

The reality of invisibility presupposes the possibility of visibility. This file is being typed in the present, not in the past or future, which are merely mental concepts of mortality, and which are spun like the motion of an occult pendulum, back and forth in the space of one's lifespan's length whose hub is that present in which one is, so far, again immortal. Time does not change itself into Times.

This writ is being read\* by any reader through the same binocular pupillae as those through which it was written, and in or through the light that enlightens air, but just as it embodies a concept in its content, its import is as invisible as is literature, as such. The words one reads are neither subjects nor objects, but only decipherable patterns and so meaning is also invisible and only conceivable.

It was not written in braille. The mind is also invisible but the Self is not, which is why people reckon immediately stranger's gazes at distances, which is also why pets reckon the presences of ghosts. Perhaps these famous phenomena of occultism are all gasses because the pupil, after all, is invisible, albeit, not a gas.

This writ is being typed on an electroid monitor through the invisibility of the pupils of the typist's eyes and through the visibility of the keyboard in electroid light. The technology this writ treats of, is, however, of the organic, not of the artificial, that also follows from the usage of the sense organs and that one thing, not an organ, that is the awareness that conceives its perceptions through the sense organs, bearing in mind even the skin conceives the sunlight it perceives in summer and which tans us, as surely as light begins photosynthesis in plants, luckily for us, in that their metaboloid excreta which is gasoid oxygen, is essential to us, and furthermore, is as transparent as the rest of the atmosphere's pupillary gasses.

We have so far proven the obvious, that both our binocular pupilla and the air are transparent things, despite being substantial, except it is only the iris that is substantial, while the pupil is space or a glazed hole. It is awareness that conceives of perception in the spatial-radiant medium.

If the atmosphere *is* an aperture, then, being global, it has no iris but only the unlit remainder of the night hemisphere behind its day's eye mask, a concave iris, full of dreamers, as if the Earth drank its passengers inner lives whose dreams were spun in invisibility by the planetary pineal.

Could we argue that those Gods and souls materialists denounce as fantastic delusions, are thus so substantial, are conceivable, but are as imperceivable as the eye's windows and as the atmosphere that contains those things in space which terrestrial and solar light enlightens?

Even with perfect eyes and a transparent compound gas, one would see the same as a blinding in the dark, which is, no thing. It is, in fact anyway, only reflections of light one sees, since every object is invisible in its three dimensionality in space, for if objects be the substance of space, they are as equally hidden as the subjective personalities of souls, and as private, like the mind of God or ghosts.

It is handy that the Sun exists to radiate light and that animals have transparent pupilla that can be seen through and through the lifegiving medium of air that is also transparent. The riddle of both evolution and/ or creation would begin with the formation of stars, not with the existence of eyes which would have depended on the formation of invisible atmospheres.

As I write, I also breathe what I see through, but I also realize that the argument is somewhat ironic in respect of Materialism just in these two obvious facts, since no one would argue the wind does not exist because one cannot see it – likewise, electricity or the patterns of recognition or of decoration.

Cognition, itself, is an object of perceivable concept, not visible to all, in so far as one can see thoughts and sums. A mere speed camera records but perceives nothing because it cannot perceive visibility, despite being the technoid imitation of a live organ.

The Irises are substantial and yet were they not invisible, we would be blind, therefore we see only by virtue of blindness in respect of them, bearing in mind we also sight by means of two perspectives, which virtual monocularism is conceptual, not literal and our concepts are also invisible.

Furthermore, the spatial medium of the visible must also be invisible as if the atmosphere were the Earth's own global eye, in which we would be like microorganism in our own eyes.

In the mirror one sees one's eyes, no? No, one sees only that which is otherwise invisible to us but not to others, which is to say, the glitter of relevant reflections on the eyeball, through the invisible atmosphere in which the mirror also exists, though it need not breathe to live.

Reflections of eyes are not eyes, nor do the reflections see our gazes, being merely visual echoes much like the records of our computers and perhaps, minds, of which they are exterior replicas whose existence must lead to the making of robots and has done. In this respect, the Earth might be a cybernetoid organism.

Light and these two concomitant invisibilities are the two weightiest things in life while the transparent oxygen content of air is even indispensable than these first two. The two sphincters of the eyes receive rather than emit eyes, albeit their eyes retinæ may reflect available light, no differently to a mirror, which means one also sees when one sees, only an array of mirrors even when one types or reads.

One might ask which pineal eye, lit by luciferin or phosphorus, sees one's dreams, as if one were the true symbol of *Kyklops*.\* the inner eye, like all the senses who perceive is conceptually monocular because, alive.

