

SMOKING MIRRORS

- [Visible Origami](#) is the metaphysical mirror side. This is the vent where the 'smoke' comes out. Once the smoke is gone I will probably be a single persona but Les Visible as a result.



Website Counters

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 2005

Cindy Sheehan and the Swift Boat Mothers for Bush.

God bless you Cindy Sheehan. God bless you for the courage to stand and with your righteous determination stare into the jackals den. For too long America has stood in silence while murder was conducted in their names; for too long journalists and people in the public light have shied away from the fury of the neo-con slander that might have made them pay a price for telling the truth. Shame on you all, you people without convictions; you people in your safe harbor, you privileged elite without the sand or the honor to stand up to liars and cowards. In small enclaves, here and there, voices have spoken out but could not be heard above the screaming wind of flatulent freepers, belching, scratching and strutting about in celebration of a war they have no intention of fighting except from the sidelines.

ABOUT ME

LES VISIBLE

EXPATRIA, LANGUEDOC,
FRANCE

I don't think I'm going to start describing myself. I'm not sure that's possible.

[VIEW MY COMPLETE PROFILE](#)

JUST BECAUSE YOU CAN'T SEE IT DOESN'T MEAN IT ISN'T THERE.

AND JUST BECAUSE YOU CAN DOESN'T MEAN IT IS.

[Visible's Home Page](#)

[9/11 was an Inside Job Album](#)

[Visible Origami- 'Metaphysical blog'](#)

[The Singer/Songwriter Collection](#)

[What Really Happened](#)

Every day, another American soldier's blood is sucked away into the trackless sands of Iraq. This is a war brought to you by Israeli neo-cons who took over the defense department and made the U.S. military an arm of Israeli hegemony. Any and all criticisms of Israel bring the snarling teeth that hiss, "anti-Semite". That phrase has been used so often and for so many things that it no longer has any meaning. Arabs are Semites too; this effectively makes Israel anti-Semitic in their war against the Palestinians. Let us not forget that it was Sharon who instigated the last Intifada. Let us not forget, the Lavon affair, the attack on the U.S.S. Liberty, the AIPAC spying and the dancing Israeli's in New York. With friends like this, who needs enemies?

While those who were too comfortable to risk censure hid in the shadows; while so many refused to speak out, while so many of us wandered like lost children through an enchanted land of Big Mac's and reality TV, comes this lonely woman with the courage and conviction to beard the coward in the lion's suit.

Readers of this blog know that I have been calling for all sorts of things; public exorcisms, drums across the Potomac, national sit down strikes... well, like serendipity swinging in on a rainbow, here's our chance. Every man jack and woman of honor get yourself to Crawford

[The Meria Heller Show](#)

PREVIOUS POSTS

[Cindy Sheehan and the Swift Boat Mothers for Bush.](#)

[A Further Elucidation of The Smoking Mirrors Philosophy](#)

[An America Tragedy, in the Restaurant at the End of the World](#)

[It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World](#)

[Let's Leviate the White House](#)

[The Dung Also Rises](#)

[The Virgin Sperm Dancer has Herpes](#)

[I Wonder and I Wonder and I Wonder.....](#)

[And a Fine Good Afternoon to You All](#)

[Oh When the Saint's Go Marching In....](#)

ARCHIVES

[March 2005](#)

[April 2005](#)

[May 2005](#)

[June 2005](#)

posthaste. In memory of those who died in an illegal war; on BOTH SIDES of the fence, in memory of all the grieving families, in memory of those who died on 9/11 in an attack orchestrated by the very government whose job was to prevent it, in memory of your lost integrity as you sat by and closed your eyes... let us get down there and get it done.

This is the moment my friends- Carpe Diem! The power of this woman's iconic image is sufficient to legitimize the course. Let freedom ring!

Few of you know that Matt Sludge of the Sludge Report originally started out as an actor in films. His first role, as the fly in "Meet the Feebles" augured well for a career in front of the camera. But it was not to be; Mellon-Sciafe and a few other well-heeled fascist bankers took him aside, introduced him to the sweet corrupt taste of Satan's hind end and initiated him into the spiritual rimming process that made him a Mouth of Sauron. Now he has created a fictitious family for Cindy Sheehan. They gather in the shadows my friends and they plot to dishonor this woman's noble cause. But they cannot come into the light for it will burn them as surely as holy water scalds a vampire. The truth is stronger and physics will tell you that shadows must retreat before light. This was the secret power of Gandhi and King. Let us all exercise our inner Mahatma and bring this impotent circle-jerk to its knees. There is nothing more

July 2005

August 2005



pornographic than the tidal wave of lies and slander that pour from this evil administration. And they have no foundation. Their house is built on sand. The formerly lickspittle, supportive media is now on site to record every doing at Crawford, they swarm like flies and ticks. The cameras are running. Bloggers are on site. Men and women of good will are coming from all over. If you think you should have said or done something before then, NOW is the time.

A wave of righteous determination is waking up in the former land of the free and it will not be denied. One woman has become the rallying point for a tsunami of national outrage. If you cannot go to Crawford then go to Crawford in your hearts and your minds. Support this woman from that place of faith within. Lend your encouragement to these brave souls who stand on the front line of judgment. We are more powerful than they. They have only the intimidating shadow thrown upon a wall and magnified many times greater than its actual size. Pull back the curtain and expose the wizard!

Believe me when I tell you this is much bigger than you know. There is a possibility here to arouse the entire country in support. Believe me when I say that that number is in excess of 70%. Vox Populi will win the day. When I get done here I'm going to go write The Ballad of Cindy

Sheehan and put it online. All of you artists and creative souls do likewise. Flood the internet with you support. Rise up and be counted. Let us lash these sad, sick fools out of the White House and right into jail where they belong.

Surely many of you feel ashamed that you have obliged the foul efforts of these despicable men and women. You can redeem yourself now. You have nothing to lose that you need and everything meaningful to gain.

You will hear that Cindy Sheehan has an agenda, which she is pressing for her own celebrity. You will hear that she is being manipulated by others. You will hear all manner of lies and slander. Yes, she has an agenda. Think about it. I have looked into her eyes and I know that she is not after money or fame. Are others working with her to the same end? Thank God Yes!!!!

The power of your words and thoughts can be amazing at this time. Think well of Cindy. Send her your determined support across the telepathic airwaves. Talk her up. Speak up for her. Say her name!!! Say her name!!!

What honor, integrity and courage we possess comes not of ourselves but is the gift of the divine within us. As you move in that direction you will find yourself empowered and overshadowed by angels. All the agents of good will will rush to your side. Wherever you are you

can help in some way. The collective positive intent of our majority will fill the sails of her mission and power her through every negative and opposing wind. The Swift Boat Motherfuckers for Bush will be drowned in the wake.

Even now they gnaw on their fingers in fear of this phenomenon that they dare not engage. They want it to go away. They seek to diminish and discredit but they have no veracity, she's got it all.

Every now and again destiny calls one or more of us to a challenge in which we see the power of the true and living God made manifest in our collective struggle against the forces of deceit and disingenuous knavery. That moment has come round. Let us all do what we can to bring the thing entire to center stage where the whole world can see the obvious truth, not only does the emperor have no clothes but somebody needs to cover him up right now for the sake of our stomachs and our eyes. Let's roll!!!!

POSTED BY VISIBLE AT 1:37 PM 5 COMMENTS



Website Counters

THURSDAY, AUGUST 11, 2005

A Further Elucidation of The

Smoking Mirrors Philosophy

Well good morning one and all, no matter what time you may actually be reading this. It's a beautiful morning here. The Sun is shining, the air is fresh and I'm where I usually am; in a good mood and thinking about what I may or may not do. I may do something and, then again, I may do nothing at all- my choice really; of course I defer to the prevailing will that interpenetrates my life and whose authority is absolute. This may be why I don't have any respect or fear for wooden puppets who sit on infernal thrones above the marketplaces and battlefields of this world. There is a certain irony about wood and fire but I'll leave that to your imaginations.

