

Unmasking The Sidhe

by Dirk Gillabel, 2021

The first part of this article gives historical information that is as reliable as possible. It is mainly based on personal contacts with the Sidhe. The other part gives modern day information. Then I will connect other topics that have strong ties to the identity and activities of the Sidhe. I am tying different knots together to show a clear connection between the Sidhe (and related beings) and the modern day UFO phenomenon. All together it would give insight into a lot of unanswered questions. In the end, you will have to make up your own mind if it makes sense.

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Introduction

There are many tales, legends and personal experiences, all over the world, of the beings residing in the spiritual realms of Earth. Tales about fairies are a bit confusing as to their identity, because the different sorts of beings go under different names. What we are exploring here are the tall human-like beings living in an etheric realm 'parallel' to our physical world. The best way to term them is by using the Irish word Sidhe (pronounced *shee*). There are other etheric beings living in their world too, such as more developed fairies and devas, which are more connected with the energies of nature but have characteristics that might have them mistaken for Sidhe.

In this article I have gathered first-hand information about the Sidhe. Evans Wentz (1878-1965), an American anthropologist and writer, gathered a lot of valuable information about fairies in general, by interviewing local people. In his book *The Fairy-Faith in Celtic Countries*, he has a section about the Sidhe, what you can find here on this page. The Sidhe are also called the Good People, or the Gentry. The visions of the Irish Mystic are, in my opinion, rather of the devas and not of the Sidhe, but nevertheless they are interesting because they share the same characteristics.

The Cherokee tales and legends of the Nûñnë'hī, are not first-hand accounts, but are well documented and so much alike those of the Sidhe. They serve to show that the Sidhe are beings that appear world-wide.

The Sidhe are very reclusive in regards to contact with humans, but there are some rare first-hand contacts with present-day humans. In the chapter *Contact With The Sidhe Today* you can read about information provided by the Sidhe to Jaap van Etten.



The Fairy-Faith in Celtic Countries, by W. Y. Evans Wentz

County Sligo, and the Testimony of a Peasant Seer (page 45-47)

The Ben Bulbin country in County Sligo is one of those rare places in Ireland where fairies are thought to be visible, and our first witness from there claims to be able to see the fairies or 'gentry' and to talk with them. This mortal so favoured lives in the same townland where his fathers have lived during four hundred years, directly beneath the shadows of Ben Bulbin, on whose sides Dermot is said to have been killed while hunting the wild-boar. And this famous old mountain, honeycombed with curious grottoes ages ago when the sea beat against its perpendicular flanks, is the very place where the 'gentry' have their chief abode. Even on its broad level summit, for it is a high square tableland like a mighty cube of rock set down upon the earth by some antediluvian god, there are treacherous holes, wherein more than one hunter may have been lost for ever, penetrating to unknown depths; and by listening one can hear the tides from the ocean three or four miles away surging in and out through ancient subterranean channels, connected with these holes. In the neighbouring mountains there are long caverns which no man has dared to penetrate to the end, and even dogs, it is said, have been put in them never to emerge, or else to come out miles away.

One day when the heavy white fog-banks hung over Ben Bulbin and its neighbours, and there was a weird almost-twilight at midday over the purple heather bog-lands at their base, and the rain was falling, I sat with my friend before a comfortable fire of fragrant turf in his cottage and heard about the 'gentry':—

Encounters with the 'Gentry'.—'When I was a young man I often used to go out in the mountains over there (pointing out of the window in their direction) to fish for trout, or to hunt; and it was in January on a cold, dry day while carrying my gun that I and a friend with me, as we were walking around Ben Bulbin, saw one of the *gentry* for the first time. I knew who it was, for I had heard the *gentry* described ever since I could remember; and this one was dressed in blue with a head-dress adorned with what seemed to be frills. When he came up to us, he said to me in a sweet and silvery voice, "The seldomer you come to this mountain the better. A young lady here wants to take you away." Then he told us not to fire off our guns, because the *gentry* dislike being disturbed by the noise. And he seemed to be like a soldier of the *gentry* on guard. As we were leaving the mountains, he told us not to look back, and we didn't. Another time I was alone trout-fishing in nearly the same region when I heard a voice say, "It is — barefooted and fishing." Then there came a whistle like music and a noise like the beating of a drum, and soon one of the *gentry* came and talked with me for half an hour. He said, "Your mother will die in eleven months, and do not let her die unanointed." And she did die within eleven months. As he was going away he warned me, "You must be in the house before sunset. Do not delay! Do not delay! They can do nothing to you until I get back in the castle." As I found out afterwards, he was going to *take* me, but hesitated because he did not want to

leave my mother alone. After these warnings I was always afraid to go to the mountains, but lately I have been told I could go if I took a friend with me.'

'*Gentry*' Protection.—'The *gentry* have always befriended and protected me. I was drowned twice but for them. Once I was going to Durnish Island, a mile off the coast. The channel is very deep, and at the time there was a rough sea, with the tide running out, and I was almost lost. I shrieked and shouted, and finally got safe to the mainland. The day I talked with one of the *gentry* at the foot of the mountain when he was for *taking* me, he mentioned this, and said they were the ones who saved me from drowning then.'

'*Gentry*' Stations.—'Especially in Ireland, the *gentry* live inside the mountains in beautiful castles; and there are a good many branches of them in other countries. Like armies, they have various stations and move from one to another. Some live in the Wicklow Mountains near Dublin.'

'*Gentry*' Control Over Human Affairs.—'The *gentry* take a great interest in the affairs of men, and they always stand for justice and right. Any side they favour in our wars, that side wins. They favoured the Boers, and the Boers did get their rights. They told me they favoured the Japanese and not the Russians, because the Russians are tyrants. Sometimes they fight among themselves. One of them once said, "I'd fight for a friend, or I'd fight for Ireland.'"

