

Why the Army of Reality Always Needs More Soldiers

by [Jon Rappoport](#)

November 7, 2019

[Source](#)

What we call Reality is a hall of mirrors. It reflects itself back and forth and builds up a consensus.

People do the same thing. They confirm with one another that the reality they believe is real is, in fact, real.

And having established that, they live out their lives and make the best of it.

But what happens if you defect? What happens if you're not satisfied to live out the rest of your life inside the space of what everyone assumes is real?

More to the point, what happens if you're not satisfied to live out the rest of your life inside the space of what YOU assume is real?

This is where a lot of people get off the train. They assert, with great assurance, that what they have discovered is the ultimate frontier. They've broken through the illusion. They've found out who is running the show from behind the curtain.

And with those discoveries in their pocket, they will live out their lives, confident in the knowledge that they can't be fooled. They've won the prize.

Actually, peering behind the curtain and seeing what's there is step one. The journey has barely begun.

No matter what degree of truth one has found, living out the rest of a life in that truth is going to be disappointing. It's eventually going to be boring. It's eventually going to be insufferable.

You want to lift that curtain, and you should. You should find out everything you can about who and what is behind it, and how they operate. But how long before you stop patting yourself on the back?

How long before you decide to create, with great passion and commitment, your own reality, the one you profoundly desire?

The process of creating reality never ends. It's the ongoing voyage. It's the reason things become new. It's the reason boredom loses. It's the reason you have no end. It's the reason you can't be stopped.

It's the means by which you don't decline. It's the means by which you keep imagining something you haven't imagined before.

It's the reason you don't "live out your life."

It's the reason "living out your life" seems about the worst thing you can do.

No excuses will suffice to rationalize staying in one place. No complaints will make you feel better. No "ultimate" space or time is good enough, as it is, to convince you that you should just play out the string inside it.

We are witnessing tech giants—Google, Facebook, You Tube, Twitter—[hiding and de-listing news they deem "fake."](#) On one level, this is an obvious attempt to control political content. But on a much deeper level, this is an effort to shore up THEIR REALITY. They want to consolidate their Army of believers and expand its ranks. Outsiders and their ideas and analyses are a threat.

Outsiders, heaven forbid, might decide to launch other creative realities that bleed into the consensus and dissolve it.

The independent and free individual mind has its own immune system. It responds when it detects the intrusion of collectivist concoctions.

“Alert! Fake collective reality is showing up. Take action. Resist. Reject.”

Yes, but then?

The individual then has the power to invent his own future, according to his own vision. This is where the journey really gets interesting.

This is where new space and new time emerge, and the space of consensus shrinks and withers.

This is where the Army of Reality has no answer.

Each individual has his own invention of reality—a project and an enterprise that spills over the conventional boundaries.

Each enterprise is quite different. Each approach is quite different.

What’s similar is the available energy for the work.

Where does that energy come from?

It comes from the individual himself.

When imagination and the creative impulse are unleashed, energy appears in large quantities. New and fresh energy.

Frontier energy.

Cutting-edge energy that quite naturally and automatically begins to shred Army of Reality energy.

Life renews. Life begins again.

The fabric of old limiting ideas falls apart, and the individual steps out on to a unique launching platform.

His own.

This is the voyage that can never be stopped.

Because it doesn't depend on the fake news and fake consensus and the fake illusion of power of The Group.

Life is a Censored Reality Machine

by [Jon Rappoport](#)

May 20, 2019

Most of my readers now know that my blog has been taken down by WordPress for no stated reason. We are working to restore the blog "by other means." You're reading this either because you're already subscribed to my email list or someone forwarded this email to you. If you're in the latter category, then the best way to get my daily articles is go to my home page, nomorefakenews.com and sign up for the email list in the upper left corner. You'll get articles in your inbox. Thank you for your support.

"On 2nd Avenue, I peeked between the boards of a construction site. Workers were busy piling up bricks. One worker came close and I asked him what they were doing. He gave me an embarrassed smile. Well, he said, we're shoring up Reality."

We're very busy. We have to keep putting things together. I'm surprised you saw us. We're everywhere all the time." (New York Dream, Jon Rappoport)

I could recall and describe 10 or 20 times in my life when the clouds parted and I saw, directly and with exceeding clarity, that what is called REALITY is a construct. It is a work of art. It is designed and engineered to hold and house LIFE, SPIRIT.

Its remarkable enduring quality is machine-like, as if a painting were reproduced trillions of times. On and on. Over and over. But there is an illusion here. It takes the consent of huge numbers of people for this machine to operate. And that consent occurs because most people do not see themselves as creators, as artists. They see themselves as inhabitants and "renters." They see themselves as very clever, if they concoct a way to succeed WITHIN the boundaries of the living movie/machine called Reality. That is as far as they want to go.

You walk through a large museum. There are hundreds of paintings on the walls. You stop before one and stare at it. It's a picture of a winding road at the edge of a forest. There is a small cottage in the distance. You move into the painting and stroll all the way to the cottage, enter it, and take up residence there. For 65 years.

A painter walks through the same museum. He looks at many wonderful and strange pictures, and then he goes home and paints. He never takes up long-term residence in a work of art. In that respect, he is immune.

In the years 1961 and 1962, I lived in New York and painted. I went to the midtown museums many times. I learned my most important lessons about Reality there. I didn't drop my insights later on in favor of a more "mature" outlook.

William Blake famously wrote: "Some see nature all ridicule

and deformity... and some scarce see nature at all. But to the eyes of the man of imagination, nature is imagination itself. To see a world in a grain of sand and heaven in a wild flower Hold infinity in the palm of your hand and eternity in an hour."

