

Whitley Strieber and the Paradigm of Doom

By Dream's End, 2007



Part 1

In 1954 nine-year-old Whitley Strieber entered an “Unknown Country” where missing time, ghostly apparitions and visitors claiming to be from outer space are the norm. Many of these childhood memories remained veiled behind a wall of amnesia until much later, though snippets of his bizarre early life experiences stayed within conscious memory.

Those memories, and particularly his later “abduction experiences” made famous in his book *Communion*, would solidify and popularize an emerging mythos: The aliens are here. They are gray. They need to manipulate our genetic material. They are scary as hell but we should love them. The world as we know it is about to end.

Originally, I started writing an article about how Strieber was one of the disinformation artists tasked with spreading the “meme” of the little gray men. But as I looked closer, it became very clear that something else was going on. For example, there were many Nazi scientists relocated via Project Paperclip to air force bases in San Antonio, a fact I learned from Strieber’s own website. And that Strieber claimed to have some memories of more earthly, MKULTRA style abuse at one of these airforce bases I also learned on his site.¹

But one thing Strieber has not written about is that during the years of his “secret school” experiences as a child, one of the central scientists in MKULTRA was stationed at Lackland Airforce Base just ten miles or so from the location of Strieber’s childhood home and the “Olmos Basin” area of San Antonio that

figured prominently in his experiences. As we saw in the last post, this mind control guru was named Louis Jolyon West, and he just so happened to have an abiding interest in all of the sorts of things Strieber had experienced there. Or, at least, in the ability to INDUCE such experiences.

The one aspect of Strieber's writings that led me away from considering him to be a disinformation artist helping to spread the myth is that, despite the message he believes the aliens have for us, which combines the now familiar messages offered by other "space brothers" with Strieber's own Catholic and Gurdjieffian (if that's even a word) spiritual beliefs, the incidents themselves don't support this message. In fact, the incidents he undergoes don't even support the alien abduction hypothesis. Sure, there are grays, but there are all sorts of other beings, and plenty of humans involved as well. How about, for example, his vision of a blue crystal, several hundred feet tall, hovering over his upstate New York cabin. I am drawn to such details as this because, if his goal were simply to fabricate a story of alien abduction, so many of these details just seem bizarrely out of place. Why include them unless he believes them to be true? It's possible that Strieber is just THAT sophisticated and can see "smart guys" like me coming from a mile away. Maybe the hints at MKULTRA abuse as a child he has offered on his website (we'll get to that in a bit) are simply to add a protective layer of plausibility in case the original alien stories break down under scrutiny. It's possible. I'm not nearly as clever as I think I am, but I'm at least clever enough to know that there are other people out there smarter and more sophisticated than I.

But I don't think that this is the case here. As a narrative, whether to fool us into believing in alien abductions or simply to tell a good story, Strieber's writing is just a mess. It is illogical with far too many loose ends (despite his attempts to make sense of the experiences via his own belief systems). Yet we know Strieber can write a coherent scary story as he did before *Communion* with *Wolfen* and *The Hunger* (the movie version starring, I might add, the "Man Who Fell to Earth" himself, David Bowie).

So let's have a look at some of Strieber's story.

One thing that struck me throughout *Communion* and the book about his childhood experiences called *Secret School* is that despite Strieber's having come to "love" his abductors, these alien beings were scary as hell. They have, from his description, no redeeming values whatsoever. They invaded his body and his mind, showed him scary visions designed to test his fear response and implant the idea that the world is about to end (though, as always, HOW the end is coming is constantly changing...with several different versions of apocalypse offered in *Communion* alone), and generally treated him like a lab rat. And it is the fact that he has come to love them that was my first clue. Why write about aliens who are so incredibly scary when you're trying to convince us they are benign? It sounded to me like the famed "Stockholm Syndrome", the alleged psychological mechanism which got Patty Hearst to embrace her captors in the "Symbionese Liberation Army". All experts on Hearst, including the experts who testified at her trial, accept that Hearst was a mind control victim. The only question was whether there was any government connection. And since these same experts were also MKULTRA scientists...well, that's another story that will have to wait.

The first encounter Strieber relates in *Communion* is one that was recorded in his journal contemporaneous with the event and was not a memory recovered via hypnosis. And it's an odd one. After hearing some noises in the house and yet inexplicably settling back into bed without investigating,

he saw a figure in his bedroom. It was small enough to be a child but that's the only way it resembles the classic grays.

It had a smooth, rounded hat on, with an odd, sharp rim that jutted out easily four inches on the side I could see. Below this was a vague area. I could not see the face, or perhaps I would not see it....I saw two dark holes for eyes and a black downturning line of a mouth that later became an O.

From shoulder to midriff was the visible third of a square plate etched with concentric circles. This plate stretched from just below the chin to the waist area. At the time I thought it looked like some sort of breastplate, or even an armored vest. Beneath it was a rectangular appliance of the same type, which covered the lower waist to just above the knees. (*Communion*, pp. 12 - 13)

From there begins a somewhat more classical abduction experience. After blacking out he found himself naked, frozen as if in "mid-leap" and being moved out of the room. He doesn't suggest that he was floating. "It could easily be that I was being carried."

He found himself in the woods. To his left:

...was a small individual whom I could see only out of the corner of my eye. This person was wearing a gray-tan body suit and sitting on the ground with knees drawn up and hands clasped around them. There were two dark eyeholes and a round mouth hole. I had the impression of a face mask. (*Communion*, p. 15)

The beings will take on a more fully alien appearance later in the story, but at this point, he saw someone in a "body suit" and wearing a "facemask."

Our thesis here is that Strieber is the victim of a mind control experiment of some kind, likely one that began in his childhood. We'll examine his childhood experiences in the next post.

But even here, Strieber gives us a variety of hints that this experience has mind control elements involved. For example, when the first being approached him in the bedroom, he stayed in bed and took no action. As he says, "...perhaps my mind was already under some sort of control." (*Communion*, p. 13.) And later, while sitting in the woods,

"I felt that I was under the exact and detailed control of whomever had me. I could not move my head, or my hands, or any part of my body save for my eyes. Despite this, I was not tied."

Strieber then felt himself being rapidly drawn into a ship or room of some kind hovering above the woods. While terror is a natural reaction to such an event, I thought his specific description of terror was important:

The fear was so powerful that it seemed to make my personality completely evaporate. This was not a theoretical or even a mental experience, but something profoundly physical.

"Whitley" ceased to exist. What was left was a body in a state of raw fear so great that it swept about me like a thick, suffocating curtain, turning paralysis into a condition that seemed close to death. I do not think that my

ordinary humanity survived the transition to this little room. I died, and a wild animal appeared in my place. (*Communion*, p. 16)

He realizes that much of what happened in that room has been lost to amnesia.

This might be terror amnesia, or drugs, or hypnosis, or even a dose of all three. There is one drug, tetrodotoxin, which could approximate such a state. In small doses it causes external anesthesia. Larger doses bring about the “out of body” sensation occasionally reported by victims of visitor abduction. Greater quantities can cause the appearance of death - even the brain ceases detectable function.

This rare drug is the core of the zombie poison of Haiti, and little is known about why it works. It is also the notorious “fugu” poison of Japan, found in the tissues of a blowfish, which is an esteemed if deadly aphrodisiac. (*Communion*, p. 17)

His suggestion of tetrodotoxin is interesting but likely erroneous. The out of body experiences, “dissolution of the self” and (assuming these experiences did not literally happen) hallucinations, seem more characteristic of ketamine, which was of interest to MKULTRA researchers (and fed regularly, as we’ll see sometime later, to Ira Einhorn, a seminal figure in the development of “New Age” thought until the mummified remains of his girlfriend turned up in a trunk locked in his closet.) LSD is also a possibility, and certainly a drug of interest for our Dr. West, stationed nearby Strieber when he was a child.

Scopolamine also comes to mind. Researched by MKULTRA scientists (specifically under project CHATTER which searched for “truth drugs” for interrogation) the drug creates hallucinations, paralysis and dissociation and also results in amnesia when combined with morphine.