The 'Gentry' Described.—In response to my wish, this description of the 'gentry' was given:—'The folk are the grandest I have ever seen. They are far superior to us, and that is why they are called the *gentry*. They are not a working class, but a military-aristocratic class, tall and noble-appearing. They are a distinct race between our own and that of spirits, as they have told me. Their qualifications are tremendous. "We could cut off half the human race, but would not," they said, "for we are expecting salvation." And I knew a man three or four years ago whom they struck down with paralysis. Their sight is so penetrating that I think they could see through the earth. They have a silvery voice, quick and sweet. The music they play is most beautiful. They *take* the whole body and soul of young and intellectual people who are interesting, transmuting the body to a body like their own. I asked them once if they ever died, and they said, "No; we are always kept young." Once they take you and you taste food in their palace you cannot come back. You are changed to one of them, and live with them for ever. They are able to appear in different forms. One once appeared to me, and seemed only four feet high, and stoutly built. He said, "I am bigger than I appear to you now. We can make the old young, the big small, the small big." One of their women told all the secrets of my family. She said that my brother in Australia would travel much and suffer hardships, all of which came true; and foretold that my nephew, then about two years old, would become a great clergyman in America, and that is what he is now. Besides the *gentry*, who are a distinct class, there are bad spirits and ghosts, which are nothing like them. My mother once saw a leprechaun beside a bush hammering. He disappeared before she could get to him, but he also was unlike one of the *gentry*.'

An Irish Mystic's Testimony (page 60-66)

Through the kindness of an Irish mystic, who is a seer, I am enabled to present here, in the form of a dialogue, very rare and very important evidence, which will serve to illustrate and to confirm what has just been said above about the mysticism of Ireland. To anthropologists this evidence may be of more than ordinary value when they know that it comes from one who is not only a cultured seer but who is also a man conspicuously successful in the practical life of a great city:—

Visions.—

Q.—Are all visions which you have had of the same character?

A.—‘I have always made a distinction between pictures seen in the memory of nature and visions of actual beings now existing in the inner world. We can make the same distinction in our world: I may close my eyes and see you as a vivid picture in memory, or I may look at you with my physical eyes and see your actual image. In seeing these beings of which I speak, the physical eyes may be open or closed: mystical beings in their own world and nature are never seen with the physical eyes.’

Otherworlds.—

Q.—By the inner world do you mean the Celtic Otherworld?

A.—‘Yes; though there are many Otherworlds. The *Tír-na-nog* of the ancient Irish, in which the races of the *Sidhe* exist, may be described as a radiant archetype of this world, though this definition does not at all express its psychic nature. In *Tír-na-nog* one sees nothing save harmony and beautiful forms. There are other worlds in which we can see horrible shapes.’

Classification of the 'Sidhe'.—

Q.—Do you in any way classify the *Sidhe* races to which you refer?

A.—‘The beings whom I call the *Sidhe*, I divide, as I have seen them, into two great classes: those which are shining, and those which are opalescent and seem lit up by a light within themselves. The shining beings appear to be lower in the hierarchies; the opalescent beings are more rarely seen, and appear to hold the positions of great chiefs or princes among the tribes of Dana.’

Conditions of Seership.—

Q.—Under what state or condition and where have you seen such beings?

A.—‘I have seen them most frequently after being away from a city or town for a few days. The whole west coast of Ireland from Donegal to Kerry seems charged with a magical power, and I find it easiest to see while I am there. I have always found it comparatively easy to see visions while at ancient monuments like New Grange and Dowth, because I think such places are naturally charged with psychical forces, and were for that reason made use of long ago as sacred places. I usually find it possible to throw myself into the mood of seeing; but sometimes visions have forced themselves upon me.’

The Shining Beings.—

Q.—Can you describe the shining beings?

A.—‘It is very difficult to give any intelligible description of them. The first time I saw them with great vividness I was lying on a hill-side alone in the west of Ireland, in County Sligo: I had been listening to music in the air, and to what seemed to be the sound of bells, and was trying to understand these aerial clashing in which wind seemed to break upon wind in an ever-changing musical silvery sound. Then the space before me grew luminous, and I began to see one beautiful being after another.’

The Opalescent Beings.—

Q.—Can you describe one of the opalescent beings?

A.—‘The first of these I saw I remember very clearly, and the manner of its appearance: there was at first a dazzle of light, and then I saw that this came from the heart of a tall figure with a body apparently shaped out of half-transparent or opalescent air, and throughout the body ran a radiant, electrical fire, to which the heart seemed the centre. Around the head of this being and through its waving luminous hair, which was blown all about the body like living strands of gold, there appeared flaming wing-like auras. From the being itself light seemed to stream outwards in every direction; and the effect left on me after the vision was one of extraordinary lightness, joyousness, or ecstasy.

‘At about this same period of my life I saw many of these great beings, and I then thought that I had visions of Aengus, Manannan, Lug, and other famous kings or princes among the Tuatha De Danann; but since then I have seen so many beings of a similar character that I now no longer would attribute to any one of them personal identity with particular beings of legend; though I believe that they correspond in a general way to the Tuatha De Danann or ancient Irish gods.’

Stature of the ‘Sidhe’.—

Q.—You speak of the opalescent beings as great beings; what stature do you assign to them, and to the shining beings?

A.—‘The opalescent beings seem to be about fourteen feet in stature, though I do not know why I attribute to them such definite height, since I had nothing to compare them with; but I have always considered them as much taller than our race. The shining beings seem to be about our own stature or just a little taller. Peasant and other Irish seers do not usually speak of the *Sidhe* as being little, but as being tall: an old schoolmaster in the West of Ireland described them to me from his own visions as tall beautiful people, and he used some Gaelic words, which I took as meaning that they were shining with every colour.’

The worlds of the ‘Sidhe’.—

Q.—Do the two orders of *Sidhe* beings inhabit the same world?

A.—‘The shining beings belong to the mid-world; while the opalescent beings belong to the heaven-world. There are three great worlds which we can see while

we are still in the body: the earth-world, mid-world, and heaven-world.'

Nature of the 'Sidhe.'—

Q.—Do you consider the life and state of these *Sidhe* beings superior to the life and state of men?

A.—'I could never decide. One can say that they themselves are certainly more beautiful than men are, and that their worlds seem more beautiful than our world.

'Among the shining orders there does not seem to be any individualized life: thus if one of them raises his hands all raise their hands, and if one drinks from a fire-fountain all do; they seem to move and to have their real existence in a being higher than themselves, to which they are a kind of body. Theirs is, I think, a collective life, so unindividualized and so calm that I might have more varied thoughts in five hours than they would have in five years; and yet one feels an extraordinary purity and exaltation about their life. Beauty of form with them has never been broken up by the passions which arise in the developed egotism of human beings. A hive of bees has been described as a single organism with disconnected cells; and some of these tribes of shining beings seem to be little more than one being manifesting itself in many beautiful forms. I speak this with reference to the shining beings only: I think that among the opalescent or *Sidhe* beings, in the heaven-world, there is an even closer spiritual unity, but also a greater individuality.'

