

The Propaganda Master Comes to Town

[The propaganda master comes to town](#)

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Note: This is a piece of fiction I wrote months ago, when there was some question about what Trump was going to do...which way he was going to jump...

What do most people say, if you raise questions about the reality of the “epidemic,” or even hint that the facts might be in doubt?

They say, “But people are dying.” And that’s the end of the conversation.

So, in this episode of virus fakery and apocalypse on rye with mustard, I present a tale I like to call: THE PROPAGANDA MASTER COMES TO TOWN.

This character is a wisdom figure and a teacher. He’s an old pro. He makes sure the lies are being told well and often. He reminds his troops of their mission. Pardon his language, but he has a very low opinion of humanity.

Here he is now, getting out of his limo and walking into a five-star hotel.

Conference room. A security team has checked the space for bugs and other electronic snooping. The shades are drawn. A dozen propaganda ops specialists are sitting at the long table.

The maestro walks into the room, stands at one end of the table, and without formalities, begins talking:

—I only have a few minutes. I'm on my way to Rome to brief the Pope. So here it is. We put messages into the heads of the great unwashed masses, so they'll pass those messages to others. Get it? THAT'S the real contagion factor. Never forget it. We're Info Central for the rubes and yokels and idiots, including high IQ idiots who think their college degree means they're educated in science.

—We work with death. People all over the world are dying all the time, every day. The public doesn't want to think about that. Good. That's good for us. Our job is to convince the yokels that the "new" dying which is happening now comes from a special virus. We do that by equating DEATH and CORONAVIRUS. Get it? Never forget it. "People are dying, it must be the virus." That's our ticket.

—Our medical brethren in this great con have already done a terrific job carving up death into various categories. But now they can also make ordinary pneumonia into coronavirus pneumonia at the drop of a hat. They can make flu into corona. They can make a man falling down stairs a victim of the virus. A flying saucer crashes in a field? If that happened, a CDC official with a straight face could tell the yokels and idiots that the alien pilot of the craft was struck down by the virus and that's why he lost control of the saucer.

—So we can't let our medical friends down. We have to ramp up the intensity of the message. I want more predictions from Harvard and Yale big shots. You know, millions are going to die. Half the world's population is going to be infected.

—Some of the idiots and loons we target are politicians. They "believe in science." We want these pols to lock down MORE cities. Make people feel the sting. The sting and the crisis and the quarantine must equal THE VIRUS. We own the virus.

It's our psy-weapon. It's an idea, a notion, a ghost, and the medical experts can contain it, if people follow all their orders. Keep pounding that message.

—Now, just between us, did they ever find a brand new virus in China to begin with? I see no convincing evidence they did. But who cares? Are the diagnostic tests for the virus inadequate and useless and worthless and deceiving? Of course. Is the “virus epidemic” a gold-plated fake? Sure. Are all sorts of people being diagnosed with corona who have no disease at all? You bet. Are people who are sick for all sorts of reasons being told they're corona cases? Yeah. That's our bread and butter. Some poor bastard gets off a plane and he has a slight fever from the bad air in the cabin and he's whisked to a military base for quarantine. Play it up. “The virus can get you anytime, anywhere.” In a city, one ICU ward in a hospital is overflowing with sick people. Of course it is. People are sick all the time. But now, they're all afraid, and they're coming on foot, in cars, in wheelchairs, on crutches, and with the wave of a magic wand, they're put in the ICU because they must be corona. Good. I want more pictures of that chaotic ICU. I want video on the news. More of it. Get busy. Don't slack off. This is a circus. There are rules for a circus. The main rule is, people get bored quickly, so you need lots of acts and tricks and animals and side shows and candy to keep the audience occupied. An ICU here, an ICU there. A mother crying. Who cares why? It must be the virus. I don't want to hear about all the other reasons people are sick. I just want to hear VIRUS.

—Never forget how easily you can fool the yokels. Yesterday, a guy living in an apartment house had the flu. No big deal. But today, same guy? Corona. Nothing changed except the news. All his neighbors in the building forget that yesterday this guy had ordinary flu. It's a beautiful thing. Use it. I want to see more funerals on the news.

—Our holy grail, our perfect ideal, which is unattainable,

would be: every death in the world for the next six months or a year is called coronavirus. But we can strive toward that ideal. We must.

—There are two echelons. There is WE. And there is THEY-THEM. WE keep THEM in their limited minds. We bolster those limited minds with our messages. Keep them yammering, “People are dying, it must be the virus!” It’s pure gold. Mine that gold.

Back in his limo, the maestro puts in a call to his contact at the CDC. “Listen up,” he says, “you people over there are wobbling. I’m talking about the diagnostic test for the virus. First, your test kits were bad, they didn’t work. Then you didn’t have enough of them to satisfy needs. Now the word is starting to leak out that the tests are inherently unreliable and no one should believe them. This crap must stop. Shore up your troops. Get them in line. I want healthy people and sick people and old people and young people and all people to be diagnosed with corona, and I don’t want any uncertainties. You and I know the test is a joke, it doesn’t work, but nobody else can find that out. Got it? People over there at the CDC can be replaced. They can find themselves out on the street. What’s in charge of this operation is propaganda, not science. YOU back US up. That’s the hierarchy. I want FEAR raging through the population. If you can’t hold up your end, you’re going to find all the quotes about the epidemic in the press are suddenly coming from the World Health Organization or Johns Hopkins, not the CDC. I’ll make sure you’re shoved into the background. The World Health people are professional. They know how to deliver a unified con job. Those two idiots, the governor of New York and the mayor of New York, are doing more to hype this fake epidemic than all the employees of the CDC put together. Get your house in order. Fast.”