I also think of this reference to a lesser known drug from Colin West’s book, *Bluebird*, which quotes from an untitled an undated document from the MKULTRA files:

For instance, Meproval, which has been very useful in shock therapy, is no longer popular because, for one thing it produces feelings of overwhelming terror and doom prior to the convulsion.

But terror, anxiety, worry would be valuable for many purposes from our point of view. (from *Bluebird*, p. 39)

Yeah, there are people who really think like that, and though it’s hard to accept, is it any harder to accept than the idea of aliens farming humans for eggs and sperm?

Strieber can’t get a good visual lock on the beings, as they always seem blurred when he attempted to look directly at them. A “tiny, squat person” approached with a box, within which is a thin needle which the being “proposed to insert” into his brain.

The idea of alien implants did not originate with Strieber so if he’s fabricating this story, or delusional, he could be incorporating previous such accounts. Still, it is important to note that from the fifties, scientists such as Jose Delgado were implanting electronic devices in animals and in people, as we saw in the previous post. While Delgado publicly said that ethical considerations and limits to technology would limit the ability to control humans via such implants, the level of control he gained over animals in his

experiments is chilling. He could “steer” cats in whatever direction he wanted, or instantly switch them from docile to hostile with the push of a button. And this was in the fifties.

Interestingly, one of Strieber’s most recent newsletters contained a link to an article about very earthly implants in humans. I don’t know about the reliability of the article, but it does show that Strieber, once again, has some level of awareness that such things are certainly being done by humans. Here is a quote from Delgado as mentioned in the article linked in Strieber’s newsletter:

“Autonomic and somatic functions, individual and social behaviors, emotional and mental reactions may be evoked, maintained, modified, or inhibited, both in animals and in man, by electrical stimulation of specific cerebral structures. Physical control of many brain functions is a demonstrated fact. ... It is even possible to follow intentions, the development of thoughts, and visual experiences,” wrote Dr. José Delgado in the book *Physical Control of the Mind* in 1969. At that time Dr. Delgado was a Professor of Physiology at Yale University, where he developed techniques for electronically and chemically influencing the brain. He has published more than two hundred scientific works and is a well-known authority in neurology and behaviorism.

In the preface to the book, it is written that Dr. Delgado, “... shows how, by electrical stimulation of specific cerebral structures, movements can be induced by radio command, hostility may appear or disappear, social hierarchy can be modified, sexual behavior may be changed, and memory, emotions and the thinking process may be influenced by remote control.”

In footnote 5 of that article, the author quotes John Lilly as cited in Martin Cannon’s *The Controllers*.

“Dr. Antoine Remond, using our techniques in Paris, has demonstrated that this method of stimulation of the brain can be applied to the human without the help of the neurosurgeon; he is doing it in his office in Paris without neurosurgical supervision. This means that anybody with the proper apparatus can carry this out on a person covertly, with no external signs that electrodes have been used on that person. I feel that if this technique got into the hands of a secret agency, they would have total control over a human being and be able to change his beliefs extremely quickly, leaving little evidence of what they had done.” — John C. Lilly, M.D., 1953: *The Scientist*, John C. Lilly, M.D., Berkeley: Ronin Publishing, 1988, page 91. In *The Controllers*, Martin Cannon, Aptos, CA: Davis Books, 1990, pages 13-14. [6]

This quote is significant not just for what it says, but also because Strieber is the one who linked to it. How seriously he has considered the idea that most if not all of his experiences were due to MKULTRA style manipulation is not known. At the moment, your humble author does not have much “juice” and so inquiries about such matters tend to go unanswered. However, I have been in contact with a friend of Strieber’s who confirmed one element of *Communion* for me and has relayed word back to me from Strieber that until he knows more about who I am he doesn’t want to engage in direct dialogue. That’s unfortunate, but it is probably the best course of action for Strieber when people like me contact him out of the blue. I expect that comments will be forthcoming as I have a feeling this article is going to be more widely linked than the previous ones.

Strieber was then injected with the implant which resulted in a “bang and a flash”. He says he noted that there were four types of “beings” on the ship. There was the robot type that was in his bedroom, some small dark gray or blue beings with more human features and two sizes of grays, one of whom he experienced as a female and was drawn to rather inexplicably.

And then, the anal probe. It has become almost a cultural standing joke but given that sexual abuse is one surefire way to induce dissociation (especially in children and obviously this experience occurs well into Strieber's adulthood), this description is chilling.

...two of the stocky ones (whom he had just "sensed" were part of what he called a "good army"), drew my legs apart. The next thing I knew I was being shown an enormous and extremely ugly object, gray and scaly, with a sort of network of wires on the end. It was at least a foot long, narrow and triangular in structure. The inserted this thing into my rectum. It seemed to swarm into me as if it had a life of its own. Apparently its purpose was to take samples, possibly of fecal matter, but at the time I had the impression that I was being raped, and for the first time I felt anger.

Only when the thing was withdrawn did I see that it was a mechanical device. The individual holding it pointed to the wire cage on the tip and seemed to warn me about something. But what? I never found out. (*Communion*, p. 21)

It is characteristic of such tales that aliens advanced enough to travel from distant stars to earth have medical technology that is so incredibly primitive and needlessly painful. Even a full colonoscopy is not as traumatic as this technique experienced by Strieber. I think the description of the experience as "rape" is an apt one, though once again, one is struck by his determination to see the aliens as "good." It is doubtful that advanced aliens would need such crude techniques to acquire the specimens they seek.

Finally, Strieber awoke with only a memory of having watched a barn owl outside his window. He notes that he has learned that such "screen memories" of animals are common among abductees.

In the following days, his physical condition deteriorated. The next day he suffered from extreme fatigue and chills as if from a fever. This is of interest because at high doses, scopolamine can produce fever. Strieber's psychological condition deteriorated as well, as he became irritable and short-tempered and paranoid, worrying about "toxins" in his food. (Of course, given the likelihood that he had been drugged, such a fear would be "rational paranoia".) Here are some other side effects of scopolamine that seem relevant to his experience:

In rare cases, unusual reactions to ordinary doses of scopolamine have occurred including confusion, agitation, rambling speech, hallucinations, paranoid behaviors, and delusions.

In fact, at one point Strieber reports a conversation with a neighbor in which he complained to the neighbor about seeing snowmobile lights in the woods. He had seen no such thing and knew it even as he said the words. The conversation bothered him because "it seemed so nonvolitional, almost as if I had been talking against my will." (*Communion*, p. 23).

Here he describes his mental state in the days after the event:

I had a feeling of being separated from myself, as if either I was unreal or the world around me was unreal (in psychology these feelings are known as depersonalization and derealization and are sorts of dissociative states which can also be induced by various drugs.) ... In the ensuing days, I experienced more bouts of fatigue. I would be working and suddenly would get cold and start to shake. Then I would feel so exhausted that I could not go on, and

crawl into bed quivering and miserable, sure that I was coming down with the flu. I took my temperature during one of these experiences and found that it was 96.6 at the outset and 98.8 at the height of the “fever.” Afterward, it dropped to 97.0 (scopolamine also has fever reducing effects though evidently only if there is already an elevated temperature.)

Nights I would sleep, but wake up in the morning feeling as if I had been tossing and turning the whole time. I ceased to dream, and sometimes had difficulty closing my eyes. I felt watched, and kept hearing noises in the night....

My disposition got worse. I became mercurial, frantic with excitement about some idea one moment, in despair the next. I was suspicious of friends and family, often openly hostile. I came to hate telephone calls. I could not concentrate even on light television programs....I could no longer follow my own thinking, let alone that of the authors who interested me. (*Communion*, p. 26)

It would be a fair criticism of my thesis to say that many of these symptoms could come about simply as the result of the trauma he experienced due to the “abduction.” That’s true to an extent, but Occam’s razor says we should consider earthly explanations first.

