

**The Secret Behind Secret Societies**  
**Volume 3**  
**"The Magician Awakes"**  
by Jon Rappoport

**CHAPTER 1**  
**FILM, REALITY, CRIME, AND THE AGENT**

I once submitted a science fiction story to an agent in New York. His response was, "While the writing itself is excellent, your story wanders all over the map. It should, instead, quickly introduce a conflict which threatens survival, and your hero should set off to solve the conflict."

The agent was essentially saying there is a formula that mirrors real life in some way. I would disagree. The formula is actually about what makes people feel comfortable, because it reduces life to a manageable set of circumstances which, in the end, are resolved in a satisfying way.

There is an even more basic assumption that underlies this formula: time.

Time as a series of events that seem to present a beginning, middle, and end.

This is really what we are addicted to. ADDICTED TO.

We want to witness a compression of time, in which the beginning, middle, and end are exciting and always give a resolution.

Film is about time. We can watch it unfolding. We can wonder about how things will turn out. We can find out.

Whenever, in a theater, or in life we encounter what appears to be a different version of time, we retreat. We feel confusion and perhaps disgust.

We attribute this disgust to having to watch an UNNATURAL unfolding---or worse yet, no unfolding at all.

Think about this.

We are conditioned to believe (and ultimately we are both the conditioners and the conditioned) that reality is a kind of coin that presents, on one face, a problem, and on the other, a solution.

We think this is life, this is the way life is supposed to work.

I'm talking about HEAVY CONDITIONING.

This is conditioning coming from us, and from outside sources as well.

If you took a film like *The Firm* and cut it up randomly and then showed it to an audience, most people in the theater would walk out.

They would say, "It wasn't about anything."

As if SOMETHING, on the other hand, was the only way.

Beginning, middle, and end.

And yet, in our sleeping dreams, we often experience events far more vivid than so-called real life. And these dream events are not stacked up in a familiar serial fashion.

In fact, and this is a kind of heresy, perhaps the very "out-of-sequence" nature of dream events is part of what gives the dream its force.

A dream, one could say, is a relaxing of the rules.

A dream is a kind of crime, if one adheres to the normal notions of time.

It is no accident that the Roman Church has tended to look at dreams as potential visitations from the Devil.

The Devil is the one who re-sets time in a different fashion.

Freud and his followers also gave a serious spin to dreams. Dreams are symbolic occurrences that connote a problem rooted deep in the human psyche.

Therefore, the scrambled time in the dream is actually a reflection of fear of facing “the real problem.”

Therefore, out-of-sequence events in the dream are in no way an ELEVATION to an alternative way of seeing time.

It is as if an unending jolt in prison was seen as normal, and an attempt to escape was a criminal act.

Now...we are all prone to bitch and moan about ANY commentary that is not essentially practical and down to earth. I realize that. Believe me.

I suggest, however, that at the root of this discomfort is exactly what I'm writing about here. Time. The acceptable formula of time. The beginning, middle, and end. The problem and the solution as a straight-line proposition. THESE THINGS ARE WHAT WE WANT AND WE WANT THEM NOW.

Well, prison life is all about what we need and want right now. We are sure we can only get what we want right now if we focus entirely on those things.

And thinking this, we ask for magical answers. We want, for example, to know what magical thought we can think that will instantly deliver to us what we really want. Today. Tomorrow.

In other words, we want a pat formula that will deliver to us the formula of time that turns out in a very happy way for us.

The formula for the formula.

We tend to view anything else as a distraction and as unnatural, as if we are being asked to perform a sex act that we find repulsive.

Or even worse, we tend to think, “Okay, if you want me to do something weird that challenges my comfortable view of reality, then I want results right away. I want a new car or a new house or an island with a mansion and a boat to pop out of the hopper.”

Well, what is it that the usual brand of self-help guru offers us?

Instant success.

The one-minute manager. How to become an instant millionaire.

How to buy property with no money and make a hundred grand in four months.

These gurus tell us to get outside the box and follow their formulas and then they promise us instant success. They offer a trade-off: give up your normal thought pattern and achieve immediate results.

To extend the prison metaphor, this is like saying, STOP THINKING OF YOURSELF AS A PRISONER AND TOMORROW MORNING A LONG ROPE WILL APPEAR IN YOUR CELL AND YOU'LL BE ABLE TO SLIDE DOWN THE PRISON WALL AND ESCAPE. IF NOT TOMORROW, THEN NO LATER THAN THE NEXT DAY.

Delivered in a somewhat more complex fashion, this was the message of the celebrated film, The Shawshank Redemption. And the payoff was money and, if not an island mansion, at least a beach and a boat and freedom.

The finely tuned plot of that movie moved us right along through a beautiful time progression, and the outcome was what we all really wanted.

Beginning (false arrest, imprisonment), middle (secret scheme to escape), and end (triumph and freedom).

A straight line, albeit with twists and turns in the rope, from bad to good.

Here is a fable: a man just 22 years old moves to a city and discovers that homes in the city are very underpriced. He gets a few partners, and together they buy up 20 houses and they fix them up and they sell them. With the new infusion of cash, they buy bigger homes and they hold on to them for 15 years. Eventually, they sell them, become millionaires, and they buy an island and build several mansions on the island. They marry wonderful women and raise kids and live on the island and sail and water ski and fly, in their private plane, all around the world.

Good?

Eventually, they all get sick (as they age), and they die.

And the question is, is that all there is?

Is that success?

Is that happiness?

Is that the best life has to offer?

Is that the prime beauty of life?

Is that straight line they followed from youth to old age the best way to go?

Is that what we're here for?

Is that it?

Is that called escaping from the prison?

Is that your best dream?

On his deathbed, one of the old men suddenly recalls a dream he had when he was 20 years old. In the dream, he was flying over a building in a strange city, and he felt a tremendous surge of ecstasy---and he now realizes THAT IN THAT DREAM, HE FELT MORE JOY THAN AT ANY OTHER TIME IN HIS WHOLE LIFE.

And he thinks to himself, as he lies in bed dying, "That's strange. The dream wasn't part of the straight line I took from poverty to success. It wasn't part of the FORMULA OF TIME I believed in."

And he feels cheated.

He feels he cheated himself.

And then he thinks, "Up to this moment, I believed I was a child of God and that, after death, all my questions would be answered and all my lack, whatever there is of it, would be filled in by a great old man living in the sky who sits on a throne and has a beard and a chalice---but now I see that isn't so. It's not that I'm going to disappear. No, I'm immortal all right, but I'm not going to that throne to receive my final joy. No. Something else is going to happen. I don't know what it is---but as I lie here, I can see space and time---what I thought was space and time---evaporate like a curtain. And as the curtain evaporates, I see that one of my central illusions was THE STRAIGHT LINE. It was a fantastic illusion. I helped foster that illusion, BECAUSE I THOUGHT THE STRAIGHT LINE WAS THE ONLY WAY I COULD FIND HAPPINESS."

And then his body dies and he floats off.

And still, faced with this fable, we want to say, "Give us the direct line from A to Z. Give us the formula, because formulas and systems are all there are. Don't fool us with PHILOSOPHY. Give us the straight line. Tell us how to do it. Tell us how to be as happy as the happy people we see on TV. They must have some secret. We want to know what it is. Now."

I'm suggesting that there is another way. This other way is not becoming dumb or crazy. It's not giving up our plans and strategies. But it's different. It taps into, perhaps, other dimensions. Perhaps we are always tapping into other dimensions and we hide that from ourselves.

Perhaps the most ultimate secret society of all engineered what has become known as reality: the straight-line approach. Perhaps that is the ultimate trap. Perhaps the very formula suggested to me by the agent IS the trap: create in your mind a picture of success/joy in which you must see the main problem facing you, overcome it, and then occupy the promised land.

Think about it. When you move STRICTLY from problem to solution, what happens? A new problem pops up and then you solve that. And then, again, another problem and another solution. And after awhile, your ability to solve problems seems diminished. You tire. You are pushing the rock up the hill with your nose, and the excitement you feel about life is draining away.

You are the general in a war that always seems to provide new battlefronts. You win here, and then over there the enemy rises up with a new division.

I am saying this is by DESIGN.

I'm saying this is the prison.

I'm saying this is a very clever way to encompass (ENCOMPASS) all your efforts.

What is a prison? A place that, despite your best efforts, encompasses and surrounds everything you do. You make a breakthrough over and over but the basic walls still hem you in.

In the case of consciousness itself, the prison is a methodology of dealing with events which, finally, ends in a HABIT REFLEX.

THE HABIT REFLEX IS THE STRAIGHT LINE APPROACH.

FIND THE MAIN PROBLEM AND SOLVE IT, AND THEN FIND THE NEXT PROBLEM AND SOLVE IT, AND SO ON.

In the movies, we obtain a short cut of time in which the hero does, in fact, do what we are all trained to do. He solves the main problem---and then the film ends. He succeeds brilliantly at exactly the task we are programmed to accomplish---he does it better

than we can.

On TV and in books and in the movies, we see thousands and thousands of such cuts, such episodes in which the hero does this. That's why we are addicted.

We see the perfect example of what we are trying to do.

Which, when you think about it, is a very high level of mind control.

We watch exactly the kind of triumph we are programmed to want.

We are living in a matrix where it APPEARS that this is the only way to proceed.

And so we consent. We give in.

We say, "What could we do other than this?"

We say, "I can't think of any other way to proceed."

We say, "If you have another way to go, tell us what it is and make sure it works by tomorrow."

And so I offer this as an extension of THE FORMULA OF THE SECRET SOCIETY that I described in volume one: DESIGN A REALITY THAT LOOKS LIKE A SERIES OF HILLS AND VALLEYS MADE UP OF PROBLEMS AND SOLUTIONS; HABITUATE PEOPLE TO THE IDEA OF FOLLOWING THIS COURSE OF ACTION---FINDING A PROBLEM AND SOLVING IT, OVER AND OVER; EVENTUALLY CREATE A STATE OF MIND IN WHICH HUMAN BEINGS CAN'T IMAGINE ANY OTHER WAY TO PROCEED; HUMANS WILL THEN LOOK TO AN AUTHORITY TO SOLVE THEIR PROBLEMS FOR THEM OR GIVE THEM ANOTHER WAY TO PROCEED; ULTIMATELY, THEY WILL NOT RECEIVE REAL SOLUTIONS AND THEY WILL NOT RECEIVE ANOTHER WAY TO PROCEED.

This is the gridlock we must break.

If you feel like resisting what I'm saying here, in this chapter, GOOD!

This is not a book written with the idea of obtaining your agreement. It is meant to challenge and get you to think and explore.

This is a book I hope will get you to make notes and devise your own plans.

