

Jon Rappoport: I Don't Want Half a Revolution

[Jon Rappoport: I Don't Want Half a Revolution](#)

Advice to Reporters and Others

by [Jon Rappoport](#), [No More Fake News](#)

May 5, 2022

"I'm not anti-vaccine. I just want them to be safer and more effective."

I love that statement. It's a lullaby. When I can't go to sleep at night, I just repeat it to myself a few times, and I'm out cold.

It's typical of half a revolution, which never wins.

For the past 32 years, I've presented overwhelming evidence that no vaccine was ever safe or effective. The whole "science" of vaccination is a rank fraud.

But stuffed-shirt journalists, who sort of go against the grain while maintaining a front of respectability, don't want to venture that far. They know the price they'll have to pay. They're hedging their bets.

Occasionally, one of them will take a swipe at me. It cements their position as middle of the road. Which is where they want to be.

Except, liberty and freedom, which is what we're fighting for, against a global coup by mass medical murders, isn't something you win in the middle of the road.

You don't win by trying to come off like a Washington Post

reporter who just happens to have different and dissenting ideas. That's what half-ass looks like.

That sort of person is basically saying, "I have a machine mind like other machine minds. The difference is, I'm inputting different data and therefore drawing different conclusions. If you, too, have a machine mind, read what I write and let's establish truth and justice..."

The long-term effect of that is like pissing through a fire hose to put out a conflagration taking down a city.

This is simple. If one group of "superior" machine minds wins against another group of machine minds—regardless of which issues come out on top—there is no revolution. LIFE AND FREEDOM have been excised out of the equation.

A considerable amount of money and effort have gone into building a modern culture composed of what looks like science and rationality, but isn't. It's a cartoon. A fucking cartoon.

There's no JUICE in it.

That's why I use the phrase machine-minds. Minds that calculate and process and collate and compare and then exude "better answers." This is your educated class. Careful, cautious. Circumspect.

"Delivery, sir. Here are flowers you ordered. I'm sorry they're dead."

"I don't mind dead. But I ordered roses and you brought me tulips. I can prove it. Let me just find the receipt here on my cell phone. And then I can show you these withered blossoms are actually tulips. There are 32 differences between the two types of flowers..."

That's your educated class.

See, I've been at this for 38 years. Reporting. Writing.

Actually, I've been writing for 66 years. I've made the cases I wanted to make. I've shoved the evidence in people's faces. The overall medical cartel is waging a VERY successful war against the people.

You have to turn that evidence with torque, with leverage, into a flamethrower. You're not just trying to set the record straight and bring in truth, you're using the truth to crash the gold-plated systems of machine minds.

Those minds are remote. Distant. Distant is where Big Tech domeheads operate from. They profile, they plan, they crunch trillions of pieces of data, and they develop strategies to build a civilization that looks like their minds and their computers.

When one of these high-IQ blown dry characters develops his version of a conscience, and turns whistleblower, he's a hero to his ilk. He speaks their language. He thinks the way they do. He geeks like they geek.

If I have to guess which guy has more freedom in his belly and his brain, I'm going with the man who lives up in the hills of Tennessee with a shotgun and a dog. If he doesn't like what I'm writing, I might think about his reasons for a half-hour. Whereas, when an "alt. journalist" claims I'm "going too far," I know exactly what his game is. He's spraying his usual brand of sanitizing respectable room-deodorant.

I'll put this another way. Two men are discussing how to choose a wife. They're looking at two different lists of characteristics a man should consider and check. But neither man mentions LOVE, so it doesn't matter which list they decide is superior. They don't know what love is. What they're really discussing are machine-thoughts.

If the COVID narrative had never been launched, if we were living now as we did in 2018, we would still have a medical cartel taking away our freedom and killing and maiming an

extraordinary number of people. And that will still be the case, even if all COVID mandates and restrictions are defeated.

Plus, the Brave New World on the drawing boards is fronted by medical people. Three of its main features are genetic engineering, nanotechnology, and human-computer interfaces and hybrids. If you think all possible freedom is now under fire, you haven't seen anything yet.

Way back when, I was briefly trained in two schools. The first was formal logic, taught by a beloved college professor with an extraordinarily sophisticated mind and a huge heart. The second school consisted of two or three encounters with Ida Honorof, activist and author. She was barely five feet tall, and she had the energy, in her 70s, of ten tigers. She explained to me one afternoon, on a street corner, that officials in Los Angeles were spraying a version of deadly Agent Orange in the Angeles National Forest. She handed me a few pounds of corporate and government documents detailing the massive toxicity of a variety of pesticides. She kick-started my life as a reporter.

Neither one of these people engaged in coddling. They didn't sit around planning their fronts and poses of respectability. They didn't want half a revolution. They didn't equivocate.

I've never been a big fan of equivocation. I'm over at the I-don't-give-a-shit end of the spectrum.

Find answers—then shove in all your chips. At the end of the night, don't leave anything on the table.

Fortunately for all of us, there is a life after this one. But we're here now, so we're fighting.

Make it COUNT.

In the wind and the rain and the storm, issue no apologies.

Connect with Jon Rappoport

cover image based on creative commons work at [pixabay](#)