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Illusions: The Adventures of the Reluctant Messiah AuthorRichard BachCountryUnited StatesLanguageEnglishGenrePhiliic NovelStutualOpublischerdell Publishing Co., Inc.Publishing date1977Media typePrint (Paperback) - Audiobook (Cassette)Pages192 pagesISBN0-440-20488-7OCLC23078084 Illusions: The Adventures of the Reluctant Messiah novel by writer and pilot Richard Bach. First published in 1977, the story calls into question the reader's view of reality, suggesting that what we call reality is only an illusion that we create for learning and enjoyment. Illusion was the author of a follow-up to the 1970s by Jonathan Livingston Seagull. The illusion plot revolves around two barnstorming pilots who meet in a field in the Midwest of the United States. The two main characters enter into a relationship between a teacher and a student that explains the concept that the world we live in is illusory, as well as the underlying reality: What if someone came, who could teach me how my world works and how to control it? ... What if Siddhartha came in our time, with power over the illusions of the world, because he knew the reality behind them? What if I could meet him in person, if he was flying a biplane, for example, and landed in the same meadow with me? Donald William Shimoda is the messiah who quits his job, deciding that people value show business as performing miracles and want to be entertained by these wonders more than to understand the message behind them. He meets Richard, a fellow-assaulting barn pilot. Both are in the business of providing short trips - for a few dollars each - in vintage biplanes for passengers from farm fields they find during their travels. Donald first captures Richard's attention when the couple's grandfather and granddaughter arrive on the makeshift runway. Usually it is the elders who are careful and the youth who seek to fly. In this case, however, the grandfather wants to fly, but the granddaughter is afraid to fly. Donald explains to her granddaughter that her fear of flying comes from a traumatic experience in a past life, and it soothes her fears and she is ready to fly. Observing this greatly intrigues Richard, so Donald begins to pass on his knowledge, even teaching Richard to create their own miracles. The novel contains quotes from the Messiah's Handbook, which was owned by Simode, which Richard later adopts as his own. An unusual aspect of this guide is that it does not have page numbers. The reason for this, as Shimoda explains to Richard, is that the book will open to a page where the reader can find a guide or answers to doubts and questions in his mind. It's not a magic book; Shimoda explains that this can be done with any text. The Messiah's handbook was released as its own name by Hampton Roads. It mimics the one described in the illusion, with new quotations based on philosophy in the novel. Adaptation of Illusions was serialized in comic book The Best Sellers Showcase runs from June 19 to July 30, 1978. The film's director, Snyder, called the book one of the main influences on his 2011 film Sucker Punch. 2014 sequel In 2014, Bach published Illusions II: The Adventures of a reluctant student after surviving a serious plane crash. See also Modeled Reality Modeled Reality in Fiction Links (ISBN 1-57174-421-5) (ISBN 978-1-57-174421-0) - Stripper's Guide: Obscurity Day: Bestseller Showcase Received from (Bach\_novel) oldid931911561 Edit other works: Novel: Hypnotization of Maria. Read more about Advertising Listings: See More Alternative Names: Richard Bach Edit Met Second Wife, actress Leslie Parrish, in 1973 while filming his book Jonathan Livingston Seagull. She was a project researcher. Read more - Excerpts from Illusions - Introduction - Citations, Excerpts from Amazon.com - Excerpt #1 - Savior: Once lived a village of creatures along the bottom of a large crystal river. The flow of the river silently swept over them all - young and old, rich and poor, good and evil, the current goes its own way, knowing only its own crystal. Each being in its own way clung to the branches and stones at the bottom of the river, for clinging was their way of life, and resistance to the present what everyone learned from birth. But one creature finally said: I'm tired of clinging. Although I can't see it with my eyes, I believe the current knows where it's going. I let go and let it take me where it will be. Clinging, I'll die of boredom. Other creatures laughed and said: Fool! Let go and that current you worship will throw you dropped and smashed through the rocks and you will die faster than boredom! But the one who did not answer for them, and, sighing, let go, and was immediately felled and smashed by the current through the rocks. But over time, when the creature refused to cling again, the current lifted it from the bottom and it was bruised and not hurt anymore. And the creatures downstream, by whom he was a stranger, exclaimed: See a miracle! A creature like us, but it flies! See the Messiah, come to save us all! And the one who carried over said: I am no more Messiah than you. The river pleases to raise us for free, if only we dare to let go. Our