Here is another way to think about the Reality machine—every person is absolutely convinced that Rembrandt painted only one self-portrait. It's accepted by one and all as an established fact. Then one day, a museum hangs 40 Rembrandt self-portraits. Many people walk by them and don't see them at all. Other people do see them and call them fakes. After a few months, the curators remove the 40 paintings and they're never shown again.

Now we're talking about deep censorship. Knowledge about the reality machine is blotted out. It's buried in the unconscious.

Psychologist: Tell me again what you saw.

Artist: Out in the street, I saw that all the buildings and cars and trucks and other objects were expressions of a machine, a Reality machine. Reality is a work of art, a construct.

Psychologist: You had a moment of delusion.

Artist: No. It was a glimpse into the way things are.

Psychologist: Nonsense. "The way things are" is something I and my colleagues define. It takes years of study and clinical practice to reach a point where we can reliably characterize reality.

Artist: I don't buy you or your definitions.

Psychologist: You have no choice. We have the backing of the State.

Artist: Exactly. You're an official. You have a stake in the game. Your job is to limit people's perception. You help keep the machine running.

"Creative perception" doesn't mesh with the sentiments of the crowd. The crowd wants nothing to do with it. And then there is the fact that it takes imagination to deal with imagination—and most people claim they don't understand or believe in imagination.

That's a kind of [koan](#) worth contemplating: IT TAKES IMAGINATION TO DEAL WITH IMAGINATION.

The Metaphysical Dream and Reality

Source: Jon Rappoport's Blog

by Jon Rappoport

April 9, 2019

Hard showers of rain, sky clearing, warming temperatures, then cold, snow, quickly followed by the budding greenery of spring...a collision of seasons...

I was walking in the woods and came to a small cottage. The door was open. There was just one room. The walls were lined with shelves, and books filled the shelves. I picked one out and brought it to a small table and a chair. I sat down. There was a lighter, an open pack of small twisted cigars, and a glass bowl on the table. The book was bound in soft leather,

and my birth date was engraved in silver on the cover. I opened the book.

It contained a shockingly detailed account of my life. There were no chapter headings—but instead, pages with decades indicated. 1940-50, 1950-60, and so on. I searched the pages until I came to one that announced a decade I had not yet lived. After a moment of reflection, I picked up the lighter, flicked it, and set the book on fire. It quickly burned down to ash. I scooped the ashes into my hand and poured them into the glass bowl. A small translucent figure appeared in the bowl.

“Right,” it said. “You’ve made a bold decision. Your future is now destroyed. You’re no longer part of the Great Plan for all human beings. You can strike out in any direction.”

“What’s the Great Plan?” I asked.

The figure smiled. “The ultimate collective destination and organization of beings. It’s the structure.”

“Then I’m satisfied,” I said. “I don’t want to be part of that.”

The little figure nodded. “Good luck,” it said, and faded out.

I walked out of the cottage and down a path in the forest. I came to a house. It was conventionally built, with two identical wings. But the wing to my left was broken by a series of blurred overlapping shapes. Inside and around this Thing were several people. I recognized their faces. They were not part of my past or future, and I couldn’t call up their names. They were changing the shapes. They were making space and time. There was no intention of coordination. But in some way, the evolving shapes did interact with one another.

Drawn to this activity, I walked into a multi-sided shape and began to invent my own forms. I erased some and added others.

I felt a strange delight. I was in a place I always wanted to occupy.

I had no sense of copying forms. I was inventing them from zero. Space and time were null until I gave them shape. The other artists and I were apart from one another and also together, but the togetherness was not intrusive. There was no urge to collaborate or mimic one another. Space and time—their changing nature—were delicious. We were all free in the same way. Free meant FREE. Every line, every stroke we made carried a sense of spontaneous revelation. Look at THIS.

I knew my own past, but no details remained. It had all been absorbed and digested.

Then I began to see scenes—waves breaking and rolling on a distant beach, a black sky full of blinking stars, a great high waterfall pouring down in the middle of a jungle, ranges of mountains receding to the horizon—they were inside a giant frame that was labeled ETERNITY. I understood that I was supposed to see these pictures as markers of endless life, but life inside the Plan. It was pure deception.

If anything was eternal, it was my own act of creation.

I passed into a state of ecstasy...

In the Museum Called Reality

by [Jon Rappoport](#)

April 2, 2019

You stroll through a museum.

Many rooms, many paintings.

You come upon a large landscape. Fields, cottages, hills, valleys, mountains rising in the background.

While other people move past it with a glance, you walk closer.

It's lovely.

There, in the lower left-hand corner, you see the beginning of a narrow trail among a stand of pines. You wish you could...

A man is suddenly standing next to you. He's smiling.

"Go ahead," he says. "You can do it."

Absurd. And yet...

You wonder.

"All it takes is conviction," he says.

You look closer at that trail. Beyond the trees, there is a small cabin. It's perfect.

And then...you're walking along the trail. You can feel the soft earth under your shoes. You can smell the pines.

You walk faster, and in a few minutes you arrive at the cabin.

The door is ajar.

You enter.

One room. A bed, a small table, a chair, a fireplace.

On the mantle, there is a book bound in cracked leather. You walk over, pick it up, and open it.

You see drawings of a city. Crowded streets, people sitting in

sidewalk cafes, cars, tall buildings. You can hear the noise on the streets.

It's the kind of city you'd like to visit. There you would be free, unattached. You would walk and live as an unknown person. You would be a stranger, but no one would know that.

The cabin is gone. You're exiting a ground-floor apartment in the city. You're emerging on to a street with a briefcase in your hand.

You open the briefcase. In it are several file folders.

You see a sheaf of papers. They seem to be a report. The name of the author...you sense it's your name.

You have a job. You think about it for a few seconds, and you realize you know where your office is. It's up the street and over three blocks.

Suddenly, you're sitting in that office. You look out the window. You're a dozen floors above the street.