Strieber also mentions that in January of 1986 there was a UFO sighting in the area. It’s unclear exactly what area he meant, as his cabin is in upstate New York, and Middletown, in which the article about the sighting appeared, is much further south toward NYC. One of the habits Strieber has which inclines one to believe his story is a hoax is to mention a fact which confirms his story as if he were unaware of it before his abduction experience. In this case, beginning in 1982, there was a massive wave of UFO sightings in the Hudson valley area, of which the event Strieber read about in the January 3, 1986, issue of Middletown, New York, Record article would be but one example. There were so many sightings that a book was written about it, *Night Seige*. We’ll come back to the Hudson Valley sightings later as it seems very likely to me that this was one of the areas selected for “field testing” the reaction of people to UFO’s by staging fake UFO waves. These field tests have likely been going on since the fifties. This project was discovered in papers found by Jacques Vallee while looking in the files of J. Allen Hynek. Hynek confirmed the story and was (or pretended to be) angry that it was true. Hynek, however, was co-author of *Night Seige* not having read the book yet, I don’t know if he mentioned this government project. But whether this UFO wave was real or an elaborate hoax, it seems unlikely that Strieber could have been completely unaware of it.

Here’s what Strieber says about it:

The headline called the appearance a hoax, but according to the story, local people who had witnessed the event doubted that. One man, however, claimed that he had seen the things fly over a brightly lit local prison, and in the light he saw planes. A follow-up story on January 12 expanded on the hoax hypothesis.

My wife showed me the article and told me, “You said this would happen. You were talking about this last week.” I did not remember the conversation...” (*Communion*, p. 27).

He later goes on to discuss the Hudson Valley wave which he discovered upon “further research.” The book *Night Seige* was released at about the same time as Strieber’s book, so it’s not surprising that the book itself is not mentioned, though he did find a New York Times article which discussed Phillip

Imbrogno, who would co-author the book with Hynek. While I am not assuming that Strieber is a hoaxer, this tendency to give a “gee whiz, look what I found out” about information that could be construed to have inspired the details of his stories and which was readily available before his own alleged incidents is a troubling one. In fact, just after the experience described above, Strieber sat down to read a UFO book featuring the details of a similar encounter, a book which had been given to him months previously and had been sitting in his cabin all along. So, while I think hoax is not the answer here, I mention in the spirit of objectivity, and it can’t be ruled out.

We conclude this section by noting that the next step for Strieber, after these memories began to emerge, was to contact Budd Hopkins, the famed UFO abductee researcher (and hypnotist) to help him sort out these memories. Hopkins reassured him that these memories were being experienced by others as well. Eventually, Strieber would seek out an objective third party, psychiatrist Donald Klein, to overcome the amnesiac barrier via hypnosis, though Hopkins would be present at these sessions. In addition, there are further sessions with Budd Hopkins alone. Given my opinion of Hopkins, this is troubling. However, recordings of the two sessions with Klein and evidently one session with Hopkins are available in audio on his site.

In 1986, Whitley Strieber conducted two hypnosis sessions with Dr. Donald Klein. These sessions have recently been provided for our subscribers to listen to. Now, we offer one of the “lost” session that Whitley did with Budd Hopkins in April of 1986, some time after his last session with Dr. Klein.

This hypnosis session reveals Whitley at his most vulnerable, when he was desperately struggling with what had happened to him, and, above all, trying to understand the messages that his contact experiences were bringing him.

Listen to Whitley in a deeply private moment, struggling with information that, to this day, he has never revealed.

He talks about a trip through Europe in the summer of 1968, and a meeting with a young woman that, as they traveled from Florence to Rome, became stranger and stranger.

Finally, when they are in the crypt beneath the Vatican, he begins to speak of something “so secret” that is happening there.

Listen to this powerful and provocative tape, but be warned, it is as frank as it is mysterious.

I thought I was a subscriber but I am unable to access the subscriber portion of the site. It may that I am merely subscribed to the newsletter. Currently, new subscriptions are not being taken as they update their system, but as soon as I can I will listen to these audio recordings to sort out how much of his recalled material came through his work with Klein (who diagnosed Strieber with temporal lobe epilepsy, a not particularly satisfying hypothesis, though we will see that states very similar to TLE can be induced electronically, which may provide some further clues) and how much through Hopkins. Given that his sessions with Hopkins take him into the Vatican vault (?) I wonder whether we are moving more into traditional conspiracy lore and away from whatever “real” experiences Strieber has had.

That said, Strieber’s “journey” through Europe and a variety of other details of his story which point much more directly to Langley than a planet orbiting Sirius, will be the subject of part two of this

investigation. In part three, we will examine Strieber's alleged childhood experiences. Assuming that these incidents, which occurred much earlier but were not recalled fully until after *Communion*, are not simply fabrications, delusions or implanted memories during his hypnosis sessions, they may very well be key to understanding Whitley and his desire to make all of us believe that the end is near for Planet Earth.

Whitley Strieber and the Paradigm of Doom, Part 2

(Trigger Warning: The material in this section is rather graphic and should be approached with caution by abuse survivors.)

Ultimately, there are two reasons I decided Whitley Strieber was not intentionally fabricating the stories in his *Communion* series. First off, it seemed to me that if your intention is to promote a message that we should lovingly accept the aliens as spiritual guides he would have put at least a few incidents in the book that were not so profoundly terrifying and disturbing. It was one of the most bizarre elements of both *Communion* and *Secret School* for me that after each terrifying experience he would find some way to interpret the events as spiritually uplifting.

Secondly, many of the incidents in the book don't seem like "alien abductions" at all. In fact, there are NO alien abductions in *Secret School*, which discusses childhood interaction with these beings, though via a special helmet (you'll learn what I think that helmet really was sometime in the next few posts) he is given visions of other planets and of the past and future of earth. Also, the aliens he does interact with, disguised, rather bizarrely, as nuns, don't seem to be the same aliens in *Communion* in appearance or origin. They are linked, significantly, to the planet Mars. But we will examine *Secret School* in the next part.

In this part, I want to hunt through *Communion* and pull out incidents that do not seem to fit the alien paradigm, even as defined by Strieber himself (or maybe I should say "implied" by Strieber as much of the time he tries not to commit to the alien explanation). Tellingly, he never attempts to explain many of these incidents in terms of the "alien abduction" hypothesis. He simply notes them as other strange events from his past.

I've been rereading these incidents and I have to say it they are deeply disturbing. Here is one such recollection that features an alien but seems frighteningly human otherwise.

Whitley was 12 years old and returning from a visit with his family to relatives in Madison, Wisconsin. They took a train, and Strieber remembers getting violently ill. Consciously, he had remembered the train trip, and the vomiting and a "confused memory of my father crouched at the back of an upper berth in our drawing room, his eyes bulging, his lips twisted back from his teeth."

The hypnosis revealed more, and whether these images were actual memories or not, there is no way to tell. He recalls having had a bladder forced down his throat, forcing him to ingest something. He says that this is not the only time he's had this happen, and we'll see the second one a bit later. He says the pattern seems to be that he is fed something, he vomits, and then he is fed something else along with drops to keep him from throwing up.

Under hypnosis he recalled this odd shift into another place in which many soldiers were sleeping on some sort of medical tables. The soldiers were all in fatigues, and "sprawled as if totally comatose." Young Strieber will see the "female" being who seemed to be in charge during his New York abduction. (Her appearance was similar to the stereotype grays in some ways but her skin was brown and leathery. He said she reminded him of the goddess Ishtar.) Young Strieber asked the being why the soldiers were there, and the being responded that they had picked them up because "they were alone" and that they would look them over and return them. Then he asked, "What's the point of that?" and the being responded and she "sounded like a stuck record. 'The point of that is — The point of that is —' Then she stopped as if surprised that she had been caught off guard, and said simply, 'Well,' her voice melodious with amusement. "

At some point he remembered, "I was in a little chair, sitting before a featureless gray surface." This is what happened next:

Something terrifically difficult happened while I was sitting in that chair. After hypnosis I recalled seeing a landscape with a great hooked object floating in the air, which on closer inspection proved to be a triangle. Then there followed a glut of symbolic material, so intense that even as I write I can feel how it hurt my whole brain and body to take it all in. I don't remember what this was__triangles, rushing pyramids, animals leaping through the air." (*Communion*, p. 119)

To me, this sounds as if he's been given some sort of hallucinogen. Some hallucinogens will induce vomiting, and visions of geometric shapes, followed by iconic images of animals and religious symbols are commonly reported.

