

Engineering Perception for “The New World”

Source: [No More Fake News](#)

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July 19, 2018

The primary feature of The Group is: its members look at events in accordance with what they think other members are seeing.

It's like passing around an unknown object, from hand to hand, and describing it as you believe everyone else will describe it.

You are always listening for “an echo effect” before it happens.

And you claim the echo effect is what you perceive.

High-IQ idiots will tell you this is the only way society can operate. They no longer know what it means to see things as they actually see them. And when they vaguely sniff out a free individual, they recoil in horror.

In the early days of the American Republic, as the two-party system developed, certain men saw the movement toward collectivism.

In phase one, it was evolving into polarized opposition. It was an engineered A versus B, with each side saying whatever it could, in order to win popular support.

And beyond that, it was a PRETENSE of polarized opposition. Behind the scenes, both parties, and the men who owned them,

were simply building up the power of centralized government—and figuring out how to appeal to the population on the basis of “shared consensus” and “the greatest good for the greatest number.”

In other words: “how can we get the masses to think they’re all perceiving the same thing, the thing we want them to perceive?”

John Adams, in the early days of the Republic, saw it correctly and saw it exactly:

“There is nothing which I dread so much as a division of the republic into two great parties, each arranged under its leader, and concerting [organizing] measures in opposition to each other. This, in my humble opinion, is to be dreaded as the greatest political evil under our Constitution.”

Even more tellingly, George Washington laid the system bare as he struggled to extricate himself from it: “...party disputes are now carried to such a length, and truth is so enveloped in mist and false representation, that it is extremely difficult to know through which channel to seek it [truth]. This difficulty, to one [a person], who is of no party, and whose sole wish is to pursue with undeviating steps a path which would lead this country to respectability, wealth, and happiness, is exceedingly to be lamented.”

Thomas Jefferson, who on a number of occasions registered his acceptance of political parties as inevitable and natural, broke ranks in this very personal assessment: “I never submitted the whole system of my opinions to the creed of any party of men...where I was capable of thinking for myself. Such an addiction [to a party] is the last degradation of a free and moral agent. If I could not go to heaven but with a party, I would not go at all.”

One of the great tools of modern collectivism is political correctness.

-All political correctness is based on a crooked notion of greatest good, AKA least harm, to the greatest number of people.

It's an effort to convince people to limit their own actions and words, based on what effect they might have on others.

These others are nudged and engineered into being on the premise that they will be victims, who are disturbed by a potentially infinite number of actions and words.

These victims will perceive harm to themselves before it happens.

They will register a possible future "echo effect" now.

As lambs to the slaughter, they will provide a justification for limited collectivist thought and existence.

"The demands of the machine are insatiable. The danger of shaking men out of the soporific results of mechanized knowledge is similar to that of attempting to arouse a drunken man or one who has taken an overdose of sleeping tablets. The necessary violent measures will be disliked. We have had university professors threatened with the loss of their positions for less than this." (Harold Innis, 1947)

Note the word "mechanized" in the above quote. It's no longer used to describe education. Instead, we have "systems." Or "patterns." Or "programs."

These newer terms aren't given a negative connotation. Indeed, they're offered as heralds of a new and better world.

In this re-framing, we all need systems. The more the better.

The Surveillance State is also, of course a system. It's based on the premise that ALL freedom has to be monitored and tracked

Meanwhile, modern “democratic” elites have redefined freedom. This is at the heart of what they’re doing.

They want freedom to mean “doing the right thing for the greatest good of the greatest number of people.” Never mind that such a re-framing is a complete non-sequitur. In the social engineering game, the op goes this way: “Every person would use his freedom to do the right thing; therefore, coercing people to do it is part of freedom.”

It’s Orwellian. It makes no sense. But that’s what’s on the table. “Let’s eliminate the ‘choice’ part of freedom and go directly to what a free person would do and make that into ideal and necessary behavior.”

The Surveillance State classifies those who disagree as threats.

Asserting freedom as a pure and independent value raises a red flag.

Over the past 65 years, a tremendous amount of propaganda has been devoted to redefining freedom as “what freedom should lead to.” Behavior. Brainwashed college students are essentially taught: “Forget the free part of freedom. Let’s go right to the question of what freedom should produce. That’s why we’re here. That’s what we’re going to learn. It’s a short-cut. We’re going to tell you what any decent and correct human being would do with his freedom, so you can do it.”