My last piece here stirred up a bit of attention, not just in comments at the site but in emails and a variety of things from well wishers and not-so-well wishers. There was this choirmaster from that Calcutta of American culture- Birmingham, Ala. He's got something to do with one of those 'all white' choirs that Birmingham is famous for. He got upset about my writing and my hit counter. He made some petulant sort of mincing toss-offs that you would expect from a closet case with mean-eyed triplets set to a time-delayed switch due to suicide bomb at puberty and I responded in a... hmmm, would that be sardonic or sarcastic manner? Well, one of them.

Then, it seems one of my readers at the other blog went over there on a quasi-peace mission and this Victor Buono by way of Whatever Happened to Baby Jane? -attempted to bury a tart response in my archives. He got the person's name completely wrong and has made similar errors leading me to believe he's got some kind of dysfunction similar to that of our Thief in Chief. I am starting to wonder if there are certain pathologies that are common to the neo-con; I mean besides the ones we are already familiar with like deep denial, talking in ALL CAPS, sending other people to war, killing indiscriminately, stealing wholesale, lying, pursuing young boys and thanking Jesus for making it all possible.

Well, I hear from all kinds of people in all kinds of ways. Sometimes I get large influxes of viruses from angry little men whose minds are dressed in camouflage and whose testicles have retracted into their abdomen. I walked down a lot of dark streets in my life and I know there's a Robert Ford or two in the alley over yonder and I know there are some idle, menacing folk, lounging at the corner of this and that in Somewhere, USA and most parts of the world. If you tread in fear you have put down the shield of faith. Besides, how can you die if you are immortal?

None of us know how our end is to come except for a few realized yogis' and sundry and of

course, God. It's more like a file divider than it is an end or a death anyway. We've had a number of deaths in this life. They are all chapters in our progress from time into eternity. The file dividers are only for the realm of time.

So, if you know the truth you must speak it, especially if lies surround you on all sides. This brings me to the point of this missive. It also means I have to talk about myself just a little. I don't actually like doing this but it has to be done. Many of you are aware that I write on metaphysical subjects and that I am sort of a free range individual with many interests and several fields of expression. Many of you are aware that I love God more than anything else, regardless of how poorly I may show it or express it. That is a fact and my inconsistent speech and behavior have zip to do with it. I have a personality that has certain tendencies. Some of these tendencies and pre-dispositions are; a strong inclination toward remarking upon, and fighting against, injustice, an aversion to mass media bullshit, a sense of outrage against venal behavior and the murder of people in foreign lands for the profit of corporate and individual coffers and... lots of things like that. My personality also contains weaknesses against which I have warred my whole life. At this time I can say that most of them are history; some do remain. I can say that I am not always circumspect and that I do not weigh my every word as carefully as I might. I do not keep quiet

when I could just as well do so. I am sometimes rash and impulsive and that sort of thing; but not so much any more. I'm not a coward and I'm not a rat. I think it is safe to say that we are ALL hypocrites to a greater or lesser degree. I think that is something very few of us can say we are free of.

This particular blog is for me to say those things about which I feel passionately. I believe it is my duty as a human being to work for the forces of light and the greatest good for the most people. I know that Bush and Co had a hand in the 9/11 attacks. I know that Bin Laden and Al Zarqawi are boogeymen created to instill fear in the 'problem-reaction-solution' motif of present day, not-so-incipient fascism- and that they most likely do not exist in any sense of implementing terrorist policies against the so-called free world... any longer. I know that Bush and those who work for him and Tony Blair, wide boy Ariel Sharon and every weasel and jackal that are in bed with them lie every time they open their mouths and are merciless sociopaths who feed on children and drink human blood.

It's all good and well for me to discourse on pristine subjects and walk with you in my mental gardens where there is neither gunfire nor screams of pain. However, in this relative world of suffering spirits there is gunfire and screams and I want it to stop. I believe joining

my voice to the voices of others crying out for it to stop will eventually have some effect; the fact is; God will end it when he chooses to and people could end it by opening their eyes and waking up. Maybe it's a windmill tilt on my part but this is just a place to be passionate about things. I will say whatever I feel like saying and you can do the same. I don't agree with all of the comments I get here but that's how it is here. This is Dodge City internet style. I feel like I got to put on this badge because there just ain't no law around here.

You may disagree with me. If you do I hope you have done the research I have done and can counter certain disagreeable 'facts', which, so far, none of you have been able to do. I hope you can explain to me how Muslims can bend the laws of physics; what happened to the billions of dollars in Iraq, to the WMD's, to the cameras in the London tube and how come ICTS, an Israeli security firm was in charge of security at all the 9/11 airports, the Madrid train station and the London Tube during each of the attacks. I hope you can explain to me about Odigo software and also why Cheney was heading up a terrorist attack simulation on the day of 9/11 and how come the London police were doing the very same thing on 7/7?

Meanwhile, Saudi Arabia is making noises about pulling their investments out of the US and various countries are talking about shifting from

petrodollars to petroeuros. This I still believe was what got Saddam invaded. Meanwhile Bush's polls and image are where they belong, in the toilet with his natural kinfolk in their unflushed state. So, be aware that a really big and bad event is coming up in the windshield. It can't be very far away. The wall of bullshit and fear that this administration has built up as a security curtain around their behavior is beginning to leak in a thousand places. They need a big distraction and so... look out.

I should add that the timed charges that brought down the WTC were in there some time before the event and that similar charges are already placed in many locations. The whole idea of trying to stop someone from doing something... that is only waiting for the push of a button... is ludicrous. Meanwhile, Jessica Simpson prances and Desperate Housewives do things with vacuum cleaner handles and Bush and Jeff Gannon and Karl Rove are doing a daisy chain in the Lincoln Bedroom. However; Cave Dei Videt.

Much bigger things are happening than the world being on the verge of blowing up. The world is mass insanity it is ALWAYS on the verge. Other more important things are happening and these distractions exist to divert your attention from what is really important. Unfortunately that scares people even more than this gaggle of lunatic neo-cons. If you can't stand up for yourself in the street; and I understand, they've

got bigger guns... then stand up for yourself inside. Stand up for yourself in your mind and in your heart. You don't need a bullhorn on the sidewalk to make yourself get heard. We speak volumes in the way we carry ourselves.

POSTED BY VISIBLE AT 1:44 PM 6 COMMENTS



Website Counters

THURSDAY, AUGUST 04, 2005

An America Tragedy, in the Restaurant at the End of the World

The enormous, steep slide of American culture and intelligence is beautifully counter-pointed by the bone deep corruption of its government. Like two drunken elephants, doing the tango on a cliff's edge it is a fascinating thing to watch at a distance. It's like watching Ebola at work in the face of someone you know.

Corruption has always been a handmaiden to the art of politics. It's sausage-making at its finest. ...But now? Now corruption is the process itself. Watching the government and the media do Alphonse and Gaston is like watching your Brady bunch parents kill each other at the breakfast table because someone forgot to turn the clocks back for Daylight Savings Time. It doesn't make sense that banality can turn into horror faster

than you can say, “huh?”

I was never a flag waver, even before I knew what I know now; I didn't get the 'fife and drum' act. At first I thought it was me that was out of step. It seemed like everything I did as a kid was wrong. Even when I tried to fit in all I managed was to call attention to myself. Now I realize that I had a basic honesty that couldn't adjust to the programming. Today I'm grateful for it. At the time it was Hell.

Then I learned about the Native Americans and Slavery; the Chinese railroad workers, the Japanese internment, United Fruit and all the other sad, unfortunate tales of realpolitik dressed up in the ball-gown of patriotism and nationalism. It's not hard to see how, eventually, fascism showed up drunk, half-naked and belligerent on Main Street; smashing store windows and urinating on parked cars.