As we'll see from Strieber's own words, he acknowledges memories of abuse at the hands of some Air Force officials. I think his viewpoint is that the abuse led to a sort of breakdown characteristic of shamanic experiences and that because of this he was able to be contacted by these beings.

Many of the details of his story match those of shamanic journeys. However, it should also be pointed out that MKULTRA scientists were VERY aware of shamanic experiences and sought out the plants which induced the altered states such shamans entered. In addition, the details of the things the ALIENS do to him and the details of typical abuse scenarios are so similar that I don't know how you can separate them out from each other.

For example, in the hypnotically enhanced memory of the New York abduction, he recalled the insertion of the rectal device this way:

'She's sittin' right in front of me the whole time, just lookin' at me. They're moving around back there.' (I could sense them, but I was looking at her. She drew something up from below.) ' Jesus, is that your penis?' I thought it

was a woman. (Makes deep grunting sound.) That goes right in me. (Another grunt.) Punching it in me, punching it in me. I'm gonna throw up on them...." (*Communion*, p. 76)

Later, she asks him if he can "be harder" meaning more fully erect. And it is well known that such sexual encounters are a common feature of these abduction experiences.

His memory of his father on the train that was the most emotional.

(I then saw my father for the first time. He was standing up, apparently quite conscious.) "Daddy!" I'm scared now. They've — "Daddy! Don't be so scared, Daddy! Dad, don't be so scared! (...) Daddy, it's all right!"

He says, "Whitty, it's not all right! It's not all right!" (*Communion*, p. 80)

Strieber is forthright about memories of abuse by humans which on at least one occasion occurred at Randolph Air Force base, one of the three such bases in close proximity to Strieber's childhood home.

Some of the abuse took place in other places and seemed to involve other students at his Catholic school, which puts us in even more uncomfortable (but sadly, somewhat more familiar) territory. He recounts a few such memories, but then adds:

My memories of what happened to me at Randolph are so horrific that I can scarcely credit them. I will not repeat the details here, because I cannot tell the degree to which they have been dramatized via the process described above. However, there are a few of those spontaneous, sudden glimpses that seem undistorted.

The process he calls "dramatization" is often called "confabulation", filling in confusing real memories with subconscious "best" guesses as to what was going on and then treating those guesses as memories.

Needless to say, while we have no right to know about these memories, we hope that Strieber is somehow actively attempting to deal with them and to sort out how they fit into the spectrum of experiences he's undergone. Or maybe he's better off just leaving them alone at this point.

Also on that web page he describes having been placed as a young boy in what is clearly a sensory deprivation chamber which induces panic and hallucinations:

Among my worst memories, one that has come back to me again and again and again over the course of my life, is of waking up and finding that I am in a coffin. A box. I wake up when I try to move, and my head bounces against the top of the thing. I cannot get out. I'm trapped. The silence is absolute. The air is heavy. Soon, my breathing is agonizing. I'm in torment. But it doesn't end. It keeps on and on and on. I remain for what seems like hours at the edge of suffocation. I scream, I see demons staring at me, I see angels, I see my grandfather Strieber there, then I see a long horizon, the sun either rising or setting.

This is a significant detail, as here we have a memory of abuse at the hands of military officials of some kind which specifically induces hallucinations. Compare that to the situation at the hands of the aliens on the "train" in which what seem to be classical hallucinations are also induced via some drug, perhaps in combination with whatever the "gray box" is that he was sitting in front of.

What a horrific tale this is becoming, despite Strieber's exhortations to see the process as one of guided spiritual awakening. We see evidence of likely sexual abuse at the hands of military and perhaps adults from his Catholic school and we see invasive procedures very much resembling sexual abuse at the hands of aliens. We see the aliens inducing hallucinations, and we also see evidence of hallucinations induced by his Randolph AFB abusers. Somehow, Strieber is able to see the treatment by the aliens as benign while acknowledging the treatment by human abusers as malicious. It's a tricky balancing act and frankly I'm not very happy about making that balancing act more difficult for him. But this is happening to other people and the truth needs to be explored.

And while we will look more closely at *Secret School* in the next post, we see another parallel set of experiences. *Secret School* discusses a series of experiences Strieber underwent as a child, some of which occurred at a physical location in a nearby natural area called Olmos Basin. But he recalls in *Communion* ANOTHER sort of school that does not seem to be part of what the experiences he recounts in *Secret School*. He feels that these experiences were conducted by the aliens, but I think these may be memories of some of the early psychological conditioning Strieber (and I think a host of high I.Q. children) underwent in the fifties.

(I have many recollections) of sitting in the middle of a round room and being asked by a surrounding audience of furious interlocutors questions so hard they shatter my soul (.). Trying to cope with these memories as a child, I wove anguished fantasies around the figures, who became my childhood friends in some round, gray basement, drawing out the secret structures of mind like surgeons with forceps extracting sparking neurons from my brain. I remember that they would say words, and each word they said would go through me like a hurricane, evoking every memory, thought, and feeling associated with it. This would go on for hours and hours until I begged them to stop, and I would be offered the relief of a brief rest at their feet, my soul confessing itself in the stern softness of their love. (*Communion*, p. 119)

The description above is reminiscent of very well known and reliable cult "brainwashing" techniques. Long sessions with confusing material presented too quickly to be assimilated. Even if you've just known someone who went through EST in the seventies, you'll recognize this pattern.

And though it is unclear exactly who the "interlocutors" are, he asks if this is a "memory of the visitors at work?"

No, Whitley. It's not.

I'm going to have to stop here. Despite the fact that I am relatively certain I have never undergone such treatment, I'm finding this material difficult to handle at the moment. One commitment I made to myself before starting this was to continue to check in with my own state of mind frequently and with help as needed, as I'm certain it can lead the unwary into paranoia and delusions of their own.

I will likely be unable to put up the next part until next weekend, as I get very little free time during the week. I'll keep checking in on the comments frequently.

Whitley Strieber and the Paradigm of Doom Part 3



But why do I need these absurd stories? They are not lies; when I tell them, I myself believe them. I don't lie. Perhaps I tell them to myself when I tell them to others, so that I can hide from myself whatever has made me a refugee in my own life. (*Communion*, p. 139)

Strieber wasn't talking about the alien stories there. To him, those ARE the stories he's trying to avoid remembering. Despite their terrifying nature and internal contradictions, these stories have some quality for Strieber that raises them above the many acknowledged "screen memories" he has uncovered. Whatever that powerful quality is, we don't share it as outsiders, so though my analysis may seem completely wrong to Strieber, it is becoming quite clear that it is the easiest way to explain the facts as he, himself, has presented them.

I'm going to conclude my look at *Communion* by picking out some of the stories told by Strieber that certainly do NOT support the alien hypothesis. In fact, some of these memories seem to have nothing whatsoever to do with aliens. It is the appearance of these details which convince me Strieber is not hoaxing us, or at the very least, that he's just a lot cleverer than I am.

And I will also try to start examining some of the magicians' secrets. Whoever these magicians may be who are using Strieber for their twisted games. I invite all of you to do the same by approaching it as I do when watching stage magic. When you watch one of those big illusions where someone disappears from a box, or levitates mysteriously, you apply the logic of Sherlock Holmes:

"How often have I said to you that when you have eliminated the impossible, whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth?" (From the Sign of Four)

Until we run out of steam, we are going to put aliens on our "impossible list." Just for now. It may be that too many factors will remain unexplained and in that case, we may have to invite the aliens back to the table. Although from Strieber's experience, it's not like they need an invitation.

