

Path:
news.otenet.gr!news.grnet.gr!irazu.switch.ch!switch.ch!in.100pr
oofnews.com!in.100proofnews.com!news-out.visi.com!petbe.visi.co
m!feed.news.qwest.net!news.uswest.net.POSTED!not-for-mail
Reply-To: "Lord Avner Williamsburr Smythe" <smythe@unknown.net>
From: "Lord Avner Williamsburr Smythe" <smythe@unknown.net>
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24hoursupport.helpdesk,alt.alien.visitors,alt.folklore.ghost-st
ories,alt.folklore.urban,alt.movies.monster,alt.tv.sentai,rec.a
rts.horror.movies,rec.games.frp.dnd
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alt.tv.sentai:25124 rec.arts.horror.movies:3966
rec.games.frp.dnd:683042

"Geoff Blackmore" <geoff_184@xtra.co.nz> wrote in message
news:vXccb.157534\$JA5.3864312@news.xtra.co.nz...
> Dancing in the Mirrors
> Sunday September 21st, 2003
>
> <http://www.unknowncountry.com/journal/>
>
> At this moment on this website there are two of the most
extraordinary
> interviews I have ever done. The first is with an abuctee,
"Cynthia," on
> Dreamland. The second is with a particle physicist, Beatriz
Gato-Rivera,
who
> speculates as brilliantly about the "alien problem" as any
scientist ever
> has.
>
> The interview with Cynthia puts the final nail in the coffin
of the idea
> that the abduction experience is imaginary, or that it
involves, in some

> way, any sort of ordinary human experience. There are a number of reasons
> for this. The first is that Cynthia had the experience with a friend, and
> they both remember how it started. They were out stargazing on a roadside
on
> last July 31 when they saw a triangle of stars moving through the sky. A
> moment later they saw, in the light of a powerful flashlight, five sets of
> green glowing eyes in some brush by the roadside. They tried to get into
the
> car but had trouble moving. Without any sense of any missing time
happening,
> they drove away—only to find that 35 minutes had passed.
>
> Not far away, other witnesses were observing the strange lights in the
sky.
> The next day, the two women felt awful. Cynthia's friend discovered a
> bizarre burn just above her coccyx. Her doctor thought it was a radiation
> burn. It has not healed properly even yet.
>
> Given this, given all the UFO sightings worldwide, given that at least
half
> a million people have written me and Anne telling us of their close
> encounters and abductions, given that strange objects have been removed
from
> people that have demonstrably unknown properties, it is impossible not to
> conclude that mankind is under assault from an unknown quarter.
>
> My interview with Cynthia broke my heart, as I heard her going through the
> same post-abduction hell that I lived through. She is depressed, afraid,
> feeling dreadfully helpless and in anguish over the fact that this also
> happens to her children (the youngest is a mid-teen) and she can't stop
it.
>

> I remember sitting at my son's door at night with a shotgun
in my arms. I
> remember one dreadful, suicidal night, when I lay on the bed
in the
> guestroom with that same gun cradled like a baby in my arms,
trying to get
> up the nerve to kill myself so my family would be freed from
the curse of
> the visitors. I have heard that same desperation in Cynthia's
voice, and
> have given her carte-blanche to telephone a therapist,
Constance Clear, as
> much as she wants. Connie has written a book about the
treatment of a
group
> of abductees. If there exists an expert in the art and
science of helping
> them, it's her.
>
> As I said on the air, I want to thank you Unknowncountry.com
subscribers,
> because you put the money in the kitty that made this help
possible.
Cynthia
> is not rich. In fact, she's on disability and unable to work
because of
> potassium problems—another difficulty that faces many
abductees. But at
> least she and her friend can talk on the phone with an
experienced,
licensed
> professional who has helped people like them in the past.
Let's hope it's
> enough. As I predicted last October, 2003 has indeed become
the year of
the
> alien. With the taping of a UFO by a police helicopter in
England and the
> recording of a clear video of a UFO in British Columbia in
the process of
> making structural changes that would be impossible to
duplicate even with
a
> model, the jury is in on UFOs, too. They aren't some sort of
projection of
> the mind—an elegant exercise in imagination—but rather are
real physical
> objects that make no sense—in other words, they are
unidentified as to
> origin, nature and function, they fly, and they are
physically real.
> Unidentified Flying Objects.

