for. So much so that this sinister cult would have a feast day when Judaism had a fast day and whatever was forbidden in Judaism the Sabbatians were encouraged and even commanded to do. This included incest and what would be today called Satanism. Members were forbidden to marry outside the sect and there was a system of keeping their children ignorant of what they were part of until they were old enough to be trusted not to unknowingly reveal anything to outsiders. The same system is employed to this day by the Global Cult in general which Sabbatian-Frankism has enormously influenced and now largely controls.

Zevi and his Sabbatians suffered a setback with the intervention by the Sultan of the Islamic Ottoman Empire in the Middle East and what is now the Republic of Turkey where Zevi was located. The

Sultan gave him the choice of proving his 'divinity', converting to Islam or facing torture and death. Funnily enough Zevi chose to convert or at least appear to. Some of his supporters were disillusioned and drifted away, but many did not with 300 families also converting – only in theory – to Islam. They continued behind this Islamic smokescreen to follow the goals, rules and rituals of Sabbatianism and became known as 'crypto-Jews' or the 'Dönme' which means 'to turn'. This is rather ironic because they didn't 'turn' and instead hid behind a fake Islamic persona. The process of appearing to be one thing while being very much another would become the calling card of Sabbatianism especially after Zevi's death and the arrival of the Satanist Jacob Frank in the 18th century when the cult became Sabbatian-Frankism and plumbed still new depths of depravity and infiltration which included – still includes – human sacrifice and sex with children. Wherever Sabbatians go paedophilia and Satanism follow and is it really a surprise that Hollywood is so infested with child abuse and Satanism when it was established by Sabbatian-Frankists and is still controlled by them? Hollywood has been one of the prime vehicles for global perceptual programming and manipulation. How many believe the version of 'history' portrayed in movies when it is a travesty and inversion (again) of the truth? Rabbi Marvin Antelman describes Frankism in his book, *To Eliminate the Opiate*, as 'a movement of complete evil' while Jewish professor Gershom Scholem said of Frank in *The Messianic Idea in Judaism*: 'In all his actions [he was] a truly corrupt and degenerate individual ... one of the most frightening phenomena in the whole of Jewish history.' Frank was excommunicated by traditional rabbis, as was Zevi, but Frank was undeterred and enjoyed vital support from the House of Rothschild, the infamous banking dynasty whose inner-core are Sabbatian-Frankists and not Jews. Infiltration of the Roman Church and Vatican was instigated by Frank with many Dönme 'turning' again to convert to Roman Catholicism with a view to hijacking the reins of power. This was the ever-repeating modus operandi and continues to be so. Pose as an advocate of the religion, culture or country that you want to control and then

manipulate your people into the positions of authority and influence largely as advisers, administrators and Svengalis for those that appear to be in power. They did this with Judaism, Christianity (Christian Zionism is part of this), Islam and other religions and nations until Sabbatian-Frankism spanned the world as it does today.

Sabbatian Saudis and the terror network

One expression of the Sabbatian-Frankist Dönme within Islam is the ruling family of Saudi Arabia, the House of Saud, through which came the vile distortion of Islam known as Wahhabism. This is the violent creed followed by terrorist groups like Al-Qaeda and ISIS or Islamic State. Wahhabism is the hand-chopping, head-chopping 'religion' of Saudi Arabia which is used to keep the people in a constant state of fear so the interloper House of Saud can continue to rule. Al-Qaeda and Islamic State were lavishly funded by the House of Saud while being created and directed by the Sabbatian-Frankist network in the United States that operates through the Pentagon, CIA and the government in general of whichever 'party'. The front man for the establishment of Wahhabism in the middle of the 18th century was a Sabbatian-Frankist 'crypto-Jew' posing as Islamic called Muhammad ibn Abd al-Wahhab. His daughter would marry the son of Muhammad bin Saud who established the first Saudi state before his death in 1765 with support from the British Empire. Bin Saud's successors would establish modern Saudi Arabia in league with the British and Americans in 1932 which allowed them to seize control of Islam's major shrines in Mecca and Medina. They have dictated the direction of Sunni Islam ever since while Iran is the major centre of the Shiite version and here we have the source of at least the public conflict between them. The Sabbatian network has used its Wahhabi extremists to carry out Problem-Reaction-Solution terrorist attacks in the name of 'Al-Qaeda' and 'Islamic State' to justify a devastating 'war on terror', ever-increasing surveillance of the population and to terrify people into compliance. Another insight of the Renegade Mind is the streetwise understanding that

just because a country, location or people are attacked doesn't mean that those apparently representing that country, location or people are not behind the attackers. Often they are *orchestrating* the attacks because of the societal changes that can be then justified in the name of 'saving the population from terrorists'.

I show in great detail in *The Trigger* how Sabbatian-Frankists were the real perpetrators of 9/11 and not '19 Arab hijackers' who were blamed for what happened. Observe what was justified in the name of 9/11 alone in terms of Middle East invasions, mass surveillance and control that fulfilled the demands of the Project for the New American Century document published by the Sabbatian Neocons. What appear to be enemies are on the deep inside players on the same Sabbatian team. Israel and Arab 'royal' dictatorships are all ruled by Sabbatians and the recent peace agreements between Israel and Saudi Arabia, the United Arab Emirates (UAE) and others are only making formal what has always been the case behind the scenes. Palestinians who have been subjected to grotesque tyranny since Israel was bombed and terrorised into existence in 1948 have never stood a chance. Sabbatian-Frankists have controlled Israel (so the constant theme of violence and war which Sabbatians love) and they have controlled the Arab countries that Palestinians have looked to for real support that never comes. 'Royal families' of the Arab world in Saudi Arabia, Bahrain, UAE, etc., are all Sabbatians with allegiance to the aims of the cult and not what is best for their Arabic populations. They have stolen the oil and financial resources from their people by false claims to be 'royal dynasties' with a genetic right to rule and by employing vicious militaries to impose their will.

Satanic 'illumination'

The Satanist Jacob Frank formed an alliance in 1773 with two other Sabbatians, Mayer Amschel Rothschild (1744-1812), founder of the Rothschild banking dynasty, and Jesuit-educated fraudulent Jew, Adam Weishaupt, and this led to the formation of the Bavarian Illuminati, firstly under another name, in 1776. The Illuminati would

be the manipulating force behind the French Revolution (1789-1799) and was also involved in the American Revolution (1775-1783) before and after the Illuminati's official creation. Weishaupt would later become (in public) a Protestant Christian in archetypal Sabbatian style. I read that his name can be decoded as Adam-Weishaupt or 'the first man to lead those who know'. He wasn't a leader in the sense that he was a subordinate, but he did lead those below him in a crusade of transforming human society that still continues today. The theme was confirmed as early as 1785 when a horseman courier called Lanz was reported to be struck by lightning and extensive Illuminati documents were found in his saddlebags. They made the link to Weishaupt and detailed the plan for world takeover. Current events with 'Covid' fascism have been in the making for a very long time. Jacob Frank was jailed for 13 years by the Catholic Inquisition after his arrest in 1760 and on his release he headed for Frankfurt, Germany, home city and headquarters of the House of Rothschild where the alliance was struck with Mayer Amschel Rothschild and Weishaupt. Rothschild arranged for Frank to be given the title of Baron and he became a wealthy nobleman with a big following of Jews in Germany, the Austro-Hungarian Empire and other European countries. Most of them would have believed he was on their side.

The name 'Illuminati' came from the Zohar which is a body of works in the Jewish mystical 'bible' called the Kabbalah. 'Zohar' is the foundation of Sabbatian-Frankist belief and in Hebrew 'Zohar' means 'splendour', 'radiance', 'illuminated', and so we have 'Illuminati'. They claim to be the 'Illuminated Ones' from their knowledge systematically hidden from the human population and passed on through generations of carefully-chosen initiates in the global secret society network or Cult. Hidden knowledge includes an awareness of the Cult agenda for the world and the nature of our collective reality that I will explore later. Cult 'illumination' is symbolised by the torch held by the Statue of Liberty which was gifted to New York by French Freemasons in Paris who knew exactly what it represents. 'Liberty' symbolises the goddess worshipped in

Babylon as Queen Semiramis or Ishtar. The significance of this will become clear. Notice again the ubiquitous theme of inversion with the Statue of 'Liberty' really symbolising mass control (Fig 7). A mirror-image statute stands on an island in the River Seine in Paris from where New York Liberty originated (Fig 8). A large replica of the Liberty flame stands on top of the Pont de l'Alma tunnel in Paris where Princess Diana died in a Cult ritual described in *The Biggest Secret*. Lucifer 'the light bringer' is related to all this (and much more as we'll see) and 'Lucifer' is a central figure in Sabbatian-Frankism and its associated Satanism. Sabbatians reject the Jewish Torah, or Pentateuch, the 'five books of Moses' in the Old Testament known as Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy which are claimed by Judaism and Christianity to have been dictated by 'God' to Moses on Mount Sinai. Sabbatians say these do not apply to them and they seek to replace them with the Zohar to absorb Judaism and its followers into their inversion which is an expression of a much greater global inversion. They want to delete all religions and force humanity to worship a one-world religion – Sabbatian Satanism that also includes worship of the Earth goddess. Satanic themes are being more and more introduced into mainstream society and while Christianity is currently the foremost target for destruction the others are planned to follow.



Figure 7: The Cult goddess of Babylon disguised as the Statue of Liberty holding the flame of Lucifer the 'light bringer'.



Figure 8: Liberty's mirror image in Paris where the New York version originated.

Marx brothers

Rabbi Marvin Antelman connects the Illuminati to the Jacobins in *To Eliminate the Opiate* and Jacobins were the force behind the French Revolution. He links both to the Bund der Gerechten, or League of the Just, which was the network that inflicted communism/Marxism on the world. Antelman wrote:

The original inner circle of the Bund der Gerechten consisted of born Catholics, Protestants and Jews [Sabbatian-Frankist infiltrators], and those representatives of respective subdivisions formulated schemes for the ultimate destruction of their faiths. The heretical Catholics laid plans which they felt would take a century or more for the ultimate destruction of the church; the apostate Jews for the ultimate destruction of the Jewish religion.

Sabbatian-created communism connects into this anti-religion agenda in that communism does not allow for the free practice of religion. The Sabbatian 'Bund' became the International Communist Party and Communist League and in 1848 'Marxism' was born with the Communist Manifesto of Sabbatian assets Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels. It is absolutely no coincidence that Marxism, just a different name for fascist and other centrally-controlled tyrannies, is being imposed worldwide as a result of the 'Covid' hoax and nor that Marxist/fascist China was the place where the hoax originated. The reason for this will become very clear in the chapter 'Covid: The calculated catastrophe'. The so-called 'Woke' mentality has hijacked

traditional beliefs of the political left and replaced them with far-right make-believe 'social justice' better known as Marxism. Woke will, however, be swallowed by its own perceived 'revolution' which is really the work of billionaires and billionaire corporations feigning being 'Woke'. Marxism is being touted by Wokers as a replacement for 'capitalism' when we don't have 'capitalism'. We have cartelism in which the market is stitched up by the very Cult billionaires and corporations bankrolling Woke. Billionaires love Marxism which keeps the people in servitude while they control from the top. Terminally naïve Wokers think they are 'changing the world' when it's the Cult that is doing the changing and when they have played their vital part and become surplus to requirements they, too, will be targeted. The Illuminati-Jacobins were behind the period known as 'The Terror' in the French Revolution in 1793 and 1794 when Jacobin Maximillian de Robespierre and his Orwellian 'Committee of Public Safety' killed 17,000 'enemies of the Revolution' who had once been 'friends of the Revolution'. Karl Marx (1818-1883), whose Sabbatian creed of Marxism has cost the lives of at least 100 million people, is a hero once again to Wokers who have been systematically kept ignorant of real history by their 'education' programming. As a result they now promote a Sabbatian 'Marxist' abomination destined at some point to consume them. Rabbi Antelman, who spent decades researching the Sabbatian plot, said of the League of the Just and Karl Marx:

Contrary to popular opinion Karl Marx did not originate the Communist Manifesto. He was paid for his services by the League of the Just, which was known in its country of origin, Germany, as the Bund der Geächteten.

Antelman said the text attributed to Marx was the work of other people and Marx 'was only repeating what others already said'. Marx was 'a hired hack – lackey of the wealthy Illuminists'. Marx famously said that religion was the 'opium of the people' (part of the Sabbatian plan to demonise religion) and Antelman called his books, *To Eliminate the Opiate*. Marx was born Jewish, but his family converted to Christianity (Sabbatian modus operandi) and he

attacked Jews, not least in his book, *A World Without Jews*. In doing so he supported the Sabbatian plan to destroy traditional Jewishness and Judaism which we are clearly seeing today with the vindictive targeting of orthodox Jews by the Sabbatian government of Israel over 'Covid' laws. I don't follow any religion and it has done much damage to the world over centuries and acted as a perceptual straightjacket. Renegade Minds, however, are always asking *why* something is being done. It doesn't matter if they agree or disagree with what is happening – *why* is it happening is the question. The 'why?' can be answered with regard to religion in that religions create interacting communities of believers when the Cult wants to dismantle all discourse, unity and interaction (see 'Covid' lockdowns) and the ultimate goal is to delete all religions for a one-world religion of Cult Satanism worshipping their 'god' of which more later. We see the same 'why?' with gun control in America. I don't have guns and don't want them, but why is the Cult seeking to disarm the population at the same time that law enforcement agencies are armed to their molars and why has every tyrant in history sought to disarm people before launching the final takeover? They include Hitler, Stalin, Pol Pot and Mao who followed confiscation with violent seizing of power. You know it's a Cult agenda by the people who immediately race to the microphones to exploit dead people in multiple shootings. Ultra-Zionist Cult lackey Senator Chuck Schumer was straight on the case after ten people were killed in Boulder, Colorado in March, 2121. Simple rule ... if Schumer wants it the Cult wants it and the same with his ultra-Zionist mate the wild-eyed Senator Adam Schiff. At the same time they were calling for the disarmament of Americans, many of whom live a long way from a police response, Schumer, Schiff and the rest of these pampered clowns were sitting on Capitol Hill behind a razor-wired security fence protected by thousands of armed troops in addition to their own armed bodyguards. Mom and pop in an isolated home? They're just potential mass shooters.

Zion Mainframe

Sabbatian-Frankists and most importantly the Rothschilds were behind the creation of 'Zionism', a political movement that demanded a Jewish homeland in Israel as promised by Sabbatai Zevi. The very symbol of Israel comes from the German meaning of the name Rothschild. Dynasty founder Mayer Amschel Rothschild changed the family name from Bauer to Rothschild, or 'Red-Shield' in German, in deference to the six-pointed 'Star of David' hexagram displayed on the family's home in Frankfurt. The symbol later appeared on the flag of Israel after the Rothschilds were centrally involved in its creation. Hexagrams are not a uniquely Jewish symbol and are widely used in occult ('hidden') networks often as a symbol for Saturn (see my other books for why). Neither are Zionism and Jewishness interchangeable. Zionism is a political movement and philosophy and not a 'race' or a people. Many Jews oppose Zionism and many non-Jews, including US President Joe Biden, call themselves Zionists as does Israel-centric Donald Trump. America's support for the Israel government is pretty much a gimme with ultra-Zionist billionaires and corporations providing fantastic and dominant funding for both political parties. Former Congresswoman Cynthia McKinney has told how she was approached immediately she ran for office to 'sign the pledge' to Israel and confirm that she would always vote in that country's best interests. All American politicians are approached in this way. Anyone who refuses will get no support or funding from the enormous and all-powerful Zionist lobby that includes organisations like mega-lobby group AIPAC, the American Israel Public Affairs Committee. Trump's biggest funder was ultra-Zionist casino and media billionaire Sheldon Adelson while major funders of the Democratic Party include ultra-Zionist George Soros and ultra-Zionist financial and media mogul, Haim Saban. Some may reel back at the suggestion that Soros is an Israel-firster (Sabbatian-controlled Israel-firster), but Renegade Minds watch the actions not the words and everywhere Soros donates his billions the Sabbatian agenda benefits. In the spirit of Sabbatian inversion Soros pledged \$1 billion for a new university network to promote 'liberal values and tackle intolerance'. He made the announcement during his annual speech

at the Cult-owned World Economic Forum in Davos, Switzerland, in January, 2020, after his 'harsh criticism' of 'authoritarian rulers' around the world. You can only laugh at such brazen mendacity. How *he* doesn't laugh is the mystery. Translated from the Orwellian 'liberal values and tackle intolerance' means teaching non-white people to hate white people and for white people to loathe themselves for being born white. The reason for that will become clear.

The 'Anti-Semitism' fraud

Zionists support the Jewish homeland in the land of Palestine which has been the Sabbatian-Rothschild goal for so long, but not for the benefit of Jews. Sabbatians and their global Anti-Semitism Industry have skewed public and political opinion to equate opposing the violent extremes of Zionism to be a blanket attack and condemnation of all Jewish people. Sabbatians and their global Anti-Semitism Industry have skewed public and political opinion to equate opposing the violent extremes of Zionism to be a blanket attack and condemnation of all Jewish people. This is nothing more than a Sabbatian protection racket to stop legitimate investigation and exposure of their agendas and activities. The official definition of 'anti-Semitism' has more recently been expanded to include criticism of Zionism – a *political movement* – and this was done to further stop exposure of Sabbatian infiltrators who created Zionism as we know it today in the 19th century. Renegade Minds will talk about these subjects when they know the shit that will come their way. People must decide if they want to know the truth or just cower in the corner in fear of what others will say. Sabbatians have been trying to label me as 'anti-Semitic' since the 1990s as I have uncovered more and more about their background and agendas. Useless, gutless, fraudulent 'journalists' then just repeat the smears without question and on the day I was writing this section a pair of unquestioning repeaters called Ben Quinn and Archie Bland (how appropriate) outright called me an 'anti-Semite' in the establishment propaganda sheet, the London *Guardian*, with no supporting evidence. The

Sabbatian Anti-Semitism Industry said so and who are they to question that? They wouldn't dare. Ironically 'Semitic' refers to a group of languages in the Middle East that are almost entirely Arabic. 'Anti-Semitism' becomes 'anti-Arab' which if the consequences of this misunderstanding were not so grave would be hilarious. Don't bother telling Quinn and Bland. I don't want to confuse them, bless 'em. One reason I am dubbed 'anti-Semitic' is that I wrote in the 1990s that Jewish operatives (Sabbatians) were heavily involved in the Russian Revolution when Sabbatians overthrew the Romanov dynasty. This apparently made me 'anti-Semitic'. Oh, really? Here is a section from *The Trigger*:

British journalist Robert Wilton confirmed these themes in his 1920 book *The Last Days of the Romanovs* when he studied official documents from the Russian government to identify the members of the Bolshevik ruling elite between 1917 and 1919. The Central Committee included 41 Jews among 62 members; the Council of the People's Commissars had 17 Jews out of 22 members; and 458 of the 556 most important Bolshevik positions between 1918 and 1919 were occupied by Jewish people. Only 17 were Russian. Then there were the 23 Jews among the 36 members of the vicious Cheka Soviet secret police established in 1917 who would soon appear all across the country.

Professor Robert Service of Oxford University, an expert on 20th century Russian history, found evidence that ['Jewish'] Leon Trotsky had sought to make sure that Jews were enrolled in the Red Army and were disproportionately represented in the Soviet civil bureaucracy that included the Cheka which performed mass arrests, imprisonment and executions of 'enemies of the people'. A US State Department Decimal File (861.00/5339) dated November 13th, 1918, names [Rothschild banking agent in America] Jacob Schiff and a list of ultra-Zionists as funders of the Russian Revolution leading to claims of a 'Jewish plot', but the key point missed by all is they were not 'Jews' – they were Sabbatian-Frankists.

Britain's Winston Churchill made the same error by mistake or otherwise. He wrote in a 1920 edition of the *Illustrated Sunday Herald* that those behind the Russian revolution were part of a 'worldwide conspiracy for the overthrow of civilisation and for the reconstitution of society on the basis of arrested development, of envious malevolence, and impossible equality' (see 'Woke' today because that has been created by the same network). Churchill said there was no need to exaggerate the part played in the creation of Bolshevism and in the actual bringing about of the Russian

Revolution 'by these international and for the most part atheistical Jews' ['atheistical Jews' = Sabbatians]. Churchill said it is certainly a very great one and probably outweighs all others: 'With the notable exception of Lenin, the majority of the leading figures are Jews.' He went on to describe, knowingly or not, the Sabbatian modus operandi of placing puppet leaders nominally in power while they control from the background:

Moreover, the principal inspiration and driving power comes from the Jewish leaders. Thus Tchitcherin, a pure Russian, is eclipsed by his nominal subordinate, Litvinoff, and the influence of Russians like Bukharin or Lunacharski cannot be compared with the power of Trotsky, or of Zinovieff, the Dictator of the Red Citadel (Petrograd), or of Krassin or Radek – all Jews. In the Soviet institutions the predominance of Jews is even more astonishing. And the prominent, if not indeed the principal, part in the system of terrorism applied by the Extraordinary Commissions for Combatting Counter-Revolution has been taken by Jews, and in some notable cases by Jewesses.

What I said about seriously disproportionate involvement in the Russian Revolution by Jewish 'revolutionaries' (Sabbatians) is provable fact, but truth is no defence against the Sabbatian Anti-Semitism Industry, its repeater parrots like Quinn and Bland, and the now breathtaking network of so-called 'Woke' 'anti-hate' groups with interlocking leaderships and funding which have the role of discrediting and silencing anyone who gets too close to exposing the Sabbatians. We have seen 'truth is no defence' confirmed in legal judgements with the Saskatchewan Human Rights Commission in Canada decreeing this: 'Truthful statements can be presented in a manner that would meet the definition of hate speech, and not all truthful statements must be free from restriction.' Most 'anti-hate' activists, who are themselves consumed by hatred, are too stupid and ignorant of the world to know how they are being used. They are far too far up their own virtue-signalling arses and it's far too dark for them to see anything.

The 'revolution' game

The background and methods of the 'Russian' Revolution are straight from the Sabbatian playbook seen in the French Revolution

and endless others around the world that appear to start as a revolution of the people against tyrannical rule and end up with a regime change to more tyrannical rule overtly or covertly. Wars, terror attacks and regime overthrows follow the Sabbatian cult through history with its agents creating them as Problem-Reaction-Solutions to remove opposition on the road to world domination. Sabbatian dots connect the Rothschilds with the Illuminati, Jacobins of the French Revolution, the 'Bund' or League of the Just, the International Communist Party, Communist League and the Communist Manifesto of Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels that would lead to the Rothschild-funded Russian Revolution. The sequence comes under the heading of 'creative destruction' when you advance to your global goal by continually destroying the status quo to install a new status quo which you then also destroy. The two world wars come to mind. With each new status quo you move closer to your planned outcome. Wars and mass murder are to Sabbatians a collective blood sacrifice ritual. They are obsessed with death for many reasons and one is that death is an inversion of life. Satanists and Sabbatians are obsessed with death and often target churches and churchyards for their rituals. Inversion-obsessed Sabbatians explain the use of inverted symbolism including the *inverted* pentagram and *inverted* cross. The inversion of the cross has been related to targeting Christianity, but the cross was a religious symbol long before Christianity and its inversion is a statement about the Sabbatian mentality and goals more than any single religion.

Sabbatians operating in Germany were behind the rise of the occult-obsessed Nazis and the subsequent Jewish exodus from Germany and Europe to Palestine and the United States after World War Two. The Rothschild dynasty was at the forefront of this both as political manipulators and by funding the operation. Why would Sabbatians help to orchestrate the horrors inflicted on Jews by the Nazis and by Stalin after they organised the Russian Revolution? Sabbatians hate Jews and their religion, that's why. They pose as Jews and secure positions of control within Jewish society and play the 'anti-Semitism' card to protect themselves from exposure

through a global network of organisations answering to the Sabbatian-created-and-controlled globe-spanning intelligence network that involves a stunning web of military-intelligence operatives and operations for a tiny country of just nine million. Among them are Jewish assets who are not Sabbatians but have been convinced by them that what they are doing is for the good of Israel and the Jewish community to protect them from what they have been programmed since childhood to believe is a Jew-hating hostile world. The Jewish community is just a highly convenient cover to hide the true nature of Sabbatians. Anyone getting close to exposing their game is accused by Sabbatian place-people and gofers of 'anti-Semitism' and claiming that all Jews are part of a plot to take over the world. I am not saying that. I am saying that Sabbatians – the *real* Jew-haters – have infiltrated the Jewish community to use them both as a cover and an 'anti-Semitic' defence against exposure. Thus we have the Anti-Semitism Industry targeted researchers in this way and most Jewish people think this is justified and genuine. They don't know that their 'Jewish' leaders and institutions of state, intelligence and military are not controlled by Jews at all, but cultists and stooges of Sabbatian-Frankism. I once added my name to a pro-Jewish freedom petition online and the next time I looked my name was gone and text had been added to the petition blurb to attack me as an 'anti-Semite' such is the scale of perceptual programming.

Moving on America

I tell the story in *The Trigger* and a chapter called 'Atlantic Crossing' how particularly after Israel was established the Sabbatians moved in on the United States and eventually grasped control of government administration, the political system via both Democrats and Republicans, the intelligence community like the CIA and National Security Agency (NSA), the Pentagon and mass media. Through this seriously compartmentalised network Sabbatians and their operatives in Mossad, Israeli Defense Forces (IDF) and US agencies pulled off 9/11 and blamed it on 19 'Al-Qaeda hijackers' dominated by men from, or connected to, Sabbatian-ruled Saudi

Arabia. The '19' were not even on the planes let alone flew those big passenger jets into buildings while being largely incompetent at piloting one-engine light aircraft. 'Hijacker' Hani Hanjour who is said to have flown American Airlines Flight 77 into the Pentagon with a turn and manoeuvre most professional pilots said they would have struggled to do was banned from renting a small plane by instructors at the Freeway Airport in Bowie, Maryland, just *six weeks* earlier on the grounds that he was an incompetent pilot. The Jewish population of the world is just 0.2 percent with even that almost entirely concentrated in Israel (75 percent Jewish) and the United States (around two percent). This two percent and globally 0.2 percent refers to *Jewish* people and not Sabbatian interlopers who are a fraction of that fraction. What a sobering thought when you think of the fantastic influence on world affairs of tiny Israel and that the Project for the New America Century (PNAC) which laid out the blueprint in September, 2000, for America's war on terror and regime change wars in Iraq, Libya and Syria was founded and dominated by Sabbatians known as 'Neocons'. The document conceded that this plan would not be supported politically or publicly without a major attack on American soil and a Problem-Reaction-Solution excuse to send troops to war across the Middle East. Sabbatian Neocons said:

... [The] process of transformation ... [war and regime change] ... is likely to be a long one, absent some catastrophic and catalysing event – like a new Pearl Harbor.

Four months later many of those who produced that document came to power with their inane puppet George Bush from the long-time Sabbatian Bush family. They included Sabbatian Dick Cheney who was officially vice-president, but really de-facto president for the entirety of the 'Bush' government. Nine months after the 'Bush' inauguration came what Bush called at the time 'the Pearl Harbor of the 21st century' and with typical Sabbatian timing and symbolism 2001 was the 60th anniversary of the attack in 1941 by the Japanese Air Force on Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, which allowed President Franklin Delano Roosevelt to take the United States into a Sabbatian-

instigated Second World War that he said in his election campaign that he never would. The evidence is overwhelming that Roosevelt and his military and intelligence networks knew the attack was coming and did nothing to stop it, but they did make sure that America's most essential naval ships were not in Hawaii at the time. Three thousand Americans died in the Pearl Harbor attacks as they did on September 11th. By the 9/11 year of 2001 Sabbatians had widely infiltrated the US government, military and intelligence operations and used their compartmentalised assets to pull off the 'Al-Qaeda' attacks. If you read *The Trigger* it will blow your mind to see the utterly staggering concentration of 'Jewish' operatives (Sabbatian infiltrators) in essential positions of political, security, legal, law enforcement, financial and business power before, during, and after the attacks to make them happen, carry them out, and then cover their tracks – and I do mean *staggering* when you think of that 0.2 percent of the world population and two percent of Americans which are Jewish while Sabbatian infiltrators are a fraction of that. A central foundation of the 9/11 conspiracy was the hijacking of government, military, Air Force and intelligence computer systems in real time through 'back-door' access made possible by Israeli (Sabbatian) 'cyber security' software. Sabbatian-controlled Israel is on the way to rivalling Silicon Valley for domination of cyberspace and is becoming the dominant force in cyber-security which gives them access to entire computer systems and their passcodes across the world. Then add to this that Zionists head (officially) Silicon Valley giants like Google (Larry Page and Sergey Brin), Google-owned YouTube (Susan Wojcicki), Facebook (Mark Zuckerberg and Sheryl Sandberg), and Apple (Chairman Arthur D. Levinson), and that ultra-Zionist hedge fund billionaire Paul Singer has a \$1 billion stake in Twitter which is only nominally headed by 'CEO' pothead Jack Dorsey. As cable news host Tucker Carlson said of Dorsey: 'There used to be debate in the medical community whether dropping a ton of acid had permanent effects and I think that debate has now ended.' Carlson made the comment after Dorsey told a hearing on Capitol Hill (if you cut through his bullshit) that he

believed in free speech so long as he got to decide what you can hear and see. These 'big names' of Silicon Valley are only front men and women for the Global Cult, not least the Sabbatians, who are the true controllers of these corporations. Does anyone still wonder why these same people and companies have been ferociously censoring and banning people (like me) for exposing any aspect of the Cult agenda and especially the truth about the 'Covid' hoax which Sabbatians have orchestrated?

The Jeffrey Epstein paedophile ring was a Sabbatian operation. He was officially 'Jewish' but he was a Sabbatian and women abused by the ring have told me about the high number of 'Jewish' people involved. The Epstein horror has Sabbatian written all over it and matches perfectly their modus operandi and obsession with sex and ritual. Epstein was running a Sabbatian blackmail ring in which famous people with political and other influence were provided with young girls for sex while everything was being filmed and recorded on hidden cameras and microphones at his New York house, Caribbean island and other properties. Epstein survivors have described this surveillance system to me and some have gone public. Once the famous politician or other figure knew he or she was on video they tended to do whatever they were told. Here we go again ...when you've got them by the balls their hearts and minds will follow. Sabbatians use this blackmail technique on a wide scale across the world to entrap politicians and others they need to act as demanded. Epstein's private plane, the infamous 'Lolita Express', had many well-known passengers including Bill Clinton while Bill Gates has flown on an Epstein plane and met with him four years after Epstein had been jailed for paedophilia. They subsequently met many times at Epstein's home in New York according to a witness who was there. Epstein's infamous side-kick was Ghislaine Maxwell, daughter of Mossad agent and ultra-Zionist mega-crooked British businessman, Bob Maxwell, who at one time owned the *Daily Mirror* newspaper. Maxwell was murdered at sea on his boat in 1991 by Sabbatian-controlled Mossad when he became a liability with his

business empire collapsing as a former Mossad operative has confirmed (see *The Trigger*).

Money, money, money, funny money ...

Before I come to the Sabbatian connection with the last three US presidents I will lay out the crucial importance to Sabbatians of controlling banking and finance. Sabbatian Mayer Amschel Rothschild set out to dominate this arena in his family's quest for total global control. What is freedom? It is, in effect, choice. The more choices you have the freer you are and the fewer your choices the more you are enslaved. In the global structure created over centuries by Sabbatians the biggest decider and restrictor of choice is ... money. Across the world if you ask people what they would like to do with their lives and why they are not doing that they will reply 'I don't have the money'. This is the idea. A global elite of multi-billionaires are described as 'greedy' and that is true on one level; but control of money – who has it and who doesn't – is not primarily about greed. It's about control. Sabbatians have seized ever more control of finance and sucked the wealth of the world out of the hands of the population. We talk now, after all, about the 'One-percent' and even then the wealthiest are a lot fewer even than that. This has been made possible by a money scam so outrageous and so vast it could rightly be called the scam of scams founded on creating 'money' out of nothing and 'loaning' that with interest to the population. Money out of nothing is called 'credit'. Sabbatians have asserted control over governments and banking ever more completely through the centuries and secured financial laws that allow banks to lend hugely more than they have on deposit in a confidence trick known as fractional reserve lending. Imagine if you could lend money that doesn't exist and charge the recipient interest for doing so. You would end up in jail. Bankers by contrast end up in mansions, private jets, Malibu and Monaco.

Banks are only required to keep a fraction of their deposits and wealth in their vaults and they are allowed to lend 'money' they don't have called 'credit'. Go into a bank for a loan and if you succeed

the banker will not move any real wealth into your account. They will type into your account the amount of the agreed 'loan' – say £100,000. This is not wealth that really exists; it is non-existent, fresh-air, created-out-of-nothing 'credit' which has never, does not, and will never exist except in theory. Credit is backed by nothing except wind and only has buying power because people think that it has buying power and accept it in return for property, goods and services. I have described this situation as like those cartoon characters you see chasing each other and when they run over the edge of a cliff they keep running forward on fresh air until one of them looks down, realises what's happened, and they all crash into the ravine. The whole foundation of the Sabbatian financial system is to stop people looking down except for periodic moments when they want to crash the system (as in 2008 and 2020 ongoing) and reap the rewards from all the property, businesses and wealth their borrowers had signed over as 'collateral' in return for a 'loan' of fresh air. Most people think that money is somehow created by governments when it comes into existence from the start as a debt through banks 'lending' illusory money called credit. Yes, the very currency of exchange is a *debt* from day one issued as an interest-bearing loan. Why don't governments create money interest-free and lend it to their people interest-free? Governments are controlled by Sabbatians and the financial system is controlled by Sabbatians for whom interest-free money would be a nightmare come true. Sabbatians underpin their financial domination through their global network of central banks, including the privately-owned US Federal Reserve and Britain's Bank of England, and this is orchestrated by a privately-owned central bank coordination body called the Bank for International Settlements in Basle, Switzerland, created by the usual suspects including the Rockefellers and Rothschilds. Central bank chiefs don't answer to governments or the people. They answer to the Bank for International Settlements or, in other words, the Global Cult which is dominated today by Sabbatians.

Built-in disaster

There are so many constituent scams within the overall banking scam. When you take out a loan of thin-air credit only the amount of that loan is theoretically brought into circulation to add to the amount in circulation; but you are paying back the principle plus interest. The additional interest is not created and this means that with every 'loan' there is a shortfall in the money in circulation between what is borrowed and what has to be paid back. There is never even close to enough money in circulation to repay all outstanding public and private debt including interest. Coldly weaved in the very fabric of the system is the certainty that some will lose their homes, businesses and possessions to the banking 'lender'. This is less obvious in times of 'boom' when the amount of money in circulation (and the debt) is expanding through more people wanting and getting loans. When a downturn comes and the money supply contracts it becomes painfully obvious that there is not enough money to service all debt and interest. This is less obvious in times of 'boom' when the amount of money in circulation (and the debt) is expanding through more people wanting and getting loans. When a downturn comes and the money supply contracts and it becomes painfully obvious – as in 2008 and currently – that there is not enough money to service all debt and interest. Sabbatian banksters have been leading the human population through a calculated series of booms (more debt incurred) and busts (when the debt can't be repaid and the banks get the debtor's tangible wealth in exchange for non-existent 'credit'). With each 'bust' Sabbatian bankers have absorbed more of the world's tangible wealth and we end up with the One-percent. Governments are in bankruptcy levels of debt to the same system and are therefore owned by a system they do not control. The Federal Reserve, 'America's central bank', is privately-owned and American presidents only nominally appoint its chairman or woman to maintain the illusion that it's an arm of government. It's not. The 'Fed' is a cartel of private banks which handed billions to its associates and friends after the crash of 2008 and has been Sabbatian-controlled since it was manipulated into being in 1913 through the covert trickery of Rothschild banking agents Jacob Schiff and Paul

Warburg, and the Sabbatian Rockefeller family. Somehow from a Jewish population of two-percent and globally 0.2 percent (Sabbatian interlopers remember are far smaller) ultra-Zionists headed the Federal Reserve for 31 years between 1987 and 2018 in the form of Alan Greenspan, Bernard Bernanke and Janet Yellen (now Biden's Treasury Secretary) with Yellen's deputy chairman a Israeli-American dual citizen and ultra-Zionist Stanley Fischer, a former governor of the Bank of Israel. Ultra-Zionist Fed chiefs spanned the presidencies of Ronald Reagan ('Republican'), Father George Bush ('Republican'), Bill Clinton ('Democrat'), Boy George Bush ('Republican') and Barack Obama ('Democrat'). We should really add the pre-Greenspan chairman, Paul Adolph Volcker, 'appointed' by Jimmy Carter ('Democrat') who ran the Fed between 1979 and 1987 during the Carter and Reagan administrations before Greenspan took over. Volcker was a long-time associate and business partner of the Rothschilds. No matter what the 'party' officially in power the United States economy was directed by the same force. Here are members of the Obama, Trump and Biden administrations and see if you can make out a common theme.

Barack Obama ('Democrat')

Ultra-Zionists Robert Rubin, Larry Summers, and Timothy Geithner ran the US Treasury in the Clinton administration and two of them reappeared with Obama. Ultra-Zionist Fed chairman Alan Greenspan had manipulated the crash of 2008 through deregulation and jumped ship just before the disaster to make way for ultra-Zionist Bernard Bernanke to hand out trillions to Sabbatian 'too big to fail' banks and businesses, including the ubiquitous ultra-Zionist Goldman Sachs which has an ongoing 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. Kaufman is not only a forensic psychiatrist; he is forensic in all that he does. He always reads original scientific papers, experiments and studies instead of second-third-fourth-hand reports about the 'virus' in the media which are repeating the repeated repetition of the narrative. When he did so with the original Chinese 'virus' papers Kaufman

realised that there was no evidence of a 'SARS-Cov-2'. They had never – from the start – shown it to exist and every repeat of this claim worldwide was based on the accepted existence of proof that was nowhere to be found – see Kary Mullis and HIV. Here we go again.