I'm going to start with one experience Strieber describes that sounds more like something out of "The Control of Candy Jones" than *Communion*. For those not in the know, Candy Jones was a pinup girl who in the seventies (and, we must acknowledge, through the hypnosis of her husband, Long John Nebel, a sort of "Art Bell" of his day) began to recall a number of missions she had carried out for the CIA via her "alter" personality named Arlene. While there HAD been articles about this sort of thing, such as this article by famous hypnosis expert George Eastabrooks (either the smokingest of guns or disinformation designed to worry the Soviets which was definitely one of the several agendas being pursued in the creation of the UFO myth), the full extent of MKULTRA would not become known until congressional hearings a few years later. (Led by Nelson Rockefeller...oh, now I feel better...)

As far as Strieber recalls, he's had only one such "Candy Jones" style event. It was in 1968 and for no reason whatsoever he left London where he was studying film and headed to the continent. Along the way, he met a young woman with whom he traveled. His memory of the entire trip is still quite hazy but it lasted about six weeks. As he put it, "If I do not think about (these memories) they seem fine, but when I try to put them together they don't make sense." I guess if you wanted to define "screen memory" that would be as good a way as any.

The trip happened after a disturbing incident:

Then, in July (of 1968), there was another incident. I cannot recall what happened with any clarity. It was simply too confusing, too jumbled. I was at a friend's flat in the King's Road, Chelsea. For years I have described it as a "raid" from which I escaped by "crossing the roofs." What I actually remember is a period of complete perceptual chaos, followed by the confusing sensation of looking down into the chimney pots of the buildings. Then there was blackness. (*Communion*, p. 134)

He used to tell the story of staying in Florence for six weeks but upon a return trip he realized he had little memory of the place. He recalls leaving the woman in Rome and heading to Strasbourg for no apparent reason, where he saw the cathedral and then rushed off to France and then Spain. He stayed for many days on the Ramblas in Barcelona, frightened and trying to stay among people during the day and with lights on and doors locked at night. He also recalls this:

I remember something about being on a noisy, smelly airplane with someone who called himself a coach, and something about taking a course at an ancient university (again, still not the "secret school" of the book by that name). I also recall seeing little adobe huts and expressing surprise to somebody that their houses were so simple. (*Communion*, p. 135)

In wondering what else was going on in the world at that time, I came across this incident: in July of 1968, the People's Front for the Liberation of Palesting hijacked an Israeli passenger plane in Rome, Italy and diverted it to Algiers. Many of the Israelis on board were held hostage for five weeks as a bargaining chip for the release of some Palestinian prisoners.

Whether this hijacking and Strieber's missing time and apparent plane flight to Africa are related is purely speculation...but it's the KIND of speculation we need to be making before assuming that aliens fly smelly airplanes in addition to their saucers and triangles.

There's another story, the one he refers to in the quote at the top of this post, that again shows some rather elaborate screen memories at work.

A dozen times I have told a story of being menaced by an old college acquaintance, whose terrifying appearances and phone calls had driven us from our Seventy-Sixth Street walk-up to Cos Cob, then from there to the East Seventy-Fifth Street high-rise, and finally to the Village. A part of this myth is the kindly detective who hypnotized me and enabled me to identify this individual by listening to his voice on a tape. Then we put a stop to his game by simply phoning him back after one of his vicious calls. But it didn't happen; none of it happened. (*Communion*, p.139)

It's not clear to me whether his wife also shared in this screen memory or not. Here's another memory, this time from 1977 that, apparently, his wife has conscious recall of. Or maybe not.

One evening in April 1977, something so bizarre happened that I still cannot understand why we didn't make more of it. With both of us sitting together in our living room, somebody suddenly started speaking through the stereo, which had just finished playing a record. We were astonished, naturally, when the voice held a brief conversation with us.

The voice was entirely clear, not like the sort of garbled message sometimes picked up from a passing taxi's radio or a ham operator. Never before had it happened and it didn't happen again. I do not remember the conversation, except the last words: "I know something else about you." That was the end. (*Communion* p. 136)

Damn it, this stuff is starting to creep me out again. But I want to keep going a bit. First off, I hope you are starting to get the picture. If someone can be hypnotized and a suggestion planted that they will resume a trance state upon hearing certain words AND you have the house rigged to broadcast sound, then you can pretty much get away with whatever you want. And while I can't prove that this is what was happening to Strieber, he provides so many details which suggest this could very well be the case, that it's really strange to me that few others have reached the same conclusion. And many of these details are completely at odds with his "alien" hypothesis. Nowhere in *Communion* does he explore how these very earthly mind games relate to the alien abductions.

There many other little details like that. The mention of implants, for example, a common theme in abduction accounts, reminds us not only of Joseph Delgado and his implant experiments mentioned in the previous post, but also Jolyon West, who will figure more prominently in our look at *Secret School*.

A pet project of West's in the late 1960s and early 1970s was the Center for the Study and Reduction of Violence. He proposed to establish a "securely fenced" center at a remote, abandoned Nike missile base in the Santa Monica Mountains, in keeping with earlier plans by the CIA to set up "mind-control" stations off the beaten path, where experimentation could be carried out free from such concerns as human rights. Ironically, West embarked on a PR campaign to promote himself as a champion of "human rights" — an effort that would be comical if not for the bottom line in terms of human suffering. West's plans for such centers were the subject of hearings by the U.S. Senate Committee on the Judiciary in 1974, chaired by Senator Sam Ervin, whose members were alarmed at reports that West planned to test radical forms of behavior modification — mind-bending drugs, electric shock, implantation of electrodes in the brain and forcible castration with the drug cyproterone acetate. Critics charged that his violence centers would

target blacks and Mexican-Americans in its studies. (By the way, the first link that I came to about this well established fact happened to be from a Scientology magazine. We will have a LOT more to say about Scientology in the future.)

I'm going to end with fog. Fog seems to be a recurring sight with some abductees. Maybe it's just to set the mood. Strieber recalls the night of his New York abduction being very foggy. Here's another incident he recalls, and again note the very earthly components of this experience. It took place in 1984, but the description emerged from a 1986 hypnosis session:

I was driving back to the house from the grocery store when I suddenly saw a fogbank. It was a clear fall day, the air dry. I got curious about the fogbank and drove off the highway onto a dirt road to try and get a better look at it. The next thing I recall, I was in the fog in my car and two people in dark blue uniforms were leaning in the windows. Then I was back on the highway, returning home.

(Here now is the rest of the story straight from the hypnosis session transcript.)

I went right past the turnoff. I went right past the grocery store and I keep going. I don't know...I want to take the car for a little run...

I keep thinking I see something above the car. I'm a little nervous. I turn off the radio. I roll down the window then roll it up again. I don't know why I missed the turnoff, and I'm going to turn around and go back. But I don't....Looking out the window of the car. A white truck goes past. I — it's like the white truck isn't right. There's a — I don't know what is going on here. Now I want to go home. I feel terribly sick to my stomach. Awful feeling. I don't want to tell you what's happening to me....

I was driving my car, all of a sudden there was this white pickup coming toward me. Funny white pickup with a black windshield.

Strieber then describes a bit more typical abduction scenario with "little people" around and the thin, "female" alien. As the alien starts touching his chest in a not unpleasant way, he sort of "comes to" back in the car. As usual, the experience with these "benign" beings has left him scared out of his mind. The hypnotherapist asks him about the two people in uniform he had recall of before any hypnotic regressions.

I'm just sitting in my care alone.

(Hypnotist: Anyone tell you to go back?)

Yeah. He says to me, "Get out of here." Then this lady on the other side says, "We don't want you here." I say, "Who are you?" She looks at me with a real mean look on her face. She's a — real mean.

