

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

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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.

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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.