Reagan came to town and I ran as far as the American borders would allow. I ran all the way to Hawaii. Finally even that wasn't far enough. When it got to where I couldn't turn around without running into the fat, red-faced, martini drinking relatives of the Republican mob that attacked the Miami-Dade Supervisor of Elections Office I left altogether. No more 'purple mountain's travesties above the looted plain' for me. Even so, I could scarcely imagine what was to follow.

Now Lady Liberty is a crack whore, blowing drunken lobbyists in Lafayette Park. God is a fire-breathing, six hundred foot rat with a chainsaw and life has become a Meth-freak's paranoid fantasy of faceless pursuers. I'm sorry folks; this movie cannot have a happy ending. Maybe it mighta, coulda, even shoulda worked out okay in the end but here's the deal. You let it happen. True, a pack of nasty reptiles took over the magic show but... you just stepped back and let them through.

Okay, let's be fair. There are millions (I hope anyway) who could see what an unprincipled whore George W. Bush was/is. I expect if I was Lot and God gave me the opportunity, I could find more than a handful of righteous people there. However, when you factor in the unbelievably stupid; the viciously supportive, the pathologically indifferent, the religious lemmings and the hand-wringing whiners, well, there's a solid majority there. How did you get like that? ...materialism, straight up, no chaser; 'me first, you later, maybe', says all anyone needs to say about why you are in the mess you are in. Your common purpose is not a better, saner world. Your common purpose is consumption. Your common purpose is more security with more freedom and you can't have both. You can't have open parks and woodlands, along with safe neighborhoods and 24 hour armed response teams at the same time. You

can't stretch the line between the 'haves' and the 'have nots' beyond endurance.

You can't have honor and dishonor wearing the same team jacket. These two factions play on opposite sides. Putting them on the same team guarantees one thing; you lose. Life is a team sport. You can't win if your neighbor, your government and the boogeyman are all against you.

Do you think it's bad now? How do you think it looks when it carries out to its inevitable conclusion? I'd be here for the next several weeks itemizing and categorizing the whole lame, embarrassing, frightening and unbelievable mess. Let's just take it on faith that you know what I'm talking about and that you have plenty of evidence of your own. Let's say that this and more is a given and let me get on to the worst part of the whole affair.

The saddest and most shameful fact of all is that all of this is taking place because you are goddamn well going to keep your lifestyle no matter what it costs or who it hurts. At the bottom of the Iraq war is America's alcoholic need for oil. Has Iraq got oil? Why, let me see... why, I believe it has got a shitload of oil. Yes indeedly. There are a few things Iraq didn't have. It didn't have weapons of mass destruction. As George 'the killer clown' Bush pointed out, while looking under his sofa; "no,

no WMD's here." It didn't have any Al Qaeda 9/11 ties and whatever else it didn't have to justify this stupid, stupid adventure; but it does have oil.

So you America, a country that has had the lowest gas prices of any country in the so-called free world for a long, long time, you couldn't see the need for energy efficiency, or conservation, or alternative energy; no, not you. You want your top of the fucking heap, cheap fossil fuel; department stores bursting with junk, TV's vomiting, opening night, window seat for fine dining, illegal immigrants swabbing the deck and picking the fruit and fuck anybody that gets in my way. You want it without sacrifice and you want it with speed. You got it. You got it to the strains of "America the Beautiful" and "Bring it on!" and "support the troops" and "screw the French" and you can go tie a yellow ribbon around Tony Orlando's dick as far as I'm concerned.

People die all over the world so that you can get it faster and cheaper. Until the last drop of oil burns in the last fuel inefficient car you are going to make sure that it is an American car when it happens. It doesn't matter who gets hurt. It doesn't matter how many homeless families sleep under highway bridge abutments outside of town. It doesn't matter what crimes are committed. It doesn't matter how many rock throwing 11 year old girls you indict with

felony crimes. It really doesn't matter how absurd it gets. It doesn't matter how much of a cartoon you turn into. You aren't going to change until it's too late. Woe unto you, you generation of vipers.

Go ahead, stick your chest out. I wouldn't advise trying to suck your gut in at the same time. Strike up the band. What the Hell, have a parade, you've earned it. When you get up shit's creek without a paddle it's going to be a real comfort that Rush Limbaugh is at the tiller. Of course that tiller hasn't got a paddle either. Give Ann Coulter a call, or David Horowitz, Sean Hannity; maybe Thomas Friedman or Brit Hume. They've got the answer. They were cheering you on. Surely they knew where they were going. The thing is America; you don't have an 'undisclosed location' to go to. You don't have a Republican Guard. You don't live behind guarded security gates like your cheerleaders; you certainly don't have the security of your most famous cheerleader. Don't worry, just stay the course; "Shit Creek dead up ahead."

I'd like to think you're going to wake up; hope springs eternal. I would honestly, sincerely, like to believe and do hope that you will wake up. I don't hate you and there is no ounce of satisfied, "I told you so." in my heart. The bridge is out. I am waving from the side of the road. I am screaming, "The Bridge is out!" and I see a sneering, angry face. I am dodging beer

bottles and I can hear the curses flow from the window as you speed on by. I can only shake my head and set off for the lights of home.

I still don't fit in and I still don't get it. Am I an alarmist? Am I an extremist? Am I just a disenfranchised loser who missed out on the good life and who, in defense of my own shortcomings, hates the country of my birth? You know, I honestly would rather that were true than the alternative. I could live with that and hope for some epiphany down the road; if I found out I was wrong and that it really was all for the best and I just couldn't see it. I will cry with gratitude should I find that this was all just the hallucinations of a derelict, misinformed mind. I'm trying to get my head around it. I'm trying to see the error of my ways; should that be the case. I can't see it though, so maybe my denial is just that deep. I keep wanting to say, "Wake the fuck up!" but my voice isn't even as loud as the ice clinking against the sides of the cocktail glasses in the restaurant at the end of the world.

This essay is dedicated to Michael Stewart whose kind support and great faith always makes me want to be a better person.

POSTED BY VISIBLE AT 9:41 AM 21 COMMENTS



Website Counters

MONDAY, AUGUST 01, 2005

It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World

I've got different readers at different blogs and they don't always get from one to the other so, sometimes something fits both places and this is one of those times. I'll have something new here in a day or two.

All of us go through the same things. Some of us may experience them more intensely and some of us may get a stronger version but the events are ubiquitous, even if they differ in circumstance. I like to think of it as a horse going down the road. Some horses anticipate well. Some horses are trained better. Some horses don't want to go down the road. Some are in a hurry and some are more casual by temperament. They are all horses however. They all have to go down the road. There are question about why that is. A lot of people have stayed up all night thinking about that.

Well, you have heard me give analogy after analogy. It may be by this time that I am talking in circles. How many times can I say the same thing a different way? ...Quite a lot apparently. It is not hard to understand why such a

complexity of views exists on a single, indefinable point. You take the essential thing itself and outward from that stretches infinity. The same infinity trails away within it as well. One might say that everything outside of it is held inside of it. Such statements confuse the mind.

The mind spends its time thinking and extrapolating. The mind is sometimes defined as quicksilver; that's an apt comparison. It can also be compared to running water; a stream, a faucet. It can be thought of a pot of boiling water in its extremes and as a still pond in its final resolution. We've been told that it is all mind and that everything is made out of mind stuff, that it is 'thought born'. It is the mind also that is shaping these words in explanation of itself.

It seems to me, if we can put aside ultimate goals for a moment, that there is only one thing that should concern anyone and that is stilling the mind. Perhaps that is the ultimate goal as well. It is strange to see such a powerful, collective focus on the opposite in our culture. One might say, "Well, that's life, isn't it?" My reason for saying that stilling the mind is all that should concern us is because, when the mind is not still, we suffer. Our suffering is in our minds as well. We may localize it to parts of our body; to conditions, to states of want but that becomes known to us only in our minds.