(When asked what they were wearing.) I mostly looked at the one over on this side (passenger side). I thought that was a woman. You know, I just can't tell what's going on here. I don't know what the hell happened. Because the next thing I know, I'm on the road again. I'm going back home. (*Communion*, 145 - 152)

Then the woman morphs in his memory once again, back to the thin, female alien, which he AGAIN describes in horror as if he's remembering seeing her for the first time. She touches him with some kind

of device and lots of abstract shapes appear in his mind...a typical sort of hallucinatory experience. Strieber settles on the idea that this is the same being he has been seeing since he was twelve and becomes quite distressed. The hypnosis session is ended.

Again, Strieber decides, one assumes, that the pickup truck memory was the screen and the alien memories were the real ones. It seems far more probable to me that the exact reverse is true.

But I mention this experience not because of the truck, but because of the fog. There was another, quite famous incident that happened five years previous to Strieber's fog-trance but this time in France. It is described by Jacques Vallee in his book, *Revelations: Alien Contact and Human Deception*.

Three young people, living on the margins of society, were preparing to sell a supply of jeans and sweaters they had (likely these folks were part of the "underground economy" so to speak). They packed up the car at about 4 a.m. and one of them, Franck Fontaine, pointed out a large glowing sphere in the sky. His two companions, Jean-Pierre Prevost and Salomon N'Diaye El Mama, went back into the apartment, N'Diaye to get a camera and Prevost to get the last of the clothes.

Prevost saw out the window that Fontaine had stopped the car which was annoying because it had to be pushed to be started. He went out and N'Diaye joined him in the parking lot. Prevost was a little freaked because he'd seen the car engulfed in a weird sphere of fog. They both went out to the car which was still surrounded by a sphere of fog. There were some other little spheres of some sort (it's not really clear from Vallee's description if this meant spheres of fog or light) moving around, which got absorbed into the fog which was then absorbed into a large cylinder which took off.

Fontaine was nowhere to be found.

The two reported the incident to the police, evidence for Vallee that it was not a hoax pulled off by the trio themselves as they were on the edges of society and avoiding police attention would have been far more typical. They didn't even have a valid driver's license among them.

There was a manhunt, but Fontaine avoided detection. Seven days later, he resurfaced at the apartment. He was really pissed. Why did everyone go back to bed...they had to get the shipment of clothes delivered.

He didn't even know he'd been missing for a week.

I can't get into all of the details here. However, a couple of other points are relevant before we get to Vallee's theory on this case. For one, Prevost reported, while under hypnosis by some dubious UFO investigators, that he'd been contacted by a blonde humanoid alien named Haurrio. Haurrio told him that he needed to start a group of believers and spread the word: humans are destroying the world and soon it will come to an end. True believers who spread the word, however, will be spared and used to create a new civilization. This should be a familiar message to readers of this blog. Naturally, the world did not, in fact, end, despite the earnest expectations of a bunch of French true believers standing in a

cabbage patch on the appointed day. Fittingly, Vallee titles the section in which he discusses this, “When Prophecy Fails” after the book mentioned in this post.

So, there is that paradigm again...aliens telling us the world is coming to an end. Another feature of interest is the admittedly vague memories Fontaine had of his missing time.

He felt prepared for what was coming, he said, as soon as he woke up from his deep sleep in the car. Next he was lying on a flat surface, on top of a machine located in some sort of laboratory. This surface was comfortable, and he was not physically restrained. Along the walls were tall cabinets with blinking lights and dials, above which were signs he could not read. He fell asleep again and does not know how long he was unconscious, but he is sure to have been alternately awake and asleep numerous times. He was always in the same room, except that small, luminous spheres, the size of a tennis ball, often floated in the air above him. Voices spoke to him, pleasant voices, which seemed to come from these spheres. They discussed the future survival of humanity and gave him the date of the official contact between them and the earth. (*Revelations*, pp. 150 - 151)

Prevost’s managed to create a little UFO cult but it sort of fell apart after the world failed to end, though he did pull a small second wave of followers together. Vallee reports that soon after the release of the French version of his book *Messengers of Deception*, in the introduction to which he warned of the potential events such as the one above had for exploitation in psychological experiments, Jean-Pierre Prevost confessed that the whole thing was a hoax.

A lot of questions went unanswered, however. For one thing, Prevost claimed to have hidden Fontaine in his own apartment during his “missing time” and yet police had searched his apartment thoroughly. When this was pointed out to Prevost by an associate of Vallee, Francis Leuhan, Jean-Pierre asked Leuhan if he’d read *Messengers of Deception*. “You ought to read the introduction...there are some very interesting things in there...” (*Revelations*, p. 159)

Vallee also reports that another investigator claims to have spoken to one of the first police officers to arrive on the scene who confirmed that the car was, in fact, surrounded by a thick fog “we found impressive.” No such fog is mentioned in any official police reports, however. (*Revelations*, p. 159)

But finally, we have one of those “government insider” reports. Admittedly, we are right to treat such reports with caution. We have learned from the Bennewitz affair. But usually, those disinformation specialists who put out such reports CONFIRM the secret cover up of the “truth” about alien intervention in human affairs. In this case, the official said that the entire affair had been an experiment.

The official claims the operation was an “Exercise in General Synthesis,” though he doesn’t explain what that means. He says that one cabinet level official with high tech credentials planned the whole thing carefully and only fifteen or so people knew anything about it. Said this official:

The operation was structured around military, scientific, and political goals. It was purely national and had no impact beyond our borders.

We put (Fontaine) to sleep and he was kept under an altered state of high suggestibility.

Somewhat ominously (and perhaps disinformationally) the official added:

But if this operation had been completed, the next phase would have been far worse. (*Revelations*, pp. 162 - 163)

Vallee believes that the three young people who were involved in this incident were not intentionally behind the hoax, despite the confession of Prevost. He found, for example, that one witness to the affair had seen TWO people in the car after Prevost and N'Diaye returned to the apartment. That same witness, when asked later if he'd witnessed anything on the day Franck Fontaine returned, refused to answer...not wanting trouble with "those people." It's unclear whom he meant. In addition, Vallee reports (though his source is unclear) that after the abduction, Fontaine was seen keeping regular 11 p.m. meetings with a mysterious man in an expensive business suit who drove a BMW.

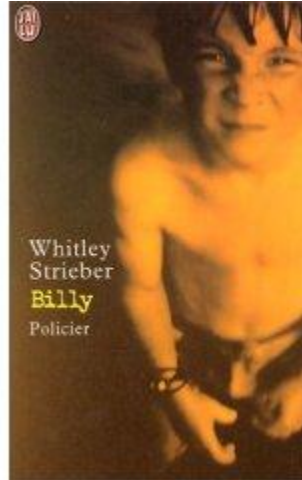
Whatever the truth of the government insider version of events, it certainly matches what Fontaine remembers from his missing week. It also matches what we know about MKULTRA experiments. Ewan Cameron would have been proud.

Vallee found that at the location of the car there was a convenient nearby underpass that could be used for a hasty getaway. He figures that the dense fog may have been manufactured in order to hide the movement of the team of commandos tasked with grabbing Fontaine. Perhaps, he suggests, there was even some drug introduced into the fog to knock out Fontaine or make his two friends a bit more suggestible themselves.

And that's an intriguing suggestion, since fog seems to be involved in some of Strieber's experiences. And you know, if someone did create a fog of debilitating or hallucinogenic gas to manufacture such an experience, they'd probably need gas masks themselves when going about their work. That's a picture of a gas mask at the top of this post.

Kinda creepy looking, isn't it?

Whitley Strieber and the Paradigm of Doom Part 4: Whitley Goes to Mars



While researching this final post on Strieber, I ran across a much lesser known book by Whitley Strieber that stopped me cold. The book is called *Billy*, published in 1991, and the photograph on the cover should set your own alarm bells off as well. Listen to this summary written by one of the reader-reviewers who posted at Amazon (errors in original):

Whitley Strieber's "Billy" is a very dark serial killer novel, centering around a child abduction. The boy in question is Billy Neary, a normal 11 year old suburban kid who is targeted by Barton Royal, a truly creepy psychopath in a clown suit. At the end there is an incident in the "black room", a torture chamber that Royal has taken other children and killed them, that you must read to believe. If you ever need a reminder of how sick this world can be, just pick up this book. Barton Royal is indeed a sick individual, reminiscent of Freddy Kruger, Norman Bates, John Wayne Gacy, and just any local urban legend. The cause of his insanity is clear, though never explained. It has a lot to do with his needing to be the "perfect father". Billy is pretty well drawn out as well. He is smart, and scared, and it is written believably. Be warned, though; this book is not for the weak at heart (or stomach).

