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Subject: Smoking Man

Posted by [John-David T. Smith](#) on Fri, 26 Jan 2001 15:51:43 GMT

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David has cast his net with skill and pulled in a fat bounty of lurkers. For some, the thought of bigger fish, observing silently from just outside the circle of light, floating through a darkened mist unwitnessed, unheard, weighs heavily upon them. So where are the the smoking men, chuckling to themselves, quiet and throaty, in dark windowless rooms? Sipping cold, stained mugs of coffee in the deep recesses of unknown facilities, judging us with passing and ambiguous interest. Manipulating the threads of our enterprise, as a boy redirects the unwavering purposefulness of marching ants along a blade of grass. The puppet-master, the illuminatus mirabilis, for whom our whole culture is but a toy among many, eventually to be discarded. These are the lurkers we fear, yet cannot face. Show thyself!

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