I do not deny that we have hearts and that we feel but that is in our minds too. It is interpreted in the limbic region of the brain. The physical seat of the mind is the brain. The brain isn't the mind but it is the horse, the car that the mind rides when it sees itself as the resident of a particular envelope. That is a funny thing that the mind does. It defines things based on its knowledge and experience. The definitions may not be correct in any absolute or even relative sense but they seem quite real in the personal realm. Large mirages are viewed daily by large collections of people.

If the state of natural and enduring happiness is achieved by stilling the mind then it is perfectly true to say that a very large portion of the human race is insane. The human race is insane at most times. Sometimes it is more insane than at others. Presently it is more insane than at other times. Modern medicine is less efficient than older healing techniques. It's invasive and deals with symptomatic suppression. It's hard and cold and cutting and ignores the source of the problem. It's devoted to finance and the promotion of dangerous pharmaceuticals. The best that can be said is that it isn't as insane as it was a hundred years ago. Reliance on allopathic medicine is a sure indication of insanity.

It appears that God, the ineffable and the

incomprehensible, can be understood according to certain rituals of behavior. It seems that God has a dress code and not a very good impression of women. It seems that God encourages all sorts of abominable behavior and takes no mind of those who pronounce these things and behave otherwise. That sounds insane.

There is a high level of respect given to certain people who live in LA where breathing the air is the equivalent of 2 packs of cigarettes a day. These people are in the business of creating fantasies based upon fantasies that exist in the minds of people who are insane. They celebrate worlds in which people eat bad food and drink poisonous beverages; people who scream and cry and use guns and bombs and drive cars very, very fast. These people leap out of airplanes on snowboards and then surf over tables in an outdoor restaurant, picking up a Campari on the way, while being chased by killers on snow mobiles with machine guns. They destroy the killers and then ski into the arms of a woman who uses a bicycle pump on her breasts, which may, or may not be why the nipples are there. That's insane.

Millions of people support a leader who bankrupts them; sends their children off to gratuitous wars, kills in their name at a distance, whose favored associates plunder the landscape, poison the water, fouls the air and generally reduces the quality of life at great

speed and they applaud that. That's insane.

Huge factories pump out billions of strange plastic articles to jarring soundtracks of abusive, screaming incoherence so that these objects can be placed on the shelves of huge shopping complexes so that people can spend hours of each day studying them, buying them and then forgetting that they have them. Hours are spent chatting on portable phones about nothing. The rest of the hours are spent punching buttons on the phone to make video figures move about. Life entire appears to be composed of pretending to be someone else, eating wide varieties of chemically enhanced foods, watching television, driving to the aforementioned places, trying to have sexual contact with each other under false pretenses and then trying to get out of having sexual contact with them afterwards. Then ugly wars are fought to protect the right to have cheap fuel to do all of these things at the great expense of anyone who stands in their way. That really is insane but-

To the mind it all seems logical. As soon as you want anything the engine of the mind rationalizes the legitimacy of the acquisition. Thousands and thousands of men and women spend their days in offices devoted to the production of nonsense or dangerous goods. Thousands more work to protect their right to do it. Thousands more argue their legal right to

continue. Along the way they all get sick and die. I'm sorry I am laughing but it is insane.

I haven't listed even a small part of the insanities. I haven't sketched more than a brief outline of the environment. It's more insane than I make it out to be and it goes on and on and on. It's always another permutation of the same insanity and it is always, 'new and improved!' Most people are sick and getting sicker and are more and more angry and unhappy about it. The only thing that makes them more angry and unhappy is you pointing it out. The worse it gets the harder they press. The more it hurts, the more they want. What am I to make of that?

Within the mind is a consciousness that is not separated as is the consciousness of the self-conscious mind. As the self-conscious mind is embroiled in sensation it is unable to connect with this consciousness. It can have no peace without this connection. This is one reason that death is a good thing; it forces surrender. It makes you give up; rather late though.

Right in this very moment, everyone has the capacity to turn their attention away from everything that their surface mind keeps pointing out to them, dangling in front of them, enticing them with, threatening them with, arguing about- setting up the condition for a self-contained argument about nothing-

distracting, always distracting. Right now, one can gently lead the attention away and lead it away until the mind becomes a deep and still pool. It's not going to happen over the weekend. No one else is going to do it for you. You cannot pay someone to do this in your place. People may start wondering if you are crazy. You may no longer be fun. You may drop out of sight entirely because you're not part of the things they are paying attention to. If you don't put your attention on something, your attention will unfailing be put upon something. If you don't go in one direction you are automatically headed in the other. You can't stand still. It's a continuum.

Oh whatever, don't listen to me. I'm probably insane.

POSTED BY VISIBLE AT 3:46 PM 5 COMMENTS



Website Counters

THURSDAY, JULY 28, 2005

Let's Leviate the White House

Yes, I have been either lazy or busy. It so happens that I still am but I will try to sneak this in here. Many of you who read here and who follow certain internet news organs like I do; find that your greatest challenge is the act of sifting bullshit. The more mainstream the news

organ the larger the shovel required. In some cases a backhoe is needed. Ernest workers that we are, many of us have to strip naked on the mud porch after work before we enter the bathroom for hosing down. It's not a pretty business.

Back in the days of anti-Vietnam protests there came a day when certain penetrating minds decided to gather together enough people to surround the Pentagon while holding hands. The idea was to chant in unison and raise the Pentagon from the ground; to levitate it. One of the main participants was Tuli Kuperferberg. Tuli played with an eclectic 60's band called "The Fugs". Tuli was a man of several parts and held the distinction of being one of the only people ever arrested for masturbating outside the Pentagon as well as being one of very few people to ever jump off the Brooklyn Bridge and survive.

What happened when the Pentagon got wind of this effort is telling; they pulled out all stops to prevent it. They absolutely and unequivocally would not allow it. Why? Surely you do not believe that these people could actually lift the Pentagon from the ground by sheer force of a joined, collective will? However, the thing is that individuals in The Pentagon, in the C.I.A., in The Grey House (it's not really 'white' anymore because of the slime trails of the present administration. These days the former

'White' House resembles the main prop from The Amityville Horror) and in the executive chambers of large corporations and anywhere where large amounts of money and power congregate in strange acts of ritual devoted to their ongoing perpetuation; Bohemian Grove comes to mind as does Bilderberger... they do believe in the power of an organized vox populi.

Many of you are familiar with the research done by the C.I.A. in the area of 'remote viewing'. Of course you have heard about the Russian efforts in the areas of telepathy and mind control; also the Chinese and others have their agencies probing around in areas of human potential.

If you have studied in the realm of the occult and the arcane as I have, you come across all sorts of interesting- and sometimes -frightening things. You may have heard about the ongoing war by certain Christian groups against Proctor and Gamble as being a satanic operation; it's got something to do with their logo, but that's not all. You may have counted the stars in the Paramount logo as they come swirling onto the screen. If so, you noted that there are 22 of them. That's the same number of cards in the Major Arcana of The Tarot; 22 archetypes. You've seen the eye on the pyramid. Being conscious of the use of symbols to control and manipulate the unconscious drives of aggregate humanity will bring you to a number of interesting examples; then there are all the

religious symbols. Certainly 'the cross' has a great deal of power. You might say, "C'mon. It's just a picture, an image." But everyone would quickly agree that millions have died because of it and that it exerts a compelling power and fascination upon the minds of many. You would also have to admit that it exerts a great deal of control over the behavior of millions in present time.

Symbols and rituals have magical applications. Rather than address whether this is real or a trick of the mind, let us address the obvious truth that many people believe they are real. Many, many people believe in the power of symbols and rituals and that is enough.

