



Notes from “Encounters With UFO Occupants”, Coral and Jim Lorenzen (1976)

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PART 1:

Chapter 9 “The Humanoids from South America”

(PART 2 notes will cover the chapter of the [Antonio Villas Boas](#) case from South America, Further notes from other chapters in this book will be posted in a second article.)

Brazil, 1953.....farmer Osta E Rosa, 3 beings seen, 2 outside craft...1 examined barb wire fence, another picked up hoe dropped in surprise and handed back to farmer, some plants uprooted, farmer given indication not to move closer to craft, they exit in craft rapidly when farmer offers an animal. Beings: medium height, broad shouldered, long blond hair, very pale skin, slanted eyes, clothing brown and fastened to shoes with no heels.

Two days after the above incident, and very close to the above incident, farmer Pedro Morais saw a

jeep hooded shape craft descend (previous farmer described shape of an explorer's hat) and human like figures enveloped in yellow colored sacks head to toe came out picking plants and trying to steal a chicken. Farmer stayed angry, they left fast.

Brazil, 1947....Brazilian surveyor Jose Higgins saw a huge 150 foot disc descend. 7 feet tall beings emerged and leapt about, threw stones about, etc and left. They were bald, had large round eyes, no eyebrows, transparent suits covering whole body.

Argentina, 1950.....witness Wilfredo Areva-Lago saw huge disc hovering low and saw thru transparent dome 4 tall well shaped men in cellophane suits, working on instruments

[A side note, p148-149: "We have so far seen a couple of general types of UFO occupants, and it is obvious that unconnected sources are seeing the same things. The bulk of the cases indicate a preponderance of small beings about 36 to 40 inches in height, but there is also another category of occupants ranging in size from about 4 1/2 feet to 5 feet. Still another is 'the giant' species, which is rare. The small hairy, animal-like beings with claws and hot tempers seem to be menial workers while the others are more docile and generally keep their distance, except on rare occasions"—my aside: I didn't include examples of the hairy dwarfs in the notes here]

Brazil 1954...witness Ruben Hellwig, while driving, saw a rugby football shaped craft the size of a VW car land and he stopped and approached craft. He saw two human like beings of average size, brownish faces and fair hair, one of them collecting specimens of grass. They spoke to him in an unfamiliar language but he understood them as requesting where to find ammonia. He told them in a nearby town and they leave, craft silently and instantly leaving as it emits blue and yellow colors. He encounters the same craft the next day, but with different beings: tall man with fair complexion and 2 women with light brown skin, long black hair, and large dark, slanted eyes. They noted Brazil's natural riches and said they were scientists. They also noted on Hellwig not running away from them, unlike so many others before.

Brazil, 1954...witness a railroad employee sees 3 small human shaped beings in tight fitting, luminous clothing and who are examining the ground around railroad tracks...when they spot the witness they enter oval shaped craft which rapidly ascends.

Argentina, 1957...unidentified motorist finds car engine suddenly dies as large disc (60 foot diameter) hovers 15 yards above highway. He runs and hides in a ditch beside the road. Disc descends to a few feet above ground with sound of air escaping from valve and he sees an elevator like device come out of base. A man (no features except for clothing given) wearing a tight fitting outfit like a wet suit comes out and politely asks him to leave ditch, rubbing witness on forehead with calming effect. Being takes man to inside craft with a few others also dressed in same way. On wall large square windows not evident on the outside. Then he is taken back outside, being puts hand on shoulder of the motorist, and craft departs. Craft said to be made of blue-green iridescent metal and ascended rapidly. Press accounts share reports also of several sightings of similar looking craft in the area over the next hour.

Brazil, 1957...two farmers, Joao Ernani and Pedro Zilli came across 2 discs several hundred feet away, hovering a feet above the ground, and "six medium sized men of slim build with a tight-fitting, dark-gray suits were returning to the craft". When these two craft, 10 feet in diameter, rose with a "sharp whistling sound", it bent palm trees, and was joined by 3 other craft rising from behind the trees. The 5 discs headed out over the south Atlantic Ocean.

Argentina, 1958....A motorist, Remo Dall's Armellina, traveling pre dawn saw a "brilliance" behind a hill on the road ahead. It was not the expected approaching car but a "strange individual...taller than normal [and] wearing strange clothing". The light came from what appeared to be small metallic like balls covering him head to toe. The motorist stopped after seeing this being raise its arm to signal. And, then he got out of his car with a crowbar and was quickly stopped when the emitted white light changed to a rose color. He felt dizzy as if under the influence of a narcotic. He fell to the ground, and lost consciousness. Awakening later, he was alone and went to the police station where doctors found him still in a nervous condition.

El Salvador, 1958....an American technician working on a dike construction project, Julio Marino Madeleto, was on the highway in a rain storm near midnight when his car got disabled by a gas can wedging underneath it. He got out and worked on dislodging the can when he saw by his headlights a 40 foot diameter bell shaped craft land a 100 feet away. "He then noticed a human figure about 6 and a half tall and dressed in a blue outfit gently strike the [rim of the disc] from time to time with a metallic object." This figure seemed to suddenly disappear and the witness then saw the craft began to leave, with phases of light brightening [on top] and buzzing sounds and oscillating and tilting on axis, etc described as happening prior to its rapid vertical ascent. The witness checked the landing trace signs and found footprints filled with rain that were deeper than his, suggesting being had heavier weight.

Brazil, 1960....on a late spring night a high number of ufo sighting reports were made in a 5 state area of northeast Brazil. One report included sightings of occupants seen by farmer Raimundo dos Santos near two landed discs on the beach. They were described as "several small, pale-looking human-like entities".

Argentina, 1962....a husband and wife see "two robot-like creatures" near a landed disc-like object. The wife needed treatment for shock at a hospital. Argentine Air Force officials later investigating site observed an 18 feet-in-diameter scorched circle.