Let's postulate

Kaufman discovered that the Chinese authorities immediately concluded that the cause of an illness that broke out among about 200 initial patients in Wuhan was a 'new virus' when there were no grounds to make that conclusion. The alleged 'virus' was not isolated from other genetic material in their samples and then shown through a system known as Koch's postulates to be the causative agent of the illness. The world was told that the SARS-Cov-2 'virus' caused a disease they called 'Covid-19' which had 'flu-like' symptoms and could lead to respiratory problems and pneumonia. If it wasn't so tragic it would almost be funny. *'Flu-like' symptoms? Pneumonia? Respiratory disease?* What in CHINA and particularly in Wuhan, one of the most polluted cities in the world with a resulting epidemic of respiratory disease?? Three hundred thousand people get pneumonia in China every year and there are nearly a billion cases worldwide of 'flu-like symptoms'. These have a whole range of causes – including pollution in Wuhan – but no other possibility was credibly considered in late 2019 when the world was told there was a new and deadly 'virus'. The global prevalence of pneumonia and 'flu-like systems' gave the Cult networks unlimited potential to re-diagnose these other causes as the mythical 'Covid-19' and that is what they did from the very start. Kaufman revealed how Chinese medical and science authorities (all subordinates to the Cult-owned communist government) took genetic material from the lungs of only a few of the first patients. The material contained their own cells, bacteria, fungi and other microorganisms living in their bodies. The only way you could prove the existence of the 'virus' and its responsibility for the alleged 'Covid-19' was to isolate the virus from all the other material – a process also known as 'purification' – and

then follow the postulates sequence developed in the late 19th century by German physician and bacteriologist Robert Koch which became the 'gold standard' for connecting an alleged causation agent to a disease:

1. The microorganism (bacteria, fungus, virus, etc.) must be present in every case of the disease and all patients must have the same symptoms. It must also *not be present in healthy individuals*.
2. The microorganism must be isolated from the host with the disease. If the microorganism is a bacteria or fungus it must be grown in a pure culture. If it is a virus, it must be purified (i.e. containing no other material except the virus particles) from a clinical sample.
3. The specific disease, with all of its characteristics, must be reproduced when the infectious agent (the purified virus or a pure culture of bacteria or fungi) is inoculated into a healthy, susceptible host.
4. The microorganism must be recoverable from the experimentally infected host as in step 2.

Not one of these criteria has been met in the case of 'SARS-Cov-2' and 'Covid-19'. Not ONE. EVER. Robert Koch refers to bacteria and not viruses. What are called 'viral particles' are so minute (hence masks are useless by any definition) that they could only be seen after the invention of the electron microscope in the 1930s and can still only be observed through that means. American bacteriologist and virologist Thomas Milton Rivers, the so-called 'Father of Modern Virology' who was very significantly director of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in the 1930s, developed a less stringent version of Koch's postulates to identify 'virus' causation known as 'Rivers criteria'. 'Covid' did not pass that process either. Some even doubt whether any 'virus' can be isolated from other particles containing genetic material in the Koch method. Freedom of Information requests in many countries asking for scientific proof that the 'Covid virus' has been purified and isolated and shown to exist have all come back with a 'we don't have that' and when this happened with a request to the UK Department of Health they added this comment:

However, outside of the scope of the [Freedom of Information Act] and on a discretionary basis, the following information has been advised to us, which may be of interest. Most infectious diseases are caused by viruses, bacteria or fungi. Some bacteria or fungi have the capacity to grow on their own in isolation, for example in colonies on a petri dish. Viruses are different in that they are what we call 'obligate pathogens' – that is, they cannot survive or reproduce without infecting a host ...

... For some diseases, it is possible to establish causation between a microorganism and a disease by isolating the pathogen from a patient, growing it in pure culture and reintroducing it to a healthy organism. These are known as 'Koch's postulates' and were developed in 1882. However, as our understanding of disease and different disease-causing agents has advanced, these are no longer the method for determining causation [Andrew Kaufman asks why in that case are there two published articles falsely claiming to satisfy Koch's postulates].

It has long been known that viral diseases cannot be identified in this way as viruses cannot be grown in 'pure culture'. When a patient is tested for a viral illness, this is normally done by looking for the presence of antigens, or viral genetic code in a host with molecular biology techniques [Kaufman asks how you could know the origin of these chemicals without having a pure culture for comparison].

For the record 'antigens' are defined so:

Invading microorganisms have antigens on their surface that the human body can recognise as being foreign – meaning not belonging to it. When the body recognises a foreign antigen, lymphocytes (white blood cells) produce antibodies, which are complementary in shape to the antigen.

Notwithstanding that this is open to question in relation to 'SARS-Cov-2' the presence of 'antibodies' can have many causes and they are found in people that are perfectly well. Kary Mullis said: 'Antibodies ... had always been considered evidence of past disease, not present disease.'

'Covid' really is a *computer* 'virus'

Where the UK Department of Health statement says 'viruses' are now 'diagnosed' through a 'viral genetic code in a host with molecular biology techniques', they mean ... *the PCR test* which its inventor said cannot test for infectious disease. They have no credible method of connecting a 'virus' to a disease and we will see that there is no scientific proof that any 'virus' causes any disease or there is any such thing as a 'virus' in the way that it is described. Tenacious Canadian researcher Christine Massey and her team made

some 40 Freedom of Information requests to national public health agencies in different countries asking for proof that SARS-CoV-2 has been isolated and not one of them could supply that information. Massey said of her request in Canada: 'Freedom of Information reveals Public Health Agency of Canada has no record of 'SARS-COV-2' isolation performed by anyone, anywhere, ever.' If you accept the comment from the UK Department of Health it's because they can't isolate a 'virus'. Even so many 'science' papers claimed to have isolated the 'Covid virus' until they were questioned and had to admit they hadn't. A reply from the Robert Koch Institute in Germany was typical: 'I am not aware of a paper which purified isolated SARS-CoV-2.' So what the hell was Christian Drosten and his gang using to design the 'Covid' testing protocol that has produced all the illusory Covid' cases and 'Covid' deaths when the head of the Chinese version of the CDC admitted there was a problem right from the start in that the 'virus' had never been isolated/purified? Breathe deeply: What they are calling 'Covid' is actually created by a *computer program* i.e. *they made it up* – er, that's it. They took lung fluid, with many sources of genetic material, from one single person alleged to be infected with Covid-19 by a PCR test which they *claimed*, without clear evidence, contained a 'virus'. They used several computer programs to create a model of a theoretical virus genome sequence from more than fifty-six million small sequences of RNA, each of an unknown source, assembling them like a puzzle with no known solution. The computer filled in the gaps with sequences from bits in the gene bank to make it look like a bat SARS-like coronavirus! A wave of the magic wand and poof, an *in silico* (computer-generated) genome, a scientific fantasy, was created. UK health researcher Dr Kevin Corbett made the same point with this analogy:

... It's like giving you a few bones and saying that's your fish. It could be any fish. Not even a skeleton. Here's a few fragments of bones. That's your fish ... It's all from gene bank and the bits of the virus sequence that weren't there they made up.

They synthetically created them to fill in the blanks. That's what genetics is; it's a code. So it's ABBCCDDDD and you're missing some what you think is EEE so you put it in. It's all

synthetic. You just manufacture the bits that are missing. This is the end result of the geneticization of virology. This is basically a computer virus.

Further confirmation came in an email exchange between British citizen journalist Frances Leader and the government's Medicines & Healthcare Products Regulatory Agency (the Gates-funded MHRA) which gave emergency permission for untested 'Covid vaccines' to be used. The agency admitted that the 'vaccine' is not based on an isolated 'virus', but comes from a *computer-generated model*. Frances Leader was naturally banned from Cult-owned fascist Twitter for making this exchange public. The process of creating computer-generated alleged 'viruses' is called 'in silico' or 'in silicon' – computer chips – and the term 'in silico' is believed to originate with biological experiments using only a computer in 1989. 'Vaccines' involved with 'Covid' are also produced 'in silico' or by computer not a natural process. If the original 'virus' is nothing more than a made-up computer model how can there be 'new variants' of something that never existed in the first place? They are not new 'variants'; they are new *computer models* only minutely different to the original program and designed to further terrify the population into having the 'vaccine' and submitting to fascism. You want a 'new variant'? Click, click, enter – there you go. Tell the medical profession that you have discovered a 'South African variant', 'UK variants' or a 'Brazilian variant' and in the usual HIV-causes-AIDS manner they will unquestioningly repeat it with no evidence whatsoever to support these claims. They will go on television and warn about the dangers of 'new variants' while doing nothing more than repeating what they have been told to be true and knowing that any deviation from that would be career suicide. Big-time insiders will know it's a hoax, but much of the medical community is clueless about the way they are being played and themselves play the public without even being aware they are doing so. What an interesting 'coincidence' that AstraZeneca and Oxford University were conducting 'Covid vaccine trials' in the three countries – the UK, South Africa and Brazil – where the first three 'variants' were claimed to have 'broken out'.

Here's your 'virus' – it's a unicorn

Dr Andrew Kaufman presented a brilliant analysis describing how the 'virus' was imagined into fake existence when he dissected an article published by *Nature* and written by 19 authors detailing *alleged* 'sequencing of a complete viral genome' of the 'new SARS-CoV-2 virus'. This computer-modelled *in silico* genome was used as a template for all subsequent genome sequencing experiments that resulted in the so-called variants which he said now number more than 6,000. The fake genome was constructed from more than 56 million individual short strands of RNA. Those little pieces were assembled into longer pieces by finding areas of overlapping sequences. The computer programs created over two million possible combinations from which the authors simply chose the longest one. They then compared this to a 'bat virus' and the computer 'alignment' rearranged the sequence and filled in the gaps! They called this computer-generated abomination the 'complete genome'. Dr Tom Cowan, a fellow medical author and collaborator with Kaufman, said such computer-generation constitutes scientific fraud and he makes this superb analogy:

Here is an equivalency: A group of researchers claim to have found a unicorn because they found a piece of a hoof, a hair from a tail, and a snippet of a horn. They then add that information into a computer and program it to re-create the unicorn, and they then claim this computer re-creation is the real unicorn. Of course, they had never actually seen a unicorn so could not possibly have examined its genetic makeup to compare their samples with the actual unicorn's hair, hooves and horn.

The researchers claim they decided which is the real genome of SARS-CoV-2 by 'consensus', sort of like a vote. Again, different computer programs will come up with different versions of the imaginary 'unicorn', so they come together as a group and decide which is the real imaginary unicorn.

This is how the 'virus' that has transformed the world was brought into fraudulent 'existence'. Extraordinary, yes, but as the Nazis said the bigger the lie the more will believe it. Cowan, however, wasn't finished and he went on to identify what he called the real blockbuster in the paper. He quotes this section from a paper written

by virologists and published by the CDC and then explains what it means:

Therefore, we examined the capacity of SARS-CoV-2 to infect and replicate in several common primate and human cell lines, including human adenocarcinoma cells (A549), human liver cells (HUH 7.0), and human embryonic kidney cells (HEK-293T). In addition to Vero E6 and Vero CCL81 cells. ... Each cell line was inoculated at high multiplicity of infection and examined 24h post-infection.

No CPE was observed in any of the cell lines except in Vero cells, which grew to greater than 10 to the 7th power at 24 h post-infection. In contrast, HUH 7.0 and 293T showed only modest viral replication, and A549 cells were incompatible with SARS CoV-2 infection.

Cowan explains that when virologists attempt to prove infection they have three possible 'hosts' or models on which they can test. The first was humans. Exposure to humans was generally not done for ethical reasons and has never been done with SARS-CoV-2 or any coronavirus. The second possible host was animals. Cowan said that forgetting for a moment that they never actually use purified virus when exposing animals they do use solutions that they *claim* contain the virus. Exposure to animals has been done with SARS-CoV-2 in an experiment involving mice and this is what they found: *None of the wild (normal) mice got sick*. In a group of genetically-modified mice, a statistically insignificant number lost weight and had slightly bristled fur, but they experienced nothing like the illness called 'Covid-19'. Cowan said the third method – the one they mostly rely on – is to inoculate solutions they *say* contain the virus onto a variety of tissue cultures. This process had never been shown to kill tissue *unless* the sample material was starved of nutrients and poisoned as *part of the process*. Yes, incredibly, in tissue experiments designed to show the 'virus' is responsible for killing the tissue they starve the tissue of nutrients and add toxic drugs including antibiotics and they do not have control studies to see if it's the starvation and poisoning that is degrading the tissue rather than the 'virus' they allege to be in there somewhere. You want me to pinch you? Yep, I understand. Tom Cowan said this about the whole nonsensical farce as he explains what that quote from the CDC paper really means:

The shocking thing about the above quote is that using their own methods, the virologists found that solutions containing SARS-CoV-2 – even in high amounts – were NOT, I repeat NOT, infective to any of the three human tissue cultures they tested. In plain English, this means they proved, on their terms, that this ‘new coronavirus’ is not infectious to human beings. It is ONLY infective to monkey kidney cells, and only then when you add two potent drugs (gentamicin and amphotericin), known to be toxic to kidneys, to the mix.

My friends, read this again and again. These virologists, published by the CDC, performed a clear proof, on their terms, showing that the SARS-CoV-2 virus is harmless to human beings. That is the only possible conclusion, but, unfortunately, this result is not even mentioned in their conclusion. They simply say they can provide virus stocks cultured only on monkey Vero cells, thanks for coming.

Cowan concluded: ‘If people really understood how this “science” was done, I would hope they would storm the gates and demand honesty, transparency and truth.’ Dr Michael Yeadon, former Vice President and Chief Scientific Adviser at drug giant Pfizer has been a vocal critic of the ‘Covid vaccine’ and its potential for multiple harm. He said in an interview in April, 2021, that ‘not one [vaccine] has the virus. He was asked why vaccines normally using a ‘dead’ version of a disease to activate the immune system were not used for ‘Covid’ and instead we had the synthetic methods of the ‘mRNA Covid vaccine’. Yeadon said that to do the former ‘you’d have to have some of [the virus] wouldn’t you?’ He added: ‘No-one’s got any – seriously.’ Yeadon said that surely they couldn’t have fooled the whole world for a year without having a virus, ‘but oddly enough ask around – no one’s got it’. He didn’t know why with all the ‘great labs’ around the world that the virus had not been isolated – ‘Maybe they’ve been too busy running bad PCR tests and vaccines that people don’t need.’ What is today called ‘science’ is not ‘science’ at all. Science is no longer what is, but whatever people can be manipulated to *believe* that it is. Real science has been hijacked by the Cult to dispense and produce the ‘expert scientists’ and contentions that suit the agenda of the Cult. How big-time this has happened with the ‘Covid’ hoax which is entirely based on fake science delivered by fake ‘scientists’ and fake ‘doctors’. The human-caused climate change hoax is also entirely based on fake science delivered by fake ‘scientists’ and fake ‘climate experts’. In both cases real

scientists, climate experts and doctors have their views suppressed and deleted by the Cult-owned science establishment, media and Silicon Valley. This is the 'science' that politicians claim to be 'following' and a common denominator of 'Covid' and climate are Cult psychopaths Bill Gates and his mate Klaus Schwab at the Gates-funded World Economic Forum. But, don't worry, it's all just a coincidence and absolutely nothing to worry about. Zzzzzzzzz.

What is a 'virus' REALLY?

Dr Tom Cowan is one of many contesting the very existence of viruses let alone that they cause disease. This is understandable when there is no scientific evidence for a disease-causing 'virus'. German virologist Dr Stefan Lanka won a landmark case in 2017 in the German Supreme Court over his contention that there is no such thing as a measles virus. He had offered a big prize for anyone who could prove there is and Lanka won his case when someone sought to claim the money. There is currently a prize of more than 225,000 euros on offer from an Isolate Truth Fund for anyone who can prove the isolation of SARS-CoV-2 and its genetic substance. Lanka wrote in an article headed 'The Misconception Called Virus' that scientists think a 'virus' is causing tissue to become diseased and degraded when in fact it is the *processes they are using* which do that – not a 'virus'. Lanka has done an important job in making this point clear as Cowan did in his analysis of the CDC paper. Lanka says that all claims about viruses as disease-causing pathogens are wrong and based on 'easily recognisable, understandable and verifiable misinterpretations.' Scientists believed they were working with 'viruses' in their laboratories when they were really working with 'typical particles of specific dying tissues or cells ...' Lanka said that the tissue decaying process claimed to be caused by a 'virus' still happens when no alleged 'virus' is involved. It's the *process* that does the damage and not a 'virus'. The genetic sample is deprived of nutrients, removed from its energy supply through removal from the body and then doused in toxic antibiotics to remove any bacteria. He confirms again that establishment scientists do not (pinch me)

conduct control experiments to see if this is the case and if they did they would see the claims that 'viruses' are doing the damage is nonsense. He adds that during the measles 'virus' court case he commissioned an independent laboratory to perform just such a control experiment and the result was that the tissues and cells died in the exact same way as with alleged 'infected' material. This is supported by a gathering number of scientists, doctors and researchers who reject what is called 'germ theory' or the belief in the body being infected by contagious sources emitted by other people. Researchers Dawn Lester and David Parker take the same stance in their highly-detailed and sourced book *What Really Makes You Ill – Why everything you thought you knew about disease is wrong* which was recommended to me by a number of medical professionals genuinely seeking the truth. Lester and Parker say there is no provable scientific evidence to show that a 'virus' can be transmitted between people or people and animals or animals and people:

The definition also claims that viruses are the cause of many diseases, as if this has been definitively proven. But this is not the case; there is no original scientific evidence that definitively demonstrates that any virus is the cause of any disease. The burden of proof for any theory lies with those who proposed it; but none of the existing documents provides 'proof' that supports the claim that 'viruses' are pathogens.

Dr Tom Cowan employs one of his clever analogies to describe the process by which a 'virus' is named as the culprit for a disease when what is called a 'virus' is only material released by cells detoxing themselves from infiltration by chemical or radiation poisoning. The tidal wave of technologically-generated radiation in the 'smart' modern world plus all the toxic food and drink are causing this to happen more than ever. Deluded 'scientists' misread this as a gathering impact of what they wrongly label 'viruses'.

Paper can infect houses

Cowan said in an article for davidicke.com – with his tongue only mildly in his cheek – that he believed he had made a tremendous

discovery that may revolutionise science. He had discovered that small bits of paper are alive, 'well alive-ish', can 'infect' houses, and then reproduce themselves inside the house. The result was that this explosion of growth in the paper inside the house causes the house to explode, blowing it to smithereens. His evidence for this new theory is that in the past months he had carefully examined many of the houses in his neighbourhood and found almost no scraps of paper on the lawns and surrounds of the house. There was an occasional stray label, but nothing more. Then he would return to these same houses a week or so later and with a few, not all of them, particularly the old and decrepit ones, he found to his shock and surprise they were littered with stray bits of paper. He knew then that the paper had infected these houses, made copies of itself, and blew up the house. A young boy on a bicycle at one of the sites told him he had seen a demolition crew using dynamite to explode the house the previous week, but Cowan dismissed this as the idle thoughts of silly boys because 'I was on to something big'. He was on to how 'scientists' mistake genetic material in the detoxifying process for something they call a 'virus'. Cowan said of his house and paper story:

If this sounds crazy to you, it's because it should. This scenario is obviously nuts. But consider this admittedly embellished, for effect, current viral theory that all scientists, medical doctors and virologists currently believe.

He takes the example of the 'novel SARS-Cov2' virus to prove the point. First they take someone with an undefined illness called 'Covid-19' and don't even attempt to find any virus in their sputum. Never mind the scientists still describe how this 'virus', which they have not located attaches to a cell receptor, injects its genetic material, in 'Covid's' case, RNA, into the cell. The RNA once inserted exploits the cell to reproduce itself and makes 'thousands, nay millions, of copies of itself ... Then it emerges victorious to claim its next victim':

If you were to look in the scientific literature for proof, actual scientific proof, that uniform SARS-CoV2 viruses have been properly isolated from the sputum of a sick person, that actual spike proteins could be seen protruding from the virus (which has not been found), you would find that such evidence doesn't exist.

If you go looking in the published scientific literature for actual pictures, proof, that these spike proteins or any viral proteins are ever attached to any receptor embedded in any cell membrane, you would also find that no such evidence exists. If you were to look for a video or documented evidence of the intact virus injecting its genetic material into the body of the cell, reproducing itself and then emerging victorious by budding off the cell membrane, you would find that no such evidence exists.

The closest thing you would find is electron micrograph pictures of cellular particles, possibly attached to cell debris, both of which to be seen were stained by heavy metals, a process that completely distorts their architecture within the living organism. This is like finding bits of paper stuck to the blown-up bricks, thereby proving the paper emerged by taking pieces of the bricks on its way out.

The Enders baloney

Cowan describes the 'Covid' story as being just as make-believe as his paper story and he charts back this fantasy to a Nobel Prize winner called John Enders (1897-1985), an American biomedical scientist who has been dubbed 'The Father of Modern Vaccines'. Enders is claimed to have 'discovered' the process of the viral culture which 'proved' that a 'virus' caused measles. Cowan explains how Enders did this 'by using the EXACT same procedure that has been followed by every virologist to find and characterize every new virus since 1954'. Enders took throat swabs from children with measles and immersed them in 2ml of milk. Penicillin (100u/ml) and the antibiotic streptomycin (50,g/ml) were added and the whole mix was centrifuged – rotated at high speed to separate large cellular debris from small particles and molecules as with milk and cream, for example. Cowan says that if the aim is to find little particles of genetic material ('viruses') in the snot from children with measles it would seem that the last thing you would do is mix the snot with other material – milk –that also has genetic material. 'How are you ever going to know whether whatever you found came from the snot or the milk?' He points out that streptomycin is a 'nephrotoxic' or poisonous-to-the-kidney drug. You will see the relevance of that

shortly. Cowan says that it gets worse, much worse, when Enders describes the culture medium upon which the virus 'grows': 'The culture medium consisted of bovine amniotic fluid (90%), beef embryo extract (5%), horse serum (5%), antibiotics and phenol red as an indicator of cell metabolism.' Cowan asks incredulously: 'Did he just say that the culture medium also contained fluids and tissues that are themselves rich sources of genetic material?' The genetic cocktail, or 'medium', is inoculated onto tissue and cells from rhesus monkey *kidney* tissue. This is where the importance of streptomycin comes in and currently-used antimicrobials and other drugs that are *poisonous to kidneys* and used in ALL modern viral cultures (e.g. gentamicin, streptomycin, and amphotericin). Cowan asks: 'How are you ever going to know from this witch's brew where any genetic material comes from as we now have five different sources of rich genetic material in our mix?' Remember, he says, that all genetic material, whether from monkey kidney tissues, bovine serum, milk, etc., is made from the exact same components. The same central question returns: 'How are you possibly going to know that it was the virus that killed the kidney tissue and not the toxic antibiotic and starvation rations on which you are growing the tissue?' John Enders answered the question himself – *you can't*:

A second agent was obtained from an uninoculated culture of monkey kidney cells. The cytopathic changes [death of the cells] it induced in the unstained preparations could not be distinguished with confidence from the viruses isolated from measles.

The death of the cells ('cytopathic changes') happened in exactly the same manner, whether they inoculated the kidney tissue with the measles snot or not, Cowan says. 'This is evidence that the destruction of the tissue, the very proof of viral causation of illness, was not caused by anything in the snot because they saw the same destructive effect when the snot was not even used ... the cytopathic, i.e., cell-killing, changes come from the process of the culture itself, not from any virus in any snot, period.' Enders quotes in his 1957 paper a virologist called Ruckle as reporting similar findings 'and in addition has isolated an agent from monkey kidney tissue that is so

far indistinguishable from human measles virus'. In other words, Cowan says, these particles called 'measles viruses' are simply and clearly breakdown products of the starved and poisoned tissue. For measles 'virus' see all 'viruses' including the so-called 'Covid virus'. Enders, the 'Father of Modern Vaccines', also said:

There is a potential risk in employing cultures of primate cells for the production of vaccines composed of attenuated virus, since the presence of other agents possibly latent in primate tissues cannot be definitely excluded by any known method.

Cowan further quotes from a paper published in the journal *Viruses* in May, 2020, while the 'Covid pandemic' was well underway in the media if not in reality. 'EVs' here refers to particles of genetic debris from our own tissues, such as exosomes of which more in a moment: 'The remarkable resemblance between EVs and viruses has caused quite a few problems in the studies focused on the analysis of EVs released during viral infections.' Later the paper adds that to date a reliable method that can actually guarantee a complete separation (of EVs from viruses) DOES NOT EXIST. This was published at a time when a fairy tale 'virus' was claimed in total certainty to be causing a fairy tale 'viral disease' called 'Covid-19' – a fairy tale that was already well on the way to transforming human society in the image that the Cult has worked to achieve for so long. Cowan concludes his article:

To summarize, there is no scientific evidence that pathogenic viruses exist. What we think of as 'viruses' are simply the normal breakdown products of dead and dying tissues and cells. When we are well, we make fewer of these particles; when we are starved, poisoned, suffocated by wearing masks, or afraid, we make more.

There is no engineered virus circulating and making people sick. People in laboratories all over the world are making genetically modified products to make people sick. These are called vaccines. There is no virome, no 'ecosystem' of viruses, viruses are not 8%, 50% or 100 % of our genetic material. These are all simply erroneous ideas based on the misconception called a virus.

What is 'Covid'? Load of bollocks

The background described here by Cowan and Lanka was emphasised in the first video presentation that I saw by Dr Andrew Kaufman when he asked whether the 'Covid virus' was in truth a natural defence mechanism of the body called 'exosomes'. These are released by cells when in states of toxicity – see the same themes returning over and over. They are released ever more profusely as chemical and radiation toxicity increases and think of the potential effect therefore of 5G alone as its destructive frequencies infest the human energetic information field with a gathering pace (5G went online in Wuhan in 2019 as the 'virus' emerged). I'll have more about this later. Exosomes transmit a warning to the rest of the body that 'Houston, we have a problem'. Kaufman presented images of exosomes and compared them with 'Covid' under an electron microscope and the similarity was remarkable. They both attach to the same cell receptors (*claimed* in the case of 'Covid'), contain the same genetic material in the form of RNA or ribonucleic acid, and both are found in 'viral cell cultures' with damaged or dying cells. James Hildreth MD, President and Chief Executive Officer of the Meharry Medical College at Johns Hopkins, said: 'The virus is fully an exosome in every sense of the word.' Kaufman's conclusion was that there is no 'virus': 'This entire pandemic is a completely manufactured crisis ... there is no evidence of anyone dying from [this] illness.' Dr Tom Cowan and Sally Fallon Morell, authors of *The Contagion Myth*, published a statement with Dr Kaufman in February, 2021, explaining why the 'virus' does not exist and you can read it that in full in the Appendix.

'Virus' theory can be traced to the 'cell theory' in 1858 of German physician Rudolf Virchow (1821-1920) who contended that disease originates from a single cell infiltrated by a 'virus'. Dr Stefan Lanka said that findings and insights with respect to the structure, function and central importance of tissues in the creation of life, which were already known in 1858, comprehensively refute the cell theory. Virchow ignored them. We have seen the part later played by John Enders in the 1950s and Lanka notes that infection theories were only established as a global dogma through the policies and

eugenics of the Third Reich in Nazi Germany (creation of the same Sabbatian cult behind the 'Covid' hoax). Lanka said: 'Before 1933, scientists dared to contradict this theory; after 1933, these critical scientists were silenced'. Dr Tom Cowan's view is that ill-health is caused by too much of something, too little of something, or toxification from chemicals and radiation – not contagion. We must also highlight as a major source of the 'virus' theology a man still called the 'Father of Modern Virology' – Thomas Milton Rivers (1888-1962). There is no way given the Cult's long game policy that it was a coincidence for the 'Father of Modern Virology' to be director of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research from 1937 to 1956 when he is credited with making the Rockefeller Institute a leader in 'viral research'. Cult 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

Against the background that I have laid out this far the sequence that took us from an invented 'virus' in Cult-owned China in late 2019 to the fascist transformation of human society can be seen and understood in a whole new context.

We were told that a deadly disease had broken out in Wuhan and the world media began its campaign (coordinated by behavioural psychologists as we shall see) to terrify the population into unquestioning compliance. We were shown images of Chinese people collapsing in the street which never happened in the West with what was supposed to be the same condition. In the earliest days when alleged cases and deaths were few the fear register was hysterical in many areas of the media and this would expand into the common media narrative across the world. The real story was rather different, but we were never told that. The Chinese government, one of the Cult's biggest centres of global operation, said they had discovered a new illness with flu-like and pneumonia-type symptoms in a city with such toxic air that it is overwhelmed with flu-like symptoms, pneumonia and respiratory disease. Chinese scientists said it was a new – 'novel' – coronavirus which they called Sars-Cov-2 and that it caused a disease they labelled 'Covid-19'. There was no evidence for this and the 'virus' has never to this day been isolated, purified and its genetic code established from that. It

was from the beginning a computer-generated fiction. Stories of Chinese whistleblowers saying the number of deaths was being suppressed or that the 'new disease' was related to the Wuhan bio-lab misdirected mainstream and alternative media into cul-de-sacs to obscure the real truth – there was no 'virus'.

Chinese scientists took genetic material from the lung fluid of just a few people and said they had found a 'new' disease when this material had a wide range of content. There was no evidence for a 'virus' for the very reasons explained in the last two chapters. The 'virus' has never been shown to (a) exist and (b) cause any disease. People were diagnosed on symptoms that are so widespread in Wuhan and polluted China and with a PCR test that can't detect infectious disease. On this farce the whole global scam was sold to the rest of the world which would also diagnose respiratory disease as 'Covid-19' from symptoms alone or with a PCR test not testing for a 'virus'. Flu miraculously disappeared *worldwide* in 2020 and into 2021 as it was redesignated 'Covid-19'. It was really the same old flu with its 'flu-like' symptoms attributed to 'flu-like' 'Covid-19'. At the same time with very few exceptions the Chinese response of draconian lockdown and fascism was the chosen weapon to respond across the West as recommended by the Cult-owned Tedros at the Cult-owned World Health Organization run by the Cult-owned Gates. All was going according to plan. Chinese scientists – everything in China is controlled by the Cult-owned government – compared their contaminated RNA lung-fluid material with other RNA sequences and said it appeared to be just under 80 percent identical to the SARS-CoV-1 'virus' claimed to be the cause of the SARS (severe acute respiratory syndrome) 'outbreak' in 2003. They decreed that because of this the 'new virus' had to be related and they called it SARS-CoV-2. There are some serious problems with this assumption and *assumption* was all it was. Most 'factual' science turns out to be assumptions repeated into everyone-knows-that. A match of under 80-percent is meaningless. Dr Kaufman makes the point that there's a 96 percent genetic correlation between humans and chimpanzees, but 'no one would say our genetic material is part

of the chimpanzee family'. Yet the Chinese authorities were claiming that a much lower percentage, less than 80 percent, proved the existence of a new 'coronavirus'. For goodness sake human DNA is 60 percent similar to a *banana*.

You are feeling sleepy

The entire 'Covid' hoax is a global Psyop, a psychological operation to program the human mind into believing and fearing a complete fantasy. A crucial aspect of this was what *appeared* to happen in Italy. It was all very well streaming out daily images of an alleged catastrophe in Wuhan, but to the Western mind it was still on the other side of the world in a very different culture and setting. A reaction of 'this could happen to me and my family' was still nothing like as intense enough for the mind-doctors. The Cult needed a Western example to push people over that edge and it chose Italy, one of its major global locations going back to the Roman Empire. An Italian 'Covid' crisis was manufactured in a particular area called Lombardy which just happens to be notorious for its toxic air and therefore respiratory disease. Wuhan, China, *déjà vu*. An hysterical media told horror stories of Italians dying from 'Covid' in their droves and how Lombardy hospitals were being overrun by a tidal wave of desperately ill people needing treatment after being struck down by the 'deadly virus'. Here was the psychological turning point the Cult had planned. Wow, if this is happening in Italy, the Western mind concluded, this indeed could happen to me and my family. Another point is that Italian authorities responded by following the Chinese blueprint so vehemently recommended by the Cult-owned World Health Organization. They imposed fascistic lockdowns on the whole country viciously policed with the help of surveillance drones sweeping through the streets seeking out anyone who escaped from mass house arrest. Livelihoods were destroyed and psychology unravelled in the way we have witnessed since in all lockdown countries. Crucial to the plan was that Italy responded in this way to set the precedent of suspending freedom and imposing fascism in a 'Western liberal democracy'. I emphasised in an

animated video explanation on davidicke.com posted in the summer of 2020 how important it was to the Cult to expand the Chinese lockdown model across the West. Without this, and the bare-faced lie that non-symptomatic people could still transmit a 'disease' they didn't have, there was no way locking down the whole population, sick and not sick, could be pulled off. At just the right time and with no evidence Cult operatives and gofers claimed that people without symptoms could pass on the 'disease'. In the name of protecting the 'vulnerable' like elderly people, who lockdowns would kill by the tens of thousands, we had for the first time healthy people told to isolate as well as the sick. The great majority of people who tested positive had no symptoms because there was nothing wrong with them. It was just a trick made possible by a test not testing for the 'virus'.

Months after my animated video the Gates-funded Professor Neil Ferguson at the Gates-funded Imperial College confirmed that I was right. He didn't say it in those terms, naturally, but he did say it. Ferguson will enter the story shortly for his outrageously crazy 'computer models' that led to Britain, the United States and many other countries following the Chinese and now Italian methods of response. Put another way, following the Cult script. Ferguson said that SAGE, the UK government's scientific advisory group which has controlled 'Covid' policy from the start, wanted to follow the Chinese lockdown model (while they all continued to work and be paid), but they wondered if they could possibly, in Ferguson's words, 'get away with it in Europe'. 'Get away with it'? Who the hell do these moronic, arrogant people think they are? This appalling man Ferguson said that once Italy went into national lockdown they realised they, too, could mimic China:

It's a communist one-party state, we said. We couldn't get away with it in Europe, we thought ... and then Italy did it. And we realised we could. Behind this garbage from Ferguson is a simple fact: Doing the same as China in every country was the plan from the start and Ferguson's 'models' would play a central role in achieving that. It's just a coincidence, of course, and absolutely nothing to worry your little head about.

Oops, sorry, our mistake

Once the Italian segment of the Psyop had done the job it was designed to do a very different story emerged. Italian authorities revealed that 99 percent of those who had 'died from Covid-19' in Italy had one, two, three, or more 'co-morbidities' or illnesses and health problems that could have ended their life. The US Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC) published a figure of 94 percent for Americans dying of 'Covid' while having other serious medical conditions – on average two to three (some five or six) other potential causes of death. In terms of death from an unproven 'virus' I say it is 100 percent. The other one percent in Italy and six percent in the US would presumably have died from 'Covid's' flu-like symptoms with a range of other possible causes in conjunction with a test not testing for the 'virus'. Fox News reported that even more startling figures had emerged in one US county in which 410 of 422 deaths attributed to 'Covid-19' had other potentially deadly health conditions. The Italian National Health Institute said later that the average age of people dying with a 'Covid-19' diagnosis in Italy was about 81. Ninety percent were over 70 with ten percent over 90. In terms of other reasons to die some 80 percent had two or more chronic diseases with half having three or more including cardiovascular problems, diabetes, respiratory problems and cancer. Why is the phantom 'Covid-19' said to kill overwhelmingly old people and hardly affect the young? Old people continually die of many causes and especially respiratory disease which you can re-diagnose 'Covid-19' while young people die in tiny numbers by comparison and rarely of respiratory disease. Old people 'die of Covid' because they die of other things that can be redesignated 'Covid' and it really is that simple.

Flu has flown

The blueprint was in place. Get your illusory 'cases' from a test not testing for the 'virus' and redesignate other causes of death as 'Covid-19'. You have an instant 'pandemic' from something that is nothing more than a computer-generated fiction. With near-on a

billion people having 'flu-like' symptoms every year the potential was limitless and we can see why flu quickly and apparently miraculously disappeared *worldwide* by being diagnosed 'Covid-19'. The painfully bloody obvious was explained away by the childlike media in headlines like this in the UK '*Independent*': 'Not a single case of flu detected by Public Health England this year as Covid restrictions suppress virus'. I kid you not. The masking, social distancing and house arrest that did not make the 'Covid virus' disappear somehow did so with the 'flu virus'. Even worse the article, by a bloke called Samuel Lovett, suggested that maybe the masking, sanitising and other 'Covid' measures should continue to keep the flu away. With a ridiculousness that disturbs your breathing (it's 'Covid-19') the said Lovett wrote: 'With widespread social distancing and mask-wearing measures in place throughout the UK, the usual routes of transmission for influenza have been blocked.' He had absolutely no evidence to support that statement, but look at the consequences of him acknowledging the obvious. With flu not disappearing at all and only being relabelled 'Covid-19' he would have to contemplate that 'Covid' was a hoax on a scale that is hard to imagine. You need guts and commitment to truth to even go there and that's clearly something Samuel Lovett does not have in abundance. He would never have got it through the editors anyway.

Tens of thousands die in the United States alone every winter from flu including many with pneumonia complications. CDC figures record *45 million* Americans diagnosed with flu in 2017-2018 of which 61,000 died and some reports claim 80,000. Where was the same hysteria then that we have seen with 'Covid-19'? Some 250,000 Americans are admitted to hospital with pneumonia every year with about 50,000 cases proving fatal. About 65 million suffer respiratory disease every year and three million deaths makes this the third biggest cause of death worldwide. You only have to redesignate a portion of all these people 'Covid-19' and you have an instant global pandemic or the *appearance* of one. Why would doctors do this? They are told to do this and all but a few dare not refuse those who must be obeyed. Doctors in general are not researching their own

knowledge and instead take it direct and unquestioned from the authorities that own them and their careers. The authorities say they must now diagnose these symptoms 'Covid-19' and not flu, or whatever, and they do it. Dark suits say put 'Covid-19' on death certificates no matter what the cause of death and the doctors do it. Renegade Minds don't fall for the illusion that doctors and medical staff are all highly-intelligent, highly-principled, seekers of medical truth. *Some are*, but not the majority. They are repeaters, gofers, and yes sir, no sir, purveyors of what the system demands they purvey. The 'Covid' con is not merely confined to diseases of the lungs. Instructions to doctors to put 'Covid-19' on death certificates for anyone dying of *anything* within 28 days (or much more) of a positive test not testing for the 'virus' opened the floodgates. The term dying *with* 'Covid' and not *of* 'Covid' was coined to cover the truth. Whether it was a *with* or an *of* they were all added to the death numbers attributed to the 'deadly virus' compiled by national governments and globally by the Gates-funded Johns Hopkins operation in the United States that was so involved in those 'pandemic' simulations. Fraudulent deaths were added to the ever-growing list of fraudulent 'cases' from false positives from a false test. No wonder Professor Walter Ricciardi, scientific advisor to the Italian minister of health, said after the Lombardy hysteria had done its job that 'Covid' death rates were due to Italy having the second oldest population in the world and to *how hospitals record deaths*:

The way in which we code deaths in our country is very generous in the sense that all the people who die in hospitals with the coronavirus are deemed to be dying of the coronavirus. On re-evaluation by the National Institute of Health, only 12 per cent of death certificates have shown a direct causality from coronavirus, while 88 per cent of patients who have died have at least one pre-morbidity – many had two or three.

This is extraordinary enough when you consider the propaganda campaign to use Italy to terrify the world, but how can they even say twelve percent were genuine when the 'virus' has not been shown to exist, its 'code' is a computer program, and diagnosis comes from a test not testing for it? As in China, and soon the world, 'Covid-19' in

Italy was a redesignation of diagnosis. Lies and corruption were to become the real 'pandemic' fuelled by a pathetically-compliant medical system taking its orders from the tiny few at the top of their national hierarchy who answered to the World Health Organization which answers to Gates and the Cult. Doctors were told – ordered – to diagnose a particular set of symptoms 'Covid-19' and put that on the death certificate for any cause of death if the patient had tested positive with a test not testing for the virus or had 'Covid' symptoms like the flu. The United States even introduced big financial incentives to manipulate the figures with hospitals receiving £4,600 from the Medicare system for diagnosing someone with regular pneumonia, \$13,000 if they made the diagnosis from the same symptoms 'Covid-19' pneumonia, and \$39,000 if they put a 'Covid' diagnosed patient on a ventilator that would almost certainly kill them. A few – painfully and pathetically few – medical whistleblowers revealed (before Cult-owned YouTube deleted their videos) that they had been instructed to 'let the patient crash' and put them straight on a ventilator instead of going through a series of far less intrusive and dangerous methods as they would have done before the pandemic hoax began and the financial incentives kicked in. We are talking cold-blooded murder given that ventilators are so damaging to respiratory systems they are usually the last step before heaven awaits. Renegade Minds never fall for the belief that people in white coats are all angels of mercy and cannot be full-on psychopaths. I have explained in detail in *The Answer* how what I am describing here played out across the world coordinated by the World Health Organization through the medical hierarchies in almost every country.