>
> Not only that, the Mars connection first noticed back in the
sixties by
Dr.
> Jacques Valee, has been ringingly reaffirmed. Naturally, the
general
media,
> relentless in its ignorance, has sneered that the unwashed
masses are
simply
> mistaking Mars itself for a UFO. They have ignored the
videotapes, the
vast
> number of witnesses, the devastatingly convincing abduction
cases—egged on
> by an irresponsible government eager to conceal the fact that
it can do
> nothing whatsoever about the situation, possibly even abetted
by the
> visitors themselves, who obviously also want to maintain as
much secrecy
as
> possible.
>
> One has to ask, why is it like this? What's really going on
here?
>
> Actually, there is plenty of evidence of what's going on.
First, the
> visitors steal genetic material. They take it from cattle,
from housecats
> and from us. If they steal genetic material, then they must be
doing
> something with it. But it might be very difficult for us to
imagine what
> that would be, given their obvious high level of development.
>
> Or are they so highly developed? I wonder. Go back a hundred
years. In
1903,
> nobody had ever flown in an airplane, ridden in a car,
watched television
or
> listened to the radio. Nobody had ever taken antibiotics.
Pneumonia was a
> fatal disease. Appendicitis had a fearsome death rate. Nearly
half of the
US
> population was illiterate. Physics had yet to discover
relativity.
Rocketry

> was primitive. Computers were almost beyond conception. Most people had
> never traveled more than 12 miles from home. And the list goes on and on.
>
> Flash forward to your own lifetime. Remember when there were no computers?
I
> do. I remember my first one, bought in 1979 when I was already in my
> thirties. I remember the beginning of jet aircraft. I remember the first
> tubeless radios. I remember the first televisions. So do many of you.
Again,
> the list is long.
>
> Do not assume, therefore, that the visitors are eons ahead of us. That they
> are interested in us at all suggests that they may be much closer to us
> technologically than we imagine. They maybe be no farther ahead of us than
> the Spaniards were ahead of the Aztecs. It may be that they possess some
> dazzling technology that makes them seem all-powerful, when actually we
are
> not far from discovering that technology ourselves.
>
> I think that it's a mistake to be intimidated or overawed by the visitors.
> If they were all powerful, they would not need to be so secretive.
Probably,
> if our government had been open about their presence in the first place,
we
> would have quickly equaled them technologically. But the government
> suffered, back in the late forties, a profound failure of vision when
Harry
> Truman apparently made the decision to keep matters secret pending further
> study. He made this decision, I believe, at the urging of the US Air
Force,
> which had discovered that the visitors tended to back off if threatened,
but

> could not be successfully attacked in any way. I believe that they also came
> to feel that the opposite was true: just as threatening them kept their
> numbers down, perhaps acknowledging them would bring them in a wave. So it
> became policy: threaten them whenever possible, deny their existence, and
in
> this way control the situation.
>
> As time has passed, the very complex situation that now exists has evolved.
> Most thinking people completely ignore what's happening. They live in a
> culture of denial that has arisen around a generation of official scoffing.
> As a result, scientists will not study the phenomenon, the media sneers
and
> lies, and the general public ignores. A fantastic and bizarre situation
has
> resulted: The most important thing that has ever happened has become, for
> most people and virtually all intellectuals, a form of rejected knowledge.
>
> This gets me to Beatriz Gato-Rivera. She is a scientist with the courage
to
> address this taboo subject honestly. She has come up with some excellent
> ideas. She has addressed Enrico Fermi's famous 'alien paradox' in a paper
> that she has rewritten for this website in a layman's version a
> nontechnical version edited by Anne Strieber.
>
> Dr. Gato-Rivera suggests that we might be embedded in a higher
civilization
> in the same way that mountain gorillas and chimpanzees are embedded in our
> civilization, and that alien secrecy may be nothing more than an inability
> to communicate with beings on a lower level. She points out that it might

