

Stepping Outside the Medical Fortress

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by [Jon Rappoport](#)

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Caddy Shack updated

Part 1

Once upon a time, men built a medical fortress to protect humans from dangers.

Eventually, some of the protected began to realize the new problem: they were inside the fortress. That's where a great deal of the trouble was.

The casual observer knows bits and pieces of modern medicine's history: the famous Flexner Report of 1910, sponsored by the Carnegie Foundation; the switch from a patchwork quilt of snake oils, nostrums, simple natural practices, and sophisticated therapies to Rockefeller pharmaceutical medicine; the advancing technology of surgery...

At first, Rocky Med was a new entry on the scene; muscling in, striving to become the leading competitor in a crowded field.

But soon enough, what was lurking in the shadows emerged: the ambition for monopoly. The rigging of an exclusive Pharma Standard, against which "lesser" healing approaches would have to be measured.

Resulting from an alliance between pharmaceutical medicine and government, those older approaches would go down to defeat, or

at best, suffer classification as second-class citizens.

What an idea—government sanctioned and protected medicine. Where in the Constitution was a provision made for such an audacious and tyrannical concept?

Flash forward to these times. There are so many illustrations of the power of Pharma and medical care, you can close your eyes and point in any direction and they'll be there.

On television, the veteran viewer is pounded by drug commercials around the clock. These ads conspire to claim hundreds and hundreds of conditions and diseases are loose in the world and require immediate diagnosis and treatment. The world IS medical.

The breaks between commercials brim with fact and fiction story telling about doctors, hospitals, and prominent people who suddenly faced medical crises and achieved rescue through treatment. (Absurdly, networks employ "reporters" who actually specialize in digging up these human interest tragedy-to triumph mini biographies.)

Step by step, leap by bound, the whole culture has become saturated with The Medical. For many people now, the thought of a time when humans managed to survive beyond adolescence, without doctors issuing edicts and writing prescriptions every few months... "I mean, I guess I can imagine it, the way I can imagine the old days when people didn't have refrigerators." Mothers watching their children for early signs of a sniffle resemble momma cheetahs crouched on promontories scanning the horizon for predators with a yen for their cubs.

THE NATURAL AND INEVITABLE OUTGROWTH OF ALL THIS "CULTURE" IS EPIDEMICS.

If they didn't exist, they would have to be invented. Let me qualify that. Recent history reveals they don't exist and the fake IMPRESSION of them HAS been invented.

And why stop with advertising an epidemic? Call it a pandemic.

Inventing the idea of a pandemic is now as easy as selling a new Honda.

The benefits to the monopolists are obvious. Profits from the sale of drugs and vaccines. De facto if not legal mandates to take the drugs and vaccines. Long-term cashing in on conditioning populations to accept medical orders of any kind—thus enrolling humans in utero-to-grave care as they trudge along bleak highways of diagnoses and treatments.

“So, people, tell me what we’re shooting for now. Is it forty, sixty, a hundred diagnoses per life per human? Our marketing departments are restructuring and they want to know.”

Pandemics with mass lockdowns are the next frontier, and we’re there. The lockdowns, plus television, FOCUS people on the inner game of Medical: THINK SICK.

It’s a major winner.

It would be on the order of the Cadillac Company having the ability to induce people to contemplate their cars day and night. Sitting alone, in rooms.

This is what the alliance between modern medicine and government has achieved.

And as I say, the invention of fake pandemics is entirely expected.

Part 2

An unscrupulous pharmaceutical CEO who shoots 100 on the country club golf course...he and his CDC caddy are thrashing through the woods trying to find his lost ball...the CEO pulls a new ball out of his pocket, looks around furtively, and places it in a nice little patch of short grass and says: FOUND IT.

The obsessive caddy whispers to his boss, "Sir, just want to make sure you know, when people take enough drugs and vaccines, they're debilitated. They follow orders more dutifully. They're easier to...rule."

The CEO gives the caddy a look that says it all: Of course I know. I'm the boss. I'm in the greatest business in the world. It's self-perpetuating. Now hand me my six-iron.

Spread out along the fairways, towers support giant neon signs flashing: ZOLOFT, PAXIL, VICODIN, ZOCOR, LISINAPRIL, LEVOTHYROXIN, METFORMIN, DTaP, TWINRIX, HAVRIX, GARDASIL...

Beyond the fences of the golf course, we can see stone and brick walls rising, and turrets, and gatehouses, and keeps.

The golf course is inside the fortress.

Just behind the 18th green sits a hospital. Red lights blazing, ambulances are pulling up. Workers are unloading people on stretchers.

Outside the fortress, armed guards are patrolling the perimeter. One guard with gray hair and a rough weathered face turns to his buddy and says, "You know the boss in there, the fat guy who shoots a hundred, who owns the place? A few months ago, I met him at a charity event. I introduced him to my son. Can you believe it? My son met the big honcho. I told him Jimmy is getting good grades in high school, and the next day Jimmy has a job cleaning the signs on the fairway. Now it looks like he's going to get a scholarship to college. I mean, I cried. I never asked the boss for a dime. There are some good people around here. You just have to be patient..."

Deep in the recesses of the lavishly appointed clubhouse, the CEO is addressing a gaggle of his senior aides in a quiet room: "We're leaking, people. Or someone is leaking somewhere. Details about the operation are finding their way into articles and videos. I hold you responsible. We must have a

tight seal on this thing. I go back to basics. PANDEMICS ARE MARKETING TOOLS. Nothing more, nothing less. If we know that, we approach our business with a keen eye. A hundred years of building a wall to wall medical culture are NOT going to go down the drain because somebody with a conscience decides to blow the whistle. The virus is real because we say it's real. People are dying for the reasons WE announce. Our current pandemic label, COVID-19, is legitimate because we made it up, and what we invent is automatically true. Nothing else is. Do you get it? We control the story. Without us, there is no story. Now, to bury the leaks, our tactic must be MORE STORY. Our brand. Spread it like peanut butter and jelly and clouds and rain and snow and demons on the loose and Armageddon and cyanide and I want the great unwashed snitching on each other for a cough like East Germany and I want Biblical plagues falling from the sky and I want case numbers jacked up into the hundreds of millions and I want those idiots at Google and Facebook and Twitter to black out every single goddamn counter to our position by tomorrow and I want the biggest celebrities in the world on every channel from here to the moon saying we're all in this together and we'll get through it and I want Obama and Bush and Hillary and Romney and the Pope to say stay at home and I want China to report a wave of new cases and I want Italy to say Michelangelo's David is infected and I want the CDC and WHO to say the danger of reinfection is death and I want hundreds more high-production made-on-sound-stage videos of wild chaotic overflowing ICUs distributed to the press and I want two thousand dollar pacifying checks sent out to every American immediately and I want a slam bang in your face and down you go VACCINE to hit the market by next week and I want a slew of military vessels at sea to declare quarantines and I want..."

He stopped talking.

There was silence in the room.

Finally, one aide asked, "Where will you be, Rex, if we need

to talk to you up close and personal?"

"Out on the golf course looking for a lost ball. Those things cost six dollars apiece."

Laughter, applause.

"Rex, Rex," the aide says, "you send kids to college on scholarships, and you're worried about the price of a golf ball?"

"Some of those kids become doctors. Pharmaceutical agents. Golf balls don't do anything for me."

"They sure don't. Have you broken a hundred yet?"

More laughter.

Rex nods. "Good point. But playing lousy golf makes me angry. I channel that anger into my work. With genetic implants—if I don't turn into a gargoyle—I hope to live long enough to see the day when every damn human on Earth is hooked on our drugs. For that to come true, we're going to need more pandemics..."