It's been said that there are two basic divisions of magic; black and white. One is performed for personal gain and the other is thought to be a selfless channeling for the benefit of others. 'One is certainly dangerous and the other may be merely foolish'; I believe Arthur Waite may have said these very words.

When the people around you are lost at sea in the mass of disinformation that streams like sewage from large municipal pipes, they are being influenced by a kind of 'magic'. When people are driven by fear to support laws designed to be applied against them and their families, that is also a form of 'magic'. When huge amounts of money are siphoned off for the

special interest of a small group of bag men; that is also a form of 'magic'.

Somehow we think magic has to include men in capes and naked women jumping over fires. It's got to have colored lights and strange music and various other special effects. Well, they've got all of that in Las Vegas. All of the wars of this world have been, 'magical wars'. You may believe it was for such and such a reason but really, there are two groups of people on the planet; those who seek to enslave their fellows and those who seek to liberate them. It is as simple as that. Some of you, the larger number of people here, (certainly not readers of this blog) exist in an area of 'grey magic'. You don't know what's happening and you are influenced in one of these directions by more encompassing minds. Generally this is in the direction of the enslavers.

There's a whole hierarchy in both camps. To keep it simple we will call them; The Infernal Kingdom and The Heavenly Kingdom. That may seem a little fanciful for some but it is accurate in definition. One camp has the real symbols of power and one camp has perverted copies of them. One camp is the custodian and stewards of the secret mysteries and one is always looking to get their hands on them. Everything that happens in the arena of human experience is influenced by the interplay between the realms of darkness and light. One camp can

ALWAYS kick the other camps ass. There are certain complicated features that keep this from happening every time it needs to happen and such are not the focus of this limited piece. I've said too much already (grin).

So what I am suggesting is, let's go after these people from the magical end. Let's get a few thousand people together and circle the 'former' White House and levitate the sucker. Let's use our creative ingenuity to go after them in a way that will have maximum result. Let's use humor and theatrics and, yes, magic and especially, the one thing they can't abide... scorn. Can we levitate the 'former' White House? Does it matter? Given the airheads in residence I am surprised it hasn't levitated already. No, it doesn't matter if we actually levitate it. What matters is that we try. They don't want this. Trust me on this. This is the one way they don't want to populace to come for them.

Large drumming circles to 'drum out the demons' in the White House and the Pentagon and Congress are also really good ideas. Weekly exorcisms in Lafayette Park are also guaranteed to not only make the horned ones in the 'former' White House tremble but just think of what it will do for the demons in the 'hijacked' Christian Right? Five thousand people joined together in Lafayette Park chanting "Out, demons, out" would be a real coup; think of

how it would look on the Evening News?

Some will say, “Visible, these men aren’t demons. That’s comic-book shit.” If I walk and talk and act like it, doesn’t that make me one? We miss subtle features that render us impotent. It’s like with werewolves and vampires. People think because their ideas of a werewolf and a vampire include certain fanciful and atavistic presentations that therefore they don’t exist. Maybe those renditions don’t exist, maybe they do but... I can take you to LA and New York and show you vampires and werewolves on any given night... and they have the same net result in the end.

Let’s fight magic with magic. I’d look foolish doing this all by myself. I need for you to tell your friends and for them to do the same. A National Drumming Congress will do a lot more toward effecting change than mailings that no one reads from large focus groups that probably are only waiting for their own turn to rob the till. Use your imagination. It is far more powerful than you have yet imagined.

POSTED BY VISIBLE AT 2:11 PM 14 COMMENTS



Website Counters

SATURDAY, JULY 23, 2005

The Dung Also Rises

That's what they're up to. You can sort of see it forming in the air. You can see the rhetoric and the images condensing down, precipitating down through the atmosphere into corporeal reality. It might happen the same way they say God originally clothed himself by breathing life into animate earth. Maybe the bad guys, our resident Sarumans, do the same thing in perverse; like making Orcs from Elves or whatever it was that he made. I'm not that clear yet this morning.

I saw Mick Jagger do it at Altamont. I saw him do it. I didn't hear about it and I was crystal clear that day. I saw him pound the stage with his belt during Midnight Rambler. The crowd was already freaked and the Hell's Angels were getting into a groove with the pool cues. I was right up front. I know someone punched him on his way to the stage. You could argue that was what set him off. It didn't look like that though. It looked methodical and deliberate. It looked like what he wanted to do. Then, whatever the song, when the crowd would surge and the Angel's would lay into them with a will, he'd go, "Peace brothers and sisters, Peace." He was unctuous and diabolical. Then he'd wail into the hard shit and they'd be at it again. I watched his mock alarm. The Walrus and Carpenter act was transparent.

Readers of this blog, or whatever this is, know that I predicted this would come about; have been predicting it would come about this

summer. I'm not psychic. You can see the groundwork had been laid. Careful observers could easily reason out the intention and direction. The first time I heard of bushligula and could see the money trail, the big money trail that fishtailed in his wake, I knew. It wasn't long after that that I got it together to leave the country. I'd have stayed and fought. The times I stayed and fought before I went to jails and prisons, or faced life in prison, or went to the John Howard Pavilion for the Criminally Insane at St. Elizabeth's Hospital because I couldn't keep my mouth shut. I've had the Richard Lovelace virus most of my life; the vaccine is worse than the condition and anyway, I will "live free or die" and I would rather "be a traitor to my country than to the human race." You could say it wasn't smart but I've got long range plans just like them and that means not intending to hang with 'them' in the dark aftermath of their inevitable judgment.

I've studied these national hysterias. I've seen the films of Joe McCarthy with Cohn and Kennedy in a weasel smile duet behind him. I know about The Reichstag Fire. I saw it burning again in New York on 9/11. I watched what happened in Cambodia and China during one of Mao's little experiments. The men and women who initiate these programs and pogroms and dinner parties of death are all cut from the same cloth. They're always coming and going, looking to happen here or happen there. It's a

particular crop; something that grows when you sow the fields with salt.

There are those who think things like The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse and The Furies and The Harpies are just so much myth or unruly voices from the unconscious; well they may be some portion of the latter but the question of whether they are real or not is evident in the tracks of history. It's a rose by any other name but we're not talking about roses.

What's the final intent of these stolen cars? These vehicles that might once have been human but are now demolition derby cars for the Kingdom of Hell; what's their ultimate purpose? What are they after? Do they know? Is it a prison planet or is it wild screaming chaos? There are devotees of both. At every point where the inquisitors and tormentors have risen, in every time when the Stalin's and The Hitler's have come upon the scene there has been that dull acquiescence; the confusion of events, the disinformation and sleight of hand, the manufactured scenarios. They have come about because the public was uninformed, often incurious and caught up in sensation and excess, or sometimes gripped with religious fervors and fevers that manifested in reaction to the sensation seekers and decadents. Often you get both streams as counterpart to each other.

So it is with 9/11 and these London bombings.

So it is with the Bin Laden under the bed. So it is with the phony terror alerts that come and go depending on need. Seemingly intelligent people can't seem to get the picture that this is orchestrated. Evidence spills out in all directions but the connections aren't made. Of course Fox News is telling the truth. How could they have that big network and all those talking heads; all that money, unless they were telling the truth? Of course the president is doing his best. Come on Visible! There are terrorists out there!!! I'm sure there are but they aren't your problem. Your government is your problem. Your governments are the terrorists and just like Jagger on stage at Altamont they press the crowd toward panic while urging calm.

I never see any police where I live; oh, now and then, doing seatbelt checks or just riding by but it could be months between sightings. There's no crime. Even in big cities where I have lived in Europe, excepting The UK where I won't go, I see little evidence. Of course, over here, the poor are allowed a basic living. You may not be rich but you get by. There are reasons for social unrest.