I'm going for the big stuff here. A revolution of consciousness that

results in major changes for you, for us, and for the world---even if that looks impossible.

If it is impossible, what do we have to lose? And if it's possible, it's the most important thing we can put our shoulder to.

I offer this as a construct for you: imagine a secret society that, billions of years ago, designed a space-time-energy continuum in which problems and solutions would become the primary mode of operation for everyone living in the continuum.

This secret society...do you really think it cared about WHAT PARTICULAR problems were posed and faced and solved or not solved?? Of course it didn't.

It only cared that the continuum would appear as a kind of rolling carpet of problems that demanded solving.

It only cared that the inhabitants of this continuum would be completely absorbed in facing problems and trying to solve them.

Why?

Because that would be enough. That would be enough to capture the consciousness of the masses.

Heck, they could have designed a continuum in which there was just one great big glowing object and nothing else. They could have banked on the idea that everyone would just stare at this object forever and fall into a trance.

But that's less likely to work in the long run.

They wanted something far more complex and intriguing.

Expand this construct of the secret society and make it into a kind of phony vacation hype artist (hope you saw the film Total Recall).

TAKE A VACATION IN THE SPACE TIME CONTINUUM.

THIS ONE IS FANTASTIC.

YOU WON'T COME HOME BORED.

THE KIDS WILL LOVE IT.  
YOU'LL GET PROBLEMS TO SOLVE.  
TEST YOUR CLEVERNESS AND RESOLVE.  
CAN YOU SOLVE PUZZLES? YOU'LL LOVE THIS VACATION.  
THRILLS AND CHILLS.

So you sign up and take the ride.

The door closes behind you. In for a penny, in for a pound.

Ha ha. It turns out this isn't really a vacation at all. It's a drip-method hypnosis machine, and you're getting sucked in. You're solving problems like crazy, and after awhile you're forgetting where you came from and you're forgetting that this is a temporary vacation and you can't find the door to go back where you started.

Now why would a secret society want to do that to you?

Because it has its own game.

HOW MANY ETERNAL SOULS CAN WE CONTROL?

WHAT'S THE BEST WAY TO ROPE THEM IN?

## CHAPTER 2 ARMAGEDDON FOX TROT

Here is a piece I posted on [nomorefakenews](#) on April 8, 2004. I'll have some additional comments at the end...

*APRIL 8, 2004. Articles in Harper's and the Atlantic Monthly reveal that Cheney and Rumsfeld have been key players, since the Reagan administration, in a secret plan to provide continuity of government in case of a nuke attack from the USSR.*

*Talking bunkers and huge installations where major gov honchos would go. From which they would take over the reins of power without a Congress (too much trouble).*

*The plan was activated on 9/11. Bush was flown to Offcutt AF base in Nebraska, where, get this, he found a charity event was underway featuring biggies from US corporations. Quite a coincidence.*

*In fact, the US Business Roundtable has managed to obtain secure comm links to the fed gov for major CEOs. These links would be used in a dire emergency, when a terrorist attack decapitated the fed gov.*

*Like Reagan, the current Bush prez has very strong ties to certain militant end-times fundamentalists (not talking Muslims) who see biblical predictions of the end of the world as imminently factual.*

*And we just happen to be awash in Mel these days---the billion-dollar movie about the last hours of Jesus, who, according to the end-times folks, will take up to heaven all true born-again in the 11th hour---while the rest of us suffer great tribulation below.*

*Try this on for a subliminal equation: The Passion of the Christ=the end of the world= the Armageddon Plan for continuity of government= the 9/11 commission=the election=the chaos in Iraq= the "dark forces of Islamic jihad"=Easter=Bush, the chosen one=the "moral threat to the way of God" (gay marriage)=the confirmation of life on Mars (a fact that threatens the very world view of many fundamentalists)..*

*Such equations are meant to mobilize the hearts, minds and souls of true believers in the Great Crusade: a myth for the ages.*

*At a higher level, this particular equation is meant to polarize the nation into true believers vs. those who automatically reject the "wisdom" of such Armageddon imagery.*

*This neatly falls out into Demos vs. Repubs...and you have a subliminal subconscious force that gets people to move into one camp or the other.*

*Thus preserving the illusion of choice and open competition.*

*Called an election.*

*Symbolically, Condi Rice plays the role of the "former slave" who "now sees the wisdom of her masters."*

*In case you hadn't noticed, all this is a stage play, co-written by secret societies and our own minds.*

*The subconscious equations are not meant to be logical; they are meant to be impactful.*

*Meanwhile, of course, we are smack in the middle of the prez campaign between two members of Skull and Bones.*

*Million and millions of people who surf the internet and listen to programs like Coast to Coast AM are becoming aware of this fact, and the spillover into the mainstream is happening as we speak.*

*Of all people, the furrowed-browed Tim Russert recently asked Bush about Skull and Bones, and the president declined to comment.*

*Declined to comment? A sitting president who took a sacred oath to the most powerful secret society in America at a university which functions as a prime feeder line into the CIA, an agency once run by the president's father, refuses to comment?*

*H e l l o?*

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*===== end of posted article*

Okay, here are the additional comments...

Just about any trend or thought or behavior or viewpoint can be co-opted by controlling elites.

Look at the subliminal equation above. Consider the range of the events and facts and ideas embodied in that equation.

How is that equation co-opted, taken over?

You need a bin for it.

A place for it to go.

An important place.

Otherwise, it just floats.

Think of that equation as a plastic ball that is placed into a funnel at the top of a large plastic case.

As the ball falls, it can settle and stop in a little compartment formed by pegs.

In this case, what is that compartment?

It's the Democrats vs. Republicans compartment.

Very neat.

At that point in time, as the plastic ball stops, the powerful emotions stirred up under the surface take form and shape.

They become: I'M VOTING FOR X (OR Y).

Of course, X and Y are really two heads on the same body.

In 2004, the two heads are skulls.

You could call this FUNNELING.

THERE IS NO WAY TO ESCAPE THIS FUNNELING EFFECT UNLESS YOU STEP OUTSIDE THE WHOLE GAME THAT IS EMBODIED IN THE LITTLE PEG-SHAPED COMPARTMENT.

But if we are studiously devoted to (hypnotized by) the problem-solution format, we will tend to stay in that compartment and try to resolve various issues by choosing one skull or the other.

We will also believe that, if we step outside the problem-solution format, we will have NO supporting infra-structure through which we can express our insight.

We will feel confused and powerless.

Yes, well, that is the whole point. To make us feel we can't make any kind of progress unless we adhere to the format.

And that is where imagination comes into play.

Not particularly my imagination. Your imagination.

Imagination is not, strictly speaking, part of the format. It is beyond format.

We tend to say, "If imagination is the ultimate answer, then let someone else's imagination work it out. Wake us up when it's done."

We say, "Solve the whole thing for us."

That is like a child saying, "I can't reach up to the shelf to get the candy. It's too high. Do it for me, daddy."

The child is absolutely certain he can't get to the shelf.

This is what happens when we put our imaginations on the back burner for thousands of lifetimes.

## CHAPTER 3

### THE EYE, THE MIND, THE IMAGINATION

*"It's one thing to intellectualize the truth; it's another thing to really see it."*

Makes sense. But why is seeing so important?

We intuitively suppose that, underneath our illusions, we can SEE the world as it really is. We have that capacity.

This seeing has an immediacy. And when we experience it, we are enlightened. Whereas, when we just think about "the world as it really is," we're "in our heads." Which is just another illusion, we assume.

Seeing is part of direct experience, and we tend to believe it is that direct experience we are all after.

That's what we want.

We want to wake up in the morning and open our eyes and see the world as a glorious place full of possibilities and joy.

This experience, we believe, is far greater than waking up with some vague thoughts about a joyous world.

I would agree.

But is seeing a world full of glorious possibilities the be-all and end-all?

Or, to put it another way, can we retain that marvelous level of perception from hour to hour, day to day, year to year, decade to decade?

Is there something inside us that wants to cast off even THAT continuing perception?

And if so, why?

Is it just that we are incurably dissatisfied? Incurably neurotic?

Or is the rebel in us a clue to an even greater power within, a power that will never be denied?

Is our mercurial and rebellious nature part and parcel of this greater power within?

These are all deep questions, and the answer to them is a virtually undiscussed aspect of philosophy, in the highest sense.

Suppose, one day, you suddenly realized that you were creating reality around you. Suppose, one second after that realization, magically, every single dissatisfying piece of reality vanished like a wisp of smoke, and you then saw the world as a fantastically beautiful place.

Would you be “home?” All the way? Would there be anything left to do beyond living in that new fresh moment-to-moment happiness?

There would.

Because, if your moment of insight came as a result of realizing that you were creating reality, part of what you were seeing was the inherent power of your CREATIVITY.

What would you do with that awesome force after that? Would you let it lie dormant forever? COULD you let it lie dormant forever?

No.

Letting it lie dormant would like letting your love for another person sit on the shelf and gather dust.

ALL PHILOSOPHIES AND SPIRITUAL SYSTEMS THAT STATE THE PERCEPTION OF “THE WORLD AS PARADISE” IS ENOUGH ARE MISTAKEN.

They grasp only part of the big picture.

You can't sit on your imagination and your creativity forever.

If you try, you'll sooner or later run into problems, and the beauty of the world as you experience it will begin to fragment.

In attempting to fully realize yourself, you need to utilize your creative power.

Why? Because that power is such an inherent part of what you are and what you do.

If you go back and read this chapter from the beginning, you'll see that what I'm making here is a commentary that has implications for a whole host of systems that purport to define the search for truth as a road that ENDS when you finally perceive the world as a paradise.

That's not the way it works.

That's not the way it is.

Only one traditional system on this planet, historically, put imagination and creativity in the absolute foreground of the search for complete enlightenment.

Tibet.

And that system eventually surrounded itself with so much ritual and ceremony that its core was nearly buried.

I now want to refer you to a chapter in volume one of this three-volume work. It is chapter 95, and it describes an exercise I invented. I want to expand my commentary on it. (That chapter will eventually be posted as part of volume one.)

I came to this exercise as a result of conducting many interviews with people in my work as a reporter.

I found that, in some cases, after a certain point in the interviews, people began to loosen up. They talked more freely. They became more absorbed in telling their stories.

But, of course, they were always talking about themselves and their experiences and insights and discoveries.

So I thought: what if they were, instead, talking about something APART from their own experience.

What if they INVENTED as they talked?

Specifically, what if I asked them a whole host of questions about a person that did not even exist?

Suppose they chose a person to talk about, and that person did not exist?

And once having focused on that imaginary person, suppose they invented all sorts of details about that person?

