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## *A First Hand Account of Materialisation Mediumship*

*By Michael Roll, March 1983*

*An edited version of the first part of this article was published in the Psychic News, 1983. It was also published in issues 6 and 7 of the Voice Box Magazine, 2005/2006.*

*Barry sat by the locked door alongside a lighted candle. Rita, (the materialisation medium) was on the same side of the room in the other corner, sitting in an easy chair. Pat was in the opposite corner to Barry. She worked the tape recorder which played light opera music like the Student Prince, quite softly. I was about two yards from Pat. There were a number of other empty chairs around the room. A small wooden table stood in the middle of the room. Rita signalled she was ready and relaxed in the chair. Barry asked me to be very still while Rita went into trance but said once the people from the unseen universe arrived I could relax and join in the conversation. Barry put the candle out. All I could see was the luminous drum sticks left in the middle of the room by Barry. After a few minutes there was a loud bang from Rita's direction. It sounded like her chair had been lifted up and dropped. The proceedings started by rapping on the table. The number of raps indicating which Etherian was present. Helen Duncan spoke first.*

***Michael, you are very welcome, it is a great privilege to have you with us."***

*She then said some very complimentary remarks about me to reassure Barry and Pat that I was perfectly trustworthy and to tell Rita when she awoke.*

***"I will speak to you later Michael."***

*The small table was moved across the room and came to rest very gently against my legs. A young girl's voice said, "Laura." A hand gently touched my knee. Then Laura broke into a beautiful song, with great feeling. She was standing only about two feet away from me. It seemed that she was singing this song especially for me, a newcomer. While she was still singing she took hold of my hand and held it for about twenty seconds. It was undoubtedly the hand of a young lady. Warm and exactly the same feeling as a living persons hands. Bones and finger nails. There was also a delightful smell of hyacinths. After this wonderful welcome the Etherian's shown me a breathtaking demonstration of physical phenomena. Boyrie, a musical director on earth, showed me the power he could generate with the drum sticks. I was a little*

apprehensive that the sticks would smash into my face, but as a sign of reassurance Boyrie gently touched my knee. Raymond Lodge then put on a luminous jacket and boots that Barry had also provided.

Raymond then came over and stood in front of me. A very tall man of over six feet. With one of the drum sticks he hit his body, arms and legs to show me how solid he was. He then walked back and forward straight through the table. He then stamped around the room before sitting down next to me in a wicker chair. As a gesture of assurance he squeezed my hand very tight. I said I was using his fathers work every day. He answered that he knew I was. He got up and took of the coat and boots. He threw the boots at my feet, one striking me on the shin. I felt it but it was not painful. After this awe-inspiring demonstration Russell brought us down to earth with some first class clowning. Before we started, I could not understand what these intellectuals were doing allowing a nine year old to take charge. In fact I was secretly annoyed and very disappointed. But now I understand perfectly. It is solely to break up the highly charged atmosphere.

The visit from the Etherian's lasted from 8.45 pm to past midnight, and without the light relief and laughter, I and the other's present would have been emotionally drained.

**"Hello Michael,"** he said, **"Your name's not Michael, I'm going to call you by your real name, Rolly Polly."** (This is my nickname. Russell continued.) **"It sounds a bit clownish and you are not really a clown, but you can sometimes turn yourself into a clown."** (All my friends at the golf club call me Rolly Polly at stag nights; I do clown about just like in my old rugby days. Russell went on.) **"I was with you and Rita this afternoon, fancy saying that you thought I was earthbound. I am definitely not earthbound. By the way I saw the food you ate, one of those funny egg things with sausage around it."**

Helen said that it was time to give Rita a break. Rita woke up and had a cup of coffee while we excitedly told her all that had happened. It does seem so unfair that Rita never see all the wonderful things that happen. The Etherian's will not even allow a tape recorder. I understand that recordings will be allowed but they are not ready yet.

