

Dispatches From the War: Trump and Fauci, a Marriage Made in the Beelzebub Room of the White House

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Welcome to Let's Pretend. Let's pretend everything is OK and Nice and Polite are going to win the day, and no one is going to have to give up his position in life or his security. The missiles fired into the heart of the economy will have no lasting effects. Politicians who can't find their asses with both hands will put things right. Fascist governors and mayors will soon abdicate their power and never lock down their populations again, no matter what. It was all just a bad dream. A cloud passing over the sun for a few minutes.

There's a reason MY contract tracing led to you, Mr. Trump.

You're the only one left in the menagerie. You're the only political animal who could offer a shred of a sliver of a slim ray of hope. To push back the invaders.

Several times you've said, "It's no good if the cure is worse than the disease." Surely you understand by now, the cure IS the disease. The H-bomb that went off in the middle of the

economy was and is the whole point of the invasion, which has been taking place under your nose.

With your assistance. As a result of your failed marriage to Tony Fauci.

Let's put aside the gloss, Mr. Trump. You understand the real effects of the lockdowns. The effects the networks refuse to lead with, on the evening news.

There is the symbolic economy, represented by the careening up and down stock market. Then there is the real thing—the businesses and lives destroyed.

Nixon and Kissinger. Bush and Cheney. Bill and Hillary. They don't hold a candle to you and Fauci.

You allowed Fauci to become head of the coronavirus task force, and to remain in that position, spreading vast clouds of overblown lies about the "pandemic" and the fascist measures needed to stem it.

That's a crime you'll have to live with.

But you can do something about it. The governors won't. The mayors won't. Believe me, I've looked high and low to find someone other than you, to whom I could send these dispatches. Some noble figure in the American landscape with power, who could turn the tide in the economic war against the people. I don't see one. You're the default choice.

You sat in the Oval, when Fauci slithered up to you with the absurd computer projections Neil Ferguson authored, and that psychopathic freak, Bill Gates, bankrolled. You accepted the numbers of deaths Ferguson predicted. Two million in the US. You never had your people investigate Ferguson. In an hour, they would have discovered he had a long track record of abysmal failures. Failure is his whole story. Yet, you took those numbers and allowed Fauci to run with them. Leading the

nation into a crushing economic dead-end.

So you see, you're actually part of the war against the people. If you're going to be a General now, you'll have to admit that. You'll have to fire Fauci and stand up straight and reclaim your own soul.

If hundreds of thousands or millions of Chinese soldiers were encamped in cities and towns across USA right now, smashing the American engines of production, don't you think you'd be justified in sending in the troops? To liberate the people? Would anyone in his right mind cite Posse Comitatus to try to stop you?

Well, the US governors and mayors and public health officials are our enemies, and their lockdowns were and are the war. So send in the Army and liberate those towns and cities. Forcibly. Open the American economy all the way. Permanently. Tell your opponents, THE CURE IS WORSE THAN THE DISEASE. Tell them 50 million Americans out of work is intolerable.

You're supposed to be the riverboat gambler. So shove in all your chips on this one, Mr. Trump. Crack the media delusion that all is well in America, if we just "stick together," which means bowing down to the masks and the distancing and the dehumanizing and the isolating and the tracing and the testing and the vaccinating and the shredding of the economy.

As you know, COVID is one supermax lie. Nothing worse than a flu season is happening in the world.

Of course, I'm out of my mind. I must be. Who could imagine sending in the Army to liberate the people, so they could live free?

Preposterous.

Better to huddle in fear. And wait. For the keeper of the cage to open the door.

So we can go out for a little while.

Right, Mr. President?

Until the next time, the next wave, the next crisis—tomorrow.