Suppose my questions elicited this kind of invention?

“So tell me about the early childhood of this man with the gray suit. What was his mother's name? What color hair did she have?”



What kind of hairbrush does the man in the suit use every morning in front of the mirror? What does the man in the gray suit believe about God? Where did he go to school? What did the school door look like?"

On and on and on.

Suppose we did this for an hour?

And then, the next day, he invented a whole different person and we did the same thing.

Suppose we did 50 interviews?

Might he loosen up in an entirely different way?

Might he begin to widen his perception?

Might he begin to throw off the chains of conventional reality?

Might he feel certain needs to "remain a slave to reality" evaporate?

You see, all of us living in this reality feel a tie to it. We tend to see and think and work and imagine in concordance with this reality. We gauge our thoughts and feelings in the context of this reality----and we never give all this a second thought.

But think of this reality that surrounds us as a kind of monitor device installed in the engine of a car. The device limits the speed of the car.

Everything the car does is dependent on the fact that there is a pre-set top speed for the car.

Imagination has limits imposed on it. Limits which are not really there.

In chapter 95 of volume one, I offer extracts from a few of these IMAGINATION INTERVIEWS.

I discuss, briefly, the effects of doing a number of interviews with a man who is steeped in Tibetan practices.

As a result of the interviews, the man begins to come more alive.

Why?

Because he is taking the chains from his imagination.

Imagination is the fountain of life.

There are many ways to liberate it.

I developed this simple exercise because it is a quite natural way to get a person to open the door to his own creativity.

And because it has a very powerful relation to something I discussed in volume one, the deity visualization work done in Tibet.

Only, in my exercise, we don't limit it to a deity. We explore many different kinds of imaginary people.

And we do it as an interview, with two people. It's easier.

...But, for now, here is the point I want to make: the reality we live in has the tendency to get us to assume that all people live in this reality.

I know, that sounds weird or truistic.

But if we can bamboozle ourselves into thinking that "all people have already been invented and live in this layer of reality that we occupy," we can then bamboozle ourselves into believing that an exercise like "inventing people" has little or no merit.

"Reality is already here. Why should we try to invent it?"

"People are people. They come out of wombs. Why should we pretend to invent them?"

"Only actors bother to invent people, and they get paid for it."

You have to remember that reality, as we usually think of it, is designed so that we bend to it, bow to it, believe in it as the ultimate fact---and therefore we downplay the power of our own imaginations.

"Imagination may be fun, but so what? It doesn't supplant reality, except for those fortunate few who can, say, invent new machines."

I title the ultimate secret society RD. RD stands for REALITY DESIGNERS.

They not only designed the reality we see all around us and the principles that underlie it, they designed the concept of limited reality as a generic category.

They built in safeguards that would challenge anyone who wants to create a very different sort of reality. For example, one needs to be able to resonate with this reality in order to maintain a decent standard of physical health.

If one is constantly, at a frequency level, challenging this reality, he begins to experience energy blocks that pile up in and around his physical body.

He then thinks that challenging reality is not a very good idea, because he feels the impact it has on his body.

However, let me give you a loose metaphor for understanding what can happen when you do, in fact, challenge this reality: you are a runner; you train to run the mile; you want to break the world record; you put your body under all sorts of stress to achieve that; in the first few years of training, you encounter all sorts of obstacles, including injuries; but eventually, through persistence, you come out of that "blockage," and you start of experience a new level of capacity and liberation.

You go through the blockages and you come out the other side. You also "learn to relax," which means you learn how to resonate with the key frequencies of this limited reality often enough so that you can maintain a good state of health as you find out how to surmount the limitations of ordinary reality.

You can employ your imagination to create new realities and you can come through to the point where you do, in fact, create these new realities.

RD constructed this space-time-energy continuum so that it would be very difficult---or rather, it would seem very difficult---to create other realities.

And, as I say, the more we became accustomed to this limited reality we live in, the more we accepted it and decided to make our futures within its structures.

So we assist and manufacture our own limited fate by accepting this continuum as the only one possible.

That is the goal of RD.

RD is a "travel agent" that promises enormously interesting vacations that turn into prisons.

To track back RD, one would "take a look at the beginning of this particular universe."

Okay. You can view RD as a metaphor if you want to. I don't. Obviously, there are no literature searches that will turn up this group, and there are no insiders you can talk to on the phone about it.

I'm not "directly channeling" information about RD. Nor am I simply making an extrapolation based on other information. It's more complex than that, and I'm not sure I can explain it.

I've been hot on the trail of secret societies for a long time, and volume one of this work lays out the basic underlying theme of these groups. They create realities for us, and in the process they dampen down (with our assent) the power of our own imaginations to create other realities. This is the whole point of secret societies.

What we take to be reality has many aspects and layers, and we are coaxed---and coax ourselves---somewhere along the line, to merge with, and fall into line with, some layer or aspect. In other words, we are coaxed to say, "Oh, here is where I stop. I stop creating for myself and surrender to the notion that I have to submerge myself into a greater aspect of reality and give up my perception and my individuality here and now. This is the end. This is the last stop on the train. From this point on, I'm just a cog in the great machine, I'm just an atom in a molecule, I'm just a speck in the dust storm, I'm just a slave to the greater force."

That is what RD is all about.

If your "weapon" is imagination, you lay it down at some point and you wave the white flag joyously and you give up, hoping that whatever you are giving yourself up to will be benign and beautiful and kind.

That is what RD is all about.

In our culture, we have a duality we can choose from to explain the origins of the universe. We can take evolution in some form, or we can take God.

Or we can blend the two.

And we can fold in the Big Bang as well, some form of that.

I propose that we look at the universe (space-time continuum) as DESIGNED.

But if we want to believe in God, I suggest we move Him further back than the creation of this space-time continuum and, instead, think about this continuum as a vacation that turned out to be a prison.

Of course, you can't spend all your time railing against the prison. You'll get tired and worn out.

But you can conduct a search, using all your capabilities, including instinct and intuition.

Things are created. There is no way to explain the progress of life by assuming that it arises from matter alone. Matter does not imply life and it certainly does not imply freedom.

Matter is one of those things, one of those places where many people lay down their arms and surrender. They say, "Okay, this is the end of the line. I don't know what I am, but I know that I ultimately come from matter, and I go back to it when I die."

Reincarnation was condemned in the West by the Roman Church, because it opened too many doors.

If you've had 400000000000000000000000000000 billion lives in various forms, then it's easy to swing from that into the notion that you are immortal, as a soul, as YOU, and you inhabit many different forms, many different "coats."

You are the central reality.

Where does God fit into all of that, if anywhere? You'll have to decide that for yourself.

The Church invented a nice prison myth here as well. "If you assume you and other you's are the center of existence, then you are Luciferian, of the Devil, and there is no morality and there is no right and wrong, and there is no salvation..."

Complete baloney, invented to keep you in line, to keep you surrendering.

YOU CREATE.

That is the central reality.

If you want to walk to the end of what that means, then you are on the road back to your full self.

If you want to stop somewhere on the road and lay down your mind and surrender to something higher, that is your right, and no one can stop you. Of course, I would suggest you really ask yourself why you are surrendering.

Yeah, I know some people would consider all this heresy. So be it.

Heresy is part of the secret-society myth invented to keep us in line.

"Methinks he thinks he doth create too much. Therefore he is in league with the devil."

Jive. Pure jive.

There is no devil, except as a thought form sustained by millions of people. If you buy into it, it's yours.

There is no devil. There is no hell. Unless you want them, unless you create them and believe in them.

What about God?

That's even more tricky, because most people ASSOCIATE God with everything they think is good and just and right and beautiful and surpassing.

In other words, they create God, and then they create him as embodying all these traits---so they think that if you try to take God away from them, you are taking all those beautiful qualities and stepping on them with muddy shoes.

RD designed this continuum to be the kind of place we would want to visit. It spun many myths around this place.

It shaded it and shaped it and produced it like a four-star movie.

It built in LOSS, and if you don't think loss is a key factor, try losing someone you love, if you haven't experienced it already.

Loss makes you believe even more in the primacy of the continuum, because if you can undergo the heartbreak of a huge loss, the place where you experienced it must as real as can be---because the loss is very, very, very real.

RD are artists.

They are good.

They really did a great job.

They put in a lot of work.

ALL REALITIES ARE CREATED.

“Evolution,” if it exists at all, is just a minor illusion wrapped around the fact that REALITIES ARE CREATED.

Okay, now think about that little exercise I sketched out earlier in this chapter. See if it doesn’t add up to more than just a silly little distraction. Try it out.

## CHAPTER 4 CREATE, PERCEIVE, LANGUAGE

Since the dawn of time on this planet (whatever that means), people have been constructing languages.

Magically---and I use that word advisedly---these languages actually make sense to the people using them.

When you stop and think about it, there is nothing about a language itself that implies MEANING or UNDERSTANDING.

A language, no matter how elegant and beautiful and organized, does not have a key within itself to unlock MEANING.

Of course, professional linguists skirt this point by referring to “the brain.”

The brain is the place where, they say, “it all comes together.”

Utter nonsense.

Now, it’s true that a language contains words which name objects in “the real world.”

Desk.

Table.

Computer.

Mountain.

However, if you were able to watch the processes by which a child absorbs language, you would find places where the child makes quantum leaps of understanding that are NOT explainable by the language itself or the child’s brain.

Understanding is something, meaning is something, that is in us.

We, in a sense, APPLY that meaning to a language.

We apply understanding to a language.

We ASSUME we understand a language and then we do.

I have been a painter for 40 years. In 1996, I began inventing symbols on paper and canvas and setting them out like pages of text.

These symbols are not drawn from any language that exists.

I make them up as I go along.

Then I stand back and read the page, the canvas.

How do I do this?

I ASSUME I KNOW WHAT THE SYMBOLS MEAN.

I ASSUME I CAN READ THE CANVAS, THE WAY I READ A BOOK.

This does NOT mean I translate the symbols into English or any other language.

This does not mean I come out with a literal message I can translate into English.

What I read is not literal.

But it has meaning.

Because I assume it has.

And I register, in myself, the sensation of having read it.

The analogy would be music.

What does a symphony by Mahler mean?

When you listen to it, do you come away with a text in English?

Of course not.

But do you say it is meaningless? No.

Do you say it makes no sense because it's not an instruction sheet on how to fix the stove? No.

Do you say it's meaningless because it does not contain words? No.

Is the meaning the organization of musical themes in the piece? NO.

Analysts of music THINK they understand a piece of music because they can trace the development of themes and phrases---and therefore, they DO understand it---but only in that specific sense.

But the music itself eludes them.

