

Logic, Imagination and Magic

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Logic applies to the physical universe.

It applies to statements made about that universe. It applies to factual language.

Many wonderful things can be done with logic. Don't leave home without it. Don't analyze information without it. Don't endure an education without it.

But art and imagination are of another universe(s). They can deploy logic, but they can also invent in any direction without limit, and they can embrace contradiction. They can build worlds in which space and time and energy are quite different.

Magic is nothing more and nothing less than imagination superseding this universe. Magic occurs when imagination takes this reality for a ride.

Which brings us to what I call the Is People. The Is People are dedicated with a fervor to insisting that this Continuum and this consensus reality are inviolable, are the end-all and be-all.

They strive to fit themselves into Is, and this eventually has some interesting negative consequences. They come to resemble solid matter. They take on the character of matter.

For them, imagination is at least a misdemeanor, if not a felony. It's a blow to the Is of Is. They tend to view imagination as a form of mental disorder.

Technocrats like to gibber about imagination as if it's nothing more than just another closed system that hasn't been mapped yet. But they're sure it will be, and when that happens, people will apparently give up creating and opt for living in a way that more closely resembles machines.

There are many people who secretly wish they were machines that functioned automatically and without flaws. It's their wet dream.

Magic eventually comes to the conclusion that imagination creates reality. Any reality. And therefore, one universe, indivisible, is an illusion, a way of trapping Self.

What began as the physical universe, a brilliant work of art, ends up as a psychic straitjacket, a mental ward in which the inmates strive for normalcy. Those who fail at even this are labeled and shunted into a special section of the ward.

But the result of imagination, if pursued and deployed long enough and intensely enough, is:

Consensus reality begins to organize itself around you, rather than you organizing yourself around it.

There are various names and labels used to describe this state of affairs, but none of them catches the sensation of it.

Magic is one of those labels.

What I'm describing here isn't some snap-of-the-fingers trick of manifestation; it's a life lived.

The old alchemists were working in this area. They were striving for the transformation of consciousness. In true alchemy, one's past, one's experience, one's conflicts all become fuel for the fire of creating new realities. Taken along certain lines, this is called art.

One universe, one logic, one Continuum, one role in that

Continuum, one all-embracing commitment to that role, one avenue of perception, one Is...this is the delusion.

And eventually, the delusion gives birth to a dedication to what "everyone else" thinks and supposes and assumes and accepts. This is slavery.

Freeing one's self, living through and by imagination, is not a mass movement. It's a choice taken by one person. It's a new and unique road for each person.

Societies and civilizations are organized around some concept of the common good. The concept always deteriorates, and this is because it is employed to lower the ceiling on individual power rather than raise it.

"Be less than you are, then we can all come together in a common cause."

It's essentially a doctrine of sacrifice—everyone sacrifices to everyone else, and the result is a coagulated mass of denial of Self.

It is a theme promoted under a number of guises by men who have one thing in mind: control.

It's a dictatorship of the soul. It has always existed.

Breaking out of it involves reasserting the power of imagination to invent new and novel realities.

Under a variety of names, this is art.

Promoting the image of the artist as a suffering victim is simply one more way to impose the doctrine of sacrifice.

In 1961, when I began writing and painting in earnest, I had a conversation with the extraordinary healer, Richard Jenkins, whom I write about in my book, *The Secret Behind Secret*

Societies (included in [Exit From The Matrix](#)). This is my note from that time about what Richard told me:

“Paint what you want to, no matter what anyone else says. You may not always know what you want to create, but that’s good. Keep working, keep painting. You’ll find your way. You’ll invent something new, something unique, if you don’t give in. You’ll see everything in a new light. Reality is a bad joke. It’s nothing more than what everyone assents to, because they’re afraid. They’re afraid of what people will say. They’re afraid they have far more power than they want to discover. They’re afraid that power will lead them away from common and ordinary beliefs. They’re afraid they’ll become a target for the masses who have surrendered their own lives and don’t want to be reminded of it. They afraid they’ll find out something tremendous about themselves...”

Nothing I’ve experienced in the 50 years since then has diminished what Richard said to me.

These fears are all illusions that disintegrate when a person shoves in his chips on imagination and makes that bet and lives it.