

UFO ENTERS AND INSPECTS A ROOM

Albert Adell and Pere Redón

Translated from the Spanish by Gordon Creighton.

DURING the night of June 21-22, 1972, Javier Bosque, a twenty-year-old Spanish student of the Escuelas P.P. Escolapios Theological College at Logroño, in North-Eastern Spain, had an extraordinary experience.

We interviewed this young man and interrogated him at very great length, indeed somewhat brutally and harshly in our desire to get at the truth, for which we beg his forgiveness. We found him an extremely pleasant and thoroughly normal and intelligent person, well worthy of credence.

He had been tape-recording some guitar exercises (see Fig. 1, plan of his room). He had left the tape-recorder standing on a chair beside his bed.

After supper he went to bed and turned on his transistor-radio. To the background of soft music he started reading a book (*Don Quixote*). Beside the bed, at G on the sketch, he had placed a fairly tall standing ashtray with a wide base, and on top of this ashtray he had put a lamp and tilted it to shine on the opposite wall, near the window, so that, reflected back from the wall, it would give a gentle and regular illumination to the whole room.

Soon the night was far advanced. He read on. The radio station had closed down by now, but as he had had the transistor-radio on very low, he did not trouble to switch it off.

It was 2.00 a.m., when he suddenly perceived that the room seemed to have grown brighter. This he took to mean that the power-supply had been stepped up, as is more or less normal at certain hours of the night. He put his book down on the bedside-table (H) and, in doing so, was obliged to turn slightly to his left, and this movement put him more directly in line with the living-room window, which was slightly ajar. To his great astonishment he now perceived that an intensely powerful light was coming through between the two leaves of the window, as well as through the interstices between the edges of the window and the window-frame.

His astonishment turned to fear however when he noticed that the two leaves of the window were opening slowly to give passage to a luminous object which came straight towards the centre of the entrance to his bedroom-alcove.

The device seemed to be menacing by the very nature of its weirdness. It moved slowly and utterly silently, emitting no hum or sparks or anything of the sort, maintaining a height of about two metres from the floor. On arriving at the entrance to his alcove, it stopped. The light from it was intensely vivid. Javier's eyes hurt from it, and, terrified, he did the instinctive thing and covered most of his face under the bedclothes and hung on to them tightly, while trying to sink as deeply as possible into the bed. Then the object performed a sudden downward movement and stopped again, this

So far as I know, little attention has been paid yet to the several recorded cases in which objects, perhaps of the "Foo-Fighter" type or in some respects akin to them, have allegedly penetrated into houses and "looked around." I have a good Brazilian case of a few years back, still awaiting translation. In the meantime, here is the first part of a follow-up investigation of a report of a case in Spain which was accorded brief mention in the "World Round-up" feature in *Flying Saucer Review* for November-December 1972.

The article comes, with the kind permission of editors and authors, from the September 1972 number of our excellent Spanish contemporary STENDEK,* journal of C.E.I., *the Centre de Estudios Interplanetarios* of Barcelona, and the authors, both Catalans, are members of the Centre's governing council. In their opinion this case is one of the best and one of the most thoroughly researched of all Spanish UFO cases, and we congratulate these painstaking investigators on their interesting results.

In view of the great pressure for space in FSR, I have dropped the whole of the introductory section, in which Albert Adell and Pere† Redón describe their meticulous study of the percipient, Javier Bosque, and give their reasons for finding him an entirely trustworthy witness. I have however omitted nothing from the account of the arrival and behaviour of the object, nor from the taped interrogation of Javier Bosque, nor from the concluding section headed *Sensation or Obsession*.

GORDON CREIGHTON.

† For those who may not be familiar with the forms of names as used in Catalunya, I would add that *Pere* = Peter (French Pierre; Spanish Pedro), just as *Joan* = Jean/Juan (and so not a girl's name), *Francesc* = François/Francisco; *Miquel* = Michel/Miguel; *Josep* = Joseph/José, and *Lluís* = Louis/Luis.—G.C.

time at a height of some 40 cms. from the floor. He states that at no time did the size of the object change in any way, nor was there any variation in its brightness.