### **Second Period:**

Boyrie takes the drumsticks, now freshly dipped in luminous paint. He uses paint to show his hands. Laura also shows me her small delicate hands. I can see all the lines. She sings another beautiful love song, moving freely all around the room. After a while she takes hold of my hands, lifts them right up in the air and then down to the ground. After the song, Russell clowns with Rita's coffee cup. It sounds like he is pouring pints of water about. The table comes over to me. Helen, I think, takes my hands and gently pulls me forward placing my hands on a very wet table. Another very firm hands grips my left arm. I say **"who is that?"** no answer. Helen now says; **"Pat, please turn down the tape."** A voice says, **"James Arthur Findlay here Michael."** He grips me very firmly on the left arm. I am still leaning forward and Helen says, **"Now keep very still Michael."** Arthur Findlay then puts his other arm around my shoulders and squeezes me tight. Then, patting me on the back says, **"I am right behind you Michael, all the way."** He then repeated it and then let go of me. I have

been working continually for a number of years to try and bring Findlay's work to the attention of the public. Can you begin to imagine how I felt?

To diffuse this electric atmosphere Russell came clowning across. **"I have a present for you Rolly Polly."** I could hear something being unwrapped. I said it sounded like Christmas, Russell replied, **"You should have been here at Christmas, what fun we had, the sack of presents came down from the ceiling."** Russell's small hand took mine and placed a doll in them, then with a loud shout he said, **"It's a clown."** Helen then began a long talk about her plans to bring enlightenment. I said that my only aim was to try and change the way people think and behave throughout the world. If only I could try and change the Irish situation by telling the people how badly they have been let down by the priests. She agreed with me that there are no such things as Christians, Jews, Moslems or any other sects. They were all invented by man for his own selfish aims. She also pointed out that there were no racial differences. In the etheric world we are all the same. Helen told us that it suits her mission to keep the old Helen Duncan identity at the moment and said that, **"Perhaps one day I could graduate to a higher plane and then I could easily lose my old identity."**

I mentioned the names of a few famous people that I would like to bring one day. Helen said, **"We do not care who comes here or whether they are kings or dustmen. The only attraction famous people have for us is their ability to tell a lot of people the truth about survival."** I get the impression, in spite of the fun, this work of Helen and Raymond is far from flippant. There is a very serious purpose to this work of physical mediumship. Nothing less than a very serious attempt to bring enlightenment to mankind and to bring to peoples attention the existence of the vast unseen universe that we all graduate to after we have finished our short stay on earth. If only people could be told that they are accountable for every thought and action. What a transformation there would be.

After another five minute break, Boyrie started with the xylophone, sitting next to me. He played perfectly with the music playing on the tape recorder. When he had finished Raymond Lodge came and sat in the chair next to me. We talked for about thirty minutes about many subjects. He asked if I had anything that I wanted to ask him. Of course I had 10,000 questions, but I'm afraid I was suffering from shock or over excitement and my mind had gone blank. Raymond sensed this and started to talk about his large, happy family, while I settled down. After a while the question of flying saucers cropped up. I said, that I thought that they came from one of the million inhabited planets that the astronomers estimate to be in our physical Milky Way galaxy. He confirmed that this was correct. This is why they need a vehicle, and Etherian's do not need transport to move about. He pointed out that obviously, the people from other planets are much more advanced than us. This is why they do not make contact, as we are still not well enough developed to receive them. We would probably shoot them. (Next time I will ask how they are able to travel faster than the speed of light, 186,000 miles per second.) I asked on behalf of my millions of fellow sportsmen if sport was played. Raymond confirmed that every sport was indeed played with great enthusiasm. All those that do not involve killing animals. I pressed him on my favourite, cricket. I thought his answer was charming and also very exciting. He obviously sensed my deep love of cricket, and said that it was played in a different way in the etheric world. No animosity, rather like it used to be played on the village green, he said.

**"However, I will not go deeply into this Michael, as it will spoil the wonderful enjoyment of finding out when your time comes to join us."**

Raymond already knew my plan to bring one of the world's greatest nuclear physicists. He confirmed that this would be in order but insisted that when the scientist came a certain person should also be present. During this conversation Raymond said; **"Just a moment - somebody is approaching the house."** A key went into the front door and a relation of Barry and Pat's whose house we were in, went down the hall to the kitchen. The Etherian's have lookouts. How well everything is organised. Raymond, like Russell, also referred to the private conversation I had with Rita during the afternoon. He reminded us that it was Foxes (The Fox sisters in America) who first gave the clue to the unseen universe. Rita and I had talked about the plates on the wall with foxes. Raymond then got us from the chair and walked away.