Influence of the 'Sidhe' on Men.—

Q.—Do you consider any of these *Sidhe* beings inimical to humanity?

A.—'Certain kinds of the shining beings, whom I call wood beings, have never affected me with any evil influences I could recognize. But the water beings, also of the shining tribes, I always dread, because I felt whenever I came into contact with them a great drowsiness of mind and, I often thought, an actual drawing away of vitality.'

Water Beings Described.—

Q.—Can you describe one of these water beings?

A.—'In the world under the waters—under a lake in the West of Ireland in this case—I saw a blue and orange coloured king seated on a throne; and there seemed to be some fountain of mystical fire rising from under his throne, and he breathed this fire into himself as though it were his life. As I looked, I saw groups of pale beings, almost grey in colour, coming down one side of the throne by the fire-fountain. They placed their head and lips near the heart of the elemental king, and, then, as they touched him, they shot upwards, plumed and radiant, and passed on the other side, as though they had received a new life from this chief of their world.'

Wood Beings Described.—

Q.—Can you describe one of the wood beings?

A.—‘The wood beings I have seen most often are of a shining silvery colour with a tinge of blue or pale violet, and with dark purple-coloured hair.’

Reproduction and Immortality of the 'Sidhe'.—

Q.—Do you consider the races of the *Sidhe* able to reproduce their kind; and are they immortal?

A.—‘The higher kinds seem capable of breathing forth beings out of themselves, but I do not understand how they do so. I have seen some of them who contain elemental beings within themselves, and these they could send out and receive back within themselves again.’

‘The immortality ascribed to them by the ancient Irish is only a relative immortality, their space of life being much greater than ours. In time, however, I believe that they grow old and then pass into new bodies just as men do, but whether by birth or by the growth of a new body I cannot say, since I have no certain knowledge about this.’

Sex among the 'Sidhe'.—

Q.—Does sexual differentiation seem to prevail among the *Sidhe* races?

A.—‘I have seen forms both male and female, and forms which did not suggest sex at all.’

'Sidhe' and Human Life.—

Q.—(1) Is it possible, as the ancient Irish thought, that certain of the higher *Sidhe* beings have entered or could enter our plane of life by submitting to human birth? (2) On the other hand, do you consider it possible for men in trance or at death to enter the *Sidhe* world?

A.—(1) ‘I cannot say.’ (2) ‘Yes; both in trance and after death. I think any one who thought much of the *Sidhe* during his life and who saw them frequently and brooded on them would likely go to their world after death.’

Social Organization of the 'Sidhe'.—

Q.—You refer to chieftain-like or prince-like beings, and to a king among water beings; is there therefore definite social organization among the various *Sidhe* orders and races, and if so, what is its nature?

A.—‘I cannot say about a definite social organization. I have seen beings who seemed to command others, and who were held in reverence. This implies an organization, but whether it is instinctive like that of a hive of bees, or consciously organized like human society, I cannot say.’

Lower 'Sidhe' as Nature Elementals.—

Q.—You speak of the water-being king as an elemental king; do you suggest thereby a resemblance between lower *Sidhe* orders and what mediaeval mystics called elementals?

A.—‘The lower orders of the *Sidhe* are, I think, the nature elementals of the

mediaeval mystics.'

Nourishment of the Higher 'Sidhe'.—

Q.—The water beings as you have described them seem to be nourished and kept alive by something akin to electrical fluids; do the higher orders of the *Sidhe* seem to be similarly nourished?

A.—'They seemed to me to draw their life out of the Soul of the World.'

Collective Visions of 'Sidhe' Beings.—

Q.—Have you had visions of the various *Sidhe* beings in company with other persons?

A.—'I have had such visions on several occasions.'

And this statement has been confirmed to me by three participants in such collective visions, who separately at different times have seen in company with our witness the same vision at the same moment. On another occasion, on the Greenlands at Rosses Point, County Sligo, the same *Sidhe* being was seen by our present witness and a friend with him, also possessing the faculty of seership, at a time when the two percipients were some little distance apart, and they hurried to each other to describe the being, not knowing that the explanation was mutually unnecessary. I have talked with both percipients so much, and know them so intimately that I am fully able to state that as percipients they fulfil all necessary pathological conditions required by psychologists in order to make their evidence acceptable.

The Nûñnë'hî of The Cherokee

James Mooney (1861-1921) was an American ethnographer who lived for several years among the Cherokee. He studied their language, culture, and mythology. His research resulted in a comprehensive volume, *Myths of the Cherokee*, comprising Cherokee myths, including sacred stories, animal myths, local legends, wonder stories, historical traditions, and miscellaneous myths and legends. The stories about the Nûñnë'hîNûñnë'hî, who are the same kind of beings as the *Sidhe*, are not first-hand information, but the stories are so very similar to those of the *Sidhe*, and well documented by a person who was in close contact with the Cherokee, that it is worth while to include them here.

Chapters from *Myths of the Cherokee*:

78. The Nûñnë'hî And Other Spirit Folk

The *Nûñnë'hî* or immortals, the "people who live anywhere," were a race of spirit people who lived in the highlands of the old Cherokee country and had a great many townhouses, especially in the bald mountains, the high peaks on which no timber ever grows. They had large townhouses in Pilot knob and under the old Nîkwäsî' mound in North Carolina, and another under Blood mountain, at the head of Nottely river, in Georgia. They were invisible excepting when they wanted to be seen, and then they looked and poke just like other Indians. They were very

fond of music and dancing, and hunters in the mountains would often hear the dance, songs and the drum beating in some invisible townhouse, but when they went toward the sound it would shift about and they would hear it behind them or away in some other direction, so that they could never find the place where the dance was. They were a friendly people, too, and often brought lost wanderers to their townhouses under the mountains and cared for them there until they were rested and then guided them back to their home. More than once, also, when the Cherokee were hard pressed by the enemy, the Nûñnë'hī warriors have come out, as they did at old Nīkwäsi', and have saved them from defeat. Some people have thought that they are the same as the Yûñwī Tsunsi', the "Little People"; but these are fairies, no larger in size than children.