Dazed and petrified he lay there, peeping out through half-closed eyes at the object and wondering whether it was going to attack him. The idea crossed his mind that it might be a trick played on him by a friend: a teleguided device of some sort, but no sooner was this thought born than it died. No. This object was something too unreal for that. And yet its movements indicated an utterly precise control. Any plaything invented by man would perhaps have flown or floated around, but in some way or other it would be bound to betray some technological imperfections. But this thing was

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something unbelievable. By its appearance and its behaviour it was a challenge to all reason.

He felt that he had to do something. He was aware that since the device had entered the room his transistor radio (still turned on) had been producing strange high-pitched beeps and that, if he could manage to switch his tape-recorder on, he would be able to record these sounds. So he put his arm out under the blankets and pressed the button on the tape-recorder. Then he drew his arm back and waited . . .

It was approximately this moment when the UFO started its downward movement to a lower level. When it had reached this new position (some 40 cms. from the floor, as stated), the object remained stationary for a few moments, and then commenced an *exploratory stage*. It put out a beam, first towards the transistor radio, and then towards the tape-recorder. Then, drawing the beam entirely in again, the object rose up once more to a height of two metres from the floor and, after halting for a few seconds, headed straight towards the window and vanished. He was able to observe that, as soon as it reached the street outside, it climbed. He was so pre-occupied with securing a good recording of the beeps that he did not think to rush to the window and look out and follow the thing as it climbed. He was thinking about the recording, for this, he knew, would be the only piece of evidence to back up his story.

The beeping was still coming from the transistor, but

more and more faintly now, so he turned up the volume so as not to lose the signals. Then, when he was satisfied that there was no longer any beep to be heard, he switched off the recorder, placed the transistor and the microphone on the table, and got up and went over to the window. The street outside was deserted. The sky was partially overcast, he could see no sign of any light anywhere up there, and there was no trace of the luminous object that had just given him the most alarming quarter-of-an-hour in his life.

So interesting is this case in our opinion that we taped the whole of our discussion with Javier Bosque. Here it is:

Q. Can you describe the object to us?

A. Well, in the first place, it was something absolutely strange and unheard of. It was egg-shaped, measuring about 50 cms. by about 32 or 34 cms. (see Fig. 2).

Q. Do you think it was a disc-shaped object which, owing to the angle at which you saw it, *appeared* to you to be egg-shaped?

A. No! I really do think it was not disc-shaped. It is true that I did not at any moment manage to see it from either above or below and so be able to judge precisely as to its exact volume. I was too shaken to think of doing anything like that. All the same, despite the fact that throughout the sighting I was lying at the level of the bed, I feel certain that if its shape had been discoid I would have noticed it.