The recent MIT experiments to induce “false memories” in rats, as well as the DARPA research aimed at inserting images directly into the visual cortex, reveal a direction important brain research is taking. Change perception, if necessary, to make people do the right thing.

Any individual who enlists in the collectivist future does so by entering a trance. The aim of hypnosis is a collective definition of The Good. This was exactly the pattern that

Plato laid out in *The Republic*. For him, The Good was the highest Form in the ultimate dimension where all ideas existed in a perfected state. The ruling Philosopher Kings had exclusive and intimate and superior knowledge of The Good.

Thought experiment: Write down a definition of "the greatest good for the greatest number," and then, in your life, for a few days or so, base all your actions on it. Exclude all other considerations. You'll find yourself in an altered state, and you'll also notice you're, in essence, hypnotizing yourself. You're narrowing your focus, space, and thought.

You're referring all your behavior to a central and single idea. You're systematizing yourself.

This is the principle of reduction of consciousness.

In this civilization, reduction is increasingly touted as "an answer." Simplifying thought is said to equal insight. Freely proliferating consciousness is highly suspect.

Here is a brief fragment from my unpublished work, *The Magician Awakes*:

John Q opened his eyes after the surgery. He saw a floral pattern hanging in mid-air, and inscribed along every stem and stylized petal were rows of refrigerated thoughts.

Major Kelsen walked into the hospital room with a big grin on his face. 'We've done it,' he said. 'John Q, you now have an auxiliary mind. It's better than the original. You're in on the ground floor.'

John Q struggled to speak, but his mouth was a dry desert and the wind was picking up in his cerebral cortex.

'No need to track you anymore, kid,' the Major said. 'You're free. You're the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution now. You're immune.'

John Q could feel himself radiating with low-level happiness. It was bleeding from his pores. He was sensing INCLUSION.

Belsen hovered over him with a mirror.

'Look at yourself, son. Do you even recognize who you are? Do you remember who you were? Those constructs are both fading. You're in the moment. You're the animal you were meant to be, finally. The President wants to see you. This is big-time.'

John Q suddenly saw a gold-crested falcon sitting on Belsen's shoulder. It was looking straight at him. 'I come in before the opening credits,' it said.

Belsen blinked. 'See, John Q, we don't want you to think you're a slave. That would be stupid and wrong. We want to make you proud. We've eliminated some complexity that was in your way, that's all. We've boiled down your PROCESS. Your enemies are now the people who want to make things complicated.'

John Q needed sleep. But Belsen was getting through. WHY PROLIFERATE THINKING? Wasn't the key simplification? Of course. It had to be. If you had a dish called the truth, you could serve it on a single plate. Why had it ever seemed otherwise?

He took inventory. He could still see the floral pattern. The thoughts that lay frozen along its stems and petals? They were now faces of all the people he'd ever known, ever met. Yes. And THEY all knew something he hadn't, until now: they knew the truth was simple and available. He was joining them. He was, finally, linked to them. Their secret was open to him. He'd been let in.

They'd figured out how to attain REDUCTION. It didn't really matter, he realized, what the mind's content was. All that mattered was that simplicity had been achieved.

THIS was what everyone else was so proud of. This was what he'd never grasped.

Belsen smiled. 'Go to sleep, kid,' he said. 'We nailed it. The worst is over.'

John Q closed his eyes. He dozed. He dreamed that men were stationed at the outskirts of his mind pushing walls in toward him. As they moved, he felt better. Step by step.

Thank you, he said. Thank you for taking this burden away. I'm all summaries now. I'm a chosen one.

Then, sounds came into him. Tearing fabric. Splitting threads. Stone breaking.

A man walked out of an old brown door. He said, 'John Q, synaptic circuits we installed are cracking. It's not working.'

John Q felt a new delight flood his body. He remembered he was a publisher of books. Now, in one blasting stroke, he had access to every line in every book he'd ever printed.

He was awake in the hospital room. Light was filling the space and it exploded, and he was hurled through a wall, and he was outside, in the city, in the open air at high noon. He was soaring under clouds, above the buildings, flying, complicated, alive, hearing wild lines burning in an unknown language, his hospital gown tearing away from his body.

Then he heard: YOU'RE BETRAYING US ALL!

He looked below. A crowd was gathering in the street. They were trying to magnetize him and pull him down. They were screaming.

Even at this height, he could recognize some of their faces. He had seen them at parades, at celebrations of the One Joy, singing and reciting oaths of the simplification...

'Have I got a problem?' he said to the sky.

But he kept on flying, higher and higher, and the pull against his free motion faded...