There was a man in Nottely town who had been with the Nûñnë'hī when he was a boy, and he told Wafford all about it. He was a truthful, hard-headed man, and Wafford had heard the story so often from other people that he asked this man to tell it. It was in this way:

When he was about 10 or 12 years old he was playing one day near the river, shooting at a mark with his bow and arrows, until he became tired, and started to build a fish trap in the water. While he was piling up the stones in two long walls a man came and stood on the bank and asked him what he was doing. The boy told him, and the man said, "Well, that's pretty hard work and you ought to rest a while. Come and take a walk up the river." The boy said, "No"; that he was going home to dinner soon. "Come right up to my house," said the stranger, and I'll give you a good dinner there and bring you home again in the morning." So the boy went with him up the river until they came to a house, when they went in, and the man's wife and the other people there were very glad to see him, and gave him a fine dinner, and were very kind to him. While they were eating a man that the boy knew very well came in and spoke to him, so that he felt quite at home.

After dinner he played with the other children and slept there that night, and in the morning, after breakfast, the man got ready to take him home. They went down a path that had a cornfield on one side and a peach orchard fenced in on the other, until they came to another trail, and the man said, "Go along this trail across that ridge and you will come to the river road that will bring you straight to your home, and now I'll go back to the house." So the man went back to the house and the boy went on along the trail, but when he had gone a little way he looked back, and there was no cornfield or orchard or fence or house; nothing but trees on the mountain side.

He thought it very queer, but somehow he was not frightened, and went on until he came to the river trail in sight of his home. There were a great many people standing about talking, and when they saw him they ran toward him shouting, "Here he is! He is not drowned or killed in the mountains!" They told him they had been hunting him ever since yesterday noon, and asked him where he had been. "A man took me over to his house just across the ridge, and I had a fine dinner and a good time with the children," said the boy, "I thought Udsi'skalä here"--that was the name of the man he had seen at dinner--"would tell you

where I was." But Udsi'skalä said, "I haven't seen you. I was out all day in my canoe hunting you. It was one of the Nûññë'hî that made himself look like me." Then his mother said, "You say you had dinner there?" "Yes, and I had plenty, too," said the boy; but his mother answered, "There is no house there--only trees and rocks--but we hear a drum sometimes in the big bald above. The people you saw were the Nûññë'hî."

Once four Nûññë'hî women came, to a dance at Nottely town, and danced half the night with the young men there, and nobody knew that they were Nûññë'hî, but thought them visitors from another settlement. About midnight they left to go home, and some men who had come out from the townhouse to cool off watched to see which way they went. They saw the women go down the trail to the river ford, but just as they came to the water they disappeared, although it was a plain trail, with no place where they could hide. Then the watchers knew they were Nûññë'hî women. Several men saw this happen, and one of them was Wafford's father-in-law, who was known for an honest man. At another time a man named Burnt-tobacco was crossing over the ridge from Nottely to Hemptown in Georgia and heard a drum and the songs of dancers in the hills on one side of the trail. He rode over to see who could be dancing in such a place, but when he reached the spot the drum and the songs were behind him, and he was so frightened that he hurried back to the trail and rode all the way to Hemptown as hard as he could to tell the story. He was a truthful man, and they believed what he said.

There must have been a good many of the Nûññë'hî living in that neighborhood, because the drumming wits often heard in the high balds almost up to the time of the Removal.

On a small upper branch of Nottely, running nearly due north from Blood maintain, there was also a hole, like a small well or chimney, in the ground, from which there came up a warm vapor that heated all the air around. People said that this was because the Nûññë'hî had a townhouse and a fire under the mountain. Sometimes in cold weather hunters would stop there to warm the selves, but they were afraid to stay long. This was more than sixty years ago, but the hole is probably there yet.

Close to the old trading path from South Carolina up to the Cherokee Nation, somewhere near the head of Tugaloo, there was formerly a noted circular depression about the size of a townhouse, and waist deep. Inside it was always clean as though swept by unknown hands. Passing traders would throw logs and rocks into it, but would always, on their return, find them thrown far out from the hole. The Indians said it was a Nûññë'hî townhouse, and never liked to go near the place or even to talk about it, until at last some logs thrown in by the traders were allowed to remain there, and then they concluded that the Nûññë'hî, annoyed by the persecution of the white men, had abandoned their townhouse forever.

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79. The Removed Townhouses

Long ago, long before the Cherokee were driven from their homes in 1838, the people on Valley river and Hiwassee heard voices of invisible spirits in the air calling and warning them of wars and misfortunes which the future held in store, and inviting them to come and live with the Nûñně'hî, the Immortals, in their homes under the mountains and under the waters. For days the voices hung in the air, and the people listened until they heard the spirits, say "If you would live with us, gather everyone in your townhouses and fast there for seven days and no one must raise a shout or a warwhoop in all that time. Do this and we shall come and you will see us and we shall take you to live with us."

The people were afraid of the evils that were to come, and they knew that the Immortals of the mountains and the waters were happy forever, so they counceled in their townhouses and decided to go with them. Those of Anisgayâ'yî town came all together into their townhouse and prayed and fasted for six days. On the seventh day there was a sound from the distant mountains, and it came nearer and grew louder until a roar of thunder was all about the townhouse and they felt the ground shake under them. Now they were frightened, and despite the warning some of them screamed out. The Nûñně'hî, who had already lifted up the townhouse with its mound to carry it away, were startled by the cry and let a part of it fall to the earth, where now we see the mound of Së`tsî. They steadied themselves again and bore the rest of the townhouse, with all the people in it, to the top of Tsuda'ye`lûñ'yî (Lone peak), near the head of Cheowa, where we can still see it, changed long ago to solid rock, but the people are invisible and immortal.

The people of another town, on Hiwassee, at the place which we call now Du'stiya`lûñ'yî, where Shooting creek comes in, also prayed and fasted, and at the end of seven days the Nûñně'hî came and took them away down under the water. They are there now, and on a warm summer day, when the wind ripples the surface, those who listen well can hear them talking below. When the Cherokee drag the river for fish the fish-drag always stops and catches there, although the water is deep, and the people know it is being held by their lost kinsmen, who do not want to be forgotten.

When the Cherokee were forcibly removed to the West one of the greatest regrets of those along Hiwassee and Valley rivers was that they were compelled to leave behind forever their relatives who had gone to the Nûñně'hî.

