

Outside the Reality Machine

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by [Jon Rappoport](#), [No More Fake News](#)

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READER: Mr. Rappoport, why do you sometimes write fiction/satire?

ME: Because if you think non-rational reality can be solved simply by rationally setting the record straight, you're sadly mistaken. Look around you.

READER: Are you saying reality itself is non-rational?

ME: That's exactly what I'm saying. What we take to be reality is exported to us, and we import it and accept it. That situation is entirely irrational. At the deepest—and therefore—most important level, each one of us is capable of creating the reality we most profoundly desire.

I need to catch a train and I'm late
Finally a clerk directs me to a set of stairs
But after I run down two flights I wind up on the wrong track
I'm familiar with these set-ups
—On board a pleasure yacht
I'm alone in the dining room at 2 in the afternoon
A waiter brings me a glass of champagne
He looks like Al Capone
He sits down next to me and pulls out his tax forms
I spread them on the table and study them
All in order, I say
Nothing to worry about
The feds are lying
They're paying more for the judge than you're paying

An explosion goes off
We're in the water swimming for the dock
Machine gun fire...
I'm walking along a winter road
Two wolves trotting at my side
They're looking up at me
They want to know where we're going...

-Suppose, one day, you're walking around and you see a person who looks exactly like you buying bread in a shop. You approach him and engage him in conversation. You discover he knows everything you know. But he knows it with more clarity. He's integrated. He's more agile. You're no longer useful, pragmatically speaking. You're out. In an instrumental society, you're defunct. You have to go somewhere else. You have to start over. You're cut loose. You don't need to consider your obligations.

There is always a little man behind his desk telling you you're dead because he's dead
It's standard
Like a shot in the arm for a disease no one ever heard of

You walk into a large living room
Tall machines humming
They're manufacturing reality
You see the switches on a wall
What happens if you turn them off

The living room is full of people
Cocktail party
They don't see what you see
They're talking about virus, virus, virus
They're wearing masks
They're comparing vaccine passports

In a corner of the room
A distinguished doctor wearing rimless glasses

Is holding court

A gaggle of earnest guests are listening

He's describing Omicron

One person has a heart attack and falls down on the carpet

The others ignore him

Now the doctor is talking about a new test for the virus

And transmission

And breakthrough cases

And his visit to Gavin Newsom's winery in northern California

And the probability of new lockdowns

And spikes in case numbers

And quarantine facilities

Suddenly the doctor and the listeners and the man lying on the floor

Freeze in a paralyzed tableaux

-You're walking through a zoo

And you're looking at that frozen scene encased in a glass cube

There's a plaque on the base of the cube

You move closer

But you can't make out the printing on the plaque

A security guard says, step back sir, unless you want purchase

A premium membership, in which case you can enter the cube

If I go inside, can I get out?

No, but the characters will begin to speak and move, and then you'll all leave the party and take a taxi to a hotel and check into rooms and

Meet you families there and start a new life

I'll have a job

A good job, and you'll live in the suburbs in a nice home

Will there be rules

There are always rules, but if you obey them you'll have a happy life

I'll travel

You and your family will travel to many places and stay in first-class resorts

But I'll never be able to come back here

No

Why not?

There are walls between various locales

It's part of the set-up

Exactly

And I'm not allowed to question the set-up

You can question it, privately, to yourself, but that's all

Will I remember this place, here

For a time, but the memory will fade

What about the reality machines in the living room

You won't see them again

There has to be some kind of trick here

Of course there is, think it through—right now you're standing outside and there are people you love who are inside—are you going to go inside to try to help them escape—or you could be inside and there would be people you love who are outside—are you going to try to break down a wall and reach them through a wall that was built to stand the test of time and block your way—however you want to look at it, reality is a collection of separate containers meant to stay separate

Suppose I invent new realities that that are open, that have no walls

THAT'S ILLEGAL, THAT'S A MAJOR CRIME, that's THE crime

The visible light spectrum is only a minor part of the full spectrum. In the same way, consensus-thought is only a tiny arc in the full arc of invented thought (which is infinite).

On May 14, 2266, the New England Journal of Medicine and Psychology published a paper titled:

WHAT IS 'A NEGATIVE CONSEQUENCE?'

A quote: "Brain research discovers common patterns of activity across a whole population. These patterns would be called 'normal'. Exceptions would be classified as various categories of 'disordered thought'. It's assumed that only 'harmonious and symmetrical' brain patterns are positive and beneficial."

A reader commented: "This assumption is grossly false. It's a stunted version of aesthetics. Creative force always breaks out of these little geometries. So does every new idea. Increasingly, Earth culture is unable to understand this."

-That reader receives a government notice and is summoned to a hearing. He's interviewed by a virtual AI employee of the federal Department of Stat Research.

HOLOGRAPHIC i-FIGURE: "Are you all right during this epidemic lockdown? I see you live alone."