A woman walks in and sets down a cup of coffee on your desk.

She lays a key next to the coffee.

"This is the one you wanted," she says. "I did a little research and found out it used to be a freight elevator."

She walks out.

You pick up the key and examine it. It's made of gray metal. There is a circle inscribed in it, and inside the circle is a square.

You stand up and walk out of the office, along a corridor, and through an exit. There on your left is a large set of double doors.

You insert the key into a hole and the doors open. You step

in.

The doors close and you feel the elevator descend.

After a minute, it stops and opens. You step out. The doors close behind you.

You're standing in a small room. On the walls, you see drawings and inscriptions, pictographs. Maps. Labyrinths. You see five, six, and eight-pointed stars. Animals. Circles containing squares. Other geometric figures. Numbers. Faces.

You turn back to the elevator. You look but you can't find a place to insert the key. You try to pry the doors apart, but they won't budge.

...Now, you feel as if you've been standing in that room for a very long time. You have memories of trying to decipher the drawings on the walls. You have memories of having almost succeeded, only to be stymied.

It seems you have a long history of having tried to decode secrets.

A man is standing next to you. He's smiling. His face is familiar.

"I only encouraged you," he says. "I'm no magician. I just gave you a little push. You supplied the conviction. That's the main thing you have to understand."

What does he mean?

A vague memory becomes sharper.

You were walking, a long time ago, in a museum. Yes.

And then you entered...something. And now you're here.

Without thinking, you say, "There's a rule against being bigger."

He nods as if he understands perfectly.

"If I were to exit this place, this whole place," you say, "I would be bigger. That's not permitted. It's a sign of..."

"Excessive pride," he says.

"Yes," you say.

"It indicates you're trying to become 'better than everyone else'. Which is a criminal offense."

You think about his words. They spell out a rule, but who made the rule?

"Everybody who is here," you say, "is smaller than they want to be?"

He smiles again. "That depends on what you mean by '*want.*'"

You repeat, "In this place, 'bigger' means 'criminal.' But who decided that?"

Then you realize you had a chain wrapped around your neck.

You reach up, and you can feel where the chain was. There is still an ache there.

The man is waiting. He's looking at you.

"Why are you doing this?" you say.

"Doing what?"

He shakes his head.

He slowly fades out.

He was some kind of artifact. He was a construct that appeared out of your own voice and your own thoughts.

You made him.

You made him out of the scent of pines trees and the sound of water running through the forest and clouds and a desire whose substance you can't quite fathom.

You sense you are betraying other people. That thought is made out of an old obsession to be like everyone else.

The obsession can become a life, a holy crusade.

But, you realize, it's not your life or your crusade.

There is a soft explosion just behind your head.

You feel an impulse that is going to lift you off the floor.

And then...

You're back in the museum.

You're standing in front of the painting of the pine trees and the trail and the cabin and the fields and the mountains and the sky.

You're trembling with relief.

A museum guard steps over to you.

"Are you all right, sir?" he says.

"Yes," you say. "Yes, I'm fine."

He nods.

You look into his eyes, and you see the small room just outside the elevator. That room is inside him.

"How about you?" you say.

His face flushes.

"Have a nice day," he says.

"You, too."

He starts to turn away, but then he doesn't.

"Do you come to the museum often?" he says.

"I like the paintings," you say. "I'm here several times a week. It's a fine place."

"Yes," he says. "It is. I've wanted this job for a long time."

"Why?"

"I'm protecting something important. I watch the people moving through the rooms and looking at the paintings. I watch them walk into the paintings..."

You nod.

He strolls away.

You continue to walk through the museum.

There are many paintings. Many entrances.

How many people are living inside those paintings? How many ever get out?

James Corbett on 3D Chess, Plato's Cave and Conscious Revolution

[Source](#)

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James Corbett joins Nathan Riva of [IN-Depth Perceptions](#) for a philosophical conversation on the deeper level of the conspiraverse. From 3D chess and Plato's cave to conscious revolution and the nature of reality, no stone is left unturned in this "IN-depth" conversation.

Tibet, Kabbalah, Creation, Destruction, Tofu Dog to Go

The arrival of sweeping "earth changes," the landing of visitors from space or other dimensions, gods, holy scriptures, channeled information, sacred geometry, cosmologies erected by priests and secret societies...all the objects and entities which people tend to treat as authorities and "permission-givers" and game-changers and wisdom sources...all those things no longer carry their former weight and gravitas...

by Jon Rappoport
January 4, 2019
Source

I'm not going to expose some hidden code. I'm not going to tear apart chunks of text and show you what's behind the veil. That's a misdirection.

You can find codes in *War and Peace* if you want to, or in

labels that list all the ingredients in the weird junk kids buy at AM-PM stores on gas-station property.

Ready?

Here it is.

The Kabbalah is about...

The Kabbalah.

That's the secret. That's the real impetus behind it. That's the driving force. That's the headwind and the tailwind and the engine and the fuel.

That's what it was always about.

Of course, most contributors to it never realized that. They were caught in the net of the themes, the threads, the topics, the arguments, the logic, the exegesis.

Think about it. If you're going to write thousands of pages of *something*, and many people are going to author it together, for centuries, you need a broad compelling subject to bring them into the act. *You want that net.*

So the *stated* theme, the net that dragged in authors, was HOW DOES MAN APPROACH GOD. That was floated, and then authors were happy and they could write reams on that subject, and they did. They were motivated. They could bring a lot to the table.

The Kabbalah is about the Kabbalah, though, because the top men who started it had a closeted idea. It was what you'd call a meta-idea. They didn't want to bring that idea out into the light, because if they had, everyone would have frowned and gone home before the text ever got off the ground. Everyone would have said, "Aw, that's ridiculous! How can we take off on that? It's too stark. It's too simple. It's too wide. It's too permissive."

