

The Hidden Paranormal People

Source: [Outside the Reality Machine](#)

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NOTE: I've combined several pieces here. In various ways, they're connected.

ONE: A LESSON IN DIVISION AND ITS OPPOSITE

Conventional physics argues that all the tiny particles which make up the universe are:

Neutral and unconscious and dead—

And yet, say these same physicists, the brain, which is only a collection of such particles, is conscious.

The absurdity of this contradiction can only be sustained by monopolistic authority.

Consciousness is as non-material and paranormal as paranormal can be.

Without it, obviously, we would not be communicating right now. We would not be here. We would not Be.

Categories like telepathy, ESP, clairvoyance, and telekinesis don't tell the whole story. They're just a pale reflection of the fact that Existence itself is paranormal.

Consensus reality, on the other hand, is a stage play based on the notion of "normal."

So here we are, and we're all paranormal, and we're living in

a normal world. If that isn't a joke, if that isn't a sickness, if that isn't a conspiracy, what is?

The Matrix can spawn one Agent Smith after another, like a machine turning out products, and still the incalculable and magical fact of consciousness endures beyond the machine.

The stage play called reality is dedicated to top-down control, because consciousness, if unleashed as creative power, if allowed to flourish, would explode the stage flats and take us out into an open sky of such varied magic it would ring in a multiverse of unpredictable beauties...none of which require supervision from the psychopaths behind the curtain.

Making life into a machine is the goal of elites. We, on the other hand, see something else.

We don't need to define what that is in a lab. We certainly don't need to develop algorithms that purport to define what we are.

...Forty years ago, I was hired to tutor a young girl in arithmetic. She was having trouble with long division. She was in sixth grade, she was extremely bright, but she couldn't do division. This is what I was told.

So one night I walked into a very large house in West Los Angeles. The mother, tall and thin, a remote ghost, led me into a cavernous living room, in the center of which sat her daughter, at a small table.

The mother gestured vaguely and glided off into unknown rooms and left the two of us alone.

I sat down. I gave the girl a couple of division problems to work, and she couldn't. She grimaced.

"Don't worry," I said. "We'll fix it."

I asked her to explain what she was confused about. I wanted

to get her to talk. She thought about it and recalled a few experiences in arithmetic, from third grade.

I sat there and listened. As she talked, she raised her head and started looking at me. There we were, in a huge quiet house, a dead house, two people, two strangers.

Something clicked. She began smiling.

She said, "I can read very well, but I can't do division."

I smiled, too, because it seemed there was a joke here, and it had nothing to do with math. It had to do with her whole life, the house, her parents.

Neither of us quite knew what was going on, but we were in the moment.

Without thinking, she said, "I'm in prison."

She laughed.

I said, "Right now, I don't why but I feel like I'm in prison, too."

We both laughed.

That was all it took.

I brought her back to the beginning of division, started from the bottom, and we worked our way up to more complicated problems. It took about an hour and she was fine.

I felt like we were two undersea divers, our oxygen lines were crossed and pinched, and we'd worked out the kinks. We could breathe again.

After that, we talked about her school, my days in school, teachers. She mentioned tomatoes. She said she was growing them in the back yard.

She took me through a few large rooms into the yard, turned on the pool lights, and we walked along a path to her garden, by a high fence.

The vines were tall, and the red tomatoes looked splendid.

We walked back and sat down at a table by the pool and looked at the water. All of a sudden, things shifted. The night sky was wide open. I could feel the air on my face. I could smell flowers.

"It's a nice yard," I said.

She nodded. "I'm reading everything Charles Dickens wrote," she said.

"Why?" I said.

"Because it doesn't seem to end," she said.

I thought about it.

"Some things are like that," I said.

"No," she said. "Everything is like that."

I looked at her.

She was smiling. Her face was radiant.

"Remember what you just said," I said.

"I will," she said.

She put out her hand. I shook it.

That was the end of the lesson.

I'll always remember it.

Magic.

TWO: THE HIDDEN FIRE OF ANCIENT 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 memorized complex mandala on a large table.