If you listen to that symphony enough times, you will feel you are on the verge of grasping a language in action---a language that has no words.

A language that conveys emotion and sensation and esthetics.

Well, when I look at a canvas on which I've drawn 50 or 100 symbols, I feel emotion and sensation and esthetics and more.

I invented a language and I read that language and I understood that language.

It has occurred to me with great force that, at one time, in other lives, we had languages like this. We exchanged symbols between us, and we understood them at levels of emotion and sensation and esthetics---and we were experiencing an ecstasy.

We had no problems with the fact that the symbols were un-standardized.

And having imagined and invented these languages, we were able to tap into whole dimensions of feeling that normally, now, lie dormant in us.

WHOLE REALMS OF FEELING AND EXPERIENCE.

WHOLE OTHER UNIVERSES.

If some of these other universes can only be perceived if we tap into such domains of feeling, then is it any wonder that we don't run into other universes every day?

These days, we tend to be immersed in the practical. We want solutions to problems to be couched in very practical terms. If we think about enlightenment or self-realization at all, we want the how-to and we want it in three pages, at the most, in a list of steps. We want to do what it takes to get there in six weeks, devoting 20 minutes a day.

So, what I'm saying here is this: there are other realms and dimensions and universes in which our perception continually registers the kind of feeling and recognition that we occasionally find in art.

If we don't register such feelings, we never become aware that these other universes exist, because we are, in essence, walking through them with blindfolds and earplugs on.

Let me turn everything on its head. Suppose a soul was told by a pal that there was a world he could visit where there was a lot of war and killing and starvation and dog-eat-dog competing---and suppose this soul, intrigued, tried to pay a visit, but because he was somehow unable to register the perceptions of war and killing and starvation and dog-eat-dog, he came away and said, "There was nothing there. That was no world. That was empty space. I want my money back."

Get it?

Here is another analogy. You have a room in your house and you have a lot of money. You buy a dozen great paintings and you hang them on the walls. You invite a few people over, and you spend the whole evening in the room. But these people never notice the paintings. They come away not even knowing there were paintings on the walls.

So now, contemplate this: you buy some blank paper and a brush and black paint and you lay out (invent) rows of spontaneous symbols on the blank paper and then you step back and assume you understand the symbols and you then read them and register the sensations of having read them.

Or would you feel that you are doing something completely meaningless and stupid and idiotic and embarrassing?

If you answer yes to this last question, I would suggest that you are submerged in a form of mind control. Basically, SELF-IMPOSED.

I would also suggest that we all have other universes at our fingertips, but we don't see them because we have buried the levels of perception (and invention) necessary to experience them.

Which, on a far lesser level, is what the Roman Church has been doing in its chosen venue of operation for a long time.

PLANET EARTH has been a controlled op for a long time---and it has been controlled so that its citizens do not access and invent the kind of perception and meaning that will open doors to other universes.

"Oh, do you want to go to Earth? Hey, listen. Remember one thing. Earth is a controlled op. The whole deal down there is to cut people off from perception of other dimensions. That's what it's all about. Still want to go? I mean, yeah, it's interesting and very weird and exciting and insane, so if that's what you're after...I can get you a ticket."

## CHAPTER 5

### HEALTH AND HUMAN WELFARE, COSMIC STYLE

Somewhere in space and time, a teacher is standing in a great hall, addressing students who have come from many different spiritual traditions:

"Basically, we can reduce your backgrounds to two premises. Premises you are not aware of.

"One, you create reality, and therefore you need to develop the power of your imaginations to the fullest, so that you can, indeed, create and uncreate anything you want to.

"Or two, you must merge with the greatest reality, a reality which is already there and is prior to and beyond anything you can create.

"The second premise is faulty and is a lie. However, for the sake of your well-being, you do need to be able to merge with everything that is---and you need to be able to un-merge from all that as well.

"Why? Because if you can't merge and un-merge, you will in essence be fighting against everything you have created.

"Assume you have created everything that exists. If you can't merge with it and un-merge from it, you will eventually find yourself opposed to what you have created."

## CHAPTER 6

### THE REALITY DESIGNERS (RD) OR DUDE, WHAT'S MY CAR?

This secret society decided to adopt and frame the idea of a limited reality. This was at a "time" when all beings understood that reality was something that any individual could create and uncreate very easily.

So limited reality was kind of a new thing.

It was interesting.

It was an experiment.

What would happen if a being with unlimited powers of imagination and creativity decided to live in limited reality?

Some beings wanted to try. Other beings were sold on the idea by RD.

Gradually, RD became more prominent.

As you can see, a great deal of self-delusion was necessary to make limited reality popular.

A loose analogy: the greatest car mechanic in the universe is driving on a desert highway. His car breaks down. He goes to the trunk and takes out his tools. There is absolutely nothing that can go wrong with this car that he can't fix. But in this case, he convinces himself that he can't find out what's wrong with the car and that he's stuck in the desert. Stuck.

Eventually, he gives himself a new name: HE WHO IS STUCK IN THE DESERT.

"That's my name. I'm here in this great expanse, and I can't get out."

Later on, he gives himself another name: HE WHO LIVES IN THE DESERT.

"This is who I am. This is where I come from."

From that point of view, he tries to figure out his origins. He settles on a theory that life evolves, EVOLVES, from sand and cactus.

"That explains it. The sand got wet one day and out of the dirt crawled a sand doofus. It was the first life form. Over the millennia, it got smarter and bigger. Finally, it looked like me."

RD has some observers in the area. They watch this guy come up with his theory of evolution and they fall down laughing.

"Hey, this is good. Let's promote it everywhere. Life evolved from sand. Let's build centers of learning that teach this."

In another desert, another guy who broke down and found himself with no ride thought of something else: "Once there were gods of the sun. They were in charge of heat and cold. There came a time when the balance was thrown off because the daughter of one of the sun gods sneezed and drove the cold away in the middle of the great night. So the sun was too hot, and her brother decided he would put his body between the sun and the little people who lived on the sand. He burned up, but he lasted long enough to save the little folk..."

RD liked this one too. They set up churches to teach it.

Then one of the RD honchos came up with a more complex plan. "Let's pit these two 'schools of thought' against each other. You know, a centuries-long battle. Lots of journal papers and pronouncements and debates. A few wars. Bloodshed. The sand doofus versus the kid who stood in front of the sun. That way we divert all of them from realizing the whole deal is a complete con job. They're too busy trying to win the argument."

Over succeeding centuries, the car that broke down in one of the deserts keeps deteriorating. It becomes, depending on the point of view, "a clue to the mysterious facts of life in the completely mysterious cosmos" or "a shrine built by unknown ancestors to commemorate the kid who blocked the sun."

RD floats another con: "All historical arguments and oppositions give birth to new syntheses, and out of these syntheses comes the shining proposition that no one owns anything and the 'the little people' collectively own everything. Through this new system, all problems can be solved once and for all."

They fall down laughing over that one, too.

## CHAPTER 7

### SOMETHING AND NOTHING

All theories about the formation, origin, or evolution of life and the universe ignore a simple and devastating fact.

If you stand outside your house and look around you and think about all this life, you will eventually come to the matter of its existence. At all.

As in, how come life EXISTS?

Forget its progression.

Existence is the key.

How come existence exists?

A painter gets a clue. He looks at a blank canvas all the time. He knows there is nothing there. And then, some time later, he looks and there is a completed painting there. He made the painting. He created it.

Life is created.

But we are all barraged with the idea that what is around us is an ant-like progression, from A to B and so on.

Small accretions added on to other accretions.

This is not the whole story. This is not even half the story.

If you can imagine a condition of Nothing, then you are on the road to grasping the power of creation. YOUR CREATION OF WHATEVER YOU CREATE.

That is what the core of Tibetan philosophy once articulated, and when you strip away the inessentials, you get to the idea of the void (when you are creating nothing), and the idea of universe (when you creating something[s]).

But if nothing, the concept of nothing, eludes you, it is harder to grasp the idea of the real power of you creating.

Some painters employ tricks to get from nothing to something. The action painter De Kooning, for example, would paste pages from newspapers on his large blank canvases, or paint numbers on the white space---just to get started.

One of the significant methods of RD was to impart the idea to people who lived in the space-time continuum that they, the people, were always in mid-stream. Always in the middle of things. Why? Because it's much harder to grasp the idea of a beginning (nothing) when you feel you are being assailed by events already in motion. It's harder to conceive that you are a creator who can invent something from nothing.

And if you can't conceive that, you'll inevitably downplay the power of your imagination.

Here is another way to look at these things: are you trying to work your way from the bottom to the top, or are you are looking down from the top?

In actuality, you need to be able to do both. You need to be able to shift your perspective.

If you are ALWAYS seeing yourself in a struggle from a lower position to a higher, you will fall prey to various delusions, the most central of which is that you are embedded in a continuum that keeps adding little accretions of substance and idea and struggle and conflict.

Now, here is one of the most important factors to understand about RD. I'll frame it as a question. WHO CAN, AGAINST GREAT ODDS, ACHIEVE HEROIC THINGS INSIDE THE CONTINUUM?

Remember the Greek gods? From their home in the clouds, they put mere mortals into dire circumstances down below--- AND THEY WATCHED TO SEE WHAT THESE MORTALS COULD DO.

Jason, Odysseus---these men succeeded against tremendous odds.

The gods were pleased.

The gods were entertained.

THE ONLY PEOPLE WHO CAN TRULY BE HEROES INSIDE THE CONTINUUM ARE THOSE WHO ARE EMBEDDED IN IT.



Would it be heroic for Apollo to climb aboard a ship and sail through storms to find a golden fleece? Of course not. He could dispel a storm with the wave of a hand.

Do you see?

RD has "staged a great play," it has embedded immortal beings in a continuum (these beings would be us, stripped of our consciousness that we are immortal and infinitely powerful)---and then we have a chance to be heroes within the context of the continuum.

And RD can be entertained. They can see something unique. Human beings pitted against great odds. Failing and succeeding.

How can you have a great play if the protagonist is far superior to his circumstances from the outset? Where is the drama in that?

But it's a sucker play nonetheless. Heroes, dupes---whatever. Embedded is embedded. If you are totally stuck in the continuum and are playing out your life as a struggling would-be hero inside the continuum---and if THAT IS ALL YOU ARE DOING---then you end up losing.

The great adventure is learning to get out of the continuum and then learning how to get back in without being trapped. In, out, in, out.

The figure of Merlin is a prime example---he tutored the Roundtable figures, a few of them, to the best of his ability, given the fact that they were largely embedded in the continuum. He himself was not of the continuum (nobody is) and was well aware of it. He moved in and out; he COULD move in and out.