> make as little sense for aliens to send us an ambassador as
it would for
us
> to send ambassadors to baboon troupes.
>
> In my interview with her in our subscriber section, I suggest
the notion
> that they might not be all that far advanced— that, in fact,
progress
moves
> so fast that they might seem vastly in advance of us even if
they are only
a
> few hundred years ahead.
>
> She also speculates that advanced civilizations might have
powerful
reasons
> to conceal themselves from each other, and this might lead to
their being
> very, very difficult to detect, especially for those who do
not possess
the
> same technologies of communication and camouflage that they
do.
>
> Could there be an advanced civilization all around us, as
enigmatic to us
as
> we must be to our own dogs and cats, and as far beyond
comprehension?
>
> Another civilization could well be here—in fact, I believe,
is here—and is
> hiding in plain sight. It hides behind the culture of denial
that we
> ourselves created to keep it out.
>
> In the August, 2001 Chilbolton crop-formation response to the
Arecibo
> Message transmitted by us in 1974, the material that
indicated our form,
our
> DNA composition, our location in our solar system and our
population had
> been replaced by a form that appeared to be a "gray," a DNA
composition
that
> added silicon to the mix, and a suggestion that they occupied
the 4th
planet

> out from their star and possibly four moons around the next planet, and
that
> there were about ten billion of them.
>
> Could it be, given the 'Mars Effect,' that they were actually saying that
> they occupy Mars and four moons of Jupiter? Not necessarily all those
> billions, but some of them? That, in fact, this alien civilization is
> actually living in our solar system right under our noses without our
> realizing it? If Dr. Gato-Rivera is right, they would be so well hidden
that
> we couldn't find them—at least, not yet. This would explain why their
> numbers rise when Mars is close—it's easier, possibly cheaper, to get
here.
> It might also explain the astonishingly high failure rate for our planet's
> Mars probes, and some other anomalies, such as the gigantic dust storm
that
> swept the planet for months as our first photo mission, Mariner 4
> approached. Mariner 4 saw nothing unusual.
>
> Was something covered by that dust storm—intentionally? It seems
improbable,
> but then again, this is a pretty improbable situation we're in, isn't it?
>
> As I have written before in this journal, there have been some eerie
> indications of a connection between us and Mars, and not a very pleasant
> one. Last October, I wrote:
>
> 'One of the strangest close encounter descriptions I ever received came
from
> somebody who was walking in the woods when a little creature dressed in
dark
> blue came out of a cave. He said that he was a rebel, and wanted to let
the

> truth be known. The truth was that there had been a war
between advanced
> civilizations on Earth and Mars many millennia ago. Earth had
wrecked
Mars,
> but Mars had gained control over our souls. They had
condemned us to a
> perpetual cycle of rebirth and forgetting, of rising and
falling
> civilizations, of always losing track with our past, going on
and on
> forever. They called our world "Dead Forever.""
>
> Now that the Mars Effect has once again proved true, and
there is the
> Chilbolton message pointing at Mars, it's not unreasonable to
think that
> there might be some sort of alien presence on Mars that is
affecting us.
For
> whatever reason, it's a very secretive presence. If we had
made satellite
> photographs of Earth with the same equipment that we have
orbiting Mars,
we
> would have found plenty of evidence of intelligent life on
our own planet.
>
> So, all now seems clear: we must be of at least mild interest
to a larger
> civilization that has a base on Mars and is collecting our
genetic
material.
>
> But wait. Not so fast. Remember that the title of this
journal entry is
> 'Dancing in the Mirrors.'
>
> The year after the Chilbolton message, another one was
deposited, that has
> become known as the Crabwood Formation. This consisted of a
rather
dangerous
> looking picture of a gray along with an intricately designed
disk that
> contained, in simple binary code both encouragement and
warning: "Beware
the
> bearers of false gifts and their broken promises. Much pain
but still
time.
> There is good out there. We oppose deception."