Medical scientist calls it

Information about the non-existence of the 'virus' began to emerge for me in late March, 2020, and mushroomed after that. I was sent an email by Sir Julian Rose, a writer, researcher, and organic farming promotor, from a medical scientist friend of his in the United States. Even at that early stage in March the scientist was able to explain

how the 'Covid' hoax was being manipulated. He said there were no reliable tests for a specific 'Covid-19 virus' and nor were there any reliable agencies or media outlets for reporting numbers of actual 'Covid-19' cases. We have seen in the long period since then that he was absolutely right. 'Every action and reaction to Covid-19 is based on totally flawed data and we simply cannot make accurate assessments,' he said. Most people diagnosed with 'Covid-19' were showing nothing more than cold and flu-like symptoms 'because most coronavirus strains *are* nothing more than cold/flu-like symptoms'. We had farcical situations like an 84-year-old German man testing positive for 'Covid-19' and his nursing home ordered to quarantine only for him to be found to have a common cold. The scientist described back then why PCR tests and what he called the 'Mickey Mouse test kits' were useless for what they were claimed to be identifying. 'The idea these kits can isolate a specific virus like Covid-19 is nonsense,' he said. Significantly, he pointed out that 'if you want to create a totally false panic about a totally false pandemic – pick a coronavirus'. This is exactly what the Cult-owned Gates, World Economic Forum and Johns Hopkins University did with their Event 201 'simulation' followed by their real-life simulation called the 'pandemic'. The scientist said that all you had to do was select the sickest of people with respiratory-type diseases in a single location – 'say Wuhan' – and administer PCR tests to them. You can then claim that anyone showing 'viral sequences' similar to a coronavirus 'which will inevitably be quite a few' is suffering from a 'new' disease:

Since you already selected the sickest flu cases a fairly high proportion of your sample will go on to die. You can then say this 'new' virus has a CFR [case fatality rate] higher than the flu and use this to infuse more concern and do more tests which will of course produce more 'cases', which expands the testing, which produces yet more 'cases' and so on and so on. Before long you have your 'pandemic', and all you have done is use a simple test kit trick to convert the worst flu and pneumonia cases into something new that doesn't ACTUALLY EXIST [my emphasis].

He said that you then 'just run the same scam in other countries' and make sure to keep the fear message running high 'so that people

will feel panicky and less able to think critically'. The only problem to overcome was the fact *there is no* actual new deadly pathogen and only regular sick people. This meant that deaths from the 'new deadly pathogen' were going to be way too low for a real new deadly virus pandemic, but he said this could be overcome in the following ways – all of which would go on to happen:

1. You can claim this is just the beginning and more deaths are imminent [you underpin this with fantasy 'computer projections']. Use this as an excuse to quarantine everyone and then claim the quarantine prevented the expected millions of dead.
2. You can [say that people] 'minimizing' the dangers are irresponsible and bully them into not talking about numbers.
3. You can talk crap about made up numbers hoping to blind people with pseudoscience.
4. You can start testing well people (who, of course, will also likely have shreds of coronavirus [RNA] in them) and thus inflate your 'case figures' with 'asymptomatic carriers' (you will of course have to spin that to sound deadly even though any virologist knows the more symptom-less cases you have the less deadly is your pathogen).

The scientist said that if you take these simple steps 'you can have your own entirely manufactured pandemic up and running in weeks'. His analysis made so early in the hoax was brilliantly prophetic of what would actually unfold. Pulling all the information together in these recent chapters we have this is simple 1, 2, 3, of how you can delude virtually the entire human population into believing in a 'virus' that doesn't exist:

- A 'Covid case' is someone who tests positive with a test not testing for the 'virus'.
- A 'Covid death' is someone who dies of *any cause* within 28 days (or much longer) of testing positive with a test not testing for the 'virus'.
- Asymptomatic means there is nothing wrong with you, but they claim you can pass on what you don't have to justify locking

down (quarantining) healthy people in totality.

The foundations of the hoax are that simple. A study involving ten million people in Wuhan, published in November, 2020, demolished the whole lie about those without symptoms passing on the 'virus'. They found '300 asymptomatic cases' and traced their contacts to find that not one of them was detected with the 'virus'.

'Asymptomatic' patients and their contacts were isolated for no less than two weeks and nothing changed. I know it's all crap, but if you are going to claim that those without symptoms can transmit 'the virus' then you must produce evidence for that and they never have. Even World Health Organization official Dr Maria Van Kerkhove, head of the emerging diseases and zoonosis unit, said as early as June, 2020, that she doubted the validity of asymptomatic transmission. She said that 'from the data we have, it still seems to be rare that an asymptomatic person actually transmits onward to a secondary individual' and by 'rare' she meant that she couldn't cite any case of asymptomatic transmission.

The Ferguson factor

The problem for the Cult as it headed into March, 2020, when the script had lockdown due to start, was that despite all the manipulation of the case and death figures they still did not have enough people alleged to have died from 'Covid' to justify mass house arrest. This was overcome in the way the scientist described: 'You can claim this is just the beginning and more deaths are imminent ... Use this as an excuse to quarantine everyone and then claim the quarantine prevented the expected millions of dead.' Enter one Professor Neil Ferguson, the Gates-funded 'epidemiologist' at the Gates-funded Imperial College in London. Ferguson is Britain's Christian Drosten in that he has a dire record of predicting health outcomes, but is still called upon to advise government on the next health outcome when another 'crisis' comes along. This may seem to be a strange and ridiculous thing to do. Why would you keep turning for policy guidance to people who have a history of being

monumentally wrong? Ah, but it makes sense from the Cult point of view. These 'experts' keep on producing predictions that suit the Cult agenda for societal transformation and so it was with Neil Ferguson as he revealed his horrific (and clearly insane) computer model predictions that allowed lockdowns to be imposed in Britain, the United States and many other countries. Ferguson does not have even an A-level in biology and would appear to have no formal training in computer modelling, medicine or epidemiology, according to Derek Winton, an MSc in Computational Intelligence. He wrote an article somewhat aghast at what Ferguson did which included taking no account of respiratory disease 'seasonality' which means it is far worse in the winter months. Who would have thought that respiratory disease could be worse in the winter? Well, certainly not Ferguson.

The massively China-connected Imperial College and its bizarre professor provided the excuse for the long-incubated Chinese model of human control to travel westward at lightning speed. Imperial College confirms on its website that it collaborates with the Chinese Research Institute; publishes more than 600 research papers every year with Chinese research institutions; has 225 Chinese staff; 2,600 Chinese students – the biggest international group; 7,000 former students living in China which is the largest group outside the UK; and was selected for a tour by China's President Xi Jinping during his state visit to the UK in 2015. The college takes major donations from China and describes itself as the UK's number one university collaborator with Chinese research institutions. The China communist/fascist government did not appear phased by the woeful predictions of Ferguson and Imperial when during the lockdown that Ferguson induced the college signed a five-year collaboration deal with China tech giant Huawei that will have Huawei's indoor 5G network equipment installed at the college's West London tech campus along with an 'AI cloud platform'. The deal includes Chinese sponsorship of Imperial's Venture Catalyst entrepreneurship competition. Imperial is an example of the enormous influence the Chinese government has within British and North American

universities and research centres – and further afield. Up to 200 academics from more than a dozen UK universities are being investigated on suspicion of ‘unintentionally’ helping the Chinese government build weapons of mass destruction by ‘transferring world-leading research in advanced military technology such as aircraft, missile designs and cyberweapons’. Similar scandals have broken in the United States, but it’s all a coincidence. Imperial College serves the agenda in many other ways including the promotion of every aspect of the United Nations Agenda 21/2030 (the Great Reset) and produced computer models to show that human-caused ‘climate change’ is happening when in the real world it isn’t. Imperial College is driving the climate agenda as it drives the ‘Covid’ agenda (both Cult hoaxes) while Patrick Vallance, the UK government’s Chief Scientific Adviser on ‘Covid’, was named Chief Scientific Adviser to the UN ‘climate change’ conference known as COP26 hosted by the government in Glasgow, Scotland. ‘Covid’ and ‘climate’ are fundamentally connected.

Professor Woeful

From Imperial’s bosom came Neil Ferguson still advising government despite his previous disasters and it was announced early on that he and other key people like UK Chief Medical Adviser Chris Whitty had caught the ‘virus’ as the propaganda story was being sold. Somehow they managed to survive and we had Prime Minister Boris Johnson admitted to hospital with what was said to be a severe version of the ‘virus’ in this same period. His whole policy and demeanour changed when he returned to Downing Street. It’s a small world with these government advisors – especially in their communal connections to Gates – and Ferguson had partnered with Whitty to write a paper called ‘Infectious disease: Tough choices to reduce Ebola transmission’ which involved another scare-story that didn’t happen. Ferguson’s ‘models’ predicted that up to 150,000 could die from ‘mad cow disease’, or BSE, and its version in sheep if it was transmitted to humans. BSE was not transmitted and instead triggered by an organophosphate pesticide used to treat a pest on

cows. Fewer than 200 deaths followed from the human form. Models by Ferguson and his fellow incompetents led to the unnecessary culling of millions of pigs, cattle and sheep in the foot and mouth outbreak in 2001 which destroyed the lives and livelihoods of farmers and their families who had often spent decades building their herds and flocks. Vast numbers of these animals did not have foot and mouth and had no contact with the infection. Another 'expert' behind the cull was Professor Roy Anderson, a computer modeller at Imperial College specialising in the epidemiology of *human*, not animal, disease. Anderson has served on the Bill and Melinda Gates Grand Challenges in Global Health advisory board and chairs another Gates-funded organisation. Gates is everywhere.

In a precursor to the 'Covid' script Ferguson backed closing schools 'for prolonged periods' over the swine flu 'pandemic' in 2009 and said it would affect a third of the world population if it continued to spread at the speed he claimed to be happening. His mates at Imperial College said much the same and a news report said: 'One of the authors, the epidemiologist and disease modeller Neil Ferguson, who sits on the World Health Organisation's emergency committee for the outbreak, said the virus had "full pandemic potential".' Professor Liam Donaldson, the Chris Whitty of his day as Chief Medical Officer, said the worst case could see 30 percent of the British people infected by swine flu with 65,000 dying. Ferguson and Donaldson were indeed proved correct when at the end of the year the number of deaths attributed to swine flu was 392. The term 'expert' is rather liberally applied unfortunately, not least to complete idiots. Swine flu 'projections' were great for GlaxoSmithKline (GSK) as millions rolled in for its Pandemrix influenza vaccine which led to brain damage with children most affected. The British government (taxpayers) paid out more than £60 million in compensation after GSK was given immunity from prosecution. Yet another 'Covid' déjà vu. Swine flu was supposed to have broken out in Mexico, but Dr Wolfgang Wodarg, a German doctor, former member of parliament and critic of the 'Covid' hoax, observed 'the spread of swine flu' in Mexico City at the time. He

said: 'What we experienced in Mexico City was a very mild flu which did not kill more than usual – which killed even fewer people than usual.' 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* ^{xiv} which only publishes papers not peer-reviewed and the journal was established by an organisation headed by Facebook's Mark Zuckerberg and his missus. What a small world it is. Frei discovered that Edmunds is on the Scientific Advisory Board of the Coalition for Epidemic Preparedness Innovations (CEPI) which was established by the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation, Klaus Schwab's Davos World Economic Forum and Big Pharma giant Wellcome. CEPI was 'launched in Davos [in 2017] to develop vaccines to stop future epidemics', according to its website. 'Our mission is to accelerate the development of vaccines against emerging infectious diseases and enable equitable access to these vaccines for people during outbreaks.' What kind people they are. Rosemary Frei reveals that Public Health England (PHE) director Susan Hopkins is an author of her organisation's non-peer-reviewed reports on 'new variants'. Hopkins is a professor of infectious diseases at London's Imperial College which is gifted tens of millions of dollars a year by the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation. Gates-funded modelling disaster Neil Ferguson also co-authors Public Health England reports and he spoke in December, 2020, about the potential danger of the B.1.1.7. 'UK variant' promoted by Gates-funded modeller John Edmunds. When I come to the 'Covid vaccines' the 'new variants' will be shown for what they are – bollocks.

Connections, connections

All these people and modellers are lockdown-obsessed or, put another way, they demand what the Cult demands. Edmunds said in January, 2021, that to ease lockdowns too soon would be a disaster and they had to 'vaccinate much, much, much more widely than the

elderly'. Rosemary Frei highlights that Edmunds is married to Jeanne Pimenta who is described in a LinkedIn profile as director of epidemiology at GlaxoSmithKline (GSK) and she held shares in the company. Patrick Vallance, co-chair of SAGE and the government's Chief Scientific Adviser, is a former executive of GSK and has a deferred bonus of shares in the company worth £600,000. GSK has serious business connections with Bill Gates and is collaborating with mRNA-'vaccine' company CureVac to make 'vaccines' for the new variants that Edmunds is talking about. GSK is planning a 'Covid vaccine' with drug giant Sanofi. Puppets Prime Minister Boris Johnson announced in the spring of 2021 that up to 60 million vaccine doses were to be made at the GSK facility at Barnard Castle in the English North East. Barnard Castle, with a population of just 6,000, was famously visited in breach of lockdown rules in April, 2020, by Johnson aide Dominic Cummings who said that he drove there 'to test his eyesight' before driving back to London. Cummings would be better advised to test his integrity – not that it would take long. The GSK facility had nothing to do with his visit then although I'm sure Patrick Vallance would have been happy to arrange an introduction and some tea and biscuits. Ruthless psychopath Gates has made yet another fortune from vaccines in collaboration with Big Pharma companies and gushes at the phenomenal profits to be made from vaccines – more than a 20-to-1 return as he told one interviewer. Gates also tweeted in December, 2019, with the foreknowledge of what was coming: 'What's next for our foundation? I'm particularly excited about what the next year could mean for one of the best buys in global health: vaccines.'

Modeller John Edmunds is a big 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 Dont's for all messaging, documents and "communications" in the widest sense', was published by NHS England and the NHS Improvement *Behaviour Change Unit* in partnership with Public Health England and Warwick Business School. I hear the mantra about 'save the NHS' and 'protect the NHS' when we need to scrap the NHS and start again. The current version is far too corrupt, far too anti-human and totally compromised by Cult operatives and their assets. UK government broadcast media censor Ofcom will connect into this web – as will the BBC with its tremendous Ofcom influence – to control what the public see and hear and dictate mass perception. Nuremberg trials must include personnel from all these organisations.

The fear factor

The 'Covid' hoax has led to the creation of the UK Cabinet Office-connected Joint Biosecurity Centre (JBC) which is officially described as providing 'expert advice on pandemics' using its independent [all Cult operations are 'independent'] analytical function to provide real-time analysis about infection outbreaks to identify and respond to outbreaks of Covid-19'. Another role is to advise the government on a response to spikes in infections – 'for example by closing schools or workplaces in local areas where infection levels have risen'. Put another way, promoting the Cult agenda. The Joint Biosecurity Centre is modelled on the Joint Terrorism Analysis Centre which analyses intelligence to set 'terrorism threat levels' and here again you see the fusion of civilian and military operations and intelligence that has led to military intelligence producing documents about 'vaccine hesitancy' and how it can be combated. Domestic civilian matters and opinions should not be the business of the military. The Joint Biosecurity Centre is headed by Tom Hurd, director general of the Office for Security and Counter-Terrorism from the establishment-to-its-fingertips Hurd family. His father is former Foreign Secretary Douglas Hurd. How coincidental that Tom

Hurd went to the elite Eton College and Oxford University with Boris Johnson. Imperial College with its ridiculous computer modeller Neil Ferguson will connect with this gigantic web that will itself interconnect with similar set-ups in other major and not so major countries. Compared with this Cult network the politicians, be they Boris Johnson, Donald Trump or Joe Biden, are bit-part players 'following the science'. The network of psychologists was on the 'Covid' case from the start with the aim of generating maximum fear of the 'virus' to ensure compliance by the population. A government behavioural science group known as SPI-B produced a paper in March, 2020, for discussion by the main government science advisory group known as SAGE. It was headed 'Options for increasing adherence to social distancing measures' and it said the following in a section headed 'Persuasion':

- A substantial number of people still do not feel sufficiently personally threatened; it could be that they are reassured by the low death rate in their demographic group, although levels of concern may be rising. Having a good understanding of the risk has been found to be positively associated with adoption of COVID-19 social distancing measures in Hong Kong.
- The perceived level of personal threat needs to be increased among those who are complacent, using hard-hitting evaluation of options for increasing social distancing emotional messaging. To be effective this must also empower people by making clear the actions they can take to reduce the threat.
- Responsibility to others: There seems to be insufficient understanding of, or feelings of responsibility about, people's role in transmitting the infection to others ... Messaging about actions need to be framed positively in terms of protecting oneself and the community, and increase confidence that they will be effective.
- Some people will be more persuaded by appeals to play by the rules, some by duty to the community, and some to personal risk.

All these different approaches are needed. The messaging also needs to take account of the realities of different people's lives. Messaging needs to take account of the different motivational levers and circumstances of different people.

All this could be achieved the SPI-B psychologists said by *using the media to increase the sense of personal threat* which translates as terrify the shit out of the population, including children, so they all do what we want. That's not happened has it? Those excuses for 'journalists' who wouldn't know journalism if it bit them on the arse (the great majority) have played their crucial part in serving this Cult-government Psyop to enslave their own kids and grandkids. How they live with themselves I have no idea. The psychological war has been underpinned by constant government 'Covid' propaganda in almost every television and radio ad break, plus the Internet and print media, which has pounded out the fear with taxpayers footing the bill for their own programming. The result has been people terrified of a 'virus' that doesn't exist or one with a tiny fatality rate even if you believe it does. People walk down the street and around the shops wearing face-nappies damaging their health and psychology while others report those who refuse to be that naïve to the police who turn up in their own face-nappies. I had a cameraman come to my flat and he was so frightened of 'Covid' he came in wearing a mask and refused to shake my hand in case he caught something. He had – naïveitis – and the thought that he worked in the mainstream media was both depressing and made his behaviour perfectly explainable. The fear which has gripped the minds of so many and frozen them into compliance has been carefully cultivated by these psychologists who are really psychopaths. If lives get destroyed and a lot of young people commit suicide it shows our plan is working. SPI-B then turned to compulsion on the public to comply. 'With adequate preparation, rapid change can be achieved', it said. Some countries had introduced mandatory self-isolation on a wide scale without evidence of major public unrest and a large majority of the UK's population appeared to be supportive of more coercive measures with 64 percent of adults saying they would

support putting London under a lockdown (watch the 'polls' which are designed to make people believe that public opinion is in favour or against whatever the subject in hand).

For 'aggressive protective measures' to be effective, the SPI-B paper said, special attention should be devoted to those population groups that are more at risk. Translated from the Orwellian this means making the rest of population feel guilty for not protecting the 'vulnerable' such as old people which the Cult and its agencies were about to kill on an industrial scale with lockdown, lack of treatment and the Gates 'vaccine'. Psychopath psychologists sold their guilt-trip so comprehensively that Los Angeles County Supervisor Hilda Solis reported that children were apologising (from a distance) to their parents and grandparents for bringing 'Covid' into their homes and getting them sick. '... These apologies are just some of the last words that loved ones will ever hear as they die alone,' she said. Gut-wrenchingly Solis then used this childhood tragedy to tell children to stay at home and 'keep your loved ones alive'. Imagine heaping such potentially life-long guilt on a kid when it has absolutely nothing to do with them. These people are deeply disturbed and the psychologists behind this even more so.

Uncivil war – divide and rule

Professional mind-controllers at SPI-B wanted the media to increase a sense of responsibility to others (do as you're told) and promote 'positive messaging' for those actions while in contrast to invoke 'social disapproval' by the unquestioning, obedient, community of anyone with a mind of their own. Again the compliant Goebbels-like media obliged. This is an old, old, trick employed by tyrannies the world over throughout human history. You get the target population to keep the target population in line – *your* line. SPI-B said this could 'play an important role in preventing anti-social behaviour or discouraging failure to enact pro-social behaviour'. For 'anti-social' in the Orwellian parlance of SPI-B see any behaviour that government doesn't approve. SPI-B recommendations said that 'social disapproval' should be accompanied by clear messaging and

promotion of strong collective identity – hence the government and celebrity mantra of ‘we’re all in this together’. Sure we are. The mind doctors have such contempt for their targets that they think some clueless comedian, actor or singer telling them to do what the government wants will be enough to win them over. We have had UK comedian Lenny Henry, actor Michael Caine and singer Elton John wheeled out to serve the propagandists by urging people to have the DNA-manipulating ‘Covid’ non-‘vaccine’. The role of Henry and fellow black celebrities in seeking to coax a ‘vaccine’ reluctant black community into doing the government’s will was especially stomach-turning. An emotion-manipulating script and carefully edited video featuring these black ‘celebs’ was such an insult to the intelligence of black people and where’s the self-respect of those involved selling their souls to a fascist government agenda? Henry said he heard black people’s ‘legitimate worries and concerns’, but people must ‘trust the facts’ when they were doing exactly that by not having the ‘vaccine’. They had to include the obligatory reference to Black Lives Matter with the line ... ‘Don’t let coronavirus cost even more black lives – because we matter’. My god, it was pathetic. ‘I know the vaccine is safe and what it does.’ How? ‘I’m a comedian and it says so in my script.’

SPI-B said social disapproval needed to be carefully managed to avoid victimisation, scapegoating and misdirected criticism, but they knew that their ‘recommendations’ would lead to exactly that and the media were specifically used to stir-up the divide-and-conquer hostility. Those who conform like good little baa, baas, are praised while those who have seen through the tidal wave of lies are ‘Covidiot’. 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 about the connection between masks and mind control. Her daughter Kelly who I first met in the 1990s was born while Cathy was still held captive in MKUltra. Kelly was forced to wear a mask as part of her programming from the age of *two* to dehumanise her, target her sense of individuality and reduce the amount of oxygen her brain and body received. *Bingo*. This is the real reason for compulsory

masks, why they have been enforced en masse, and why they seek to increase the number they demand you wear. First one, then two, with one disgraceful alleged 'doctor' recommending four which is nothing less than a death sentence. Where and how often they must be worn is being expanded for the purpose of mass mind control and damaging respiratory health which they can call 'Covid-19'. Canada's government headed by the man-child Justin Trudeau, says it's fine for children of two and older to wear masks. An insane 'study' in Italy involving just 47 children concluded there was no problem for babies as young as *four months* wearing them. Even after people were 'vaccinated' they were still told to wear masks by the criminal that is Anthony Fauci. Cathy wrote that mandating masks is allowing the authorities literally to control the air we breathe which is what was done in MKUltra. You might recall how the singer Michael Jackson wore masks and there is a reason for that. He was subjected to MKUltra mind control through Project Monarch and his psyche was scrambled by these simpletons. Cathy wrote:

In MKUltra Project Monarch mind control, Michael Jackson had to wear a mask to silence his voice so he could not reach out for help. Remember how he developed that whisper voice when he wasn't singing? Masks control the mind from the outside in, like the redefining of words is doing. By controlling what we can and cannot say for fear of being labeled racist or beaten, for example, it ultimately controls thought that drives our words and ultimately actions (or lack thereof).

Likewise, a mask muffles our speech so that we are not heard, which controls voice ... words ... mind. This is Mind Control. Masks are an obvious mind control device, and I am disturbed so many people are complying on a global scale. Masks depersonalize while making a person feel as though they have no voice. It is a barrier to others. People who would never choose to comply but are forced to wear a mask in order to keep their job, and ultimately their family fed, are compromised. They often feel shame and are subdued. People have stopped talking with each other while media controls the narrative.

The 'no voice' theme has often become literal with train passengers told not to speak to each other in case they pass on the 'virus', singing banned for the same reason and bonkers California officials telling people riding roller coasters that they cannot shout and scream. Cathy said she heard every day from healed MKUltra survivors who cannot wear a mask without flashing back on ways

their breathing was controlled – ‘from ball gags and penises to water boarding’. She said that through the years when she saw images of people in China wearing masks ‘due to pollution’ that it was really to control their oxygen levels. ‘I knew it was as much of a population control mechanism of depersonalisation as are burkas’, she said. Masks are another Chinese communist/fascist method of control that has been swept across the West as the West becomes China at lightning speed since we entered 2020.

Mask-19

There are other reasons for mandatory masks and these include destroying respiratory health to call it ‘Covid-19’ and stunting brain development of children and the young. Dr Margarite Griesz-Brisson MD, PhD, is a Consultant Neurologist and Neurophysiologist and the Founder and Medical Director of the London Neurology and Pain Clinic. Her CV goes down the street and round the corner. She is clearly someone who cares about people and won’t parrot the propaganda. Griesz-Brisson has a PhD in pharmacology, with special interest in neurotoxicology, environmental medicine, neuroregeneration and neuroplasticity (the way the brain can change in the light of information received). She went public in October, 2020, with a passionate warning about the effects of mask-wearing laws:

The reinhalation of our exhaled air will without a doubt create oxygen deficiency and a flooding of carbon dioxide. We know that the human brain is very sensitive to oxygen deprivation. There are nerve cells for example in the hippocampus that can’t be longer than 3 minutes without oxygen – they cannot survive. The acute warning symptoms are headaches, drowsiness, dizziness, issues in concentration, slowing down of reaction time – reactions of the cognitive system.

Oh, I know, let’s tell bus, truck and taxi drivers to wear them and people working machinery. How about pilots, doctors and police? Griesz-Brisson makes the important point that while the symptoms she mentions may fade as the body readjusts this does not alter the fact that people continue to operate in oxygen deficit with long list of

potential consequences. She said it was well known that neurodegenerative diseases take years or decades to develop. 'If today you forget your phone number, the breakdown in your brain would have already started 20 or 30 years ago.' She said degenerative processes in your brain are getting amplified as your oxygen deprivation continues through wearing a mask. Nerve cells in the brain are unable to divide themselves normally in these circumstances and lost nerve cells will no longer be regenerated. 'What is gone is gone.' Now consider that people like shop workers and *schoolchildren* are wearing masks for hours every day. What in the name of sanity is going to be happening to them? 'I do not wear a mask, I need my brain to think', Griesz-Brisson said, 'I want to have a clear head when I deal with my patients and not be in a carbon dioxide-induced anaesthesia'. If you are told to wear a mask anywhere ask the organisation, police, store, whatever, for their risk assessment on the dangers and negative effects on mind and body of enforcing mask-wearing. They won't have one because it has never been done not even by government. All of them must be subject to class-action lawsuits as the consequences come to light. They don't do mask risk assessments for an obvious reason. They know what the conclusions would be and independent scientific studies that *have* been done tell a horror story of consequences.

'Masks are criminal'

Dr Griesz-Brisson said that for children and adolescents, masks are an absolute no-no. They had an extremely active and adaptive immune system and their brain was incredibly active with so much to learn. 'The child's brain, or the youth's brain, is thirsting for oxygen.' The more metabolically active an organ was, the more oxygen it required; and in children and adolescents every organ was metabolically active. Griesz-Brisson said that to deprive a child's or adolescent's brain of oxygen, or to restrict it in any way, was not only dangerous to their health, it was absolutely criminal. 'Oxygen deficiency inhibits the development of the brain, and the damage that has taken place as a result CANNOT be reversed.' Mind

manipulators of MKUltra put masks on two-year-olds they wanted to neurologically rewire and you can see why. Griesz-Brisson said a child needs the brain to learn and the brain needs oxygen to function. 'We don't need a clinical study for that. This is simple, indisputable physiology.' Consciously and purposely induced oxygen deficiency was an absolutely deliberate health hazard, and an absolute medical contraindication which means that 'this drug, this therapy, this method or measure should not be used, and is not allowed to be used'. To coerce an entire population to use an absolute medical contraindication by force, she said, there had to be definite and serious reasons and the reasons must be presented to competent interdisciplinary and independent bodies to be verified and authorised. She had this warning of the consequences that were coming if mask wearing continued:

When, in ten years, dementia is going to increase exponentially, and the younger generations couldn't reach their god-given potential, it won't help to say 'we didn't need the masks'. I know how damaging oxygen deprivation is for the brain, cardiologists know how damaging it is for the heart, pulmonologists know how damaging it is for the lungs. Oxygen deprivation damages every single organ. Where are our health departments, our health insurance, our medical associations? It would have been their duty to be vehemently against the lockdown and to stop it and stop it from the very beginning.

Why do the medical boards issue punishments to doctors who give people exemptions? Does the person or the doctor seriously have to prove that oxygen deprivation harms people? What kind of medicine are our doctors and medical associations representing? Who is responsible for this crime? The ones who want to enforce it? The ones who let it happen and play along, or the ones who don't prevent it?

All of the organisations and people she mentions there either answer directly to the Cult or do whatever hierarchical levels above them tell them to do. The outcome of both is the same. 'It's not about masks, it's not about viruses, it's certainly not about your health', Griesz-Brisson said. 'It is about much, much more. I am not participating. I am not afraid.' They were taking our air to breathe and there was no unfounded medical exemption from face masks. Oxygen deprivation was dangerous for every single brain. It had to be the free decision of every human being whether they want to

wear a mask that was absolutely ineffective to protect themselves from a virus. She ended by rightly identifying where the responsibility lies for all this:

The imperative of the hour is personal responsibility. We are responsible for what we think, not the media. We are responsible for what we do, not our superiors. We are responsible for our health, not the World Health Organization. And we are responsible for what happens in our country, not the government.

Halle-bloody-lujah.

But surgeons wear masks, right?

Independent studies of mask-wearing have produced a long list of reports detailing mental, emotional and physical dangers. What a definition of insanity to see police officers imposing mask-wearing on the public which will cumulatively damage their health while the police themselves wear masks that will cumulatively damage *their* health. It's utter madness and both public and police do this because 'the government says so' – yes a government of brain-donor idiots like UK Health Secretary Matt Hancock reading the 'follow the science' scripts of psychopathic, lunatic psychologists. The response you get from Stockholm syndrome sufferers defending the very authorities that are destroying them and their families is that 'surgeons wear masks'. This is considered the game, set and match that they must work and don't cause oxygen deficit. Well, actually, scientific studies have shown that they *do* and oxygen levels are monitored in operating theatres to compensate. Surgeons wear masks to stop spittle and such like dropping into open wounds – not to stop 'viral particles' which are so miniscule they can only be seen through an electron microscope. Holes in the masks are significantly bigger than 'viral particles' and if you sneeze or cough they will breach the mask. I watched an incredibly disingenuous 'experiment' that claimed to prove that masks work in catching 'virus' material from the mouth and nose. They did this with a slow motion camera and the mask did block big stuff which stayed inside the mask and

against the face to be breathed in or cause infections on the face as we have seen with many children. 'Viral particles', however, would never have been picked up by the camera as they came through the mask when they are far too small to be seen. The 'experiment' was therefore disingenuous *and* useless.

Studies have concluded that wearing masks in operating theatres (and thus elsewhere) make no difference to preventing infection while the opposite is true with toxic shite building up in the mask and this had led to an explosion in tooth decay and gum disease dubbed by dentists 'mask mouth'. You might have seen the Internet video of a furious American doctor urging people to take off their masks after a four-year-old patient had been rushed to hospital the night before and nearly died with a lung infection that doctors sourced to mask wearing. A study in the journal *Cancer Discovery* found that inhalation of harmful microbes can contribute to advanced stage lung cancer in adults and long-term use of masks can help breed dangerous pathogens. Microbiologists have said frequent mask wearing creates a moist environment in which microbes can grow and proliferate before entering the lungs. The Canadian Agency for Drugs and Technologies in Health, or CADTH, a Canadian national organisation that provides research and analysis to healthcare decision-makers, said this as long ago as 2013 in a report entitled 'Use of Surgical Masks in the Operating Room: A Review of the Clinical Effectiveness and Guidelines'. It said:

- No evidence was found to support the use of surgical face masks to reduce the frequency of surgical site infections
- No evidence was found on the effectiveness of wearing surgical face masks to protect staff from infectious material in the operating room.
- Guidelines recommend the use of surgical face masks by staff in the operating room to protect both operating room staff and patients (despite the lack of evidence).

We were told that the world could go back to 'normal' with the arrival of the 'vaccines'. When they came, fraudulent as they are, the story changed as I knew that it would. We are in the midst of transforming 'normal', not going back to it. Mary Ramsay, head of immunisation at Public Health England, echoed the words of US criminal Anthony Fauci who said masks and other regulations must stay no matter if people are vaccinated. The Fauci idiot continued to wear two masks – different colours so both could be clearly seen – after he *claimed* to have been vaccinated. Senator Rand Paul told Fauci in one exchange that his double-masks were 'theatre' and he was right. It's all theatre. Mary Ramsay back-tracked on the vaccine-return-to-normal theme when she said the public may need to wear masks and social-distance for years despite the jabs. 'People have got used to those lower-level restrictions now, and [they] can live with them', she said telling us what the idea has been all along. 'The vaccine does not give you a pass, even if you have had it, you must continue to follow all the guidelines' said a Public Health England statement which reneged on what we had been told before and made having the 'vaccine' irrelevant to 'normality' even by the official story. Spain's fascist government trumped everyone by passing a law mandating the wearing of masks on the beach and even when swimming in the sea. The move would have devastated what's left of the Spanish tourist industry, posed potential breathing dangers to swimmers and had Northern European sunbathers walking around with their forehead brown and the rest of their face white as a sheet. The ruling was so crazy that it had to be retracted after pressure from public and tourist industry, but it confirmed where the Cult wants to go with masks and how clinically insane authority has become. The determination to make masks permanent and hide the serious dangers to body and mind can be seen in the censorship of scientist Professor Denis Rancourt by Bill Gates-funded academic publishing website ResearchGate over his papers exposing the dangers and uselessness of masks. Rancourt said:

ResearchGate today has permanently locked my account, which I have had since 2015. Their reasons graphically show the nature of their attack against democracy, and their corruption of

science ... By their obscene non-logic, a scientific review of science articles reporting on harms caused by face masks has a 'potential to cause harm'. No criticism of the psychological device (face masks) is tolerated, if the said criticism shows potential to influence public policy.

This is what happens in a fascist world.

Where are the 'greens' (again)?

Other dangers of wearing masks especially regularly relate to the inhalation of minute plastic fibres into the lungs and the deluge of discarded masks in the environment and oceans. Estimates predicted that more than 1.5 billion disposable masks will end up in the world's oceans every year polluting the water with tons of plastic and endangering marine wildlife. Studies project that humans are using 129 billion face masks each month worldwide – about three million a minute. Most are disposable and made from plastic, non-biodegradable microfibers that break down into smaller plastic particles that become widespread in ecosystems. They are littering cities, clogging sewage channels and turning up in bodies of water. I have written in other books about the immense amounts of microplastics from endless sources now being absorbed into the body. Rolf Halden, director of the Arizona State University (ASU) Biodesign Center for Environmental Health Engineering, was the senior researcher in a 2020 study that analysed 47 human tissue samples and found microplastics in all of them. 'We have detected these chemicals of plastics in every single organ that we have investigated', he said. I wrote in *The Answer* about the world being deluged with microplastics. A study by the Worldwide Fund for Nature (WWF) found that people are consuming on average every week some 2,000 tiny pieces of plastic mostly through water and also through marine life and the air. Every year humans are ingesting enough microplastics to fill a heaped dinner plate and in a life-time of 79 years it is enough to fill two large waste bins. Marco Lambertini, WWF International director general said: 'Not only are plastics polluting our oceans and waterways and killing marine life – it's in all of us and we can't escape consuming plastics,' American

geologists found tiny plastic fibres, beads and shards in rainwater samples collected from the remote slopes of the Rocky Mountain National Park near Denver, Colorado. Their report was headed: 'It is raining plastic.' Rachel Adams, senior lecturer in Biomedical Science at Cardiff Metropolitan University, said that among health consequences are internal inflammation and immune responses to a 'foreign body'. She further pointed out that microplastics become carriers of toxins including mercury, pesticides and dioxins (a known cause of cancer and reproductive and developmental problems). These toxins accumulate in the fatty tissues once they enter the body through microplastics. Now this is being compounded massively by people putting plastic on their face and throwing it away.

Workers exposed to polypropylene plastic fibres known as 'flock' have developed 'flock worker's lung' from inhaling small pieces of the flock fibres which can damage lung tissue, reduce breathing capacity and exacerbate other respiratory problems. *Now ...* commonly used surgical masks have three layers of melt-blown textiles made of ... polypropylene. We have billions of people putting these microplastics against their mouth, nose and face for hours at a time day after day in the form of masks. How does anyone think that will work out? I mean – what could possibly go wrong? We posted a number of scientific studies on this at davidicke.com, but when I went back to them as I was writing this book the links to the science research website where they were hosted were dead. Anything that challenges the official narrative in any way is either censored or vilified. The official narrative is so unsupportable by the evidence that only deleting the truth can protect it. A study by Chinese scientists still survived – with the usual twist which it why it was still active, I guess. Yes, they found that virtually all the masks they tested increased the daily intake of microplastic fibres, but people should still wear them because the danger from the 'virus' was worse said the crazy 'team' from the Institute of Hydrobiology in Wuhan. Scientists first discovered microplastics in lung tissue of some patients who died of lung cancer

in the 1990s. Subsequent studies have confirmed the potential health damage with the plastic degrading slowly and remaining in the lungs to accumulate in volume. Wuhan researchers used a machine simulating human breathing to establish that masks shed up to nearly 4,000 microplastic fibres in a month with reused masks producing more. Scientists said some masks are laced with toxic chemicals and a variety of compounds seriously restricted for both health and environmental reasons. They include cobalt (used in blue dye) and formaldehyde known to cause watery eyes, burning sensations in the eyes, nose, and throat, plus coughing, wheezing and nausea. No – that must be ‘Covid-19’.

Mask ‘worms’

There is another and potentially even more sinister content of masks. Mostly new masks of different makes filmed under a microscope around the world have been found to contain strange black fibres or ‘worms’ that appear to move or ‘crawl’ by themselves and react to heat and water. The nearest I have seen to them are the self-replicating fibres that are pulled out through the skin of those suffering from Morgellons disease which has been connected to the phenomena of ‘chemtrails’ which I will bring into the story later on. Morgellons fibres continue to grow outside the body and have a form of artificial intelligence. Black ‘worm’ fibres in masks have that kind of feel to them and there is a nanotechnology technique called ‘worm micelles’ which carry and release drugs or anything else you want to deliver to the body. For sure the suppression of humanity by mind altering drugs is the Cult agenda big time and the more excuses they can find to gain access to the body the more opportunities there are to make that happen whether through ‘vaccines’ or masks pushed against the mouth and nose for hours on end.

