

Chapter 1

Back Home

In April 1993, I returned to Israel after having been at the Division of Applied Sciences of Harvard University. Passover makes April one of the most important months in the Hebrew calendar, as it relates the story of how God, through Moses, released our ancestors from slavery and brought them into freedom, so I was glad to come home for this visit. My plan was to stay for the holiday and then to return to Harvard to complete my research. I also planned to give a talk on issues related to signal processing at the MIT Media Lab.

Spending the holiday with my family, I realized that it was not human to leave them for an additional three months, so I decided to leave the academic world and start up a new company. I initially called it Oplusion (for Optical Illusion) Systems, Ltd., but later changed the name to Oplus Technologies Ltd.

Oplus' first goal was to develop a technology to convert and enhance computer signals and interlaced NTSC/PAL video signals into non-interlaced high-resolution flicker-free video signals, similar to High Definition TV (HDTV). We located the company near the Technion¹ in Haifa and started to develop our main product.

¹ Technion - The Israel Institute of Technology, IIT.

On March 26, 1994, a beautiful sunny day, I left the office towards downtown Haifa in order to collect a package of electronic components sent from Tel-Aviv by a delivery company called the Aviv Taxi Service. I picked up the package and headed back to my office. However, on the way, I experienced a most curious event. Being a trained scientist, I believed that, using logic, science could explain the mystery of nature. It might take time, but eventually we will be able to explain how our brain perceives the world. However, the event changed my belief. And my life.

Chapter 2

What's Going On?

A pillar of light suddenly ignited inside my brain and my consciousness split into two parts. One part continued to drive the car, while the other part sat before three illuminated entities. Everything was in shades of green except the entities. I looked down to find my hands, legs and body, and saw nothing. I had no body. How, I wondered, could I see the three entities while, at the same time, I was non-corporeal, yet fully aware of myself? I was confused and emotionally shocked. Questions flooded my mind: if I cannot see myself, how can they see me? Without eyes, how can I see them? What part of me is seeing them? Who are they? How do they appear in my mind? How does my awareness split into two distinct parts?

The part of my consciousness that was driving realized I couldn't stop the car in the middle of the road so I looked for a place to park. I was shocked to realize that I could think, concentrate, and drive the car, yet simultaneously, I was in a different "place," where I also could think, concentrate, and, weirdest of all, be aware of myself without a body.

The entity on the left was sharp and clear. He had long, smooth black hair, pleasant eyes, and he smiled. The faces of the other two were blurred in the same way faces are blurred on a TV screen to hide someone's identity.

While my first consciousness was parking the car, my second consciousness heard one of the masked entities ask, “What do you want to know?”

I was too shaken to answer his question. *I couldn't figure out what was going on.* Panicked and surprised by this situation, I couldn't speak. They said, “Relax, you are terrified.”

I could neither relax nor speak. Suddenly, I realized that I was *virtual*² in that I was a consciousness that carried my whole body in a virtual sense—that is, I carried the consciousness of my legs, hands, head, ears, eyes, mouth, and so on without having them in reality. I was pure consciousness in that my consciousness wasn't anchored to my body. But no matter how I tried to speak, nothing came out of my virtual mouth. The being on the left still smiled, I suppose trying to calm me. They put a computer and a keyboard in front of me so that I could write down my questions, but I couldn't move my non-existent fingers. “You can write all your questions later. The answers will come to you.”

Suddenly my voice worked, and I shouted, “Who are you? Are you holograms?”

What a foolish question, I immediately thought to myself. They didn't answer. I felt that the being on the left wanted to say something but that he was holding himself back for the moment, knowing that I would receive the answers at the correct time.

I knew that nobody outside the car heard me yell—that had happened in my second consciousness. I knew that they were not really human, or maybe they were once human or a kind of human, and that they communicated telepathically with me from a different place or dimension.

Then, as suddenly they had appeared inside my brain, they disappeared and I was reunited as one consciousness. I covered my face with my hands and shouted, “I do not believe this is happening to me. It's a dream. Yes, I'm sure it's a dream. It cannot be true. It is not real.”

I looked out on to the street to see if people were staring at me but no one paid attention. Surely the whole episode had taken only a few seconds. Sweating, heart pounding, I drove back to my office as if I was drunk. Dazed, I spent hours trying to

² See footnotes 15, 19, 21 and Chapter 13

understand logically how my consciousness could split into two parts. But then, as the pressure of work intruded, the event receded, as does a dream on waking.

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## Chapter 13

# What This Is All About

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**A**fter having the metaphysical experience with Sham, I decided to dedicate my life simultaneously to four goals: teaching, research, leading Oplus, my company, to success, and enhancing my abilities to intend and control my pure consciousness. To some, the last goal may sound highly rarified, but to others, such as myself, it is the consuming passion in life. So, what does “controlling my pure consciousness” mean?

In a dream, we are usually observers of events as they happen, sometimes participating in the events themselves, but usually we do not see ourselves, our own legs, hands and body. We also do not control the dream events. A scene appears, things happen, and the scene fades, without our ability to control them. So, I asked myself, why not change that? Why not control dream events?

If we could control dream events and scenes, we would be controlling our pure consciousness. However, in order to do that, we would need spiritual strength, spiritual intention. Controlling our dreams means controlling our pure consciousness. Suppose that, in a dream scene, we could say to ourselves, “Let’s tell our

pure consciousness to change these mountains into an ocean beach scene. Then, let's change the participants in our dream into new participants. Let's do more and actually see ourselves in the dream, with legs, hands and body. Let us dream in our dream. Let us build a city, a country, a Universe.

By creating scenes, events, Universes and time references just by our pure consciousness intention, we start to be spiritual creators of events that actually (physically) do happen in an appropriate Universe and time reference.

Going further, why not do all of this while we are awake, by disconnecting our pure consciousness from our physical body without the use of drugs? Once we can do that, we have sufficient intention power to control our pure consciousness. That's what this is all about: controlling our pure consciousness, that is, controlling our virtual replica, our soul.