At this service on Easter, the monks destroyed the mandala. They always do that. That's their gig. They make it and then they whisk it away into dust.

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

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

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

In the ancient Tibetan tradition, the creation of art had a much deeper and wilder purpose: to reveal that the universe is a product of mind. Period. The universe isn't some intrinsically 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. Magic.

This was the core of Tibetan thought, and it was brought to the country some 1400 years ago by rebel teachers from India.

UNIVERSE IS A PRODUCT OF MIND. THEREFORE, YOU CAN SPONTANEOUSLY AND MAGICALLY ALTER REALITY.

The ancient Tibetans weren't fooling around. They weren't about worship or self-effacing religion. And they weren't

just claiming a person could manifest a desire in the physical world. Of course that could be done. They were going light years farther.

They were saying the universe, at the deepest level, wasn't really an interlocking system of energies. No, it was a creation of mind. The whole thing was, in that sense, one work of art. Just one. Universe is one work of art among an infinity of possible works of art.

To really qualify as an adept, you had to be able to destroy (as in DESTROY) what you created. Not disperse it or turn it into some healing force or blow magic dust on a crowd with it. No. You had to be cheerfully willing to destroy what you create. Otherwise, you would be caught in tangle of diminishing power, fueled by your precious and careful attitude about your own inventions.

Yes, these people were riverboat gamblers. They were shoving in all their chips. They were tough and determined and innovative to the nth degree.

Nothing like them had ever been seen on the face of the Earth.

Two authors are indispensable to understanding what was really going on in Tibet all those years ago. John Blofeld and Alexandra David-Neel. Read Blofeld's *The Tantric Mysticism of Tibet* and any of David-Neel's books about her travels in Tibet, including *With Mystics and Magicians in Tibet*.

Of great importance is Blofeld's description of a practice he translates as "Deity Visualization." The Tibetan student is given a very precise "personage" to create in his mind, down to the last detail of accoutrement. Presumably, this information was relayed to him through a painted mandala.

The student would then retire into isolation, and for months, perhaps years, he would work on this "interior painting," in his imagination. If he was finally able to hold the complete

image together, mentally, he would be done with phase 1.

Then, phase 2, and the imagined personage would seem to come to life. It would become the student's friend, his ongoing guide, his advisor. The teacher would watch this joyous interaction between the student and the "personage," and when he saw the student was starting to rely on his new best friend, he would tell the student: DESTROY IT.

This third phase, it was said, was harder than the original task of creating it.

If the student could move through all three phases, he would realize that universe IS a product of mind...and he would be able to impact universe spontaneously. Making things disappear, re-appear, inventing "new pieces" to insert into physical reality.

No ceremonies, no allegiance necessary.

However, as always happens, the priests moved in.

Then the Tibetans clogged up their own fantastic technique of creative work with immense amounts of baggage and ritual and "preparation." The student had to approach magic from a long way off, had to endure all sorts of hardship. In Tibet, the theocracy took over and buried the core of the teaching.

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

Yes, the ancient Tibetans—before the priests obscured the most profound of all Earth-bred cosmologies—were on to something enormous.

The monk sand painters at the local church on Sunday? I have no idea what they remember about their real tradition. But they are a vague reminder of that wildness and actual wisdom.

Whether anyone knows or cares, that's what the sand painting

and destruction are about.

There is much more to say about all this, and in various venues I have and will be saying it. Based on this ancient Tibetan fire, I've developed a number of techniques that move toward the original Tibetan goal. (See my collection, *Exit From The Matrix*.)

There is a great deal of nonsense and underbrush to clear away, to establish a new mystery school—where the mystery is out in the open.

THREE: CIA MEMORIES, PART 2

CIA Memories Part 2

Fiction

NOTE: A patient presently confined to the Sleight Center psychiatric facility believes he is the director of the CIA. He also believes he is living in the year 2053. He is writing CIA memos to "his own top people."

Memo: July 7, 2053

Dear All:

The other day I wrote this: "There is now no doubt that we have become victims of our own manipulations of time. I find myself in different periods, depending on the day. And not by choice." I would now revise that statement. I am shifting identities, and each identity carries its own time signature. That is a different situation. Obviously, I have many legends and cover stories I developed over the years in the Agency. At some point, the covers began to take on new force. They ceased being simple disguises. They penetrated past and future. This is a theatrical quality. For example, I found myself reading documents which hadn't yet been written.