The atmosphere is our life breath and the Sun is light and also warmth. The transparent irises come later when the fog of time evolves into clarity and the planet shows itself local space and see both daily sun and nightly stars and the all the magnificent panoply of atmospheroid climates artists love to depict, even in mere conceptual words, instead of in earthy pigments.

Only the invisible atmosphere makes cloud visible as if the visible were merely light materialised into perceivable objects in conceivable space as if space were visible via the objects light depicts and which were, so speak, proven thereby.

But only the subjective imperceivability of the irises which are the windows of twin organic tunnels, allow the conscious conception of the perceptibility of the objectively perceivable phenomena in the mainly star-enlightened space of the world. Awareness, per se, is as much a virtual hole or space as is the literal pupil, which were it to shut altogether would blind us as surely as a sealed container hides its solid fullness, something or mere space.

The lenses through which the irises lead the fiery light into the globular eye, are also transparent.

Without invisible objects, which slightly organic tissue is, we would be blind but by analogy, should we wish to make one, the earth has neither iris and is wholly aperture, save when through its spin, it faces the Sun, or its vanity mirror, the Moon.

Without invisible air, we would see neither distant body, even if our eyes were intact like those who enter sense derivation tanks or who endure the darkness of caves where only echoes and braille inform them.

Camouflage is, however, another kind of invisibility, like white noise, somewhat similar to the way that disguises are camouflages. One might perceive a mask that hides a face which is invisible behind the substance of same, as if behind a mirror were a real face in hidden contiguity with the visible mirror that hides it.

The mind is full of such echoes and reflections that arise in daydreams that might lead to fictions and to dreams that might be memories of experiences, or the experience of fantasies one has taken for historical, perhaps as the insane do, who believe in the myths of fiction.

The mind may be a global aperture with the muscular iris, truly monocular in some folk, in any state on invisible ghostliness though which they may pass through walls, just as light passes through the material apertures of the eyes. The ghost is often a body of invisible light, which, thickening, becomes as visible as a cataract, which some scoffers think it is. Cataracts will blind one, yet such unfortunates still dream. How? Are dreams woven of phosphor like electrons? How can one see light without being light, oneself?

Light has enough substance to make the eyes, through its black pupillae, project images on the retinae, just as any exterior mirror projects space and its objective guests. The lens is the fascist particle of the eye that binds the reflections of objects in space into a particular reflection of its own, withouten insight into the innerdom of any given object. In the mind, one sees objects with no substance for the same reason mirrors are significant but as insubstantial as imitations which are no realer than echoes.

The echo had a beginner's voice and an atmosphere in which to happen. If light has no start, it is God in the form of galaxies and of the immortal changes of eternity and of the numbers of its scales, as innumerable as numbers.

The whole can have no name but the numberer who is God from the ghosts derive like images as they evolve bodies on worlds from starry dust that thickens into feudal planets around starry monarchs. Space is also invisible as if it were the interior of an eye as big as the universe in which we can spy specks like galaxies, afloat.

But the pupils are merely relative spaces to the material iris and are needfully as invisible as the air through which the breathing\* Seers see the world and its hierarchoid roster of legible realities.

Extra-sensory perception is what those who perceive extrasensually do, and no more a thing of proof in a scientist's laboratory than the quality of a poet's poem is to an illiterate. Perception, itself is extra-sensory because it is a thing of awareness and agreement to conceive the possibility.

In the mirror, one does see the pupil as light sees it, but the mirror sees nought and you do not see it yourself, for to see the mirror liken your eyes, your pupils must be invisible, just as they are, now.

You see no glitter as you see therefrom, albeit you might see old floaters in the aqueous humour.

The mirror is an inorganic retina, a simple machine, but its reflection is man's choice, like its beginning and end is also man's choice.

Coincidentally, for those who see an analogy between God, ghosts and souls in the foregoing text, Man may also have no choice to be, thus potentially, none not to be, again, as if only a mortal image of the immortal which would also serve the conclusions of the materialist.

Through the global pupil of the Earth's spinster hemisphere, we can see the remnant light of stars older than their extinct senders as if a person's ghost had simply kept on walking after an explosive death. We can also see, through our apertures, through invisible space, the solar system's planets and can see our own gothic accompanist, the stalled Moon, that sucks at our oceans like a weary beast or a weak monster, that plays with recalcitrant dough like a jealous old dwarf, ailing into darkness.

Although the Moon reflects on our eyes as we gaze at it, we do not see the reflections and they do not blind us, while the Moon is only a mirror itself that reflects the hidden Sun and does not divine our brazen presence as a person would, immediately.

