

The Universal Rebel and the Psy-Op to Neuter Him

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If you want to track a civilization as it collapses, watch what happens to the concept of the rebel.

From the 1960s onward—starting with Lee Oswald and the assassination of JFK—the whole idea of “the rebel” with power has been sequentially updated and repackaged. This is intentional.

The objective is to equate “rebel” with a whole host of qualities—e.g., runaway self-serving paranoia; random destruction; out-of-control drug use; generalized hatred; the commission of crimes...

On a lesser, “commercialized” level, the new rebel can define himself by merely showing up at a concert to scream and drink heavily and break something, having already dressed to make a dissident fashion statement. He can take an afternoon off from college classes and have his arms tattooed. All the while, of course, he functions as an avid consumer of mainstream corporate products.

You even have people who, considering themselves rebels of the first order, support a government that spies on its people 24/7, launches military attacks all over the world, and now funds a Manhattan Project to map every move of the 100 billion neurons of the brain, for the ultimate purpose of controlling it.

Even going back as far as the 1950s, the so-called decade of

conformity, psyops professionals sculpted notions of The Rebel: He was the person who didn't want to take part in the emerging bland corporate culture.

He was imagined and presented as troubled, morose; a wobbly unfocused JD Salinger Holden Caulfield, or a beatnik, a Madison Avenue caricature of somebody who opposed Madison Avenue.

In other words, the people who were shaping the consumer culture were creating the image of the rebel as a cartoon figure who just didn't want to buy into "the good life."

Time Magazine ran a cover story on the beatniks, and characterized them as a disaffected trend. Marlon Brando, heading up a bunch of moronic motorcycle riders, invaded a town of pleasant clueless citizens and took it over, wreaking destruction. The 1953 movie was The Wild One. James Dean, who had the same trouble Brando did in articulating a complete sentence, was "the rebel without a cause" in the "iconic film" of the same name. He raced cars toward cliffs because his father couldn't understand him.

These were all puff pieces designed to make rebels look ridiculous, and they worked. They also functioned to transmit the idea to young people that being a rebel should be a showbiz affectation. That worked, too.

Then the late 1960s arrived. Flower children rebels, in part invented by the major media, would surely take over the world and dethrone fascist authority with rainbows. San Francisco was the epicenter. But Haight-Ashbury, where the flowers and the weed were magically growing out of the sidewalks, turned into a speed, acid, and heroin nightmare, a playground for psychopaths to cash in and steal and destroy lives. The CIA, of course, gave the LSD culture a major push.

For all that the anti-war movement eventually accomplished in ending the Vietnam war-crime, in the aftermath many of those

college students who had been in the streets—once the fear of being drafted was gone—scurried into counselors' offices to see where they might fit into the job market after graduation. The military industrial complex took its profits and moved on, undeterred.

The idea of the rebel was gone. It later resurfaced as The Cocaine Dealer, the archangel of the 1980s.

And so forth and so on. All these incarnations of The Rebel were artificially created and sustained as psyops. At bottom, the idea was to discredit the Individual, in favor of The Group.

Now, in our collectivist society of 2017, The Group, as a rapidly expanding victim class, is the government's number one project. It's a straight con. "We're here to make you worse off while we lift you up."

In the psyop to demean, distort, and squash the rebel, there is a single obvious common denominator: the establishment media are doing the defining; they are the ones who are setting the parameters and making the descriptions; they are the ones who build the cartoons; looking down their noses, pretending to a degree of sympathy, they paint one unflattering picture after another of what the rebel is and does and says; they have co-opted the whole game.

These days, the ultimate rebels, the media would have you believe, are "gun-toting racist bitter clingers who have religion." Another attempt to shape a distorted unflattering portrait

You can take a whole host of political films and television series of the past 50 years, and look at them for signs of the Rebel: Seven Days in May, Advise and Consent, The Candidate, The Seduction of Joe Tynan, Dave, Primary Colors, The Contender, Good Night and Good Luck, The American President, West Wing, Scandal, The Newsroom...

Good acting, bad acting, drama, message—at the end you're looking for the core. What do the rebel heroes really stand for? What are their principles? It's all bland. It's vague. It has the posturing of importance, but little else.

