

CHAPTER FORTY SIX

C. S. Lewis On Aliens

Nearly forty years after his death C. S. Lewis is still a bright star among Christians, from Fundamentalists, to Evangelicals, to Main Liners, to Catholics. They know his highly popular *Chronicles of Narnia* and such Christian favorites as *The Great Divorce*, *Mere Christianity*, *Miracles*, *The Problem of Pain*, *Reflections on the Psalms*, *The Case for Christianity*, *Surprised By Joy*, and *The Screwtape Letters*. Other Christian apologetics include *God in the Dock: Essays on Theology and Ethics*, *Beyond Personality: The Christian Idea of God*, *Pilgrim's Regress*, and *Preface to Paradise Lost*. Many of his books are still best sellers.

Curiously, Lewis also had some highly important things to say in his fictional trilogy, *Out of the Silent Planet* (OSP), *Perelandra* (P), and *That Hideous Strength* (HS). Still another important book was *Till We Have Faces; a Myth Retold* (TWHF).

Christians are mostly unaware of the discussions he presented in the 1940s on cosmic events then beginning to unfold about our planet. In fact, the last chapter of *Out of the Silent Planet* and the first two chapters of *Perelandra* contain remarks which show that Lewis knew far more about our visitations than he would ever acknowledge openly. As he explicitly stated:

OSP: It is time to remove the mask and to acquaint the reader with the real and practical purpose for which this book has been written.

He had a good many facts, which he had no intention of publishing at that time. They concerned planets, and activities he did not want to frankly discuss. The forces behind science would play a very important part in coming events. Unless we human residents on this planet prevented them, they would be disastrous.

OSP: The dangers to be feared are not planetary but cosmic, or at least solar, and they are not temporal but eternal. More than this it would be unwise to say.

We can recall what Adamski and others had to say about disruptions in the Solar System which might occur as the result of our nuclear disasters, and the concern our Visitors had for such events.

Lewis was troubled by the methods he should employ to alert his fellows on this world. He thought the only way he could express himself was through fiction, but he was concerned that:

OSP: . . . if accepted as fiction it would for that very reason be regarded as false.

However, upon further reflection he realized that:

OSP: . . . there would be indications enough in the narrative for the few readers — the very few — who at present were prepared to go further into the matter.

He also recognized that:

OSP: What we need for the moment is not so much a body of belief as a body of people familiarized with certain ideas. If we could even effect in one per cent of our readers a change-over from the conception of Space to the conception of Heaven, we should have made a beginning.

And that is the great Christian problem.

Christians cannot conceive of Space as Heaven. The abductees all know it, but the world goes on blissfully about its business unaware of how we are now being introduced to the real Heaven.

Not for very long.

Lewis, aware that this problem would one day face us, spoke in disguised language about it. He did so in the first two chapters of *Perelandra*.

He spoke of the *eldila*. Ransom, (not an accidental name), the hero of his fictions, had run into these beings on Mars. He also spoke of the Oyarsa, the Planetary Rulers.

The *eldila* are very different from any planetary creatures. Their physical organism, if organism it can be called, is quite unlike either the human or the Martian. They do not eat, breed, breathe, or suffer natural death, and to that extent resemble thinking minerals more than they resemble anything we should recognize as an animal. Though they appear on planets and may even seem to our senses to be sometimes resident in them, the precise spatial location of an *eldil* at any moment presents great problems. They themselves regard space (or “Deep Heaven”) as their true habitat, and the planets are to them not closed worlds but merely moving points — perhaps even interruptions — in what we know as the Solar System and they as the Field of Arbol.

I, for one, felt that Lewis blended the descriptions of two different types of beings. The first was what the *Urantia Papers* call midwayers. We know them in the New Testament as demons, but the Greek word does not imply maliciousness, in spite of the biblical illustrations. The word meant beings who were invisible but who could manipulate the physical world.

The second was the androids visiting our planet. Lewis used the word “minerals.” The midwayers do not exist in a medium which could be classified under such term, while the androids do.

I was also troubled by the statement that the precise spatial location of an *eldil* at any moment presents a problem because the androids are precisely located during their activities about our planet, while the midwayers are not.

The concept that the material bodies of space were regarded not as “closed worlds” but merely moving points on the “Field of Arbol” took this to a higher dimensional level. While the midwayers certainly work on levels not visible to us, the androids apparently do also, since they can evaporate right in front of our eyes, can move themselves and their guests directly through material walls and other hard objects, and produce all kinds of actions we can only regard as magical.

In his fiction Lewis was describing a visit to the cottage of his friend Ransom. He went on, reflecting the dilemma now faced by many of us.