Humans who are embedded within the continuum are unique. Only they can "entertain and inspire the gods" with their heroic acts.

But, as I say, ultimately it's a sucker's game for the embedded ones.

## CHAPTER 8

### ORWELL'S 1984

Orwell's book actually describes the circumstances surrounding every war that has ever been fought.

The primary objective for those who control wars is the creation of an enemy---so that each side has AN ENEMY IN MIND.

It matters not whether the enemy is real or whether it has the characteristics that have been promoted.

War is the hallmark of the continuum. Us versus them.

RD hypes war in its vacation brochure as the most thrilling activity imaginable.

It has all the elements: danger, risk, reward, loyalty, duty, killing, sacrifice, loss, discipline, love of country, hope, despair, pain, joy, and so on.

Way better than Disneyland, and just as mindless.

War also incorporates a solution to the fact that most people never really see or engage or fight against the enemy on the battlefield.

Images.

Images broadcast over a long distance.

This involves superimposing a fake reality on top of the already-fake reality of the continuum.

RD runs the continuum by adding layers and layers of faux reality on top of the basic continuum reality.

Anything that adds layers is good, as far as RD is concerned, because the already-confusing nature of the continuum becomes more complex.

COMPLEX is what RD does.

In the long run, wars debilitate societies and destroy them---then the process of rebuilding takes place.

Rebuilding is the illusion that something very new and very liberating will occur.

But of course, it's all within the continuum.

RD hypes the continuum as an infinity. But the continuum is finite.

The hallmark of a magician, in the best sense of that word, is his/her recognition of the fact that the continuum is finite and can be swept aside, by the individual, like a curtain.

During the Middle Ages in Europe, the Roman Church took on a foe that threatened the very foundations of the continuum: those alchemists who saw that the continuum was finite.

If the continuum is basically a fake, what happens when it is swept aside?

YOU happen. The full you.

Have a go at the Hesse novel, *Steppenwolf*. One of the main characters, Pablo, can fold up pieces of reality (continuum) and put them in his pocket.

1984, the novel, portrayed the torture of the hero, Smith, after which Smith would betray the person he loved the most in the world.

What's that all about?

Love is one great factor that can exceed the reality of the continuum. So it becomes a target. Get the hero to betray that love and therefore betray his consciousness of the paper-thin nature of the continuum.

The magician relies on love. Real love.

He knows that love reveals the illusion of separation and ends it.

But separation is one of the things that sustains the continuum.

Inside the continuum, people believe that consciousness is local; that is, consciousness perceives only what is in its area, its immediate area.

Love, for example, liberates consciousness to become what it is: non-local.

And if consciousness can perceive, all at once, many things at many distances all going on at the same "time," consciousness can evaporate the continuum.

War re-enforces the idea that events are completely discrete and separate and mechanical.

The magician can deal with both states: he can use his inherently non-local consciousness and he can also manage "continuum-perception" to structure events inside the continuum. Of course, the true magician has no part in fomenting war.

Many of you have read newsletter interviews I did with the late hypnoterapist Jack True. Well, I can tell you that Jack was very interested in revealing that the continuum was an illusion. And he conducted several experiments along that line.

A patient, under non-suggestive hypnosis, could learn to see through this illusion and perceive events at many different locations simultaneously. When that happened, the illusion dispersed like water vapor.

In a very real sense, the perception of the continuum as a rock-solid thing is the result of hypnosis. A "spell." Mind control.

I helped Jack in one of his experiments. We set up a kind of glossary with the patient. Words like CONTINUUM and RD

and FAKE VACATION (in the continuum) were pre-defined.

After the patient was in a light trance, Jack had him look directly at the continuum---whatever that meant to the patient. Here is an excerpt from the session-experiment:

Q: So what are you looking at?

A: It seems to be a curving gray wall.

Q: Can you see where it starts or ends?

A: No. I'm looking at a small middle section of it.

Q: And what is the wall?

A: It's a boundary, I guess. No, not exactly. It's also...I'm not sure.

Q: That's okay. Is the wall heavy? Does it weigh a lot?

A: Seems like it. It's not solid looking. It is, but it's also sort of vague, almost misty.

Q: A misty wall.

A: Yeah.

Q: Does it have any breaks in it?

A: No. It's very smooth. Nice curve to it. But it's thick.

Q: You can see that?

A: Yeah. I can sort of look at it from above. It's thick.

Q: Any colors?

A: Gray. It's gray.

Q: Tell me about the curve.

A: What I'm getting is, the curve was put there as an illusion, in a way.

Q: What kind of illusion?

A: To make us believe that space and time are connected.

Q: That's interesting.

A: Yeah. The curve is supposed to give the impression that space and time are all woven together, very smoothly. So that you can't separate one from the other. The further you travel along the wall, the more space begins to feel like time.

Q: Right.

A: Yeah, it's about feeling.

Q: How so?

A: The wall is there to get you to feel something---to feel that space becomes time. I guess if you went into reverse gear, and followed the wall "backwards," you'd think that time was space. TIME AND SPACE ARE ONE. That's the message.

Q: Yeah. And you say this message is an illusion?

A: But it's a very good illusion. Makes you think it's...makes you think you're very smart.

Q: I see.

A: Hmm. In other words, the further out you get in space, the more you get into the sense of time---as if you're looking at time. The curve in the wall gives that impression---as if time is bending space. This is very compelling.

Q: What do you mean, compelling?

A: It's as if you're discovering something profound. And you are.

Q: You are?

A: Hold it. Right now, I'm under a spell. Sort of.

Q: Describe that.

A: I'm into the whole manufactured reality of space-time. But I'm not seeing the manufactured nature of it. I'm seeing it head-on, as if it's very, very real: space becomes time, and vice versa. Time acts on space and bends it. It's very compelling to me at the moment. As if I'm Einstein, and I'm making a great discovery.

Q: Are you?

A: I am and I'm not.

Q: Tell me about---

A: Okay, I'm out of the spell. I just popped out of it. Out of the op. Wow. That was interesting. For a few seconds there, I thought I was the greatest genius in the history of the world.

Q: So "genius" is really---

A: It's a con in this situation. When you trace the wall and follow it, you think you're a genius. You think you're discovering something incredibly profound.

Q: But you're not?

A: Right. You're getting sucked into the effect of the wall. It's almost as if the wall is telling you you're a genius. (laughs)

Q: Now what?

A: Now I'm looking at...oh I see. The wall is there so that you'll keep following it on and on, and then you'll think you've arrived at an Absolute.

Q: Yeah. What's that Absolute?

A: The "discovery" that space and time are one, that space becomes time and warps into...that time gives you the key.

Q: The key?

A: Yeah. You "discover" that space is really time, that space ends and becomes time. And when you see that, you're supposed to feel you've reached the end of a long search.

Q: Got it.

A: You're supposed to conclude that all space and...oh I see...all matter is really composed of time.

Q: All matter is composed of time.

A: Right. (pause) All matter is time particles or time waves.

Q: That sounds very seductive.

A: (laughs) You have no idea. I mean, I'm sure there is some truth to that. But only on the level of illusion. Of course, within the illusion, you can make discoveries, but you're still inside looking out.

Q: Yeah. Let's get back to the time waves and particles.

A: Duration is built into matter. Objects. The curving wall is the prime example---matter and space actually become time. You SEE that. So you think that matter and space ARE actually time. The wall GIVES THE APPEARANCE OF BEING A GREAT SECRET, THE ANSWER TO A GREAT SECRET.

Q: What does the wall look like now?

A: Gray, curving, solid, in a mist. Sort of like a great whale's body.

Q: No doors?

A: No.

Q: Anything else?

A: It's like a boundary to the universe...but at the same time, it's a "revelation" of how the universe folds in on itself. Reminds me of one of those old toys with a fold-up structure of metal parts. You can fold it up and you can also open it up.

Q: And this wall---

A: Gives you the impression that the universe is....well, let me put it this way. We all think the universe stretches out as far as you can go. The wall tells you that this is an illusion, that the universe sort of turns around and eats its own tail. But THAT is also an illusion. It's just a higher-order illusion.

Q: So the wall functions as a deception.

A: Exactly.

Q: Okay. Now imagine you're walking around the wall to the other side. What's there?

A: Just a second...okay. It's lots of colors. Abstract shapes of colors. It's gorgeous.

Q: Keep going.

A: They're all just floating there. No particular rhyme or reason to them. But they have nothing to do with the wall. As far as I can tell. The wall...okay I'm back on this side...the wall is a deception. It tells you that space and time are one. It seems to lead to the way out of the continuum, but it really doesn't.

Q: What's the wall made out of?

A: Can't tell. It's solid and gray and curving. Doesn't seem to be made out of atoms, though. It's just a chunk.

Q: Do you like it?

A: Yeah. It draws me in.

Q: Is your liking it coming from you, or---

A: Hard to tell. I like the shape of the wall. It's beautiful. But the attraction for it...it's as if I had been prepared to like it beforehand.

Q: You mean programmed?

A: Yes.

Q: Can you explain that?

A: The mind wants to make a discovery of "an unknown shore." The mind wants to get to the end of things. So when I see the wall, that's what I think. That I've gotten to the end of things. But the wall doesn't really have an answer. It's not a way out of the continuum.

Q: What about those colored shapes? If you go there, are you outside the continuum?

A: Just a second. I'm going to go there again. (pause) Okay. I think so. I think I'm out. Wait. I'm getting all sorts of vague images now. I'm seeing different locations. Like countries. Cities. Places. I'm looking down at all sorts of different places on Earth. It's raining in one place and it's sunny in another place...

End of excerpt

At this point, the patient began a series of "remote views" of a number of different locales around the planet. Simultaneously. He was in a number of places at once.

This session was the first of many with this patient.

In his own way, in this session, the patient was reporting on his own version of the continuum and what he could glean about it. Whether this wall and what lies beyond it are viewed by anyone who looks?...well, in other sessions, Jack True got many different versions of the continuum from different patients. One common feature was, when the patients got past what they were, at first, seeing, they all began to tap into “non-local consciousness.” They all began to see a number of different locations at once.

In the next chapter, we’ll get into another session with Jack and one of his patients.

As you can see, this patient was up against some confusing perceptions. He had to sort them out. The wall was a compelling thing. It “told him” he was making genius discoveries, but on another level the wall was a deception.

Physics gives us a reward. We can better manipulate factors inside the continuum. But physics also imparts the sense that the continuum is all there is. Quite clever.

Again, this patient was working through his look at the continuum in his own way. He was dealing with his perception of a wall. Other patients in the experiment did not see a wall. They saw different things.

Jack in no way tried to override this. He was quite content to allow his patients to see the continuum in any way it appeared. He worked with that as the starting point.

