

# Planning the Matrix

Source: No More Fake News

~a short story~

by Jon Rappoport

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Voices in an office...

"We can frame the boundaries of manufactured reality. We can stage events and actual happenings. But we also have to infiltrate SUBJECTIVE PERCEPTION and fold it into the overall setup—not that we actually produce every single private thought or image or idea, but we insert seeds that bloom inside the mind, and then when they come to fruition, they appear to be OBJECTIVE EVENTS."

"We'll eventually have a magnificent official religion lowered without blood on the population, wireless connections that spark between brains, people will worship an unknown deity, we'll deliver 'booster shots', transmitted bursts of compressed pseudodata."

"The medical op is important...insert genes, inject deadly chemicals, weakens immune systems, spray them with cancer cells, roll synthetic lumps of disease into dark cities at 4am, calls them a cancer vaccine."

"People line up to get born into the Earth-op-scene like countless dreamers standing at the edge of the same dream, and only some realize they can make it, can step forward, the rest just watch...you can get in if you TRY...no guarantee though...if you make it, you're smack in the middle of the WAR SEX

RELIGION MONEY movie..."

"We need layers on layers of agents and dupes and cutouts to do our work for us. Impenetrable. We teach them how to run an op. The plan, the execution, the cover story, the fake identities, the false trails, the limited hangouts."

"We need an information machine to dispense these cover stories to the public. It'll be called THE NEWS. It'll seem to come from different sources, but every major story will turn out to be the same, from all the news outlets. The news machine will blanket the planet."

"We need to keep the population in a state of confusion and doubt, an outer shell within which they believe they can find security. They're always burrowing further IN, into smaller and smaller spaces to find safety."

"Each individual has enormous hidden power, but we'll keep that walled off from them...it's our most important goal."

"We'll promote the idea that an individual reclaiming his own power and imagination is violating a natural law and trying to become a god against God."

Silence.

The voices went away.

In the next office, a man whose job it was to sweep floors and mop the hallways was taking a break. He was sitting at a desk sleeping. In his dream, he heard the voices.

He woke up.

He tried to remember what he heard.

"WAR SEX RELIGION MONEY." All interesting subjects, but it seemed the words had been spoken in a curious way, as if they were themes for an enterprise, part of a calculated plan.

A vision rose in his mind.

A movie in the world. The world in a movie. A movie springing from a single point, blossoming into four dimensions, for everyone.

Seeing this vision, he could back up from it.

He was sitting in a Void. Yet he was still in the office.

He glanced over at his mop and pail in the corner.

The mop spoke to him. It said, "This is your role. Drudgery."

He blinked.

A word with torn edges of flame came rising up toward him, faster and faster:

NO.

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