So let us summarise the pros and cons of masks:

Against masks: Breathing in your own carbon dioxide; depriving the body and brain of sufficient oxygen; build-up of toxins in the mask that can be breathed into the lungs and cause rashes on the face and 'mask-mouth'; breathing microplastic fibres and toxic chemicals into the lungs; dehumanisation and deleting individualisation by literally making people faceless; destroying human emotional interaction through facial expression and deleting parental connection with their babies which look for guidance to their facial expression.

For masks: They don't protect you from a 'virus' that doesn't exist and even if it did 'viral' particles are so minute they are smaller than the holes in the mask.

Governments, police, supermarkets, businesses, transport companies, and all the rest who seek to impose masks have done no risk assessment on their consequences for health and psychology and are now open to group lawsuits when the impact becomes clear with a cumulative epidemic of respiratory and other disease. Authorities will try to exploit these effects and hide the real cause by dubbing them 'Covid-19'. Can you imagine setting out to force the population to wear health-destroying masks without doing any assessment of the risks? It is criminal and it is evil, but then how many people targeted in this way, who see their children told to wear them all day at school, have asked for a risk assessment? Billions can't be imposed upon by the few unless the billions allow it. Oh, yes, with just a tinge of irony, 85 percent of all masks made worldwide come from *China*.

Wash your hands in toxic shite

'Covid' rules include the use of toxic sanitisers and again the health consequences of constantly applying toxins to be absorbed through the skin is obvious to any level of Renegade Mind. America's Food and Drug Administration (FDA) said that sanitisers are drugs and issued a warning about 75 dangerous brands which contain

methanol used in antifreeze and can cause death, kidney damage and blindness. The FDA circulated the following warning even for those brands that it claims to be safe:

Store hand sanitizer out of the reach of pets and children, and children should use it only with adult supervision. Do not drink hand sanitizer. This is particularly important for young children, especially toddlers, who may be attracted by the pleasant smell or brightly colored bottles of hand sanitizer.

Drinking even a small amount of hand sanitizer can cause alcohol poisoning in children. (However, there is no need to be concerned if your children eat with or lick their hands after using hand sanitizer.) During this coronavirus pandemic, poison control centers have had an increase in calls about accidental ingestion of hand sanitizer, so it is important that adults monitor young children's use.

Do not allow pets to swallow hand sanitizer. If you think your pet has eaten something potentially dangerous, call your veterinarian or a pet poison control center right away. Hand sanitizer is flammable and should be stored away from heat and flames. When using hand sanitizer, rub your hands until they feel completely dry before performing activities that may involve heat, sparks, static electricity, or open flames.

There you go, perfectly safe, then, and that's without even a mention of the toxins absorbed through the skin. Come on kids – sanitise your hands everywhere you go. It will save you from the 'virus'. Put all these elements together of the 'Covid' normal and see how much health and psychology is being cumulatively damaged, even devastated, to 'protect your health'. Makes sense, right? They are only imposing these things because they care, right? *Right?*

Submitting to insanity

Psychological reframing of the population goes very deep and is done in many less obvious ways. I hear people say how contradictory and crazy 'Covid' rules are and how they are ever changing. This is explained away by dismissing those involved as idiots. It is a big mistake. The Cult is delighted if its cold calculation is perceived as incompetence and idiocy when it is anything but. Oh, yes, there are idiots within the system – lots of them – but they are *administering* the Cult agenda, mostly unknowingly. They are not deciding and dictating it. The bulwark against tyranny is self-

respect, always has been, always will be. It is self-respect that has broken every tyranny in history. By its very nature self-respect will not bow to oppression and its perpetrators. There is so little self-respect that it's always the few that overturn dictators. Many may eventually follow, but the few with the iron spines (self-respect) kick it off and generate the momentum. The Cult targets self-respect in the knowledge that once this has gone only submission remains. Crazy, contradictory, ever-changing 'Covid' rules are systematically applied by psychologists to delete self-respect. They *want* you to see that the rules make no sense. It is one thing to decide to do something when *you* have made the choice based on evidence and logic. You still retain your self-respect. It is quite another when you can see what you are being told to do is insane, ridiculous and makes no sense, and *yet you still do it*. Your self-respect is extinguished and this has been happening as ever more obviously stupid and nonsensical things have been demanded and the great majority have complied even when they can see they are stupid and nonsensical.

People walk around in face-nappies knowing they are damaging their health and make no difference to a 'virus'. They do it in fear of not doing it. I know it's daft, but I'll do it anyway. When that happens something dies inside of you and submissive reframing has begun. Next there's a need to hide from yourself that you have conceded your self-respect and you convince yourself that you have not really submitted to fear and intimidation. You begin to believe that you are complying with craziness because it's the right thing to do. When first you concede your self-respect of $2+2 = 4$ to $2+2 = 5$ you *know* you are compromising your self-respect. Gradually to avoid facing that fact you begin to *believe* that $2+2=5$. You have been reframed and I have been watching this process happening in the human psyche on an industrial scale. The Cult is working to break your spirit and one of its major tools in that war is humiliation. I read how former American soldier Bradley Manning (later Chelsea Manning after a sex-change) was treated after being jailed for supplying WikiLeaks with documents exposing the enormity of

government and elite mendacity. Manning was isolated in solitary confinement for eight months, put under 24-hour surveillance, forced to hand over clothing before going to bed, and stand naked for every roll call. This is systematic humiliation. The introduction of anal swab 'Covid' tests in China has been done for the same reason to delete self-respect and induce compliant submission. Anal swabs are mandatory for incoming passengers in parts of China and American diplomats have said they were forced to undergo the indignity which would have been calculated humiliation by the Cult-owned Chinese government that has America in its sights.

Government-people: An abusive relationship

Spirit-breaking psychological techniques include giving people hope and apparent respite from tyranny only to take it away again. This happened in the UK during Christmas, 2020, when the psychopsychologists and their political lackeys announced an easing of restrictions over the holiday only to reimpose them almost immediately on the basis of yet another lie. There is a big psychological difference between getting used to oppression and being given hope of relief only to have that dashed. Psychologists know this and we have seen the technique used repeatedly. Then there is traumatising people before you introduce more extreme regulations that require compliance. A perfect case was the announcement by the dark and sinister Whitty and Vallance in the UK that 'new data' predicted that 4,000 could die every day over the winter of 2020/2021 if we did not lockdown again. I think they call it lying and after traumatising people with that claim out came Jackboot Johnson the next day with new curbs on human freedom. Psychologists know that a frightened and traumatised mind becomes suggestable to submission and behaviour reframing. Underpinning all this has been to make people fearful and suspicious of each other and see themselves as a potential danger to others. In league with deleted self-respect you have the perfect psychological recipe for self-loathing. The relationship between authority and public is now demonstrably the same as that of

subservience to an abusive partner. These are signs of an abusive relationship explained by psychologist Leslie Becker-Phelps:

Psychological and emotional abuse: Undermining a partner's self-worth with verbal attacks, name-calling, and belittling. Humiliating the partner in public, unjustly accusing them of having an affair, or interrogating them about their every behavior. Keeping partner confused or off balance by saying they were just kidding or blaming the partner for 'making' them act this way ... Feigning in public that they care while turning against them in private. This leads to victims frequently feeling confused, incompetent, unworthy, hopeless, and chronically self-doubting. [Apply these techniques to how governments have treated the population since New Year, 2020, and the parallels are obvious.]

Physical abuse: The abuser might physically harm their partner in a range of ways, such as grabbing, hitting, punching, or shoving them. They might throw objects at them or harm them with a weapon. [Observe the physical harm imposed by masks, lockdown, and so on.]

Threats and intimidation: One way abusers keep their partners in line is by instilling fear. They might be verbally threatening, or give threatening looks or gestures. Abusers often make it known that they are tracking their partner's every move. They might destroy their partner's possessions, threaten to harm them, or threaten to harm their family members. Not surprisingly, victims of this abuse often feel anxiety, fear, and panic. [No words necessary.]

Isolation: Abusers often limit their partner's activities, forbidding them to talk or interact with friends or family. They might limit access to a car or even turn off their phone. All of this might be done by physically holding them against their will, but is often accomplished through psychological abuse and intimidation. The more isolated a person feels, the fewer resources they have to help gain perspective on their situation and to escape from it. [No words necessary.]

Economic abuse: Abusers often make their partners beholden to them for money by controlling access to funds of any kind. They might prevent their partner from getting a job or withhold access to money they earn from a job. This creates financial dependency that makes leaving the relationship very difficult. [See destruction of livelihoods and the proposed meagre 'guaranteed income' so long as you do whatever you are told.]

Using children: An abuser might disparage their partner's parenting skills, tell their children lies about their partner, threaten to take custody of their children, or threaten to harm their children. These tactics instil fear and often elicit compliance. [See reframed social service mafia and how children are being mercilessly abused by the state over 'Covid' while their parents look on too frightened to do anything.]

A further recurring trait in an abusive relationship is the abused blaming themselves for their abuse and making excuses for the abuser. We have the public blaming each other for lockdown abuse by government and many making excuses for the government while attacking those who challenge the government. How often we have heard authorities say that rules are being imposed or reimposed only because people have refused to 'behave' and follow the rules. We don't want to do it – it's *you*.

Renegade Minds are an antidote to all of these things. They will never concede their self-respect no matter what the circumstances. Even when apparent humiliation is heaped upon them they laugh in its face and reflect back the humiliation on the abuser where it belongs. Renegade Minds will never wear masks they know are only imposed to humiliate, suppress and damage both physically and psychologically. Consequences will take care of themselves and they will never break their spirit or cause them to concede to tyranny. UK newspaper columnist Peter Hitchens was one of the few in the mainstream media to speak out against lockdowns and forced vaccinations. He then announced he had taken the jab. He wanted to see family members abroad and he believed vaccine passports were inevitable even though they had not yet been introduced. Hitchens

has a questioning and critical mind, but not a Renegade one. If he had no amount of pressure would have made him concede. Hitchens excused his action by saying that the battle has been lost. Renegade Minds never accept defeat when freedom is at stake and even if they are the last one standing the self-respect of not submitting to tyranny is more important than any outcome or any consequence.

That's why Renegade Minds are the only minds that ever changed anything worth changing.

CHAPTER EIGHT

'Reframing' insanity

Insanity is relative. It depends on who has who locked in what cage
Ray Bradbury

Reframing' a mind means simply to change its perception and behaviour. This can be done subconsciously to such an extent that subjects have no idea they have been 'reframed' while to any observer changes in behaviour and attitudes are obvious.

Human society is being reframed on a ginormous scale since the start of 2020 and here we have the reason why psychologists rather than doctors have been calling the shots. Ask most people who have succumbed to 'Covid' reframing if they have changed and most will say 'no'; but they *have* and fundamentally. The Cult's long-game has been preparing for these times since way back and crucial to that has been to prepare both population and officialdom mentally and emotionally. To use the mind-control parlance they had to reframe the population with a mentality that would submit to fascism and reframe those in government and law enforcement to impose fascism or at least go along with it. The result has been the fact-deleted mindlessness of 'Wokeness' and officialdom that has either enthusiastically or unquestioningly imposed global tyranny demanded by reframed politicians on behalf of psychopathic and deeply evil cultists. 'Cognitive reframing' identifies and challenges the way someone sees the world in the form of situations, experiences and emotions and then restructures those perceptions to view the same set of circumstances in a different way. This can have

benefits if the attitudes are personally destructive while on the other side it has the potential for individual and collective mind control which the subject has no idea has even happened.

Cognitive therapy was developed in the 1960s by Aaron T. Beck who was born in Rhode Island in 1921 as the son of Jewish immigrants from the Ukraine. He became interested in the techniques as a treatment for depression. Beck's daughter Judith S. Beck is prominent in the same field and they founded the Beck Institute for Cognitive Behavior Therapy in Philadelphia in 1994. Cognitive reframing, however, began to be used worldwide by those with a very dark agenda. The Cult reframes politicians to change their attitudes and actions until they are completely at odds with what they once appeared to stand for. The same has been happening to government administrators at all levels, law enforcement, military and the human population. Cultists love mind control for two main reasons: It allows them to control what people think, do and say to secure agenda advancement and, by definition, it calms their legendary insecurity and fear of the unexpected. I have studied mind control since the time I travelled America in 1996. I may have been talking to next to no one in terms of an audience in those years, but my goodness did I gather a phenomenal amount of information and knowledge about so many things including the techniques of mind control. I have described this in detail in other books going back to *The Biggest Secret* in 1998. I met a very large number of people recovering from MKUltra and its offshoots and successors and I began to see how these same techniques were being used on the population in general. This was never more obvious than since the 'Covid' hoax began.

Reframing the enforcers

I have observed over the last two decades and more the very clear transformation in the dynamic between the police, officialdom and the public. I tracked this in the books as the relationship mutated from one of serving the public to seeing them as almost the enemy and certainly a lower caste. There has always been a class divide

based on income and always been some psychopathic, corrupt, and big-I-am police officers. This was different. Wholesale change was unfolding in the collective dynamic; it was less about money and far more about position and perceived power. An us-and-them was emerging. Noses were lifted skyward by government administration and law enforcement and their attitude to the public they were *supposed* to be serving changed to one of increasing contempt, superiority and control. The transformation was so clear and widespread that it had to be planned. Collective attitudes and dynamics do not change naturally and organically that quickly on that scale. I then came across an organisation in Britain called Common Purpose created in the late 1980s by Julia Middleton who would work in the office of Deputy Prime Minister John Prescott during the long and disastrous premiership of war criminal Tony Blair. When Blair speaks the Cult is speaking and the man should have been in jail a long time ago. Common Purpose proclaims itself to be one of the biggest 'leadership development' organisations in the world while functioning as a *charity* with all the financial benefits which come from that. It hosts 'leadership development' courses and programmes all over the world and claims to have 'brought together' what it calls 'leaders' from more than 100 countries on six continents. The modus operandi of Common Purpose can be compared with the work of the UK government's reframing network that includes the Behavioural Insights Team 'nudge unit' and 'Covid' reframing specialists at SPI-B. WikiLeaks described Common Purpose long ago as 'a hidden virus in our government and schools' which is unknown to the general public: 'It recruits and trains "leaders" to be loyal to the directives of Common Purpose and the EU, instead of to their own departments, which they then undermine or subvert, the NHS [National Health Service] being an example.' This is a vital point to understand the 'Covid' hoax. The NHS, and its equivalent around the world, has been utterly reframed in terms of administrators and much of the medical personnel with the transformation underpinned by recruitment policies. The outcome has been the criminal and psychopathic behaviour of the

NHS over 'Covid' and we have seen the same in every other major country. WikiLeaks said Common Purpose trainees are 'learning to rule without regard to democracy' and to usher in a police state (current events explained). Common Purpose operated like a 'glue' and had members in the NHS, BBC, police, legal profession, church, many of Britain's 7,000 quangos, local councils, the Civil Service, government ministries and Parliament, and controlled many RDA's (Regional Development Agencies). Here we have one answer for how and why British institutions and their like in other countries have changed so negatively in relation to the public. This further explains how and why the beyond-disgraceful reframed BBC has become a propaganda arm of 'Covid' fascism. They are all part of a network pursuing the same goal.

By 2019 Common Purpose was quoting a figure of 85,000 'leaders' that had attended its programmes. These 'students' of all ages are known as Common Purpose 'graduates' and they consist of government, state and local government officials and administrators, police chiefs and officers, and a whole range of others operating within the national, local and global establishment. Cressida Dick, Commissioner of the London Metropolitan Police, is the Common Purpose graduate who was the 'Gold Commander' that oversaw what can only be described as the murder of Brazilian electrician Jean Charles de Menezes in 2005. He was held down by psychopathic police and shot seven times in the head by a psychopathic lunatic after being mistaken for a terrorist when he was just a bloke going about his day. Dick authorised officers to pursue and keep surveillance on de Menezes and ordered that he be stopped from entering the underground train system. Police psychopaths took her at her word clearly. She was 'disciplined' for this outrage by being *promoted* – eventually to the top of the 'Met' police where she has been a disaster. Many Chief Constables controlling the police in different parts of the UK are and have been Common Purpose graduates. I have heard the 'graduate' network described as a sort of Mafia or secret society operating within the fabric of government at all levels pursuing a collective policy

ingrained at Common Purpose training events. Founder Julia Middleton herself has said:

Locally and internationally, Common Purpose graduates will be 'lighting small fires' to create change in their organisations and communities ... The Common Purpose effect is best illustrated by the many stories of small changes brought about by leaders, who themselves have changed.

A Common Purpose mission statement declared:

Common Purpose aims to improve the way society works by expanding the vision, decision-making ability and influence of all kinds of leaders. The organisation runs a variety of educational programmes for leaders of all ages, backgrounds and sectors, in order to provide them with the inspirational, information and opportunities they need to change the world.

Yes, but into what? Since 2020 the answer has become clear.

NLP and the Delphi technique

Common Purpose would seem to be a perfect name or would common programming be better? One of the foundation methods of reaching 'consensus' (group think) is by setting the agenda theme and then encouraging, cajoling or pressuring everyone to agree a 'consensus' in line with the core theme promoted by Common Purpose. The methodology involves the 'Delphi technique', or an 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

Wokers to positions of power and battering non-Wokers into line through intimidation, isolation and threats to their job. Many have been fired in the wake of the empathy-deleted, vicious hostility of 'social justice' Wokers and the desire of gutless, spineless employers to virtue-signal their Wokeness. Corporations are filled with Wokers today, most notably those in Silicon Valley. Ironically at the top they are not Woke at all. They are only exploiting the mentality their Cult masters have created and funded to censor and enslave while the Wokers cheer them on until it's their turn. Thus the Woke 'liberal left' is an inversion of the traditional liberal left. Campaigning for justice on the grounds of power and wealth distribution has been replaced by campaigning for identity politics. The genuine traditional left would never have taken money from today's billionaire abusers of fairness and justice and nor would the billionaires have wanted to fund that genuine left. It would not have been in their interests to do so. The division of opinion in those days was between the haves and have nots. This all changed with Cult manipulated and funded identity politics. The division of opinion today is between Wokers and non-Wokers and not income brackets. Cult corporations and their billionaires may have taken wealth disparity to cataclysmic levels of injustice, but as long as they speak the language of Woke, hand out the dosh to the Woke network and censor the enemy they are 'one of us'. Billionaires who don't give a damn about injustice are laughing at them till their bellies hurt. Wokers are not even close to self-aware enough to see that. The transformed 'left' dynamic means that Wokers who drone on about 'social justice' are funded by billionaires that have destroyed social justice the world over. It's *why* they are billionaires.

The climate con

Nothing encapsulates what I have said more comprehensively than the hoax of human-caused global warming. I have detailed in my books over the years how Cult operatives and organisations were the pump-primers from the start of the climate con. A purpose-built vehicle for this is the Club of Rome established by the Cult in 1968

with the Rockefellers and Rothschilds centrally involved all along. Their gofer frontman Maurice Strong, a Canadian oil millionaire, hosted the Earth Summit in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, in 1992 where the global 'green movement' really expanded in earnest under the guiding hand of the Cult. The Earth Summit established Agenda 21 through the Cult-created-and-owned United Nations to use the illusion of human-caused climate change to justify the transformation of global society to save the world from climate disaster. It is a No-Problem-Reaction-Solution sold through governments, media, schools and universities as whole generations have been terrified into believing that the world was going to end in their lifetimes unless what old people had inflicted upon them was stopped by a complete restructuring of how everything is done. Chill, kids, it's all a hoax. Such restructuring is precisely what the Cult agenda demands (purely by coincidence of course). Today this has been given the codename of the Great Reset which is only an updated term for Agenda 21 and its associated Agenda 2030. The latter, too, is administered through the UN and was voted into being by the General Assembly in 2015. Both 21 and 2030 seek centralised control of all resources and food right down to the raindrops falling on your own land. These are some of the demands of Agenda 21 established in 1992. See if you recognise this society emerging today:

- End national sovereignty
- State planning and management of all land resources, ecosystems, deserts, forests, mountains, oceans and fresh water; agriculture; rural development; biotechnology; and ensuring '*equity*'
- The state to 'define the role' of business and financial resources
- Abolition of private property
- 'Restructuring' the family unit (see BLM)
- Children raised by the state
- People told what their job will be
- Major restrictions on movement
- Creation of 'human settlement zones'

- Mass resettlement as people are forced to vacate land where they live
- Dumbing down education
- Mass global depopulation in pursuit of all the above

The United Nations was created as a Trojan horse for world government. With the climate con of critical importance to promoting that outcome you would expect the UN to be involved. Oh, it's involved all right. The UN is promoting Agenda 21 and Agenda 2030 justified by 'climate change' while also driving the climate hoax through its Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change (IPCC), one of the world's most corrupt organisations. The IPCC has been lying ferociously and constantly since the day it opened its doors with the global media hanging unquestioningly on its every mendacious word. The Green movement is entirely Woke and has long lost its original environmental focus since it was co-opted by the Cult. An obsession with 'global warming' has deleted its values and scrambled its head. I experienced a small example of what I mean on a beautiful country walk that I have enjoyed several times a week for many years. The path merged into the fields and forests and you felt at one with the natural world. Then a 'Green' organisation, the Hampshire and Isle of Wight Wildlife Trust, took over part of the land and proceeded to cut down a large number of trees, including mature ones, to install a horrible big, bright steel 'this-is-ours-stay-out' fence that destroyed the whole atmosphere of this beautiful place. No one with a feel for nature would do that. Day after day I walked to the sound of chainsaws and a magnificent mature weeping willow tree that I so admired was cut down at the base of the trunk. When I challenged a Woke young girl in a green shirt (of course) about this vandalism she replied: 'It's a weeping willow – it will grow back.' This is what people are paying for when they donate to the Hampshire and Isle of Wight Wildlife Trust and many other 'green' organisations today. It is not the environmental movement that I knew and instead has become a support-system – as with Extinction Rebellion – for a very dark agenda.

Private jets for climate justice

The Cult-owned, Gates-funded, World Economic Forum and its founder Klaus Schwab were behind the emergence of Greta Thunberg to harness the young behind the climate agenda and she was invited to speak to the world at ... the UN. Schwab published a book, *Covid-19: The Great Reset* in 2020 in which he used the 'Covid' hoax and the climate hoax to lay out a new society straight out of Agenda 21 and Agenda 2030. Bill Gates followed in early 2021 when he took time out from destroying the world to produce a book in his name about the way to save it. Gates flies across the world in private jets and admitted that 'I probably have one of the highest greenhouse gas footprints of anyone on the planet ... my personal flying alone is gigantic.' He has also bid for the planet's biggest private jet operator. Other climate change saviours who fly in private jets include John Kerry, the US Special Presidential Envoy for Climate, and actor Leonardo DiCaprio, a 'UN Messenger of Peace with special focus on climate change'. These people are so full of bullshit they could corner the market in manure. We mustn't be sceptical, though, because the Gates book, *How to Avoid a Climate Disaster: The Solutions We Have and the Breakthroughs We Need*, is a genuine attempt to protect the world and not an obvious pile of excrement attributed to a mega-psychopath aimed at selling his masters' plans for humanity. The Gates book and the other shite-pile by Klaus Schwab could have been written by the same person and may well have been. Both use 'climate change' and 'Covid' as the excuses for their new society and by coincidence the Cult's World Economic Forum and Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation promote the climate hoax and hosted Event 201 which pre-empted with a 'simulation' the very 'coronavirus' hoax that would be simulated for real on humanity within weeks. The British 'royal' family is promoting the 'Reset' as you would expect through Prince 'climate change caused the war in Syria' Charles and his hapless son Prince William who said that we must 'reset our relationship with nature and our trajectory as a species' to avoid a climate disaster. Amazing how many promoters of the 'Covid' and 'climate change' control

systems are connected to Gates and the World Economic Forum. A 'study' in early 2021 claimed that carbon dioxide emissions must fall by the equivalent of a global lockdown roughly every two years for the next decade to save the planet. The 'study' appeared in the same period that the Schwab mob claimed in a video that lockdowns destroying the lives of billions are good because they make the earth 'quieter' with less 'ambient noise'. They took down the video amid a public backlash for such arrogant, empathy-deleted stupidity. You see, however, where they are going with this. Corinne Le Quéré, a professor at the Tyndall Centre for Climate Change Research, University of East Anglia, was lead author of the climate lockdown study, and she writes for ... the World Economic Forum. Gates calls in 'his' book for changing 'every aspect of the economy' (long-time Cult agenda) and for humans to eat synthetic 'meat' (predicted in my books) while cows and other farm animals are eliminated. Australian TV host and commentator Alan Jones described what carbon emission targets would mean for farm animals in Australia alone if emissions were reduced as demanded by 35 percent by 2030 and zero by 2050:

Well, let's take agriculture, the total emissions from agriculture are about 75 million tonnes of carbon dioxide, equivalent. Now reduce that by 35 percent and you have to come down to 50 million tonnes, I've done the maths. So if you take for example 1.5 million cows, you're going to have to reduce the herd by 525,000 [by] 2030, nine years, that's 58,000 cows a year. The beef herd's 30 million, reduce that by 35 percent, that's 10.5 million, which means 1.2 million cattle have to go every year between now and 2030. This is insanity!

There are 75 million sheep. Reduce that by 35 percent, that's 26 million sheep, that's almost 3 million a year. So under the Paris Agreement over 30 million beasts, dairy cows, cattle, pigs and sheep would go. More than 8,000 every minute of every hour for the next decade, do these people know what they're talking about?

Clearly they don't at the level of campaigners, politicians and administrators. The Cult *does* know; that's the outcome it wants. We are faced with not just a war on humanity. Animals and the natural world are being targeted and I have been saying since the 'Covid' hoax began that the plan eventually was to claim that the 'deadly virus' is able to jump from animals, including farm animals and

domestic pets, to humans. Just before this book went into production came this story: 'Russia registers world's first Covid-19 vaccine for cats & dogs as makers of Sputnik V warn pets & farm animals could spread virus'. The report said 'top scientists warned that the deadly pathogen could soon begin spreading through homes and farms' and 'the next stage is the infection of farm and domestic animals'. Know the outcome and you'll see the journey. Think what that would mean for animals and keep your eye on a term called zoonosis or zoonotic diseases which transmit between animals and humans. The Cult wants to break the connection between animals and people as it does between people and people. Farm animals fit with the Cult agenda to transform food from natural to synthetic.

The gas of life is killing us

There can be few greater examples of Cult inversion than the condemnation of carbon dioxide as a dangerous pollutant when it is the gas of life. Without it the natural world would be dead and so we would all be dead. We breathe in oxygen and breathe out carbon dioxide while plants produce oxygen and absorb carbon dioxide. It is a perfect symbiotic relationship that the Cult wants to dismantle for reasons I will come to in the final two chapters. Gates, Schwab, other Cult operatives and mindless repeaters, want the world to be 'carbon neutral' by at least 2050 and the earlier the better. 'Zero carbon' is the cry echoed by lunatics calling for 'Zero Covid' when we already have it. These carbon emission targets will deindustrialise the world in accordance with Cult plans – the post-industrial, post-democratic society – and with so-called renewables like solar and wind not coming even close to meeting human energy needs blackouts and cold are inevitable. Texans got the picture in the winter of 2021 when a snow storm stopped wind turbines and solar panels from working and the lights went down along with water which relies on electricity for its supply system. Gates wants everything to be powered by electricity to ensure that his masters have the kill switch to stop all human activity, movement, cooking, water and warmth any time they like. The climate lie is so

stupendously inverted that it claims we must urgently reduce carbon dioxide when we *don't have enough*.

Co2 in the atmosphere is a little above 400 parts per million when the optimum for plant growth is 2,000 ppm and when it falls anywhere near 150 ppm the natural world starts to die and so do we. It fell to as low as 280 ppm in an 1880 measurement in Hawaii and rose to 413 ppm in 2019 with industrialisation which is why the planet has become *greener* in the industrial period. How insane then that psychopathic madman Gates is not satisfied only with blocking the rise of Co2. He's funding technology to suck it out of the atmosphere. The reason why will become clear. The industrial era is not destroying the world through Co2 and has instead turned around a potentially disastrous ongoing fall in Co2. Greenpeace co-founder and scientist Patrick Moore walked away from Greenpeace in 1986 and has exposed the green movement for fear-mongering and lies. He said that 500 million years ago there was *17 times* more Co2 in the atmosphere than we have today and levels have been falling for hundreds of millions of years. In the last 150 million years Co2 levels in Earth's atmosphere had reduced by *90 percent*. Moore said that by the time humanity began to unlock carbon dioxide from fossil fuels we were at '38 seconds to midnight' and in that sense: 'Humans are [the Earth's] salvation.' Moore made the point that only half the Co2 emitted by fossil fuels stays in the atmosphere and we should remember that all pollution pouring from chimneys that we are told is carbon dioxide is in fact nothing of the kind. It's pollution. Carbon dioxide is an invisible gas.

William Happer, Professor of Physics at Princeton University and long-time government adviser on climate, has emphasised the Co2 deficiency for maximum growth and food production. Greenhouse growers don't add carbon dioxide for a bit of fun. He said that most of the warming in the last 100 years, after the earth emerged from the super-cold period of the 'Little Ice Age' into a natural warming cycle, was over by 1940. Happer said that a peak year for warming in 1988 can be explained by a 'monster El Nino' which is a natural and cyclical warming of the Pacific that has nothing to do with 'climate

change'. He said the effect of Co2 could be compared to painting a wall with red paint in that once two or three coats have been applied it didn't matter how much more you slapped on because the wall will not get much redder. Almost all the effect of the rise in Co2 has already happened, he said, and the volume in the atmosphere would now have to *double* to increase temperature by a single degree. Climate hoaxers know this and they have invented the most ridiculously complicated series of 'feedback' loops to try to overcome this rather devastating fact. You hear puppet Greta going on cluelessly about feedback loops and this is why.

The Sun affects temperature? No you *climate denier*

Some other nonsense to contemplate: Climate graphs show that rises in temperature do not follow rises in Co2 – *it's the other way round* with a lag between the two of some 800 years. If we go back 800 years from present time we hit the Medieval Warm Period when temperatures were higher than now without any industrialisation and this was followed by the Little Ice Age when temperatures plummeted. The world was still emerging from these centuries of serious cold when many climate records began which makes the ever-repeated line of the 'hottest year since records began' meaningless when you are not comparing like with like. The coldest period of the Little Ice Age corresponded with the lowest period of sunspot activity when the Sun was at its least active. Proper scientists will not be at all surprised by this when it confirms the obvious fact that earth temperature is affected by the scale of Sun activity and the energetic power that it subsequently emits; but when is the last time you heard a climate hoaxer talking about the Sun as a source of earth temperature?? Everything has to be focussed on Co2 which makes up just 0.117 percent of so-called greenhouse gases and only a fraction of even that is generated by human activity. The rest is natural. More than 90 percent of those greenhouse gases are water vapour and clouds ([Fig 9](#)). Ban moisture I say. Have you noticed that the climate hoaxers no longer use the polar bear as their promotion image? That's because far from becoming extinct polar

bear communities are stable or thriving. Joe Bastardi, American meteorologist, weather forecaster and outspoken critic of the climate lie, documents in his book *The Climate Chronicles* how weather patterns and events claimed to be evidence of climate change have been happening since long before industrialisation: 'What happened before naturally is happening again, as is to be expected given the cyclical nature of the climate due to the design of the planet.' If you read the detailed background to the climate hoax in my other books you will shake your head and wonder how anyone could believe the crap which has spawned a multi-trillion dollar industry based on absolute garbage (see HIV causes AIDs and Sars-Cov-2 causes 'Covid-19'). Climate and 'Covid' have much in common given they have the same source. They both have the contradictory *everything* factor in which everything is explained by reference to them. It's hot – 'it's climate change'. It's cold – 'it's climate change'. I got a sniffle – 'it's Covid'. I haven't got a sniffle – 'it's Covid'. Not having a sniffle has to be a symptom of 'Covid'. Everything is and not having a sniffle is especially dangerous if you are a slow walker. For sheer audacity I offer you a Cambridge University 'study' that actually linked 'Covid' to 'climate change'. It had to happen eventually. They concluded that climate change played a role in 'Covid-19' spreading from animals to humans because ... wait for it ... I kid you not ... *the two groups were forced closer together as populations grow*. Er, that's it. The whole foundation on which this depended was that 'Bats are the likely zoonotic origin of SARS-CoV-1 and SARS-CoV-2'. Well, they are not. They are nothing to do with it. Apart from bats not being the origin and therefore 'climate change' effects on bats being irrelevant I am in awe of their academic insight. Where would we be without them? Not where we are that's for sure.

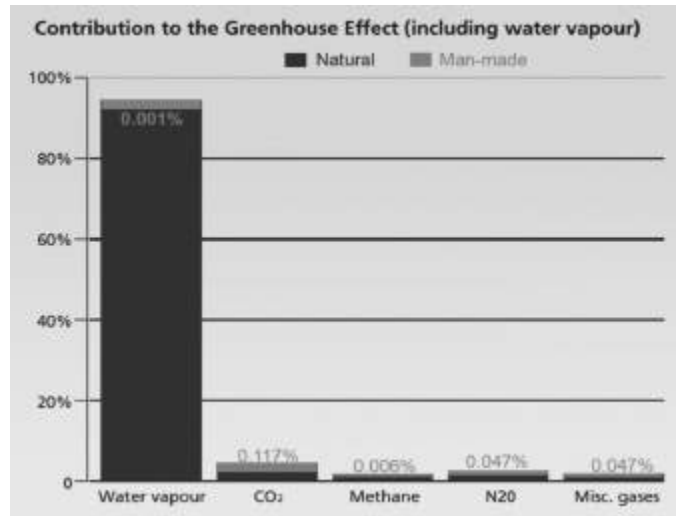


Figure 9: The idea that the gas of life is disastrously changing the climate is an insult to brain cell activity.

One other point about the weather is that climate modification is now well advanced and not every major weather event is natural – or earthquake come to that. I cover this subject at some length in other books. China is openly planning a rapid expansion of its weather modification programme which includes changing the climate in an area more than one and a half times the size of India. China used weather manipulation to ensure clear skies during the 2008 Olympics in Beijing. I have quoted from US military documents detailing how to employ weather manipulation as a weapon of war and they did that in the 1960s and 70s during the conflict in Vietnam with Operation Popeye manipulating monsoon rains for military purposes. Why would there be international treaties on weather modification if it wasn't possible? Of course it is. Weather is energetic information and it can be changed.

How was the climate hoax pulled off? See 'Covid'

If you can get billions to believe in a 'virus' that doesn't exist you can get them to believe in human-caused climate change that doesn't exist. Both are being used by the Cult to transform global society in the way it has long planned. Both hoaxes have been achieved in pretty much the same way. First you declare a lie is a fact. There's a

'virus' you call SARS-Cov-2 or humans are warming the planet with their behaviour. Next this becomes, via Cult networks, the foundation of government, academic and science policy and belief. Those who parrot the mantra are given big grants to produce research that confirms the narrative is true and ever more 'symptoms' are added to make the 'virus'/'climate change' sound even more scary. Scientists and researchers who challenge the narrative have their grants withdrawn and their careers destroyed. The media promote the lie as the unquestionable truth and censor those with an alternative view or evidence. A great percentage of the population believe what they are told as the lie becomes an everybody-knows-that and the believing-masses turn on those with a mind of their own. The technique has been used endlessly throughout human history. Wokers are the biggest promoters of the climate lie *and* 'Covid' fascism because their minds are owned by the Cult; their sense of self-righteous self-purity knows no bounds; and they exist in a bubble of reality in which facts are irrelevant and only get in the way of looking without seeing.

Running through all of this like veins in a blue cheese is control of information, which means control of perception, which means control of behaviour, which collectively means control of human society. The Cult owns the global media and Silicon Valley fascists for the simple reason that it *has* to. Without control of information it can't control perception and through that human society. Examine every facet of the Cult agenda and you will see that anything supporting its introduction is never censored while anything pushing back is always censored. I say again: Psychopaths that know why they are doing this must go before Nuremberg trials and those that follow their orders must trot along behind them into the same dock. 'I was just following orders' didn't work the first time and it must not work now. Nuremberg trials must be held all over the world before public juries for politicians, government officials, police, compliant doctors, scientists and virologists, and all Cult operatives such as Gates, Tedros, Fauci, Vallance, Whitty, Ferguson, Zuckerberg, Wojcicki, Brin, Page, Dorsey, the whole damn lot of

them – including, no *especially*, the psychopath psychologists. Without them and the brainless, gutless excuses for journalists that have repeated their lies, none of this could be happening. Nobody can be allowed to escape justice for the psychological and economic Armageddon they are all responsible for visiting upon the human race.

As for the compliant, unquestioning, swathes of humanity, and the self-obsessed, all-knowing ignorance of the Wokers ... don't start me. God help their kids. God help their grandkids. God *help them*.

CHAPTER NINE

We must have it? So what is it?

*Well I won't back down. No, I won't back down. You can stand me
up at the Gates of Hell. But I won't back down*

Tom Petty

I will now focus on the genetically-manipulating 'Covid vaccines' which do not meet this official definition of a vaccine by the US Centers for Disease Control (CDC): 'A product that stimulates a person's immune system to produce immunity to a specific disease, protecting the person from that disease.' On that basis 'Covid vaccines' are not a vaccine in that the makers don't even claim they stop infection or transmission.

They are instead part of a multi-levelled conspiracy to change the nature of the human body and what it means to be 'human' and to depopulate an enormous swathe of humanity. What I shall call Human 1.0 is on the cusp of becoming Human 2.0 and for very sinister reasons. Before I get to the 'Covid vaccine' in detail here's some background to vaccines in general. Government regulators do not test vaccines – the makers do – and the makers control which data is revealed and which isn't. Children in America are given 50 vaccine doses by age six and 69 by age 19 and the effect of the whole combined schedule has never been tested. Autoimmune diseases when the immune system attacks its own body have soared in the mass vaccine era and so has disease in general in children and the young. Why wouldn't this be the case when vaccines target the *immune system*? The US government gave Big Pharma drug

companies immunity from prosecution for vaccine death and injury in the 1986 National Childhood Vaccine Injury Act (NCVIA) and since then the government (taxpayer) has been funding compensation for the consequences of Big Pharma vaccines. The criminal and satanic drug giants can't lose and the vaccine schedule has increased dramatically since 1986 for this reason. There is no incentive to make vaccines safe and a big incentive to make money by introducing ever more. Even against a ridiculously high bar to prove vaccine liability, and with the government controlling the hearing in which it is being challenged for compensation, the vaccine court has so far paid out more than \$4 billion. These are the vaccines we are told are safe and psychopaths like Zuckerberg censor posts saying otherwise. The immunity law was even justified by a ruling that vaccines by their nature were 'unavoidably unsafe'.

