

# SPACE MEN SPEAKING

by Philip Rodgers

In the last issue of "Flying Saucer Review" we reprinted an article by Bernard Smith from "The Star," Sheffield, about some mysterious tape recordings made by a nearly-blind musician of strange "out of this world" voices. Since then, Mr. Philip Rodgers, the controversial figure in that article, has been on TV and interest in his remarkable experiences has widened. Now our contributor gives some intimate and fascinating details about the space people that he believes are contacting him. Mr. Rodgers' experiences, fantastic though they may appear to most people, should certainly be treated with respect and open-mindedness. If the space people are capable of coming here from other worlds in space craft, it stands to reason that their technology must be far higher than our own, and that they may have methods of communication beyond our wildest dreams.

FANTASTIC and impossible as my recordings may seem by normal scientific standards, the fact remains that the sounds and voices are there and must be explained. No doubt there are many who will scoff at the whole affair, declaring it to be an elaborate hoax. But all such people have one thing in common: they have not heard the tapes. Those who have heard them, however, agree that there is "something there." But what? So far, the alternatives suggested are even more fantastic than my space ship hypothesis: voices from bygone ages, spooks, poltergeists—the lot. As yet no one has suggested that the sounds and voices are those of future generations who have slipped into the fourth dimension, but that will come.

Space does not permit a detailed discussion of the recordings, the conditions under which they were made and the countless explanations as to their origin. Such deliberations would occupy a whole book. Instead I ask the reader, however sceptical he may be at present, to accept my theory, for the moment at least, that these sounds are produced by those who man the flying saucers or who are carried as passengers in them. If we accept this as a working hypothesis, practically all the isolated and apparently meaningless recordings, like the separate pieces of an immense jig-saw puzzle, go to form a vivid and beautiful sound picture of these amazing people.

But first there is a great deal of nonsense which must be exploded before any reasonable discussion can take place. I am not speaking of the numerous "monster" stories which nobody takes seriously anyway. I refer to a far more pernicious doctrine which seems to be gaining hold in the minds of many ufologists and which can bring only discredit to the cause; that of solemn, exalted beings, so perfect that a physical body must seem superfluous, who order their terrestrial devotees about like children, who either do not speak at all or have command of all languages, who materialise and de-materialise at will, slipping from one plane of existence to another with

the ease of a motorist changing gear or an organist changing registrations. All this drivel is due partly to stories of phoney "contacts" and partly to brain spinning in an effort to explain such phenomena as the sudden appearance and disappearance of ships.

The picture I have obtained is a very different one. In the main it corresponds with those painted by George Adamski and Daniel Fry. For the people are exactly like ourselves, though on a higher level of culture. Anatomically they are identical with earth men, though I have no indication as to their stature, features, or colour. The men are thoroughly masculine, the women enchantingly feminine, and the children are just like our own, though devoid of the cruelty and cattiness so often displayed by young Terrans.

They seem to have a universal language which might be likened to our Esperanto. But to speak it properly one needs to be a coloratura singer; for the meaning of the words appears dependent upon the musical inflections of the voice. Nevertheless, a few words can be quoted, and as I have no idea of their method of writing, I am giving them here phonetically. "Mee-see-mar!" and "Mee-see-see!" appear to be greetings. Then I have records of other words: "Nyanapodo" and "Yabohoosita," but have no idea as to their meaning. In addition, there are words which do not appear to fit in with the general scheme of things. From this I infer that they have their own languages (just as we have) in addition to the universal tongue.

Most of my contacts speak English. Some have a slight nasal accent and others speak it perfectly, though rather more musically than most Englishmen. The fluency of even the children makes me believe Adamski's statement that they have a special machine for breaking down the vibrations of speech, thus enabling them to learn any language easily. For not only do they speak the King's English, but a few have local accents. One fellow sounds like a Yorkshireman and another has a Midland twist.

The people are obviously happy. Though the voices are cultured, their owners have no inhibitions. Sometimes they behave like children. But against this, their degree of self discipline is rather more advanced than ours. For instance, I have often played to them and found that they remained quiet during the actual music, saving their remarks until the end of each piece. On one occasion a tiny voice actually said: "Thank you!"

Though they speak a strange language, they are not like foreigners, at least to me. In fact, they are more friendly than most Earthlings. "Howdy!", "Hello!", "How are you?" "How now?" have often been recorded. And their keen sense of fun is demonstrated in cheerful greetings, such as: "How are you, you old stink podder?" and "God bless your funny old face!"

### Thoughts Read

Their faculties of thought transference and telepathy are phenomenal. They know precisely what I am saying or doing at any given moment. Not only do they know to the second when I switch my recorder on and off, but also are able to follow me wherever I take it. In one classic recording the man obviously anticipates what I am about to say, just as Adamski said his friends did.

As regards music, they seem to delight in singing and playing. So far I have received only scraps of melody without accompaniment. This is probably due to the almost insurmountable difficulties experienced in conveying their signals to my microphone. But the fragments received are of tremendous interest to a terrestrial musician.

Their instruments are somewhat different from ours. There is a wind instrument which tunes in fifths, just like a violin, though with a top B added. Then there is another that sounds like a cross between a flute, pan pipes, and a coloratura soprano. My guess is that it is a kind of trumpet. Then there are electronic instruments like our Hammond organs. So far I have heard no stringed instruments.