This is the beginning of something. See, I don't think I'll be coming back to this place after I leave. I don't think

so. I don't know where I'll go, but it won't be here. There is one thing I need to do while I'm still here. I need to sever my last connection. That connection has to do with secrets. Secrets still fascinate me. So I'll have to take the lid off and go down that hole into the massive cave and spill all the secrets I find there. Messages about the secrets. Some of them are very complicated. That's not a problem. I'm ready. I'm ready to deliver those messages. For example, the one about the person who thinks he is me, who imitates me, who accesses records about me, in order to build his legend. I assume he is the current CIA Director, posing as me. I would pose as me, too, if I could. After all, I have a great deal of knowledge. I'm rather handsome. I'm facile. My enemies fear me. Most of you don't know this, but at the Agency we have a number of doubles who are posing as employees. Don't ask me where the actual employees have gone. I don't know. I don't keep track of that. Apparently, someone wants to take over the Agency and is doing so at a slow pace. Replace an agent here, an agent there. On the other hand, and this is what really interests me, the replacement program could stem from the desire to improve the Agency. Bring in new and improved doubles, as an upgrade. Produce androids. This is the future. 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.

That's where I am now, except I'm confined. But that will end. I'm not unhinged. I'm lucid. And I consider my options. When I was officially serving as Director, I made sure conflicting messages were broadcast in the press. This

is the straightest path to sowing confusion in the public mind. Confusion leads to despair, and despair leads to inaction. Does that sound like the work of a crazy man? I knew exactly what I was doing. Just as I do now. Think about it. I can communicate with you, my top people at the Agency, can't I? They can't stop me. So I'm still the de facto Director of the CIA. They may have my double over there sitting in my chair, but I supersede him. He thinks he's me, but I know I'm me.

Remember when we got rid of Nixon? We worked through our cutout at the FBI, and he worked with Woodward. Woodward peeled away the layers of the onion on that story. But the whole story was already in the bag. It was a preordained conclusion that Nixon would leave the White House. We had to make it look like an investigation, a sequence. We do that for the rubes and yokels. We give them sequence, but time is already collapsed. We work with time, ladies and gentlemen. That's our forte.

With JFK, we were aiming for shock value. The sudden explosion of a shot, to induce public trauma. But with Nixon, we spread it out. We can go either way. We destabilize. That's one of our primary missions. They've tried to destabilize me, but they've failed. I'm stronger than ever. The psychiatrists at this facility think they're experts at creating imbalance, but they don't have a clue who they're dealing with. From the beginning, I was suckled on an unpredictable nipple. Here today, gone tomorrow. I absorbed the lesson.

Above all, we must remember, when we're fighting enemies, they are the people to whom we gave life. We invented them. We brought them up. If we lose that knowledge, we lose everything.

We turn out reality. We make it up. Through our agents and assets and cutouts, we disseminate the truth as we create it.

If we say the sky is falling, the sky is falling, even if it isn't. We have the means to build a world, a universe. Why wouldn't we build it? Should we shrink back from our duty? There is no actual world. It's an indefinable mix of people and events. It has no form. We give it form. We give it meaning. It's not our fault that people can't achieve that on their own. Remember, when the ancient Roman Empire was crumbling, because it couldn't control all the territory it was conquering, it changed course. It decided to shape a Church that would construct a cosmic order according to a story line it invented. It would thus control minds. That was the great change. Why use armies when words and pictures and theatrical presentations shape thought itself? We are our own Church. We still use political subversion and military force, but on the whole we are dealing with mental processes. We slip in unnoticed and re-constitute belief and opinion and perception.

Given enough time, and adequate personnel, we could convince the population that the world is made of jelly beans. Why not? Atoms, electrons, protons, nuclei, quarks—all dead, all in motion according to inexorable laws. They therefore eliminate the possibility of consciousness. It's already a jelly bean cosmology...