

CHAPTER TWENTYEIGHT

Material Control

Part I - Wall Openings

I scarcely knew where to look first. I marveled anew at the unbelievable way in which they were able to fit parts together so that joinings were imperceptible. Just as I had been unable to find any trace of an entrance door into the Scout of my first encounter, now there was no sign of the door that had closed behind us; only what looked like solid wall. (A small scout craft.)

(The kitchen) appeared as an almost bare room with plain walls. But the appearance proved deceptive. (The space man) told me these walls were lined from top to bottom with cupboards and compartments which, like all doors in these amazingly constructed craft, were invisible until opened. (A larger scout craft.)

George Adamski in *Inside the Space Ships*

"I would certainly like to see the inside of your ship," I replied. "And I would give anything to be allowed to ride in it, but how can I get in? I have been completely around the ship and saw no sign of an opening . . ."

Then I heard a single click come from the surface of the ship, . . . and a portion of the hull just to my left moved back upon itself for a distance of several inches and then moved sideways, disappearing into the wall of the hull, leaving an oval shaped opening about five feet in height and three feet wide.

Daniel Fry in *They Rode in Space Ships*

The lighting was excellent, the same as broad daylight. But even so, it was impossible to make out where the entrance door had been only a second before, for when it closed by lifting up, it became a part of the wall.

. . . the door led into another, smaller room. It was small, squarish, and it was lit up in the same way as the others. After we had gone in, me and the two other men, the door closed again behind us. I looked back and saw something that can't be explained; there was no door anymore, only a wall like the other behind me. I do not know how that was done.

. . . My guide pointed to the metal stair and signaled to me to go down it. I obeyed and when I got down I looked up to see if he was coming too, but he was still there. He then pointed to himself, then to the ground, and then in a southerly direction to the sky; he again signaled me to step back, and forthwith disappeared inside the machine. The metal ladder began to shrink, each step fitting into the other like a pile of boards. When it reached the top, the door (which, when open, was part of the floor) began to lift until it fitted right into the wall and so rendered itself invisible. The lights from the metal spurs, the headlights, and those of the rotating saucer got brighter, and this last kept turning round faster and faster. The machine began to lift slowly straight up. At the same time the three legs of the tripod began to lift sideways so that the lower part of each (which tapered, was round and ended in a broader foot) began to fit, or telescope, into the upper part (which was thicker and square). When this was over, the top contrivance entered the bottom of the machine. Finally nothing was to be seen of the legs, and the bottom looked as smooth and polished as if that tripod had never been there at all in the first place. I couldn't see any sign of where the legs had disappeared. These people really knew their business.

Antonio Villas-Boas in *Flying Saucer Occupants*

And then they put my head, there was like a dentist, not like a dentist, something like, you know, the brace of a dentist's chair. You have this thing that holds your head, I don't know, it seemed to pull out of the back of the stool, somehow or other, and they put my head in that.

. . . And so then I said, I asked him where he was from. And he asked if I knew anything about the universe. And I told him no. I knew practically nothing. That when I was in graduate school we were taught that the sun was the center of the solar system, and there were nine planets. And then later, of course, we did make advances. And I told him about seeing, I think I met him at one time, Harlow Shapley; he wrote a book, too. And I had seen photographs that he had taken of millions and millions of stars in the universe. But that was about all I knew. So, he said that he wished I knew more about this, and I said I wish I did, too. And he went across the room to the head of the table and he did something, he opened up, it wasn't like a drawer, he sort of did something, and the metal of the wall, there was an opening.

Betty Hill in *Interrupted Journey*

And so, the two – one went in front of me and one in back of me, and we went over to the furthest right-hand end of the quarter bubble. And whoosh! Another door opened. And you can't even see those doors! They just go up when they open.

The Andreasson Affair, Page 38.

And I banged on the side there, and I said, "I'm ready." And the door whooshed open again – went up somehow.

The Andreasson Affair, Page 48.

There's a panel, a door, except I don't see the door, and I think they open it somehow, but I don't see that part either. It's (suddenly) just like a normal door.

'Karen Morgan' in *Secret Life*, Page 274

Upon awakening, Michael realized that his craft had entered the large one. The guide, he asserted, "takes me by the hand" and "we walk through the bottom of the saucer." Queried on this statement, he explained that a portion of the floor "opened before we touched it – just disappeared."

Encounter at Buff Ledge, page 116.

According to the witness, the interpreter instead stationed himself beyond the examiners "off to the right of my right foot" near the door through which Janet and her escort had entered. The door appeared to be a flat screen of the wall that somehow opened and closed.

Encounter at Buff Ledge, page 144.

Discussion

As one reads through the reports one is struck again and again how the different individuals managed to incorporate details which support one another. The remark by Villas-Boas is plainly honest. How openings can appear in surfaces that look plain and smooth, without hint of other than a solid surface, impresses all observers. It should be; our technology has developed no similar feat, nor do we understand how this is done.

If the descriptions are accurate, if the openings are truly part of the surface of the walls before they are made, it would require breaking and remaking the surface electrochemical potential profiles, as well as cleaving the material on an

atomic or molecular level. While such mechanism is conceivable to us, it remains purely speculative, still in the realm of science fiction. Those people really do know their business.