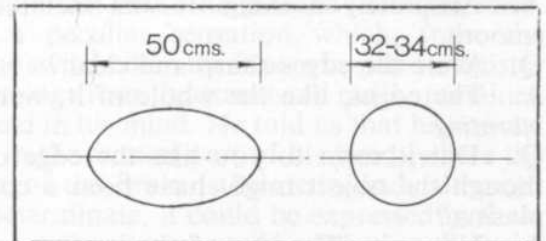
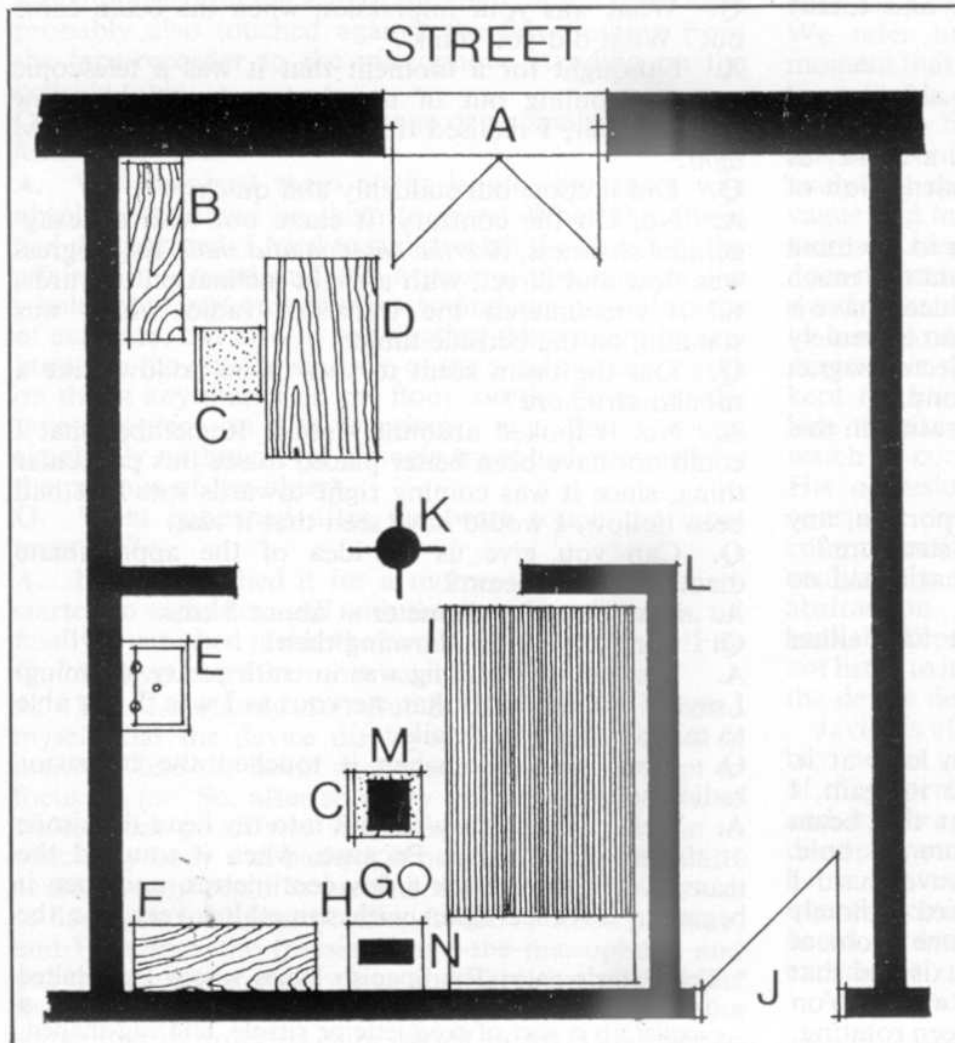


Fig. 2: Approximate dimensions of object

Fig. 1: Plan of the room

- Key:**
- A: Window
 - B: Bookshelf
 - C: Chairs
 - D: Table
 - E: Washbasin
 - F: Wardrobe
 - G: Ashtray
 - H: Bedside table
 - I: Bed
 - J: Entrance to room
 - K: Point where UFO halted
 - L: Partition wall around sleeping alcove
 - M: Tape recorder on chair
 - N: Transistor radio on bedside table

Q. Nevertheless, you must have some more or less concrete ideas about this object that you had at a distance of two metres from your eyes . . .

A. Well, straight away I . . .

Q. Did it seem to you at any point that it was something on only one plane, and lacking volume?

A. Absolutely not. I am positive that it had volume. The most exact simile I can think of to describe its volume is to say that it had the volume of a *croqueta*.*

Q. Did it seem to you to have any straight or flat areas on it?

A. I can assure you quite definitely that it had no flat portions.

We made a number of sketches, until Javier agreed that what we have given in our illustration was a correct rendering.

Q. Would you say that the thing *flew* or rather that it *floated*?

A. No . . . it really is very difficult to describe it exactly. The idea I have in my mind of flying and, more particularly, of floating, is of something that has a more or less pronounced "pitch" or "roll." But this gadget moved and proceeded *as though controlled by something*. Its movements were sure, direct, and without the slightest degree of hesitation.

