

Promoting The 'Mental Vacuum'

Channeled ETs Wax Shallow

By Ian Blake

Some people think they already have a good idea of ET motives; they listen to purported alien transmissions, through numerous human channelers. Unfortunately, what the space 'intelligences' are willing to tell us too often turns out to be mostly mindless chatter.

"My friends, you are the means whereby we can learn more and more about the disciplines and the interrelationships of what you may call the genetic personality. We study the Creator's arrangement of articulated love, which is manifested forth in His perfect beings. As we see you, dwelling in your heavy chemical illusion, fighting so valiantly to understand and to deal with the intense emotions of that vibration, we are able to gain new depths of insight into the Plan of the Father..."

Spot the mystery voice?

Probably not. Not unless you happen to be a channel for entities from the Great Beyond, anyway. That was in fact Aton, a particularly unctuous UFO occupant, relaying a message to his Earth brothers on behalf of the Confederation of Planets. Aton often

speaks directly to mankind via the members of America's fast-growing psychic contactee network. He and his fellow UFOnuts are especially concerned about our moral and spiritual welfare. "We have had the planet Earth under surveillance for a long time," they say, "and we are here at this time to render a service to the people of Earth. We are here to attempt to teach our Earth brothers love and understanding. . . to share with those who would accept it, informations (sic) and guidances that would be to their benefit."

I first made the acquaintance of Aton and his colleagues circa February 1988, when I received in the mail several cassette tapes of UFO research material. Prior to that time I had maintained a lively interest in entity phenomena, meeting and talking to witnesses whenever the opportunity presented itself. There was for instance, the case of a lonely, Chinese divorcee who claimed to have been pursued by a demon in human form. "I see it standing in my garden at night," she told me, "watching my house. A naked woman with black skin and red eyes. Not a negro—she is Chinese like me. But black. Black all over."

The UFO tapes now in my possession were obviously recorded on lo-fi

domestic equipment. According to a spoken introduction, the contactees featured throughout, ". . . are all members of various groups across the United States who claim to receive the messages telepathically, so that we hear the voice of the contactee relaying the thoughts of the UFOnuts."

The audio style of their presentation makes it possible to draw several inferences about the contactees themselves. To begin with, they all convey an impression of sincerity about what they are doing, making a deliberate hoax unlikely. They do not, however, appear to be particularly sophisticated. Nor can there be any doubt that the alleged UFO messages consist almost entirely of material dredged up from their subconscious minds. Thus most of what they say is of no practical value whatsoever. One is irresistibly reminded of Nathaniel Hawthorne and his reaction to seance-room phenomena. "They are absolutely proved to be sober facts," he wrote. "Yet I cannot force my mind to take any interest in them."

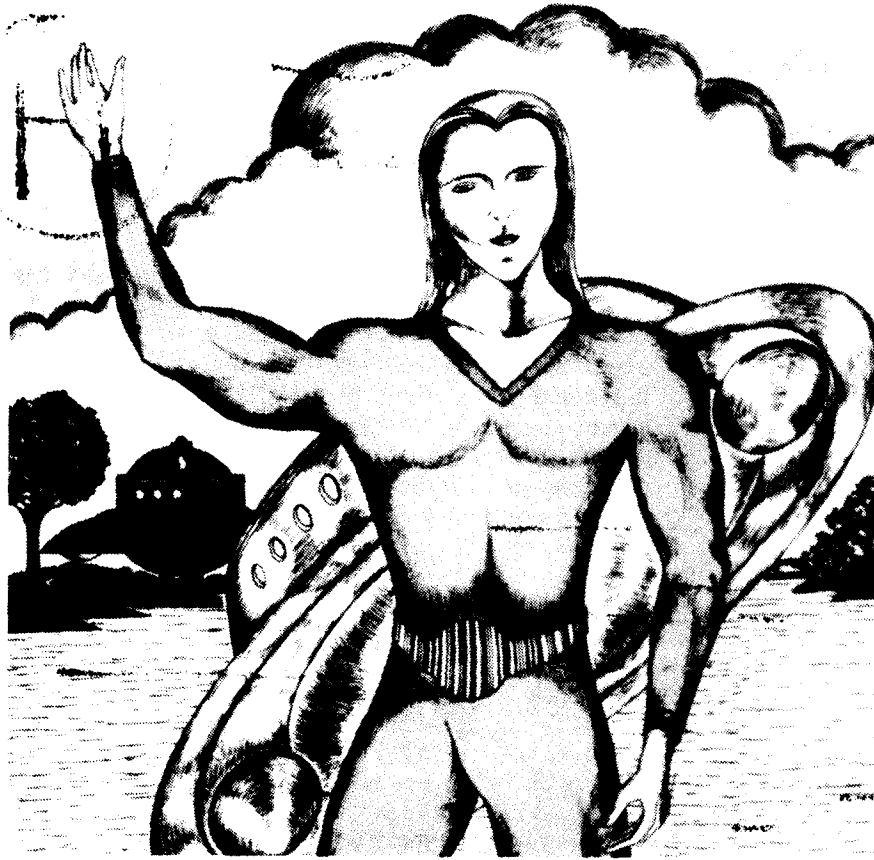
Each trance recording is preceded by expressions of love and goodwill from the Confederation of Planets. "We greet you in the love and the light of the Infinite Creator" is a favorite opening gambit. The actual messages are characterized by a complete lack of anything even remotely resembling common sense. Their level of insight is juvenile at best; sometimes not even that. "Do not think that you can think to the truth," we are cautioned at one point. "Know that you can only be the truth. You can only be the original thought." And later, "Freedom, my Friends, can only be found in the recognition of the choice of others." There is also much talk of cosmic cycles and "the plan of the Father," which, it seems, "is circular." When it is finally realized, "there will be no time, space or emptiness."

