

The Metaphysical Dream and Reality

Source: Jon Rappoport's Blog

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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...