Brazil, 1963.....truck driver Eugenio Douglas drove into a roadside ditch after being blinded by a light. He climbed out of his truck to see a 30 foot oval object blocking the road. He reported seeing 3 huge (14 to 16 feet, he estimated) beings wearing snug outfits and helmets with snailhorn-like antenna. Douglas called these beings "robots". He fired at them, prompting them to return to the craft. The craft pursued him briefly, firing some ray at him that caused a burning and prickling sensation with the heat he felt when he first was blinded by the light. Next day, investigators reportedly found 18 inch footprints {"despite heavy rainfall"} and that the wiring in his truck had been fried.

Argentina, 1963.....three railroad employees on a train in transit saw a being on the tracks walking towards the train in motion. Approximate height 7 feet, wearing a one piece red outfit, the being appeared very human looking with pale skin and long hair. He appearance was like that of a "young boy". He had his hands extended and, when the train was almost upon him, he disappeared "upward as if sucked by a whirlwind" (Lorenzen quoting newspaper account).

Argentina, 1963.....down the tracks in a town, where the above train was in transit towards, Justo Masin and his son were eating in their garden and saw the same described in above report individual descending. The newspaper account, writes Lorenzen, did not cite the dates (or what happened after being landed) in their reportage of this event and the incident preceding it and described in the previous note.

Argentina, 1963....several more incidents are reported near railroad tracks in October.

Argentina, 1965.....Ramon Eduardo Pereyra was driving during the daytime when he saw a "parachute-like object drifting down from the sky into some trees. Upon investigation, Pereyra saw a chrome-colored egg-shaped craft standing on metal legs." He saw "a blond young man" standing beside the craft. This individual was described as dressed in a "plastic diver's suit", wearing small boots, and as having "a briefcase-like object attached to his leg". The witness peeked in a porthole of this craft (noted to have a transparent top), saw a second person sitting at a panel. At this time, the witness is noticed by the being standing outside, who with angry expression ignores the witness attempts to talk and enters the craft which then departs, rising to a 100 feet and then at level path departs rapidly.

Uruguay, 1965...Five people traveling in a car late at night stalled after a "leaden-colored object" landed on the road. The object radiated white, red, green and yellow lights in sequence, repeated after a brief dimming lull. Three passengers fainted while the other two, frozen in fear, watched "three human-like beings moving about." The craft departed rapidly with reddish-yellow "flame" and a loud humming noise.

Argentina, 1965....from the home of Eduardo Lujan Yacobi, a "luminous oval in the sky" was seen (and later reported by other witnesses). It landed within several hundred feet of Yacobi's home and "several humanoid figures were seen moving about.

Peru, 1965.....Three people ("engineer Alberto Ugarte, his wife, and Elwin Voter") were visiting Inca ruins outside Cuzco when a five foot in diameter disc shaped object landed on a terrace of the Inca stone fortress and the entities who emerged were "small beings of strange shape and dazzling brightness". When the beings noticed the witnesses, they returned to their craft and left rapidly.

Peru, 1965....a witness, preferring anonymity, saw an oval-shaped object land at the private airstrip of a large estate and a then "a tiny man (about 34 inches high) with a head about the size of a human's" emerge from the craft.

The reportedly made some sort of gestures to the witness and then re-entered the craft "which vanished".

Brazil, 1965....a five foot in diameter disc with a "stronge hum" landed near a farmer (Antonio Pau Ferro) as he worked in a maize field early one morning. The craft then "ascended to about a feet from the ground, leaving two small man-like creatures (less than 3 feet tall) on the ground. They were well-proportioned, beardless, had smooth reddish-brown complexions and wore tight-fitting one-piece garments". Antonio "clung to a tree in terror as the little men approached him, chattering to each other in an unintelligible language". But, they don't bother him, instead examining tomato plants and picking one before getting back in the craft which then "took off vertically with a high-pitched hum. Antonio went to a doctor who noted that he shook while relating his story. There were no other eye witnesses BUT there were ear witness to the humming sound.

Peru, 1965..."two 32-inch beings" were witnessed by the military officer (Lieutenant Sebastian Manche) in charge of the town, walking on the snowy grounds near a lake in the Andes. Many nearby residents, that same night, reported seeing 2 UFOs above the town for about 2 hours.

Peru, 1965....a shepherdess reports seeing a half dozen small beings emerging from a landed craft (said to be just shy of 3 feet). When apparently communicating with each other, she described it as sounding “like the cackling of geese”. The beings were “dressed in white clothing which emitted intermittent flashes of light”. The witness fled. Marks were later found on the ground which “consisted of a liquid resembling oil”.

[A side note, p157: “When the concentrated UFO activity of 1967 began, researchers expected to obtain more cases of humanoids associated with the UFOs, and they did. It almost seemed a repetition of the phenomenal wave of 1954, as certain areas were revisited; Venezuela in particular.”]

Venezuela, 1967....two young men at their apartment (Ricardo Hurtado and Antonio Piedra) reported hearing at night “a strange noise ‘like horses galloping’ in the kitchen and when they entered the room to investigate they saw two small beings leaving hurriedly.” They weren’t able to make out features clearly due to darkness but because of the late hour, they ruled out children.

Venezuela, 1967....a Marine PFC (Estaban D. Cova) was going off duty at a airport hangar and when leaving the building encountered a “small being about 3 feet tall and covered with a sort of hairy or wiry material” and with the appearance of a very large head and bulging eyes. The being made deep whistling sounds (the Marine reports the being spoke to him, asking for his company) which the Marine “associated with a prickling feeling throughout his body”. The Marine fainted and when waking up reported to his Commander (who reportedly later told investigators that the Marine’s distress made him credible).

Brazil, 1967....16 year old boy (Fabio Jose Diniz) was walking home “when he encountered a landed half-sphere-shaped object of about 70 feet in diameter on a football field...”. The boy would also later describe these details (which he reported to police later due to something worrisome beings said to him): craft was brown, had a line of small windows running along it, had a black cylindrical support. He saw two beings near the object who were “over 6 feet tall”, “dressed in green clothing similar to that of a diver’s underwater suit”, “had wide-spaced and round eyes” with “eyebrows...triangular in shape and very thick”. The request spoken to the boy, which frightened him: “Do not run—come back!” and “Be here tomorrow at this same hour or we shall take your family with us.” A Brazilian UFO investigator was also not dismissive of the boy’s claim after several interviews with him.