Q. Were you able to make out anything on the surface of it?

A. Absolutely nothing. It was metallic, and totally smooth.

Q. Were the edges sharp and clear?

A. The edges, like the whole of it, were shining and *vibrating*.

Q. Did it seem to you like the edge of a flame, as though the object might have been a condensation of plasma?

A. Not quite. The idea of plasma suggests to my mind something immaterial . . . something without too much solid consistency. No . . . the most precise idea I have is the idea of a metallic surface vibrating at an extremely high frequency. Like the armature of an electromagnet moving at thousands of vibrations per second.

Q. Was the whole body of the object vibrating in this way?

A. I would say definitely yes.

Q. Could you not make out any raised portion, any salient angle, or anything particular in its structure?

A. No, definitely not. I can assure you that it had no flange and that it was absolutely smooth.

Q. You could not make out any darker line, either horizontal or vertical?

A. Absolutely none.

Q. You seem very sure . . .

A. I am sure because I took a thorough look at it. When the luminous beam went back into it again, I thought that it was logical to expect that this beam must have come out through some fissure or hole. Well, I looked at it really hard, but however hard I looked I could not see anything that looked remotely like an opening. I did come to think at one moment that perhaps the thing was rotating on its axis and that this was why I had not been able to glimpse anything on its surface. But I definitely feel that, had it been rotating,

I would have been able to make out some sort of horizontal flange or would at any rate have had the sensation that the thing was rotating. And I can assure you that it wasn't.

THE LUMINOUS BEAM

Q. Can you describe the beam of light for us?

A. Yes. The beam, seen in the first moment, looked like an extension or prolongation of the object itself. There was only one thing that differentiated the beam from the body of the object, and that was that its edges were not vibrating as the edges of the object were vibrating.

Q. Was its brightness of the same intensity as the object?

A. Absolutely the same . . . at least so it seemed to me.

Q. How would you describe the beam for us?

A. As a strange light with more compact characteristics than normal light has. It was something solid, concrete, with well-defined limits.

Q. Did it remind you of a *laser beam* in any way?

A. All I know about lasers is from photographs. But . . . it might perhaps be the nearest idea to it.

Q. From where on the object did this beam come?

A. It emerged from slightly above the horizontal axis of the object and from slightly to the left.

Q. Did you not get the impression that it was centred on either axis of the object?

A. Definitely not.

Q. What was your impression when the beam came out? What did you think?

A. I thought for a moment that it was a telescopic antenna coming out of the device; however, a few instants later, I realised that it was actually a *beam of light*.

Q. Did it come out suddenly and quickly?

A. No. On the contrary, it came out with an exaggerated slowness, *like the antenna of a snail*. Its progress was slow and direct, with a slight inclination upwards, till it encountered the transistor radio which was standing on the bedside table.

Q. Did the beam seem to you to be hollow, like a tubular structure?

A. No. It looked absolutely solid. Remember that I could not have been better placed to see this particular thing, since it was coming right towards me. If it had been hollow, I would have seen that it was.

Q. Can you give us an idea of the approximate diameter of the beam?

A. I estimated its diameter at about 5 cms.

Q. Certainly pretty alarming then!

A. Yes, the whole thing was in truth pretty alarming. I myself am surprised that, nervous as I was, I was able to take in so many details.

Q. What happened when it touched the transistor radio the first time?

A. Well . . . this was what put into my head the simile of the snail's antenna. Because, when it touched the transistor, it drew back a few centimetres, and then it began to advance again with something very like the

* **Translator's note:** The Spanish ladies whom I consulted on this abstruse culinary point explained to me that a *croqueta* is a sort of croquette or rissole, and egg-shaped.

primitive silence and slowness of the antenna of a snail.

Q. Then what else happened?

A. Well, *when the beam of light hit it, the transistor moved.*

Q. It moved? It changed position?

A. Well, no, not that it actually changed position, but the transistor teetered, due to the fact that its position on the table was not very stable.

Q. So the transistor swayed with the impact?

A. Exactly. And it did this both times that the beam hit it.

Q. Go on . . .

A. Well then, after touching the transistor twice, the beam began to withdraw to approximately half its own length. And there it changed its angle, assuming a lower angle, and it projected itself slowly towards the tape-recorder which I had on my chair.