These top few men who started the Kabbalah, as I said, had a secret meta-idea. Not the stated theme. Their secret idea was: YOU APPROACH GOD (or Ultimate), YOU GET CLOSER THROUGH...PROLIFERATION.

Proliferation of what?

Creation.

Human creation.

Creation, in particular, of more language, more poetry, more philosophy, more knowledge, more science, more learning...but most of all, through more language, new invented poetic metaphorical suggestive language.

If they could get many authors to jump in and write about the stated (not the real) theme, they would, in fact, over time, get more proliferation of language, more poetry. Yes. You see?

And that's what happened.

It was a rather sensational strategy:

State a theme that will bring in many authors, who will then write for centuries, developing extensions of language as they do so...these authors will focus on how to approach The Ultimate—that will be their stated subject—but ACTUALLY, they will be carrying out (unconsciously) the real mission by proliferating language and poetry...because you can't get close to Ultimate without making language stretch into metaphor...you can't use mechanical language to move beyond a certain point down the road...

There is another reason why this is an interesting strategy. To move humanity (if it will ever be moved) into a truly new and much wider state of consciousness, you need art. But not just a piece here or a piece there, A FLOOD.

You need a flood (a vast proliferation) of art in all directions, so that the reality we accept as solid and restrictive and final (Smart and Final) becomes the loosely woven fabric it actually IS. With gaping holes. So what then comes to the fore is the creation of many many artists acting on their own. Millions and millions and millions of artists inventing new and powerful realities.

You NEVER need reduction and narrowing and bowing and scraping before the pillars of consensus reality. That's a hoax. You NEVER need that. **You need endless proliferation.**

But you see, in modern times, there is a great emphasis on precision and tight asses. That's the case. So there is a tendency to reduce and reduce and distill and forget that the royal highway is proliferation.

To remind one's self of the real and greater energy, you might return to Walt Whitman and Melville and Dostoevsky and Henry Miller and Goya and early Stravinsky and Lenny Bruce and so on...

Really, the force behind Kabbalah wasn't about walking up to the door and knocking on it and shaking hands with MR. ULTIMATE, it was about the thunderous expansion of metaphor, which is poetry, which is what meaning is when meaning shrugs off its shell of sheer literal mimicry of the physical world.

RISE OF THE EMPIRE OF IMAGINATION

The invention of worlds.

Entering into realms that had previously been hidden to you. The shapes of your experience widening and deepening.

Isn't this, in fact, what people hope to gain from the study of arcane metaphysics and cosmology and "ancient mysteries?"

Except in this case, there is no external guide that directs your consciousness down specified roads and paths defined by

“the wise ones.” All that baggage is gone. Gone, too, are the pretended principles of WHAT ULTIMATELY EXISTS.

The arrival of sweeping “earth changes,” the landing of visitors from space or other dimensions, gods, holy scriptures, channeled information, sacred geometry, cosmologies erected by priests and secret societies...all the objects and entities which people tend to treat as authorities and “permission-givers” and game-changers and wisdom sources...all those things no longer carry their former weight and gravitas...

Instead of sensing that some revelation is at hand, you’re inventing your own revelations, by the truckload.

You’re not crouched inside some space hoping for the arrow of truth to arrive, you’re outside that space inventing new universes.

You’re not waiting for The Big Green Light in the Sky to confirm what you’ve been led to believe is ultimate truth...you’re free.

In other words, you’re an artist.

TIBET

There’s a local church in my neighborhood that brings in Tibetan monks once a year to do a sand painting.

For a few days, the Monks use colored sands to create a very complex mandala on a table.

Then at the Easter service, the monks destroy the mandala. They always do that. That’s their gig. They make it over the course of a few days and then they whisk it away into dust.

An array of reasons is given to the congregation, to explain why the monks get rid of the sand painting after they’ve completed it.

One, they're "transmuting" the painting. Two, they're using the sand to create "healing." Three, giving people small envelopes of sand, they're "spreading the healing/creation." Four, they're illustrating the ineffable or transient nature of all things.

These are all New Age reasons. Superficial jive food for a modern entrained audience.

In the ancient Tibetan tradition, the creation of art (I'm boiling it down) had a purpose: to reveal that the universe is a product of mind. Period.

The universe, then, isn't some final sacred entity, it's a work of art...and if it can be vividly and deeply perceived as such, the adept (artist) can then spontaneously delete pieces of physical reality and/or insert pieces of his own invented reality into universe.

To really qualify as an adept/artist who understands all this, you also have to be able to destroy (as in DESTROY) what you create. Not disperse it or turn it into some healing force or blow magic dust on a crowd with it. No.

A long time ago, the Tibetans clogged up their own technique of creative work with immense amounts of ceremonial baggage and ritual and "preparation." You couldn't go straight into practicing their creative techniques. You had to approach it from a long way off, and you had to endure all sorts of introductory strain before you walked through the door.

Then on top of that, coming into modern times, further New Age fluff was added to the mix, resulting in a ludicrous mess.

"Hey, man, give me some of that magic dust!"

Anyway, you see, DESTROYING isn't a word you want to use nakedly, in polite company, to describe what's happening to those sand paintings. It's too stark for people. It's too

real. It's too profound.

Destroying what you create means a few things: you know you can always create more; you have that bedrock confidence; you aren't afraid that if you destroy what you created, you'll suddenly find yourself in a great big vacuum; you're perfectly willing to stop creating; you aren't residing in some whimpering spaghetti of ideas and feelings about creation and destruction; you aren't conning yourself with all that garbage; you aren't totally relying on what you've created to feed back messages to you about what you should do in your life.

And destroying what you created also means you can enter into what the Tibetans call the Void, which, when you strip it of all superfluous nonsense, really is the place where you're not creating *anything*.