Wha-?!

A recurring theme of the UFO messages is simply that the intellect,



THE AUTHOR—Ian Blake takes five next to a quiet stream in Northern England.



'GREETINGS, TERRANS'—Alleged ETs who specialize in telepathic transmissions deliver very little besides warnings and spiritual platitudes.

'The objection to these tapes lies in their sheer lack of substance. To say nothing of the way in which they disparage the intellect and stress instead blind, unquestioning belief.'

far from serving any useful purpose, is actually a detriment to spiritual progress. True enlightenment, it seems, can best be achieved in a kind of mental vacuum. This curious idea is stressed on several occasions, most notably by an unnamed female contactee. "My friends," she intones, "it is as though you had great trees growing on the tip of your heads, with their roots buried deep inside your brains. All the while you were concerned about uprooting these great trees, with their great and deep roots, you stood out in the rain and let the sun and the rain pour over these trees and nourish their growth. My friends, the roots of that tree, that tree which is called the intellect, cannot be uprooted by force. The intellect can only be starved. Do not think too much. It is as simple as that. Do not think about thinking. The over-use of the intellect, the over-seriousness of your peoples, has held back more spiritual advancement than we can tell you."

In addition to these bizarre pronouncements, the UFO-nauts frequently re-state the old adage that "love conquers all." In fact, they say it so frequently, and with such insistence, that quite the opposite effect is produced.

There is a wonderful story in Richmal Crompton's book *William's Crowded Hours*, in which 11-year-old William Brown and his friends are beset by an odious grown-up called Cousin Percy, who continually exhorts them to lead a better life. "Always protect those weaker than yourself," he says. "And never tell lies." After several days of this treatment, young William, driven to the brink of distraction, remarks, "I feel the only thing I want to do is go and sneak on someone or bully someone."

Of course, it's all too easy for me to adopt a cynical, highhanded tone about all this. Too easy, and perhaps not altogether justified. When all's said and done, the Confederation

Tapes (as I've come to call them) were obviously made as a kind of public service, with no thought of profit in mind. The contactees involved in the project appear to be simple, honest people, and I have no wish to pour scorn on their sincerely-held beliefs. But having said that, I'm bound to add that as inspirational material their communications fall woefully short of the mark. It isn't just that they're wildly at odds with accepted standards of grammar and syntax. After all, it's hardly realistic to expect Queen's English from a denizen from outer space. No, the real objection to these tapes lies in their sheer lack of substance. To say nothing of the way in which they disparage the intellect and stress instead blind, unquestioning belief. "I can only ask you to trust that what I am speaking is truth," one contactee said. But on what grounds? On what basis? It all seems very inadequate somehow. So inadequate that only the most fervent UFO cultists could possibly derive anything from this material. And that's where I'm inclined to leave it. With them.

Reprinted with permission from "The Gate," January, 1989. Ian Blake has a special penchant for UFO research, but has contributed articles on a variety of subjects to magazines throughout America, Europe and the United Kingdom. He was born and grew up in northern England, where he still lives with his wife and three cats.



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