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80. The Spirit Defenders Of Nîkwäsi'

Long ago a powerful unknown tribe invaded the country from the southeast, killing people and destroying settlements wherever they went. No leader could stand against them, and in a little while they had wasted all the lower settlements and advanced into the mountains. The warriors of the old town of Nîkwäsi', on the head of Little Tennessee, gathered their wives and children into the townhouse and kept scouts constantly on the lookout for the presence of danger. One

morning just before daybreak the spies saw the enemy approaching and at once gave the alarm. The Nïkwäsi' men seized their arms and rushed out to meet the attack, but after a long, hard fight they found themselves overpowered and began to retreat, when suddenly a stranger stood among them and shouted to the chief to call off his men and he himself would drive back the enemy. From the dress and language of the stranger the Nïkwäsi' people thought him a chief who had come with reinforcements from the Overhill settlements in Tennessee. They fell back along the trail, and as they came near the townhouse they saw a great company of warriors coming out from the side of the mound as through an open doorway. Then they knew that their friends were the Nûñnë'hï, the Immortals, although no one had ever heard before that they lived under Nïkwäsi' mound.

The Nûñnë'hï poured out by hundreds, armed and painted for the fight, and the most curious thing about it all was that they became invisible as soon as they were fairly outside of the settlement, so that although the enemy saw the glancing arrow or the rushing tomahawk, and felt the stroke, he could not see who sent it. Before such invisible foes the invaders soon had to retreat, going first south along the ridge to where joins the main ridge which separates the French Broad from the Tuckasegee, and then turning with it to the northeast. As they retreated they tried to shield themselves behind rocks and trees, but the Nûñnë'hï arrows went around the rocks and killed them from the other side, and they could find no hiding place. All along the ridge they fell, until when they reached the head of Tuckasegee not more than half a dozen were left alive, and in despair they sat down and cried out for mercy. Ever since then the Cherokee have called the place Dayûlsûñ'yï, "Where they cried." Then the Nûñnë'hï chief told them they had deserved their punishment for attacking a peaceful tribe, and he spared their lives and told them to go home and take the news to their people. This was the Indian custom, always to spare a few to carry back the news of defeat. They went home toward the north and the Nûñnë'hï went back to the mound.

And they are still there, because, in the last war, when a strong party of Federal troops came to surprise a handful of Confederates posted there they saw so many soldiers guarding the town that they were afraid and went away without making an attack.

There is another story, that once while all the warriors of a certain town were off on a hunt, or at a dance in another settlement, one old man was chopping wood on the side of the ridge when suddenly a party of the enemy came upon him-- Shawano, Seneca, or some other tribe. Throwing his hatchet at the nearest one, he turned and ran for the house to get his gun and make the best defense that he might. On coming out at once with the gun he was surprised to find a large body of strange warriors driving back the enemy. It was no time for questions, and taking his place with the others, they fought hard until the enemy was pressed back up the creek and finally broke and retreated across the mountain. When it was over and there was time to breathe again, the old man turned to thank his new friends, but found that he was alone--they had disappeared as though the mountain had swallowed them. Then he knew that they were the Nûñnë'hï, who had come to help their friends, the Cherokee.

86. Yahula

Yahoola creek, which flows by Dahlonega, in Lumpkin county, Georgia, is called Yahulâ'i (Yahula place) by the Cherokees, and this is the story of the name:

Years ago, long before the Revolution, Yahula was a prosperous stock trader among the Cherokee, and the tinkling of the bells hung around the necks of his ponies could be heard on every mountain trail. Once there was a great hunt and all the warriors were out, but when it was over and they were ready to return to the settlement Yahula was not with them. They waited and searched, but he could not be found, and at last they went back without him, and his friends grieved for him as for one dead. Some time after his people were surprised and delighted to have him walk in among them and sit down as they were at supper in the evening. To their questions he told them that he had been lost in the mountains, and that the Nûñnë'hî, the Immortals, had found him and brought him to their town, where he had been kept ever since, with the kindest care and treatment, until the longing to see his old friends had brought him back. To the invitation of his friends to join them at supper he said that it was now too late--he had tasted the fairy food and could never again eat with human kind, and for the same reason he could not stay with his family, but must go back to the Nûñnë'hî. His wife and children and brother begged him to stay, but he said that he could not; it was either life with the Immortals or death with his own people--and after some further talk he rose to go. They saw him as he sat talking to them and as he stood up, but the moment he stepped out the doorway he vanished as if he had never been.

After that he came back often to visit his people. They would see him first as he entered the house, and while he sat and talked he was his old self in every way, but the instant he stepped across the threshold he was gone, though a hundred eyes might be watching. He came often, but at last their entreaties grew so urgent that the Nûñnë'hî must have been offended, and he came no more. On the mountain at the head of the creek, about 10 miles above the present Dahlonega, is a small square enclosure of uncut stone, without roof or entrance. Here it was said that he lived, so the Cherokee called it Yahulâ'i and called the stream by the same name. Often at night a belated traveler coming along the trail by the creek would hear the voice of Yahula singing certain favorite old songs that he used to like to sing as he drove his pack of horses across the mountain, the sound of a voice urging them on, and the crack of a whip and the tinkling of bells went with the song, but neither driver nor horses could be seen, although the sounds passed close by. The songs and the bells were heard only at night.

There was one man who had been his friend, who sang the same songs for a time after Yahula had disappeared, but he died suddenly, and then the Cherokee were afraid to sing these songs any more until it was so long since anyone had heard the sounds on the mountain that they thought Yahula must be gone away, perhaps to the West, where others of the tribe had already gone. It is so long ago now that even the stone house may have been destroyed by this time, but more than one old man's father saw it and heard the songs and the bell, a hundred

years ago. When the Cherokee, went from Georgia to Indian Territory in 1838 some of them said, "Maybe Yahula has gone there and we shall hear him," but they have never heard him again.

Dwarf-like Fairies

In the Celtic countries there are also many tales of different races of small beings under various names, such as gnomes, kobolds, etc. They behave in similar ways at the Sidhe. They like music, invite people into their world, or help them out. Every part of the world has their own little fellows. When talking about the Nûññë'hi, Evans Wenz also mentions the little people. I mention it here because some of them inhabit the same world as the Sidhe, and it plays part in modern day ufology, as we will say later on.

There is another race of spirits, the Yûñwī Tsunsi, or "Little People," who live in rock caves on the mountain side. They are little fellows, hardly reaching up to a man's knee, but well shaped and handsome, with long hair falling almost to the ground. They are great wonder workers and are very fond of music, spending half their time drumming and dancing. They are helpful and kind-hearted, and often when people have been lost in the mountains, especially children who have strayed away from their parents, the Yûñwī Tsunsi have found them and taken care of them and brought them back to their homes. Sometimes their drum is heard in lonely places in the mountains, but it is not safe to follow it, because the Little People do not like to be disturbed at home, and they throw a spell over the stranger so that he is bewildered and loses his way, and even if he does at last get back to the settlement he is like one dazed ever after. Sometimes, also, they come near a house at night and the people inside hear them talking, but they must not go out, and in the morning they find the corn gathered or the field cleared as if a whole force of men had been at work. If anyone should go out to watch, he would die. When a hunter finds anything in the woods, such as a knife or a trinket, he must say, "Little People, I want to take this," because it may belong to them, and if he does not ask their permission they will throw stones at him as he goes home.