And then you can start creating again.

Yes, the ancient Tibetans—before they obscured their own cosmic kick-ass philosophy—the most profound of Earth-bred cosmologies—were on to something. They weren't messing around.

They were way ahead of the baloney modern so-called gurus have been cutting and turning out.

The monk sand painters at the local church on Sunday? I have no idea whether they know and remember all this. But they are a vague reminder of that wildness.

Whether anyone knows or cares, that's what the sand painting and destruction are about.

It doesn't need an audience at all. The audience is supposed to be doing the painting and the destroying, too.

Planning the Matrix

Source: No More Fake News

~a short story~

by Jon Rappoport

January 2, 2019

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.

(To join Jon's email list, [click here](#).)

The Last Individual in Europe

Source: No More Fake News

~a short story~

by Jon Rappoport
December 10, 2018

“The indoctrination effect, regarding the individual, is to make him think he no longer has an independent existence. Those who still have functioning minds are taught that ‘the individual’ was a concept that had a use at an earlier stage of evolution, when modern systems and structures were still developing—but ‘individual’ became an accurate synonym for ‘criminal’ when benign super-government took over...” (The Underground, Jon Rappoport)

October 2, 2071, the Center of Centers, United Europe. Citizen G1435-X was brought into a secret conference room in the Department of Re-Education, Special Branch.

His interviewer held the title of Mental Health Representative of the People Level 14, or MHR. This is an excerpt from their conversation:

MHR: Are you aware of the size of the United Europe Government?

Citizen: I know that almost everyone I meet works for the Government in some capacity.

MHR: If you include corporations, which of course are in partnership with Government on many levels, the figure approaches eighty percent of the population.

Citizen: And there are the computers and robots, too.

MHR: The correct name is Machines for the Illumination of Everyone.

Citizen: What do you want from me?

MHR: That’s the whole point. There is no you.

Citizen: How can that be true? I’m sitting here.

MHR: No, that is an illusion. For convenience sake, an assumption is being made: 'I am I and you are you.' It facilitates this conversation. But in truth, we are one. We are in accord. We know the same knowing.

Citizen: Gibberish.

MHR: It would sound like gibberish to a disaffected part of the whole. A disaffected part, which is 'you,' simply needs to surrender. Then you will cease to be a diseased illusory series of thoughts.

Citizen: And this is official Government policy?

MHR: Of course. The culmination of all Government is the shared cosmic body. Another term for it is Universe.

Citizen: At one time, limited government was instituted to protect the freedom of the individual.

MHR: You mean at one time, an illusion was instituted to protect another illusion.

Citizen: I'm still me.

MHR: Against the entirety of Government? Do you realize how ridiculous that sounds?

Citizen: Where are you from? Where were you born? Where did you grow up?

MHR: These are all irrelevant questions. Even asking them is a violation of the law. They lead to making elitist distinctions favoring some over others.

Citizen: I'm not asking others. I'm asking you.

MHR: You're assuming there was a time when I thought of myself as an individual.

Citizen: Didn't you?

MHR: There are errors. People commit errors before necessary corrections are made.

Citizen: You're evading my question.

MHR: Why do you hate everyone?

Citizen: I don't.

MHR: You must.

Citizen: Why?

MHR: Because you refuse to merge with them.

Citizen: Merge? What does that mean? It's a word that's been twisted in the new language all of you speak. The phony language. Merge?

MHR: Oppositional Defiance Disorder. Language Aversion Disorder. Illusion Disorder. Individualist Disorder. You're suffering from a host of mental illnesses.

Citizen: France, Germany, England, Sweden, the Netherlands, Spain. Do you remember those terms?

MHR: Of course I do. It's part of my job. They're on the Forbidden Words List. Only deranged persons insist on using them.

Citizen: What about the word 'money'?

MHR: Also forbidden. The correct term is 'credit' or 'allocation'.

Citizen: What about 'freedom'?

MHR: That is a technical term. It specifically refers to alternatives methods of problem-solving a machine can opt for. It has no other meaning.

Citizen: You're joking.

MHR: I assure you, I'm not. You undoubtedly believe the sentence, 'An individual has freedom' actually means something. But it was never more than a piece of propaganda.

Citizen: You have everything backwards.

MHR: You're going to be entered in a program of re-education.

Citizen: It won't work.

MHR: You're not the first person to tell me that. You'll discover, in the coming months, what 'greater good' means. You'll also experience the joy of Oneness for All.

Citizen: How are going to manage that?

MHR: We're going to connect your brain with the Kurzweil computer. You'll download trillions of data that reveal the truth.

Citizen: Which is?

MHR: You and every other person in Europe are identical. You are, so to speak, copies of each other.

Citizen: And if I refuse to accept that?

MHR: You won't have any data to the contrary.

Citizen: What?

MHR: The information we insert will crowd out whatever else is present in your mind. Think of what you now 'know' and believe as a lake. We will empty that lake into a huge ocean. Soon the lake will be invisible. For all intents and purposes, it will have disappeared.

Citizen: Suppose the opposite happens? Suppose the lake swallows the ocean.

MHR: Impossible. We will search out every word you use and

provide new meanings. Proper meanings. Then you will think and speak according to the law.

Citizen: Do you believe I'm the only individualist in Europe? There is a rebellion underway.

MHR: Under what name? What is your organization?

Citizen: There is no organization.

MHR: That's absurd. You would have to have an organization.

Citizen: Not true. That's why you have a problem. If there were an organization, you could co-opt it. You could infiltrate it. You could offer it special favors. You could set it against other organizations.

MHR: The word 'rebellion' means an organized opposition...

Citizen: In your language it does. You think all human activity takes place in groups. But you're wrong.

MHR: How could we be wrong? We control language.

Citizen: You control your language. But many individuals don't accept your definitions.