>
> Like the Chilbolton image, there has been much debunking of
the Crabwood
> formation, largely because it is so very different from most
crop circles,
> offering a relatively clear message. However, the elegant
format of both
> formations suggests a skill with the manipulation of crop
that is far
beyond
> even the most skilled hoaxers and communicators known to me
personally, so
I
> believe that both of these formations come, in some way, from
inside the
> mystery, and are not hoaxes in the general meaning of that
word.
>
> Who made them, though, is another question entirely. It goes
directly to
the
> twin issues of what the visitors are and what they are doing
with the
> material they collect. However, before we continue, we must
add yet
another
> mysterious ingredient to the mix. It is the connection
between the
visitors
> and the dead. For there is most certainly a connection.
>
> Here we depart from the speculations of scientists and, in
fact, from the
> beliefs of most western intellectuals. In general, our
intellectual
culture
> does not admit of the spirit. This possibility was abandoned
as
superstition
> during the French Revolution, as a way of escaping from the
tyranny of the
> church. The profound influence of Marxism and our continuing
inability to
> sense, let alone detect, our own spirits has embedded this so
deeply in
our
> intellectual culture that it has neither scientific nor
philosophical
means
> for even addressing the possibility.
>

> I am a member of western intellectual culture, but I have
been literally
> dragged into the mirrors and flickering promise of the life
of the spirit.
> Because of what I have experienced, I no longer see the soul
as
mysterious,
> and I do believe either that it persists after death or that
somebody has,
> with exceptional skill, made an attempt not just to convince
me that it
> does, but to embed experiences of the dead into my life that
are
essentially
> the same as my experiences of the living.
>
> On the night of December 26, 1985, I did not see only aliens.
I also saw
and
> spoke with a childhood friend. He had been a CIA agent. I had
not seen him
> in some years, and all I really knew then was that he had
left the CIA,
but
> I had no idea what he was doing. I certainly did not know
that he had
> already died.
>
> He told me about a problem with the design of the containment
of the
engine
> on stealth aircraft, which were just then becoming
operational. He warned
> that these planes were liable to burn if this design flaw was
not
corrected.
> I was mystified by his presence and could make nothing of
what he was
saying
> to me.
>
> One of the first things I did during the anguished months
after the
> experience was to try to look him up. It was then that I
discovered that
he
> was dead. Knowing at that time nothing about the connection
between the
dead
> and the close encounter experience, I decided that I must
have just
dreamed

> his presence up and discounted it as part of my experience.
>
> However, when people began sending me letters, I was shocked
by the
> persistent reports of the presence of the dead in these
encounters,
usually
> as peripheral players, with the apparent aliens more-or-less
calling the
> shots. In one case, a desperate family called me for
confirmation that the
> dead might appear with aliens. Their teenage son, who had
died in an auto
> accident a short time before, had appeared to his younger
brother in the
> company of aliens and told him to reassure his parents that
he was all
> right. As this was happening upstairs, the mother was
witnessing a huge
> light near the house downstairs.
>
> As I challenged my relationship, such as it was, with the
visitors by
going
> into the woods at night unarmed and helpless—hiking miles
into isolated
> areas on purpose, to make myself as vulnerable as
possible—the contact
> experience came into tighter and tighter focus. It finally
centered on a
> single individual who first came to me while I was meditating
one night.
He
> seemed to be accompanied by six others, as there were seven
loud thuds on
> the roof above my meditation room one night. This was
followed by a sense
of
> presence in the room so appallingly vivid that I could not
handle it. I
left
> the room. The presence followed me into our bedroom. I told
it that, in
> order for me to cope with it, I would have to have some
physical reference
> point. I had to see it. I asked if I could smell it, knowing
from
experience
> that enlisting my sense of smell would anchor it for me deep
in the
> instinctive lexicon of the real.
>