Here's what Strieber had to say about where the character of "Billy" came from.

Billy came in the book because I love kids. It is natural that I'd want to write a character who I thought was pretty cool.

And here is a plot spoiler from Wikipedia about what happens to the cool kid he loves:

Billy's father beat the police to find Billy, just before Barton tortures and kills him.

And you thought this little saga couldn't get any more fucked up.

Strieber has only begun publicly discussing his memories of earthly abuse in the last few years, as far as I can tell. And yet a decade before he made those revelations he wrote this book. I have not read it, but given the rather blurry line between his fiction and non-fiction, the graphic elements in the book would likely reveal hints of his own abuse. Maybe not hints. Maybe more like huge neon signs.

Strieber's own account of abuse was at Randolph Air Force Base, which housed at least one prominent Nazi scientist resettled to Texas via "Project Paperclip." That particular Nazi, Strieber reminds us, was Albert Strughold, famous for his text on aviation medicine and infamous (or should be) for the experiments on prisoners in Nazi death camps on which he based that text. He does not suggest Strughold was the abuser, and only remembers the name "Antonio Kraus." This name is likely either misremembered (it was in San ANTONIO, after all) or a pseudonym. I did actually find an "Astrid Kraus" in some memos relating to radiation experiments in the early fifties, but I can't link him directly to any of the bases in San Antonio. For the record, Astrid Kraus appears to have been on the "Research and Development Board" of the Department of Defense, which oversaw all defense research, including the human experimentation.

I mention this because Strieber describes a very serious illness when he was a child. He was so sick that last rites were administered. The primary symptom described in the book was a deadly high fever. He doesn't speculate on the cause of the illness in the book but on his own discussion board he says:

After the war, he (Strieber's dad) was approached and his patriotism was appealed to, I was enrolled in this program. He did not know what it involved, except that it was important cold war work. I think that he was the victim of Paperclip scientists, who singled us out because of his war work. He did not know that I was going to be harmed, but the stress was so great that my immune system shut down and I was treated in the autumn and winter of 1952 at Brooke General Hospital with gamma globulin injections. I was isolated from other children at that time. (I have my school report card from that year, showing that I was absent for the second half of the first semester.)

Well, I don't think Strieber knows this but up until 1963, there were, in fact, radiation experiments being carried out at Brooke Medical Center. I found this in the Department of Defense's own files, but it's a little confusing because the heading of this section is "Brooke Medical Center, Houston, TX." The nature of the experiments exactly match Strieber's experience:

From a presently undetermined date until 1963, this study was conducted at the School of Aerospace Medicine at Brooks Air Force Base in San Antonio, TX. Researchers established a method for measuring 17-hydroxycorticosterone (17-OHCS) in saliva from the parotid gland. This method permitted noninvasive continuous assessment of adrenal hormone levels during studies evaluating adrenal response to stress. Eleven research participants included active duty military personnel, pregnant women, DoD dependents, and patients. Radiation exposures are unavailable at this time. Intravenously administered cortisol was shown to appear in parotid fluid rapidly, and parotid 17-OHCS levels were reliable indicators of adrenal function. Studies with a patient with Cushing's syndrome and others with underactive adrenals supported this conclusion. Despite a large rise in plasma 17-OHCS in the third trimester of pregnancy, there was only a small (though significant) rise in parotid fluid 17-OHCS. Chemical and radioisotopic techniques showed cortisone to be the major parotid fluid 17-OHCS. Radioactive aldosterone, estrogens, and androgens also appeared in parotid fluid after intravenous injection.ⁱⁱ

This matches Strieber's understanding that the illness was stress induced. It also explains why he was taken to a military hospital for medical care, though this could have other explanations as well... perhaps they ran an emergency room, for example, which would certainly have been the closest to him. Most of the other experiments at Brooke appear to have begun in the mid-sixties so it's not clear that the above experiment would have started as early as 1954 but the resemblance to what Strieber says he underwent (without much recall of the actual experiments) is striking.

By the way, have a look at the Brooke Medical Center logo and extra credit if you can tell me who else used that logo.¹



I wasn't even looking for that... I just happened to see the Brooke logo at the top of their page. I'm not going to comment any further on that little "iconographic coincidence" for now. But let the congregation say, "WTF?" That symbol and some of the uses to which it has been put will definitely figure prominently in future posts.

Also, compare Strieber's account with witness testimony during the Congressional hearings on the DOD radiation experiments. A few patients of therapist Valerie Wolfe claimed to have memories of both radiation and mind control experiments in the fifties and sixties. It's too long to reproduce but pay particular attention to the testimony of Suzzanne Starr (that's how it is spelled in the transcript.) Not only did she undergo all sorts of experiments which seem similar to the ones the "aliens" employ, she was also taken to a secret school... a classroom on a college campus which she doesn't identify by name. Her experiences were in Colorado but began at about the same time as Strieber's. I don't know if Starr is a pseudonym but I can't find anything else about her other than this testimony.

So, we have now seen that the area where Strieber grew up was a hotbed for government nastiness. We have Brooke Army Medical Center that is on record as having carried out radiation experiments on civilians (no word on whether they were voluntary or not).

We have Randolph AFB, in which Strieber remembers abuse. Brooke and Randolph worked together on a variety of research. And we have Lackland Air Force Base where MKULTRA honcho, Joly West, served during the time of Strieber's childhood secret school experiences. West, remember, was at the top of the food chain when it came to MKULTRA and studied everything from drug-induced hallucinations, to cults and sudden religious conversions. And in what will become important as we begin the look at SRI, West moved on to be a consultant for some of the private remote viewing groups which sprung up after the

¹ The answer is Scientology, with their "crossed out cross." <http://www.lermanet.com/creed-pearson/>

official military “Stargate” program was shut down. Stargate was run by SRI and was staffed almost entirely by Scientologists. See how cozy this all gets?

Strieber’s actual “Secret School” was located in the “Olmos Basin” which he relocated for the first time (rather conveniently when TV cameras were rolling) in 1995. Olmos Basin is a natural area pretty much surrounded in the southern portion by buildings belonging to the “Sisters of Charity of the Incarnate Word.” This is of interest not only because of his history of abuse at Randolph Air Force Base and the transportation to that abuse by teachers associated with an unspecified “summer camp” but also because the aliens he interacts with in Secret School come to him in the guise of “nuns” called the “Sisters of Mercy.” He learns that this is a slang term for “prostitute” (though there is such an order) but the parallel with the nearby Sisters of Charity is obvious.

It might make sense for you to familiarize yourself with the area. Here’s a link to a Google map with a very approximate location of Strieber’s childhood home. Lackland is to the southwest of San Antonio, Randolph to the northeast and Brooke is quite nearby Strieber’s childhood home. If you zoom in on the Olmos Basin area, you’ll see the Incarnate Word facilities all around the southern part. You can switch to “satellite” mode and look around Olmos Basin as it appears today. Type in “119 Taylor St.” and you’ll find the location of the house of one Aline Carter.

Aline Carter figures prominently in this story but it’s not exactly clear what her role is. A devout Episcopalian, known for her charity work among prisoners, she was also a Poet Laureate of Texas, with collections such as “Doubt Not the Dream.”

“I look at Earth from distant skies
And wonder, if man knew
The living power that rests in him
Would he dare the unknown too?”

Strieber says that in later years, looking through some of her writings, she seemed to embrace the very viewpoint as expressed in his Secret School lessons. This suggests to me some sort of Theosophical orientation or perhaps as Strieber would become later, she was a follower of Gurdjieff. Strieber met her as a kid when she invited him to learn astronomy via the 4-inch telescope she had at a small observatory atop her grand house, pictured below.