Non-local consciousness---the ability to view a number of locations at once---is a hallmark of getting outside the continuum.

Now, here is a short conversation Jack had with the above patient after the experimental session was over, after the patient was no longer in a light trance.

Q: I put you in a light trance for only one reason. So that the “radio stations in your head” would be quieted down and so that you could simply see what you saw when I asked you to look at the continuum.

A: Yeah, I understand that. My thoughts did quiet down, and I was able to get right to the heart of the matter. There was a sense of magic in it.

Q: What do you mean?

A: I was feeling like a little kid when he wakes up on a summer morning and has the whole day ahead of him. It was exhilarating.

Q: So looking at the wall was pleasurable.

A: Very pleasurable. I felt like a magician. I was able to separate illusion from my own innate perception. I really enjoyed that. It was a kind of power. Good power. Like veils falling from your eyes. It relaxed me. I was a little confused there for a bit, but I saw through that confusion. The wall was like an icon. It had been built to give me an illusion, but I saw through it. This whole thing about space and time being One---it’s a very captivating idea, but it’s false.

Q: Why do you say false?

A: Because when you fall for it, when you think you’ve just discovered that time and space are One, you also think you’ve escaped from “the inside” to “the outside.” But you haven’t. You’re just embroiled in a new level of illusion. The purpose of that illusion is to convince you that space and time are tremendous clues to the nature of reality. But they aren’t. No matter how you see space and time, you’re still in the continuum. You’re nailed down inside the illusion.

## CHAPTER 9

### GETTING PAST THE SPACE-TIME CONTINUUM

Here is an excerpt from another session between Jack True and a patient. This patient worked for many years in the

advertising business. She was drawn to Jack because she was very aware of various subliminal strategies used in her line of work.

Q: Okay, before I put you in a light trance, I want you to know that there will be no suggestions from me. I'll have you report what you see.

A: Sure. I understand.

AFTER PATIENT IS IN LIGHT TRANCE:

Q: I want you to look at the space-time continuum.

A: I feel very relaxed. This is nice. Okay. I see a dark space...it seems to be floating, like a cloud. It's big.

Q: Can you see anything outside of this cloud?

A: Just edges of dim light. Okay, it's changing...now I see a few images. A warrior. He looks like a sun god. A palace. It has a huge lawn.

Q: What's the warrior doing?

A: He's just standing there.

Q: Any expression on his face?

A: Not really. He's just looking straight ahead...the lawn of the palace has flowers on it...I can see them. I'm supposed to walk across it into the palace.

Q: Do you want to?

A: Sure. Why not? I'm going across the lawn, sort of flying, and now I'm in the palace. Very big room. It's empty. No people. Paintings on the walls. Lots of large furniture. I'm getting the feeling...this is an after-death place. It's where I could go if I died. I could live here. Take up residence. It's sort of made for me. It's my place.

Q: So does this have anything to do with the space-time continuum?

A: Yes. When we die, we can travel. If we stop and take up residence in an "astral" spot, we can forego any further travel...and then we'll miss finding out about the space-time continuum.

Q: So this palace is...

A: A very pleasant diversion. Let me...just a second...okay, I'm back to the dark cloud again. It's a mystery. It has thickness. It's supposed to be part of a larger landscape. Okay, I can see a whole field. A valley. The cloud is over the valley. This is a landscape I might see on Earth.

Q: Any creatures?

A: No.

Q: Keep going...

A: This valley has space in it, but no time. Nothing changes. Weird. Wait. Okay, the cloud is moving. It's like someone turned on a projector. For a movie. It was stopped, but now it's moving. There's a trick here...

Q: Yes?

A: I'm feeling drained of energy. When the time factor comes into the valley, then I lose energy. I'm reduced to a...spectator. Let's see...

Q: Where is the energy drain coming from?

A: Yes. Let's see. It's coming from the cloud. The cloud is sucking energy from me. Let's see if I can reverse that...(pause)...I guess I'll have to destroy the cloud...(pause)...wow...

Q: What happened?

A: The cloud exploded. (laughs) It lit up and exploded. Oh well. No problem. (laughs) Now the sky is clear. This is space-time.

Q: What do you mean?

A: Well, this whole scene is a movie production of space and time. It's supposed to...I don't know...give me the impression that I'm still inside the continuum, that the continuum is everywhere. Oh, that's good...it's a good promo for the continuum. I see.

Q: Yeah.

A: Right. I get the distinct impression that there are a lot of scenes like this, and they all are movies, in a sense. They all promote the existence and the...ubiquitous nature of the continuum.

Q: I see.

A: Now I'm further away from the valley. I can see it as a little piece of scenery in a large space. But the large space isn't really space. It's not part of the continuum. It's outside the continuum. Yes. Wait a minute...now I'm getting different scenes. But these are scenes on Earth. People in the streets of Calcutta. A piece of frozen tundra in the north of Russia. New York. Traffic on Broadway. A ranch outside Los Angeles---it's in Santa Barbara. I have simultaneous perception of a lot of different places.

Q: Yeah.

A: I guess I've busted through the continuum. When you are in the continuum, you think you can only look at one place at a time. But that's a delusion. That's part of the...apparatus of the continuum. When you get outside, you're free to look at a lot of things all at once.

Q: How do you feel?

A: Very good. Like I'm getting back something I'd forgotten for a long time. You know...it's like you once could play the trumpet, but you forgot how...and then, all of a sudden, you can play it again. This is the way we're supposed to see--- a lot of things at once.



Q: Limitation.

A: Yes. You buy into the idea that you can only see one location at once...and that is part of the game. That's part of the deal. Everything else flows from that. It's what the continuum does. The continuum is not so much about space-time...it's about the separateness that's fostered by space-time. Space-time and the physical body are somehow linked. The space-time and the eye-brain apparatus are linked...there are energy vectors and energy inhibitions that function so that you can only see one location at a time when you're INSIDE...but when you get out, you can see into all sorts of places. It isn't just remote viewing one locale...it's seeing lots of different places at the same time. I can also see how...

Q: Yes?

A: There are other faculties that are repressed, too...just a second...I'm looking at a small street in Santa Barbara. The more I look at it...the more the little buildings and shops seem like...archetypes of themselves...let me see...every object is one of a kind...something's different...it's two things at once.

Q: What do you mean?

A: It's tremendously real, and it's also...like a strip cartoon...as if I could reach out and move away the whole street...as if it weighs nothing. It's very beautiful. The people on the street...they don't realize this...they're inside it all...their perception is...I can almost...I can see energy vectors that tie their perception into the space-time of the street. Those vectors somehow contribute to making...all the objects on the street weigh a lot...very solid to the people who are looking at them. Wow. This is fantastic...

End of excerpt.

There is a great deal to be learned from this session. It's worth reading through several times.

## CHAPTER 10

### ORGANIC EXPLANATIONS OF CONSCIOUSNESS

Just as you see people driving different cars---some faster than others---you might notice that different bodies seem better suited for certain activities.

This does not mean consciousness and all that consciousness can do are dependant on bodies or genes or DNA.

There isn't some esoteric or scientific link between DNA and consciousness.

That road goes into a dead end.

Consciousness did not arise from DNA. Saying it did is part of the evolution fantasy in which life emerged from a swamp or a puddle of amino acids.

It's yet another cover story, designed to obscure the real essence of consciousness.

YOU have always existed and will always exist, and the same is true of your consciousness. Ditto for your imagination and creativity.

Which is not to say that your consciousness and creativity are unchanging. You can change them; make them wider and more powerful.

Consciousness is not a “reflection” of some physical state of affairs.

It is not built on molecules or atoms or photons.

Here is another interview/session done by Jack True with a client. The subject was consciousness. As we pick up this excerpt, the client is already under a light trance.

Q: Okay, now look at consciousness.

A: I don't know...not sure where to look.

Q: Look at what you see. Look at consciousness.

A: I see a gray space.

Q: Keep looking there.

A: Yeah.

Q: What do you see there?

A: It's folding. The space is folding, like a brain. Folds of the brain. It's sort of curling in on itself. I see electricity.

Q: Keep going.

A: The electricity is sparking the gray matter. It kick starts it.

Q: What does the electricity look like?

A: Like a small branch of lightning. The gray matter begins to function. It begins to sort itself out. It starts to think. It starts to reflect.

Q: Reflect on what?

A: On the fact that it's conscious.

Q: Keep going.

A: The gray matter is grasping its own nature. It's talking to itself.

Q: Can you hear what it's saying?

A: It's saying that a little girl is being born. There is a birth taking place. The birth is me. I'm being born. I'm coming out of the womb or out of nothing. I was unconscious and now I'm conscious. It's a miracle. Now I see sunlight. Sunlight is shining on the gray space. It's like a window opening. A shade being pulled up. There's a lawn out there, and a house. People, a few people are walking around. They must be my family. I'm being born into a family. There's a dog on the lawn. He's walking around, wagging his tail. Wait a minute...

Q: What is it?

A: This is me being born into this life, the life I have now. I was in the gray, and now I'm in this life. It's amazing, but...something's not right. It's strange. It's like someone else is thinking all this. Not me. These thoughts are coming from somewhere else. It's a book. It's a story in a book. The book is what I'm supposed to read. Yes. I'm reading from a book. I'm sitting there reading from a book. The book is giving me this information. I'm very placid, just sitting there, a little girl reading a book. It's strange. It's like a fairy tale, and I'm the main character. (laughs) I don't know...I wish I could...but there I am, reading from a book. The book tells me what I'm supposed to think. It's like the story of my birth. My birth into consciousness. From being non-existent. I was nothing, and then I was something. I was asleep and then I woke up. That's what the book says. It's a powerful story. I don't why, but it is. I'm sitting there reading it and soaking it up. It's like I'm a little kid in school and I don't know anything and the teacher is telling me what to think. That's not right. I'm being a little girl who doesn't know anything. That's the hinge on the whole thing.

Q: Hinge?

A: Yes. In order to accept what's in the book, I have to believe I'm a little girl and don't know anything. But the little girl I'm looking at...that's not me. That's just an idea.

Q: Keep going.

A: I'm reading the book. But it's not me. It feels like me but it isn't. It's a joke. For some reason, I need a "birth story." I'm missing a birth story and the book is giving it to me. It's what I want for Christmas.

Q: For Christmas?

A: Yes. I want what I don't have. I don't have a birth story, and this is what I want, so the book appears and it gives it to me. (laughs) The book shows up. It floats in the window and I pick it up and read it. It feels like I'm getting a Christmas present. It fills a need. I had a need, and the book supplied it. Why did I have that need? The book is almost alive. That's the way it feels. It knows about me, and it knows what I need. What I'm missing. It's pretty clever. (pause) But I don't really have to believe the book...wait...it's gone. The book's gone. And the little girl too. That was a fairy tale. In a physical sense, I was born. I'm born every time I have a new life. But I'm always here. I never stop existing. I'm here.

