How It Unfolds

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by <u>Jon Rappoport</u>, <u>Outside the Reality Machine</u> April 8, 2022

This is not a group enterprise. Creation doesn't wait for a committee to issue a letter of approval. Or a King to incline his head in assent.

Something happens. An insight. A spark. You see a possibility, and instead of dismissing it, you pursue it. The pursuit becomes relentless.

And one day, the Monarchy falls.

The mob is loose. But unknown individuals are also freed from restraints. They work their way through the blood and smoke of revolution to a landing place, where they execute laws.

These laws stand up against sheer anarchy. They have double purpose—for freedom; and opposed to incursions freedom might make on person and property.

Now a new work begins. How to keep the apparatus that enforces the law from falling into the hands of monopolists and their agents.

A vision of the individual is at the heart of this work. It doesn't matter whether one person or another lives up to that vision. The Idea is enough: "uncompromising, acute, intensely creative, immune to the group and its manipulations aimed at owning him."

This vision breaks the old mold. People sitting in Plato's cave see it stand out as a shadow on the wall; and when they

turn and walk out into the sun, they see it again, unchanged.

The rest is up to them.

This progression isn't partial. It isn't omitting something essential. It's gone as far as it can go.

Otherwise, what one person builds would be permitted to belong to another. The rejection of that principle endures beyond any level of destruction.

Those who INVENT can trade their inventions on any terms they choose. But they can never impart the quality that enables them to create to another person. It's impossible.

The people who want everything for nothing will try to wheedle society back into the dark age of the monarchy. They will call this return by names that suggest glory. It's all a ruse to take absolute power. To make what was never theirs, theirs.

They call it justice. But it's sheer war.

Underneath their chants, they're lambs being taken to the slaughter. They want to reach out and take you, too.

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