

# Not in Our Genes – The Imagination Machine

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*Not in our genes/the imagination machine*

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I once had a geneticist tell me, “You know, we’re going to discover the genes for promiscuity, for anti-social behavior, for compassion, for obesity, hair-loss, anger, and fear. We’re going to discover the genes for everything.”

He said this with the kind of authority only a scientist can muster...based on no proof at all. Zero proof. It’s a talent, to be able to impart blather and make it sound like experimental evidence.

As a reporter for 30 years, I’ve spent much time exposing how medical, political, economic, and social realities are imposed on populations, on people. But here’s an odd question and an even odder answer:

Who are “people?”

Answer: Most people are secret agents.

Their mission? To disguise—*first and foremost, from themselves*—the fact that they have enormous imagination and creative ability.

Achieving this concealment is on the order of blocking out the sun.

It is a complex task of deception. The pretense is multi-

layered. One line of defense goes like this: I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT. ME? I'M JUST AN ORDINARY PERSON.

Yes, an ordinary person cast in a role in a stage play.

Let's say I'm the director. "Okay, I've cast you in the role.. Now I want you to assume all the characteristics of an average guy. You understand? I don't want any leaks or cracks. Your character has to be bulletproof. You grasp what is ordinary, and you are totally ignorant when it comes to what is extraordinary. Got it? MOST OF ALL, YOUR CHARACTER MUST BE DEVOID OF IMAGINATION. Do you think you can handle that?"

People do handle it all the time, and they do it beautifully. Brilliantly.

They have their lines down cold. No matter what you throw at them, they can fend it off and leave the impression, for you and for themselves, that they don't know anything about imagination.

For them, imagination is a car in a garage under a thousand tons of concrete and steel. They will never drive it.

They can walk and talk, they can accomplish tasks, they can be entertained, they can have fun, they can even think and solve problems, but they can't create anything. That's their gig. Their role.

There are a whole lot of people who believe ordinary humans are ordinary because it's in their genes; some people are dealt good genes and some aren't. This is completely false. It's not a question of genes.

Genes are a story that's told to keep everyone in the dark.

The real and true story is about imagination. When you think about it, the ability to cast one's self in the role of "ordinary human" is a fantastic act of imagination. It's strange, because, essentially, a human being is using his

imagination TO DENY HE HAS ANY IMAGINATION. He's creating the role. He's imagining that role and fitting himself into it.

Why in the world would he do that?

Well, there are lots of answers to that question, but the real proof comes when a person you would never think had any imagination whatsoever emerges from the swamp and becomes intensely creative. I've seen that many times, and it's extraordinary.

He was playing the role of Ordinary Person in the stage play...and then he was gone from that play and that role...and he was quite, quite different.

And from that point on, his life was never the same.

I've been painting for 50 years now. I've had some interesting experiences with people who look at my work. The work isn't realistic at all. My paintings are what people like to call abstract. I'm not sure what that means, except the paintings don't look like what you see on the street or in your living room.

Once, a man gazed at some paintings of mine in my studio and said, "I have no idea what this is. It doesn't make any sense to me at all."

He was an intelligent fellow, but he was completely put off by the pictures. For some reason, I suddenly felt I could get him to understand.

So I said, "I'm going to try a little experiment with you, okay? Will you play along for a minute? Imagine you do understand the paintings."

It was a moment, and everything happened to be poised in the right way.

He turned away from me and looked at the paintings again.

He started perspiring. Within a few seconds, his face was covered in sweat.

He grinned and started laughing.

He turned back to me.

“How did you know?” he said.

I just shook my head.

Essentially, he was asking me how I knew he could offload his act as ordinary person and plug into his imagination all of a sudden.

This moment had nothing to do with my work. It had everything to do with him dropping his hold on the fictional role in which his comprehension was narrowly set in stone.

He had just imagined his way out of that role. He imagined he could understand something entirely foreign to him...and so he could.

This man was a chemist. For 40-some-odd years he had pretended he could only navigate within a range of information...and all of a sudden he pretended he could step outside that range. And it worked like a charm.

A bubble of enclosed reality burst.

It isn't just that people enter the stage play by inventing roles in which they have no imagination. No, the PLAY ITSELF has this central theme. The play is all about life without imagination. The whole drama moves forward on that basis.

If that cover story is blown, and all the secret agents emerge out of their cocoons, well, then, we would really have something.

We would have, among other things, an endless proliferation of realities, and freedom will then have true meaning...