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*Note: The following memoir was confiscated from what is believed to be the abode of Rasmussen Rancet a.k.a. 'Tina' after the *Synchron Raids* of 2116. It has been de-classified by the WPO to facilitate a better understanding of our human history and to aide in the efforts of a transparent global government.

While scientists have confirmed the scrolls were written sometime near the coming of the [Christian] religious figure Jesus, efforts to deduce the location from which Mr. Rancet obtained them - a thing he defines only vaguely in his memoir 'Rise of the Fantastic Thousands' - have so far been unsuccessful.

The Lost Scrolls: Testament of John

May the spirit be with you,

I write this testimony in secret and make no attempt to share it with the world at large in hopes that it will be god's will to reveal it in due time.

In the thirty years since the passing of the messiah, wherever the gospel has spread the mind of the people has likewise been infected with its contagion. In watching its effect, I am reminded of severely abused children who have been released from the oppressive clutch of their parents who sought to shape their world-view to be one of severe limitations, servitude to another, and a powerlessness to change these things. The children, if they find loving companionship among equals who make no attempt to subjugate nor force their beliefs onto them, these children will then slowly become emboldened to challenge the foundational principles they shaped their world-views on.

But saying it is a newfound bravery to challenge some old ideas handed down by previous generations hardly does the justice to what we have come to observe wherever the gospel spreads. The gentiles have learned to harness a power that has laid latent within them all along. And what a power it is! Before I attempt to explain its effects as someone who has been caught up in its rapture, allow me to share what is more readily observable and easily explained to any outsider.

Jesus did much more than perform miracles and show us a way to heaven; he showed us how to tap into such a thing in this very world. He did so by expounding in ways I cannot begin to emulate in any detail how to direct the life-force itself. Mankind, he had explained, had been duped into falling into a vicious state of 'mine-ness' in which we lost collective willpower to pool our life-force together for the

sake of generating a state of brotherhood and sisterhood.

Jesus did many other things as well. If every one of them were written down, I suppose that even the whole world would not have room for the books that would be written. And were I to try I would utterly fail in conveying the most critical elements, or more specifically I'd fail in connecting them. Just as any home is only as good as the joints which hold its structure together, the result would be a pile of scraps by just another self-appointed philosopher.

Jesus spoke of simple truths that we could all grasp, yet in connecting one principle to the next he seemed to explain the whole of the universe. People would proclaim, "Never before has a man spoken like he does" and they were amazed at his teaching because he taught them as one who had authority, not as teachers of the law do. The end effect was like a lightbulb had suddenly been turned on in a very dark room of captive strangers who up to then sensed one another only as a potential threat.

The kinship that resulted from the gospel was perfectly detectable to any outside observer; people began to trade their wares and share their resources in ways which granted them immunity to usury by middle-men. They stopped the practice of treating land as some commodity and even opened their doors to strangers. Communion became a daily thing marked by genuine mental intimacy rather than bland and blind ceremony. The ability of the people to think and act as one proved a most insurmountable obstacle for the Pharisees and tax-collectors attempts to conflate their interests with the well-being of the people.

We restored to people control over their own destiny, their own land, and their own culture. We did so in a most peaceful fashion, for Jesus taught us to love our neighbors, not to fulfill some far-removed hope that one day we would be granted entrance to some after-life paradise, but because it is sound strategy. Nothing, he said, so perturbs the enemy; frustrates him; causes him to make mistakes and to lay bare his true intentions like does those he sought to keep in a state of dissent finding instead harmony and kinship amongst one another.