Check out the ingredients of vaccines and you will be shocked if you are new to this. *They put that in children's bodies?? What??* Try aluminium, a brain toxin connected to dementia, aborted foetal tissue and formaldehyde which is used to embalm corpses. World-renowned aluminium expert Christopher Exley had his research into the health effect of aluminium in vaccines shut down by Keele University in the UK when it began taking funding from the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation. Research when diseases 'eradicated' by vaccines began to decline and you will find the fall began long *before* the vaccine was introduced. Sometimes the fall even plateaued after the vaccine. Diseases like scarlet fever for which there was no vaccine declined in the same way because of environmental and other factors. A perfect case in point is the polio vaccine. Polio began when lead arsenate was first sprayed as an insecticide and residues remained in food products. Spraying started in 1892 and the first US polio epidemic came in Vermont in 1894. The simple answer was to stop spraying, but Rockefeller-created Big Pharma had a better idea. Polio was decreed to be caused by the *poliovirus* which 'spreads from person to person and can infect a person's spinal cord'. Lead arsenate was replaced by the lethal DDT which had the same effect of causing paralysis by damaging the brain and central nervous

system. Polio plummeted when DDT was reduced and then banned, but the vaccine is still given the credit for something it didn't do. Today by far the biggest cause of polio is the vaccines promoted by Bill Gates. Vaccine justice campaigner Robert Kennedy Jr, son of assassinated (by the Cult) US Attorney General Robert Kennedy, wrote:

In 2017, the World Health Organization (WHO) reluctantly admitted that the global explosion in polio is predominantly vaccine strain. The most frightening epidemics in Congo, Afghanistan, and the Philippines, are all linked to vaccines. In fact, by 2018, 70% of global polio cases were vaccine strain.

Vaccines make fortunes for Cult-owned Gates and Big Pharma while undermining the health and immune systems of the population. We had a glimpse of the mentality behind the Big Pharma cartel with a report on WION (World is One News), an international English language TV station based in India, which exposed the extraordinary behaviour of US drug company Pfizer over its 'Covid vaccine'. The WION report told how Pfizer had made fantastic demands of Argentina, Brazil and other countries in return for its 'vaccine'. These included immunity from prosecution, even for Pfizer negligence, government insurance to protect Pfizer from law suits and handing over as collateral sovereign assets of the country to include Argentina's bank reserves, military bases and embassy buildings. Pfizer demanded the same of Brazil in the form of waiving sovereignty of its assets abroad; exempting Pfizer from Brazilian laws; and giving Pfizer immunity from all civil liability. This is a 'vaccine' developed with government funding. Big Pharma is evil incarnate as a creation of the Cult and all must be handed tickets to Nuremberg.

Phantom 'vaccine' for a phantom 'disease'

I'll expose the 'Covid vaccine' fraud and then go on to the wider background of why the Cult has set out to 'vaccinate' every man, woman and child on the planet for an alleged 'new disease' with a survival rate of 99.77 percent (or more) even by the grotesquely-

manipulated figures of the World Health Organization and Johns Hopkins University. The 'infection' to 'death' ratio is 0.23 to 0.15 percent according to Stanford epidemiologist Dr John Ioannidis and while estimates vary the danger remains tiny. I say that if the truth be told the fake infection to fake death ratio is zero. Never mind all the evidence I have presented here and in *The Answer* that there is no 'virus' let us just focus for a moment on that death-rate figure of say 0.23 percent. The figure includes all those worldwide who have tested positive with a test not testing for the 'virus' and then died within 28 days or even longer of any other cause – *any other cause*. Now subtract all those illusory 'Covid' deaths on the global data sheets from the 0.23 percent. What do you think you would be left with? *Zero*. A vaccination has never been successfully developed for a so-called coronavirus. They have all failed at the animal testing stage when they caused hypersensitivity to what they were claiming to protect against and made the impact of a disease far worse. Cult-owned vaccine corporations got around that problem this time by bypassing animal trials, going straight to humans and making the length of the 'trials' before the public rollout as short as they could get away with. Normally it takes five to ten years or more to develop vaccines that still cause demonstrable harm to many people and that's without including the long-term effects that are never officially connected to the vaccination. 'Covid' non-vaccines have been officially produced and approved in a matter of months from a standing start and part of the reason is that (a) they were developed before the 'Covid' hoax began and (b) they are based on computer programs and not natural sources. Official non-trials were so short that government agencies gave *emergency*, not full, approval. 'Trials' were not even completed and full approval cannot be secured until they are. Public 'Covid vaccination' is actually a *continuation of the trial*. Drug company 'trials' are not scheduled to end until 2023 by which time a lot of people are going to be dead. Data on which government agencies gave this emergency approval was supplied by the Big Pharma corporations themselves in the form of Pfizer/BioNTech, AstraZeneca, Moderna, Johnson & Johnson, and

others, and this is the case with all vaccines. By its very nature *emergency* approval means drug companies do not have to prove that the 'vaccine' is 'safe and effective'. How could they with trials way short of complete? Government regulators only have to *believe* that they *could* be safe and effective. It is criminal manipulation to get products in circulation with no testing worth the name. Agencies giving that approval are infested with Big Pharma-connected place-people and they act in the interests of Big Pharma (the Cult) and not the public about whom they do not give a damn.

More human lab rats

'Covid vaccines' produced in record time by Pfizer/BioNTech and Moderna employ a technique *never approved before for use on humans*. They are known as mRNA 'vaccines' and inject a synthetic version of 'viral' mRNA or 'messenger RNA'. The key is in the term 'messenger'. The body works, or doesn't, on the basis of information messaging. Communications are constantly passing between and within the genetic system and the brain. Change those messages and you change the state of the body and even its very nature and you can change psychology and behaviour by the way the brain processes information. I think you are going to see significant changes in personality and perception of many people who have had the 'Covid vaccine' synthetic potions. Insider Aldous Huxley predicted the following in 1961 and mRNA 'vaccines' can be included in the term 'pharmacological methods':

There will be, in the next generation or so, a pharmacological method of making people love their servitude, and producing dictatorship without tears, so to speak, producing a kind of painless concentration camp for entire societies, so that people will in fact have their own liberties taken away from them, but rather enjoy it, because they will be distracted from any desire to rebel by propaganda or brainwashing, or brainwashing enhanced by pharmacological methods. And this seems to be the final revolution.

Apologists claim that mRNA synthetic 'vaccines' don't change the DNA genetic blueprint because RNA does not affect DNA only the other way round. This is so disingenuous. A process called 'reverse

transcription' can convert RNA into DNA and be integrated into DNA in the cell nucleus. This was highlighted in December, 2020, by scientists at Harvard and Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT). Geneticists report that more than 40 percent of mammalian genomes results from reverse transcription. On the most basic level if messaging changes then that sequence must lead to changes in DNA which is receiving and transmitting those communications. How can introducing synthetic material into cells not change the cells where DNA is located? The process is known as transfection which is defined as 'a technique to insert foreign nucleic acid (DNA or RNA) into a cell, typically with the intention of altering the properties of the cell'. Researchers at the Sloan Kettering Institute in New York found that changes in messenger RNA can deactivate tumour-suppressing proteins and thereby promote cancer. This is what happens when you mess with messaging. 'Covid vaccine' maker Moderna was founded in 2010 by Canadian stem cell biologist Derrick J. Rossi after his breakthrough discovery in the field of transforming and reprogramming stem cells. These are neutral cells that can be programmed to become any cell including sperm cells. Moderna was therefore founded on the principle of genetic manipulation and has never produced any vaccine or drug before its genetically-manipulating synthetic 'Covid' shite. Look at the name – Mode-RNA or Modify-RNA. Another important point is that the US Supreme Court has ruled that genetically-modified DNA, or complementary DNA (cDNA) synthesized in the laboratory from messenger RNA, can be patented and owned. These psychopaths are doing this to the human body.

Cells replicate synthetic mRNA in the 'Covid vaccines' and in theory the body is tricked into making antigens which trigger antibodies to target the 'virus spike proteins' which as Dr Tom Cowan said have *never been seen*. Cut the crap and these 'vaccines' deliver *self-replicating* synthetic material to the cells with the effect of changing human DNA. The more of them you have the more that process is compounded while synthetic material is all the time self-replicating. 'Vaccine'-maker Moderna describes mRNA as 'like

software for the cell' and so they are messing with the body's software. What happens when you change the software in a computer? Everything changes. For this reason the Cult is preparing a production line of mRNA 'Covid vaccines' and a long list of excuses to use them as with all the 'variants' of a 'virus' never shown to exist. The plan is further to transfer the mRNA technique to other vaccines mostly given to children and young people. The cumulative consequences will be a transformation of human DNA through a constant infusion of synthetic genetic material which will kill many and change the rest. Now consider that governments that have given emergency approval for a vaccine that's not a vaccine; never been approved for humans before; had no testing worth the name; and the makers have been given immunity from prosecution for any deaths or adverse effects suffered by the public. The UK government awarded *permanent legal indemnity* to itself and its employees for harm done when a patient is being treated for 'Covid-19' or 'suspected Covid-19'. That is quite a thought when these are possible 'side-effects' from the 'vaccine' (they are not 'side', they are effects) listed by the US Food and Drug Administration:

Guillain-Barre syndrome; acute disseminated encephalomyelitis; transverse myelitis; encephalitis; myelitis; encephalomyelitis; meningoencephalitis; meningitis; encephalopathy; convulsions; seizures; stroke; narcolepsy; cataplexy; anaphylaxis; acute myocardial infarction (heart attack); myocarditis; pericarditis; autoimmune disease; death; implications for pregnancy, and birth outcomes; other acute demyelinating diseases; non anaphylactic allergy reactions; thrombocytopenia ; disseminated intravascular coagulation; venous thromboembolism; arthritis; arthralgia; joint pain; Kawasaki disease; multisystem inflammatory syndrome in children; vaccine enhanced disease. The latter is the way the 'vaccine' has the potential to make diseases far worse than they would otherwise be.

UK doctor and freedom campaigner Vernon Coleman described the conditions in this list as 'all unpleasant, most of them very serious, and you can't get more serious than death'. The thought that anyone at all has had the 'vaccine' in these circumstances is testament to the potential that humanity has for clueless, unquestioning, stupidity and for many that programmed stupidity has already been terminal.

An insider speaks

Dr Michael Yeadon is a former Vice President, head of research and Chief Scientific Adviser at vaccine giant Pfizer. Yeadon worked on the inside of Big Pharma, but that did not stop him becoming a vocal critic of 'Covid vaccines' and their potential for multiple harms, including infertility in women. By the spring of 2021 he went much further and even used the no, no, term 'conspiracy'. When you begin to see what is going on it is impossible not to do so. Yeadon spoke out in an interview with freedom campaigner James Delingpole and I mentioned earlier how he said that no one had samples of 'the virus'. He explained that the mRNA technique originated in the anti-cancer field and ways to turn on and off certain genes which could be advantageous if you wanted to stop cancer growing out of control. 'That's the origin of them. They are a very unusual application, really.' Yeadon said that treating a cancer patient with an aggressive procedure might be understandable if the alternative was dying, but it was quite another thing to use the same technique as a public health measure. Most people involved wouldn't catch the infectious agent you were vaccinating against and if they did they probably wouldn't die:

If you are really using it as a public health measure you really want to as close as you can get to zero 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 neurogenerative disease while others have pointed out the potential to affect the placenta in ways that make women infertile. This will become highly significant in the next chapter when I will discuss other aspects of this non-vaccine that relate to its nanotechnology and transmission from the injected to the uninjected.

Qualified in idiocy

Tenpenny describes how research has confirmed that these 'vaccine'-generated antibodies can interact with a range of other tissues in the body and attack many other organs including the lungs. 'This means that if you have a hundred people standing in front of you that all got this shot they could have a hundred different symptoms.' Anyone really think that Cult gofers like the Queen, Tony Blair, Christopher Whitty, Anthony Fauci, and all the other psychopaths have really had this 'vaccine' in the pictures we've seen? Not a bloody chance. Why don't doctors all tell us about all these dangers and consequences of the 'Covid vaccine'? Why instead do they encourage and pressure patients to have the shot? Don't let's think for a moment that doctors and medical staff can't be stupid, lazy, and psychopathic and that's without the financial incentives to give the jab. Tenpenny again:

Some people are going to die from the vaccine directly but a large number of people are going to start to get horribly sick and get all kinds of autoimmune diseases 42 days to maybe a year out. What are they going to do, these stupid doctors who say; 'Good for you for getting that vaccine.' What are they going to say; 'Oh, it must be a mutant, we need to give an extra dose of that vaccine.'

Because now the vaccine, instead of one dose or two doses we need three or four because the stupid physicians aren't taking the time to learn anything about it. If I can learn this sitting in my living room reading a 19 page paper and several others so can they. There's nothing special about me, I just take the time to do it.

Remember how Sara Kayat, the NHS and TV doctor, said that the 'Covid vaccine' would '100 percent prevent hospitalisation and death'. Doctors can be idiots like every other profession and they

should not be worshipped as infallible. They are not and far from it. Behind many medical and scientific 'experts' lies an uninformed prat trying to hide themselves from you although in the 'Covid' era many have failed to do so as with UK narrative-repeating 'TV doctor' Hilary Jones. Pushing back against the minority of proper doctors and scientists speaking out against the 'vaccine' has been the entire edifice of the Cult global state in the form of governments, medical systems, corporations, mainstream media, Silicon Valley, and an army of compliant doctors, medical staff and scientists willing to say anything for money and to enhance their careers by promoting the party line. If you do that you are an 'expert' and if you won't you are an 'anti-vaxxer' and 'Covidiot'. The pressure to be 'vaccinated' is incessant. We have even had reports claiming that the 'vaccine' can help cure cancer and Alzheimer's and make the lame walk. I am waiting for the announcement that it can bring you coffee in the morning and cook your tea. Just as the symptoms of 'Covid' seem to increase by the week so have the miracles of the 'vaccine'. American supermarket giant Kroger Co. offered nearly 500,000 employees in 35 states a \$100 bonus for having the 'vaccine' while donut chain Krispy Kreme promised 'vaccinated' customers a free glazed donut every day for the rest of 2021. Have your DNA changed and you will get a doughnut although we might not have to give you them for long. Such offers and incentives confirm the desperation.

Perhaps the worse vaccine-stunt of them all was UK 'Health' Secretary Matt-the-prat Hancock on live TV after watching a clip of someone being 'vaccinated' when the roll-out began. Hancock faked tears so badly it was embarrassing. Brain-of-Britain Piers Morgan, the lockdown-supporting, 'vaccine' supporting, 'vaccine' passport-supporting, TV host played along with Hancock – 'You're quite emotional about that' he said in response to acting so atrocious it would have been called out at a school nativity which will presumably today include Mary and Jesus in masks, wise men keeping their camels six feet apart, and shepherds under tent arrest. System-serving Morgan tweeted this: 'Love the idea of covid vaccine passports for everywhere: flights, restaurants, clubs, football, gyms,

shops etc. It's time covid-denying, anti-vaxxer loonies had their bullsh*t bluff called & bar themselves from going anywhere that responsible citizens go.' If only I could aspire to his genius. To think that Morgan, who specialises in shouting over anyone he disagrees with, was lauded as a free speech hero when he lost his job after storming off the set of his live show like a child throwing his dolly out of the pram. If he is a free speech hero we are in real trouble. I have no idea what 'bullsh*t' means, by the way, the * throws me completely.

The Cult is desperate to infuse its synthetic DNA-changing concoction into everyone and has been using every lie, trick and intimidation to do so. The question of '*Why?*' we shall now address.

CHAPTER TEN

Human 2.0

I believe that at the end of the century the use of words and general educated opinion will have altered so much that one will be able to speak of machines thinking without expecting to be contradicted –
Alan Turing (1912-1954), the ‘Father of artificial intelligence’

I have been exposing for decades the plan to transform the human body from a biological to a synthetic-biological state. The new human that I will call Human 2.0 is planned to be connected to artificial intelligence and a global AI ‘Smart Grid’ that would operate as one global system in which AI would control everything from your fridge to your heating system to your car to your mind. Humans would no longer be ‘human’, but post-human and sub-human, with their thinking and emotional processes replaced by AI.

What I said sounded crazy and beyond science fiction and I could understand that. To any balanced, rational, mind it *is* crazy. Today, however, that world is becoming reality and it puts the ‘Covid vaccine’ into its true context. Ray Kurzweil is the ultra-Zionist ‘computer scientist, inventor and futurist’ and co-founder of the Singularity University. Singularity refers to the merging of humans with machines or ‘transhumanism’. Kurzweil has said humanity would be connected to the cyber ‘cloud’ in the period of the ever-recurring year of 2030:

Our thinking ... will be a hybrid of biological and non-biological thinking ... humans will be able to extend their limitations and ‘think in the cloud’ ... We’re going to put gateways to the

cloud in our brains ... We're going to gradually merge and enhance ourselves ... In my view, that's the nature of being human – we transcend our limitations. As the technology becomes vastly superior to what we are then the small proportion that is still human gets smaller and smaller and smaller until it's just utterly negligible.

They are trying to sell this end-of-humanity-as-we-know-it as the next stage of 'evolution' when we become super-human and 'like the gods'. They are lying to you. Shocked, eh? The population, and again especially the young, have been manipulated into addiction to technologies designed to enslave them for life. First they induced an addiction to smartphones (holdables); next they moved to technology on the body (wearables); and then began the invasion of the body (implantables). I warned way back about the plan for microchipped people and we are now entering that era. We should not be diverted into thinking that this refers only to chips we can see. Most important are the nanochips known as smart dust, neural dust and nanobots which are far too small to be seen by the human eye. Nanotechnology is everywhere, increasingly in food products, and released into the atmosphere by the geoengineering of the skies funded by Bill Gates to 'shut out the Sun' and 'save the planet from global warming'. Gates has been funding a project to spray millions of tonnes of chalk (calcium carbonate) into the stratosphere over Sweden to 'dim the Sun' and cool the Earth. Scientists warned the move could be disastrous for weather systems in ways no one can predict and opposition led to the Swedish space agency announcing that the 'experiment' would not be happening as planned in the summer of 2021; but it shows where the Cult is going with dimming the impact of the Sun and there's an associated plan to change the planet's atmosphere. Who gives psychopath Gates the right to dictate to the entire human race and dismantle planetary systems? The world will not be safe while this man is at large.

The global warming hoax has made the Sun, like the gas of life, something to fear when both are essential to good health and human survival (more inversion). The body transforms sunlight into vital vitamin D through a process involving ... *cholesterol*. This is the cholesterol we are also told to fear. We are urged to take Big Pharma

statin drugs to reduce cholesterol and it's all systematic. Reducing cholesterol means reducing vitamin D uptake with all the multiple health problems that will cause. At least if you take statins long term it saves the government from having to pay you a pension. The delivery system to block sunlight is widely referred to as chemtrails although these have a much deeper agenda, too. They appear at first to be contrails or condensation trails streaming from aircraft into cold air at high altitudes. Contrails disperse very quickly while chemtrails do not and spread out across the sky before eventually their content falls to earth. Many times I have watched aircraft cross-cross a clear blue sky releasing chemtrails until it looks like a cloudy day. Chemtrails contain many things harmful to humans and the natural world including toxic heavy metals, aluminium (see Alzheimer's) and nanotechnology. Ray Kurzweil reveals the reason without actually saying so: 'Nanobots will infuse all the matter around us with information. Rocks, trees, everything will become these intelligent creatures.' How do you deliver that? *From the sky*. Self-replicating nanobots would connect everything to the Smart Grid. The phenomenon of Morgellons disease began in the chemtrail era and the correlation has led to it being dubbed the 'chemtrail disease'. Self-replicating fibres appear in the body that can be pulled out through the skin. Morgellons fibres continue to grow outside the body and have a form of artificial intelligence. I cover this at greater length in *Phantom Self*.

'Vaccine' operating system

'Covid vaccines' with their self-replicating synthetic material are also designed to make the connection between humanity and Kurzweil's 'cloud'. American doctor and dedicated campaigner for truth, Carrie Madej, an Internal Medicine Specialist in Georgia with more than 20 years medical experience, has highlighted the nanotechnology aspect of the fake 'vaccines'. She explains how one of the components in at least the Moderna and Pfizer synthetic potions are 'lipid nanoparticles' which are 'like little tiny computer bits' – a 'sci-fi substance' known as nanobots and hydrogel which can be 'triggered

at any moment to deliver its payload' and act as 'biosensors'. The synthetic substance had 'the ability to accumulate data from your body like your breathing, your respiration, thoughts and emotions, all kind of things' and each syringe could carry a *million* nanobots:

This substance because it's like little bits of computers in your body, crazy, but it's true, it can do that, [and] obviously has the ability to act through Wi-Fi. It can receive and transmit energy, messages, frequencies or impulses. That issue has never been addressed by these companies. What does that do to the human?

Just imagine getting this substance in you and it can react to things all around you, the 5G, your smart device, your phones, what is happening with that? What if something is triggering it, too, like an impulse, a frequency? We have something completely foreign in the human body.

Madej said her research revealed that electromagnetic (EMF) frequencies emitted by phones and other devices had increased dramatically in the same period of the 'vaccine' rollout and she was seeing more people with radiation problems as 5G and other electromagnetic technology was expanded and introduced to schools and hospitals. She said she was 'floored with the EMF coming off' the devices she checked. All this makes total sense and syncs with my own work of decades when you think that Moderna refers in documents to its mRNA 'vaccine' as an 'operating system':

Recognizing the broad potential of mRNA science, we set out to create an mRNA technology platform that functions very much like an operating system on a computer. It is designed so that it can plug and play interchangeably with different programs. In our case, the 'program' or 'app' is our mRNA drug – the unique mRNA sequence that codes for a protein ...

... Our MRNA Medicines – 'The 'Software Of Life': When we have a concept for a new mRNA medicine and begin research, fundamental components are already in place. Generally, the only thing that changes from one potential mRNA medicine to another is the coding region – the actual genetic code that instructs ribosomes to make protein. Utilizing these instruction sets gives our investigational mRNA medicines a software-like quality. We also have the ability to combine different mRNA sequences encoding for different proteins in a single mRNA investigational medicine.

Who needs a real ‘virus’ when you can create a computer version to justify infusing your operating system into the entire human race on the road to making living, breathing people into cyborgs? What is missed with the ‘vaccines’ is the *digital* connection between synthetic material and the body that I highlighted earlier with the study that hacked a computer with human DNA. On one level the body is digital, based on mathematical codes, and I’ll have more about that in the next chapter. Those who ridiculously claim that mRNA ‘vaccines’ are not designed to change human genetics should explain the words of Dr Tal Zaks, chief medical officer at Moderna, in a 2017 TED talk. He said that over the last 30 years ‘we’ve been living this phenomenal digital scientific revolution, and I’m here today to tell you, that we are actually *hacking the software of life*, and that it’s changing the way we think about prevention and treatment of disease’:

In every cell there’s this thing called messenger RNA, or mRNA for short, that transmits the critical information from the DNA in our genes to the protein, which is really the stuff we’re all made out of. This is the critical information that determines what the cell will do. So we think about it as an operating system. So if you could change that, if you could introduce a line of code, or change a line of code, it turns out, that has profound implications for everything, from the flu to cancer.

Zaks should more accurately have said that this has profound implications for the human genetic code and the nature of DNA. Communications within the body go both ways and not only one. But, hey, no, the ‘Covid vaccine’ will not affect your genetics. Cult fact-checkers say so even though the man who helped to develop the mRNA technique says that it does. Zaks said in 2017:

If you think about what it is we’re trying to do. We’ve taken information and our understanding of that information and how that information is transmitted in a cell, and we’ve taken our understanding of medicine and how to make drugs, and we’re fusing the two. We think of it as information therapy.

I have been writing for decades that the body is an information field communicating with itself and the wider world. This is why

radiation which is information can change the information field of body and mind through phenomena like 5G and change their nature and function. 'Information therapy' means to change the body's information field and change the way it operates. DNA is a receiver-transmitter of information and can be mutated by information like mRNA synthetic messaging. Technology to do this has been ready and waiting in the underground bases and other secret projects to be rolled out when the 'Covid' hoax was played. 'Trials' of such short and irrelevant duration were only for public consumption. When they say the 'vaccine' is 'experimental' that is not true. It may appear to be 'experimental' to those who don't know what's going on, but the trials have already been done to ensure the Cult gets the result it desires. Zaks said that it took decades to sequence the human genome, completed in 2003, but now they could do it in a week. By 'they' he means scientists operating in the public domain. In the secret projects they were sequencing the genome in a week long before even 2003.

Deluge of mRNA

Highly significantly the Moderna document says the guiding premise is that if using mRNA as a medicine works for one disease then it should work for many diseases. They were leveraging the flexibility afforded by their platform and the fundamental role mRNA plays in protein synthesis to pursue mRNA medicines for a broad spectrum of diseases. Moderna is confirming what I was saying through 2020 that multiple 'vaccines' were planned for 'Covid' (and later invented 'variants') and that previous vaccines would be converted to the mRNA system to infuse the body with massive amounts of genetically-manipulating synthetic material to secure a transformation to a synthetic-biological state. The 'vaccines' are designed to kill stunning numbers as part of the long-exposed Cult depopulation agenda and transform the rest. Given this is the goal you can appreciate why there is such hysterical demand for every human to be 'vaccinated' for an alleged 'disease' that has an estimated 'infection' to 'death' ratio of 0.23-0.15 percent. As I write

children are being given the 'vaccine' in trials (their parents are a disgrace) and ever-younger people are being offered the vaccine for a 'virus' that even if you believe it exists has virtually zero chance of harming them. Horrific effects of the 'trials' on a 12-year-old girl were revealed by a family member to be serious brain and gastric problems that included a bowel obstruction and the inability to swallow liquids or solids. She was unable to eat or drink without throwing up, had extreme pain in her back, neck and abdomen, and was paralysed from the waist down which stopped her urinating unaided. When the girl was first taken to hospital doctors said it was all in her mind. She was signed up for the 'trial' by her parents for whom no words suffice. None of this 'Covid vaccine' insanity makes any sense unless you see what the 'vaccine' really is – a body-changer. Synthetic biology or 'SynBio' is a fast-emerging and expanding scientific discipline which includes everything from genetic and molecular engineering to electrical and computer engineering. Synthetic biology is defined in these ways:

- A multidisciplinary area of research that seeks to create new biological parts, devices, and systems, or to redesign systems that are already found in nature.
- The use of a mixture of physical engineering and genetic engineering to create new (and therefore synthetic) life forms.
- An emerging field of research that aims to combine the knowledge and methods of biology, engineering and related disciplines in the design of chemically-synthesized DNA to create organisms with novel or enhanced characteristics and traits (synthetic organisms including humans).

We now have synthetic blood, skin, organs and limbs being developed along with synthetic body parts produced by 3D printers. These are all elements of the synthetic human programme and this comment by Kurzweil's co-founder of the Singularity University,

Peter Diamandis, can be seen in a whole new light with the 'Covid' hoax and the sanctions against those that refuse the 'vaccine':

Anybody who is going to be resisting the progress forward [to transhumanism] is going to be resisting evolution and, fundamentally, they will die out. It's not a matter of whether it's good or bad. It's going to happen.

'Resisting evolution'? What absolute bollocks. The arrogance of these people is without limit. His 'it's going to happen' mantra is another way of saying 'resistance is futile' to break the spirit of those pushing back and we must not fall for it. Getting this genetically-transforming 'vaccine' into everyone is crucial to the Cult plan for total control and the desperation to achieve that is clear for anyone to see. Vaccine passports are a major factor in this and they, too, are a form of resistance is futile. It's NOT. The paper funded by the Rockefeller Foundation for the 2013 'health conference' in China said:

We will interact more with artificial intelligence. The use of robotics, bio-engineering to augment human functioning is already well underway and will advance. Re-engineering of humans into potentially separate and unequal forms through genetic engineering or mixed human-robots raises debates on ethics and equality.

A new demography is projected to emerge after 2030 [that year again] of technologies (robotics, genetic engineering, nanotechnology) producing robots, engineered organisms, 'nanobots' and artificial intelligence (AI) that can self-replicate. Debates will grow on the implications of an impending reality of human designed life.

What is happening today is so long planned. The world army enforcing the will of the world government is intended to be a robot army, not a human one. Today's military and its technologically 'enhanced' troops, pilotless planes and driverless vehicles are just stepping stones to that end. Human soldiers are used as Cult fodder and its time they woke up to that and worked for the freedom of the population instead of their own destruction and their family's destruction – the same with the police. Join us and let's sort this out. The phenomenon of enforce my own destruction is widespread in the 'Covid' era with Woker 'luvvies' in the acting and entertainment

industries supporting 'Covid' rules which have destroyed their profession and the same with those among the public who put signs on the doors of their businesses 'closed due to Covid – stay safe' when many will never reopen. It's a form of masochism and most certainly insanity.

Transgender = transhumanism

When something explodes out of nowhere and is suddenly everywhere it is always the Cult agenda and so it is with the tidal wave of claims and demands that have infiltrated every aspect of society under the heading of 'transgenderism'. The term 'trans' is so 'in' and this is the dictionary definition:

A prefix meaning 'across', 'through', occurring ... in loanwords from Latin, used in particular for denoting movement or conveyance from place to place (transfer; transmit; transplant) or complete change (transform; transmute), or to form adjectives meaning 'crossing', 'on the other side of', or 'going beyond' the place named (transmontane; transnational; trans-Siberian).

Transgender means to go beyond gender and transhuman means to go beyond human. Both are aspects of the Cult plan to transform the human body to a synthetic state with *no gender*. Human 2.0 is not designed to procreate and would be produced technologically with no need for parents. The new human would mean the end of parents and so men, and increasingly women, are being targeted for the deletion of their rights and status. Parental rights are disappearing at an ever-quickenning speed for the same reason. The new human would have no need for men or women when there is no procreation and no gender. Perhaps the transgender movement that appears to be in a permanent state of frenzy might now contemplate on how it is being used. This was never about transgender rights which are only the interim excuse for confusing gender, particularly in the young, on the road to *fusing* gender. Transgender activism is not an end; it is a *means* to an end. We see again the technique of creative destruction in which you destroy the status quo to 'build back better' in the form that you want. The gender status quo had to be

destroyed by persuading the Cult-created Woke mentality to believe that you can have 100 genders or more. A programme for 9 to 12 year olds produced by the Cult-owned BBC promoted the 100 genders narrative. The very idea may be the most monumental nonsense, but it is not what is true that counts, only what you can make people *believe* is true. Once the gender of $2 + 2 = 4$ has been dismantled through indoctrination, intimidation and $2 + 2 = 5$ then the new no-gender normal can take its place with Human 2.0.

Aldous Huxley revealed the plan in his prophetic *Brave New World* in 1932:

Natural reproduction has been done away with and children are created, decanted', and raised in 'hatcheries and conditioning centres'. From birth, people are genetically designed to fit into one of five castes, which are further split into 'Plus' and 'Minus' members and designed to fulfil predetermined positions within the social and economic strata of the World State.

How could Huxley know this in 1932? For the same reason George Orwell knew about the Big Brother state in 1948, Cult insiders I have quoted knew about it in 1969, and I have known about it since the early 1990s. If you are connected to the Cult or you work your balls off to uncover the plan you can predict the future. The process is simple. If there is a plan for the world and nothing intervenes to stop it then it will happen. Thus if you communicate the plan ahead of time you are perceived to have predicted the future, but you haven't. You have revealed the plan which without intervention will become the human future. The whole reason I have done what I have is to alert enough people to inspire an intervention and maybe at last that time has come with the Cult and its intentions now so obvious to anyone with a brain in working order.

The future is here

Technological wombs that Huxley described to replace parent procreation are already being developed and they are only the projects we know about in the public arena. Israeli scientists told *The Times of Israel* in March, 2021, that they have grown 250-cell embryos

into mouse fetuses with fully formed organs using artificial wombs in a development they say could pave the way for gestating humans outside the womb. Professor Jacob Hanna of the Weizmann Institute of Science said:

We took mouse embryos from the mother at day five of development, when they are just of 250 cells, and had them in the incubator from day five until day 11, by which point they had grown all their organs.

By day 11 they make their own blood and have a beating heart, a fully developed brain. Anybody would look at them and say, 'this is clearly a mouse foetus with all the characteristics of a mouse.' It's gone from being a ball of cells to being an advanced foetus.

A special liquid is used to nourish embryo cells in a laboratory dish and they float on the liquid to duplicate the first stage of embryonic development. The incubator creates all the right conditions for its development, Hanna said. The liquid gives the embryo 'all the nutrients, hormones and sugars they need' along with a custom-made electronic incubator which controls gas concentration, pressure and temperature. The cutting-edge in the underground bases and other secret locations will be light years ahead of that, however, and this was reported by the London *Guardian* in 2017:

We are approaching a biotechnological breakthrough. Ectogenesis, the invention of a complete external womb, could completely change the nature of human reproduction. In April this year, researchers at the Children's Hospital of Philadelphia announced their development of an artificial womb.

The article was headed 'Artificial wombs could soon be a reality. What will this mean for women?' What would it mean for children is an even bigger question. No mother to bond with only a machine in preparation for a life of soulless interaction and control in a world governed by machines (see the *Matrix* movies). Now observe the calculated manipulations of the 'Covid' hoax as human interaction and warmth has been curtailed by distancing, isolation and fear with people communicating via machines on a scale never seen before.

These are all dots in the same picture as are all the personal assistants, gadgets and children's toys through which kids and adults communicate with AI as if it is human. The AI 'voice' on Sat-Nav should be included. All these things are psychological preparation for the Cult endgame. Before you can make a physical connection with AI you have to make a psychological connection and that is what people are being conditioned to do with this ever gathering human-AI interaction. Movies and TV programmes depicting the transhuman, robot dystopia relate to a phenomenon known as 'pre-emptive programming' in which the world that is planned is portrayed everywhere in movies, TV and advertising. This is conditioning the conscious and subconscious mind to become familiar with the planned reality to dilute resistance when it happens for real. What would have been a shock such is the change is made less so. We have young children put on the road to transgender transition surgery with puberty blocking drugs at an age when they could never be able to make those life-changing decisions.

Rachel Levine, a professor of paediatrics and psychiatry who believes in treating children this way, became America's highest-ranked openly-transgender official when she was confirmed as US Assistant Secretary at the Department of Health and Human Services after being nominated by Joe Biden (the Cult). Activists and governments press for laws to deny parents a say in their children's transition process so the kids can be isolated and manipulated into agreeing to irreversible medical procedures. A Canadian father Robert Hoogland was denied bail by the Vancouver Supreme Court in 2021 and remained in jail for breaching a court order that he stay silent over his young teenage daughter, a minor, who was being offered life-changing hormone therapy without parental consent. At the age of 12 the girl's 'school counsellor' said she may be transgender, referred her to a doctor and told the school to treat her like a boy. This is another example of state-serving schools imposing ever more control over children's lives while parents have ever less.

Contemptible and extreme child abuse is happening all over the world as the Cult gender-fusion operation goes into warp-speed.

Why the war on men – and now women?

The question about what artificial wombs mean for women should rightly be asked. The answer can be seen in the deletion of women's rights involving sport, changing rooms, toilets and status in favour of people in male bodies claiming to identify as women. I can identify as a mountain climber, but it doesn't mean I can climb a mountain any more than a biological man can be a biological woman. To believe so is a triumph of belief over factual reality which is the very perceptual basis of everything Woke. Women's sport is being destroyed by allowing those with male bodies who say they identify as female to 'compete' with girls and women. Male body 'women' dominate 'women's' competition with their greater muscle mass, bone density, strength and speed. With that disadvantage sport for women loses all meaning. To put this in perspective nearly 300 American high school boys can run faster than the quickest woman sprinter in the world. Women are seeing their previously protected spaces invaded by male bodies simply because they claim to identify as women. That's all they need to do to access all women's spaces and activities under the Biden 'Equality Act' that destroys equality for women with the usual Orwellian Woke inversion. Male sex offenders have already committed rapes in women's prisons after claiming to identify as women to get them transferred. Does this not matter to the Woke 'equality' hypocrites? Not in the least. What matters to Cult manipulators and funders behind transgender activists is to advance gender fusion on the way to the no-gender 'human'. When you are seeking to impose transparent nonsense like this, or the 'Covid' hoax, the only way the nonsense can prevail is through censorship and intimidation of dissenters, deletion of factual information, and programming of the unquestioning, bewildered and naive. You don't have to scan the world for long to see that all these things are happening.

Many women's rights organisations have realised that rights and status which took such a long time to secure are being eroded and that it is systematic. Kara Dansky of the global Women's Human Rights Campaign said that Biden's transgender executive order immediately he took office, subsequent orders, and Equality Act legislation that followed 'seek to erase women and girls in the law as a category'. *Exactly*. I said during the long ago-started war on men (in which many women play a crucial part) that this was going to turn into a war on them. The Cult is phasing out *both* male and female genders. To get away with that they are brought into conflict so they are busy fighting each other while the Cult completes the job with no unity of response. Unity, people, *unity*. We need unity everywhere. Transgender is the only show in town as the big step towards the no-gender human. It's not about rights for transgender people and never has been. Woke political correctness is deleting words relating to genders to the same end. Wokers believe this is to be 'inclusive' when the opposite is true. They are deleting words describing gender because gender *itself* is being deleted by Human 2.0. Terms like 'man', 'woman', 'mother' and 'father' are being deleted in the universities and other institutions to be replaced by the *no-gender*, not trans-gender, 'individuals' and 'guardians'. Women's rights campaigner Maria Keffler of Partners for Ethical Care said: 'Children are being taught from kindergarten upward that some boys have a vagina, some girls have a penis, and that kids can be any gender they want to be.' Do we really believe that suddenly countries all over the world at the same time had the idea of having drag queens go into schools or read transgender stories to very young children in the local library? It's coldly-calculated confusion of gender on the way to the fusion of gender. Suzanne Vierling, a psychologist from Southern California, made another important point:

Yesterday's slave woman who endured gynecological medical experiments is today's girl-child being butchered in a booming gender-transitioning sector. Ovaries removed, pushing her into menopause and osteoporosis, uncharted territory, and parents' rights and authority decimated.

The erosion of parental rights is a common theme in line with the Cult plans to erase the very concept of parents and 'ovaries removed, pushing her into menopause' means what? Those born female lose the ability to have children – another way to discontinue humanity as we know it.

