

THE SONG FROM SATURN

by

Howard Menger

This is the third instalment of THE HOWARD MENGER STORY, an amazing account of personal contacts with space ships and space people. The photographs of space craft that accompanied Mr. Menger's article in the July-August issue aroused world-wide interest.

IN THE FALL of 1956 I had a most unusual and interesting experience. Of course, I realise that many of the foregoing incidents in my life were strange and unusual, but after a while my contacts with the beings from another world did not at all seem strange, but a natural occurrence. No more strange than if one were visiting friends or relatives from overseas. This particular experience, nevertheless, was unique, in that it opened up to me a whole new world of creative expression, one that I had no talent for, nor knew existed. It has been my observation that continual contacts with our friends from other worlds seem to trigger in our consciousness some hidden talent or gifts that we had heretofore been completely unawares.

One day while driving alone in my car, I suddenly noticed that I had no control of the car whatsoever. I kept riding for miles through the countryside obviously under the direction of a higher intelligence. I knew that my car and I were being assisted by someone from outer space. I did not know where I was being led. When I finally came to a stop I saw an old cabin in the woods. It was the only cabin in sight for miles around, secluded and obscure. I got out of the car and headed slowly for the cabin. I paused outside the cabin, wondering what next to do.

Soul-tingling Music

While I was standing there I heard the strains of the most inspiring, soul-tingling music I have ever heard. I stood there entranced, letting the music flow through me and absorbing portions of it on my sub-conscious while my heart almost beat in time to its pulsating rhythm. The music made me feel at home and welcomed, and seemed vaguely familiar. I walked into the cabin and there sitting at a piano-like instrument was a man dressed in ordinary trousers tucked in by heavy boots. He wore a rough woollen shirt, just

as any average camper might use. Hung up on the wall behind him were a pair of green plastic goggles and a leather jacket. The man seemed ordinary enough except for his long brown hair which curled under and fell to his shoulder, much like a page boy. His skin was smooth and white and his eyes, which looked up at me and smiled, were hazel. His whole expression was one of serenity and good humour.

The floor of the rustic cabin was wood. There was a rug in the centre of the room. At one end was a huge fireplace. At the other end of the room there were a series of instruments, which certainly did not originate on this earth. On the wall I saw a clock, but noticed that it was not plugged in to any outlet. It had twelve fluorescent-like spheres where the numbers would be. The hour hand was missing, nor was there a minute hand. I noticed that where the hour hand would be indicating the hour, there was a very bright light in the sphere where the number four would be. I looked at my watch, it was ten minutes to four. The sphere indicating the number ten was of a lesser intensity of light, and thus were they able to indicate time by this very unique method.

Guided Him There

There were different instruments on the floor. There was a box-like instrument with a view screen, which I assumed was a television set. Another instrument that caught my attention was shaped similar to our console television set with a coil-like aerial revolving on top of it. I was informed later that this instrument had something to do with directing me to the spot and that just before I arrived my image appeared clearly on the view screen. And while I had stood outside the cabin wondering whether to enter or not, one of the three men, a tall, blond man, opened the door for me and had said, "Hi,

Howard, we have been expecting you." . . . He introduced me to the other blond man and said they were both from Venus. He said the man at the "piano" was from Saturn. I nodded and smiled at him and he returned the greeting. He finished playing and came over to shake hands. I complimented him on his playing and told him the music seemed familiar to me as if I had heard it before. Then I remembered that a few years ago a melody kept running through my mind; it had a haunting strain, and I tried in vain to pick it out on the piano, by the one-finger method. Now, when I heard this man play this music, it seemed to me to be the one that had haunted me with its sweet melody long ago. The Saturnian invited me to sit down at the instrument and try to play the melody. I hesitated and stammered my embarrassment in not knowing how to play a piano. He put his hand on my shoulder and spoke reassuringly. "You will be able to play this music, Howard, and from this time on you will be able to play the piano whenever you are moved to do so and whatever melody you wish."

Able to Play Any Time

I looked down at the "piano." It was entirely different from our conventional piano. The instrument was much lower and closer to the floor and the keyboard was much longer and contained many more keys than our piano keyboard. The keys were narrower and had strange markings on them, which I did not understand. I heard the music played just once. Yet, as I sat before this strange instrument, I heard the music in my mind . . . I automatically reached down to touch the keys. I seemed to know what keys to strike to correspond with the sounds in my head. It seemed so natural, so delightfully simple. How was it I was never able to play before. I did not play it as perfectly as the Saturnian, because sometimes my fingers would strike two of the keys instead of the one intended because of its narrowness. The men smiled and nodded as I played. When I had finished the Saturnian said I was to play this music on a piano and bring it to the attention of the people here on earth. I was thrilled and happy. I had at last found the beautifully haunting melody that had stirred my imagination some years ago, and not only that, I was promised that I would be able to play the piano.

I stayed with the Saturnian and the two Venusians all that night into the early morning hours, and we talked of many things and they indicated to me events that would be taking place in the months that followed.

Many strange things have happened, but most unique of all is this type of mental capsulation by way of music. I never realised before that our space brothers are trying to reach and raise the conscious of mankind through all levels of creative thought, even music.

I never before knew how to play the piano and yet it seems that some wonderful inspiration guides my fingers to play the music that I heard in that cabin in the woods. I have been instructed to tell the people on earth that those hearing this music would get a feeling—or reach an awareness—it would act as a mental assistance to release something from their subconscious (as it did to me) and they would react in their conscious state with increased understanding and brotherly love toward one another.

Every musical note has its specific density and frequency which cause a certain vibration. When the "right" musical notes are combined in certain combinations, their effect is to cause corresponding vibrations in other vibrating bodies. (Witness—a glass breaking by a high musical note.) . . . This, I realised, is an over-simplified example of what happens to your subconscious when certain music is heard, but its principle is similar; in short, sound causing a corresponding effect in one's innermost mind.

The Song From Saturn

For many months I played this music, which by now I called "The Song From Saturn" . . . and surprisingly enough it did have its effect and people all over the country did respond to the music. Many requests were made to obtain the music on tape or record. Finally I was persuaded to make a recording of the music and offer it to the public.

The music was recorded by State Enterprises, Inc., of Newark, N.J. The congenial president of that company was so impressed with the music and its possibilities that he set about immediately to produce the record. It is now available on State II, "Authentic Music From Another Planet."

In time I realised that when I sat down at the piano and allowed by fingers to stray, other music came through. This is as much of a surprise to me as to those of my friends and relatives who had never heard me play before and knew that I had no knowledge of music whatever.

This is one of the gifts that have been awakened in me by my brothers from outer space, to which I am eternally grateful.