So too was his directive to love one another and to put ones faith in god more than a superstitious self-interested investment in a heavenly reward. It too was a strategic, for he explained – again in ways I dare not try to emulate and any attempt for me to do so would only make the idea sound wholly ridiculous – that to dispose of one's own self-interested schemes and desires, to sacrifice one's own identity itself, this was the only true path to obtaining ones inner most desires. To put one's schemes aside in favor of investing themselves wholly in the moment; to put one foot in front of the other and follow the path as it materializes; this he explained requires true faith while the need for clever and ultimately flawed rigid schemes dissipate when trust and harmony are restored between people. To find right work that is suitable to the individual and to invest oneself wholly in it is to close the door to shadowy figures who infiltrate a man or woman's mind when it is idle – a state in which most become susceptible to suggestions which will have set them against one another. Yet it is up to the people to value work as more than a means of making money as the individual alone cannot ensure their ability to pursue work that is in line with their spirit by themselves. Jesus explained with undeniable clarity that

what is good for all is one in the same with what is good for the individual. Upon being faced with his undeniable reason, his magnetic aura, and awesome oratory even the greatest miser came to accept that he was in fact seeking social benefits in all his activities and that his riches could be multiplied many times over should he let go of his worldly schemes.

Once one has seen their innermost motivations laid bare and now understands with clarity how the pursuit of money contradicts itself by forcing them to choose between the very things which are motivating their every move on some level that is easily overlooked it then becomes desirable to achieve their ends in a better way when it is presented. Yet if people are alone in this endeavor it will not go far as men do not readily trust in one another, and rightfully so as such reasoning eludes many. Yet when one comes who is capable of laying bare the most complex truths in the most undeniable and simple of ways, trust, unity, and kinship ensues.

Jesus explained a man or woman's drive in terms of the life-force, and mastering it is the key to directing one's *spirit*. He explained to us a variety of ways how the life-force can be moved. In the most minute detail he described another world and how the we were connected to it by a great spiritual river. In this world those who are first in ours are last. Those who are sick here walk strong and healthy there. When asked if likewise the rich in this world are poor in the other the crowd was surprised to learn that in this other world they did not follow the false concept of labeling what had been freely given as their own; so clearly did they perceive the connection between their life-force and spirit which so motivate everything a person does that such a practice seemed contradictory to even the simplest among them. Hence such a concept as money did not exist there. But he did say that the lowest beggar in this world is like a king in the other.

People were amazed at the things Jesus said, not because he made mystical claims, for we've seen a great number of so-called prophets proclaim such things, yet their claims could hardly withstand the scrutiny of the gentiles who were not as stupid as some might suppose. Such prophets who made mystical claims could not respond to people's scrutiny without in some way dodging questions or offering vague answers, and always their attempts to connect one of their ideas with another were far from convincing. With Jesus however, he explained a great number of things in the most minute detail, and however complex his reasoning got, always he was able to relate them with near perfect clarity and awesome oratory back to the simplest and easily grasped truths that were the foundations of all he said. Never did I hear him contradict himself, and never did he back down from the pharisees or anyone else's attempt to challenge his knowledge in these things. With just an instance notice and having been given very little background knowledge or in some cases none whatsoever, he could seemingly explain any event in life within the framework of his ideas. To the philosophers he would mark symbols impossible for me to grasp in the ground and to this they looked perplexed only so long as it took for him to explain what they meant before they threw their hands up in ecstasy – as though some great problem had been solved in the most satisfying of ways. Without fail people who listened to him walked away glowing as though they grasped everything he said and now saw certain events and general daily realities that they endured in an entirely new light.

To the best my paltry words can describe the effects of his words, it was like some deeply repressed truth in the back of my mind had finally been unleashed; as though a thing that had been on the tip of my tongue had finally been granted the right words to escape my mouth. Never was there a time I did not exist, nor will there ever be. Eternal and unborn, Jesus preached that I was my own greatest enemy, for what could be worse than to have an unhealthy perspective full of anxiety, fear, desire, and jealousy in this life than to wake up, lifetime after lifetime, to experience these same things again and again – all under the premise that they will end after this one singular life? Such a reality is nothing less than what men have come to call hell. It is ignorance of their true nature – of their life-force and its connections to the spirit – which so binds them to the struggles they experience in this world. This attachment causes suffering, not the events we experience in themselves, for the body is weak but the spirit is willing.

Then there were the miracles. To be sure stories of these miracle are already being passed from one mouth to another with no regard for what preceded them, which was the real miracle. You see Jesus would gather people en masse, he'd have them prostrate themselves on their knees so that their legs formed a right angle and their spines were erect. This he taught to be the most efficient position for a person to achieve a trance. With his unparalleled empathy to guide us, most if not all usually would manage to obtain a trance. It was then he'd get on his knees and clasp his hands and pray.