Brazil, 1967....a tenant farmer and his wife (Inacio and Maria de Souza) had arrived in the late afternoon at their home from an outing when “they immediately saw a ‘strange, basin-shaped object’ of approximately 115 feet in width resting on the [wealthy owner’s airstrip]”. They saw between the craft and them three beings, to Inacio eyes’ appearing naked and hairless, to Maria, it seemed like they “were dressed in tight-fitting yellow jersey suits”.

Their behavior was described as “playing about like children”. The beings noticed the couple and began running towards them. Unfortunately, after Inacio had Maria go into the house, he began to fire at them with his rifle. As he started doing so, the craft suddenly emitted “a jet of green-colored light” which struck Inacio “full in the chest, knocking him to the ground”. Maria rushed to his aid as the three beings were rushing back to their craft, which “lifted straight up off the ground making a sound like the swarming of bees and was shortly lost to sight”. The owner of the land arrived by plane 3 days later and found Inacio very ill and thus took

him to the doctor. There were burns on his torso and blood work revealed “malignant alterations in the blood”. Ignacio died two months later with everyone suspecting radiation poisoning.

Brazil, 1969....many residents of a city witnessed early one morning a “parachute or basin-shaped object giving off a blue light”. The shouting of witnesses woke up “nineteen-year-old Tiago Machado, a fruit peddler, who lived with his family”. After looking out and seeing the object, he dressed and ran to a site and got two security guards to accompany him, by going by slightly different routes to the apparent location. “Tiago reached the location first and stopped at about 10 yards from the object which now gave the appearance of an aluminum disc. A lid opened on the upper part of the disc and there emerged two smallish men of about 3 and a half feet in height. Two others could be seen inside the glass-enclosed ‘cabin. They appeared to ‘fly down from the opening to the ground. Tiago later described them as wearing silvery-colored clothing, including gloves and boots, and through the helmets their faces appeared to have a yellowish tinge, their noses ‘squashed at the ends. A tube projecting down from the area of the cabin seemed to newsletter hoarse, guttural sounds were coming from. Tiago could not understand the sounds they made.”

Their behavior and interaction gets interesting as the report continues:

“The creatures seemed to be afraid of the binoculars which he had around his neck so he took them off and laid them on the ground and then put them on again, which seemed to reassure them. Being nervous, Tiago then lit a cigarette and proceeded to smoke. The creatures began to laugh, apparently very amused, so Tiago took the pack and laid it on the ground, pushing it toward the creatures with his foot. One of them extended his hand above the cigarette pack and it rose up into the air to his palm. He then made a quick motion toward his body and the pack disappeared.”

The Lorenzens report that “the little men seemed to try to converse with Tiago by using sign language and Tiago responded in likewise manner. The two raised their arms and made the outline of a sphere in the air, then indicated a motion which seemed to Tiago to denote a craft falling or drifting to the ground”.

All this reportedly took place within just a few minutes and when the beings heard the shouts of approaching people, they reenter the craft, with the last one doing so pointing a “pipe-shaped contraption at Tiago” and after the being turned a handle a “bluish-red ray [flashed] at the boy’s legs and he fell to the ground.” The people approaching this saw this and then the craft departing. (Before doing so, it was noted as resting on tripod landing gear with the rim of the craft turning all the while.)

The Lorenzens make a final comparative note, on page 162:

“One additional detail which should be mentioned is that when the creatures laughed, Tiago noted their teeth were dark. As our translator..pointed out, we should note the similarities of the creatures in this incident as well as their apparent ability to fly, to the French Cussed Plateau case which is described in the chapter titled, ‘Floating, Flying Ufonauts”.

An end of chapter summary, pages 167-168:

“Even a cursory examination of the cases presented here indicates the presence of definite correlations: the ‘diminutives’—with dark or light skin; the nearly human-sized (average) about 4 and 1/2 to 5 feet in height—with dark or light skin and blond hair; the giants, the six-footers.”

And:

“...Some landings indicate a concern for possible malfunction of the craft on the part of the operators. Others indicate a curiosity or concern about plant life on earth”

PART 2:

Chapter 5, Report on the Villas-Boas Incident, pgs 61-87

The Lorenzens brought this case first to an American audience in a 1962 book, 5 years after the incident and the quick reporting of it. The case introduced a shocking storyline or element to the familiar encounter case histories, and while today we can glimpse more clearly the genetics and reproduction projects of various alien species, this aspect stretched the capacity of early researchers to grant credibility to a tale like the one a farmer, later a lawyer, would share in 1957.

The bulk of the chapter is a translation of the deposition Villas-Boas gave to a journalist in early 1958, a few months after the October 1957 incident:



DEPOSITION BY ANTONIO VILLAS BOAS.

This deposition was given in Dr Fontes' consulting room on the afternoon of February 22, 1958, in the presence of a witness, the journalist Joao Martins.

'My name is Antonio Villas Boss. I am 23 years old and a farmer by profession. I live with my family on a farm which we own, near the town of Francisco de Sales, in the state of Minas Gerais, close to the border with the state of Sao Paulo.

'I have two brothers and three sisters, all of whom live in the same neighbourhood (there were two more, but they have died). I am the youngest son but one. We men all work on the farm, where we have many fields and plantations under cultivation; we also own a petrol-driven tractor ("International") for ploughing. When the time comes round for cultivation we work the tractor in two shifts; during the day the work is done by two labourers whom we hire for the job. At night it is usually I who do it, working alone (so then I sleep during the day), or at times I work with one of

my brothers. I am single, and in good health.