Once a hunter in winter found tracks in the snow like the tracks of little children. He wondered how they could have come there and followed them until they led him to a cave, which was full of Little People, young and old, men, women, and children. They brought him in and were kind to him, and he was with them some time; but when he left they warned him that he must not tell or he would die. He went back to the settlement and his friends were all anxious to know where he had been. For a long time he refused to say, until at last he could not hold out any longer, but told the story, and in a few days he died. Only a few years ago two hunters from Kaventown, going behind the high fall near the head of Oconaluftee on the East Cherokee reservation, found there a cave with fresh footprints of the Little People all over the floor.

During the smallpox among the East Cherokee just after the war one sick man wandered off, and his friends searched, but could not find him. After several

weeks he came back and said that the Little

People had found him and taken him to one of their eaves and tended him until he was cured.

About twenty-five years ago a man named Tsantäwû' was lost in the mountains on the head of Oconaluftee. It was winter time and very cold and his friends thought he must be dead, but after sixteen days he came back and said that the Little People had found him and taken him to their cave, where he had been well treated, and given plenty of everything to eat except bread. This was in large loaves, but when he took them in his hand to eat they seemed to shrink into small cakes so light and crumbly that though he might eat all day he would not be satisfied. After he was well rested they had brought him a part of the way home until they came to a small creek, about knee deep, when they told him to wade across to reach the main trail on the other side. He waded across and turned to look back, but the Little People were gone and the creek was a deep river. When he reached home his legs were frozen to the knees and he lived only a few days.

Once the Yûñwî Tsunsi' had been very kind to the people of a certain settlement, helping them at night with their work and taking good care of any lost children, until something happened to offend them and they made up their minds to leave the neighborhood. Those who were watching at the time saw the whole company of Little People come down to the ford of the river and cross over and disappear into the mouth of a large cave on the other side. They were never heard of near the settlement again.

Contact With The Sidhe Today

I came across the Lemurantis website of Jaap van Etten, a researcher in metaphysics, who went to Sedona, the famous energy vortex site in Arizona. During a hike in one of the canyons north of Sedona, Jaap encountered an energy that had a deep impact on him. Sitting in a vortex site, he realized that there were two beings standing next to him. That was the beginning of his contact with the Sidhe. Following this initial contact these two Sidhe beings passed on information about their nature.

The Sidhe tell us that they are related to humans. Long time ago we had common ancestors. A group of souls came to Earth and created themselves a humanoid physical body. This body was not fully physical as we understand it now. Their bodies were more pliable or changeable, it was more of an energy body than dense physical matter.

Then there was a difference in opinion about the best way to fulfill their purpose as incarnated souls. One group wanted to fully embrace the physicality of life on Earth. As this came with the loss of certain freedoms, for example, freedom of movement, less ability to create, and a dulling of their consciousness, the other group did not want to densify their bodies. This second group therefore created a separate world/dimension of higher vibration in which they could retain their way

of being. The first group became humans with dense physical bodies; the second group became the Sidhe with ethereal bodies. Originally both races were still living together. In order to create and maintain a physical body with a high vibrational state away from the dense physical matter, the Sidhe created their own higher dimensional world. For this purpose, they had to withdraw life energy from the physical world. This caused the physical world, and the physical bodies of the humans, to become even more dense, while the Sidhe gained high vibrational bodies and world. Eventually the two worlds separated to the point that humans could not see the Sidhe anymore.

The purpose of the original race that came to Earth was to create a higher level of existence for the planet and life on it. This didn't happen because of the actions of the Sidhe. Both Sidhe and humans are now into two extreme situations. Humans have become more dense and physical as planned, and this has caused a deep plunge into materialism, and the forgetting of their divine origin, resulting in the continuous expression of lower emotions, causing ignorance, confusion and a lot of turmoil.

At the other end, the Sidhe have created themselves a paradisiacal world of higher subtle energy, where the control of mental energy is essential for the survival of their existence. They are stuck in a beautiful world that they want to maintain at all cost, and are afraid of the emanation of the lower energies of humans that are more and more penetrating their world. That is why they are constantly retreating from places of human habitation, but that is becoming exceedingly difficult now because humanity is spreading all over the globe.

The lower human emotions easily affect the consciousness of the Sidhe. The Sidhe never developed their emotions; they only developed their mind. Now they are confronted with increasing lower human emotions and it is starting to affect them. In their ethereal world, the environment is created by their minds. It is reflective of their state of being. When they start to feel the lower emotions coming from humans, their inner state of being is affected, and their environment also changes as a result thereof. Because they have a group consciousness, these emotions easily affect the race as a whole, and thus create drastic changes in their consciousness affecting their ideal existence.

Some Sidhe look therefore for ways to resolve this problem. One way is to see whether there is a possibility for collaboration to create a new consciousness. However they did not explain what this might entail.

Different Levels of Life Energy Now and In The Past

The explanation in Jaap van Etten's book of the different physicality of Earth in the distant past reminded me of my own experience in this regard. In 1991, I was standing on the top of the Tor in Glastonbury, England. It was a cold, cloudy day. I was standing with my back to the tower, looking at the landscape, when I noticed a hole was forming in the clouds, and the sides of the clouds in the hole were reflecting the sunlight in a variety of colors. It was beautiful. It uplifted my

mind, and before I knew my consciousness shifted. I was there on the Tor but at the same time I was somewhere else, far back in time, where I had seen a similar display of colors in the clouds. The scenes were almost identical. At the same time two very strong emotions came up through my solar plexus: homesickness and sorrow. Here is a poetic account about the experience I wrote down when I was back home.

I observed myself high upon a rocky cliff, in the middle of a rough mountain range, and behold Nature before me.

The mountains, the air, the clouds, the light, they were all ALIVE, there in front of me; but they also resonated inside of me.

With a peaceful feeling we all shared the same life.

At that time the earth was different. Each element was finer, lighter, full of life.

I was sharing their essence in a quiet peaceful feeling.

The play of colors in the clouds caused by sunbeams delighted me; not only by the marvelous visual display but especially by sharing the playful inherent energies.