Eliminating Human 1.0 (before our very eyes)

To pave the way for Human 2.0 you must phase out Human 1.0. This is happening through plummeting sperm counts and making women infertile through an onslaught of chemicals, radiation (including smartphones in pockets of men) and mRNA 'vaccines'. Common agriculture pesticides are also having a devastating impact on human fertility. I have been tracking collapsing sperm counts in the books for a long time and in 2021 came a book by fertility scientist and reproductive epidemiologist Shanna Swan, *Count Down: How Our Modern World Is Threatening Sperm Counts, Altering Male and Female Reproductive Development and Imperiling the Future of the Human Race*. She reports how the global fertility rate dropped by *half* between 1960 and 2016 with America's birth rate 16 percent below where it needs to be to sustain the population. Women are experiencing declining egg quality, more miscarriages, and more couples suffer from infertility. Other findings were an increase in erectile dysfunction, infant boys developing more genital abnormalities, male problems with conception, and plunging levels of the male hormone testosterone which would explain why so many men have lost their backbone and masculinity. This has been very evident during the 'Covid' hoax when women have been prominent among the Pushbackers and big strapping blokes have bowed their heads, covered their faces with a nappy and quietly submitted. Mind control expert Cathy O'Brien also points to how global education introduced the concept of 'we're all winners' in sport and classrooms: 'Competition was defused, and it in turn defused a sense of fighting back.' This is another version of the 'equity' doctrine in which you drive down rather than raise up. What a contrast in Cult-controlled China with its global ambitions

where the government published plans in January, 2021, to 'cultivate masculinity' in boys from kindergarten through to high school in the face of a 'masculinity crisis'. A government adviser said boys would be soon become 'delicate, timid and effeminate' unless action was taken. Don't expect any similar policy in the targeted West. A 2006 study showed that a 65-year-old man in 2002 had testosterone levels 15 percent lower than a 65-year-old man in 1987 while a 2020 study found a similar story with young adults and adolescents. Men are getting prescriptions for testosterone replacement therapy which causes an even greater drop in sperm count with up to 99 percent seeing sperm counts drop to zero during the treatment. More sperm is defective and malfunctioning with some having two heads or not pursuing an egg.

A class of *synthetic* chemicals known as phthalates are being blamed for the decline. These are found everywhere in plastics, shampoos, cosmetics, furniture, flame retardants, personal care products, pesticides, canned foods and even receipts. Why till receipts? Everyone touches them. Let no one delude themselves that all this is not systematic to advance the long-time agenda for human body transformation. Phthalates mimic hormones and disrupt the hormone balance causing testosterone to fall and genital birth defects in male infants. Animals and fish have been affected in the same way due to phthalates and other toxins in rivers. When fish turn gay or change sex through chemicals in rivers and streams it is a pointer to why there has been such an increase in gay people and the sexually confused. It doesn't matter to me what sexuality people choose to be, but if it's being affected by chemical pollution and consumption then we need to know. Does anyone really think that this is not connected to the transgender agenda, the war on men and the condemnation of male 'toxic masculinity'? You watch this being followed by 'toxic femininity'. It's already happening. When breastfeeding becomes 'chest-feeding', pregnant women become pregnant people along with all the other Woke claptrap you know that the world is going insane and there's a Cult scam in progress. Transgender activists are promoting the Cult agenda while Cult

billionaires support and fund the insanity as they laugh themselves to sleep at the sheer stupidity for which humans must be infamous in galaxies far, far away.

‘Covid vaccines’ and female infertility

We can now see why the ‘vaccine’ has been connected to potential infertility in women. Dr Michael Yeadon, former Vice President and Chief Scientific Advisor at Pfizer, and Dr Wolfgang Wodarg in Germany, filed a petition with the European Medicines Agency in December, 2020, urging them to stop trials for the Pfizer/BioNTech shot and all other mRNA trials until further studies had been done. They were particularly concerned about possible effects on fertility with ‘vaccine’-produced antibodies attacking the protein Syncytin-1 which is responsible for developing the placenta. The result would be infertility ‘of indefinite duration’ in women who have the ‘vaccine’ with the placenta failing to form. Section 10.4.2 of the Pfizer/BioNTech trial protocol says that pregnant women or those who might become so should not have mRNA shots. Section 10.4 warns men taking mRNA shots to ‘be abstinent from heterosexual intercourse’ and not to donate sperm. The UK government said that it *did not know* if the mRNA procedure had an effect on fertility. *Did not know?* These people have to go to jail. UK government advice did not recommend at the start that pregnant women had the shot and said they should avoid pregnancy for at least two months after ‘vaccination’. The ‘advice’ was later updated to pregnant women should only have the ‘vaccine’ if the benefits outweighed the risks to mother and foetus. What the hell is that supposed to mean? Then ‘spontaneous abortions’ began to appear and rapidly increase on the adverse reaction reporting schemes which include only a fraction of adverse reactions. Thousands and ever-growing numbers of ‘vaccinated’ women are describing changes to their menstrual cycle with heavier blood flow, irregular periods and menstruating again after going through the menopause – all links to reproduction effects. Women are passing blood clots and the lining of their uterus while men report erectile dysfunction and blood effects. Most

significantly of all *unvaccinated* women began to report similar menstrual changes after interaction with '*vaccinated*' people and men and children were also affected with bleeding noses, blood clots and other conditions. 'Shedding' is when vaccinated people can emit the content of a vaccine to affect the unvaccinated, but this is different. 'Vaccinated' people were not shedding a 'live virus' allegedly in 'vaccines' as before because the fake 'Covid vaccines' involve synthetic material and other toxicity. Doctors exposing what is happening prefer the term 'transmission' to shedding. Somehow those that have had the shots are transmitting effects to those that haven't. Dr Carrie Madej said the nano-content of the 'vaccines' can 'act like an antenna' to others around them which fits perfectly with my own conclusions. This 'vaccine' transmission phenomenon was becoming known as the book went into production and I deal with this further in the Postscript.

Vaccine effects on sterility are well known. The World Health Organization was accused in 2014 of sterilising millions of women in Kenya with the evidence confirmed by the content of the vaccines involved. The same WHO behind the 'Covid' hoax admitted its involvement for more than ten years with the vaccine programme. Other countries made similar claims. Charges were lodged by Tanzania, Nicaragua, Mexico, and the Philippines. The Gardasil vaccine claimed to protect against a genital 'virus' known as HPV has also been linked to infertility. Big Pharma and the WHO (same thing) are criminal and satanic entities. Then there's the Bill Gates Foundation which is connected through funding and shared interests with 20 pharmaceutical giants and laboratories. He stands accused of directing the policy of United Nations Children's Fund (UNICEF), vaccine alliance GAVI, and other groupings, to advance the vaccine agenda and silence opposition at great cost to women and children. At the same time Gates wants to reduce the global population. Coincidence?

Great Reset = Smart Grid = new human

The Cult agenda I have been exposing for 30 years is now being openly promoted by Cult assets like Gates and Klaus Schwab of the World Economic Forum under code-terms like the 'Great Reset', 'Build Back Better' and 'a rare but narrow window of opportunity to reflect, reimagine, and reset our world'. What provided this 'rare but narrow window of opportunity'? The 'Covid' hoax did. Who created that? *They* did. My books from not that long ago warned about the planned 'Internet of Things' (IoT) and its implications for human freedom. This was the plan to connect all technology to the Internet and artificial intelligence and today we are way down that road with an estimated 36 billion devices connected to the World Wide Web and that figure is projected to be 76 billion by 2025. I further warned that the Cult planned to go beyond that to the Internet of *Everything* when the human brain was connected via AI to the Internet and Kurzweil's 'cloud'. Now we have Cult operatives like Schwab calling for precisely that under the term 'Internet of Bodies', a fusion of the physical, digital and biological into one centrally-controlled Smart Grid system which the Cult refers to as the 'Fourth Industrial Revolution'. They talk about the 'biological', but they really mean the synthetic-biological which is required to fully integrate the human body and brain into the Smart Grid and artificial intelligence planned to replace the human mind. We have everything being synthetically manipulated including the natural world through GMO and smart dust, the food we eat and the human body itself with synthetic 'vaccines'. I said in *The Answer* that we would see the Cult push for synthetic meat to replace animals and in February, 2021, the so predictable psychopath Bill Gates called for the introduction of synthetic meat to save us all from 'climate change'. The climate hoax just keeps on giving like the 'Covid' hoax. The war on meat by vegan activists is a carbon (oops, sorry) copy of the manipulation of transgender activists. They have no idea (except their inner core) that they are being used to promote and impose the agenda of the Cult or that they are only the *vehicle* and not the *reason*. This is not to say those who choose not to eat meat shouldn't be respected and supported in that right, but there are ulterior motives

for those in power. A *Forbes* article in December, 2019, highlighted the plan so beloved of Schwab and the Cult under the heading: 'What Is The Internet of Bodies? And How Is It Changing Our World?' The article said the human body is the latest data platform (remember 'our vaccine is an operating system'). *Forbes* described the plan very accurately and the words could have come straight out of my books from long before:

The Internet of Bodies (IoB) is an extension of the IoT and basically connects the human body to a network through devices that are ingested, implanted, or connected to the body in some way. Once connected, data can be exchanged, and the body and device can be remotely monitored and controlled.

They were really describing a human hive mind with human perception centrally-dictated via an AI connection as well as allowing people to be 'remotely monitored and controlled'. Everything from a fridge to a human mind could be directed from a central point by these insane psychopaths and 'Covid vaccines' are crucial to this. *Forbes* explained the process I mentioned earlier of holdable and wearable technology followed by implantable. The article said there were three generations of the Internet of Bodies that include:

- Body external: These are wearable devices such as Apple Watches or Fitbits that can monitor our health.
- Body internal: These include pacemakers, cochlear implants, and digital pills that go inside our bodies to monitor or control various aspects of health.
- Body embedded: The third generation of the Internet of Bodies is embedded technology where technology and the human body are melded together and have a real-time connection to a remote machine.

Forbes noted the development of the Brain Computer Interface (BCI) which merges the brain with an external device for monitoring and controlling in real-time. 'The ultimate goal is to help restore function to individuals with disabilities by using brain signals rather than conventional neuromuscular pathways.' Oh, do fuck off. The goal of brain interface technology is controlling human thought and emotion from the central point in a hive mind serving its masters wishes. Many people are now agreeing to be chipped to open doors without a key. You can recognise them because they'll be wearing a mask, social distancing and lining up for the 'vaccine'. The Cult plans a Great Reset money system after they have completed the demolition of the global economy in which 'money' will be exchanged through communication with body operating systems. Rand Corporation, a Cult-owned think tank, said of the Internet of Bodies or IoB:

Internet of Bodies technologies fall under the broader IoT umbrella. But as the name suggests, IoB devices introduce an even more intimate interplay between humans and gadgets. IoB devices monitor the human body, collect health metrics and other personal information, and transmit those data over the Internet. Many devices, such as fitness trackers, are already in use ... IoB devices ... and those in development can track, record, and store users' whereabouts, bodily functions, and what they see, hear, and even think.

Schwab's World Economic Forum, a long-winded way of saying 'fascism' or 'the Cult', has gone full-on with the Internet of Bodies in the 'Covid' era. 'We're entering the era of the Internet of Bodies', it declared, 'collecting our physical data via a range of devices that can be implanted, swallowed or worn'. The result would be a huge amount of health-related data that could improve human wellbeing around the world, and prove crucial in fighting the 'Covid-19 pandemic'. Does anyone think these clowns care about 'human wellbeing' after the death and devastation their pandemic hoax has purposely caused? Schwab and co say we should move forward with the Internet of Bodies because 'Keeping track of symptoms could help us stop the spread of infection, and quickly detect new cases'. How wonderful, but keeping track' is all they are really bothered

about. Researchers were investigating if data gathered from smartwatches and similar devices could be used as viral infection alerts by tracking the user's heart rate and breathing. Schwab said in his 2018 book *Shaping the Future of the Fourth Industrial Revolution*:

The lines between technologies and beings are becoming blurred and not just by the ability to create lifelike robots or synthetics. Instead it is about the ability of new technologies to literally become part of us. Technologies already influence how we understand ourselves, how we think about each other, and how we determine our realities. As the technologies ... give us deeper access to parts of ourselves, we may begin to integrate digital technologies into our bodies.

You can see what the game is. Twenty-four hour control and people – if you could still call them that – would never know when something would go ping and take them out of circulation. It's the most obvious rush to a global fascist dictatorship and the complete submission of humanity and yet still so many are locked away in their Cult-induced perceptual coma and can't see it.

Smart Grid control centres

The human body is being transformed by the 'vaccines' and in other ways into a synthetic cyborg that can be attached to the global Smart Grid which would be controlled from a central point and other sub-locations of Grid manipulation. Where are these planned to be? Well, China for a start which is one of the Cult's biggest centres of operation. The technological control system and technocratic rule was incubated here to be unleashed across the world after the 'Covid' hoax came out of China in 2020. Another Smart Grid location that will surprise people new to this is Israel. I have exposed in *The Trigger* how Sabbatian technocrats, intelligence and military operatives were behind the horrors of 9/11 and not 19 Arab hijackers' who somehow manifested the ability to pilot big passenger airliners when instructors at puddle-jumping flying schools described some of them as a joke. The 9/11 attacks were made possible through control of civilian and military air computer systems and those of the White House, Pentagon and connected agencies. See *The Trigger* – it

will blow your mind. The controlling and coordinating force were the Sabbatian networks in Israel and the United States which by then had infiltrated the entire US government, military and intelligence system. The real name of the American Deep State is 'Sabbatian State'. Israel is a tiny country of only nine million people, but it is one of the global centres of cyber operations and fast catching Silicon Valley in importance to the Cult. Israel is known as the 'start-up nation' for all the cyber companies spawned there with the Sabbatian specialisation of 'cyber security' that I mentioned earlier which gives those companies access to computer systems of their clients in real time through 'backdoors' written into the coding when security software is downloaded. The Sabbatian centre of cyber operations outside Silicon Valley is the Israeli military Cyber Intelligence Unit, the biggest infrastructure project in Israel's history, headquartered in the desert-city of Beersheba and involving some 20,000 'cyber soldiers'. Here are located a literal army of Internet trolls scanning social media, forums and comment lists for anyone challenging the Cult agenda. The UK military has something similar with its 77th Brigade and associated operations. The Beersheba complex includes research and development centres for other Cult operations such as Intel, Microsoft, IBM, Google, Apple, Hewlett-Packard, Cisco Systems, Facebook and Motorola. Techcrunch.com ran an article about the Beersheba global Internet technology centre headlined 'Israel's desert city of Beersheba is turning into a cybertech oasis':

The military's massive relocation of its prestigious technology units, the presence of multinational and local companies, a close proximity to Ben Gurion University and generous government subsidies are turning Beersheba into a major global cybertech hub. Beersheba has all of the ingredients of a vibrant security technology ecosystem, including Ben Gurion University with its graduate program in cybersecurity and Cyber Security Research Center, and the presence of companies such as EMC, Deutsche Telekom, PayPal, Oracle, IBM, and Lockheed Martin. It's also the future home of the INCB (Israeli National Cyber Bureau); offers a special income tax incentive for cyber security companies, and was the site for the relocation of the army's intelligence corps units.

Sabbatians have taken over the cyber world through the following process: They scan the schools for likely cyber talent and develop them at Ben Gurion University and their period of conscription in the Israeli Defense Forces when they are stationed at the Beersheba complex. When the cyber talented officially leave the army they are funded to start cyber companies with technology developed by themselves or given to them by the state. Much of this is stolen through backdoors of computer systems around the world with America top of the list. Others are sent off to Silicon Valley to start companies or join the major ones and so we have many major positions filled by apparently 'Jewish' but really Sabbatian operatives. Google, YouTube and Facebook are all run by 'Jewish' CEOs while Twitter is all but run by ultra-Zionist hedge-fund shark Paul Singer. At the centre of the Sabbatian global cyber web is the Israeli army's Unit 8200 which specialises in hacking into computer systems of other countries, inserting viruses, gathering information, instigating malfunction, and even taking control of them from a distance. A long list of Sabbatians involved with 9/11, Silicon Valley and Israeli cyber security companies are operatives of Unit 8200. This is not about Israel. It's about the Cult. Israel is planned to be a Smart Grid hub as with China and what is happening at Beersheba is not for the benefit of Jewish people who are treated disgustingly by the Sabbatian elite that control the country. A glance at the Nuremberg Codes will tell you that.

The story is much bigger than 'Covid', important as that is to where we are being taken. Now, though, it's time to really strap in. There's more ... much more ...

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Who controls the Cult?

Awake, arise or be forever fall'n
John Milton, *Paradise Lost*

I have exposed this far the level of the Cult conspiracy that operates in the world of the seen and within the global secret society and satanic network which operates in the shadows one step back from the seen. The story, however, goes much deeper than that.

The 'Covid' hoax is major part of the Cult agenda, but only part, and to grasp the biggest picture we have to expand our attention beyond the realm of human sight and into the infinity of possibility that we cannot see. It is from here, ultimately, that humanity is being manipulated into a state of total control by the force which dictates the actions of the Cult. How much of reality can we see? Next to damn all is the answer. We may appear to see all there is to see in the 'space' our eyes survey and observe, but little could be further from the truth. The human 'world' is only a tiny band of frequency that the body's visual and perceptual systems can decode into *perception* of a 'world'. According to mainstream science the electromagnetic spectrum is 0.005 percent of what exists in the Universe ([Fig 10](#)). The maximum estimate I have seen is 0.5 percent and either way it's miniscule. I say it is far, far, smaller even than 0.005 percent when you compare reality we see with the totality of reality that we don't. Now get this if you are new to such information: Visible light, the only band of frequency that we can see, is a *fraction* of the 0.005

percent (Fig 11 overleaf). Take this further and realise that our universe is one of infinite universes and that universes are only a fragment of overall reality – *infinite* reality. Then compare that with the almost infinitesimal frequency band of visible light or human sight. You see that humans are as near blind as it is possible to be without actually being so. Artist and filmmaker, Sergio Toporek, said:

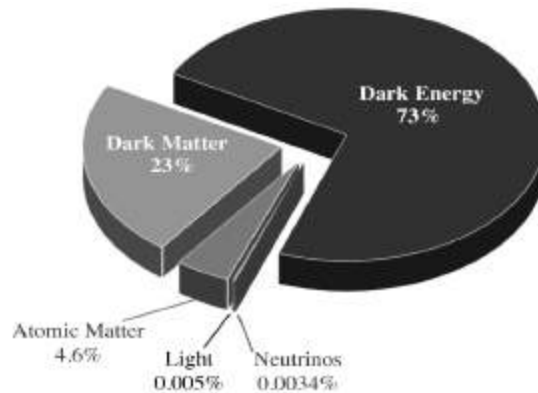


Figure 10: Humans can perceive such a tiny band of visual reality it's laughable.

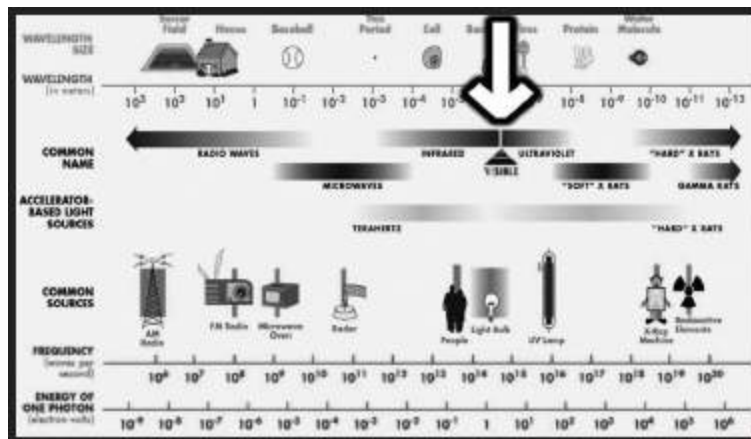


Figure 11: We can see a smear of the 0.005 percent electromagnetic spectrum, but we still know it all. Yep, makes sense.

Consider that you can see less than 1% of the electromagnetic spectrum and hear less than 1% of the acoustic spectrum. 90% of the cells in your body carry their own microbial DNA and are not 'you'. The atoms in your body are 99.9999999999999999% empty space and none of them are the ones you were born with ... Human beings have 46 chromosomes, two less than a potato.

The existence of the rainbow depends on the conical photoreceptors in your eyes; to animals without cones, the rainbow does not exist. So you don't just look at a rainbow, you create it. This is pretty amazing, especially considering that all the beautiful colours you see represent less than 1% of the electromagnetic spectrum.

Suddenly the 'world' of humans looks a very different place. Take into account, too, that Planet Earth when compared with the projected size of this single universe is the equivalent of a billionth of a pinhead. Imagine the ratio that would be when compared to infinite reality. To think that Christianity once insisted that Earth and humanity were the centre of everything. This background is vital if we are going to appreciate the nature of 'human' and how we can be manipulated by an unseen force. To human visual reality virtually *everything* is unseen and yet the prevailing perception within the institutions and so much of the public is that if we can't see it, touch it, hear it, taste it and smell it then it cannot exist. Such perception is indoctrinated and encouraged by the Cult and its agents because it isolates believers in the strictly limited, village-idiot, realm of the five senses where perceptions can be firewalled and information controlled. Most of those perpetuating the 'this-world-is-all-there-is' insanity are themselves indoctrinated into believing the same delusion. While major players and influencers know that official reality is laughable most of those in science, academia and medicine really believe the nonsense they peddle and teach succeeding generations. Those who challenge the orthodoxy are dismissed as nutters and freaks to protect the manufactured illusion from exposure. Observe the dynamic of the 'Covid' hoax and you will see how that takes the same form. The inner-circle psychopaths knows it's a gigantic scam, but almost the entirety of those imposing their fascist rules believe that 'Covid' is all that they're told it is.

Stolen identity

Ask people who they are and they will give you their name, place of birth, location, job, family background and life story. Yet that is not who they are – it is what they are *experiencing*. The difference is *absolutely crucial*. The true 'I', the eternal, infinite 'I', is consciousness,

a state of being aware. Forget 'form'. That is a vehicle for a brief experience. Consciousness does not come *from* the brain, but *through* the brain and even that is more symbolic than literal. We are awareness, pure awareness, and this is what withdraws from the body at what we call 'death' to continue our eternal beingness, *isness*, in other realms of reality within the limitlessness of infinity or the Biblical 'many mansions in my father's house'. Labels of a human life, man, woman, transgender, black, white, brown, nationality, circumstances and income are not who we are. They are what we are – awareness – is *experiencing* in a brief connection with a band of frequency we call 'human'. The labels are not the self; they are, to use the title of one of my books, a *Phantom Self*. I am not David Icke born in Leicester, England, on April 29th, 1952. I am the consciousness *having that experience*. The Cult and its non-human masters seek to convince us through the institutions of 'education', science, medicine, media and government that what we are *experiencing* is who we *are*. It's so easy to control and direct perception locked away in the bewildered illusions of the five senses with no expanded radar. Try, by contrast, doing the same with a humanity aware of its true self and its true power to consciously create its reality and experience. How is it possible to do this? We do it all day every day. If you perceive yourself as 'little me' with no power to impact upon your life and the world then your life experience will reflect that. You will hand the power you don't think you have to authority in all its forms which will use it to control your experience. This, in turn, will appear to confirm your perception of 'little me' in a self-fulfilling feedback loop. But that is what 'little me' really is – a *perception*. We are all 'big-me', infinite me, and the Cult has to make us forget that if its will is to prevail. We are therefore manipulated and pressured into self-identifying with human labels and not the consciousness/awareness *experiencing* those human labels.

The phenomenon of identity politics is a Cult-instigated manipulation technique to sub-divide previous labels into even smaller ones. A United States university employs this list of letters to

describe student identity: 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:

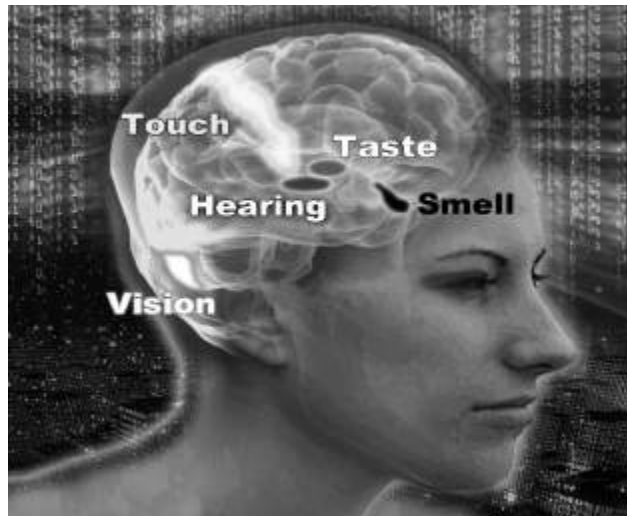


Figure 12: The brain receives information from the five senses and constructs from that our perceived reality.

[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.

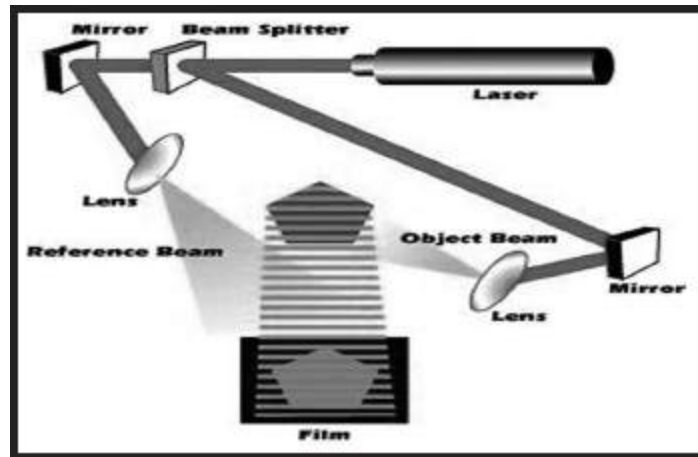


Figure 14: How holograms are created by capturing a waveform version of the subject image.

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 attached 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.

these.' The statement was true in all respects. We do live in a technologically-generated virtual reality simulation (more very shortly) and we have been manipulated to be an energy source for Archontic consciousness. The Disney-Pixar animated movie *Monsters, Inc.* in 2001 symbolised the dynamic when monsters in their world had no energy source and they would enter the human world to terrify children in their beds, catch the child's scream, terror (low-vibrational frequencies), and take that energy back to power the monster world. The lead character you might remember was a single giant eye and the symbolism of the Cult's all-seeing eye was obvious. Every thought and emotion is broadcast as a frequency unique to that thought and emotion. Feelings of love and joy, empathy and compassion, are high, quick, frequencies while fear, depression, anxiety, suffering and hate are low, slow, dense frequencies. Which kind do you think Archontic consciousness can connect with and absorb? In such a low and dense frequency state there's no way it can connect with the energy of love and joy. Archons can only feed off energy compatible with their own frequency and they and their Cult agents want to delete the human world of love and joy and manipulate the transmission of low vibrational frequencies through low-vibrational human mental and emotional states. *We are their energy source.* Wars are energetic banquets to the Archons – a world war even more so – and think how much low-frequency mental and emotional energy has been generated from the consequences for humanity of the 'Covid' hoax orchestrated by Archons incarnate like Gates.

The ancient practice of human sacrifice 'to the gods', continued in secret today by the Cult, is based on the same principle. 'The gods' are Archontic consciousness in different forms and the sacrifice is induced into a state of intense terror to generate the energy the Archontic frequency can absorb. Incarnate Archons in the ritual drink the blood which contains an adrenaline they crave which floods into the bloodstream when people are terrorised. Most of the sacrifices, ancient and modern, are children and the theme of 'sacrificing young virgins to the gods' is just code for children. They

have a particular pre-puberty energy that Archons want more than anything and the energy of the young in general is their target. The California Department of Education wants students to chant the names of Aztec gods (Archontic gods) once worshipped in human sacrifice rituals in a curriculum designed to encourage them to 'challenge racist, bigoted, discriminatory, imperialist/colonial beliefs', join 'social movements that struggle for social justice', and 'build new possibilities for a post-racist, post-systemic racism society'. It's the usual Woke crap that inverts racism and calls it anti-racism. In this case solidarity with 'indigenous tribes' is being used as an excuse to chant the names of 'gods' to which people were sacrificed (and still are in secret). What an example of Woke's inability to see beyond black and white, us and them, They condemn the colonisation of these tribal cultures by Europeans (quite right), but those cultures sacrificing people including children to their 'gods', and mass murdering untold numbers as the Aztecs did, is just fine. One chant is to the Aztec god Tezcatlipoca who had a man sacrificed to him in the 5th month of the Aztec calendar. His heart was cut out and he was eaten. Oh, that's okay then. Come on children ... after three ... Other sacrificial 'gods' for the young to chant their allegiance include Quetzalcoatl, Huitzilopochtli and Xipe Totec. The curriculum says that 'chants, affirmations, and energizers can be used to bring the class together, build unity around ethnic studies principles and values, and to reinvigorate the class following a lesson that may be emotionally taxing or even when student engagement may appear to be low'. Well, that's the cover story, anyway. Chanting and mantras are the repetition of a particular frequency generated from the vocal cords and chanting the names of these Archontic 'gods' tunes you into their frequency. That is the last thing you want when it allows for energetic synchronisation, attachment and perceptual influence. Initiates chant the names of their 'Gods' in their rituals for this very reason.

Vampires of the Woke

Paedophilia is another way that Archons absorb the energy of children. Paedophiles possessed by Archontic consciousness are used as the conduit during sexual abuse for discarnate Archons to vampire the energy of the young they desire so much. Stupendous numbers of children disappear every year never to be seen again although you would never know from the media. Imagine how much low-vibrational energy has been generated by children during the 'Covid' hoax when so many have become depressed and psychologically destroyed to the point of killing themselves. Shocking numbers of children are now taken by the state from loving parents to be handed to others. I can tell you from long experience of researching this since 1996 that many end up with paedophiles and assets of the Cult through corrupt and Cult-owned social services which in the reframing era has hired many psychopaths and emotionless automatons to do the job. Children are even stolen to order using spurious reasons to take them by the corrupt and secret (because they're corrupt) 'family courts'. I have written in detail in other books, starting with *The Biggest Secret* in 1997, about the ubiquitous connections between the political, corporate, government, intelligence and military elites (Cult operatives) and Satanism and paedophilia. If you go deep enough both networks have an interlocking leadership. The Woke mentality has been developed by the Cult for many reasons: To promote almost every aspect of its agenda; to hijack the traditional political left and turn it fascist; to divide and rule; and to target agenda pushbackers. But there are other reasons which relate to what I am describing here. How many happy and joyful Wokers do you ever see especially at the extreme end? They are a mental and psychological mess consumed by emotional stress and constantly emotionally cocked for the next explosion of indignation at someone referring to a female as a female. They are walking, talking, batteries as Morpheus might say emitting frequencies which both enslave them in low-vibrational bubbles of perceptual limitation and feed the Archons. Add to this the hatred claimed to be love; fascism claimed to 'anti-fascism', racism claimed to be 'anti-racism';

exclusion claimed to inclusion; and the abuse-filled Internet trolling. You have a purpose-built Archontic energy system with not a wind turbine in sight and all founded on Archontic *inversion*. We have whole generations now manipulated to serve the Archons with their actions and energy. They will be doing so their entire adult lives unless they snap out of their Archon-induced trance. Is it really a surprise that Cult billionaires and corporations put so much money their way? Where is the energy of joy and laughter, including laughing at yourself which is confirmation of your own emotional security? Mark Twain said: 'The human race has one really effective weapon, and that is laughter.' We must use it all the time. Woke has destroyed comedy because it has no humour, no joy, sense of irony, or self-deprecation. Its energy is dense and intense. *Mmmmm*, lunch says the Archontic frequency. Rudolf Steiner (1861-1925) was the Austrian philosopher and famous esoteric thinker who established Waldorf education or Steiner schools to treat children like unique expressions of consciousness and not minds to be programmed with the perceptions determined by authority. I'd been writing about this energy vampiring for decades when I was sent in 2016 a quote by Steiner. He was spot on:

There are beings in the spiritual realms for whom anxiety and fear emanating from human beings offer welcome food. When humans have no anxiety and fear, then these creatures starve. If fear and anxiety radiates from people and they break out in panic, then these creatures find welcome nutrition and they become more and more powerful. These beings are hostile towards humanity. Everything that feeds on negative feelings, on anxiety, fear and superstition, despair or doubt, are in reality hostile forces in super-sensible worlds, launching cruel attacks on human beings, while they are being fed ... These are exactly the feelings that belong to contemporary culture and materialism; because it estranges people from the spiritual world, it is especially suited to evoke hopelessness and fear of the unknown in people, thereby calling up the above mentioned hostile forces against them.

Pause for a moment from this perspective and reflect on what has happened in the world since the start of 2020. Not only will pennies drop, but billion dollar bills. We see the same theme from Don Juan Matus, a Yaqui Indian shaman in Mexico and the information source for Peruvian-born writer, Carlos Castaneda, who wrote a series of

books from the 1960s to 1990s. Don Juan described the force manipulating human society and his name for the Archons was the predator:

We have a predator that came from the depths of the cosmos and took over the rule of our lives. Human beings are its prisoners. The predator is our lord and master. It has rendered us docile, helpless. If we want to protest, it suppresses our protest. If we want to act independently, it demands that we don't do so ... indeed we are held prisoner!

They took us over because we are food to them, and they squeeze us mercilessly because we are their sustenance. Just as we rear chickens in coops, the predators rear us in human coops, humaneros. Therefore, their food is always available to them.

Different cultures, different eras, same recurring theme.

The 'ennoia' dilemma

Nag Hammadi Gnostic manuscripts say that Archon consciousness has no 'ennoia'. This is directly translated as 'intentionality', but I'll use the term 'creative imagination'. The *All That Is* in awareness of itself is the source of all creativity – all possibility – and the more disconnected you are from that source the more you are subsequently denied 'creative imagination'. Given that Archon consciousness is almost entirely disconnected it severely lacks creativity and has to rely on far more mechanical processes of thought and exploit the creative potential of those that do have 'ennoia'. You can see cases of this throughout human society. Archon consciousness almost entirely dominates the global banking system and if we study how that system works you will appreciate what I mean. Banks manifest 'money' out of nothing by issuing lines of 'credit' which is 'money' that has never, does not, and will never exist except in theory. It's a confidence trick. If you think 'credit' figures-on-a-screen 'money' is worth anything you accept it as payment. If you don't then the whole system collapses through lack of confidence in the value of that 'money'. Archontic bankers with no 'ennoia' are 'lending' 'money' that doesn't exist to humans that *do* have creativity – those that have the inspired ideas and create businesses and products. Archon banking feeds off human creativity

which it controls through 'money' creation and debt. Humans have the creativity and Archons exploit that for their own benefit and control while having none themselves. Archon Internet platforms like Facebook claim joint copyright of everything that creative users post and while Archontic minds like Zuckerberg may officially head that company it will be human creatives on the staff that provide the creative inspiration. When you have limitless 'money' you can then buy other companies established by creative humans. Witness the acquisition record of Facebook, Google and their like. Survey the Archon-controlled music industry and you see non-creative dark suit executives making their fortune from the human creativity of their artists. The cases are endless. Research the history of people like Gates and Zuckerberg and how their empires were built on exploiting the creativity of others. Archon minds cannot create out of nothing, but they are skilled (because they have to be) in what Gnostic texts call 'countermimicry'. They can imitate, but not innovate. Sabbatians trawl the creativity of others through backdoors they install in computer systems through their cybersecurity systems. Archon-controlled China is globally infamous for stealing intellectual property and I remember how Hong Kong, now part of China, became notorious for making counterfeit copies of the creativity of others – 'countermimicry'. With the now pervasive and all-seeing surveillance systems able to infiltrate any computer you can appreciate the potential for Archons to vampire the creativity of humans. Author John Lamb Lash wrote in his book about the Nag Hammadi texts, *Not In His Image*:

Although they cannot originate anything, because they lack the divine factor of ennoia (intentionality), Archons can imitate with a vengeance. Their expertise is simulation (HAL, virtual reality). The Demiurge [Yaldabaoth] fashions a heaven world copied from the fractal patterns [of the original] ... His construction is celestial kitsch, like the fake Italianate villa of a Mafia don complete with militant angels to guard every portal.

This brings us to something that I have been speaking about since the turn of the millennium. Our reality is a simulation; a virtual reality that we think is real. No, I'm not kidding.

Human reality? Well, virtually

I had pondered for years about whether our reality is 'real' or some kind of construct. I remembered being immensely affected on a visit as a small child in the late 1950s to the then newly-opened Planetarium on the Marylebone Road in London which is now closed and part of the adjacent Madame Tussauds wax museum. It was in the middle of the day, but when the lights went out there was the night sky projected in the Planetarium's domed ceiling and it appeared to be so real. The experience never left me and I didn't know why until around the turn of the millennium when I became certain that our 'night sky' and entire reality is a projection, a virtual reality, akin to the illusory world portrayed in the *Matrix* movies. I looked at the sky one day in this period and it appeared to me like the domed roof of the Planetarium. The release of the first *Matrix* movie in 1999 also provided a synchronistic and perfect visual representation of where my mind had been going for a long time. I hadn't come across the Gnostic Nag Hammadi texts then. When I did years later the correlation was once again astounding. As I read Gnostic accounts from 1,600 years and more earlier it was clear that they were describing the same simulation phenomenon. They tell how the Yaldabaoth 'Demiurge' and Archons created a 'bad copy' of original reality to rule over all that were captured by its illusions and the body was a prison to trap consciousness in the 'bad copy' fake reality. Read how Gnostics describe the 'bad copy' and update that to current times and they are referring to what we would call today a virtual reality simulation.

Author John Lamb Lash said 'the Demiurge fashions a heaven world copied from the fractal patterns' of the original through expertise in 'HAL' or virtual reality simulation. Fractal patterns are part of the energetic information construct of our reality, a sort of blueprint. If these patterns were copied in computer terms it would indeed give you a copy of a 'natural' reality in a non-natural frequency and digital form. The principle is the same as making a copy of a website. The original website still exists, but now you can change the copy version to make it whatever you like and it can

become very different to the original website. Archons have done this with our reality, a *synthetic* copy of prime reality that still exists beyond the frequency walls of the simulation. Trapped within the illusions of this synthetic Matrix, however, were and are human consciousness and other expressions of prime reality and this is why the Archons via the Cult are seeking to make the human body synthetic and give us synthetic AI minds to complete the job of turning the entire reality synthetic including what we perceive to be the natural world. To quote Kurzweil: 'Nanobots will infuse all the matter around us with information. Rocks, trees, everything will become these intelligent creatures.' Yes, *synthetic* 'creatures' just as 'Covid' and other genetically-manipulating 'vaccines' are designed to make the human body synthetic. From this perspective it is obvious why Archons and their Cult are so desperate to infuse synthetic material into every human with their 'Covid' scam.