I live in a fair sized house. I could take in a few guests and probably feed a few more but... I can't help the crowd that needs shelter and sanctuary. Will this all just calm down soon? Ask yourself, have the people who are manufacturing this gotten what they want yet?

Be real with yourself. Look at what is happening; look at the sort of people who are running the show. Do you think these people, given their other agendas; tax cuts for the wealthy, corporate giveaways, bombing their own cities, media consolidation and blackout of the truth and a good THOUSAND other things- do you think they have your best interests in mind?

Look at Halliburton and the billions missing from Iraq during Bremer's tenure. Look at the terrific resistance to a 9/11 inquiry and the white-washing that followed. Look at the proven lies that caused the war in Iraq. Look at the new lies emerging about Iran. Look at the hundreds of pieces of evidence that clearly indicate malfeasance and bad intent and tell me; what sort of people are these? They're common criminals on a large scale, that's evident, that's obvious. So, are they suddenly going to find Jesus? They're already talking about Jesus. Does the Jesus they are talking about match up with the Jesus you've heard about?

Bush and all of his co-conspirators are lying, murdering thugs... and I'm being kind. These are the people you need to look out for, not a bunch of rag tag Arabs.

Back to my suggestive beginning at the beginning of this piece; I've seen it all before. Here's what's up. Hatred is being whipped up against the Muslims- against the Muslims in

America and Britain. They're going to let the coming war in the streets, the rage of the common man against a perceived enemy set the stage for everything they desire and they're fanning the flames right now. Look at some of the suggestive headlines at The Drudge Report this morning. Meanwhile they are going to superficially pacify the mob with "Be calm brothers and sisters. Peace" They're going to push the riots and then step in as an agency for domestic control and remain ineffectual in stopping anything. Did you not see the Patriot Act move like shit through a goose in Congress? They renewed it didn't they? Nice timing. Have you heard anything about the man shot dead in London while already lying down? Oh, they'll get to that, or not.

Where are the black boxes from the 9/11 planes? Why was everything carted away and the steel shipped to Asia before any forensics could be carried out? My God, why were no fighters scrambled? Hello? Doesn't that seem odd? Why, why... a million times why? And you just don't get it. And they all lived happily ever after... fade to black.

POSTED BY VISIBLE AT 12:49 PM 23 COMMENTS



Website Counters

MONDAY, JULY 18, 2005

The Virgin Sperm Dancer has Herpes

We have seen that it is the modus operandi of the fascists to orchestrate attacks or fabricate alerts when things aren't going their way. We have seen them shift the focus of the fear to different heads of the same fictional hydra when the garbage scow, which is the present ship of state, comes upon stormy weather or enters into its version of the horse-shit latitudes. By this time any half intelligent observer has got enough DNA evidence to prove that The Queen of England is a man if they so choose.

In the animal kingdom it is a given that you should never allow an alliance to develop between the pigs and the rats and the weasels. In other locales no doubt it is also true that one should not allow for an alliance between the hyenas, the jackals and the buzzards.

In America the national focus has been on comfort, entertainment and convenient lies for so long that the garbage has become self-generating and we know who's in the buffet line for that. As far as the hen house goes they got a no-bid contract from the giddy-up. Eggs are getting hard to come by.

For some years, beyond what any rational person could have imagined, the reavers in chief

and the sycophantic shit-eating slugs have sucked and slobbered and swallowed; have packed their granaries to the bursting, have gutted the education system and municipal treasuries in all manner of ways, have bombed their own country, have waged war right and left and stolen enormous amounts of money in the process-

- [Eat Me](#)

All of a sudden, like The Wonderful One Horse Shay or the credibility of a journalist, “things fall apart”. It seems clear that the “center cannot hold”. Cracks are appearing in the sub-standard construction fascia and look like Cher’s skin under fluorescent lighting. The companies replacing the Florida roofs just merged with Brown and Root and got videotaped doing things to small boys at a Cub Scout Jamboree. Everywhere you look there’s green slime on the walls; bacteria in the burgers and shit in the ice cream while the nation is sitting in a plate of cottage cheese, “Oh I am sorry Mam, that’s your ass.”

Even the stupidest 20% among you; even the deep, deep bone stupid are wondering “what the _____!” But the bad news for the bad guys, the real bad news is that somebody in the back; ‘The Guy’ with the big cigar in the hot tub with the three pneumatic blonds is upset with the plot development. Now there are a number of scenarios possible here and I will illustrate a few of them-

Plot One... “Well we go through this shit all the time. These people are so fucking stupid that we could convince them to brush their teeth with Preparation H. and learn to love the taste, just wait until the Supreme Court nomination, things will shift away just like they did from Delay.” Things didn’t shift away from Delay however, only the focus shifted. Meanwhile they’re chortling over the way they made Gonzalez out to be a positive compromise for all, while holding out the specter of Franco’s ghost as a replacement. Gonzalez is a bought and paid for sex slave of the Vampire Overlords. What’s just as bad as a crazed zealot with foam at the corners of his mouth? That would be someone who does exactly as they are told no matter what it is.

Plot Two. “Blow some shit up.” If I were an inquiring journalist and I guess there’s one or two living in exile or on savings somewhere, I’d look to see where the Israeli security firm that was in charge of the airports where all the ‘so-called’ 9/11 hijackers took off from, as well as in charge of security at the London Subway at the time of that attack; I’d look to see where they were working now.

- [Drink Me](#)

Plot Three. “We turn the disinformation machine on full blast and we just power right on by. These fucking people are too afraid and stupid to do anything.” This is the hubris factor.

You chest the other guy into the corner and threaten to show his kids pictures of his wife with the family dog and the Serbian pool cleaner. So what if it's Photo-Shop? Obviously it is working on a huge segment of Congress and the media. Money and the promise of power can't buy all those people this long. The problem with this scenario is that there are dozens of cracks all opening up at the same time. Sure you can distract people's attention up to a point. But there does come a point where you just can't do that any more.

Now, you might think Plot 1 and Plot 3 are the same. No they are not. At the moment they're relying on both of them and the power is full on. Let's think of them as the left and right hand of The Boston Strangler.

There is a Plot 5 and a Plot 6 and they definitely have their think tanks at work here as well. Plot 5 involves a military action against Iran or Syria due to some permutation of Plot Two. Plot 6 is to blow away the 'acting' head of state. They trot this one out at different times. It's a perennial winner and it definitely takes the attention off of the huge, stinking mess of corruption in the national living room. It has the added bonus of allowing for the Department of Internal Cleaning to come in and hose out the expendable ticks and then everyone hugs and sing Cumbaya afterwards.

Like I said, the guy in the back has had it. The fact is, only two things bring real change in the manifest realm; making the guy in the back nervous or The Hand of God. Actually they are the same thing. It's just that the guy in the back thinks he's working on his own diorama, when in fact he's just a hired totem for the blood sacrifice of the 'relative evil' realm. The Devil is God the way the wicked perceive him. Chew on that for awhile.

This is why when the tables are turned the same people are still sitting there. Everybody who thinks they are clean and honest and everybody who thinks that 'clean and honest' is a boil in the crack of their ass gets to sit inside the suit of the film role of one of the guys that sit at the table before or after the tables turn. It's funny how they get right into that role, no matter who they might have been before they got into that role. Every now and then some prince comes along and they carry him out prone on a litter.

So get ready for the fireworks, people. If you weren't complicit or deep bone-stupid you'd see the highway denouement sign up ahead. And, not to worry, history shows that with all of the bad intentions of bad people things have a tendency to work out; often, true, this is long after another so many million dead but, hey, you can't make an omelet without breaking eggs...; eggs that are under the care of the guys who got the no-bid contract for the hen-house.

Yeah, you got it.