I kept on telling myself that it would be perfectly delightful to spend a night with Ransom and also kept on feeling that I was not enjoying the prospect as much as I ought to. It was the *eldila* that were my trouble. I could just get used to the fact that Ransom had been to Mars . . . but to have met an *eldil*, to have spoken with something whose life appeared to be practically unending. . . . Even the journey to Mars was bad enough. A man who has been in another world does not come back unchanged. One can't put the difference into words. When the man is a friend it may become painful: the old footing is not easy to recover. But much worse, my growing conviction that, since his return, the *eldila* were not leaving him alone. Little things in his conversation, little mannerisms, accidental allusions which he made and then drew back with an awkward apology, all suggested that he was keeping strange company; that there were — well, Visitors — at that cottage.

Betty Andreasson came back changed; she exposed her life to the public. Swift was changed; his experience drove his life. Adamski was changed; he became a buffoon to the world.

We know that many abductees feel they are not being left alone. They are sensitive to the fact of — well, Visitors — all around the cottages where they live.

As I plodded along the empty, unfenced road which runs across the middle of Worchester Common I tried to dispel my growing sense of *malaise* by analyzing it. What, after all, was I afraid of? The moment I had put this question I regretted it. I was shocked to find that I had mentally used the word “afraid.” Up till then I had tried to pretend that I was feeling only distaste, or embarrassment, or even boredom. But the mere word *afraid* had let the cat out of the bag. I realized now that my emotion was neither more, nor less, nor other, than Fear. And I

realized that I was afraid of two things—afraid that sooner or later I myself might meet an *eldil*, and afraid that I might get “drawn in.” I suppose every one knows this fear of getting “drawn in” — the moment at which a man realizes that what had seemed mere speculations are on the point of landing him in the Communist Party or the Christian Church — the sense that a door has just slammed and left him on the inside. The thing was such sheer bad luck. Ransom himself had been taken to Mars (or Malacandra) against his will and almost by accident, and I had become connected with his affair by another accident. Yet here we were both getting more and more involved in what I could only describe as inter-planetary politics. As to my intense wish never to come into contact with the *eldila* myself, I am not sure whether I can make you understand it. It was something more than a prudent desire to avoid creatures alien in kind, very powerful, and very intelligent. The truth was that all I heard about them served to connect two things which one’s mind tends to keep separate, and that connecting gave one a sort of shock. We tend to think about non-human intelligences in two distinct categories which we label “scientific” and “supernatural” respectively. We think, in one mood, of Mr. (H. G.) Wells’ Martians (very unlike the real Malacandrians, by the bye), or his Selenites. In quite a different mood we let our minds loose on the possibility of angels, ghosts, fairies, and the like. But the very moment we are compelled to recognize a creature in either class as *real* the distinction begins to get blurred: and when it is a creature like an *eldil* the distinction vanishes altogether. These things were not animals — to that extent one had to classify them with the second group; but they had some kind of material vehicle whose presence could (in principle) be scientifically verified. To that extent they belonged to the first group. The distinction between natural and supernatural, in fact, broke down; and when it had done so, one realized how great a comfort it had been — how it had eased the burden of intolerable strangeness which this universe imposes on us by dividing it into two halves and encouraging the mind never to think of both in the same context. What a price we may have paid for this comfort in the way of false security and accepted confusion of thought is another matter.

Lewis captured it with one word: Fear.

Budd Hopkins based his work on Fear.

The modern secularists Fear because they do not want to face the Kingdom of Heaven.

Christians Fear. They try to dispel their growing sense of *uneasiness* by analyzing it. What, after all, is there to be afraid of? They have God, don’t they? They avoid the situation by pretending they feel only distaste, or embarrassment, or even boredom.

What an easy way to escape such momentous responsibilities!

At least Lewis realized that he was afraid of two things — afraid that sooner or later he might meet an *eldil*, and afraid that he might get “drawn in.” Christians most certainly do not want to meet an android from another place in the universe. Nor do they want to get drawn into such devil insanity. What a spiritual disaster it would be to know that a door has just slammed and left them on the inside. That would be sheer bad luck.

As we can see, Ransom had been taken to Mars against his will. The abductees are taken to who knows where against their will. What a travesty of our dignity and choice! But if God has ordered his agents to take people against their will in order to accomplish his objectives I imagine we should have some second thoughts about it.

This was the Fear Budd Hopkins faced. He might get called up against his will. “They” might peremptorily take him away and invade his being with their probes and their mind scans.

Yet here we are, getting more and more involved in what can only be described as inter-planetary politics. A great spiritual battle is now underway, and we have become participants whether we want to or not. No wonder David Jacobs and John Mack want to classify the actions of divine agents into comfortable academic pigeon holes.