It is indescribable how beautiful this primal world was in its very beginning when I still was living and experiencing the Earth.

Today, by involution, the Earth has become earth, dust in which flowing life is not being perceived anymore, and less experienced.

Indescribable is the sorrow welling up from my solar plexus accompanied by an all encompassing homesickness to a world I lost forever.

A wonderful world I have lost, a living world that will never return.

Up in the mountains I once stood, one with Nature,
and I understood I was one of the Few.

The Few had separated themselves from the masses, and lived mostly solitary. They belonged to the same "class", being ahead in evolution. However they did not see themselves as being better than anybody else. They lived in simplicity, and knew their true being according to the level of consciousness of that time. A present name of this class I cannot give, because this class does not exist anymore, their world is gone long time ago...

In that distant time on Earth, matter was much different than present-day matter. Matter at that time was very much alive. Today, when you look at a rock, it looks like a dead substance (although it is not). In those distant days, everything was vibrant and imbued with a lot of life force. Also, when you would look at something, like the rocks, the mountains, and even the clouds, one would immediately resonate and feel the life force in those substances. Compared to our present-day world, one could call the world in these ancient days, a true paradise.

When I read Jaap van Etten's book, I understood that originally, the physical

earth had much more life energy. It was this world, in the distant past, that I experienced on the Tor. A lot of this life energy has been taken away by the Sidhe to create their own, artificial world. As a result, matter on Earth today has only a fraction of life energy than it once had. All the living beings, including humans, also have very little life energy compared to life in the distant past. As the Sidhe themselves admit:

"The Sidhe ancestors wanted to create their own world separate from those going deeper into the material realm because they believed that this was the only way to maintain their state of consciousness and high vibrations....To enable this to happen, they began to pull higher vibrational energies into what you call a matrix, which we understand now is what you call a morphogenetic grid. When we became more powerful, we pulled more and more energy into the system to allow us to maintain our high vibrational state. However, we were pulling energy away from somewhere. Of, course, the only place we could pull it away was what you call your world, the world from which we separated. In a sense, this was devastating. The more powerful our world became, the weaker yours became. We accelerated your process of descent into the physical material world to the point that the life force diminished significantly in your world. ...

This is the background for many issues in your world, like short life spans and, as you mentioned, a low amount of life force."

In other words, the Sidhe bear a good of responsibility for the bad state of affairs in the human world.

Looking For A Solution

The information given by the Sidhe to Jaap van Etten is general, and the Sidhe are very hesitant to not only contact humans, but give them any information about themselves. There is also the clear sense that they know that they are responsible for the present unnatural situation of both humans and Sidhe. It was the Sidhe that decided to draw away life force from the physical world, and from humans, to create their own world, thus plunging humans into ever more densification of matter, and loss of their spiritual connection. The Sidhe are still doing this in order to maintain their higher vibrational world and existence. They live in a beautiful, paradisiacal world where they have long lasting lives and everything is in harmony, while humans are living in a life force deprived physicality with lots of limitations and having short life spans filled with wars, diseases and suffering.

The Sidhe were always afraid of humans because human energy would disturb their harmony. Therefore they completely separated and isolated themselves from the human world. Now they are facing the consequences of their actions. They cannot shield themselves any longer from human influences. They are looking for a solution. To me, it is clear that they have to restore the original balance of Earth, and give the life energy back to the physical matter of the planet. That implies that they not only have to give up their beautiful world and their freedom,

but that they also have to enter into a more physical existence with its limitations and continuous change. They will also have to deal with the lower emotions in themselves. Humans, at the other end, also have a responsibility. They will have to embrace the influx of more life energy, bringing about an awareness of their destructive emotions and actions. Humans will have to educate themselves in working out their lower emotions and developing a more harmonious living together from the heart. Both races can help each other out. However, I don't see that happen soon. The Sidhe are not willing to give up their world. They always seek stability and protection of their world against any change. Humans are still entrenched in their lower emotions and are ignorant of their innate abilities to create a better world for themselves.

So, what the Sidhe going to do to protect themselves?

Are the Sidhe Harvesting Human Energy?

Jan van Rijckenborgh (1896–1968) was a Dutch-born mystic and founder of the Lectorium Rosicrucianum, a worldwide esoteric Rosicrucian movement. Around 1980 I attended a lecture at a LR branch in Gent, Belgium, where I bought the famous text of *The Alchemical Wedding of Christian Rosenkreutz*, and a little booklet, published in 1958, called *Démasqué* (also published in English under the name *Unmasking*). Van Rijckenborgh wrote several books about his gnostic ideas, and his book *Unmasking* stands a little out. The book has two chapters: the first tells about the existence of what he calls the 'mirror sphere' (equal to the ethereal or astral realm) where souls have created themselves an artificial environment because they didn't want to evolve. The second chapter deals with the coming staged Return of Christ which is designed to have the masses of humans release an immense amount of life energy necessary for the souls in the mirror sphere to survive. I have talked about this Return of Christ issue in my article of *The Great Play or The Second Coming of Christ*.

I see a connection between what the Sidhe are telling Jaap van Etten and what Jan van Rijckenborgh (already in 195!) explains about the souls in the mirror sphere.

The Sidhe said that they have created themselves a subtle world of higher energy vibrations, which is similar to the physical world, but created by their minds. It is an artificial world, that was made possible by extracting life energy from the physical world. They strive for balance and harmony and do not like change. In that sense they are not evolving, and are stuck in an artificially created paradise.

Jan Van Rijckenborgh sees two spheres of existence for humans. The physical sphere is what we call the physical world in which humans souls are incarnated in physical bodies and obtain a personality. This personality is temporal, as it dissolve at death, and a new personality is created with every new incarnation. The mirror sphere is the astral world where the souls of the deceased go. Through the reincarnation process, a person will eventually obtain a sufficiently evolved consciousness to leave both spheres and go to another cosmic order.

In the mirror sphere there are groups of souls that do not want the disintegration of the personality. The problem is that this personality can only be maintained by specific life energy forces that are produced by the physical body (hereafter I will only refer to it as 'life energies'). The soul, in the mirror sphere or astral world, cannot produce these life energies, and thus it has to absorb them by taking the life energy from people who are living in physical bodies. In this mirror sphere there is a whole organization of these beings, who prolong their lives by absorbing the life energy that is provided to them willingly, or they simply steal it. This life energy is provided willingly by religious, idealistic or occult groups in the material world by their activities. In essence these mirror world beings are parasites.