There is a brighter, safer, cleaner world and you are living in it. It is the world generated by your faith and noble acts in the face of swallowing corruption and bad actors stinking up the joint. Only you and I, reaching to a higher and more refined paradigm can bring this world about. But if it exists in our hearts and minds then it is already a fact in precipitation downward. Keep the faith and watch where you step and especially watch where you are standing and what you are up to. It all makes a difference. Remember how the air smells after a cleansing storm? Right now I can hear the ozone crackling.

POSTED BY VISIBLE AT 5:09 PM 5 COMMENTS



Website Counters

WEDNESDAY, JULY 13, 2005

I Wonder and I Wonder and I Wonder.....

(occasionally I will double post an essay at both of my blogs. It is true that Smoking Mirrors is my rant and brooming the corners blog, but now and again I'll hit both locations with the same thing. I won't do it often. This is just one of those times. Thank you for your understanding.)

I wonder often about all those people in pursuit of the elusive. I wonder about the levels at which they plateau out at; the spiritual version of The Peter Principle. I wonder at the various ways and means by which they arrive at and do not arrive at their spiritual Samara; by way of the Road to Damascus, or Commercial Street, Front Street, Main Street or back-roads, alleys, over the fields and through the woods. As all roads once led to the real Rome and now most roads lead to metaphorical Rome, eventually everything leads to God just as every drop of water eventually finds its way to the sea.

I wonder about all the robes and costumes and varieties of spiritual practice; the prayers and the chants, the dances, the hymns and I definitely wonder about the Holy Wars. I wonder about the enormous cathedrals and temples and empires; the televangelists with the bad hair and the bank accounts and the movie stars with the Dali Lama. I wonder about the people who are reacting this moment and going, "Wait a minute, the Dali Lama is different." Of course, just saying that puts you at square one of the board-game; Holy Wars- the Home Version.

I wonder about all of the centers for spiritual awareness from Mount Shasta to Sedona, from the Ozark Mountains to the Green Mountains. I wonder about all the courses in the colleges on Comparative Religion. I wonder at all of the

people gathered all over the world in small groups and large groups, in circumstances of brain-washing and with bad missionary intent and- alternatively- in circles of love reaching out and washing the worlds. I wonder at the different levels of awareness and the dozens of new spiritual teachers that set themselves up Rajneesh's wake; who ply the beach at Goa; whose international scene of gossip and whispers across the internet creates a riddle for which I have no answer. I wonder at the glazed look in the eyes of Katie Holmes who was none too bright to begin with as scientologist Grima Wormtongue tells her what to say during public interviews. I wonder at The Raelians and The Solar Temple and the O.T.O. and The Satanists and the pagans and the witches and the Stepford girls at Bob Jones University and of course I wonder about The Mormons but not a whole lot.

I wonder at those who set off for the Himalayas and those who live in solitude in the woods and many kingdoms of nature in her varieties of seclusion and who yearn in their hearts each day, as I do in mine, for Lord Kalki, who is also the forever returning Christ, to come; for the age to be birthed and for the mother to smile as it is placed in her arms. God, I wonder, how long? ...how long?

I wonder at the other great body of us who live in a world of TV programs, cell phones, fast

food and a Rolodex of frothy dreams spinning like a revolving pastry cart and who think that The Real World is The Real World. I wonder at the people living in blasted buildings, hunted by men in Humvees and Land Rovers, on foot and on horse and camelback across burning sands. I wonder about the people who live in storm drains outside of Calcutta. I wonder about the Falun Gong and the Baha'i and all of the groups that live under the lidless red eye of the executioner and the Dungeon master. I wonder at Tibet and the terrible fate of those who remained behind. I wonder at the people who pay large money to go into real dungeons for sexual release that is a physical mimic of a different need.

I wonder at all the incomprehensible intricacy of each soul among every soul like snowflakes suspended and twisting in the air and falling and touching the ground and melting, both knowing and unknowing... turning to water, more water, now at a commonality with all water in a common imperative toward the sea.

I wonder at the sound of symphonies that rise out of the chatter and the car horns and collected noise of the city streets. I have heard these sounds rise and turn into music more than once. I have heard that music and listened to it dance up and down the street in waves, a few brief seconds, and then dissolve back into the cacophony again. I have seen the world do this

too- moving from harmony into chaos and I have noted that the centers of light intensify as the darkness expands.

I have watched the smoke rise from the manholes and grates and have thought of the hidden fires in Hell's Kitchens... I've listened to Blues and Jazz as they marked the passage of the lives that were the windows looking into the lives of the city that passed them by. Every location has its music. It has its rules. It's not about right or wrong. It's about how it is here and how it is there and knowing the difference. It's about knowing how to walk in the different worlds.

All those worlds and ways of walking, all those religions and philosophies and Popes and philosophers and ages when it was better or worse; I think of some olive grove in long gone Ithaca and what it felt like there; how it was for The Rishis five thousand years gone by the banks of The Ganges and the sound of steel on steel by the glow of the inquisitors fire. What an enormous caldron of changes! What a vast immeasurable expanse of things in even the short range of time we call history. Our collective history is so very short and our personal history so much shorter still.

It stands to reason, within the tremendous complexity of this world; this world which is but one, overlapped by ever more subtle realms

moving up the spiral into pure boundless light. It stands to reason that there is an interweaving consciousness. It stands to reason that such a consciousness that can maintain the integrity of everything in its place must surely be aware of you; aware of you as you are not. It stands to reason that something that can make everything out of itself and be aware of everything it made; be in everything it made and be itself, apart and within it, must have powers and perceptions and a plan beyond anything you can imagine.

What can you do in the face of this? What can you do but prostrate yourself in awe. What can you do but accept with total, childlike faith the ultimate benevolence of its every thought concerning you, your world and everything beyond. What can you do really? Nothing... You can move in concert with it and you will be dissolved into its sense of itself sooner, or you can extend your suffering and move against it and be tormented by the separation until you learn to move in concert with it... pain is the difference and the distance between its motion and your motion.

You can look in the mirror and talk to it. You will find if you do this for a few minutes that something will change in your eyes and it will be looking back at you. All spiritual practice, every idea, every complexity of approach and all convolutions and minutiae of definitions and

descriptions resolves to one thing- union; any meditation that is not concerned with this is just another kind of TV watching. If you set a mirror outside or in a corner, it will collect dust. It will collect dust until it obscures the image it is meant to reflect. This is how you become caught in the world; your mirror is laden with dust. You cannot see God and God cannot see you. Meditation and prayer polishes the mirror. It washes the mirror.

Do you have a problem? Do you have a problem with your health; with where you live, with your family, with your job, with money, with dangerous things, with how to change your life? How do you become free? From whom would you learn this? Who can free you? Is this not the one of whom you should inquire? Why do you not sit and inquire? Why do you not faithfully each day and FOR AS LONG AS YOU CAN REMEMBER each day, each moment... inquire? Why do you not hold to the certain knowledge that anything that could create all of this out of itself; that could create you and fill you with a questing love as great as that which you 'should be' feeling.... Anything as immense and fine as this would surely hear and answer you; would hear you before you even asked. Of all the things I wonder about. I wonder about this the most.

How can any of us, with the evidence that fills and surrounds us not KNOW that there is a God so very great... so measureless, omniscient,

benevolent and compassionate? God, I do wonder at this. There will never be and there has never been any consideration in your life anywhere near as important as this. Polish the mirror, speak to the mirror, look into the mirror and always remember, 'you are only the reflection'.

“Eye has not seen nor ear heard, nor has it entered into the heart of man what God has prepared for those who love Him.”