'I work hard, and I am also taking a correspondence course, studying whenever I can. It was a sacrifice for me to come to Rio, for I should not have left the farm where I am badly needed. But I felt it was my duty to come here and relate the strange happenings in which I have been involved, and I am ready to comply with

[A note on the translation] A man to whom I recently read out part of my translation of Antonio's story remarked that it sounded altogether too 'literary' and too technical for a statement by a Brazilian farmer of the Interior. On analysing his objections, it dawned on me that this was not at all due to my translation, which is a very close one, but simply to the fact that Portuguese is a Latin language. It is a fact that quite frequently in English we have a Saxon word and a Latin word for the same concept, and that of the two the Latin one is more 'literary'. This is natural, given the Germanic basis of our language. Seen from this angle, it often happens that the languages of the Latin family strike Anglo-Saxon hearers as unnaturally 'literary'. But In fact the vocabulary of Antonio is entirely right and in keeping with what one would expect in a man in his position in life, although he has only had primary school education. Antonio belongs entirely to the white, European civilization of Brazil. From his photograph it is obvious that he is a 'Caboclo' and has some Indian blood in his veins, like so many Brazilians. But his pattern of thinking and cultural background are totally European.[End of Note]

whatever you gentlemen may deem best, including making a declaration before the civil or military authorities. I would however like to return home as speedily as possible, for I am very worried about the situation in which I left the farm.

'It all began on the night of October 5, 1957. There had been a party there at our house and we had gone to bed later than usual, at 11 o'clock. I was in my room with my brother Joao Villas Boas. Because of the heat, I decided to open the shutters of the window, which looked out on to the yard of the farm, Then I saw, right in the middle of the yard, a silvery fluorescent reflection, brighter than moonlight, lighting up the whole ground. It was a very white light, and I don't know where it came from. It was as though it came from high up above, like the light of a car head-lamp shining downwards spreading its light all around. But in the sky there was nothing to be seen from which the light could be coming. I decided to call my brother, and showed it to him, but he is a very unbelieving person, and said it was better that we go to sleep.

Then I closed the shutters, and we both lay down to sleep. But some time later, being unable to overcome my curiosity, I opened the shutters again. The light was still there, in the same place. I continued to watch. Then, suddenly, it started to move slowly towards my window. Quickly I closed the shutters—so quickly indeed that it made a loud noise and awoke my brother who was already asleep. Together in the darkness of our room we watched the light penetrating through the little slats of the shutters and then moving towards the roof and shining down between the tiles! There it finally went out, and did not return.

'The second episode occurred on the night of October 14. It must have been between 9.30 and 10 p.m., though I cannot guarantee this as I had no watch on me. I was working the tractor, ploughing a field, along with my other brother. Suddenly we saw a very bright light—so bright that it hurt the eyes—stationary at the northern end of the field. When we saw it, it was already there and was big

and round, approximately the size of a cart wheel. It seemed to be at a height of about 100 metres and was of a light red colour, illuminating a large area of the ground. There must have been some object inside the light, but I cannot positively affirm this, since the light was much too strong for me to be able to see anything else. I called to my brother to go over there with me and see what it was. He did not want to, so I went alone. When I got near the thing, it suddenly moved and, with enormous speed, shifted to the southern end of the field, where it stopped again. I went after it again, and the same manoeuvre was repeated; this time it went back to where it had been at the start. I went on trying, and the same manoeuvre was repeated twenty times. By then I was tired, so I stopped following it and went back and joined my brother. The light remained stationary in the distance for a few minutes longer. From time to time it seemed to give out rays in all directions, with flashes like the setting sun. Then the light suddenly vanished, just as though it had been turned out. I am not certain if this is what actually happened, for I cannot recall whether I kept looking in that direction all the time. I may have looked away in another direction for a few moments, and it may have climbed rapidly and disappeared before I looked over there again.

‘On the following day, which was October 15, I was alone, ploughing with the tractor at the same place. It was a cold night and the sky very clear, with many stars. At precisely 1 o’clock a.m., I suddenly saw a red star in the sky. It really looked like one of those big, brightly shining stars. But it wasn’t, as I soon discovered, for it rapidly began to grow larger, as though coming in my direction. In a few moments it had grown into a very luminous, egg-shaped object, flying towards me at a terrific speed. It was moving so fast that it was above the tractor before I had time to think what I should do. There this object then suddenly halted and it descended till it was perhaps 50 metres or so above my head, lighting up the tractor and all the ground around, as though it were daylight, with a pale red glare so powerful that my tractor lights, which were on, were completely swamped by it. ‘I was terrified, for I had no idea what it was. I thought of making my escape on the tractor but I saw that with the low speed it could develop, my chances of success would be slight, given the high speed shown by the object which meanwhile was still stationary there in the air. I also thought of jumping down and escaping on foot. But the soft earth, turned up by the plough-blades, would have been a difficult obstacle in the dark. It would have been difficult for me to run with my legs sinking knee-deep into that treacherous soil, and if I put a foot in a hole I might even break a leg. For perhaps about two minutes I remained in this agonised state, not knowing what to do. But then the luminous object moved forward, and stopped again at a distance of some 10 or 15 metres in front of the tractor. Then it began to drop towards the ground very slowly. It came nearer and nearer, and I was able now to see for the first time that it was a strange machine, rather rounded in shape, and surrounded by little purplish lights, and with an enormous red headlight in front from which all the light had been coming that I had seen when it was higher up in the sky, and, that had prevented me from making out any other details.

‘I could see the shape of the machine clearly, which was like a large elongated egg with three metal spurs in front (one in the middle and one on each side). They were three metal shafts, thick at the bases and pointed at the tips. I could not distinguish their colour, for they were enveloped by a powerful reddish phosphorescence (or fluorescent light, like that of a luminous sign) of the same shade as the front headlight. On the upper part of the machine there was something which was revolving at great speed and also giving off a powerful fluorescent reddish light. At the moment when the machine reduced speed to land, this light changed to a greenish colour, which

corresponded— such was my impression—to a diminution in the speed of rotation of that revolving part, which at this point seemed to be taking on the shape of a round dish or a flattened cupola. (The shape of it could not be made out before.) I cannot say whether this was the actual shape of that revolving part on top of the machine, or whether this was simply the impression given by its movement, for at no moment did it ever stop moving, not even later, when the craft was on the ground.

‘Naturally the majority of the details that I am describing now were only observed by me later. In that first moment, I was too nervous and agitated to see much. So much so, that, when I saw three metal supports (forming a tripod) emerge beneath the machine when it was at only a few metres from the ground, I totally lost the little self-control that I had left. Those metal legs were obviously meant to take the weight of the craft when it touched the ground on landing. I did not manage to see this actually happen, for I started up the tractor (its engine had still been running all this time) and shifted it round to one side, trying to open out a route of escape. But I had only travelled a few metres when the engine suddenly died and, simultaneously, the tractor lights went out. I am unable to explain how this happened, for the starting-key was in and the lights were on. I tried to get the engine to start again, but the starter was isolated and gave no sign of life. Then I opened the tractor door on the opposite side from where the machine was, and jumped down to the ground and started to run. But it seems I had lost precious time trying to get the tractor started, for I had only run a few steps when somebody grabbed one of my arms.