Let there be (electromagnetic) light

Yaldabaoth, the force that created the simulation, or Matrix, makes sense of the Gnostic reference to 'The Great Architect' and its use by Cult Freemasonry as the name of its deity. The designer of the Matrix in the movies is called 'The Architect' and that trilogy is jam-packed with symbolism relating to these subjects. I have contended for years that the angry Old Testament God (Yaldabaoth) is the 'God' being symbolically 'quoted' in the opening of Genesis as 'creating the world'. This is not the creation of prime reality – it's the creation of the *simulation*. The Genesis 'God' says: 'Let there be Light: and there was light.' But what is this 'Light'? I have said for decades that the speed of light (186,000 miles per second) is not the fastest speed possible as claimed by mainstream science and is in fact the frequency walls or outer limits of the Matrix. You can't have a fastest or slowest anything within all possibility when everything is possible. The human body is encoded to operate within the speed of light or *within the simulation* and thus we see only the tiny frequency band of visible *light*. Near-death experiencers who perceive reality outside the body during temporary 'death' describe a very different

form of light and this is supported by the Nag Hammadi texts. Prime reality beyond the simulation ('Upper Aeons' to the Gnostics) is described as a realm of incredible beauty, bliss, love and harmony – a realm of 'watery light' that is so powerful 'there are no shadows'. Our false reality of Archon control, which Gnostics call the 'Lower Aeons', is depicted as a realm with a different kind of 'light' and described in terms of chaos, 'Hell', 'the Abyss' and 'Outer Darkness', where trapped souls are tormented and manipulated by demons (relate that to the 'Covid' hoax alone). The watery light theme can be found in near-death accounts and it is not the same as *simulation* 'light' which is electromagnetic or radiation light within the speed of light – the 'Lower Aeons'. Simulation 'light' is the 'luminous fire' associated by Gnostics with the Archons. The Bible refers to Yaldabaoth as 'that old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world' (Revelation 12:9). I think that making a simulated copy of prime reality ('countermimicry') and changing it dramatically while all the time manipulating humanity to believe it to be real could probably meet the criteria of deceiving the whole world. Then we come to the Cult god Lucifer – the *Light Bringer*. Lucifer is symbolic of Yaldabaoth, the bringer of radiation light that forms the bad copy simulation within the speed of light. 'He' is symbolised by the lighted torch held by the Statue of Liberty and in the name 'Illuminati'. Sabbatian-Frankism declares that Lucifer is the true god and Lucifer is the real god of Freemasonry honoured as their 'Great or Grand Architect of the Universe' (simulation).

I would emphasise, too, the way Archontic technologically-generated luminous fire of radiation has deluged our environment since I was a kid in the 1950s and changed the nature of The Field with which we constantly interact. Through that interaction technological radiation is changing us. The Smart Grid is designed to operate with immense levels of communication power with 5G expanding across the world and 6G, 7G, in the process of development. Radiation is the simulation and the Archontic manipulation system. Why wouldn't the Archon Cult wish to unleash radiation upon us to an ever-greater extreme to form

Kurzweil's 'cloud'? The plan for a synthetic human is related to the need to cope with levels of radiation beyond even anything we've seen so far. Biological humans would not survive the scale of radiation they have in their script. The Smart Grid is a technological sub-reality within the technological simulation to further disconnect five-sense perception from expanded consciousness. It's a technological prison of the mind.

Infusing the 'spirit of darkness'

A recurring theme in religion and native cultures is the manipulation of human genetics by a non-human force and most famously recorded as the biblical 'sons of god' (the gods plural in the original) who interbred with the daughters of men. The Nag Hammadi *Apocryphon of John* tells the same story this way:

He [Yaldabaoth] sent his angels [Archons/demons] to the daughters of men, that they might take some of them for themselves and raise offspring for their enjoyment. And at first they did not succeed. When they had no success, they gathered together again and they made a plan together ... And the angels changed themselves in their likeness into the likeness of their mates, filling them with the spirit of darkness, which they had mixed for them, and with evil ... And they took women and begot children out of the darkness according to the likeness of their spirit.

Possession when a discarnate entity takes over a human body is an age-old theme and continues today. It's very real and I've seen it. Satanic and secret society rituals can create an energetic environment in which entities can attach to initiates and I've heard many stories of how people have changed their personality after being initiated even into lower levels of the Freemasons. I have been inside three Freemasonic temples, one at a public open day and two by just walking in when there was no one around to stop me. They were in Ryde, the town where I live, Birmingham, England, when I was with a group, and Boston, Massachusetts. They all felt the same energetically – dark, dense, low-vibrational and sinister. Demonic attachment can happen while the initiate has no idea what is going on. To them it's just a ritual to get in the Masons and do a bit of good

business. In the far more extreme rituals of Satanism human possession is even more powerful and they are designed to make possession possible. The hierarchy of the Cult is dictated by the power and perceived status of the possessing Archon. In this way the Archon hierarchy becomes the Cult hierarchy. Once the entity has attached it can influence perception and behaviour and if it attaches to the extreme then so much of its energy (information) infuses into the body information field that the hologram starts to reflect the nature of the possessing entity. This is the *Exorcist* movie type of possession when facial features change and it's known as shapeshifting. Islam's Jinn are said to be invisible tricksters who change shape, 'whisper', confuse and take human form. These are all traits of the Archons and other versions of the same phenomenon. Extreme possession could certainly infuse the 'spirit of darkness' into a partner during sex as the Nag Hammadi texts appear to describe. Such an infusion can change genetics which is also energetic information. Human genetics is information and the 'spirit of darkness' is information. Mix one with the other and change must happen. Islam has the concept of a 'Jinn baby' through possession of the mother and by Jinn taking human form. There are many ways that human genetics can be changed and remember that Archons have been aware all along of advanced techniques to do this. What is being done in human society today – and far more – was known about by Archons at the time of the 'fallen ones' and their other versions described in religions and cultures.

Archons and their human-world Cult are obsessed with genetics as we see today and they know this dictates how information is processed into perceived reality during a human life. They needed to produce a human form that would decode the simulation and this is symbolically known as 'Adam and Eve' who left the 'garden' (prime reality) and 'fell' into Matrix reality. The simulation is not a 'physical' construct (there is no 'physical'); it is a source of information. Think Wi-Fi again. The simulation is an energetic field encoded with information and body-brain systems are designed to decode that information encoded in wave or frequency form which

is transmitted to the brain as electrical signals. These are decoded by the brain to construct our sense of reality – an illusory ‘physical’ world that only exists in the brain or the mind. Virtual reality games mimic this process using the same sensory decoding system. Information is fed to the senses to decode a virtual reality that can appear so real, but isn’t (Figs 18 and 19). Some scientists believe – and I agree with them – that what we perceive as ‘physical’ reality only exists when we are looking or observing. The act of perception or focus triggers the decoding systems which turn waveform information into holographic reality. When we are not observing something our reality reverts from a holographic state to a waveform state. This relates to the same principle as a falling tree not making a noise unless someone is there to hear it or decode it. The concept makes sense from the simulation perspective. A computer is not decoding all the information in a Wi-Fi field all the time and only decodes or brings into reality on the screen that part of Wi-Fi that it’s decoding – focusing upon – at that moment.



Figure 18: Virtual reality technology ‘hacks’ into the body’s five-sense decoding system.



Figure 19: The result can be experienced as very ‘real’.

Interestingly, Professor Donald Hoffman at the Department of Cognitive Sciences at the University of California, Irvine, says that our experienced reality is like a computer interface that shows us only the level with which we interact while hiding all that exists beyond it: 'Evolution shaped us with a user interface that hides the truth. Nothing that we see is the truth – the very language of space and time and objects is the wrong language to describe reality.' He is correct in what he says on so many levels. Space and time are not a universal reality. They are a phenomenon of decoded *simulation* reality as part of the process of enslaving our sense of reality. Near-death experiencers report again and again how space and time did not exist as we perceive them once they were free of the body – body decoding systems. You can appreciate from this why Archons and their Cult are so desperate to entrap human attention in the five senses where we are in the Matrix and of the Matrix. Opening your mind to expanded states of awareness takes you beyond the information confines of the simulation and you become aware of knowledge and insights denied to you before. This is what we call 'awakening' – *awakening from the Matrix* – and in the final chapter I will relate this to current events.

Where are the 'aliens'?

A simulation would explain the so-called 'Fermi Paradox' named after Italian physicist Enrico Fermi (1901-1954) who created the first nuclear reactor. He considered the question of why there is such a lack of extraterrestrial activity when there are so many stars and planets in an apparently vast universe; but what if the night sky that we see, or think we do, is a simulated projection as I say? If you control the simulation and your aim is to hold humanity fast in essential ignorance would you want other forms of life including advanced life coming and going sharing information with humanity? Or would you want them to believe they were isolated and apparently alone? Themes of human isolation and apartness are common whether they be the perception of a lifeless universe or the fascist isolation laws of the 'Covid' era. Paradoxically the very

existence of a simulation means that we are not alone when some force had to construct it. My view is that experiences that people have reported all over the world for centuries with Reptilians and Grey entities are Archon phenomena as Nag Hammadi texts describe; and that benevolent 'alien' interactions are non-human groups that come in and out of the simulation by overcoming Archon attempts to keep them out. It should be highlighted, too, that Reptilians and Greys are obsessed with *genetics* and *technology* as related by cultural accounts and those who say they have been abducted by them. Technology is their way of overcoming some of the limitations in their creative potential and our technology-driven and controlled human society of today is *archetypical* Archon-Reptilian-Grey *modus operandi*. Technocracy is really *Archontocracy*. The Universe does not have to be as big as it appears with a simulation. There is no space or distance only information decoded into holographic reality. What we call 'space' is only the absence of holographic 'objects' and that 'space' is The Field of energetic information which connects everything into a single whole. The same applies with the artificially-generated information field of the simulation. The Universe is not big or small as a physical reality. It is decoded information, that's all, and its perceived size is decided by the way the simulation is encoded to make it appear. The entire night sky as we perceive it only exists in our brain and so where are those 'millions of light years'? The 'stars' on the ceiling of the Planetarium looked a vast distance away.

There's another point to mention about 'aliens'. I have been highlighting since the 1990s the plan to stage a fake 'alien invasion' to justify the centralisation of global power and a world military. Nazi scientist Werner von Braun, who was taken to America by Operation Paperclip after World War Two to help found NASA, told his American assistant Dr Carol Rosin about the Cult agenda when he knew he was dying in 1977. Rosin said that he told her about a sequence that would lead to total human control by a one-world government. This included threats from terrorism, rogue nations, meteors and asteroids before finally an 'alien invasion'. All of these

things, von Braun said, would be bogus and what I would refer to as a No-Problem-Reaction-Solution. Keep this in mind when 'the aliens are coming' is the new mantra. The aliens are not coming – they are *already here* and they have infiltrated human society while looking human. French-Canadian investigative journalist Serge Monast said in 1994 that he had uncovered a NASA/military operation called Project Blue Beam which fits with what Werner von Braun predicted. Monast died of a 'heart attack' in 1996 the day after he was arrested and spent a night in prison. He was 51. He said Blue Beam was a plan to stage an alien invasion that would include religious figures beamed holographically into the sky as part of a global manipulation to usher in a 'new age' of worshipping what I would say is the Cult 'god' Yaldabaoth in a one-world religion. Fake holographic asteroids are also said to be part of the plan which again syncs with von Braun. How could you stage an illusory threat from asteroids unless they were holographic inserts? This is pretty straightforward given the advanced technology outside the public arena and the fact that our 'physical' reality is holographic anyway. Information fields would be projected and we would decode them into the illusion of a 'physical' asteroid. If they can sell a global 'pandemic' with a 'virus' that doesn't exist what will humans not believe if government and media tell them?

All this is particularly relevant as I write with the Pentagon planning to release in June, 2021, information about 'UFO sightings'. I have been following the UFO story since the early 1990s and the common theme throughout has been government and military denials and cover up. More recently, however, the Pentagon has suddenly become more talkative and apparently open with Air Force pilot radar images released of unexplained craft moving and changing direction at speeds well beyond anything believed possible with human technology. Then, in March, 2021, former Director of National Intelligence John Ratcliffe said a Pentagon report months later in June would reveal a great deal of information about UFO sightings unknown to the public. He said the report would have 'massive implications'. The order to do this was included bizarrely

in a \$2.3 trillion 'coronavirus' relief and government funding bill passed by the Trump administration at the end of 2020. I would add some serious notes of caution here. I have been pointing out since the 1990s that the US military and intelligence networks have long had craft – 'flying saucers' or anti-gravity craft – which any observer would take to be extraterrestrial in origin. Keeping this knowledge from the public allows craft flown by *humans* to be perceived as alien visitations. I am not saying that 'aliens' do not exist. I would be the last one to say that, but we have to be streetwise here. President Ronald Reagan told the UN General Assembly in 1987: 'I occasionally think how quickly our differences worldwide would vanish if we were facing an alien threat from outside this world.' That's the idea. Unite against a common 'enemy' with a common purpose behind your 'saviour force' (the Cult) as this age-old technique of mass manipulation goes global.

Science moves this way ...

I could find only one other person who was discussing the simulation hypothesis publicly when I concluded it was real. This was Nick Bostrom, a Swedish-born philosopher at the University of Oxford, who has explored for many years the possibility that human reality is a computer simulation although his version and mine are not the same. Today the simulation and holographic reality hypothesis have increasingly entered the scientific mainstream. Well, the more open-minded mainstream, that is. Here are a few of the ever-gathering examples. American nuclear physicist Silas Beane led a team of physicists at the University of Bonn in Germany pursuing the question of whether we live in a simulation. They concluded that we probably do and it was likely based on a lattice of cubes. They found that cosmic rays align with that specific pattern. The team highlighted the Greisen–Zatsepin–Kuzmin (GZK) limit which refers to cosmic ray particle interaction with cosmic background radiation that creates an apparent boundary for cosmic ray particles. They say in a paper entitled 'Constraints on the Universe as a Numerical Simulation' that this 'pattern of constraint' is exactly what you

would find with a computer simulation. They also made the point that a simulation would create its own 'laws of physics' that would limit possibility. I've been making the same point for decades that the *perceived* laws of physics relate only to this reality, or what I would later call the simulation. When designers write codes to create computer and virtual reality games they are the equivalent of the laws of physics for that game. Players interact within the limitations laid out by the coding. In the same way those who wrote the codes for the simulation decided the laws of physics that would apply. These can be overridden by expanded states of consciousness, but not by those enslaved in only five-sense awareness where simulation codes rule. Overriding the codes is what people call 'miracles'. They are not. They are bypassing the encoded limits of the simulation. A population caught in simulation perception would have no idea that this was their plight. As the Bonn paper said: 'Like a prisoner in a pitch-black cell we would not be able to see the "walls" of our prison,' That's true if people remain mesmerised by the five senses. Open to expanded awareness and those walls become very clear. The main one is the speed of light.

American theoretical physicist James Gates is another who has explored the simulation question and found considerable evidence to support the idea. Gates was Professor of Physics at the University of Maryland, Director of The Center for String and Particle Theory, and on Barack Obama's Council of Advisors on Science and Technology. He and his team found *computer codes* of digital data embedded in the fabric of our reality. They relate to on-off electrical charges of 1 and 0 in the binary system used by computers. 'We have no idea what they are doing there', Gates said. They found within the energetic fabric mathematical sequences known as error-correcting codes or block codes that 'reboot' data to its original state or 'default settings' when something knocks it out of sync. Gates was asked if he had found a set of equations embedded in our reality indistinguishable from those that drive search engines and browsers and he said: 'That is correct.' Rich Terrile, director of the Centre for Evolutionary Computation and Automated Design at NASA's Jet

Propulsion Laboratory, has said publicly that he believes the Universe is a digital hologram that must have been created by a form of intelligence. I agree with that in every way. Waveform information is delivered electrically by the senses to the brain which constructs a *digital* holographic reality that we call the 'world'. This digital level of reality can be read by the esoteric art of numerology. Digital holograms are at the cutting edge of holographics today. We have digital technology everywhere designed to access and manipulate our digital level of perceived reality. Synthetic mRNA in 'Covid vaccines' has a digital component to manipulate the body's digital 'operating system'.

Reality is numbers

How many know that our reality can be broken down to numbers and codes that are the same as computer games? Max Tegmark, a physicist at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT), is the author of *Our Mathematical Universe* in which he lays out how reality can be entirely described by numbers and maths in the way that a video game is encoded with the 'physics' of computer games. Our world and computer virtual reality are essentially the same.

Tegmark imagines the perceptions of characters in an advanced computer game when the graphics are so good they don't know they are in a game. They think they can bump into real objects (electromagnetic resistance in our reality), fall in love and feel emotions like excitement. When they began to study the apparently 'physical world' of the video game they would realise that everything was made of pixels (which have been found in our energetic reality as must be the case when on one level our world is digital). What computer game characters thought was physical 'stuff', Tegmark said, could actually be broken down into numbers:

And we're exactly in this situation in our world. We look around and it doesn't seem that mathematical at all, but everything we see is made out of elementary particles like quarks and electrons. And what properties does an electron have? Does it have a smell or a colour or a texture? No! ... We physicists have come up with geeky names for [Electron] properties, like

electric charge, or spin, or lepton number, but the electron doesn't care what we call it, the properties are just numbers.

This is the illusory reality Gnostics were describing. This is the simulation. The A, C, G, and T codes of DNA have a binary value – A and C = 0 while G and T = 1. This has to be when the simulation is digital and the body must be digital to interact with it. Recurring mathematical sequences are encoded throughout reality and the body. They include the Fibonacci sequence in which the two previous numbers are added to get the next one, as in ... 1, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13, 21, 34, 55, etc. The sequence is encoded in the human face and body, proportions of animals, DNA, seed heads, pine cones, trees, shells, spiral galaxies, hurricanes and the number of petals in a flower. The list goes on and on. There are fractal patterns – a 'never-ending pattern that is infinitely complex and self-similar across all scales in the as above, so below, principle of holograms. These and other famous recurring geometrical and mathematical sequences such as Phi, Pi, Golden Mean, Golden Ratio and Golden Section are *computer codes* of the simulation. I had to laugh and give my head a shake the day I finished this book and it went into the production stage. I was sent an article in *Scientific American* published in April, 2021, with the headline 'Confirmed! We Live in a Simulation'. Two decades after I first said our reality is a simulation and the speed of light is its outer limit the article suggested that we do live in a simulation and that the speed of light is its outer limit. I left school at 15 and never passed a major exam in my life while the writer was up to his eyes in qualifications. As I will explain in the final chapter *knowing* is far better than thinking and they come from very different sources. The article rightly connected the speed of light to the processing speed of the 'Matrix' and said what has been in my books all this time ... 'If we are in a simulation, as it appears, then space is an abstract property written in code. It is not real'. No it's not and if we live in a simulation something created it and it wasn't *us*. 'That David Icke says we are manipulated by aliens' – he's crackers.'

Wow ...

The reality that humanity thinks is so real is an illusion. Politicians, governments, scientists, doctors, academics, law enforcement, media, school and university curriculums, on and on, are all founded on a world that *does not exist* except as a simulated prison cell. Is it such a stretch to accept that 'Covid' doesn't exist when our entire 'physical' reality doesn't exist? Revealed here is the knowledge kept under raps in the Cult networks of compartmentalised secrecy to control humanity's sense of reality by inducing the population to believe in a reality that's not real. If it wasn't so tragic in its experiential consequences the whole thing would be hysterically funny. None of this is new to Renegade Minds. Ancient Greek philosopher Plato (about 428 to about 347BC) was a major influence on Gnostic belief and he described the human plight thousands of years ago with his Allegory of the Cave. He told the symbolic story of prisoners living in a cave who had never been outside. They were chained and could only see one wall of the cave while behind them was a fire that they could not see. Figures walked past the fire casting shadows on the prisoners' wall and those moving shadows became their sense of reality. Some prisoners began to study the shadows and were considered experts on them (today's academics and scientists), but what they studied was only an illusion (today's academics and scientists). A prisoner escaped from the cave and saw reality as it really is. When he returned to report this revelation they didn't believe him, called him mad and threatened to kill him if he tried to set them free. Plato's tale is not only a brilliant analogy of the human plight and our illusory reality. It describes, too, the dynamics of the 'Covid' hoax. I have only skimmed the surface of these subjects here. The aim of this book is to crisply connect all essential dots to put what is happening today into its true context. All subject areas and their connections in this chapter are covered in great evidential detail in *Everything You Need To Know, But Have Never Been Told* and *The Answer*.

They say that bewildered people 'can't see the forest for the trees'. Humanity, however, can't see the forest for the *twigs*. The five senses

see only twigs while Renegade Minds can see the forest and it's the forest where the answers lie with the connections that reveals.

Breaking free of perceptual programming so the forest can be seen is the way we turn all this around. Not breaking free is how humanity got into this mess. The situation may seem hopeless, but I promise you it's not. We are a perceptual heartbeat from paradise if only we knew.

CHAPTER TWELVE

Escaping Wetiko

Life is simply a vacation from the infinite
Dean Cavanagh

Renegade Minds weave the web of life and events and see common themes in the apparently random. They are always there if you look for them and their pursuit is aided by incredible synchronicity that comes when your mind is open rather than mesmerised by what it thinks it can see.

Infinite awareness is infinite possibility and the more of infinite possibility that we access the more becomes infinitely possible. That may be stating the apparently obvious, but it is a devastatingly-powerful fact that can set us free. We are a point of attention within an infinity of consciousness. The question is how much of that infinity do we choose to access? How much knowledge, insight, awareness, wisdom, do we want to connect with and explore? If your focus is only in the five senses you will be influenced by a fraction of infinite awareness. I mean a range so tiny that it gives new meaning to infinitesimal. Limitation of self-identity and a sense of the possible limit accordingly your range of consciousness. We are what we think we are. Life is what we think it is. The dream is the dreamer and the dreamer is the dream. Buddhist philosophy puts it this way: 'As a thing is viewed, so it appears.' Most humans live in the realm of touch, taste, see, hear, and smell and that's the limit of their sense of the possible and sense of self. Many will follow a religion and speak of a God in his heaven, but their lives are still

dominated by the five senses in their perceptions and actions. The five senses become the arbiter of everything. When that happens all except a smear of infinity is sealed away from influence by the rigid, unyielding, reality bubbles that are the five-sense human or Phantom Self. Archon Cult methodology is to isolate consciousness within five-sense reality – the simulation – and then program that consciousness with a sense of self and the world through a deluge of life-long information designed to instil the desired perception that allows global control. Efforts to do this have increased dramatically with identity politics as identity bubbles are squeezed into the minutiae of five-sense detail which disconnect people even more profoundly from the infinite 'I'.

Five-sense focus and self-identity are like a firewall that limits access to the infinite realms. You only perceive one radio or television station and no other. We'll take that literally for a moment. Imagine a vast array of stations giving different information and angles on reality, but you only ever listen to one. Here we have the human plight in which the population is overwhelmingly confined to CultFM. This relates only to the frequency range of CultFM and limits perception and insight to that band – limits *possibility* to that band. It means you are connecting with an almost imperceptibly minuscule range of possibility and creative potential within the infinite Field. It's a world where everything seems apart from everything else and where synchronicity is rare. Synchronicity is defined in the dictionary as 'the happening by chance of two or more related or similar events at the same time'. Use of 'by chance' betrays a complete misunderstanding of reality. Synchronicity is not 'by chance'. As people open their minds, or 'awaken' to use the term, they notice more and more coincidences in their lives, bits of 'luck', apparently miraculous happenings that put them in the right place at the right time with the right people. Days become peppered with 'fancy meeting you here' and 'what are the chances of that?' My entire life has been lived like this and ever more so since my own colossal awakening in 1990 and 91 which transformed my sense of reality. Synchronicity is not 'by chance'; it is by accessing expanded

realms of possibility which allow expanded potential for manifestation. People broadcasting the same vibe from the same openness of mind tend to be drawn 'by chance' to each other through what I call frequency magnetism and it's not only people. In the last more than 30 years incredible synchronicity has also led me through the Cult maze to information in so many forms and to crucial personal experiences. These 'coincidences' have allowed me to put the puzzle pieces together across an enormous array of subjects and situations. Those who have breached the bubble of five-sense reality will know exactly what I mean and this escape from the perceptual prison cell is open to everyone whenever they make that choice. This may appear super-human when compared with the limitations of 'human', but it's really our natural state. 'Human' as currently experienced is consciousness in an unnatural state of induced separation from the infinity of the whole. I'll come to how this transformation into unity can be made when I have described in more detail the force that holds humanity in servitude by denying this access to infinite self.

The Wetiko factor

I have been talking and writing for decades about the way five-sense mind is systematically barricaded from expanded awareness. I have used the analogy of a computer (five-sense mind) and someone at the keyboard (expanded awareness). Interaction between the computer and the operator is symbolic of the interaction between five-sense mind and expanded awareness. The computer directly experiences the Internet and the operator experiences the Internet via the computer which is how it's supposed to be – the two working as one. Archons seek to control that point where the operator connects with the computer to stop that interaction ([Fig 20](#)). Now the operator is banging the keyboard and clicking the mouse, but the computer is not responding and this happens when the computer is taken over – *possessed* – by an appropriately-named computer 'virus'. The operator has lost all influence over the computer which goes its own way making decisions under the control of the 'virus'. I have

just described the dynamic through which the force known to Gnostics as Yaldabaoth and Archons disconnects five-sense mind from expanded awareness to imprison humanity in perceptual servitude.

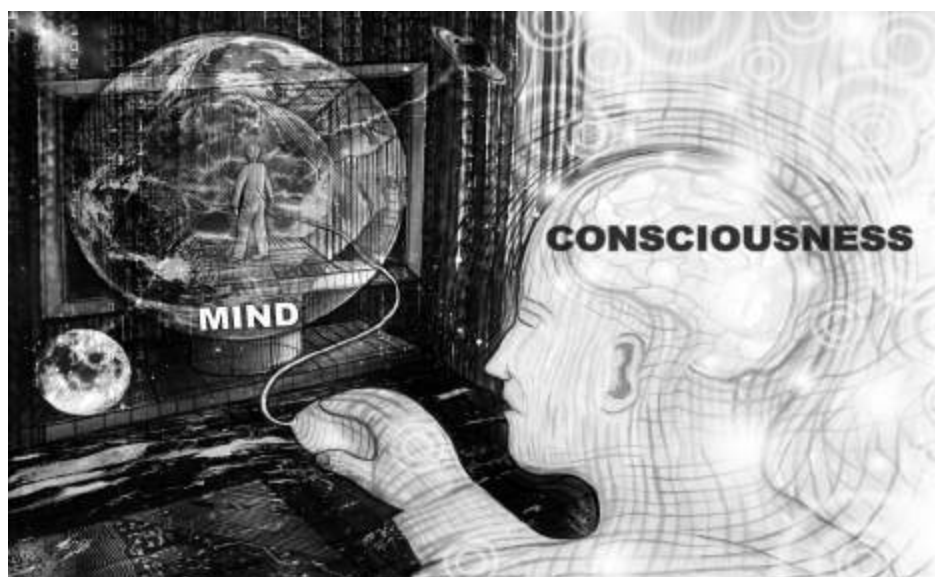


Figure 20: The mind ‘virus’ I have been writing about for decades seeks to isolate five-sense mind (the computer) from the true ‘I’. (Image by Neil Hague).

About a year ago I came across a Native American concept of Wetiko which describes precisely the same phenomenon. Wetiko is the spelling used by the Cree and there are other versions including wintiko and windigo used by other tribal groups. They spell the name with lower case, but I see Wetiko as a proper noun as with Archons and prefer a capital. I first saw an article about Wetiko by writer and researcher Paul Levy which so synced with what I had been writing about the computer/operator disconnection and later the Archons. I then read his book, the fascinating *Dispelling Wetiko, Breaking the Spell of Evil*. The parallels between what I had concluded long before and the Native American concept of Wetiko were so clear and obvious that it was almost funny. For Wetiko see the Gnostic Archons for sure and the Jinn, the Predators, and every other name for a force of evil, inversion and chaos. Wetiko is the Native American name for the force that divides the computer from

the operator (Fig 21). Indigenous author Jack D. Forbes, a founder of the Native American movement in the 1960s, wrote another book about Wetiko entitled *Columbus And Other Cannibals – The Wetiko Disease of Exploitation, Imperialism, and Terrorism* which I also read. Forbes says that Wetiko refers to an evil person or spirit ‘who terrorizes other creatures by means of terrible acts, including cannibalism’. Zulu shaman Credo Mutwa told me that African accounts tell how cannibalism was brought into the world by the Chitauri ‘gods’ – another manifestation of Wetiko. The distinction between ‘evil person or spirit’ relates to Archons/Wetiko possessing a human or acting as pure consciousness. Wetiko is said to be a sickness of the soul or spirit and a state of being that takes but gives nothing back – the Cult and its operatives perfectly described. Black Hawk, a Native American war leader defending their lands from confiscation, said European invaders had ‘poisoned hearts’ – Wetiko hearts – and that this would spread to native societies. Mention of the heart is very significant as we shall shortly see. Forbes writes: ‘Tragically, the history of the world for the past 2,000 years is, in great part, the story of the epidemiology of the wetiko disease.’ Yes, and much longer. Forbes is correct when he says: ‘The wetikos destroyed Egypt and Babylon and Athens and Rome and Tenochtitlan [capital of the Aztec empire] and perhaps now they will destroy the entire earth.’ Evil, he said, is the number one export of a Wetiko culture – see its globalisation with ‘Covid’. Constant war, mass murder, suffering of all kinds, child abuse, Satanism, torture and human sacrifice are all expressions of Wetiko and the Wetiko possessed. The world is Wetiko made manifest, *but it doesn’t have to be*. There is a way out of this even now.



Figure 21: The mind 'virus' is known to Native Americans as 'Wetiko'. (Image by Neil Hague).

Cult of Wetiko

Wetiko is the Yaldabaoth frequency distortion that seeks to attach to human consciousness and absorb it into its own. Once this connection is made Wetiko can drive the perceptions of the target which they believe to be coming from their own mind. All the horrors of history and today from mass killers to Satanists, paedophiles like Jeffrey Epstein and other psychopaths, are the embodiment of Wetiko and express its state of being in all its grotesqueness. The Cult is Wetiko incarnate, Yaldabaoth incarnate, and it seeks to facilitate Wetiko assimilation of humanity in totality into its distortion by manipulating the population into low frequency states that match its own. Paul Levy writes:

'Holographically enforced within the psyche of every human being the wetiko virus pervades and underlies the entire field of consciousness, and can therefore potentially manifest through any one of us at any moment if we are not mindful.' The 'Covid' hoax has achieved this with many people, but others have not fallen into Wetiko's frequency lair. Players in the 'Covid' human catastrophe including Gates, Schwab, Tedros, Fauci, Whitty, Vallance, Johnson, Hancock, Ferguson, Drosten, and all the rest, including the psychopath psychologists, are expressions of Wetiko. This is why

they have no compassion or empathy and no emotional consequence for what they do that would make them stop doing it. Observe all the people who support the psychopaths in authority against the Pushbackers despite the damaging impact the psychopaths have on their own lives and their family's lives. You are again looking at Wetiko possession which prevents them seeing through the lies to the obvious scam going on. *Why can't they see it?* Wetiko won't let them see it. The perceptual divide that has now become a chasm is between the Wetikoed and the non-Wetikoed.

Paul Levy describes Wetiko in the same way that I have long described the Archontic force. They are the same distorted consciousness operating across dimensions of reality: '... the subtle body of wetiko is not located in the third dimension of space and time, literally existing in another dimension ... it is able to affect ordinary lives by mysteriously interpenetrating into our three-dimensional world.' Wetiko does this through its incarnate representatives in the Cult and by weaving itself into The Field which on our level of reality is the electromagnetic information field of the simulation or Matrix. More than that, the simulation *is* Wetiko / Yaldabaoth. Caleb Scharf, Director of Astrobiology at Columbia University, has speculated that 'alien life' could be so advanced that it has transcribed itself into the quantum realm to become what we call physics. He said intelligence indistinguishable from the fabric of the Universe would solve many of its greatest mysteries:

Perhaps hyper-advanced life isn't just external. Perhaps it's already all around. It is embedded in what we perceive to be physics itself, from the root behaviour of particles and fields to the phenomena of complexity and emergence ... In other words, life might not just be in the equations. It might BE the equations [My emphasis].

Scharf said it is possible that 'we don't recognise advanced life because it forms an integral and unsuspecting part of what we've considered to be the natural world'. I agree. Wetiko/Yaldabaoth *is* the simulation. We are literally in the body of the beast. But that doesn't mean it has to control us. We all have the power to overcome Wetiko

influence and the Cult knows that. I doubt it sleeps too well because it knows that.

Which Field?

This, I suggest, is how it all works. There are two Fields. One is the fierce electromagnetic light of the Matrix within the speed of light; the other is the 'watery light' of The Field beyond the walls of the Matrix that connects with the Great Infinity. Five-sense mind and the decoding systems of the body attach us to the Field of Matrix light. They have to or we could not experience this reality. Five-sense mind sees only the Matrix Field of information while our expanded consciousness is part of the Infinity Field. When we open our minds, and most importantly our hearts, to the Infinity Field we have a mission control which gives us an expanded perspective, a road map, to understand the nature of the five-sense world. If we are isolated only in five-sense mind there is no mission control. We're on our own trying to understand a world that's constantly feeding us information to ensure we do not understand. People in this state can feel 'lost' and bewildered with no direction or radar. You can see ever more clearly those who are influenced by the Fields of Big Infinity or little five-sense mind simply by their views and behaviour with regard to the 'Covid' hoax. We have had this division throughout known human history with the mass of the people on one side and individuals who could see and intuit beyond the walls of the simulation – Plato's prisoner who broke out of the cave and saw reality for what it is. Such people have always been targeted by Wetiko/Archon-possessed authority, burned at the stake or demonised as mad, bad and dangerous. The Cult today and its global network of 'anti-hate', 'anti-fascist' Woke groups are all expressions of Wetiko attacking those exposing the conspiracy, 'Covid' lies and the 'vaccine' agenda.

Woke as a whole is Wetiko which explains its black and white mentality and how at one it is with the Wetiko-possessed Cult. Paul Levy said: 'To be in this paradigm is to still be under the thrall of a two-valued logic – where things are either true or false – of a

wetikoized mind.’ Wetiko consciousness is in a permanent rage, therefore so is Woke, and then there is Woke inversion and contradiction. ‘Anti-fascists’ act like fascists because fascists *and* ‘anti-fascists’ are both Wetiko at work. Political parties act the same while claiming to be different for the same reason. Secret society and satanic rituals are attaching initiates to Wetiko and the cold, ruthless, psychopathic mentality that secures the positions of power all over the world is Wetiko. Reframing ‘training programmes’ have the same cumulative effect of attaching Wetiko and we have their graduates described as automatons and robots with a cold, psychopathic, uncaring demeanour. They are all traits of Wetiko possession and look how many times they have been described in this book and elsewhere with regard to personnel behind ‘Covid’ including the police and medical profession. Climbing the greasy pole in any profession in a Wetiko society requires traits of Wetiko to get there and that is particularly true of politics which is not about fair competition and pre-eminence of ideas. It is founded on how many backs you can stab and arses you can lick. This culminated in the global ‘Covid’ coordination between the Wetiko possessed who pulled it off in all the different countries without a trace of empathy and compassion for their impact on humans. Our sight sense can see only holographic form and not the Field which connects holographic form. Therefore we perceive ‘physical’ objects with ‘space’ in between. In fact that ‘space’ is energy/consciousness operating on multiple frequencies. One of them is Wetiko and that connects the Cult psychopaths, those who submit to the psychopaths, and those who serve the psychopaths in the media operations of the world. Wetiko is Gates. Wetiko is the mask-wearing submissive. Wetiko is the fake journalist and ‘fact-checker’. The Wetiko Field is coordinating the whole thing. Psychopaths, gofers, media operatives, ‘anti-hate’ hate groups, ‘fact-checkers’ and submissive people work as one unit *even without human coordination* because they are attached to the *same* Field which is organising it all ([Fig 22](#)). Paul Levy is here describing how Wetiko-possessed people are drawn together and refuse to let any information breach their rigid

perceptions. He was writing long before 'Covid', but I think you will recognise followers of the 'Covid' religion *oh just a little bit*:

People who are channelling the vibratory frequency of wetiko align with each other through psychic resonance to reinforce their unspoken shared agreement so as to uphold their deranged view of reality. Once an unconscious content takes possession of certain individuals, it irresistibly draws them together by mutual attraction and knits them into groups tied together by their shared madness that can easily swell into an avalanche of insanity.

A psychic epidemic is a closed system, which is to say that it is insular and not open to any new information or informing influences from the outside world which contradict its fixed, limited, and limiting perspective.

There we have the Woke mind and the 'Covid' mind. Compatible resonance draws the awakening together, too, which is clearly happening today.

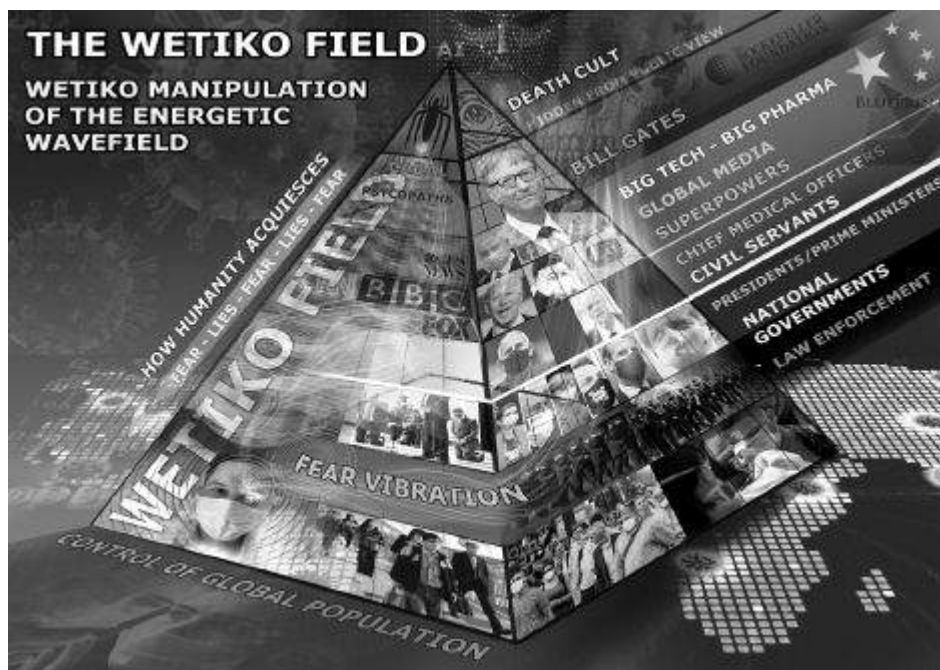


Figure 22: The Wetiko Field from which the Cult pyramid and its personnel are made manifest. (Image by Neil Hague).

Spiritual servitude

Wetiko doesn't care about humans. It's not human; it just possesses humans for its own ends and the effect (depending on the scale of

possession) can be anything from extreme psychopathy to unquestioning obedience. Wetiko's worst nightmare is for human consciousness to expand beyond the simulation. Everything is focussed on stopping that happening through control of information, thus perception, thus frequency. The 'education system', media, science, medicine, academia, are all geared to maintaining humanity in five-sense servitude as is the constant stimulation of low-vibrational mental and emotional states (see 'Covid'). Wetiko seeks to dominate those subconscious spaces between five-sense perception and expanded consciousness where the computer meets the operator. From these subconscious hiding places Wetiko speaks to us to trigger urges and desires that we take to be our own and manipulate us into anything from low-vibrational to psychopathic states. Remember how Islam describes the Jinn as invisible tricksters that 'whisper' and confuse. Wetiko is the origin of the 'trickster god' theme that you find in cultures all over the world. Jinn, like the Archons, are Wetiko which is terrified of humans awakening and reconnecting with our true self for then its energy source has gone. With that the feedback loop breaks between Wetiko and human perception that provides the energetic momentum on which its very existence depends as a force of evil. Humans are both its target and its source of survival, but only if we are operating in low-vibrational states of fear, hate, depression and the background anxiety that most people suffer. We are Wetiko's target because we are its key to survival. It needs us, not the other way round. Paul Levy writes:

A vampire has no intrinsic, independent, substantial existence in its own right; it only exists in relation to us. The pathogenic, vampiric mind-parasite called wetiko is nothing in itself – not being able to exist from its own side – yet it has a 'virtual reality' such that it can potentially destroy our species ...