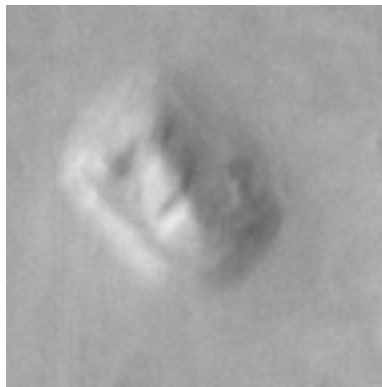
One thing to note about Secret School is how little it resembles *Communion*. For one thing, the only aliens mentioned don’t seem to resemble anything in encountered in *Communion*. What they do resemble, besides Catholic nuns, is Aline Carter herself in certain ways. Indeed, Strieber says:

Surely it could not have been Aline Carter who was my teacher (in the Secret School) — the mysterious, sinister, and slightly comical Sister of Mercy? It is odd, though, that I would have associated her in my child’s mind with the order, and then written most of this book before I found that she left behind a volume of poems that reflect the ideas of the school on every page. (*Secret School*, p. 27).

I think further research on Carter would be enlightening, but there's nothing available on the internet and the important materials reside in San Antonio. However, it's time to examine the other primary difference between *Secret School* and *Communion*. In *Secret School*, the aliens are from Mars.

At the beginning of *Secret School*, Strieber describes being shown by a scientist the photograph that would become famous among UFO and space enthusiasts of the mysterious "face on Mars." The original image was taken by Viking Orbiter One in 1976 but did not come into popular awareness until the late eighties. Who did the popularizing and why will become a central concern in the coming posts.

Contrary to myth, the original photo was not only released a few days after it was taken but the accompanying press release from Jet Propulsion Laboratories pointed out the feature, though called it an "illusion" due to the play of light and shadow. Here's the image before certain people provided sophisticated image "enhancements."



While I don't want to get too much into the "face" controversy at the moment, what's significant here is that in *Secret School* Strieber describes being shown the image in 1985. He claims he actually "remembered" the image from his secret school experiences. He says he was immediately struck by its similarity to ancient Egyptian sculptures such as the Sphinx. I don't see that myself but the Mars-Egypt connection is an important theme we'll be tracking in future posts.

Oddly, there is no mention of Mars or Egypt in *Communion* or of any of the experiences provided by the Martian "Sisters of Mercy," and it is unclear if these memories were recovered via hypnosis or simply manufactured to fit the new Martian emphasis. Surely they would have been mentioned in *Communion* had he remembered them at the time. (Some memories are mentioned in both but none specifically associated with Martian "nuns.")

The switch to the Martian emphasis is important for reasons that will become clear to those of you who haven't already figured it out. And though I wish I could do a closer examination of Strieber's childhood "lessons" at the hands of the "Sisters of Mercy" I'm going to have to give just a brief summary.

Basically, beginning after Strieber's illicit trip to Carter's observatory one evening, before her astronomy lessons had officially gotten underway, Strieber finds himself mysteriously transported to Olmos Basin in a line of students heading somewhere in the woods. He recognizes only a couple of them. It's not clear

how many such visits he made but as noted above, the physical location was actually rediscovered by Strieber in 1995. And while Ed Conroy in his book *Report on Communion*, found a couple other people with odd experiences in the area, none remembers this “school.”

At the school a helmet is put on each kid and they experience flying around in space and going back in Earth’s history. (The experience in which young Whitley first meets the Sisters of Mercy on Mars and sees the face were actually in a dream and happened before his first visit to the school, says Strieber.) They experience visions of a comet hitting the earth and the formation of the moon. Notice, again, the repeated emphasis on worldwide cataclysm so central to Strieber’s thinking. Strieber also experienced going back in time to what was allegedly a sort of previous incarnation as a member of a secret mystery school in ancient Rome, and working to put Octavius into power in order, he claims, to keep Rome together until Jesus was born.

Much of the *Secret School* material conforms rather nicely with the Gurdjieff teachings so important to Strieber. Before the abduction events of *Communion*, Strieber was a member of the “Gurdjieff Foundation,” though he adds this puzzling disclaimer: “It is not related to groups that claim to be the “Gurdjieff Foundation.” The real Foundation is not a public organization.” (*Communion*, p. 157)

I’ve yet to sort out what that actually means.

Gurdjieff taught that there is an ancient “spiritual underground” of sorts, preserving esoteric wisdom from the past, and it sounds to me as if Strieber fancies himself a part of this ancient wisdom tradition. Gurdjieff also had a focus on Egypt and a spiritual system akin to what Strieber interprets the secret school’s to be. It is clear then that, whatever the reality of these experiences, Strieber has chosen to interpret them (if not fabricate them) to support a Gurdjieffian outlook. And I was prepared to dismiss *Secret School* as nothing but an attempt to promote this particular vision, although, again, in the rather odd way of presenting abusive and terrifying events and then claiming they lead to spiritual wisdom.

But the focus on Mars and its alleged connection to Egypt, along with the continued emphasis on end-of-the-world scenarios, some of which Strieber is shown in various ways in *Secret School*, is rather interesting for another reason. For the effort to promote this Mars-Egypt connections and the coming apocalypse was what really drove the movement to examine the “face on Mars” from the beginning. They were not simply a bunch of scientists who noticed a face in a rock on Mars. The forces behind this movement and of the much larger effort to implant an entire new worldview into Western society will be the focus of my next series:

“10,000 Heroes: SRI and the Manufacture of the New Age”

But for now, we must leave Strieber. I don’t know how witting he is about his own role in what seems to be a vast effort at social engineering serving a variety of agendas of our national security state. Those who know him feel he truly believes the authenticity of his experiences. I am in that camp. Just the two books we’ve examined are so full of contradictions and bizarre details which do not advance either the storyline or the theme of the “benevolent space brothers” that I can’t help but feel they are the product of someone coming to terms with a very difficult reality. It has occurred to me that Strieber could simply

be a master at grabbing various details from conspiracy lore and popular science and weaving them into a continually morphing storyline. Or perhaps he does this subconsciously much as he admits to making up storylines to explain gaps in his memory. But there just seems to be too much that hints at a darker reality underneath it all.

My best guess is that Aline Carter was part of a local group of followers of Gurdjieff or some other similar spiritual system such as Theosophy or mystical Freemasonry, belief systems that will play an important role in the next series of articles on SRI. Whether she was part of bringing Strieber into the hands of his abusers, I can't say, though I've not seen anything but positive remembrances of her. Nevertheless, Strieber himself suggests that the "Sister of Mercy" from Mars is closely connected to his memories of Carter. And unless the entire story of the secret school is fiction, SOMEBODY had to have been behind the thing.

Whether Carter was involved or not, Strieber was abused in some pretty horrific ways in that community. He recalls his abuse at Randolph AFB but I have to remind readers of the history of sexual abuse within the Catholic Church itself. Perhaps it's all connected and our worse fears about young Strieber are true. If so, the implications concerning the deep levels of collaboration and exploitation within the various centers of power in our society are horrifying.

Perhaps the book *Billy* was Strieber's way of telling us what really went on with him and perhaps other children in that community. Billy dies in the end of that book... his father does not make it in time to rescue him. And, in *Communion*, Strieber remembers an incident on a train in which his own father was screaming in terror, frozen, ineffectual.... and just as with Billy, unable to rescue his son.

But we can take comfort in one thing, should my interpretation of these events be close to the truth: the abusers are not all powerful beings from "out there" but are human beings. Their value systems and practices are warped almost beyond recognition, but they are people nonetheless. They make mistakes. They can be defeated.

I think it is time we put an end to the idea of worshiping our abusers.

I think it is time to stop inviting them to be our new gods.

ⁱ <http://www.unknowncountry.com/journal/boy-box>

ⁱⁱ <http://www.defenselink.mil/pubs/dodhre/Append1.pdf>