‘My pursuer was a short individual (reaching to my shoulder) and dressed in strange clothing. In my desperation I swung round sharply and gave him a hefty push which threw him off balance. This forced him to let go of me and he fell on his back to the ground about 2 metres away from me. I tried to use the advantage gained to continue my flight, but I was promptly attacked simultaneously by three other individuals from the sides and the rear. They grabbed me by the arms and legs and lifted me off the ground, thus robbing me of any possibility of defence. I could only struggle and twist, but their grip on me was firm and they did not let go. I started to yell loudly for help, and to curse them, demanding to be released. I noticed that as they were dragging me towards the machine my speech seemed to arouse their surprise or curiosity, for they stopped and peered attentively at my face every time I spoke, though without loosening their firm grip on me. This relieved me a little as to their intentions, but I still did not stop struggling.

‘In this manner they carried me towards their machine, which was standing at a height of about 2 metres above the ground, on the three metal supports which I have already mentioned. There was an open door in the rear half of the craft. This door opened out from top to bottom, forming as it were a bridge, at the end of which a metal ladder was fixed, made of the same silvery metal that was on the walls of the machine. This ladder was unrolled to the ground. I was hoisted up on to it, a job that was not easy for them. The ladder was narrow, hardly giving enough room for two persons side by side. Furthermore, it was moveable and flexible, swinging from side to side with my efforts to free myself. There was also a round metal rail on each side of the ladder, of perhaps the thickness of a broomstick, for aid in mounting. I grabbed on to it several times, trying to stop them from hauling me up, and this made them keep stopping in order to unclasp my hands. This rail was flexible too (I had the impression later, when coming down the ladder, that the rail was not of one piece but made

of small pieces of metal linked together).

‘Once inside the machine, I saw that we had entered a small square room. Its polished metal walls glittered with the reflections of the fluorescent light coming from the metal ceiling and given off by lots of small square lamps set in the metal of the ceiling and running all round the edge of it, near the tops of the walls. I could not count how many of these lamps there were, for they now lowered my feet to the floor, and the outer door came up and closed, with the ladder rolled up and fastened to it. The lighting was so good that it seemed like daylight. But, even in that fluorescent white light, it was impossible to make out any longer where the outer door had been, for in closing, it seemed to have turned into part of the wall. I could only tell where it had been because of the metal ladder attached to the wall. I was unable to observe further details because one of the men—they were five in all—signed to me with his hand to go towards another room that could be glimpsed through an open door on the side opposite to the outer entrance. I do not know whether this second door was already open when I entered the craft, for I had not looked in that direction till then. I decided to obey him, for the men were still holding me tightly and I was now shut in there with them and had no other choice.

‘We left the little room, in which I saw no furniture or instruments, and entered a much larger one, semi-oval in shape, and in the same manner as the other compartment and with the same silvery polished metal walls. I believe that this room was in the centre of the machine for, in the middle of the room, there was a metal column running from ceiling to floor, wide at the top and bottom and quite a bit narrower in the middle. It was round and seemed solid. I do not believe it was there only for decoration; it must have served to support the weight of the ceiling. The only furniture that I could see was a strangely shaped table that stood on one side of the room, surrounded by several backless swivel-chairs (like the round stools used in bars). They were all made of the same white metal. The table and also the stools all tapered off, down below, into one single leg which—in the case of the table—was fixed to the floor, or linked to a moveable ring held fast by three supports that stuck out on each side and were set into the floor (this latter was the case with the stools, permitting those who sat on them to turn in any direction).

‘For what seemed an interminable period I remained standing in that room, still gripped by the arms (by two men), while those strange people watched me and talked about me. I say “talked” only as a way of putting it, for in truth what I was hearing bore no resemblance whatever to human speech. It was a series of barks, slightly resembling the sounds made by a dog. This resemblance was very slight, but it is the only one I can give in an attempt to describe those sounds which were so totally different from anything that I have ever heard till now. They were slow barks and yelps, neither very clear nor very hoarse, some longer, some shorter, at times containing several different sounds all at once, and at other times ending in a quaver. But they were simply sounds, animal barks, and nothing could be distinguished that could be taken as the sound of a syllable or a word in a foreign language. Not a thing! To me it all sounded alike, so that I am unable to retain a word of it. I can’t explain how it is that those folk could understand each other in that way. I still shudder when I think of those sounds. I can’t reproduce them for you gentlemen to hear. . . my voice just isn’t made for that.

‘When the barking stopped, it seemed that they had settled everything, for they grabbed me again—the five of them—and started forcibly undressing me. Again we struggled. I resisting and trying to make it as hard as possible for them. I protested and yelled and swore. They obviously could not

understand me, but stopped and looked at me as though trying to make me understand that they were polite people. Besides, although using force, they never at any moment hurt me badly, and they did not even tear my clothes—except perhaps my shirt (which was already torn before), so that I cannot be certain on that point.

‘Finally, they had me totally naked, and I was again worried to death, not knowing what would happen next. Then one of the men approached me with something in his hand. It seemed to be a sort of wet sponge, and with it he began to spread a liquid all over my skin. It could not have been one of those rubber sponges, for it was far softer. The liquid was as clear as water, but quite thick, and without smell. I thought it was some sort of oil, but was wrong, for my skin did not become greasy or oily. They spread this liquid all over my body. I was cold, for the night temperature (outside) was already cold, and it was markedly colder still inside those two rooms in the machine. When they undressed me I began to shiver, and now there was this liquid to make matters worse. But it seems that it dried quickly, and in the end I did not feel much difference.