No doubt there are as many musical styles as on our planet, probably more. But all fragments recorded so far resemble western music rather than that of the east. For one thing it is thoroughly diatonic, though devoid of rhythm as we understand the word. There is a type of folk singing in the pentatonic (five note) scale, similar to our own Hebridean and Negro music. Then there is a style of whistling which bears a close resemblance to the blues. To gain an idea of this, listen to the whistled solo in Bob Haggart and

Ray Barduc's record of "The Big Noise from Winnetka." Their religious music resembles our ancient plainsong.

Their "classical" music is only a little in advance of our own. Generally speaking, it resembles our modern idiom, being chromatic, with a tendency to progress in fourths. To the non-technically-minded reader I suggest he obtains a record of Walton's Symphony in B flat minor. The brilliant fugal subject in the last movement bears a close resemblance to some of the "space melodies" on my tapes.

The reader will be delighted to hear that the space men obviously enjoy our music, too. Let us hope that the day of the first Interplanetary Music Festival is not too far off.

### Invisible Talking Machines

But their technology is a very different kettle of fish. For an earthling to understand their science and engineering would be like a Hottentot trying to master the principles of television. Though I have no indication as to their methods of saucer propulsion, my tapes bear witness to their ability to transmit audio waves over tremendous distances, a feat of which no terrestrial engineer is capable. Moreover, they have talking machines capable of being suspended *invisibly* a few feet from my mike. Incredible as this must sound, there seems no other explanation for some of my recordings.

Though my own name has been recorded frequently of late, they do not appear to use names among themselves, as indeed George Adamski stated. This is a pity, because such labels might furnish a clue to their identity. There are several men, probably technicians, but as each has recorded once or twice only, there is little I can write about them. But with the women it is different. The entire series is dominated by two ladies: one a child of eleven or twelve (by our reckoning) and the other an enchanting woman of eighteen or nineteen. The girl is very forceful, quite a tomboy, somewhat impulsive but warm-hearted and utterly lovable. She speaks English with a public school accent and is a brilliant singer.

The older girl is quite different, shy and retiring, sweet and affectionate, though she has quite a temper. Her uninhibited musical laugh and embarrassed giggle have to be heard to be believed. It is difficult to think of her as anything other than ravishingly beautiful.

Are these people real or are they figments of my imagination? One might as well ask if that star of bygone days of steam radio, A. J. Alan, was real.

There have been several articles in the British Press recently about new revolutionary principles of flight being developed by an aircraft firm. "Flying Saucer Review" now presents for the benefit of its readers, and scientific progress, two articles which are complementary to each other, based on ionic drive as a motive power.

# UFOLOGY and the ION ROCKET

by **W. H. Watson**

**T**O THE ORDINARILY sceptical man in the street flying saucers no doubt appear to be beyond the scope of his knowledge and understanding, but give him something which he can study and verify for himself, preferably something which is indigenous to his native land and contiguous to our present scientific enlightenment, and it is a different matter, for he can then have at his fingertips, so to speak, what he terms "concrete evidence." It is with this aim in view, particularly with regard to Scots and Irishmen, that I am producing this thesis.

In Scotland and also in Ireland, Brittany and Bohemia there are hundreds of what are called "vitrified forts." Vitrification is a process whereby a rock, or rather the silicious matter in a rock, is fused, giving it a glassy appearance. The temperature required to execute such a metamorphosis would have to exceed 1,710 degrees C. and the sole known method of attaining such a temperature over a large area in the open air, which I am certain is the only reasonable one, is the firing of an atomic or ionic rocket motor. Both these types of engine employ a nuclear reactor as an integral and essential power plant.

Between 1949 and 1952 a group of scientists set themselves the task of proving whether or not the atomic radiation count rose when saucers were in the vicinity. It did; therefore, I deduce the inclusion of an atomic pile in the UFO's machinery.

Now we know there is a reactor, but how do we distinguish whether it is "pure" atomic or ionic?

When UFOs are operating in close proximity to electrical or magnetic apparatus they cut it out or distort it, as occurred in November of 1957

when at least five cars' ignition and lighting systems cut after a 200-ft. oblate spheroid alighted on a Texas highway. This appears to be attributable to some kind of electrical interference which may arise from an ion motor as well as from the frequently expostulated electromagnetic anti-gravity drive.

A sharply-swept-back 300-ft. flying wing, with six or eight pairs of glowing blue exhausts visible on the after edges, passed soundlessly over the city of Albuquerque, New Mexico, on the evening of August 25, 1951, and was again spotted half an hour later over Lubbock, Texas. Note the blue exhausts. Such a blue is characteristic of an ionic discharge, hence we have established the use of ion rockets which are at present, in all probability, to the saucer operators primitive modes of propulsion as they now possess the means of surpassing the velocity of light, as is evident from their sudden appearances, and disappearances, as though from, and to, nowhere.

Briefly, the ion rocket is a normal chemical rocket motor whose exhaust ions flow through an electrostatic field, which is created by atomically-driven generators, and are thence accelerated at anything up to the speed of light. Terrestrial scientists claim that any practical version of the engine is only capable of a gradual build-up of velocity, but I feel certain that our spacial companions will have developed a high thrust version during the millenia of their highly advanced civilisation.

The wing is not, of course, the only UFO reputed to have blue exhausts. Blue, or blue-white, is the most commonly reported colour when any discharge is visible as in the incident of the 100-ft.