> It went away after that, and I fell asleep in my wife's arms.
At about
three
> in the morning, I was awakened in a way that would become
familiar—a
> strange, almost mechanical punching at my shoulder. I didn't
see anybody
> there, and was just turning over to go to sleep again, or try
to, when I
> noticed someone sitting very still on the foot of the bed.
>
> I almost screamed, almost went for the shotgun under the bed,
but when I
saw
> how he looked, dressed in a worn tunic and sitting there as
still as a rag
> doll that had been tossed aside, I realized what had
happened. This
> invisible creature had somehow done what I had asked.
>
> I went down to him. His eyes were black darkneses, but
otherwise his face
> was passably human. I took his hand in mine. It was like
holding a little
> sparrow. He was not large. Indeed, he was as slight as a
child, but his
face
> was mature. I smelled his skin, which was as pungent as the
skin of a
person
> who never bathes. It was a smell that one finds in a crowded
bazaar in the
> third world.
>
> The next night, he came again, and this began many weeks of
meditation
> together. I would go into the room at midnight. He and his
friends would
> come at once, banging down onto the roof. A moment later, I
would feel him
> in the room. At three he would wake me and I would meditate
with them
again.
> The same thing would happen at six. This went on for weeks.
>
> When I asked my wife to come into the room and join us, and
she heard them
> dropping down onto the roof, she was seized with a deep
instinctive terror
> and left the room, saying that she wasn't ready. I knew that
terror well.
I

> had tasted it deeply out in the woods. It was not the terror of aliens, I
> don't think. I think that it was the terror of death. I asked him who he was
> and he led me to a book in my own library called Life Between Life. He
> indicated that he was between lives. He was trying to rescue me from a
> similar fate. He was trying to point me toward a tiny door that enables
> escape from recurrence, whatever it is. He instilled in me the importance of
> this escape, and left me with the ambition to communicate all I discovered
> about how to do it to others. This, more than understanding the alleged
> aliens, has become the aim of my life. It's why I wrote the Key and the
> Path. It's why I lavish time, money and attention on this website, why I am
> sitting here on a Sunday morning writing this instead of taking a day of
> rest.
>
> The more we worked together, the more physical he became. Eventually it was
> obvious not only to me, but to our cats and to Anne that he was living in
> the house. She became more able to accept him, even to the point of tidying
> rooms he had spent time in.
>
> At the same time, neighbors began to report to me seeing seven glowing balls
> of light moving through the woods together. Andrew brought friends to stay
> with us from his boarding school. He gave us strict instructions to mention
> nothing about aliens, UFOs, etc. But his friends saw the lights in the
> woods.
>
> Are you still with me, dancing among the mirrors? Where are the aliens, now?

> On Mars? Are we indeed embedded in a greater civilization? If so, I would
> suggest that it does not recognize the boundary between life and death
that
> we do. The closer you get to it, the more you embrace it, the less you see
> of that boundary yourself.
>
> But is that really true. The Crabwood formation warned of deception. Why?
> What is the deception?
>
> A few days after Communion was published, an editor from Wm. Morrow & Co.,
> Bruce Lee, went into a bookstore to see how the book looked on the shelves
> and was treated to an appalling experience: two aliens with big eyes,
> looking very much like the picture on the cover of the book, were paging
> through it. They wore hats, coats and scarves, but their faces were
> unmistakable. He went closer. They were talking about all the things I had
> gotten wrong—in Queens accents, which he interpreted to mean Jewish accents.
> (Plenty, I am sure.) Then they stopped. They looked at him. He turned and
> left the store.
>
> I met this fearsome woman a few more times after Communion. I began to think
> of her as my teacher. I believe that she did function in that role. Once,
> when my brother was at my cabin, I was indulging in a bit of ego over my
> accomplishments. She did not like ego at all, and was always ready with a
> lesson when I indulged in any feeling of pride. My brother and I were
> walking down to the spot where I had first met the visitors when I heard
her
> low, menacing voice say, "Arrogance! I can do anything I want to you." A
> moment later, we saw a UFO in the sky, then three misty figures appeared
at
> the far edge of the field.