He closes his phone and sticks it in his pocket. On the way to the airport, he hums a little tune. He looks out the window. He thinks to himself, if we can stretch this out far enough, we can even stage a presidential election in America on the

Internet. No one votes in a booth. Can't risk transmission of the virus. He chuckles. His phone vibrates. He takes it out.

"Yes, sir?" he says. He listens. Nods. "Yes, sir, I know you're going to address the nation in a few minutes. Well, sir, this is a squeeze play. You're in the middle. I know you understand that. If you go too far in minimizing the risk of the epidemic, you're going to get hit hard from all sides. Mayors, governors, scientists, doctors, public health officials, members of Congress, big tech, the media—they're all going to carve you into a grinning pumpkin. To say nothing of what's been happening to the stock market. If you try to downplay corona, the whole economic picture is going to go upside down. Even Goldman Sachs won't be able to protect you. Look around you. That schmuck mayor of New York is making noises about shutting down the whole Subway system. My advice is, let this operation run its course. Read the tea leaves of history. Many presidents have trouble at the end of a term. The coronavirus fakery is your trouble. Ride it out. If you can't beat Joe Biden in November, you should go back to building golf courses. He's hanging on by a thread. I don't think the doctors can pump him up with enough drugs to keep his brain functioning during a debate. You might stagger into office on a low for your second term, but—don't be angry, sir, your enemies have been looking for an Achilles heel since you started campaigning back in 2015. They tried this, they tried that, it didn't really work. But this medical op works. Are you really going to say the medical experts are all liars and fake news? Are you contemplating that? Take it from me, it won't fly. You know I'm right. The medical propaganda of the past hundred years is a winner. How can you buck it, especially in the middle of this current shit storm? If I cared about the truth, I'd be in a dither. Fortunately, I'm above the fray. Listen to your wise old uncle. Take the bitter with the sweet. You're a pro in your field. The art of the deal. In this instance, the deal is live to fight another day. You painted your picture of "the grand economic recovery", and

now they're spraying all over it with graffiti. That's what enemies do. I have some interesting material on Biden and Bernie, if you'd like me to—"

The maestro looks at his phone. "He hung up," he says to his driver.

"He's a quick study," the driver says.

They laugh.

"What are you going to say to the Pope?" the driver asks.

"I'm going to tell him to keep his big mouth shut. And if he can't do that, and he wants to bring God into it, we'll work on the statement. Change it to Nature. That's softer. Nature has its ways and its viruses. It must be respected. God gave us the intelligence to work with Nature, and the means to develop medical science. Doctors are healers. Follow their recommendations. Something like that. On the way over in the plane, I'll come up with some quotes. Stay by my side. You're packing heat. They'll ask for your weapon before they let us in the Vatican. Give it to them. Keep your eyes trained straight ahead. Don't look past any open doors. Who knows what you'd see? I don't want anyone to call us as witnesses in a future court case..."

"You're careful as always," the driver says.

"Careful in the details, absolutely reckless when it comes to the overall plan. Tell a lie so outrageous, no one can believe it's a lie."

At the White House, the president steps to the podium and looks at the camera. He thinks: I wonder what would happen if I went off script and said, you know, there must be ten thousand people in Washington who are aware there's something weird about this coronavirus situation. There's the whole flu thing. The CDC says thirty thousand people in the US die from

ordinary flu every single year, like clockwork, and there are millions of flu cases every year—but nobody’s calling THAT an epidemic. The stock market isn’t crashing because of THAT. Nobody’s getting quarantined because of THAT. They aren’t canceling basketball because of THAT. What the hell’s going on?

The president starts to speak to the nation.

“Look, the bottom line is, I have to protect millions of lives. I need to sign bills authorizing two trillion dollars in aid to our businesses and workers. I have to listen to the experts. People are dying, it must be the virus. What else could it be?”

An unknown man in the back of the room says, in a very clear and loud voice: WELL, IT COULD BE COMPLETE HORSE—“

An alert special ops team member steps in front of the man and quickly sprays him in the face with a chemical. The unknown man is paralyzed, and like a log he pitches forward and bounces off the floor.

The special ops man shouts: IT’S THE VIRUS. HE’S DEAD.

People scream. The doors to the room are suddenly locked. Doctors in white coats appear.

Someone yells, THE WHITE HOUSE IS INFECTED. WASHINGTON DC IS INFECTED.

The president shrugs, looks at the camera and says, “I guess I’ll be speaking to you next from an undisclosed location. We WILL get through this, America—“

BLACKOUT.

People are dying, it must be the virus.