

The Blockbuster Movie Called Reality

Source: [Jon Rappoport's Blog](#)

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There is always a certain amount of whining and remorse as one enters the theater to see the movie called Reality, after buying the ticket.

“Is this a good idea?”

You can already feel a merging sensation. The electromagnetic fields humming in the theater, even before the movie starts, are drawing you into the space.

Your perception of x dimensions is narrowing down to three.

You take your seat. You look at the note you've written to yourself, and you read it again:

“Don't forget where you came from. Don't forget this is just a movie. Don't fall asleep. The serial time in the movie is an artifact. The binding feeling of sentimental sympathy is an induction. It's the glue that holds the movie fixed in your mind.”

“The movie will induce nostalgia for a past that doesn't exist. Don't surrender to it.”

“You're here to find out why the movie has power.”

“You want to undergo the experience without being trapped in it.”

“The content of the movie will distract you from the fact that it is a construct.”

The lights dim.

On the big screen, against a gray background, the large blue word REALITY slowly forms.

Suddenly, you're looking at a huge pasture filled with flowers. The sky is a shocking blue. You can feel a breeze on your arms and face.

You think, “This is a hypnotic trance weapon.”

Now, the pasture fades away and you're standing on an empty city street at night. It's drizzling. You hear sirens in the distance. A disheveled beggar approaches you and holds out his trembling hand.

He waits, then moves on.

You look at the wet shining pavement and snap your fingers, to change it into a lawn. Nothing happens.

You're shocked.

You wave your hand at a building. It doesn't disappear.

Incredible.

You reach into your pocket and feel a wallet. You walk over to a streetlight and open it. There's your picture on a plastic ID card. Your name is under the picture, followed by a number code. On the reverse side of the card, below a plastic strip, is a thumbprint.

There are other cards in the wallet, and a small amount of paper money. You look at the ID card again. There's an address.

Though it seems impossible, you remember the address. In your

mind's eye, you see a small cottage at the edge of an industrial town. There's a pickup parked in the driveway.

It's your truck. You know it. But how can that be?

You walk toward larger buildings in the distance.

Three men in uniforms turn a corner and come up to you. Behind them emerges a short man in a business suit. He nods at you and holds out his hand.

You know what he wants. You pull out your wallet and give it to him. He looks at the ID card, at you, at the card again.

"You were reported missing," he says.

"Missing from what?" you say.

"Your home. Your job. What are doing here? Are you all right?"

"I'm fine," you say. "I was...taking a short trip. I'm just out for some air."

"In this part of the city?" he says. "That's not smart. We'll take you home. Our car is right over there."

One car sits on a side street. In large red letters printed on the trunk are the words *Care and Concern*.

You walk with the men to the car.

Waves you've never felt before are emanating from it.

Mentally, you try to back up from them. They're targeting your body. You feel a haze settle over you.

In the haze dance little creatures. They're speaking. You try to hear what they're saying.

Now you do. "*Real, real, real.*"

You look at the short man in the suit. He's smiling at you.

Suddenly, his smile is transcendent. It's so reassuring, tears fill your eyes.

But you're thinking, "They built this so I would be lost, and then they found me. I'm supposed to be rescued. I've never experienced being rescued before. I never knew what it meant."

You hear faint music.

It grows louder. As you near the car, you realize you're listening to a chorus and an orchestra. The rising theme is *Victory*.

One of the uniformed men opens the car door.

You nod at him.

"My pleasure, sir," he says.

The music fades away.

The scene shifts.

You're standing next to the pickup in your driveway alongside your cottage.

You're home.

Think, you tell yourself. What's going on?

You recognize your mind is now divided into two parts. The first part registers sensations from this new reality. These sensations are meant to be sorted, in order to answer the question: *How Am I Doing?*

The second part of your mind is entirely devoted to perceiving problems and solving them. Everything at this level is organized to constitute problems.

You were never aware of these two sectors of your mind before.

Where did they come from?

Now, as you walk into your cottage and instantly remember the rooms and the objects in these rooms, an accompanying sensation of Familiarity, slightly out of phase, grows stronger.

You realize, without knowing how, that you're supposed to feel tremendous relief. This is what's expected of you.

It's expected of everyone. They live with one another through the touchstone of the Familiar. They share it like bread.

They keep coming back to it. The Familiar is a sacrament.

It's built in. It's invented through...electromagnetically induced fields. It's stamped on every object in this space...

...In order to suggest you've been here before. To suggest you belong here.

As you look around the cottage, you apprehend a third sector of your mind. You struggle to identify it.

It's the fount of a different kind of perception.

Yes.

You keep staring at the cottage and you see space.

You see space that...

Has been placed here. For you.

And at that moment, there is a small explosion behind your head.

And you're sitting in the theater again.

The movie is playing on the screen. All around you, in the seats, people are sitting with their eyes closed.

You feel a tap on your shoulder. You turn. It's an usher.

"Sir," he says. "Please follow me."

He leads you up the aisle into the lobby, which is empty.

An office door opens and a young woman steps out. She strides briskly over to you.

"You woke up and came back," she says. She gives you a tight smile. "So we're refunding your money. It's our policy."

She drops a check into your hand.

"What happened in there?" you say. "What happened?"

She shrugs.

"Only you would know that. You must have done something to interrupt the transmission."

"And the rest of those people?"

She looks at her watch. "They're probably into their fifth year by now. The fifth year is typically a time of conflict. They rebel. Well, some of them do. They rearrange systems. They replace leaders. They promote new ideals."

"I had such a strong feeling I'd been there before."

She smiles. "Apparently it wasn't strong enough. You're back here."

"How do you do it?" you say.

"I'm sorry," she says. "That's proprietary information. Did you meet your family?"

"No," you say. "But I was in a cottage. It was...home."

She nods.

"If you hadn't escaped, you would have been subjected to much stronger bioelectric bonding pulses. Do you have a family

here?"

You start to answer and realize you don't know.

She looks into your eyes.

"Go out to the street," she says crisply. "Walk around. Take a nice long walk for an hour. You'll reorient. It'll come back to you."

"Why do you do it?" you say.

"Do what?"

"Sell this trip."

"Oh," she says. "Why does a travel agent book a vacation for a client? We're in that business."

You turn toward the exit. The sun is shining outside. People are walking past the doors.

You take a deep breath and leave the theater.

The street is surging with crowds. The noise is thunderous.

You notice you're carrying a rolled up sheet of paper in your hand.

You open it.

It's a non-disclosure agreement.

"If you return from your movie experience, you agree to reveal or discuss, under penalty of law, nothing about its nature, substance, or duration..."

You look at the sheet of paper, make up your mind, and it bursts into flames.