Being dependent on the release of life energy by the physical human groups, the mirror sphere groups are now panicking because of the tremendous decline of religious and idealistic interests and activities, as people have become more business-like and realistic. This has resulted in a sharp decrease of the life energy supply.

I see some striking similarities between what the Sidhe said about themselves to Jaap van Etten and the mirror-sphere (or ethereal or astral world) entities.

Both are comprised of different groups structured in an overall organization.

Both have created an artificial world in the higher dimensional ethereal or astral world.

Both have an ethereal body as it most dense body.

Both have very little emotion, but are very well mentally developed.

Both are establishing personal contacts with humans.

Both are very secretive about the identity of their own nature and about their activities here on Earth in regard to humanity.

Both seek to prolong their life as long as possible, and are afraid of change, especially the natural process of death.

Both can only stay in their artificially created world by taking life energy out of the physical world.

On the question posed by Jaap van Etten, if the Sidhe in their subtle world eat plants or animals to support their bodies as we do, they replied that they they don't need to eat. "Our main sustenance is life force, which is abundantly present everywhere. We have developed ways to take in life force without needing any living being to do that for us." It is an ambiguous answer. When you eat a plant or animal, you are absorbing both their physical body and the life force within it. If they mean this, then they can say that they don't need eat living beings for their life force. At the same time they still can absorb life energies provided by humans, but not mentioning this.

Both are looking for a solution. The mirror-sphere beings are planning the Great Game, that is, a staged Return of Christ, which is designed to create an immense

religious frenzy, releasing a huge amount of the necessary life energies, followed by the formation of a one-world-religion, to restore a continued supply. The Sidhe did not want to mention anything about the way the different groups in their society are discussing the problem, and implementing solutions, in order to do something about those physical humans. The only thing the two beings who van Etten was in contact with, said was: "We represent the faction that believes the only way for us to survive will be to create a new consciousness. We were supposed to be one race, and it seems that circumstances forces us to realize that this is still the only way." What that new consciousness is, they did not specify.

The Alien Theatre of The Sidhe

Are the typical aliens, Grays, Reptilians and Mantis, just cover images the Sidhe use to manipulate humanity for the purpose of directing attention and responsibility to imaginary extraterrestrials? The Sidhe are known to dislike humans, to hide their presence and activities as much as possible, and are pressed to find a solution for the threat that humanity poses for them.

Extraterrestrial races have always, and still do visit and work on planet Earth. Most of them are on the ethereal or astral planes of this planet. It would be convenient for the Sidhe to use the extraterrestrial cover for their work in order to hide their true identity.

I have always noticed that there are a lot of things wrong with the ways the aliens, especially the Grays, present themselves. I do not believe they are extraterrestrials visiting us. They might not even be physical at all, but rather of ethereal nature.

Another possibility is that the Grays, Reptilians and Mantis, who work together, are real (ethereal) alien races that have come to Earth to live next to the Sidhe in the artificially created dimension. This alien group is said to also harvest life energy from humans for their own sustenance. In van Etten's book the Sidhe explained that when the Sidhe separated from the humans, new waves of souls came to Earth from different parts of the galaxy. Some chose to incarnate as humans, others choose to live with the Sidhe. I wonder if the beings who choose to live with the Sidhe could be this alien group. After all, if they wanted to live in the artificially created realm of the Sidhe, who were drawing life energy away from the physical world and humans, then these new arrivals would have been of the same nature and intention than the Sidhe. If this is the case, then this alien group, because of their previously gained expertise, could have taken on the hybridization program.

If we call 'fairies' the beings that reside in that artificial ethereal realm, then the different groups fairies are the Sidhe and the famous aliens such as the Grays. Nowadays there is a lot of attention directed toward the Grays and their hybridization program, but many other types of aliens, craft and activities have been seen in the past, and are still being encountered. In line with the human

technical revolution and the increased interest in space and extraterrestrials, the Sidhe have shifted their appearance from the traditional fairy image to flying machines, flying saucers, space ships, humanoid extraterrestrials and alien hybrids.

Jacques Vallée, the French ufologist, noticed that there are a lot of similarities between the traditional fairy encounters and the UFO/alien phenomenon. Looking at the UFO phenomenon from a pure physical extraterrestrial point of view does not make sense. The UFO and alien sightings have all the characteristics of being orchestrated by an imaginative class of ethereal beings who are apt in producing staged events and manipulation of human minds, completely in line with the traditional fairy or Sidhe lore. Vallée researched this possibility extensively in his book *Passport to Magonia* (Magonia is the name he gave to the parallel dimension where these beings live).

It is not the place here to go into depth to prove the similarities between the two phenomena. However, here is a short overview.

The industrial revolution in the 1800's created a decline in the belief in fairies, and an increase into technological developments and use in every day life. Science was the new belief system, and the fairy appearances made place for sightings of space ships and extraterrestrials.

Since the late 1800's we saw the appearance of aerial ships that kept pace with the technological inventions of the times.

They also kept pace with our expectation of extraterrestrials. Sightings of ships in the air, landings, occupants with strange behavior, taking soil samples, invitations for a ride, friendly encounters, then abductions, and the creation of hybrids.

An immense variety of alien 'visitors'. Vallée writes: "Among them are beings of giant stature, men indistinguishable from us, winged creatures, and various types of monsters. Most of the so-called pilots, however, are dwarfs and form two main groups: (1) dark, hairy beings – identical to the gnomes of medieval theory – with small, bright eyes and deep, rugged, "old" voices; and (2) beings – who answer the description of the sylphs of the Middle Ages or the elves of the fairy-faith – with human complexions, oversized heads, and silvery voices. All the beings have been described with and without breathing apparatus. Beings of various categories have been reported together. The overwhelming majority are humanoid."

Since his 1969's book, we can add many more alien races, especially the now well-know Grays, Reptilians, Mantis and the Hybrids.

From in the beginning, the behavior of the supposed ET's was ludicrous and made no sense. It was always of a nature that did not allow scientific investigation, but promoted a new belief system.

Afterword

In other words, there is an artificial parallel ethereal world in which different kinds of beings reside that live of the life energy extracted from the physical world and from humans. In the past we called them fairies, and in modern times aliens. The entire UFO phenomenon might be nothing more than a theater play that is keeping up with our changing belief systems. It is still geared towards deception, misdirection and manipulation of humanity in various ways that only benefit those beings.

I know, it all sounds really crazy, but what is the crazy stuff that is true? Something to think about!