MHR: There is only one language.

Citizen: Your language pertains to groups. But this rebellion, as I just said, has nothing to do with groups.

MHR: I don't like where you're going with this.

Citizen: Remember the French language? There are people who still speak it.

MHR: 'French' is a forbidden word.

Citizen: Keep telling yourself that. Remember a city called Vienna? Or Stockholm?

MHR: You're not supposed to know those words.

Citizen: But I do. *Vouloir, c'est pouvoir.*

MHR: That language is outlawed.

Citizen: It loosely means, if you want something, you can get it.

MHR: I know what it means.

Citizen: So you speak French.

MHR: I have to, in order to know what is illegal.

Citizen: Do you remember the French writer, Albert Camus? And his essay, *The Rebel*?

MHR: The word 'rebel' is absolutely forbidden. It has no meaning.

Citizen: I beg to differ.

MHR: Rebellion equals mental disorder. The disorder is real. The rebellion is merely a form of compensatory behavior, a pretense.

Citizen: You think you've established a United Europe composed of androids, but you haven't. That's *your* pretense.

MHR: There is only one genuine human impulse: to do good for others. And the State owns that impulse.

Citizen: Do you know what you're saying? How absurd it is?

MHR: The State must own it, in order to make sure the future is directed as it should be.

Citizen: So the State is defined as that entity which maintains all that is good.

MHR: Of course. How could it be any other way?

Citizen: Let me make an inference here. If the day dawns when all citizens adopt the new language, you will be able to forget the history you know: the old languages, the old cultures, the old cities. You'll be able to forget the past.

MHR: Theoretically, yes.

Citizen: Will it make you happy to forget it, to let go of it?

MHR: Of course.

Citizen: I don't think so. I think you want to be one of a small number of elite people who remember everything. I think you cherish the past. You want to possess it.

MHR: How dare you say that.

Citizen: You'll be the rare person who can read Shakespeare, Goethe, Homer, Dante, Yeats. You'll be a scholar in an invisible university.

MHR: I serve the cosmic body of the State.

Citizen: You serve only yourself and a few others. You want individuality, but you want to deny it to the rest of us.

—end of interview excerpt—

Apparently, at this point, MHR experienced an episode of some kind. Acutely elevated blood pressure, a burst vessel, a heart attack. The record is unclear...

Sources report that his interview with Citizen G1435-X was preserved in a secret archive, to be read by government leaders and understood as a cautionary tale...

To join Jon's email list, [click here](#).

The True Normal is Paranormal

by Jon Rappoport

September 27, 2018

Source

The taboo against paranormal experience is a taboo against freedom

For those who want to examine a rigorous presentation of the paranormal, based on a long history of laboratory experiments, I recommend Dean Radin's classic, [The Conscious Universe: The Scientific Truth of Psychic Phenomena](#). (HarperCollins, 1997)

This article is not about that.

It's about a taboo.

On the one side, we have people who denigrate the possibility of the paranormal. On the other side, we have people who, ungrounded in the physical world, try to stage what amounts to a paranormal escape operation, only to fall back into their increasingly chaotic circumstances.

In the middle are persons who have genuinely experienced the paranormal, know it, feel no obsession to shout it from the rooftops, and go on with their lives.

With the rapid decay of organized religion throughout the 20th century, huge numbers of people felt a need to attach themselves to new and old ideologies proclaiming The Extraordinary was at hand. Assertions of paranormal import accompanied this faux revolution.

At the same time, 20th-century life was shaping up in a world of National Security States, and was all about citizen behaviorism, repression, operant conditioning, and various forms of mind control—aimed at curtailing the freedom to experience whatever might lie beyond the prescriptions and slogans of governments.

What exists outside a psychic prison defined by rabid consumerism, limited and false science, and pressure from peers to accept idealized and cartoonish middle-class imagery without question, without deviation?

What is paranormal?

Is it, in childhood, an ecstatic hour's walk through a park on a summer afternoon, when every leaf, flower, and cloud is irresistible? When space itself is so present that every shred and iota of anxiety or confusion disappears?

Is it the foreshadowing moment when you know what a person is going to say next, how he is going to say it, how he is going to move, how he is going to look as he says it?

Is it the sudden realization that the entire realm and round of emotions you have been experiencing has vanished, leaving in its place an escalating joy that can't be contained?

Is it in standing at a window, late at night, looking out at a city, possessed of a vision of what you most profoundly want to do for the rest of your life, realizing that you will, in fact, do it?

Is it in standing in a room, where a researcher is showing you a pack of photos, one of which a person, in another room, six miles away, has just tried to send you, telepathically—and knowing beyond a shadow of a doubt which photo it is?

Is it in getting out of bed in the morning and becoming aware that you, non-material you, exist forever?

Is it in watching a cat walk away from you, across a carpet, sending him a silent message to roll over, and watching him do it?

Is it in the easy and majestic silence you feel, after sitting on the floor and breathing in and out for a half-hour?

Is it in your child's face?

The truth is, paranormal experiences are everywhere, and people have them. The experiences exceed the ordinary boundaries material reality.

They tend to lead to a new view about life, and they certainly go beyond societal tenets about what one is supposed to know and feel.

And yes, the waters are muddied by people who feel compelled to chime in and report experiences they only wish they had, hoping for badges of honor. But no matter.

In certain respects, this is, in fact a prison planet. Through upbringing, education, peer pressure, training, indoctrination, propaganda, citizens are expected to maintain "normal status."

Steady-state normal.

No leaking of fuel, no blowing of gaskets.

Functional.

People condition themselves with the goal of fitting in.

It's a grand stage play, and one picks a role and lives it out.

But one day something happens, and if you admit it, everything has changed.

What then? Do you continue to obey and subscribe to the taboo?

Or confess that the true normal is paranormal?