We have no company in mirrors or echoes, nor actually in the mind, and do waken from the theatre of dreams that await the Dead, who see without eyes, and who hear without ears. It may be we can preconceive our fates like dogmatic addicts, as we do our daily perceptions, much like choices about which the organs have perceptual choice; since we own them, they have none.

Invisibility is overlooked yet commonplace, not least of all in the comfort of heritage, given we could lose our sight and insight in the mazes of heritage and changes, given few recognize the conspiracy of global madness in full view, like the Sun and Moon.

The iris quantifies ambient light to protect the convex mirror within, while the discus lens flexes to image the gazers gaze that maps its owners environs. The Invisible is also the back of the head and the dark side of the Moon and is also the perceptual limitation which is very definite because the horizon is three dimensional and blinkers us. We hear nought of the roar of the Sun nor see aught of the icy wastes of captive Luna.

One believes what one sees but is not only blind to many things but to many truths just as surely as one can no longer envision the moment of birth or any forgotten event, since by definition, memory is visible and or audible. The echoes and images of the past recede into the mind's horizon and its skies and underworld, as one survives the experiences which engendered them as they fossilize into amnesia. Some eccentrics or prodigies claim to forget nought.

Does this mean that the Dead haunt us but that they are as invisible as things forgotten? Do we imagine echoes and is the psychic merely a greedy charlatan? Some could be and every wager could be a rig, still, someone must win like a Judas goat, and there is still an original Van Gogh amongst the fakes - but without expertise or honesty, the fakes are as invisible as is the tiger in the brush, awaiting the innocent gazelle whose eyes are healthy, but whose mind's eye is blind; and a storm can hide the din of a burglar in sniper camouflage, breaking windows.

Our own minds are ghostful with forgetfulness so that we cannot believe what we neither see nor hear. We live on the corpses of green and red things, croppy and livestocky, just as states live off their captives taxes and spend their nation's wagslave lives on their real and ideal wars.

Causes can be as imperceivable as effects except to the conceptualist mind. The true mask behind the selfy mirror is the zero of personality that conceives its perception through the medium of its sensory organs.

Ghosts are begun when we are silent and invisible: The past preserves our immortal renaissance like a forgotten mausoleum of spiritual machines. Ghosts might not want to see you. An echo devolves into silence like events which leave only the detritus of dumb records, like words.

Stars, atmospheres, apertures. Light, breath and sight by which we live and dreams which we believe real like adventurers while in them, fictions from which we awaken, sometimes with relief if the nightmare were a horror.

The wild beast is in the zoo, safe. The fictional zoo is in the head like a hex. Anoxia causes brain death quickly. The air is a weightier thing, even than light. It is invisible and the oblate lens of it can bend light into grey and rainbowy wavelengths.

One need not breathe spooks nor memories, nor dream the memories of the Dead that may bedevil the spooky atmosphere like those spotty vignettes seers think they see and which unbelievers dub the fantasies of lunatics or liars, or of those professional dreamers whose fictions bewitch dreamers.

The poetry of poets is also an aperture, compressed through poetry's literary framework like diamantine gestalts in the bore of an eruptive volcano, a sphincter which is the imaginary iris that focusses the beams of divine creativity like a semi-muscular bore through which fossil memory is unearthed and reconfigured into a birth, in the light of words or pigments or in the substance of tangible, if inaudible, sculpture.

Visibility is possible, firstly because of starlight, and then because of the invisibility of the Earth's atmosphere and then lastly but not leastly, because of the invisibility of the twin pupils but is also only possible because of the presence of the Seer's awareness, without which the eye is merely a fleshy machine. This Knower is also perceivable only by another knower. The pupils are sphincters, which means muscular holes, which holes, or recursive structures of reception or exception.

Magnetism is also of the realm of occult optics. The invisible is not supernatural per se, just as air is not, nor is the tissue of the lenses, but the obvious question now is, is the Seer itself visible or the personality perceivable, other than in the appearance of the subject's behaviour in space over time, and as such, is as invisible as magnetism or as one's ocular pupils? Or as ghosts?

If objects are only superficially visible, when lit by the rainbow wavelengths of sunlight or by local firelight or by other sources, by what light is the Seer visible? and In what atmosphere is the dreamer audible as an echo? If sight depends on invisibility, then audibility depends on the inaudibility of the atmospheroid vector of audible sound. Things only exist because we are conscious.

The Seer, like the general perceiver, is also as invisible as his/her pupils and as the air that feeds its life (and which air is the medium of flight and sound). Magnetism and gravity are also invisible and only perceivable by their effects, and this is true of the conceivable awareness of abstract personalities, also, who are as invisible as those pupils long said to be the eyes of the soul, whose dreams are nonetheless monocular since the dream is like the Earth, a global kyklops or pineal unit.