Q: Anything else?

A: Yes. I'm aware. I never stop being aware. The physical part of it fills a need. The gray matter, the brain, the electricity, the book. It fills in a story about how I exist on a lesser plane. That's what I don't know...that's what I don't want to know...oh, I get it now...

Q: What do you get?

A: In each new life, I'm doing a little faking. I'm starting all over. But I'm really aware from lifetime to lifetime, and that's no good for the story. The story of being born, of becoming conscious. I'm already conscious. But I have to tell myself a story, about arising consciousness, so that I can fit into the idea that I have a completely new life and learn everything from scratch. I have to black out what I know, to be in this place, this space...I have to fit into this space and time...I guess I have a need to do that...so I have the book, the story...

After the session was over, Jack asked the client, "Where do you think the book came from? Did you write it for yourself?"

She said, "Well, I use it. But I feel it came from somewhere else. It was written for me. It's like a very good shoemaker looks at my feet and then designs a pair of shoes for me, and then I wear them. The shoemaker wants me to be happy about the shoes. Whoever wrote the book wants me to be happy about the idea that I'm born every time with a blank slate and then my consciousness develops, like folds in the brain. But that's ridiculous. I'm always conscious, except when I go back to the book and soak in what it says..."

## CHAPTER 11

This chapter offers an excerpt from a session I did with a friend about a year after Jack True's death.

I was faced with the question of how to get around putting the person into a light trance, since I had no direct experience in doing that.

So I settled for a healing session (see opening chapters of volume one), thinking that this would relax the person. It did.

The object of this exercise was to have my friend look at the Reality Designers (RD) and report what he found.

Here is what he said to me before we began:

"Because you and I have discussed this concept of RD before, I assume I'm going to give you metaphorical material, symbolic material, that I'll be imagining or locating stuff that STANDS for RD. As opposed to seeing them directly. Does it matter?"

I told him it didn't matter, and that I wouldn't try to get him to sort out the difference.

He was okay with that, and we began...

Q: What do you get?

A: Gray space, a few little lights in the murk.

Q: Keep looking.

A: Okay. One of the lights is becoming a face. A stern face. He's looking at me, as if he wants me to say something. I don't know what. He wants me to...go away. He doesn't like the intrusion. He's supposed to be hidden. I tell him I don't care what he wants. He disappears.

Q: Yeah. Keep looking.

A: Another light gets bigger. It's a body. No head. The head is...inside a shroud. I'm moving closer to the body. I...the shroud comes off. The face is very...chiseled. It's a mask. It's a phony. This is a phony front. It's a diversion. It's not the real thing...then another face comes out of the gray. This one is inquisitive. He's trying to figure out why I'm here. He says, "What do you want?" I just look at him. He doesn't like it. Makes me a little nervous. He's wearing a robe. A blue robe. He walks around in a circle. He holds out his hand and some glittering material comes

out of his hand. (pauses)

Q: Yeah?

A: It almost put me to sleep. The glitter. It's hypnotic. Very pretty. The phrase "heaven glitter" comes to mind. He thinks it's amusing. So I ask him (telepathically), "Are you RD?" He says, "Why do you want to know?" I tell him, "I'm doing a survey." (laughs)

Q: Keep going.

A: I don't know. (pauses)

Q: What is it?

A: He's disappearing and coming back. Off and on. Now he's a little nervous. I've penetrated his fort. I'm just looking at him. He says, "We put on the show." "What show?" I say. "The whole show." He's pointing to something. It's a...design. A geometrical design. Five sides. Blue. It has red in it. The...implication is that...hmmm...this design is the way reality is put together. But it's not. It's another diversion. Any design will do. Now the pentagon is becoming a square...a circle...a gold tower. It's a gold tower. This one feels more real. The tower is...(pause)

Q: Go ahead.

A: I almost conked out again. The tower is an outpost. A broadcasting station. It broadcasts a signal sent from somewhere else. It's a relay. The signal is...a wave form of reality...it's a wave that underlies reality. It becomes reality when you look at it for a bit. It's like a code that becomes reality. Reality can expand out of the code, like a balloon that blows up, or it can...or reality can go back into the code form. It works both ways. This is interesting. On the edges...never mind...the edges just went away. If I'm afraid, I see edges, and if I ignore the fear, the edges go away. Yeah. I like this. The tower is...it has doors. I go inside. There's a huge room. It's empty. There is one guy in coveralls sleeping in a chair by a wall. There's a podium. It has a big book on it. The book is open. It's written in a script...I've never seen that script before. It seems to be directions to something. I'm definitely trespassing.

End of excerpt

After that point in the session, he went nowhere new. He just kept looking at the empty room.

The next day he told me he had slept very well. Better than he remembered in recent years.

We decided to do more sessions. The next chapter is the 12th session.

## CHAPTER 12

### REPEATING CYCLES

There is a great deal of literature out there that says things come around again:

Stock market cycles;

Weather trends;

Rise and fall of civilizations;

And so on...

Perhaps so, but the point is, this is all part of the flypaper that catches minds and convinces people that there is some kind of inherent order that we must pay homage to.

Homage that is akin to devotion.

You know. We are but small minds floating in vast sea of order. And our mission is to discover these cycles and put them up on a pedestal and...

It's ultimately one more way to devalue the power of the imagination, which of course creates something NEW.

RD works this scam to perfection.

Hide the cycles and then let people slowly discover them like gold buried deep within the Earth.

"Breathtaking." Yeah. Sure.

You see, if you discover this kind of gold after digging hard for a long time, then you're going to be so overcome with ecstasy that you'll hold on to that gold and never let it go.

Hide and go seek, big time.

"What was lost has been found."

Flypaper.

Same thing with various symbols: "discover the hidden meaning of symbol X and your life will be changed forever."

RD has used millions of symbols in this way. You beat at the door of some symbol and you find that it "really means" ABC. Wow.

But at the highest level of YOU, you are the creator of symbols. If you forget that, you then become the tool of the symbols someone else has created. And thereafter, you change your tune from "creator" to "explorer" of what has been laid out there for you to discover.

RD is expert at these "treasure maps."

On a much lesser level, the Vatican has played this tune over and over with many variations.

In the culture of planet Earth, we have been taught that "real magicians" are divining the true nature of symbols---

and that this discovery has led them to great power.

That's baloney. The real magician is one who can create (or not) various symbols and imbue them (or not) with "packets of energy." It's a game.

Here is yet another session run by Jack True with a patient. It touches on this whole subject of cycles and symbols and as well as several other fantastic things.

We begin the excerpt from the session as the patient has entered a light trance.

Q: Okay, I want you to look at the ocean.

A: Mmmm...yeah.

Q: What are you seeing there?

A: Strange...I'm getting a vast impression of cycles, of things going around and out into what seems to be a whole new era, and then it all comes back to square one. It's as if the ocean is a tremendous symbol, in addition to being just the ocean...oh, wait...the ocean IS a symbol of change and renewal, change and return to the same place, like waves, out and in, out and in, over and over. It's a hypnotic symbol. I'm being lulled into this. I'm...well, I'm outside it, obviously, because I can see the con. I can see the ocean being used as a hypnotic symbol...there is a figure there outside the ocean, a figure of a magician, as if he's creating all this...a magician who has the job of hypnotizing everyone. He's bringing in the idea of repeating cycles, as if we're supposed to believe that there's nothing new, it all goes around and around forever. That's the trap. The magician is making the trap. He's RD. He's an RD guy. He's got this...he just disappeared. It was as if I spotted him and he went away. He took off. (laughs) I guess he left the field open for me. Now I'm the magician. It feels good...I feel very good, like a ton of shit just got lifted off my back. Now I can take this symbol of the ocean and do anything I want to with it. Wow. I can make the ocean square or red or yellow or small or big. It's like a plasma. It's a symbol made of plasma. Weird. I can...I just made the ocean go away. It's gone. There is a big empty space where it was. I feel like I just came out from under anesthesia. I just saw a whole lot of...beliefs take off like horses and ride away from me. They were...my beliefs. They just took off and went away. The beliefs...had to do with how things repeat and come around again over and over. Yeah. I was in a trap. I was unconsciously looking for things to repeat over and over again, like a loop. That was my predisposition, to see and believe that way. That's why I've been so bored and tired. I was always thinking that things would come back again, the same old shit repeating over and over without a way out. That's why...this is good...this is very good...I'm seeing through the stuff...there's just a big clean empty space there now. Very new. I can do anything...I feel like I just lost 50 years of TIRED...so that's the way it works. RD makes symbols and they get you to form beliefs and the beliefs govern you. The symbols imply beliefs. It's very clear to me right now. I'm cooking, man...I'm...I can feel my left leg...there's an influx of energy there (the patient had had trouble with his left leg for several years)...the leg is much more...fluid now...I can bend it better...no pain...maybe I can run again...I'm the center...the magician...I'm at the zero point...I can create...that's the whole deal...(laughs) Those horses are still running away. They're liberated. They're turning into blue energy. Free at last. You know, I never liked horses.

End of excerpt

The next day, the patient called Jack and told him that his leg was still feeling good. He also reported that he had made a clock stop in his bedroom. It was an old mechanical clock. He didn't like the ticking and he "ordered it" to stop and it did.

## CHAPTER 13

### THE GREAT UNDERLYING STRUCTURE OF REALITY

This chapter is the first of a series on this subject. I've covered it before in this volume, but not quite in this way.

It presents an excerpt from a session conducted by Jack True with a patient. In the next several chapters, you'll see what happens to this patient. Don't assume you're getting the whole story in this chapter.

The patient was a 44-year-old man who had been involved in Tibetan practices with a monk who had left the fold. The monk was studying hypnosis, and he worked with the patient, a chiropractor, for a number of sessions (of hypnosis).

The thrust of these sessions with the ex-monk was PERCEPTION OF THE UNDERLYING NATURE OF REALITY. The details of those sessions was very sketchy when Jack entered the scene. Jack then took over.

He put the patient in a light trance and simply asked him to look at the underlying nature of reality and report what he saw.

Here is the excerpt:

Q: What are you seeing?

A: I don't know. I'm confused.

Q: Is that confusion with you or is it in what you're looking at?

A: Oh. It's in me, I guess.

Q: Where in you?

A: It's in my space.

Q: Right. So now just try to look at the underlying nature of reality and tell me what you see.

A: I see a lamp. It just popped up.

Q: What color is the light?