As I was finishing this piece, a friend wrote with a quote attributed to Robert Anton Wilson: "The universe is a war between reality programmers."

This is exactly where the real rebel enters the scene. He's not trying to program people. Freedom means cutting loose from programming.

The Rebel doesn't go to the market and choose which reality program he wants. They're all used up as soon as they come out of the package.

Albert Camus once wrote: "The welfare of the people in particular has always been the alibi of tyrants, and it provides the further advantage of giving the servants of tyranny a good conscience. It would be easy, however, to destroy that good conscience by shouting to them: if you want the happiness of the people, let them speak out and tell what kind of happiness they want and what kind they don't want! But, in truth, the very ones who make use of such alibis know they are lies; they leave to their intellectuals on duty the chore of believing in them and of proving that religion, patriotism, and justice need for their survival the sacrifice of freedom."

"THIS or THAT" is the history of Earth: choose reality program A or B. The choice was always a con.

We're well into a time period when the experts and scientific authorities are settling on the human being as a biological machine that can only respond to programming. That's their view and their default position.

It's sheer madness, of course, but what else do you expect?

We're in an intense technological age, and people are obsessed with making things run smoother. They treat their precious little algorithms for control like the Crown Jewels. They're terribly enthusiastic about the problem they're solving, and that problem is us.

We're the wild cards, a fact which they take to be result of our improper and incomplete conditioning. They aim to fix that.

"Why not stop diddling around and just make the whole thing over? Why not reshape humans?"

Having decided that, the battle begins between competing programmers of the mind. Which program for humans is better?

The rebel is against all such programming, no matter how "good and right" it sounds. "Good" and "right" are the traps.

The ultimate rebellion is against programming, whatever it looks like, wherever it occurs.

Programming is someone else's idea of who and what you should be.

It is never your idea.

Your idea is where the power is.

There are some people who hear the word CREATE and wake up, as if a new flashing music has begun.

This lone word makes them see something majestic and untamed and astonishing.

They feel the sound of a Niagara approaching.

They suddenly know why they are alive.

Most people don't want to travel to that grand arena because they have been trained like pets by some sector of this

society to be good little girls and boys.

The truth is, if people want to live the creative existence, they have to be willing to destroy—and the main thing that awaits their destruction is their own illusions and their commitment to the World of Nice where doily power is the only power. Where that tired phrase, “the approval of others,” is the guiding precept and the stick of fear.

The creative life isn't about little changes done in little penguin steps. It's about putting your arms and your mind around Deep, Big, and Wide Desire. It's about making that Desire come to life.

99% of the world has been trained like rats to adore systems. Give them a system and they're ready to cuddle up and take it all in. If they have questions, or if they want to argue, it's about how to tweak the system to make it a little better. And with every move they make, they put another blanket over the Fire Within.

Maybe you once saw something truly free that didn't care about consequences, and it blew you away and turned on your soul's electricity for an hour.

Maybe you're sick and tired of bowing and scraping before a pedestal of nonsense.

CREATE is a word that should be oceanic. It should shake and blow apart the pillars of the smug boredom of the soul.

CREATE is about what the individual does when he is on fire and doesn't care about concealing it. It's about what the individual invents when he has thrown off the false front that is slowly strangling him.

CREATE is about the end of mindless postponement. It's about what happens when you burn up the pretty and petty little obsessions. It's about emerging from the empty suit and empty

machine of society that goes around and around and sucks away the vital bloodstream.

People come to the brink, and then say, "I'm waiting for orders. I'm looking for a sign. I want the signal that it's okay to proceed."

People pretend they don't know anything about imagination, about how "it operates" (as if it were a machine), about what it can do, about where it can go, about how it can take them into new territory. They feign ignorance.

"I want to stay the same, and I'll do anything to maintain that."

It's a test of loyalty. Do you want to remain faithful to an idea that is just a small piece of what you can be, or do you want to take the greater adventure?

The propaganda machines of society relentlessly turn out images and messages that ultimately say: YOU MUST BELONG TO THE GROUP.

The formula is simple. Imagination transcends the status quo. Therefore, belong to the group and avoid the possibility of transformation.

Or...REBEL.