‘I was then led by three of the men towards a closed door that was on the ‘side opposite to where we had come in. Making signs with their hands that I should accompany them, and barking to each other from time to time, they moved in that direction with me in the middle. The man in front pushed something in the middle of the door (I couldn’t see what it was, maybe a handle or a button which made it open inwards, in two halves, like a barroom door). When closed, this door ran from the ceiling to the floor, and, on the top part of it, it bore a sort of luminous inscription—or something similar—traced out in red symbols which, owing to an effect of the light, seemed to stand out about 2 inches in front of the metal of the door. This inscription was the only thing of its kind that I saw in the machine. The signs were scrawls completely different from what we know as lettering. I tried to memorise their shapes, and that was what I sketched down in the letter that I sent to Senhor Joao Martins. At the present time I no longer remember how they looked.

‘But, returning to the events, the door in question led into a smaller room, squarish, and lit in the same way as the others. After we had entered (I and two of the men) the door closed again behind us. I glanced back then, and saw something that I don’t know how to explain. There was no door at all there anymore. All that could be seen was a wall like the other walls. I do not know how that was done. Unless, when the door closed, some sort of screen came down that hid it from view. I could not understand it. What is certain is that shortly afterwards the wall opened, and it was a door again; I saw no screen.

‘This time two more men came in, carrying in their hands two pretty thick red rubber tubes each over a metre long. I cannot say whether there was anything inside them, but I do know that they were hollow. One of these tubes was fixed at one of its ends to a chalice-shaped glass flask. The other end of the tube had a nozzle, shaped like a cupping-glass which was applied to the skin of my chin, here, where you can see this dark mark which has remained as a scar. Before that, however, the man who was doing the job squeezed the tube with his hands, as though driving the air out of it. I felt no pain or prickling at the time—merely the sensation that my skin was being sucked in or drawn in. But later the spot began to burn and itch (and subsequently I discovered that the skin had been torn and grazed). The rubber tube having been applied to me, I saw my blood slowly entering the chalice, till it was half full. Then the thing was stopped and the tube withdrawn, and replaced by

the other tube which was in reserve. Then I was bled once again on the chin, from this other side, here where you gentlemen can see this other dark mark like the first one. This time the chalice was filled to the brim and then the cupping-glass was withdrawn. The skin was grazed at this place too, burning and itching just as on the other side. Then the men went out, the door closed behind them, and I was left alone.

‘I was left there for a long time, perhaps over half an hour. The room was empty, except only for a large couch in the middle of it—a sort of bed maybe, but without headboard or rim, and a bit uncomfortable for lying on, being very high in the middle, where there was quite a hump. But it was soft, as though made of foam rubber, and was covered with a thick grey material, also soft.

‘I sat down on it, as I was tired after such a struggle and so much emotion. It was then that I noticed a strange smell and began to feel sick. It was as though I was breathing a thick smoke that was suffocating me, and it gave the effect of painted cloth burning. Perhaps that is what it really was, for examining the walls, I now noticed for the first time the existence of a number of small metallic tubes sticking out on a level with my head, with closed ends but pricked full of holes (as in a shower-bath), from which was coming a grey smoke that dissolved in the air. This smoke was the cause of the smell. I cannot say whether the ‘smoke’ was already coming out when the men were taking the blood from me in the other room, as I had not noticed it before. Perhaps, with the door being opened and closed, the air had been circulating better in there and so gave me no reason to notice anything. But now, at any rate, I did not feel well and the nausea increased so much that I ended up by vomiting. When the desire to do so came upon me, I ran over to a corner of the room, where I was violently sick and brought up everything. After that, the difficulty in breathing left me, but I was still rather nauseated from the smell of that smoke. After that I was very dispirited, waiting there for something to happen.

‘I must explain that, up to this time I still had not the slightest idea of the physical appearance or the features of those strange men. All five were dressed in very tight-fitting overalls made of a thick but soft cloth, grey in colour, with black bands here and there. This garment went right up to the neck, where it joined a sort of helmet made of a material (I don’t know what it was) of the same colour, which seemed stiffer and was reinforced at the back and in front by strips of thin metal, one of them being triangular and on a level with the nose. These helmets hid everything, leaving visible only the eyes of the people—through two round windows similar to the lenses used in spectacles. Through these windows the men gazed at me with their eyes, which appeared quite a bit smaller than ours—but I think this was an effect produced by the windows. They all had light-coloured eyes, which appeared to me to be blue, but I cannot guarantee this. Above the eyes, the height of their helmets must have corresponded to double the size of a normal head. It is probable that there was something else as well in the helmets, on top of the heads, but nothing could be seen from the outside. But on the top, from the centre of the head, three round silvery tubes emerged (I cannot say whether they were made of rubber or were metallic) which were a little thinner than a garden hose-pipe. These tubes, one in the centre and one on each side, were smooth and they ran backwards and downwards, curving in towards the ribs. There they entered the clothing, into which they were fitted in a way that I don’t know how to explain. The one in the centre entered on the line of the spine. The other two were fixed in, one on each side, below the shoulders, at a point about 4 inches below the armpits—almost at the sides, ‘where the ribs start. I noticed nothing, no protuberance or lump that would indicate that these tubes were connected to some box or instrument hidden under the

clothing.

‘The sleeves of the overalls were long and tight-fitting, running as far as the wrists, where they were continued by thick gloves of the same colour, with five fingers, which must have hindered somewhat their hand-movements, I observed in this connection that the men could not bend the fingers completely to the extent of touching their palms with the tips of their fingers. This difficulty however did not prevent them from gripping me firmly, nor from deftly handling the rubber tubes for extracting my blood.

‘The clothing must have been a sort of uniform, for all the members of the crew wore, at breast level, a sort of round red shield of the size of a slice of pineapple, which from time to time gave off luminous reflections. There were no lights from the shields themselves, but reflections like those of the pieces of red glass that are above the rear-lights of automobiles, which reflect the headlights of another car just as though they contained lights themselves. From this shield on the centre of the breast came a strip of silvery cloth (or laminated metal) which joined on to a broad tight fitting claspless belt, the colour of which I do not remember. No pockets were visible on any of the overalls, nor did I see any buttons.

