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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>
Newsgroups:
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
References: <vXccb.157534$JA5.3864312@news.xtra.co.nz>
Subject: Re: Whitley Strieber
Lines: 570
X-Priority: 3
X-MSMail-Priority: Normal
X-Newsreader: Microsoft Outlook Express 6.00.2800.1158
X-MimeOLE: Produced By Microsoft MimeOLE V6.00.2800.1165
Message-ID: <w kgb.377$gG3.34688@news.uswest.net>
Date: Mon, 6 Oct 2003 15:18:04 -0600
NNTP-Posting-Host: 67.1.144.137
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2003 16:18:20 CDT)
NNTP-Posting-Date: Mon, 06 Oct 2003 16:18:20 CDT
Xref: news.otenet.gr 24hoursupport.helpdesk:651126
alt.alien.visitors:188671 alt.folklore.ghost-stories:178251
alt.folklore.urban:246016 alt.movies.monster:71426
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
> that the abduction experience is imaginary, or that it
involves, in some
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> way, any sort of ordinary human experience. There are a number of reasons
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- > 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
- $> \mbox{making structural changes that would be impossible to duplicate even with } \label{fig:point}$

> 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.

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> Not only that, the Mars connection first noticed back in the
sixties by
Dr.
> Jacques Valee, has been ringingly reaffirmed. Naturally, the
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 the 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
vears. In
1903,
> nobody had ever flown in an airplane, ridden in a car,
watched television
> 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
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> 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?
> 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,
> 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
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> 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
> 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
> culture of denial that has arisen around a generation of
official
scoffing.
> As a result, scientists will not study the phenomenon, the
media sneers
> 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
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> make as little sense for aliens to send us an ambassador as
it would for
> 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
> 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
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> out from their star and possibly four moons around the next
planet, and
> 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,
> 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
> 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
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> 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 > there might be some sort of alien presence on Mars that is affecting us. > 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, > 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."

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> 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
bevond
> even the most skilled hoaxers and communicators known to me
personally, so
> 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
> 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
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.
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> 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
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
corrected.
> I was mystified by his presence and could make nothing of
what he was
saving
> 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
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> 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.
Не
> 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
> 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
> instinctive lexicon of the real.
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> 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 darknesses, 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 \boldsymbol{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.

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> 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
> 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
> 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?
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> 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.
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> 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
disappeared,
> the account had rematerialized.
> Once, when Andrew had a quest 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.
>
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> 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.
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> 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
> 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/
>
>
>
!
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