Russell quickly came on the scene and said, **"Rolly Polly, we play golf here, but some golfers call it GOF. They knew they were in heaven because they leave the 'L' (hell) out."** Russell then said, very sincerely that he was going to come home with me down the motorway to make sure that I got home safely.

A number of very interesting things happened on that journey that only he and I would know about. I am certain that he will tell me the details the next time we meet. Helen then said that it had been a wonderful night and that I must bring my mother the next time I came. She said that my mother is a very wonderful woman who has had a hard life. She would be very welcome in the group. Helen then said that they must close now, but then suddenly, **No we have more time."**

Laura then came to me and sang another beautiful love song, holding my hands most of the time, sometimes stroking the back's of them. She also kept throwing her dress over my head and pulling it away so that my hair was pulled forward. All the time there was this delightful smell of hyacinths. I have never experienced such a feeling before in my life of overwhelming love. I will explain in my summing up. At the end of the song Helen said goodnight and Pat said goodnight to her son Michael. Michael had not taken part in the proceedings. Michael Jeffrey's then spoke to his mother with great affection, explaining that he did not take part this evening as he had been asked to stay in the background because it was to be a special night for Michael Roll. He then came across to me and said how welcome I was in the house. He said; **"You know Michael, this is the best house in the world, it's so full of love."** I thanked him very much for allowing me into his home. I was too overcome to say anymore or what I would have liked to have said. On this dramatic note of love, the Etherian's departed.

Rita came round from her trance and Barry lit the candle. I was completely overcome and did not completely recover for another 48 hours. If this experience has such a shattering effect on me, a person who has read psychic science all my life, what must it be like for an outsider? Needless to say that I could not eat the lovely food that Barry and Pat offered me, as if all this was not enough.

When Rita was driving me home to her house in another part of Leicester, the car cassette switched itself on, **"Oh, that's Russell, he's always doing that."** Said Rita. I borrowed that tape of Chopin, and played it all the way home to Bristol.

### **Thoughts after the state of shock wore off:**

*Perhaps shock is the wrong word. Excitement and happiness combined with the state of shock would be a better description. Not once was I nervous, because I had spent thirty years reading the subject on and off.*

*The physical phenomena demonstration was not done as a cabaret act. Raymond Lodge showed me that he could take a physical object, a drumstick, strikes it hard onto a physical table with loud bangs. (How my nuclear physicist friends are going to like this.) Then by altering the consistency of the physical atoms of the table, he pushed the drumstick through the table. It did not go effortlessly through and I have thought hard for an analogy. It was like a sharp knife going through soft polystyrene...*

*When Raymond was wearing the boots and coat, he also walked back and forwards through the table. Again the physical boots passed through the physical table. Again the consistency of the atoms must have been altered. I cannot wait to show my nuclear physicist colleagues. I take it Raymond was able to alter the consistency of physical atoms by using his mind. I feel I have let my scientific colleagues down by not being more scientific with my questions. I promise to try and rectify this if I am kindly invited again. However I would not be surprised if the Etherian's refused to answer certain questions. Maybe we are not sufficiently advanced to be allowed to receive the answers to every question.*

*When Raymond stood in front of me, striking himself all over with a physical drumstick, he opened his coat and thrust the stick into his heart; this time the stick did pass effortlessly through. The knife and polystyrene effect.*

*The other wonderful thing that happened was the fact that I fell desperately in love with Laura. The same sort of 'teenage love feeling' or the William Holden and Jennifer Jones type of love in the film 'Love is a many splendid thing'. Again, this was done to me for a purpose and not just for fun. I am aged forty five (at the time of writing) and until now have been scathing about this type of love. Insisting that it is purely sexual infatuation, specifically designed for our physical universe to perpetuate the species.*

*This experience made nonsense of this dogma. I have since found out that all the other men who have been to the circle have also had this wonderful feeling. Apart from my clown, there were many other objects round the room that have appeared at previous meetings. The Etherian's insist that they come from our physical universe and that they will not be missed. What a fascinating subject for the scientists.*

*I will finish with a warning to my fellow physical researchers. There are a number of us who have been trusted to protect our medium's wonderful gif. We will never allow her to be interfered with as happened to often in the past. The Etherian's are working very hard to perfect the communication. We must do nothing to obstruct this.*