POSTED BY VISIBLE AT 2:43 PM 5 COMMENTS



Website Counters

TUESDAY, JULY 12, 2005

And a Fine Good Afternoon to You All

If it happens to be afternoon where you are and if not, let's hope whatever it is that it is good. It's not easy for me to wish people good when I know that life is always changing, that good is often relative and subjective ...and that good for some is evil for others. It becomes a complicated thing. I do wish all of you well, though I know that all of you, as you are now, will pass away and will lose everything and everyone that you hold dear. Still, it will be only to find that which surpasses everything else in value and it will be only to reunite in a way that

you cannot be separated again. Sometimes it seems that God split itself into a million pieces just for the pleasure of finding itself again; caused itself to forget what it was for the pleasure of discovering it and created an endless series of obstacles just for the pure entertainment of overcoming them. I sometimes think that unimaginable surprises await us and that despite all of our travails and disappointments we are destined to applaud the process entire when the true majesty of life dawns upon us.

Well, if you came here looking for an essay today that isn't going to happen. If you haven't read the piece that this has replaced then now is the time to do it and if you have, well...might I suggest you go to Google and try to find a subject, no matter how obscure, that doesn't come up with more pages than you can read. How about Rennes Le Chateau where I'll be spending some time in the future? Now some of you out there might have some free time and a little travel money and if that is the case you are welcome to join me there on one of my excursions.

I just wanted to mention today at both of my commentary sites that I'm on The Meria Heller Show tomorrow at 10:00 PM Pacific Time, 1:00 PM Eastern time and 7:00 PM my time. It will cost you \$5.00 if you haven't got a subscription. It's probably better you get a months

subscription because that is only ten dollars and you can go into her archives and listen to all sorts of fascinating people that she has had on her show. Meria's good at what she does and that sets off all of her guests to their best advantage. Her show goes out to over 60 countries.

It's an honor for me to be on her show because there is no other show like it. Everybody else at her level of exposure seems to work for somebody whose concealed intention is to obscure as opposed to reveal... to cloud rather than to shine. Well, that's where I'll be tomorrow any way and it would be nice if you came around. It would sort of be like speaking to you.

You can check out her website at the link in the sidebar to your right. I hope you all have a wonderful series of moments until we get back together here again in a few days. God Bless....

POSTED BY VISIBLE AT 5:17 PM 0 COMMENTS



Website Counters

SATURDAY, JULY 09, 2005

Oh When the Saint's Go Marching In....

Thank you for the emails and the inquiries as to

my take on the London bombing. My position on all of these things taking place at this time is that they are connected to an overall strategy of fascist intent connected to certain global, corporate interests allied with governmental interests- which they control. Behind the corporations are individuals joined together in an effort to exert their own idea of order upon the world and to reap whatever benefits they consider important to them. They are on both sides of every conflict. They engineer these conflicts by various means and they profit from the conflict. They are the source of ongoing disinformation. They regulate what is taught in schools and what passes for entertainment and thereby control the general level of intelligence in the world. That intelligence level is going down by the day; dumbing down.

Behind the people behind the corporations behind the governments are discarnate entities that have interests that are different from those of the individuals they use to exercise their will upon humanity. You can call them aliens. You can call them dark forces from the inner planes. You can call them the ancient enemy of man. You can call them Ray or Jose. They are there. They broadcast into human consciousness daily from locations deep within and far away, from outside and inside. They hijack human minds and turn them into serial killers according to disposition. They enrage whole groups of people against each other. They exercise unusual tastes

in those so disposed. They feed on human stress and fear. Humanity is a herd of livestock for their appetites.

Is this strange enough for you so far? It gets stranger. There is a point where Scientology and the Urantia Book and the writings of Gurdjieff touch. Murmurs from Atlantis and Lemuria echo through the liquid medium wherein the memory of such things reverberates. Call it the ether. Call it some specific section of The Akashic Records. Call it anything you like. It's there.

Now all of this wild and fantastic action takes place within the body of God. God is within, ahead of and behind everything going. Some would argue that The Ring Pass Not allows for things forever estranged from God. I wouldn't know about that and it has nothing to do with me or what I am discussing here except to say there are some places you can go that your imagination has no capacity to envision... but they are there.

The key item anyone needs to remember is that everything is under control and that it all works out according to a plan that is in one set of hands alone; no matter how great the superstructures; the nations, the fortunes, the citadels, the armies, the darkness or your fear. It is all built out of the same thing and will be reduced to the same thing in time. What is one to do?

Surely this essay was meant for my other blog but I have nothing more than this to say at this time here. Of course I can tell you that the London bombings are a designed distraction from things coming to the surface in certain locations. Various investigations are on the verge of indicting America's criminal administration in nasty, nasty affairs. The aggregate beliefs of the world have been tilting toward agreement upon collective wrong-doing in high places.

I could say that real terrorists would have placed their bombs more efficiently, would have maximized the body count. The actual placing argues that there was more afoot than just killing people.

I could also tell you that bombs are in place all over the world already; just as they were in the WTC buildings before the planes hit. It's just a matter of setting them off. This is a good point to keep in mind.

What would I tell you? What would I tell you the concerned resident of somewhere, someplace, Planet Earth? I'd tell you that things aren't going to really straighten out until about 2012. Until then they are going to get increasingly worse. I can tell you that the actions of the puppeteers orchestrating the dance of bush co. are part of an epic play that turns out contrary

to their intentions. I can tell you we are in that state of advanced labor at the birth of The Aquarian Age. Some things have been alive a long time. They will not die easy but they will die.

I would not myself live in centers of urban madness nor do I delight in the cornucopia of strange entertainments and various exotica that make up the buffet table of present time. I wish not to be the monkey with its fist full of mango caught in the clay jar. I wish not to follow the Judas Goat through the killing gate. I will not be crying "Alas Babylon" It means nothing to me. However that is not the case with many here. "Where your heart is there your fortune will be too." Expect weeping and lamentation over 'stuff'.

You reside in the midst of a carnival game of 'problem, reaction, solution' one of the main tools of fascism is to create a boogeyman, have the boogeyman do bad things (or say it did) and then swear to protect you from it. It then, by increments, reduces your liberty under the banner of protecting you from something they created in order to curtail your liberties. As many times as this has been done before people never seem to believe it will happen again; that it will happen to them and that it could happen in the land of the free.

I continue to believe that most of the American

mainland is under some sort of chemical or hypnotic fog. Every time I see the long dead Bin Laden appear with a different face, spouting phrases in a voice long debunked as NOT Bin Ladens; every time I hear about a new Al Qaeda with a new name I just shake my head at this child's play of transparent magic.

Sooner or later and, for your sake, I hope it is sooner, you must all, as a nation, refuse to shop or work. You must bring the entire nation to a standstill and demand the ouster of the criminal band that illegally seized the reins of power. You do not have the guns to confront them. You do not have the media to expose their lies. You cannot affect them at the ballot box when they are counting the votes. You do not have what you need to have on the one level but you damn sure have it on the other. If you would collectively get together and shut down the engines you can transform your world. Of course you have to buy food and drink. But you don't HAVE TO buy anything else. You can't lose your job if the whole nation does not go to work.

It may be that you can't hear me. I'd be surprised if you could. But we need repeating towers that will bring this message like cell phone repeating towers across the world. The voice of the people is stronger than the voice of the vampire overlords. Rise up! And sit down!!!

Let us become a world of Gandhi's. Let us

become a world of non-violent non-contributors. Let us bring this world to its knees for the sake of the world, ourselves and for the world to come. Either you can exercise your rights to demand your rights and drive the darkness from the corridors of power or you will be beaten to your knees. Daily your rights are being removed because of threats orchestrated by the government whose job is to protect you. Wake up!

We've all seen the wave at sports stadiums around the world. We need a wave that shows the common understanding of what is required moving across all of the lands like a prairie fire, like a tidal wave, like falling dominoes. If everyone tells everyone else we can all sit down and change the world. You do not have to endure the manipulations of jackals making lunch of your fellows for their own personal gain. Wake up!!!

POSTED BY VISIBLE AT 1:36 PM 10 COMMENTS