What ensued was unknown to all of us only in its intensity but not its form. Have you ever felt completely detached yet wholly satiated? Have you ever felt a love so powerful arise within you it really feels more like it came from outside of you, and that now you are not just connected to the everything down to the very core of the earth and somewhere beyond it, but that you *are* all these things? Except with him this feeling was so easily induced, and it could be held for such extended periods of time that one ceased to conceive of it as a feeling and instead perceived it as reality. This he explained was the river flowing into us.

It was only then that the water turned to wine, but It was the river that was the true miracle, not the wine.

And that leaves me with a most curious thought; was it him and his special connection to this great spiritual river he described that was responsible for such miracles, or was it some collective power within us? Even he assured us that, strictly speaking, we don't need him to perform such acts. And to my shame, there is yet another possibility that I have considered, namely that it might have all been some hypnotic illusion that was operating on us or that affected in one another – a byproduct of being caught up in the rapture of kinship. The mere fact that I have seen and the things I have makes me question my own eyes and that I have felt what I did are in themselves grounds for the objective and rational part of my mind to doubt they ever actually occurred. Nonetheless the true miracle remains; Jesus got us to work together. With his infallible reasoning and his awesome control of words he convinced us – nay, he showed us – why it was so necessary to give up our individual identity and desires in favor of something more than any one of us alone could achieve, and it is because of this that our very lifestyle and habits changed entirely.

I suppose believing such a man could walk the face of the earth will become the basis of what is meant by 'faith' but rest assured when Jesus used the word he meant something altogether different. What he meant was to let go of attachments and tap into the great river. He described it to be like the highest work of art and as involved as all of the sciences ever could be, yet when one sees with the right eyes and when one hears with the right ears then the observer becomes the truth that cannot be observed and all of our petty attempts at dividing the two and explain one as though it is separate from the other fall away. What remains is a state of pure rapture; the observer has accepted he or she is the observed; they are one with all that surrounds him.

Though many people by themselves failed to take even the smallest sip of this great river, and those who were able to do so without the aid of Jesus only did so with much effort and wholehearted persistence, even those who failed were affected by the mere presence of those who had. They wore glowing looks on their face born out of a feeling of rapture that was induced by becoming aware of the presence of the river. In every town those who could tap into the river visited this effect spread like the powerful cure to a diseased body.

Now that Jesus is gone, as though to compensate for a great anxiety we all felt at his departure, the spirit he so tirelessly versed us in lives on, it thrives, and it continues to spread in this fashion. This he told us was to be the beginning of a new age that would only last for a thousand years. After this an age of darkness in which much of his words would be lost while some of them would be preserved only in the most selective fashion in order to suit another's ends would come. This is in part why he spoke in parables; so that they could not know what to erase and what to keep while those who had discerning eyes and ears would know their past by how well they observe their present and would accordingly derive a meaning from his parables according to their own nature. Soon after this thousand year of darkness has passed he will return in the midst of a tremendous cataclysm and divide our families.

Some of us still have trouble making peace with these words, but hardly could we forget how thoroughly he had expounded on why these things are necessary. Much of his reasoning had to do with the way the river flowed and the world from which it flowed from. I dare not attempt to convey details that I could scarcely recall let alone adequately convey to you myself, but in a general as it pertains to this world Jesus elaborated on how one's attachment to family caused us to open ourselves to a select few while on some important level closing ourselves to others, and it therefore was not compatible with true kinship. This in turn makes family among the greatest hindrances to mastering ones life-force so as to gain control of the spirit and direct it into the river.

To this people pressed him if they should separate from their families, but he replied that it would do as much good as would sowing an unshrunk cloth on an old garment as humans are creatures of influence and cooperativity; were one to separate from familial forms of kinship they'd simply be alone and outnumbered as true kinship cannot grow amongst people when so surrounded by those that are still attached to their conceptions of family. Were one to try to make the two coexist it would only incite one to subjugate the other and result in unnecessary lives lost. Neither are we to uproot such people from the community as it would be like uprooting weeds which grow in a Wheatfield; we'd end up uprooting a

good portion of the wheat in the process. Instead we must let things progress as they are and wait for the time of harvest.