>
> We returned to the house, and all seemed normal. But the next morning my
> agent called me in a real tizzy. A large check had come in, which I was
> counting on to feed my family for the next two years. That was good. But
> what was not good was that the bank had called to say that the account
into
> which it had been deposited had mysteriously disappeared from their
> database.
>
> I spent the next twenty four hours begging her to forgive me, promising
> never to indulge ego again, and pleading with her to give me my money
back.
> The next day the agent called again. As mysteriously as it had
disappeared,
> the account had rematerialized.
>
> Once, when Andrew had a guest at the house who worried us, she showed up
> again. She did not like this boy, either. I had often let her mind come
into
> mine. It felt at first like being annihilated in a deep way and was among
> the most terrifying things I had ever done. But I was used to it by then,
> and I lived through all sorts of fearful scenarios involving Andrew and
this
> boy.
>
> The next morning, the boy reported that he'd been waked up again and again
> in the night by seeing long fingers with black, claw-like nails coming
> around the door, as if some monstrous being was about to open the door. I
> knew whose hands they were. I had held those hands in mine. I had felt
them
> caressing my cheeks. I knew them as gentle hands, but he was not amused.
> After that, his friendship with my son faded.
>

> Years later, in Texas, she treated me to what I thought at the time was a
> vision of the future. This immersion in her being and her world was so
> profound that the next morning I could not understand the English language
> or navigate the car through the streets to go to a church I'd been
attending
> all of my life. I felt as if I had come back from another planet, it was
> that deep a journey into her.
>
> I thought I saw our apartment in ruins. I thought I was looking at its
> future. But I was actually seeing it, I think now, as she saw it—in the
same
> way we might see the lair of an animal, dirty, roughly made, coarse and
> ridden with insects. In other words, through her eyes, and perhaps through
> the eyes of all her kind, this is a world of animals.
>
> So, you might ask, what in the world does this have to do with the dead,
let
> alone Martians, let alone aliens abducting people and stealing genetic
> material from them?
>
> Well, now, I told you at the beginning that this was about dancing. For
> those of you who have read the Path, or the material about the card of the
> Dancer in my last journal entry, you will know more of what I am driving
at.
>
> But not entirely. Actually, I am skimming a very complex, hyper-dimensional
> surface. This essay is a sort of crop circle of the mind. Let me leave you
> with an image. We are sitting beside a pond together, you and I. It's a
> summer afternoon, and sunlight dapples down through the trees onto its
still
> surface. Spiders skate across the surface of the pond. Below, fish lie in
> the still water. Deeper still, beneath the muck, the unknown begins.

>
> We lean over, we see our faces staring up at us, the eyes
dark, the
sunlight
> framing us in the bright light of mystery. The skating
spiders have no
idea
> that we even exist. They cannot know. I strike one of them,
smashing it
> under. I do this to illustrate a point about the fluid nature
not of water
> or the subtle electricity of its surface, but to illustrate
the mystery of
> perception.
>
> Perhaps the skating spider, as the fish race to devour it,
calls out, "O
God
> why have you forsaken me?" And then does it die into
nothingness, or does
it
> find more glittering water in the faraway?
>
> The ripples subside. The spider becomes food in the belly of
a fish we
> cannot see or know. Our faces reappear, looking back at us
with whatever
> gravity or laughter we care to express.
>
> What is really down there?
>
> <http://www.unknowncountry.com/journal/>
>
>
>
!