A: Gray green. Now it's yellow. The map is hanging from the sky like it's in some fairy tale. Did I say map? I mean lamp.

Q: What's around the lamp?

A: Sky. It's black. It's a kind of friendly black. I'm looking closer now. I'm seeing crystals. A crystalline take on the sky. The sky is composed of multi-shaped crystals, like ice or snow. These crystals are inside the sky.



They're a deeper level.

Q: Keep going.

A: The crystals seem...noble. They're very regal, in a way. I see kings and queens, almost like on playing cards. I feel like Alice in Wonderland. Kings and queens. They are representatives, messengers, guardians. It's interesting.

Q: Yeah.

A: The kings and queens are sort of attached to the crystals. They're part of the structure. They're beckoning me on. Deeper. They want to lead me somewhere. They want to show me something. My mouth feels dry. I'm going where the kings and queens lead me. They're pointing the way down a hall or a path in the woods. Hmm. The energy...of the crystals is leading me on deeper into something. I'm attracted to this. I feel a magnetic attraction. It's important. This feels important. I'm not sure where I'm going, but the sense is, I'm supposed to see all this. It's predestined, sort of. (pauses)

Q: What else?

A: There are rays of light coming from somewhere through the trees in the woods. It's noble. This is a noble enterprise. It has great dignity. It's...enveloping. It has sound, too. I'm trying to hear it. Music. Almost music. The tinkling of objects. I see robes, great robes. They have objects sewn into them, and the objects are making me feel...calm. I feel very calm. There are more messengers. They're wearing robes. They're leading me into a clearing. It has plants. Some are in pots. It's a very sculpted space. There is a prayer going on. It's an undercurrent. Someone is saying a very powerful prayer. It was always going on, but now I can hear it, like a hum. Like the hum of the ocean. I'm coming to the ocean now. It's illuminated. It's all lit up. The light is coming from inside the ocean. It's a blue light. It's very calming. It's easy. It's easy to look at it. I can see the blue light without any strain. I feel relaxed...That's all...it's all gone now.

End of excerpt

The next day, the patient phoned Jack and told him his headache (that he had had for almost a week) had gone away. He felt good. He was supposed to come in that afternoon for another session, but he cancelled it.

Two days later, he called Jack to say he was in a depression. He didn't know why. He made an appointment for the next night.

Jack said to me, "I expected something like this. I didn't think his euphoria would last very long. This patient very easily experiences euphoria."

## CHAPTER 14

### SESSION ON UNDERLYING REALITY

Jack's patient came back for his second session. Same subject. Look at the structure of reality and report what you see.

Patient was placed in light trance.

Here is an excerpt from the session:

Q: What have you got there?

A: I don't know. It's weird. I see a gray space and lots of little lights running around. No pattern. I feel the urge to find a pattern.

Q: Keep looking.

A: I see this surge of energy. But I can't tell where it's coming from. It might be coming from me. It seems to go out from me and turn around and come back at me. It's got a military flavor to it. Now, I see an army. Troops on the move. It's a war. They're in columns. I don't know what this has to do with...wait. I can peel this back, like a layer, like a big postage stamp on a letter. The war is just a cover. I'm supposed to see a war. It's hiding what's underneath...

Q: What's underneath?

A: Ghostly shapes. Dead urges. Urges from futile efforts. I don't know whose efforts. Like dead explorers. People who went out and never came back. I feel at a disadvantage. I'm in the wrong pew. I'm getting sucked in by some bullshit. I'm entrained to look down a certain corridor. But it's a wrong line. I'm holding something back. I'm going at this...now I see a golden terrace, like the terrace of a house. Some sub-angel lives in the house. He's got servants. This is weird. The angel is sitting out on the terrace and people are bringing him things.

Q: What things?

A: Drinks. Reports. Money. These are just symbols. They're clues. The angel is really just a thing, a piece of energy that connects to other energies. It's a web, a network of energies. Each piece has its 'arms' out, stretching to connect with the other pieces. Hmm. It's a whole vast network of energies. Spirit energies. It has the flavor of a revelation. An announcement that says, 'This is reality.' Reality is spirit energy. I'm supposed to take an attitude now toward the energy. I'm supposed to bow before the energy, in order to receive enlightenment. Yeah.

Q: Anything else?

A: No. That's basically it. I feel good.

After the session, after the patient left, Jack said to me, "He's still under the influence of the monk. He's reading something that is really the monk's. It ties in with his own version of reality, but he's struggling against something. He's trying to find his place in the cosmos. And he's convinced that if he finds it he'll feel good. He's always looking to feel good. It's trapping him. We'll see what happens in the next session..."

## CHAPTER 15

### THIRD SESSION ON UNDERLYING REALITY

Jack's patient came in feeling uncomfortable. In light trance, this is what he found when asked to look at the underlying structure of reality:

Excerpt:

Q: What's there?

A: Buzzing. Like bees. Many voices. Chatter. A hum. A universal hum. Expectation. The expectation of discovery. Like, here it comes. Then...nothing. Like the radio is turned off. A shaft of light. It comes from a very distant place. It's the thing that started the big bang. It's before the big bang. It's the light. I can sit in the shaft of light. I can swim in it. I can move and find a healing. This is what I'm looking for. Healing. No more headaches. No more arthritis. No more confusion. Pure reward. Pure home...finding home in the light...I'm sitting in the light...this is it...finally. Arrived. I'm there. Nothing can stop it. The light conquers all. I'm here. Inside the light. Getting what the light gives. The light gives all. The light has no personality. It doesn't have idiosyncrasies. It gives. It's itself. It doesn't need any doctrine. It has no rules or restrictions. It doesn't think. It doesn't have to. It just is. It is a pure...it gets stronger. It burns away impurities. This is the alchemy. The light doesn't ask anything from me. It has no requirements. No entrance fee. You're there. I'm sitting in the middle of the light. It's perfect. It doesn't compare. It just is. It's the only thing that really is all by itself...

The next day, the patient called Jack and said he was feeling wonderful.

*APRIL 8, 2004. Articles in Harper's and the Atlantic Monthly reveal that Cheney and Rumsfeld have been key players, since the Reagan administration, in a secret plan to provide continuity of government in case of a nuke attack from the USSR.*

*Talking bunkers and huge installations where major gov honchos would go. From which they would take over the reins of power without a Congress (too much trouble).*

*The plan was activated on 9/11. Bush was flown to Offcutt AF base in Nebraska, where, get this, he found a charity event was underway featuring biggies from US corporations. Quite a coincidence.*

*In fact, the US Business Roundtable has managed to obtain secure comm links to the fed gov for major CEOs. These links would be used in a dire emergency, when a terrorist attack decapitated the fed gov.*

*Like Reagan, the current Bush prez has very strong ties to certain militant end-times fundamentalists (not talking Muslims) who see biblical predictions of the end of the world as imminently factual.*

*And we just happen to be awash in Mel these days---the billion-dollar movie about the last hours of Jesus, who, according to the end-times folks, will take up to heaven all true born-again in the 11th hour---while the rest of us suffer great tribulation below.*

*Try this on for a subliminal equation: The Passion of the Christ=the end of the world= the Armageddon Plan for continuity of government= the 9/11 commission=the election=the chaos in Iraq= the "dark forces of Islamic jihad"=Easter=Bush, the chosen one=the "moral threat to the way of God" (gay marriage)=the confirmation of life on Mars (a fact that threatens the very world view of many fundamentalists)...*

*Such equations are meant to mobilize the hearts, minds and souls of true believers in the Great Crusade: a myth for the ages.*

*At a higher level, this particular equation is meant to polarize the nation into true believers vs. those who automatically reject the "wisdom" of such Armageddon imagery.*

*This neatly falls out into Demos vs. Repubs...and you have a subliminal subconscious force that gets people to move into one camp or the other.*

*Thus preserving the illusion of choice and open competition.*

*Called an election.*

*Symbolically, Condi Rice plays the role of the "former slave" who "now sees the wisdom of her masters."*

*In case you hadn't noticed, all this is a stage play, co-written by secret societies and our own minds.*

*The subconscious equations are not meant to be logical; they are meant to be impactful.*

*Meanwhile, of course, we are smack in the middle of the prez campaign between two members of Skull and Bones.*

*Million and millions of people who surf the internet and listen to programs like Coast to Coast AM are becoming aware of this fact, and the spillover into the mainstream is happening as we speak.*

*Of all people, the furrowed-browed Tim Russert recently asked Bush about Skull and Bones, and the president declined to comment.*

*Declined to comment? A sitting president who took a sacred oath to the most powerful secret society in America at a university which functions as a prime feeder line into the CIA, an agency once run by the president's father, refuses to comment?*

*H e l l o?*

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*===== end of posted article*

Okay, here are the additional comments...

Just about any trend or thought or behavior or viewpoint can be co-opted by controlling elites.

Look at the subliminal equation above. Consider the range of the events and facts and ideas embodied in that equation.

How is that equation co-opted, taken over?

You need a bin for it.

A place for it to go.

An important place.

Otherwise, it just floats.

Think of that equation as a plastic ball that is placed into a funnel at the top of a large plastic case.

As the ball falls, it can settle and stop in a little compartment formed by pegs.

In this case, what is that compartment?

It's the Democrats vs. Republicans compartment.

Very neat.

At that point in time, as the plastic ball stops, the powerful emotions stirred up under the surface take form and shape.

They become: I'M VOTING FOR X (OR Y).

Of course, X and Y are really two heads on the same body.

In 2004, the two heads are skulls.

You could call this FUNNELING.

THERE IS NO WAY TO ESCAPE THIS FUNNELING EFFECT UNLESS YOU STEP OUTSIDE THE WHOLE GAME THAT IS EMBODIED IN THE LITTLE PEG-SHAPED COMPARTMENT.

But if we are studiously devoted to (hypnotized by) the problem-solution format, we will tend to stay in that compartment and try to resolve various issues by choosing one skull or the other.

We will also believe that, if we step outside the problem-solution format, we will have NO supporting infrastructure through which we can express our insight.

We will feel confused and powerless.

Yes, well, that is the whole point. To make us feel we can't make any kind of progress unless we adhere to the format.

And that is where imagination comes into play.

Not particularly my imagination. Your imagination.

Imagination is not, strictly speaking, part of the format. It is beyond format.

We tend to say, "If imagination is the ultimate answer, then let someone else's imagination work it out. Wake us up when it's done."

We say, "Solve the whole thing for us."

That is like a child saying, "I can't reach up to the shelf to get the candy. It's too high. Do it for me, daddy."

The child is absolutely certain he can't get to the shelf.

This is what happens when we put our imaginations on the back burner for thousands of lifetimes.