Most of what I have to say about Christ has now been said, which brings me to my primary purpose. I've written this final testament out of respect for what I've observed to become the tactics of the most prideful enemies that Christ had.

They had no hope of replicating the powerful speeches he gave, nor did they possess the knowledge nor the presence of mind to teach people the way he taught them without being easily refuted. Even when one of them managed to come up with something that moved people in the slightest on a given matter, their testimony, be it written or verbal in its form, was still full of contradictions when one tried to apply it to anything other than the singular matter they aimed to address that they had little hope of countering the avalanche that the gospel on which a person could base their entire existence had become. People latched onto the foundational truths that carried Jesus's message. The most adept mind could deny them, and yet they were readily grasped by the slowest simpleton.

Recognizing the futility of attempting to resist the spread of the gospel, eventually Christ's enemies instead opted to join it. They proclaimed to now be brothers in Christ, yet never once did I see the glow of rapture which was characteristic of those who opened themselves to the presence of the river reach their face. They spoke to the gentiles and in general made every effort to make their names synonymous with the leading authority of the gospel. For this they became the butt of many jokes. Truly they were more of a passingly entertaining pest in the eyes of the people, and to me as well.

Then one day I came across a striking orator in the city of Klazomenai who claimed to be able to drink from the river. He was not like the other orators I had come across. The idea he wove into his speeches was not only the most sinister of all I had ever come across, it was also the cleverest. He claimed Jesus's death at the hands of the pharisees had been a fulfillment of prophecy, and that Jesus in fact came to this world explicitly to play the part of a sacrifice. I was immediately offended as the first implication of all this to me was that it was only before the coming of Christ that people had felt a need to kill things to bring themselves together in communion. Furthermore, a sacrifice is usually some form of scapegoat for the people performing it which allows them to appease whatever idol that really is a manifestation of their inner guilt – all this rather than addressing the underlying cause of their guilt in the first place. Sacrifices as this turned truths to be discovered through life experience, wholehearted endeavor, and personal deprivations into blind epithets to be followed by congregational slaughtering of more sacrifices when these epithets fail to resolve one's sense of inner guilt.

Jesus did not preach anything in the way of forcing others to play the part of some bloody violent sacrifice so that others may live, rather he taught them how to find meaning in life's suffering and how to transmute the negative energy derived from worldly deprivations as a means to gain control over one's own life-force. He taught that everything in the world had in fact been given freely including life itself, and there was thus no need to end a life any more than you would burn a precious gift. What this man was describing I quickly concluded was an attempt to turn the slaughter of a prophet and the ensuing

drinking of his blood into a formal religion a few could derive power from.

Now I was tempted to dismiss the man as certainly no prophecy as such existed to my knowledge nor to that of most people. Yet just as I was getting ready to leave he held an old document up and proclaimed it had been intentionally hidden from the masses and kept in waiting until the appropriate time.

What struck me was not so much his somewhat desperate attempt to hold the crowd's attention (although I must give him this; he had done a fair job of this so far), rather what struck me was the symbols that were appended to the edges of the document and which were still visible in areas that were not completely eroded. They looked to be some form of official seal, albeit one comprised of numerous symbols which surrounded the document in its entirety. Those same symbols, or something very close to them, were what Jesus used to draw in the sand when explaining the workings of the great river.

I then made it a point to get question the man once the crowd had disbursed, and I did so at great length. I asked him first what so motivated him to spread his faith in this document. To this he professed that its message had saved him from life-long bouts of melancholy which had brought him near to taking his own life. I asked him second to pray with me to test his ability to drink from the river. I was not entirely surprised to find that indeed he could, as I had already noted the glow on his face, albeit it emanated from an expression that was more like one of manic jubilation that he had found some temporary reprieve from his life-long bouts of melancholy than it was one of rapture born out of witnessing some higher truth. I then asked where he had obtained the scrolls and he told me that it was in a remote cave more than a days ride outside of the city and that their location had suddenly occurred to him one day soon after drinking from the river.