‘The trousers were also tight-fitting over the seat, thighs, and legs, without any visible wrinkle or crease in the cloth. There was no clear separation at the ankle, between trousers and shoes, which were a continuation of each other, being part of one whole.’ The soles of the feet however had a detail different from ours. They were very thick, 2 or 3 inches thick, and quite turned up (or arched up) in front—so that the ends of the shoes, which looked like tennis-shoes, were quite curved up in front—but without ending in a point like the shoes in the history books of olden times. From what I saw afterwards, those shoes must have been a lot bigger than the feet inside them. Despite this, the men’s gait was quite free and easy and they were quite nimble in their movements. Nevertheless that completely closed overall no doubt did perhaps interfere somewhat in their movements for they were always a bit stiff in their walk.

‘They were all of the same height as myself (perhaps a bit shorter in view of the helmets)—except for just one of them, namely the one who had first caught hold of me outside. This one didn’t come up to my chin. They all seemed to be strong, but not so strong that I should have been afraid of being beaten by them had I fought them one at a time. I think that in the open I could have faced any one of them on equal terms.

‘But this had no bearing on the situation in which I now found myself...

‘After an immense interval, a noise at the door made me jump up with a start. I turned in that direction and had a tremendous surprise. The door was open and a woman was entering, walking in my direction. She came slowly, unhurriedly, perhaps amused at the surprise that must have been written on my face. I was flabbergasted, and not without good reason. The woman was stark naked, as naked as I was, and barefoot too.

‘Moreover she was beautiful, though of a different type from the women I had known. Her hair was fair, almost white (like hair bleached with peroxide), smooth, not very abundant, reaching to half way down her neck and with the ends curling inwards; and parted in the centre. Her eyes were large and blue, more elongated than round, being slanted outwards (like the slit eyes of those girls who

make themselves up fancifully to look like Arabian princesses; that is how they were, with the difference that here the thing was natural for there was no make-up whatever). Her nose was straight, without being pointed, nor turned up, nor too big. What was different was the contour of her face, for the cheekbones were very high, making the face very 'wide (much wider than in the South American Indian women). But then, immediately below, the face narrowed very sharply, terminating in a pointed chin. This feature gave the lower half of her face a quite triangular shape. Her lips were 'very thin, hardly visible. Her ears (which I saw later) were small and appeared no different from those of the women I know. The high cheeks gave the impression that there was a projecting bone underneath, but, as I saw later, they were soft and fleshy to the touch, and there was no sensation of bone.

'Her body was much more beautiful than that of any woman I have ever known before. It was slim, with high and well-separated breasts, thin waist and small stomach, wide hips and large thighs. Her feet were small, her hands long and narrow, and her fingers and nails were normal. She was quite a lot shorter than I, her head reaching up to my shoulder.

'This woman came towards me silently, looking at me with the expression of someone wanting something, and she embraced me suddenly and began to rub her head from side to side against my face. At the same time I felt her body all glued to mine and also making movements. Her skin was white (like that of the blonde women here) and, on the arms, was covered with freckles. I smelt no perfume on her skin or her hair, apart from the feminine odour.

'The door was closed again. Alone there, with that woman embracing me and giving me clearly to understand what she wanted, I began to get excited. . . . This seems incredible in the situation in which I found myself. I think that the liquid that they had rubbed on to my skin was the cause of this. They must have done it purposely. All I know is that I became uncontrollably excited, sexually, a thing that had never happened to me before. I ended up by forgetting everything, and I caught hold of the woman, responded to her caresses with other and greater caresses . . . It was a normal act, and she behaved just as any woman would, as she did yet again, after more caresses. Finally, she was tired and breathing rapidly. I was still keen, but she was now refusing, trying to escape, to avoid me, to finish with it all. 'When I noticed this, I cooled off too. That was what they wanted of me—a good stallion to improve their own stock. In the final count that was all it was. I was angry, but then I resolved to pay no importance to it. For anyway, I had spent some agreeable moments. Obviously I would not exchange our women for her. I like a woman with whom you can talk and converse and make yourself understood, which wasn't the case here. Furthermore, some of the grunts that I heard coming from that woman's mouth at certain moments nearly spoilt everything, giving the disagreeable impression that I was with an animal.

'One thing that I noticed was that she never kissed me even once. At a certain moment I recall that she opened her mouth as though she were going to do so, but it ended up with a gentle bite on my chin, which shows that it was not a kiss.

'Another thing that I noted was that her hair in the armpits and in another place was very red, almost the colour of blood. Shortly after we had separated, the door opened. One of the men appeared on the threshold and called the woman. Then she went out. But, before going out, she turned to me, pointed, at her belly and then pointed towards me and with a smile (or something like

it), she finally pointed towards the sky—I think it was in the direction of the south. Then she went out... I interpreted this gesture as a warning that she was going to return to take me away with her to wherever she lived. Because of this, I am still frightened even today. If they come back to catch me again, then I'm lost. I don't want to be parted from my own folk and my land, not on any account,

'Then the man entered, with my clothes over his arm. He gestured to me to get dressed, and I obeyed in silence. All my things were there in my pockets except for the one item that was missing—my "Homero" brand lighter. I don't know whether it was taken by them or fell out during the struggle when I was captured. For that reason, I didn't even try to protest.

'We then went out and returned to the other room. Three of the crew of the machine were sitting there in those swivel-chairs, conversing (or, rather, grunting) among themselves. The one who was with me went over to join them, leaving me in the middle of the room near the table of which I spoke earlier.

'I was now completely calm, as I knew that they would not do me any harm. While they settled their affairs, I tried to pass the time in observing and fixing in my memory all details of everything that I could see (walls, furniture, uniforms, etc.). At a given moment I noticed that, on the table, near the men, there was a square box with a glass lid on it, protecting a dial like the dial of an alarm clock. There was a hand there on it, and a black mark at the place corresponding to six o'clock. There were similar marks at the points corresponding to nine o'clock and three o'clock. At the place corresponding to twelve o'clock it was different; there were four little black marks there in a row, side by side. I don't know how to explain their meaning, but that's how they were there.

'At first I thought the instrument was a kind of clock, because one of the men glanced at it from time to time. But I don't think it was, for I kept my eye on it for quite a long while, and at no time did I see the hand moving. If it had been a clock this would have had to happen, as time was passing.