We all have an intense wish never to come into contact with the *eldila*-androids. This is more than a prudent desire to avoid creatures alien in kind, very powerful, and very intelligent. It is a desire to not get involved in God’s heavenly kingdom. We have it all comfortably laid out here upon earth, in our minuscule intellectual frameworks. Why should we bring our favorite theologies to test against God?

The truth is that these new cosmic concepts serve to connect two things we want to keep separate. Connecting them gives us a shock. We tend to think about non-human intelligences in two distinct categories that we label “scientific” and “supernatural” respectively. We think, in one mood, of the “scientific” exploration of space. In quite a different mood we let our minds loose on the possibility of angels, ghosts, fairies, and the like. But the very moment we are compelled to recognize a creature in either class as *real* the distinction begins to get blurred: and when it is a creature like an *eldil*-android the distinction vanishes altogether. These things are not animals — to that extent we must classify them with the second group; but they have a material vehicle whose presence could (in principle) be scientifically verified. To that extent they belong to the first group. The distinction between natural and supernatural, in fact, now breaks down. When it does, one realizes how great a comfort it had been — how it had eased the burden of intolerable strangeness which this universe imposes on us — by dividing it into two halves and encouraging the mind never to think of both in the same context. The price we have paid for this comfort in the way of false security, and accepted confusion of thought, is not yet counted. We simply did not realize the cost.

The farther I went the more impossible I found it to think about anything except these eldila. What, after all, did Ransom really know about them? By his own account the sorts which he had met did not usually visit our own planet — or had only begun to do so since his return from Mars. We had eldila of our own, he said, Tellurian eldils, but they were of a different kind and mostly hostile to man. That, in fact, was why our world was cut off from communication with the others. He described us as being in a state of siege, as being, in fact, an enemy-occupied territory, held down by eldils who were at war both with us and with the eldils of “Deep Heaven,” or “space.” Like the bacteria on the microscopic level, so these co-inhabiting pests on the macroscopic permeate our whole life invisibly and are the real explanation of that fatal bent which is the main lesson of history. If all this were true, then, of course, we should welcome the fact that eldila of a better kind had at last broken the frontier (it is, they say, at the Moon’s orbit) and were beginning to visit us.

Again, I find myself caught in the confusion Lewis here creates. Our midways have been on this planet for thousands of millennia. Midways from other planets do not visit us. Unless Lewis is using the term eldila to describe an assortment of invisible spirit beings, thrown together into one class, I cannot reconcile his thoughts.

The eldila he here describes are the rebel Planetary Prince and his cohort — Caligastia and Daligastia. They have created this enemy-occupied territory. They are definitely hostile to man. The fact of their rebellion is what cut us off from communication from the others, those of Deep Heaven or Space. This is the real explanation of that fatal bent of human kind toward evil which is the main lesson of history. We are emphatically in a state of siege.

This circumstance came up time and again with the abductees. Unfortunately the godless investigators could not grasp the meaning of those revelations.

Swift spent a major section in his *Travels on the Island of Sorcerers and Magicians*. (Note how the word Glubbudbrib represents someone exhaling under water. We were told the Prince’s palace went under water soon after the rebellion, UP759.) Among other phenomena, that Prince had power to bring up long dead people as living entities (spiritualism). This was Swift’s method of describing our state of siege, as well as giving historic reference to that distant time. Lewis goes on:

“Yes. If you remember, before I left Malacandra the Oyarsa hinted to me that my going there at all might be the beginning of a whole new phase in the life of the Solar System — the Field of Arbol. It might mean, he said, that the isolation of our world, the siege, was beginning to draw to an end.”

“Yes. I remember.”

“Well, it really does look as if something of the sort were afoot. For one thing, the two sides, as you call them, have begun to appear much more clearly, much less mixed, here on Earth, in our own human affairs — to show in something a little more like their true colors.”

Lewis may have given us a fictional context, but the statements are all too true. And prophetic.

We are about to face a more sure and horrible exhibition of those true colors. Unfortunately, the godless investigators are in total denial.

Lewis spent an entire book delineating those true colors in *That Hideous Strength*, including decapitated heads that came under the control of that evil personality. How many realized that Lewis resorted to an allegorical parallel with reality? The rebel Prince will take control of the mind of those humans who gave themselves to him. That is the way he will execute his horror in these last days of the world age. See my book on *Spirit Entry Into Human Mind*.

“And where do you come in?”

“Well—simply I’ve been ordered there.”

“By the—by Oyarsa, you mean?”

“No. The order comes from much higher up. They all do, you know, in the long run.”

That is another element most people cannot grasp. Our Visitors are here under command from the highest level, and that level is our Creator, our God. The eldila, the androids, report to the highest universe authority.