true work is a journey, it's an adventure. But they cried more: Savior! All the while clinging to the rocks, and when they looked again he left and they were left alone, making legends about the Savior. Exposure to #2 - Life is a movie: We ended the day in Hammond, Wisconsin, flying a few passengers Monday, then we walked into town for dinner, and started Don I give you that this life can be interesting or boring or that we decide to do it. But even in my brilliant times I've never been able to figure out why we're here in the first place. Tell me something about it. We passed a hardware store (closed) and a movie theater (open: Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid), and instead of answering he stopped turned back onto the sidewalk. You have money, don't you? A lot. What's the matter? Let's see the show, he said. Are you buying? I don't know, Don. Go ahead. I'll get back to the planes. I don't like to leave them alone for too long. What suddenly became so important in the movie? The planes are fine. Let's go to the show. It's already started. So we're going to be late. He was already buying a ticket. I followed him into the darkness and we sat down near the back of the theater. There may have been fifty people around us in the gloom. I forgot why we came in after a while and got into a story I always thought was a classic movie, anyway; this will be my third time seeing Sundance. Time in the theater spiraled and stretched the way it does in a good movie and I watched for a while for technical reasons. . . . how each scene has been designed and coming to the next, why this scene is now, not later. I tried to look at it that way but got swirled in the story and forgot. About the part where Butch and Sundance are surrounded by the entire Bolivian army, almost at the end, Shimoda touched my shoulder. I leaned over, watched the movie, wanting him to keep everything he was going to say until it was over. Richard? Yes. Why are you here? It's a good movie, Don. Soch Butch and Sundance, blood all over them, talking about why they should go Australia. Why is that a good thing? He said. Why is that a good thing? He said. It's fun. Sh. I'll tell you later. Get out of it. Wake up. It's all an illusion I was annoyed with. Donald, there's only a few minutes more, and then we can say whatever you want. But let me see the movie, okay? He whispered intensely, sharply. Richard, why are you here? Look, I'm here because you asked me to come here! I turned and tried to look at the end. You don't have to come, you could say no thank you. I LIKE THE MOVIE... The man in front turned to look at me for a second. I like the movie, Don; is there anything wrong with this? Nothing, he said, and he didn't say a word until it was finished, and we walked again past used tractors a lot and in the dark to the field and planes. It's going to rain soon. I was thinking about his weird behavior in the theater. You're doing everything for a reason. Don? Sometimes. Why the movie? Why did you suddenly want to see Sundance? You asked a question. Yes. Do you have an answer? That's my answer. We went to the movies because you asked a question. The film was the answer to your question. He laughed at me. I knew it. was my question? There was a long pain-relieving silence. Your question, Richard, is that even in your brilliant times you've never been able to figure out why we're here. I remember. And the film was my answer. Oh, you don't understand, he said. No. It was a good movie, he said, but the best movie in the world is still an illusion, right? The photos don't even move; they only seem to move. Changing the light that seems to move through a flat screen set in the dark? Think so. I'm beginning to understand. Other people, any people anywhere who go to any movie show, why are they there when it's just illusions? Well, it's fun, I said. That's right. One of them. It can be educational. Ok. That's always the case. Learning two. Fantasy, escape. It's fun, too. One. Technical reasons. To see how the film is made. Training. Two. Escape from boredom. . . . Escape. That's what you said. Social. Being with friends, I said. Either way, it's funny. One of them. All I came up with was a fit of his two fingers; people see movies for fun or for learning or for both together. And the movie, as for life, Don, is it right? Yes. Then why would anyone choose a bad life, a horror movie? Not only do they come to a horror movie for fun, they know it will be a horror movie when they come in, he said. But why? . . . Do you love horror movies? No. Have you ever seen them? No. But some people spend a lot of money and time to see horror or soap-opera problems that for other people are boring and boring? . . . He left a question for me to answer. Yes. You don't have to see your movies and they don't have to see yours. It's called freedom. But why would anyone want to be terrified? Or boring? Because they think they deserve it for the horrors of someone else, or they like the excitement of horror or what boring they think movies should be. Can you believe that many people for reasons that make it very sound to them to like to believe that they are helpless in their own