"Yes, I'm fine."

"We want you to enjoy yourself. Are you watching learning programs?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I don't like them."

"Well, we have a report on you. It indicates an output difficult to measure or interpret. What can you tell us about this?"

"I don't know. I'm composing a symphony."

"A symphony? What is that?"

"It's a piece of music written for a large orchestra."

"I find no extant orchestras in the country."

"That's true. Nevertheless, I'm composing."

"Why?"

"For that day when an orchestra may come into being again."

"Your thought-impulses entered ranges we were not able to summarize."

"I suppose that means your instruments are limited."

"Your last statement might be viewed as incendiary. It suggests we are imposing a restriction. As you well know, the science is settled on this point. We measure and interpret thought that contributes to an overall positive outcome, for the population at large."

"I'm aware of that, yes. But the science rests on certain assumptions. I would call it greatest good as a lowest common denominator."

"What do you mean?"

"You decide a certain mindset contributes to the consensus reality you favor. You legislate a range of thought that will produce the consensus."

"That's a gross oversimplification."

"It doesn't describe the algorithms you employ, but all in all I believe my summary is correct. You're reality makers. You monitor thought-emissions, and when you find a departure from 'combined averages,' as you call them, you issue a citation."

"What is this symphony you're composing?"

"It's impossible to explain. It's music."

"It has a specific message?"

"No. If it did, I would write out the message and leave it at that."

"Why have we not heard of you before?"

"I was doing illustrations for the Happiness Holos."

"We know. What happened?"

"I became bored. A machine could make those pictures. So I decided to compose music."

"The Happiness Holos are an essential social program."

"Perhaps. They encourage people to stay on the positive side of a construct called Positive&Negative, which as you know is a State-sponsored theme. But what is superficially indicated by those two opposing sets is, in fact, fuel for the fire."

"Fuel for what fire?"

"The artist can use and transform any material."

"Where did you hear such a thing?"

"Nowhere. I've experienced it many times."

"Your views are highly eccentric. I will have to consult your childhood history to understand their roots."

"I'm afraid that won't do you any good."

"Why not?"

"Because your version, the US Department of Psychology version of cause and effect, is propaganda for the masses."

"This is your idea of a joke?"

"Not at all."

"When you compose this...symphony, how do you think?"

"It's not thinking in the way you use the term."

"No? Then what do you do?"

"I invent sound."

"Preposterous."

"Large masses of sound."

"Absurd. According to what underlying pattern?"

"None. Check the Library of Structures. I doubt you'll find my activity in the catalogs."

"Known structures and patterns are contained in the files."

"I don't invent through pattern."

"No? How then?"

"I improvise."

"And this term refers to?"

"Something done spontaneously."

"And you exceed prescribed ranges of thought in the process."

"Perhaps. I would hope so. I don't keep track."

"You're being flippant."

"I assumed you'd eventually cite me. I'm just composing music during the lockdown."

"There is no citation yet. You're an anomaly. We investigate. We consider."

"I'm afraid your and my idea of 'consider' are quite different."

"Let me ask you this. When you are composing, do you ever believe you enter into a realm or area that could be called 'non-material'? We've heard such claims before."

"Not if you're referring to some fairyland. But all thought is basically non-material. The brain registers it after the fact. Thought, the real thing, doesn't take place in the brain."

"You're deluded. And disordered."

"If I could simply confess to that and be on my way, I'd be a happy man."

"You live in a society. To keep the peace and maintain the Positive, science has discovered that thought should occur within certain parameters."

"If you insist."

"We want to study you. It's a great honor to be called. You could help extend the boundaries of research...we register variation from the norm in your present thinking."

"What present thinking?"

"What you're thinking right now."

"That was quick."

"The readouts are instantaneous...what are you doing?"

“I’m starting the fourth movement.”

“Wait. What you’re doing is disruptive.”

“You assume that based on how you set your normal frequencies.”

“YOU’RE BEING DISRUPTIVE. STOP YOUR THOUGHTS.”

All along the major esplanade, and in the lake area, and in the industrial parks and residential high rises, virtual structures shattered like glass.

The holographic i-figure went dark.

A thousand holographic government buildings froze and vanished.

The composer said to no one, “I’m just composing. Well, apparently not just.”

–Back in his room at the edge of the city, he said, “I suppose that’s what they mean by a negative consequence.”

He sat down at his computer and turned it on

He plugged in a small module. The screen went red. Black letters formed: DISEQUILIBRIUM. He pressed the send key.

The encrypted score of the first three movements of his symphony set out on a rapidly changing zig-zag journey to a series of caverns below cities in Belgium, Switzerland, Germany, Italy, America.

A program consisting of the synthesized instruments of a full orchestra read the score and began to broadcast the music to small groups of people sitting in the caverns...

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