I of course pressed him at great length about this from every angle I could conceive, and this young man most willingly obliged me with wholehearted answers that I feel were true according to his ability to explain them. Yet the only thing worthy of note that I ascertained from my pestering was that he thinks he saw shadows wading along the edges of the river in the time he visited it only a few days before he had his epiphany in which the location of the scrolls came to him all in a singular moment. His epiphany occurred while sitting alone at his desk. I asked if he had been reading anything in particular prior to its occurrence and if he could recall what had been on his mind at the time. To this he claimed he had perhaps been in a heightened state of mental focus due to rigorous austerities, meditations, and prayers in previous days, and that his communion with the river in this time had left him feeling particularly full of vigor.

Beyond this he professed that he had been contemplating all that he had observed in his twenty-five years. It did not seem enough to him that mankind's hope should rely on their own abilities to elevate themselves, for the mind of man was primarily occupied with the attainment of worldly things. As such, and no matter if every tool necessary to do so were laid bare at his feet, the elevation of man to this other world Jesus had described must rely on something other than the willpower of man himself. There seemed to him some critical flaw in the whole of the gospels; a missing link of some kind which would

make all that he had observed in man and all that he had heard of the gospels more compatible. Such a link was provided to him when he had found the scrolls; Jesus had in fact come to this world not just to teach, but primarily to play the part of a sacrifice.

For the time I do not see young orators as this as a significant threat. Yet with respect to the dark ages Jesus predicted (a time in which he predicted his words would be largely erased and even manipulated) I write this testament; I mark it with similar runes and hide it in a secret location in hopes that whatever forces that are at play will reveal its location when it is needed. There are forces at play which seek to revert man back to the age of sacrifice in which he unthinkingly mutilates god's creatures and even himself to remit himself of guilt of what he's done to himself, to his brothers and sisters, to god's creatures, and to all of god's earth.

A faith which needs sacrifice deceives those who abide by it. All a person's actions, deeds, and thoughts are accounted for and together these things will direct their spirit in one direction or another, yet never two. A servant cannot serve two masters. To use sacrifice as a crutch is to disguise one's inner desire to hide from that which we feel guilt over rather than addressing it. Practices of sacrifice would accordingly cause us to remain in this world rather than striving to elevate ourselves away from it. This can only be achieved through wholehearted devotion to mastering and one's own life-force to connect to the spirit and direct it to the river where the flesh cannot go. A religion of sacrifice prevents a perfectly capable person from engaging with their minds, with their brothers and sisters, with their actions, and with their hearts. Sacrifice is the shield used to defend one's identity, yet Jesus taught us that it is one's very identity which they must let go of to gain access to this great river. And one cannot accomplish this while their minds and hearts remain so attached to worldly things. Sacrifice serves the purpose of detracting our focus on such things that are deserving of our fullest attention and the whole of our energies.

One's own identity is the only thing for which it can be said that any kind of sacrifice Jesus required. One day it will require us to let go of property and family alike, and in the mean time we ought to direct the whole of our energies to understanding why this is so. And herein lies the greatest danger of ritualistic sacrifice; it convinces one that communion with the river can be achieved while still holding onto their manic conceptions of labeling everything they can in this world as 'mine' as well as their convenient practices of closing themselves to kinship to live a worldly life centered around private property and personal family.

In this fashion sacrifice keeps people attached to this world, and even leads them to such worldly views that their existence began when their flesh was formed. Yet those who have wholly devoted themselves to elevating themselves above this world through deprivations that respect the body as a temple rather than mutilations which destroy it, and by kinship not rituals, according to the progress their soul has already made they will eventually remember how to commune with the river; to walk right into it. The only thing that remains for such people to be able to do so is for kinship to be restored, and this will occur when Christ returns.