Q. Did it manage to move the tape-recorder too?

A. No. Not at all. It touched it on the side, but as the recorder was standing level on the chair and does actually weigh quite a good deal, it did not manage to move it.

Q. Did it touch any other objects in the room?

A. Nothing else. The beam's interest seemed to be centred entirely on those two objects, the transistor and the tape-recorder. And yet, when the light was approaching the transistor it inevitably touched the flex running from the plug in the wall to the recorder, which (flex) was supported on the arm of the chair, and it must have probably also touched against the flex running from the tape-recorder to the microphone standing on the bedside-table.

Q. Did you notice any change or anomaly in the two leads afterwards?

A. We examined them all at length, but there was absolutely nothing on them to show. When the object had disappeared, I tried to run over all the details of the affair in my mind and did a general check-up of the whole room, not only in order to find any possible piece of evidence, but also to see whether there might be any burns on the outside shutters of the window, any marks on them, any marks on the floor, on the flexes, on the tape-recorder, on the transistor, etc. But I found absolutely nothing. Not a single trace had been left by the passage of the object.

Q. What happened after the beam touch the tape-recorder?

A. It only touched it for a moment. Then the beam started to withdraw, still with that peculiar slowness, till finally it vanished inside the luminous body of the UFO.

Q. Did you breathe more easily then?

A. Yes, I certainly did. But by then I had satisfied myself that the device displayed no hostility towards me. Nor had the beam ever made the least attempt to focus on me. So, after so many minutes of anguish, of which clear proof was shown in the copious sweat in which my body was bathed, it now seemed to me that I could already begin to breathe more freely. I even was so daring as to change position in bed: I dared to sit up, and I grabbed the transistor and the microphone and put the transistor on my legs and kept the microphone in my hands. I think I felt the necessity to be doing something in order to calm myself down. I thought to

myself that the "gadget" might remain there quite a while longer, and that the best thing I could do would be to get a good recording now that it looked as though I could take matters more calmly.

Q. Are you sure that the intensity of the object's light never varied?

A. Yes. I am absolutely certain of that. What happened is this: after getting habituated to looking at it for minutes on end, the time arrived when I found that the dazzle from it no longer troubled me and I was able to look at it almost without difficulty.

Q. Did you at any time realise the value that the tape you were recording might have?

A. Yes, I realised it perfectly. That was why I was so interested. In fact I was hoping that it would be a more unquestionable piece of evidence than it has in reality been.

Q. Does it worry you that there have been doubts about it?

A. Well, I suppose, yes. But all the same I do make allowance for a sceptical attitude on the part of anyone listening to an account of the sort of experiences that I have had.

Sensation or obsession?

Javier Bosque wanted to tell us about something very special which happened to him, and which would probably have had no importance whatever had it not been for a certain fact which heightened its importance. We refer to a peculiar sensation which, from the moment that he switched on the tape-recorder to register the sounds coming from the transistor radio, remained persistently fixed in his mind. He told us that he noticed this sensation in the frontal part of his head (where the analytical part of the brain is located), and, although vague and indeterminate, it could be expressed in these words: "*Measure the time, measure of time . . .*" Javier does not actually know the precise significance of these words; their seeming eloquence says nothing concrete to him. And nevertheless, in a persistent fashion, and despite his consciousness, the idea "measure of time" kept recurring. He felt no unbridled impulse obliging him to take any direct action, such as consulting his watch or counting the modulation spaces of the beeps. His obsession was not imperative, nor was it even constant; it simply kept coming and going with an incomprehensible insidiousness. He made an attempt to analyse the content of the idea, and lost himself in abstraction. And all the same, the idea kept coming back, he kept feeling it, though he did not look at it, did not listen to it. He freed himself from it entirely only when the device departed from his room.

Javier is afraid that there may be some significance—beyond his understanding—in these two salient features of the experience, namely the *insistence* of the message and its *duration*, allied to the fact of its simultaneous disappearance when the UFO vanished. All the same, he is convinced that, had not something else subsequently reminded him of it, he would not have remembered it, despite the thoroughly bizarre nature of the experience.

At one point, as he was listening to the tape, Don

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