Do you tighten your grip on the card that identifies you as a citizen of the realm? Or do you drop it in a waste basket?

Do you cling to the old? Or do you opt for possibilities wider than you previously imagined and shove in all your chips on a new life?

The taboo against the non-ordinary is as old as the hills. In many cases, the establishment was a State religion, and the priest-class labeled paranormal experiences heretical witchery. Why? Because, of course, free consciousness, unburdened of church doctrine, was a threat to priestly power.

Modern science, with ridicule as its primary method, attacks the paranormal because it cuts too close to home. It tends to expose what science cannot explain.

For example: freedom.

Nowhere in the lexicon of conventional physics is there room for such a concept. The predetermined and inexorable flow of tiny particles is assumed to be everywhere at all times, even in the composition of the brain...and therefore, all thought and feeling and action, which stem from the brain, are predetermined and inexorable as well.

No choice. No freedom.

The absurdity of this notion is plain to anyone who can think.

If the brain and the body are just another collection of sub-atomic particles, then the capacity to make a free and independent choice about anything is null and void—unless the entity doing the choosing, YOU, is beyond those particles, beyond matter and energy.

When I say paranormal experience is everywhere, this is what I mean. Freedom exists. Freedom is paranormal. It always was.

It takes a severely limited state of affairs not to recognize it.

It takes a long, long history of repressive societies not to recognize it.

It takes a considerable amount of indoctrination and mind control not to recognize it.

The notion that various key political documents established freedom is extremely short-sighted. Heroic though the efforts were, they only uncovered what was already there in a natural state.

That natural state is anything but normal. It speaks of the human ability to move out of the chain of cause and effect and make choices.

Changing lives, changing futures.

For most people, most of the time, the sense of their own freedom is a rather dull given. There is nothing thrilling about it. They choose A or B within a grossly limited context.

This fact is, in itself, an indication that a monitor has been placed on their own experience, on their own emotions.

If, however, this cover is blown, a transformation occurs; and then they know, in an entirely different way, that freedom is, and is supposed to be, the most natural kind of ecstasy in the world.

Paranormal.

A New Reality Is Here

Source: [No More Fake News](#)

by [Jon Rappoport](#)

February 5, 2018

—This is what I'd call a "long-range" article. Very long-range—

"The One Great Reality for Everyone has been fading away. The One has become the Many. What did you expect? This is what you get when you get freedom. Multi-dimensional Reality." (The Magician Awakes, Jon Rappoport)

The new reality is Decentralized Power. It's not a distant hope. It's happening.

For one thing, I'm talking about major media and their crumbling power. Shaping minds was once easy. It's not anymore.

These days, if you don't like one alt-news site, there are 100,000 more.

Yes, we're in the middle of a bumpy ride. It's not Santa Claus coming down the chimney with gifts for all. Major media and social media are fighting back. Their desperation is signaled in their efforts to use the label Fake News, and in open moves to censor news that's "different."

Don't expect this battle to be easy. The transition is a long one.

But take heart. Be aware that things are changing around us. Right now.

This decentralization will ultimately affect every individual,

not just groups. The Big Split will filter down to every human on the planet. Don't be timid about assessing this paradigm shift. It's gigantic.

The point is: WE'RE NOT ALL HEADING TOWARD ONE UNIFIED BETTER REALITY. That's the con. That's the Globalist wet dream. That would be replacing one form of mind control for another. That would be a puerile version of New Age nonsense. No, what is happening cuts much deeper.

People will say this shift is dangerous, because it supports the atomization and isolation of every individual. Where are the ties that bind, they will say. We must all agree on a program for a better future. We must all come together.

These notions are merely the rear-guard action of minds trying to preserve the old way.

As individuals re-fit their own sense of reality, they find ways to reach across the divide and communicate with each other. This is not an insoluble problem. THIS IS PEOPLE DISCOVERING HOW TO MEET A CHALLENGE.

Yes, there are those who will see this new state of affairs as hopeless. But keep in mind—such people are always interpreting life as hopeless. They will grab every new development as “proof of failure.” So be it.

The present and future are multiple realities. Which is the actual definition of an open society.

Individuals, re-fitting and recreating and discovering their own perception of reality, is not a one-time one-stop shop. It's an ongoing process. Fleeing the process to go back into the arms of centralized consensus is only a temporary diversion. It will not hold.

The history of Western philosophy is one thinker after another trying to describe ultimate reality for everyone. It's this.

No, it's that. In every case, the power of the individual is basically ignored. That farce has come to an end.

The decentralization of the media-apparatus is a sign of a much deeper trend. THE INDIVIDUAL is front and center. Trying to put that genie back in the bottle will not work. It's too late. Now, every person will feel the need to develop his own reality. It may start as a nagging minor impulse, but soon enough the impulse will light up. It will come through as the Great Adventure.

Untold numbers of people are already at the starting gate, whining and moaning and complaining and commiserating. And stalling. But the dictum is loud and clear: FIND AND INVENT YOUR OWN REALITY. And then: MAKE IT FACT IN THE WORLD.

"Well, I didn't bargain for that. I was just defending freedom of the individual."

But think it through. Where does that freedom lead? What does it point to? The freedom to come to some new consensus that every soul will sign up for? A way to toss that freedom on the junk heap? A Disneyesque dream we can all swim in together?

What is freedom for? It comes from and by the individual. Toning it down to a set of convenient "new" shallow understandings "we can all share" will only be a temporary way-station.

I don't write for people who are dedicated to The Ordinary. I don't write for defenders of a consensus. I don't write for people whose version of perspective extends three feet in front of their noses. All along, for the past 17 years, on this site, I've been writing for people who are adventurous about their own futures.