Yet there are those of us who have learned to at least drink from the river. Such persons then begin to receive visions of themselves in the world above where what is high here is low there. In this universe of equal and opposites these people begin to see they are living on the side where contentment is not possible as people here are prone to developing attachments which sink their mind, or they are subject to those who have and are pulled into abiding by their worldly ways. From attachment to this world false logic arises such as men saying they own things that have been freely given to them. There then ensues a life of viciously labeling what is mine vs. yours and correspondingly men fabricate individual identities to distinguish themselves from one another. Letting this identity dissolve like salt in the ocean as it should then becomes a shameful thing to them. Caught up in the race to maintain what is theirs and to shape their identities according to whatever allows them to avoid the things they perceive to be shameful, man loses discipline then control over his life-force which then controls him through his sexual drive. Incapable of generating kinship, man becomes cut off from the river which is the source of all inspiration in this world and he loses all sense of creativity. All that is left to him is to see his life as a never-ending chase of worldly goods. The world becomes his possession, his family becomes his crutch to get him through the barren landscape that is completely devoid of kinship beyond those select few he has granted his affections to in a carefully accounted for mutual exchange of affections to be tallied as a merchant would his wares.

Why all of this is so Jesus did explain to us in precise detail of which it is not my place nor within my capabilities of conveying to you in the level of detail that man requires to be convinced of such things. Yet the spirit moves me to write this last testimony for those who will receive it, most of all to warn you that there are those among you who have achieved somewhat of a middle ground to all of this.

In years since my talk with the young man in the city of Klazomenai I made it a point to seek out similar individuals, and to my unfortunate surprise I did find several, albeit ones of lesser ability than he and they did not lay claim to any long-buried scrolls. From these people and my questioning of the orator in Klazomenai I have tentatively deduced some definitive qualities in them.

Having shirked from painful truths to be faced with patience and fortitude, their daily experience in this world is one of melancholy. They do not particularly believe in anything, and they are not overly attached to this world nor any other. They are not guided by purpose nor do they believe that one exists beyond obtaining temporary reprieves from their bouts of melancholy. It is in this state of purgatory the individual manages to deconstruct his or her identity; to let go of this world and gain access to the river. Yet when they step into it they see only where it leads, not where it came from. This in turn grants them a peculiar knowledge for the things which bind men to this world, and they come to see such things as all that is worth aspiring towards as the outlet to the river in this world occurs in a cold and dark place that, while exhilarating to discover, eventually ensnares those who come upon it and they soon come to see the place for what it is and wish only to escape, and indeed some who find in themselves the required faith might do so. For those who do not escape they are consumed by shadows. To them all that is of any value in life could just as well be defined by worldly things that are tangible to the human senses – this world is the heaven they now aspire to once again attain.

In this form the shadows find the ability to influence the movements of the river itself, and they know that if they can pull the whole of humanity into their rank they might gain enough control of the river to find a way reincarnate themselves back into this world. They infect the minds of the human psyche with notions that would detract them from any higher purpose or which would lead them to mastering of their life-force in hopes of inducing a world-wide web of melancholy born out of sheer pointlessness.

One who gains access to the river by renouncing this world leaves in their wake a glow of rapture on the faces of those willing to open their ears to their testimony and open their eyes to the things they've seen – images that were fed to them from the very source of the river. One who gains access to the river out of sheer pointlessness leaves in his or her wake a glow of mania on the faces of those who open their ears to his or her worldly testimony and their eyes to seeing nothing other than what they've always seen.

It is most important to understand that, like the creatures of pure light which call the upper parts of the river home, these shadowy creatures are capable of laying before a man or woman's mind suggestions that, if he or she entertain them overly much, might take root in their mind. The person who's mind the suggestion was implanted in then becomes like a hypnotized subject whose thoughts will grow from the seed which was planted in their mind. If the person be of significantly lesser will than those laying before them the suggestion, then it can even be more like a wizard putting someone under a spell that lay dormant within them for some time and which will await some trigger word for its release.

And this brings me to my final point; Jesus did not come to be a sacrifice, and neither can it be said that he only came to show us the way, but he also came to lay some imprint on our inner most psyche – to put mankind under some spell. He willingly explained almost everything we could think of to us, but this he would not elaborate on, neither the spell nor its purpose, only that there would come a time when conditions would be ripe for him return to say the trigger word and release its effect on all of the cities man will build.

Peace be with all of you.

John the Apostle