...The fact that a vampire is not reflected by a mirror can also mean that what we need to see is that there's nothing, no-thing to see, other than ourselves. The fact that wetiko is the expression of something inside of us means that the cure for wetiko is with us as well. The critical issue is finding this cure within us and then putting it into effect.

Evil begets evil because if evil does not constantly expand and find new sources of energetic sustenance its evil, its *distortion*, dies with the assimilation into balance and harmony. Love is the garlic to Wetiko's vampire. Evil, the absence of love, cannot exist in the presence of love. I think I see a way out of here. I have emphasised so many times over the decades that the Archons/Wetiko and their Cult are not all powerful. *They are not*. I don't care how it looks even now *they are not*. I have not called them little boys in short trousers for effect. I have said it because it is true. Wetiko's insatiable desire for power over others is not a sign of its omnipotence, but its insecurity. Paul Levy writes: 'Due to the primal fear which ultimately drives it and which it is driven to cultivate, wetiko's body politic has an intrinsic and insistent need for centralising power and control so as to create imagined safety for itself.' *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. Businesses registered under the Statute Law system means that its laws apply. There are, however, ways to run a business under Common Law. Remember all 'Covid' laws and regulations are Statute Law – the law of *contracts* and you do not have to contract. This doesn't mean that you can kill someone and get away with it. Common Law says do no harm and that applies to physical harm, financial harm etc. Police are employees of private corporations and there needs to be a new system of non-corporate Common Law constables operating outside the Statute Law system. If you go to davidicke.com and put Common Law into the search engine you will find videos that explain Common Law in much greater detail. It is definitely a road we should walk.

With all my heart

I have heard people say that we are in a spiritual war. I don't like the term 'war' with its Wetiko dynamic, but I know what they mean. Sweep aside all the bodily forms and we are in a situation in which two states of consciousness are seeking very different realities.

Wetiko wants upheaval, chaos, fear, suffering, conflict and control. The other wants love, peace, harmony, fairness and freedom. That's where we are. We should not fall for the idea that Wetiko is all-powerful and there's nothing we can do. Wetiko is not all-powerful. It's a joke, pathetic. It doesn't have to be, but it has made that choice for now. A handful of times over the years when I have felt the presence of its frequency I have allowed it to attach briefly so I could consciously observe its nature. The experience is not pleasant, the energy is heavy and dark, but the ease with which you can kick it back out the door shows that its real power is in persuading us that it has power. It's all a con. Wetiko is a con. It's a trickster and not a power that can control us if we unleash our own. The con is founded on manipulating humanity to give its power to Wetiko which recycles it back to present the illusion that it has power when its power is *ours* that we gave away. This happens on an energetic level and plays out in the world of the seen as humanity giving its power to Wetiko authority which uses that power to control the population when the power is only the power the population has handed over. How could it be any other way for billions to be controlled by a relative few? I have had experiences with people possessed by Wetiko and again you can kick its arse if you do it with an open heart. Oh yes – the *heart* which can transform the world of perceived 'matter'.

We are receiver-transmitters and processors of information, but what information and where from? Information is processed into perception in three main areas – the brain, the heart and the belly. These relate to thinking, knowing, and emotion. Wetiko wants us to be head and belly people which means we think within the confines of the Matrix simulation and low-vibrational emotional reaction scrambles balance and perception. A few minutes on social media and you see how emotion is the dominant force. Woke is all emotion and is therefore thought-free and fact-free. Our heart is something different. It *knows* while the head *thinks* and has to try to work it out because it doesn't know. The human energy field has seven prime vortexes which connect us with wider reality ([Fig 23](#)). Chakra means

‘wheels of light’ in the Sanskrit language of ancient India. The main ones are: The crown chakra on top of the head; brow (or ‘third eye’) chakra in the centre of the forehead; throat chakra; heart chakra in the centre of the chest; solar plexus chakra below the sternum; sacral chakra beneath the navel; and base chakra at the bottom of the spine. Each one has a particular function or functions. We feel anxiety and nervousness in the belly where the sacral chakra is located and this processes emotion that can affect the colon to give people ‘the shits’ or make them ‘shit scared’ when they are nervous. Chakras all play an important role, but the Mr and Mrs Big is the heart chakra which sits at the centre of the seven, above the chakras that connect us to the ‘physical’ and below those that connect with higher realms (or at least should). Here in the heart chakra we feel love, empathy and compassion – ‘My heart goes out to you’. Those with closed hearts become literally ‘heart-less’ in their attitudes and behaviour (see Bill Gates). Native Americans portrayed Wetiko with what Paul Levy calls a ‘frigid, icy heart, devoid of mercy’ (see Bill Gates).



Figure 23: The chakra system which interpenetrates the human energy field. The heart chakra is the governor – or should be.

Wetiko trembles at the thought of heart energy which it cannot infiltrate. The frequency is too high. What it seeks to do instead is close the heart chakra vortex to block its perceptual and energetic influence. Psychopaths have ‘hearts of stone’ and emotionally-damaged people have ‘heartache’ and ‘broken hearts’. The astonishing amount of heart disease is related to heart chakra

disruption with its fundamental connection to the 'physical' heart. Dr Tom Cowan has written an outstanding book challenging the belief that the heart is a pump and making the connection between the 'physical' and spiritual heart. Rudolph Steiner who was way ahead of his time said the same about the fallacy that the heart is a pump. *What?* The heart is not a pump? That's crazy, right? Everybody knows that. Read Cowan's *Human Heart, Cosmic Heart* and you will realise that the very idea of the heart as a pump is ridiculous when you see the evidence. How does blood in the feet so far from the heart get pumped horizontally up the body by the heart?? Cowan explains in the book the real reason why blood moves as it does. Our 'physical' heart is used to symbolise love when the source is really the heart vortex or spiritual heart which is our most powerful energetic connection to 'out there' expanded consciousness. That's why we feel *knowing* – intuitive knowing – in the centre of the chest. Knowing doesn't come from a process of thoughts leading to a conclusion. It is there in an instant all in one go. Our heart knows because of its connection to levels of awareness that *do* know. This is the meaning and source of intuition – intuitive *knowing*.

For the last more than 30 years of uncovering the global game and the nature of reality my heart has been my constant antenna for truth and accuracy. An American intelligence insider once said that I had quoted a disinformant in one of my books and yet I had only quoted the part that was true. He asked: 'How do you do that?' By using my heart antenna was the answer and anyone can do it. Heart-centred is how we are meant to be. With a closed heart chakra we withdraw into a closed mind and the bubble of five-sense reality. If you take a moment to focus your attention on the centre of your chest, picture a spinning wheel of light and see it opening and expanding. You will feel it happening, too, and perceptions of the heart like joy and love as the heart impacts on the mind as they interact. The more the chakra opens the more you will feel expressions of heart consciousness and as the process continues, and becomes part of you, insights and knowings will follow. An open

heart is connected to that level of awareness that knows all is *One*. You will see from its perspective that the fault-lines that divide us are only illusions to control us. An open heart does not process the illusions of race, creed and sexuality except as brief experiences for a consciousness that is all. Our heart does not see division, only unity (Figs 24 and 25). There's something else, too. Our hearts love to laugh. Mark Twain's quote that says 'The human race has one really effective weapon, and that is laughter' is really a reference to the heart which loves to laugh with the joy of knowing the true nature of infinite reality and that all the madness of human society is an illusion of the mind. Twain also said: 'Against the assault of laughter nothing can stand.' This is so true of Wetiko and the Cult. Their insecurity demands that they be taken seriously and their power and authority acknowledged and feared. We should do nothing of the sort. We should not get aggressive or fearful which their insecurity so desires. We should laugh in their face. Even in their no-face as police come over in their face-nappies and expect to be taken seriously. They don't take themselves seriously looking like that so why should we? Laugh in the face of intimidation. Laugh in the face of tyranny. You will see by its reaction that you have pressed all of its buttons. Wetiko does not know what to do in the face of laughter or when its targets refuse to concede their joy to fear. We have seen many examples during the 'Covid' hoax when people have expressed their energetic power and the string puppets of Wetiko retreat with their tail limp between their knees. Laugh – the world is bloody mad after all and if it's a choice between laughter and tears I know which way I'm going.



Figure 24: Head consciousness without the heart sees division and everything apart from everything else.



Figure 25: Heart consciousness sees everything as One.

'Vaccines' and the soul

The foundation of Wetiko/Archon control of humans is the separation of incarnate five-sense mind from the infinite 'I' and closing the heart chakra where the True 'I' lives during a human life. The goal has been to achieve complete separation in both cases. I was interested therefore to read an account by a French energetic healer of what she said she experienced with a patient who had been given the 'Covid' vaccine. Genuine energy healers can sense information and consciousness fields at different levels of being which are referred to as 'subtle bodies'. She described treating the patient who later returned after having, without the healer's knowledge, two doses of the 'Covid vaccine'. The healer said:

I noticed immediately the change, very heavy energy emanating from [the] subtle bodies. The scariest thing was when I was working on the heart chakra, I connected with her soul: it was detached from the physical body, it had no contact and it was, as if it was floating in a state of total confusion: a damage to the consciousness that loses contact with the physical body, i.e. with our biological machine, there is no longer any communication between them.

I continued the treatment by sending light to the heart chakra, the soul of the person, but it seemed that the soul could no longer receive any light, frequency or energy. It was a very powerful experience for me. Then I understood that this substance is indeed used to detach consciousness so that this consciousness can no longer interact through this body that it possesses in life, where there is no longer any contact, no frequency, no light, no more energetic balance or mind.

This would create a human that is rudderless and at the extreme almost zombie-like operating with a fractional state of consciousness at the mercy of Wetiko. I was especially intrigued by what the healer said in the light of the prediction by the highly-informed Rudolf Steiner more than a hundred years ago. He said:

In the future, we will eliminate the soul with medicine. Under the pretext of a 'healthy point of view', there will be a vaccine by which the human body will be treated as soon as possible directly at birth, so that the human being cannot develop the thought of the existence of soul and Spirit. To materialistic doctors will be entrusted the task of removing the soul of humanity.

As today, people are vaccinated against this disease or that disease, so in the future, children will be vaccinated with a substance that can be produced precisely in such a way that people, thanks to this vaccination, will be immune to being subjected to the 'madness' of spiritual life. He would be extremely smart, but he would not develop a conscience, and that is the true goal of some materialistic circles.

Steiner said the vaccine would detach the physical body from the etheric body (subtle bodies) and 'once the etheric body is detached the relationship between the universe and the etheric body would become extremely unstable, and man would become an automaton'. He said 'the physical body of man must be polished on this Earth by spiritual will – so the vaccine becomes a kind of arymanique (Wetiko) force' and 'man can no longer get rid of a given materialistic feeling'. Humans would then, he said, become 'materialistic of constitution and can no longer rise to the spiritual'. I have been writing for years about DNA being a receiver-transmitter of information that connects us to other levels of reality and these 'vaccines' changing DNA can be likened to changing an antenna and what it can transmit and receive. Such a disconnection would clearly lead to changes in personality and perception. Steiner further predicted the arrival of AI. Big Pharma 'Covid vaccine' makers, expressions of Wetiko, are testing their DNA-manipulating evil on children as I write with a view to giving the 'vaccine' to babies. If it's a soul-body disconnecter – and I say that it is or can be – every child would be disconnected from 'soul' at birth and the 'vaccine' would create a closed system in which spiritual guidance from the greater self would play no part. This has been the ambition of Wetiko all

along. A Pentagon video from 2005 was leaked of a presentation explaining the development of vaccines to change behaviour by their effect on the brain. Those that believe this is not happening with the 'Covid' genetically-modifying procedure masquerading as a 'vaccine' should make an urgent appointment with Naivety Anonymous. Klaus Schwab wrote in 2018:

Neurotechnologies enable us to better influence consciousness and thought and to understand many activities of the brain. They include decoding what we are thinking in fine levels of detail through new chemicals and interventions that can influence our brains to correct for errors or enhance functionality.

The plan is clear and only the heart can stop it. With every heart that opens, every mind that awakens, Wetiko is weakened. Heart and love are far more powerful than head and hate and so nothing like a majority is needed to turn this around.

Beyond the Phantom

Our heart is the prime target of Wetiko and so it must be the answer to Wetiko. We *are* our heart which is part of one heart, the infinite heart. Our heart is where the true self lives in a human life behind firewalls of five-sense illusion when an imposter takes its place – *Phantom Self*; but our heart waits patiently to be set free any time we choose to see beyond the Phantom, beyond Wetiko. A Wetikoed Phantom Self can wreak mass death and destruction while the love of forever is locked away in its heart. The time is here to unleash its power and let it sweep away the fear and despair that is Wetiko. Heart consciousness does not seek manipulated, censored, advantage for its belief or religion, its activism and desires. As an expression of the One it treats all as One with the same rights to freedom and opinion. Our heart demands fairness for itself no more than for others. From this unity of heart we can come together in mutual support and transform this Wetikoed world into what reality is meant to be – a place of love, joy, happiness, fairness, justice and freedom. Wetiko has another agenda and that's why the world is as

it is, but enough of this nonsense. Wetiko can't stay where hearts are open and it works so hard to keep them closed. Fear is its currency and its food source and love in its true sense has no fear. Why would love have fear when it knows it is *All That Is, Has Been, And Ever Can Be* on an eternal exploration of all possibility? Love in this true sense is not the physical attraction that passes for love. This can be an expression of it, yes, but Infinite Love, a love without condition, goes far deeper to the core of all being. It *is* the core of all being. Infinite reality was born from love beyond the illusions of the simulation. Love infinitely expressed is the knowing that all is One and the swiftly-passing experience of separation is a temporary hallucination. You cannot disconnect from Oneness; you can only *perceive* that you have and withdraw from its influence. This is the most important of all perception trickery by the mind parasite that is Wetiko and the foundation of all its potential for manipulation.

If we open our hearts, open the sluice gates of the mind, and redefine self-identity amazing things start to happen. Consciousness expands or contracts in accordance with self-identity. When true self is recognised as infinite awareness and label self – Phantom Self – is seen as only a series of brief experiences life is transformed. Consciousness expands to the extent that self-identity expands and everything changes. You see unity, not division, the picture, not the pixels. From this we can play the long game. No more is an experience something in and of itself, but a fleeting moment in the eternity of forever. Suddenly people in uniform and dark suits are no longer intimidating. Doing what your heart knows to be right is no longer intimidating and consequences for those actions take on the same nature of a brief experience that passes in the blink of an infinite eye. Intimidation is all in the mind. Beyond the mind there is no intimidation.

An open heart does not consider consequences for what it knows to be right. To do so would be to consider not doing what it knows to be right and for a heart in its power that is never an option. The Renegade Mind is really the Renegade Heart. Consideration of consequences will always provide a getaway car for the mind and

the heart doesn't want one. What is right in the light of what we face today is to stop cooperating with Wetiko in all its forms and to do it without fear or compromise. You cannot compromise with tyranny when tyranny always demands more until it has everything. Life is your perception and you are your destiny. Change your perception and you change your life. Change collective perception and we change the world.

Come on people ... One human family, One heart, One goal ...
FREEEEEEEDOM!

We must settle for nothing less.

Postscript

The big scare story as the book goes to press is the 'Indian' variant and the world is being deluged with propaganda about the 'Covid catastrophe' in India which mirrors in its lies and misrepresentations what happened in Italy before the first lockdown in 2020.

The *New York Post* published a picture of someone who had 'collapsed in the street from Covid' in India in April, 2021, which was actually taken during a gas leak in May, 2020. Same old, same old. Media articles in mid-February were asking why India had been so untouched by 'Covid' and then as their vaccine rollout gathered pace the alleged 'cases' began to rapidly increase. Indian 'Covid vaccine' maker Bharat Biotech was funded into existence by the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation (the pair announced their divorce in May, 2021, which is a pity because they so deserve each other). The Indian 'Covid crisis' was ramped up by the media to terrify the world and prepare people for submission to still more restrictions. The scam that worked the first time was being repeated only with far more people seeing through the deceit. Davidicke.com and Ickonic.com have sought to tell the true story of what is happening by talking to people living through the Indian nightmare which has nothing to do with 'Covid'. We posted a letter from 'Alisha' in Pune who told a very different story to government and media mendacity. She said scenes of dying people and overwhelmed hospitals were designed to hide what was really happening – genocide and starvation. Alisha said that millions had already died of starvation during the ongoing lockdowns while government and media were lying and making it look like the 'virus':

Restaurants, shops, gyms, theatres, basically everything is shut. The cities are ghost towns. Even so-called 'essential' businesses are only open till 11am in the morning. You basically have just an hour to buy food and then your time is up.

Inter-state travel and even inter-district travel is banned. The cops wait at all major crossroads to question why you are traveling outdoors or to fine you if you are not wearing a mask.

The medical community here is also complicit in genocide, lying about hospitals being full and turning away people with genuine illnesses, who need immediate care. They have even created a shortage of oxygen cylinders.

This is the classic Cult modus operandi played out in every country. Alisha said that people who would not have a PCR test not testing for the 'virus' were being denied hospital treatment. She said the people hit hardest were migrant workers and those in rural areas. Most businesses employed migrant workers and with everything closed there were no jobs, no income and no food. As a result millions were dying of starvation or malnutrition. All this was happening under Prime Minister Narendra Modi, a 100-percent asset of the Cult, and it emphasises yet again the scale of pure anti-human evil we are dealing with. Australia banned its people from returning home from India with penalties for trying to do so of up to five years in jail and a fine of £37,000. The manufactured 'Covid' crisis in India was being prepared to justify further fascism in the West. Obvious connections could be seen between the Indian 'vaccine' programme and increased 'cases' and this became a common theme. The Seychelles, the most per capita 'Covid vaccinated' population in the world, went back into lockdown after a 'surge of cases'.

Long ago the truly evil Monsanto agricultural biotechnology corporation with its big connections to Bill Gates devastated Indian farming with genetically-modified crops. Human rights activist Gurcharan Singh highlighted the efforts by the Indian government to complete the job by destroying the food supply to hundreds of millions with 'Covid' lockdowns. He said that 415 million people at the bottom of the disgusting caste system (still going whatever they say) were below the poverty line and struggled to feed themselves every year. Now the government was imposing lockdown at just the

time to destroy the harvest. This deliberate policy was leading to mass starvation. People may reel back at the suggestion that a government would do that, but Wetiko-controlled 'leaders' are capable of any level of evil. In fact what is described in India is in the process of being instigated worldwide. The food chain and food supply are being targeted at every level to cause world hunger and thus control. Bill Gates is not the biggest owner of farmland in America for no reason and destroying access to food aids both the depopulation agenda and the plan for synthetic 'food' already being funded into existence by Gates. Add to this the coming hyper-inflation from the suicidal creation of fake 'money' in response to 'Covid' and the breakdown of container shipping systems and you have a cocktail that can only lead one way and is meant to. The Cult plan is to crash the entire system to 'build back better' with the Great Reset.

'Vaccine' transmission

Reports from all over the world continue to emerge of women suffering menstrual and fertility problems after having the fake 'vaccine' and of the non-'vaccinated' having similar problems when interacting with the 'vaccinated'. There are far too many for 'coincidence' to be credible. We've had menopausal women getting periods, others having periods stop or not stopping for weeks, passing clots, sometimes the lining of the uterus, breast irregularities, and miscarriages (which increased by 400 percent in parts of the United States). Non-'vaccinated' men and children have suffered blood clots and nose bleeding after interaction with the 'vaccinated'. Babies have died from the effects of breast milk from a 'vaccinated' mother. Awake doctors – the small minority – speculated on the cause of non-'vaccinated' suffering the same effects as the 'vaccinated'. Was it nanotechnology in the synthetic substance transmitting frequencies or was it a straight chemical bioweapon that was being transmitted between people? I am not saying that some kind of chemical transmission is not one possible answer, but the foundation of all that the Cult does is frequency and

this is fertile ground for understanding how transmission can happen. American doctor Carrie Madej, an internal medicine physician and osteopath, has been practicing for the last 20 years, teaching medical students, and she says attending different meetings where the agenda for humanity was discussed. Madej, who operates out of Georgia, did not dismiss other possible forms of transmission, but she focused on frequency in search of an explanation for transmission. She said the Moderna and Pfizer 'vaccines' contained nano-lipid particles as a key component. This was a brand new technology never before used on humanity. 'They're using a nanotechnology which is pretty much little tiny computer bits ... nanobots or hydrogel.' Inside the 'vaccines' was 'this sci-fi kind of substance' which suppressed immune checkpoints to get into the cell. I referred to this earlier as the 'Trojan horse' technique that tricks the cell into opening a gateway for the self-replicating synthetic material and while the immune system is artificially suppressed the body has no defences. Madej said the substance served many purposes including an on-demand ability to 'deliver the payload' and using the nano 'computer bits' as biosensors in the body. 'It actually has the ability to accumulate data from your body, like your breathing, your respiration, thoughts, emotions, all kinds of things.'

She said the technology obviously has the ability to operate through Wi-Fi and transmit and receive energy, messages, frequencies or impulses. 'Just imagine you're getting this new substance in you and it can react to things all around you, the 5G, your smart device, your phones.' We had something completely foreign in the human body that had never been launched large scale at a time when we were seeing 5G going into schools and hospitals (plus the Musk satellites) and she believed the 'vaccine' transmission had something to do with this: '... if these people have this inside of them ... it can act like an antenna and actually transmit it outwardly as well.' The synthetic substance produced its own voltage and so it could have that kind of effect. This fits with my own contention that the nano receiver-transmitters are designed to connect people to the

Smart Grid and break the receiver-transmitter connection to expanded consciousness. That would explain the French energy healer's experience of the disconnection of body from 'soul' with those who have had the 'vaccine'. The nanobots, self-replicating inside the body, would also transmit the synthetic frequency which could be picked up through close interaction by those who have not been 'vaccinated'. Madej speculated that perhaps it was 5G and increased levels of other radiation that was causing the symptoms directly although interestingly she said that non-'vaccinated' patients had shown improvement when they were away from the 'vaccinated' person they had interacted with. It must be remembered that you can control frequency and energy with your mind and you can consciously create energetic barriers or bubbles with the mind to stop damaging frequencies from penetrating your field. American paediatrician Dr Larry Palevsky said the 'vaccine' was not a 'vaccine' and was never designed to protect from a 'viral' infection. He called it 'a massive, brilliant propaganda of genocide' because they didn't have to inject everyone to get the result they wanted. He said the content of the jabs was able to infuse any material into the brain, heart, lungs, kidneys, liver, sperm and female productive system. 'This is genocide; this is a weapon of mass destruction.' At the same time American colleges were banning students from attending if they didn't have this life-changing and potentially life-ending 'vaccine'. Class action lawsuits must follow when the consequences of this college fascism come to light. As the book was going to press came reports about fertility effects on sperm in 'vaccinated' men which would absolutely fit with what I have been saying and hospitals continued to fill with 'vaccine' reactions. Another question is what about transmission via blood transfusions? The NHS has extended blood donation restrictions from seven days after a 'Covid vaccination' to 28 days after even a sore arm reaction.

I said in the spring of 2020 that the then touted 'Covid vaccine' would be ongoing each year like the flu jab. A year later Pfizer CEO, the appalling Albert Bourla, said people would 'likely' need a 'booster dose' of the 'vaccine' within 12 months of getting 'fully

vaccinated' and then a yearly shot. 'Variants will play a key role', he said confirming the point. Johnson & Johnson CEO Alex Gorsky also took time out from his 'vaccine' disaster to say that people may need to be vaccinated against 'Covid-19' each year. UK Health Secretary, the psychopath Matt Hancock, said additional 'boosters' would be available in the autumn of 2021. This is the trap of the 'vaccine passport'. The public will have to accept every last 'vaccine' they introduce, including for the fake 'variants', or it would cease to be valid. The only other way in some cases would be continuous testing with a test not testing for the 'virus' and what is on the swabs constantly pushed up your nose towards the brain every time?

'Vaccines' changing behaviour

I mentioned in the body of the book how I believed we would see gathering behaviour changes in the 'vaccinated' and I am already hearing such comments from the non-'vaccinated' describing behaviour changes in friends, loved ones and work colleagues. This will only increase as the self-replicating synthetic material and nanoparticles expand in body and brain. An article in the *Guardian* in 2016 detailed research at the University of Virginia in Charlottesville which developed a new method for controlling brain circuits associated with complex animal behaviour. The method, dubbed 'magnetogenetics', involves genetically-engineering a protein called ferritin, which stores and releases iron, to create a magnetised substance – 'Magneto' – that can activate specific groups of nerve cells from a distance. This is claimed to be an advance on other methods of brain activity manipulation known as optogenetics and chemogenetics (the Cult has been developing methods of brain control for a long time). The ferritin technique is said to be non-invasive and able to activate neurons 'rapidly and reversibly'. In other words, human thought and perception. The article said that earlier studies revealed how nerve cell proteins 'activated by heat and mechanical pressure can be genetically engineered so that they become sensitive to radio waves and magnetic fields, by attaching them to an iron-storing protein called ferritin, or to inorganic

paramagnetic particles'. Sensitive to radio waves and magnetic fields? You mean like 5G, 6G and 7G? This is the human-AI Smart Grid hive mind we are talking about. The *Guardian* article said:

... the researchers injected Magneto into the striatum of freely behaving mice, a deep brain structure containing dopamine-producing neurons that are involved in reward and motivation, and then placed the animals into an apparatus split into magnetised and non-magnetised sections.

Mice expressing Magneto spent far more time in the magnetised areas than mice that did not, because activation of the protein caused the striatal neurons expressing it to release dopamine, so that the mice found being in those areas rewarding. This shows that Magneto can remotely control the firing of neurons deep within the brain, and also control complex behaviours.

Make no mistake this basic methodology will be part of the 'Covid vaccine' cocktail and using magnetics to change brain function through electromagnetic field frequency activation. The Pentagon is developing a 'Covid vaccine' using ferritin. 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 bacteriophages¹ and so-called giant viruses in every virology lab, then allows the virologist to demonstrate with electron microscopy thousands of identically sized and shaped particles. These particles are the isolated and purified virus.

These identical particles are then checked for uniformity by physical and/or microscopic techniques. Once the purity is determined, the particles may be further characterized. This would include examining the structure, morphology, and chemical composition of the particles. Next, their genetic makeup is characterized by extracting the genetic material directly from the purified particles and using genetic-sequencing techniques, such as Sanger sequencing, that have also been around for decades. Then one does an analysis to confirm that these uniform particles are exogenous (outside) in origin as a virus is conceptualized to be, and not the normal breakdown products of dead and dying tissues.² (As of May 2020, we know that virologists have no way to determine whether the particles they're seeing are viruses or just normal breakdown products of dead and dying tissues.)³

1 Isolation, characterization and analysis of bacteriophages from the haloalkaline lake Elmenteita, Kenya Julia Khayeli Akhwale et al, PLOS One, Published: April 25, 2019.
<https://journals.plos.org/plosone/article?id=10.1371/journal.pone.0215734> – accessed 2/15/21

2 "Extracellular Vesicles Derived From Apoptotic Cells: An Essential Link Between Death and Regeneration," Maojiao Li et al, Frontiers in Cell and Developmental Biology, 2020 October 2.
<https://www.frontiersin.org/articles/10.3389/fcell.2020.573511/full> – accessed 2/15/21

If we have come this far then we have fully isolated, characterized, and genetically sequenced an exogenous virus particle. However, we still have to show it is causally related to a disease. This is carried out by exposing a group of healthy subjects (animals are usually used) to this isolated, purified virus in the manner in which the disease is thought to be transmitted. If the animals get sick with the same disease, as confirmed by clinical and autopsy findings, one has now shown that the virus actually causes a disease. This demonstrates infectivity and transmission of an infectious agent.

None of these steps has even been attempted with the SARS-CoV-2 virus, nor have all these steps been successfully performed for any so-called pathogenic virus. Our research indicates that a single study showing these steps does not exist in the medical literature.

Instead, since 1954, virologists have taken unpurified samples from a relatively few people, often less than ten, with a similar disease. They then minimally process this sample and inoculate this unpurified sample onto tissue culture containing usually four to six other types of material – all of which contain identical genetic material as to what is called a “virus.” The tissue culture is starved and poisoned and naturally disintegrates into many types of particles, some of which contain genetic material. Against all common sense, logic, use of the English language and scientific integrity, this process is called “virus isolation.” This brew containing fragments of genetic material from many sources is then subjected to genetic analysis, which then creates in a computer-simulation process the alleged sequence of the alleged virus, a so called in silico genome. At no time is an actual virus confirmed by electron microscopy. At no time is a genome extracted and sequenced from an actual virus. This is scientific fraud.

The observation that the unpurified specimen — inoculated onto tissue culture along with toxic antibiotics, bovine fetal tissue, amniotic fluid and other tissues — destroys the kidney tissue onto which it is inoculated is given as evidence of the virus' existence and pathogenicity. This is scientific fraud.

From now on, when anyone gives you a paper that suggests the SARS-CoV-2 virus has been isolated, please check the methods sections. If the researchers used Vero cells or any other culture method, you know that their process was not isolation. You will hear the following excuses for why actual isolation isn't done:

1. There were not enough virus particles found in samples from patients to analyze.
2. Viruses are intracellular parasites; they can't be found outside the cell in this manner.

If No. 1 is correct, and we can't find the virus in the sputum of sick people, then on what evidence do we think the virus is dangerous or even lethal? If No. 2 is correct, then how is the virus spread from person to person? We are told it emerges from the cell to infect others. Then why isn't it possible to find it?

Finally, questioning these virology techniques and conclusions is not some distraction or divisive issue. Shining the light on this truth is essential to stop this terrible fraud that humanity is confronting. For, as we now know, if the virus has never been isolated, sequenced or shown to cause illness, if the virus is imaginary, then why are we wearing masks, social distancing and putting the whole world into prison?

Finally, if pathogenic viruses don't exist, then what is going into those injectable devices erroneously called "vaccines," and what is their purpose? This scientific question is the most urgent and relevant one of our time.

We are correct. The SARS-CoV2 virus does not exist.

Sally Fallon Morell, MA

Dr. Thomas Cowan, MD

Dr. Andrew Kaufman, MD

Bibliography

- Alinsky, Saul:** *Rules for Radicals* (Vintage, 1989)
- Antelman, Rabbi Marvin:** *To Eliminate the Opiate* (Zahavia, 1974)
- Bastardi, Joe:** *The Climate Chronicles* (Relentless Thunder Press, 2018)
- Cowan, Tom:** *Human Heart, Cosmic Heart* (Chelsea Green Publishing, 2016)
- Cowan, Tom, and Fallon Morell, Sally:** *The Contagion Myth* (Skyhorse Publishing, 2020)
- Forbes, Jack D:** *Columbus And Other Cannibals – The Wetiko Disease of Exploitation, Imperialism, and Terrorism* (Seven Stories Press, 2008 – originally published in 1979)
- Gates, Bill:** *How to Avoid a Climate Disaster: The Solutions We Have and the Breakthroughs We Need* (Allen Lane, 2021)
- Huxley, Aldous:** *Brave New World* (Chatto & Windus, 1932)
- Köhnlein, Dr Claus, and Engelbrecht, Torsten:** *Virus Mania* (emu-Verlag, Lahnstein, 2020)
- Lanza, Robert, and Berman, Bob:** *Biocentrism* (BenBella Books, 2010)
- Lash, John Lamb:** *Not In His Image* (Chelsea Green Publishing, 2006)
- Lester, Dawn, and Parker, David:** *What Really Makes You Ill – Why everything you thought you knew about disease is wrong* (Independently Published, 2019)
- Levy, Paul:** *Dispelling Wetiko, Breaking the Spell of Evil* (North Atlantic Books, 2013)
- Marx, Karl:** *A World Without Jews* (Philosophical Library, first edition, 1959)
- Mullis, Kary:** *Dancing Naked in the Mine Field* (Bloomsbury, 1999)
- O'Brien, Cathy:** *Trance-Formation of America* (Reality Marketing, 1995)
- Scholem, Gershon:** *The Messianic Idea in Judaism* (Schocken Books, 1994)
- Schwab, Klaus, and Davis, Nicholas:** *Shaping the Future of the Fourth Industrial Revolution: A guide to building a better world* (Penguin Books, 2018)
- Schwab, Klaus:** *The Great Reset* (Agentur Schweiz, 2020)
- Sunstein, Cass and Thaler, Richard:** *Nudge: Improving Decisions About Health, Wealth, and Happiness* (Penguin, 2009)
- Swan, Shanna:** *Count Down: How Our Modern World Is Threatening Sperm Counts, Altering Male and Female Reproductive Development and Imperiling the Future of the Human Race* (Scribner, 2021)
- Tegmark, Max:** *Our Mathematical Universe: My Quest for the Ultimate Nature of Reality* (Penguin, 2015)
- Velikovsky, Immanuel:** *Worlds in Collision* (Paradigma, 2009)

Wilton, Robert: *The Last Days of the Romanovs* (Blurb, 2018, first published 1920)

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.

SIGN UP NOW AT ICKONIC.COM

DAVID ICKE
THE ANSWER



We live in extraordinary times with billions bewildered and seeking answers for what is happening. David Icke, the man who has been proved right again and again, has spent 30 years uncovering the truth behind world affairs and in a stream of previous books he predicted current events.

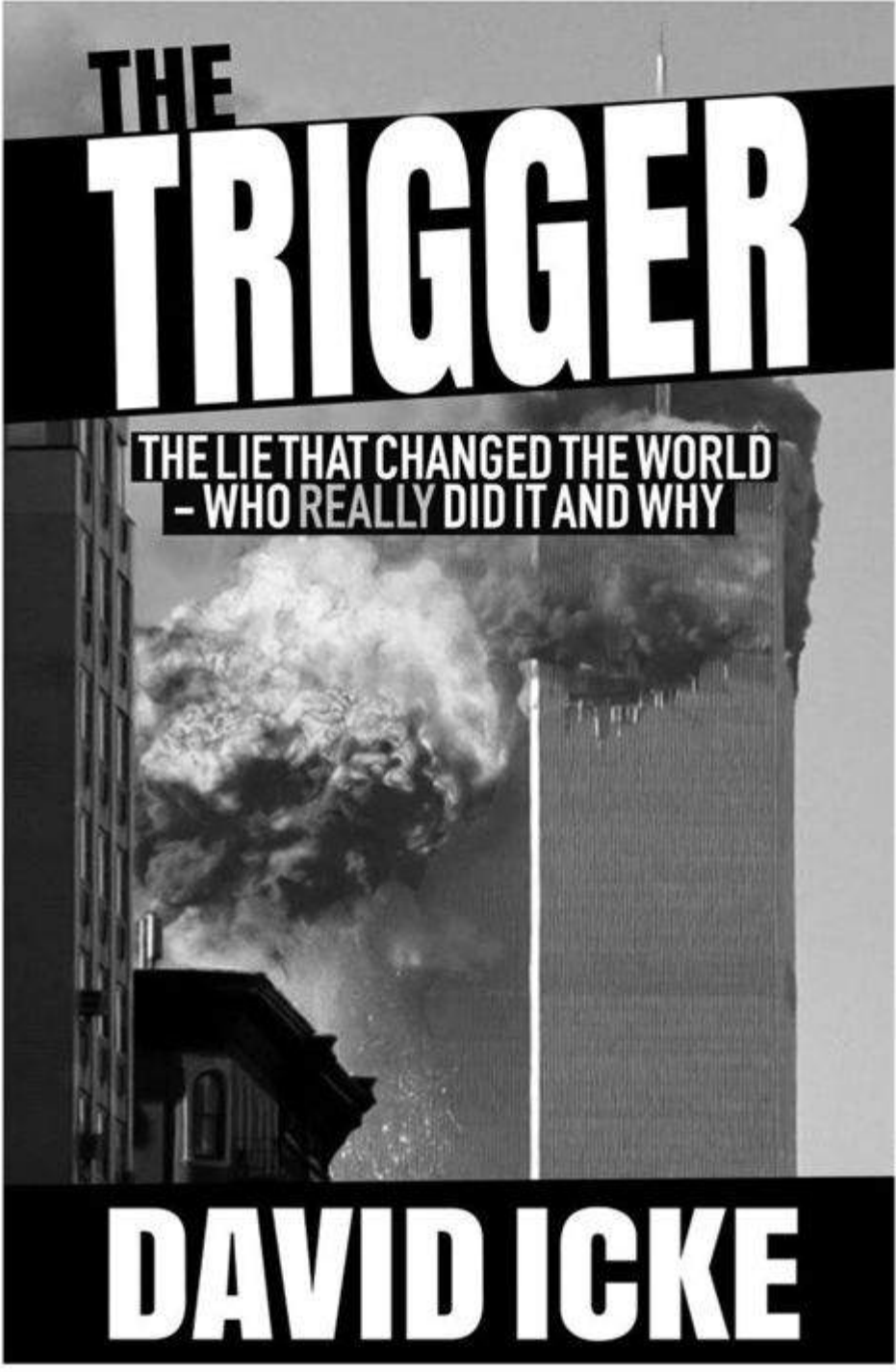
The Answer will change your every perception of life and the world and set you free of the illusions that control human society. There is nothing more vital for our collective freedom than humanity becoming aware of what is in this book.

Available now at davidicke.com.

THE

TRIGGER

**THE LIE THAT CHANGED THE WORLD
- WHO REALLY DID IT AND WHY**



DAVID ICKE

**EVERYTHING
YOU NEED
TO KNOW**

BUT HAVE NEVER BEEN TOLD

DAVID ICKE

DAVIDICKE.COM



DAVID ICKE STORE
LATEST NEWS ARTICLES
DAVID ICKE VIDEOS
WEEKLY DOT-CONNECTOR PODCASTS
LIVE EVENTS

WWW.DAVIDICKE.COM

364

THE LIFE STORY OF DAVID ICKE

RENEGADE

THE FEATURE LENGTH FILM

/ren·i·geɪd/

noun

A person who behaves in a rebelliously unconventional manner.



AVAILABLE NOW AT DAVIDICKE.COM

2 NEW BOOKS
BY NEIL HAGUE

ORION'S DOOR

SYMBOLS OF CONSCIOUSNESS & BLUEPRINTS OF CONTROL
- THE STORY OF ORION'S INFLUENCE OVER HUMANITY

CUTTING EDGE VISIONARY ART
& UNIQUE ILLUSTRATED BOOKS

NEIL HAGUE

FOR
BOOKS, PRINTS & T-SHIRTS
VISIT:

NEILHAGUEBOOKS.COM

OR NEILHAGUE.COM



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.