We can understand why ancient people believed such abilities could derive only from the gods. They are marvelous even to us, with our relatively high level of scientific accomplishment.

Is it possible the openings actually exist in the wall materials but somehow made invisible to the eye? There are arguments against such proposal. If intense electric or magnetic fields flow through the walls of the craft, it may be necessary to control the number, shape, and location of openings. The electric and magnetic currents may require paths of low impedance. This is especially true if the currents and fields flow near the surfaces of the materials, as they do in high frequency radio waves.

This thought raises another possibility. If the interior of the craft is filled with light, how is that light generated? Is it possible that exceedingly high frequency electromagnetic waves, in the visible spectrum, are conducted along the surfaces of the walls to produce that light? It is impossible to say, since we know no such science. Our knowledge is insufficient to properly treat this phenomenon; our discussions must remain purely speculative.

We should not forget that these are heavenly materials and heavenly light. They do not obey the laws of physical substances, as we understand them.

The reader might note that Swift would have difficulty including such an item in his satirical framework. We find no remarks in the *Voyage to Laputa* that would appear to denote this amazing ability.

Part II - Transparency

Adamski was told they were nearing the carrier ship.

Just a moment earlier the wall behind the bench on which we had been sitting had appeared solid. Now a round hole began to appear! I watched in astonishment while it continued to open, rather like the iris of a camera. Shortly, a porthole about eighteen inches wide appeared.

As the pilot alerted us to our impending landing, the (space man) said, "You will be interested to watch this."

At the prospect of actually landing on a mother ship, my emotion rose to a point impossible to describe. Fighting for composure, my mind framed the question as to where the mother ship was waiting, and in what manner we would make the landing.

The (space man) immediately answered both unspoken questions. "This is the same large mother ship that alerted you and your party on the desert last year at our first meeting. She has been waiting for us up here and is at the moment about forty thousand feet above your earth. Watch and you will see how these small ships land and enter into their carriers."

Fascinated, I peered out through the porthole. There, below, I was able to make out a gigantic black shadow motionless beneath us. As we came nearer, its huge bulk seemed to stretch away almost out of sight, and I could see its vast sides curving outward and downward. Slowly, very slowly, we drew nearer until we were almost on top of the great carrier. I was astonished when my companion told me that she was about one hundred and fifty feet in diameter and close to two thousand feet in length.

The spectacle of that gigantic cigar-shaped carrier ship hanging there motionless in the stratosphere will never dim in my memory.

George Adamski *Inside the Space Ships*

On the side between these halves were window or screen areas which were all around the center of the space. They could walk on that balcony and look out, it is like a two-way mirror; it offers a projection place or a screen as well. It is as if these window/screens are made of a combination of metal/crystal/mirror/glass.

. . . this perception of the screen which doubles as a window. "There is a balcony level at these windows with a railing."

Carlos in *Abduction*, page 350

The beam, or that part of it which was visible at all, was a deep violet, at the very top of the visible spectrum. The beam spread over the door, through which I had come, and the door disappeared. It did not slide back into the wall as it had before. It simply ceased to exist, at least visually. It was as though I were looking through the finest plate glass window.

"The door, as you see, has become transparent. This startles you, because you are accustomed to thinking of metals as being completely opaque. However, ordinary glass is just as dense as many metals and harder than most and yet transmits light quite readily. The beam of energy, which is now acting on the metal of the door, is what you would call a frequency multiplier. The beam penetrates the metal and acts upon any light that reaches it in such a way that the frequency of the light is multiplied to that of the range between what you know as the 'X-ray' and the 'Cosmic Ray' spectrum. At these frequencies the waves pass through the metal quite readily. Then, when these waves leave the metal on the inside of the door, they again interact with the viewing beam, producing what you would call 'beat' frequencies which are identical with the original frequencies of the light, so that while you are apparently seeing through the metal you are actually seeing a reproduction."

Daniel Fry, *They Rode in Space Ships*

Comments

Adamski's description of the approach to the carrier ship is haunting, even at our remote distance. To actually be on board a craft that travels among the stars would be enough to bring awe to anyone.

In view of this fact we should consider the nature of the contact personalities chosen for such experiences. The individuals must have attributes of character and personality that permit them to handle the experience, yet able to manage intelligible reports. Attributes would include intelligence, keen observation, excellent memory, and stable personality under extraordinary circumstances that were literally "out of this world." Attitudes concerning God and creation had to be held in a form that could encompass the implications of the experience, certainly not from a traditional religious view.

These are factors we should carefully consider. Individuals chosen for contact are rare; they possess personalities and traits that can accommodate the profound nature of the experience.

Barney Hill's extreme unwillingness to accept the phenomena is a good illustration of this problem. He absolutely refused to accept the experience, or even the possibility of strange flying craft, until after therapy sessions with Dr. Simon. Then he suddenly turned religious and cosmic. He bought charts and maps of the sky which he poured over day by day. His entire attitude concerning God was converted from a normal, traditional view into realization of a reality "up there" somewhere in the sky. And he shortly died. When once he reached that stage, his perspectives had stretched beyond the pale of this world. He now had a different view of creation and of purpose.