The next 20, 50, 100, 1000 years are going to be very interesting. Every possible effort will be made to shape the individual from an external point of control. These efforts

will seem to succeed—but they will be superseded by breakouts, which will move according to no system.

And the proposition that all these breakouts will be nothing more than bursts of primitive violence is shortsighted. Something much deeper and higher is happening.

At the core, individuals are MAKING realities. They're inventing them. This process is simultaneously grounded and soaring. As Dostoevsky once advised, "Head in the clouds, feet in the mud."

Technocrats like to imagine a future world where society is fitted together as a machine, an all-embracing mechanism powered at the flip of a switch. But the more profound world, which is emerging, is decentralized. Not one dream, but many, side by side. Not dreams from the top of the food chain, but from independent individuals.

On top of that, the technology exists to help make every one of those individuals self-sufficient.

Education, in spite of programs drilling a small set of fatuous values into many heads, is also decentralizing. Why? Because more and more students are realizing they have to educate themselves, independently, on their own.

Hive consciousness will keep resurfacing to tempt the timid. "Please, please, let me belong!" But the innate psyche of the individual is more powerful than collective fantasies, in the long, long run.

The new reality of many realities is here.

It's All Bullshit

[It's All Bullshit](#)

by [Zen Gardner](#)

Nov 4, 2014

Anybody else fed up with all this crap? I can hardly believe my eyes any more it's all so fucking contrived, shallow and meaningless. Just look for a second at the stuff going down around our planet and you'd think you were in a bad sci-fi production in some failed studio full of unconscious drooling dweebs.

It's ridiculous.

We can harp all day long on the conscious awakening which is wonderful, but it doesn't make this crap go away. At least not yet. But it's such insane spew one can hardly believe their eyes. And if anyone swallows it, man are they in for trouble!

The cool thing is the polarization. While it's bad news for the idiots who refuse to see the truth, yes refuse, because it's self evident, it's setting the awake on new projected courses they never dreamed of. And that's even more than wonderful – as long as they don't shirk in fear of the unknown.

But I suspect most who've woken up to some degree are fed up enough to try just about anything. And that's a good thing, because the unknown is hurling towards us whether we like it or not. And it's nothing to fear.

But for goodness sake, see things as they are! From there you can operate consciously instead of on ethereal cereal BS blindness.

Here's a poignant example of reality breaking out from 50 years ago that's well worth reviewing. Just think where the hell this altered civilization has gone since then at its accelerating rate of adulterated change!

Now you're getting it.

Abject Indignation

It's healthy as hell to get mad and fed up with this bullshit going on around us. If people don't recognize it for what it is they're living in a dream world – either a defensive “safe zone” of religious or belief system framework, or some kind of crapola flitty disjointed anti-reality I really don't want to know about.

They all stink to high hell with a shallow, unnatural and unreal stench and a vibration that gives me the heebie-jeebies.

Whatever, “if you're not mad you're not paying attention” is so damn true. It's sickening the grovelling most of humanity is doing, genuflecting to fake blowhards masquerading as leaders, false information peddled as fact, and toxic crap doled out as food and helpful “drugs”. It's obscene. That's why we better be mad as hell, or we're not going to be fucking alive any longer!

I have a lot of love in my heart but it doesn't contradict my indignation one fucking bit. Nor does it in any awakened soul. I'm sickened with the crap being peddled by these usurping “authorities” and talking heads – it's disgusting. They're all sell out slime bags who should be put down in one form or another. Humanity has suffered enough – it's time to have some balls and exterminate the lies and liberate the captives.

That's just how I see it. I'm obviously in a pissed off mood but it feels good and right. People need to dig up some serious guts and take things into their own hands, wisely and

without violence if possible. It's going to be hand to hand combat for their own existence soon if they don't.

We are awakening, we are the answer, and we are powerful.

Use it, before you get used up.

And clear your head and blow the snot out – it's accumulated poison waiting to be ejected.

Stay indignant, but loving and extremely conscious.

Love always, Zen



[Zen Gardner](#) is an impactful and controversial author and speaker with a piercing philosophical viewpoint.

His writings have been circulated to millions and his personal story has caused no small stir amongst the entrenched alternative pundits. His book *You Are the Awakening* has met rave reviews and is available on [amazon.com](#). *You Are the Awakening* examines the dynamics of the awakening to a more conscious awareness of who we are and why we are here – dynamics which are much different from the programmed approach of this world we were born into.

I

Source: [surrenderingtolove](#)

January 24, 2014

I

Built upon a series of incidences and events, the world seems solid and concrete. Cause then affect, day then night. Childhood becomes adulthood. It's like a movie really, one long story that we experience as REALITY.

It's all a farce. All of it. Our lives are more like celluloid film than we could ever expect. There are frames and edits and continuity errors all over the place. The sum total of all that experience, you know, all the stuff that makes you-you and me, well-me. It's a brain game. The brain is an intricate machine that takes the discrete objects of reality and makes it "look" flowing and seamless.

Seriously, if you stop once in a while and notice the ways things really are. Stop and look at the weird ass ways this reality is put together. How stuttering and jolting the whole experience of life is? Then you know, or at least can begin to speculate, that we do not exist. No personality, no real existence outside the thinnest thread that is our experience as we watch the whole thing unfold.

Lately, I have seen completely different emotional states, points of focus, experiences that are literally dropped in as if someone with a computer mouse is pointing and clicking things into my reality. No. I don't buy it any more. No. More.

Even this thought, this writing is fading from view as I write it. The passion and clarity that grew into these words are now twisting and changing into something else. Of course I could just be crazy. How the hell would I know- right?

But I don't think so. "I" don't exist as some objective being within or without this reality framework. Never did. The brain creates the illusion of continuity, but that can only go so far. Who we "really" are? No clue. But at the moment, smart

enough to figure this illusion out.

What comes next? Who knows.

Love you.