movies? No you can't. No, I can't, I said. They're miserable because they've decided to be miserable, and, Richard, it's all right! Hmm. We play games, funny creatures, we are others of the universe. We can't die, we can't hurt ourselves any more than the illusion on the screen can be hurt. But we can believe that we are hurting, in any excruciating detail we want. We can believe that we are victims, killed and killed, shudder at luck and bad luck. A lot of lives? I asked. How many movies have you seen? About Films about life on this planet, about life on other planets; all that there is space and time is all cinema and all illusions, he said. But for a while we can learn a huge amount and have fun with our illusions, we can not? How far do you this movie thing. Don? How far do you want? You saw the movie today partly because I wanted to see it. Many people choose life because they love doing things together. The actors in the film today played together in other movies before or after depends on what movie you saw in the first place or you can see them at the same time on different screens. We buy tickets for these films, paying for entry, agreeing to believe in the reality of space and the reality of time... None of them is true, but anyone who does not want to pay this price, can not appear on this planet, or in any system of space-time at all. Are there people who don't have any lives at all in space-time? Are there people who never go to the movies? I can see that. Do they receive their training in different ways? Yes, he said, pleased with me. Space time is a rather primitive school. But many people are left with the illusion, even if it's boring, and they don't want the lights turned on early. Who writes these movies, Don? Isn't it weird how much we know, if only we ask ourselves and not someone else? Who writes these movies, Richard? We do, I said. We are who is the cameraman, the projectionist, the theater manager, the ticket-taker, the distributor, and who watches them all happen? Who is free to go out in the middle, anytime, change the plot whenever anyone is free to see the same movie over and over again? Let me guess, I said. Is that freedom enough for you? He said. And that's why movies are so popular? What do we instinctively know that they are a parallel of our own lives? Maybe so ... Maybe not. It doesn't really matter, does it? What is a projector? Mind, I said. Imagination. This is our imagination, no matter what you say. What kind of movie is this? He asked. Got me. Whatever we agree to put into our imagination? Maybe, yes, Don. You can hold the coil of film in your hands, he said, and it's all finished and finished - start, middle, end all there, same second, same millionths of seconds. The film exists for the time that it records, and if you know what the movie is, you know usually what will happen before you go to the theater: there will be battles and excitement, winners and losers, romance, disaster; You know it's going to be there. But in order to get bogged down and swept away in it, in order to enjoy it most, you have to put it in the projector and let it pass through the lens minute after minute. . any illusion requires space and time to experience. So you pay nickel and you get a ticket and you settle down to forget what's going on outside the movie theater starts for you. And no one was hurt? Is it just tomato-sauce blood? No, it's blood all right," he said. But it could be tomato sauce for the impact it has on our real life. . . . And the reality? божественно равнодушна, Ричард. A She doesn't care what role her child plays in her games; one day a bad guy, the next day a good guy. Is not even aware of our illusions and games. He knows only himself, and us by his way, perfect and finished. I'm not sure I want to be perfect and finished. Let's talk about boredom. Look at the sky, he said, and it was such a quick change of subject that I looked up at the sky. There was some broken cirrus, way high, the first bit of moonlight silvery edges. Beautiful sky, I said. Well, it's always the perfect sky, Don. You tell me that although it changes every second, the sky is always the perfect sky? Hey, I'm smart. Yes? And the sea is always the perfect sea, and it always changes, too, he said: If perfection is stagnation, then the sky is a swamp! And it's hardly a swamp cookie. I don't think it's a swamp cookie. I absent-mindedly. Perfect, and all the time changing. Yes. I'll buy that. You bought it a long time ago if you insist on time. I turned to him as we walked. Isn't it boring for you, Don, staying on just this one dimension? A. Am I only on this one dimension? He said. You will? Why is everything I say wrong? Is everything you say wrong? He said. I think I'm in the wrong business. Do you think maybe real estate? He said. Real estate or insurance. There is a future in real estate if you want it. Okay, I'm sorry, I said, I don't want a future. Or the past. I would just as soon as I became a good old master of the world of illusions. Sounds like maybe in a week? Well, Richard, I hope not that long! I looked at him carefully, but he didn't smile. Smiling.

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