'Then I got the idea to grab that thing. I remembered that I need to take something with me to prove my adventure. If I could get that box the problem would be solved. It might be that, seeing my interest in it, the men would decide to make me a present of it.

'I slowly got nearer and nearer to it, the men were not paying attention, and suddenly I grabbed the instrument with both hands and pulled it off the table. It was heavy, weighing perhaps more than 2 kilos. . . . But I didn't even have the time to examine it. As quick as lightning one of the men jumped up and, pushing me aside, snatched it from me angrily, and went and put it back in its place. I drew away until I could feel my back against the nearest wall. I stayed there quietly, though I was not frightened. I am not afraid of any man. But it was better to remain still, for it had been proved that they only showed me consideration when I behaved properly. Why attempt anything that would have no results? The only thing I did was to scratch the wall with my nails, trying to see whether I could detach a sliver of that metal. But my nails glanced off the polished wall without finding any purchase. Moreover the metal was hard and I couldn't get any of it. So I just stayed there, waiting. 'I never saw the woman again (either dressed, or naked) after she went out of the other room. But I found out where she was. On the forward part of that big room there was another door through which I had not been. It was now slightly ajar, and from time to time I heard noises coming from

there, as though caused by someone moving about. It could only be the woman, for all the others were in the same room with me, in their strange uniforms and helmets; I imagine that that front compartment must have corresponded to the room where the pilot would be who was in charge of the navigation of the machine. But I was not able to verify this.

‘At last, one of the men rose and gestured to me that I should accompany him.

‘The others remained seated, without looking at me. We walked towards the small ante-room and as far as the outer door, which was open again, with the ladder already rolled down. However, we did not go down it, for the man made a sign to me to accompany him towards a platform which was there, on either side of the door. This platform went around the machine and, although narrow, permitted one to go along it in either direction,

‘To begin with we went along towards the front. The first thing I noticed was a sort of metal projection, square in shape and firmly fixed into the side of the machine, and sticking out (there was a similar thing on the other side). Had these two parts not been so small I would have judged that they were wings for aiding the thing to fly. From their appearance I think that their purpose was perhaps to move up or down, controlling the rise or the descent of the machine. I admit however that at no moment, even when the craft took off, did I notice any movement of them. And so I cannot explain what purpose they served, ‘Further on towards the front, the man pointed out to me the three metal shafts that I have already mentioned, solidly set (the two outer ones) in the sides of the machine and (the middle one) right in the front, as though they were three metal spurs. They were all of the same shape and length, very thick at the base and tapering off to a fine point at the tip. The position of all three was horizontal. I don’t know whether they were of the same metal as the craft, because they were giving off a slight reddish phosphorescence, as though they were red-hot. However, I felt no heat.

‘A little bit above the bases of them, where they were attached to the craft, there were reddish lights set in it. The two side lights were smaller and round. The front one was enormous, also round, and was the “front headlight” of the machine, which I have already described. All around the hull of the craft and slightly above the platform, on which they cast a reddish light, were countless small square lamps similar in appearance to those used for the interior lighting of the machine.

‘In front, the platform did not go the whole way round, but ended near a large semi-projecting thick sheet of glass elongated towards the sides and stoutly embedded in the metalwork. Perhaps it served for seeing through, for there were no windows anywhere at all. I think however that that would be difficult for, seen from the outside, the glass seemed very blurred. Seen from inside I don’t know how it would be, but I don’t believe it could be any more transparent.

‘I think that those front spurs released the energy that drove the machine forward, because, when it took off, its luminosity increased extraordinarily, merging completely with the lights of the headlamps.

‘Having seen the front part of the machine, we returned to the rear (the back part bulged out much more than the front part). But, before that, we stopped for a few moments and the man pointed upwards to where the enormous dish-shaped cupola was rotating. It was turning slowly, completely lit up by a greenish fluorescent light coming from I don’t know where. Even with that slow movement, you could hear a noise like the sound of air being drawn in by a vacuum-cleaner, a sort

of whistle (like the sound of air in movement when it is being sucked through lots of little holes; I did not see any holes, however. That is just by way of comparison).

‘Later, when the machine began to rise from the ground, the revolving dish increased its speed to such a point that it became invisible, and then only the light could be ‘seen, the brightness of ‘which also increased quite a lot, and it changed colour, turning to a vivid red. At that moment the sound also increased (showing that there was a connection with the speed of rotation of the round dish revolving on, the top of the craft) and turned into a veritable hum or loud whine. I didn’t understand the reasons for these changes, and I don’t understand what would be the purpose of the luminous revolving dish, which never stopped turning for a single moment. But it must have had, some use, since it was there.

‘There seemed to be a small reddish light in the centre of that revolving cupola or dish, but the movement prevented me from verifying this with certainty.

‘Returning now to the back part of the machine, we again passed in front of the door and walked on, following the rearward curve. Right at the back, in the place where the tail of an aircraft would project, there was a rectangular piece of metal set in a vertical’ position’ and running from front to back across the platform. But it was quite low,’ no higher than my knee, and I was able to step over it easily to go to the other’ side, and come back again.

‘As I was doing so I noticed, on the floor of the platform, one on either side of the plate, two inset reddish lights in the shape of thick bulging cuts. They resembled aircraft lights, though they were not flashing.

‘I think however that the piece of metal in question was a sort of rudder for changing the machine’s direction. At any rate I saw this piece of metal move towards one side at the moment when the machine—then stationary in the air at a certain height after taking off—abruptly changed direction before starting to move off at a fantastic speed.

‘Having also seen the rear part of the machine, we returned to the door. My guide now pointed to the metal ladder and signed to me to go down it. I obeyed. When I was down on the ground I looked up. He was still there. Then he pointed to himself, and then pointed to the ground, and finally to the sky towards the south. Then he made a sign to me to step back, and he disappeared into the machine.

‘The metal ladder now began to get shorter, the steps arranging themselves one above the other, like a stack of boards. When the ladder reached the top the door (which, when open, was the floor) began, in its turn, to rise until it fitted into the wall, of the craft and became invisible.

‘The lights of the metal spurs and of the headlamps and of the revolving dish all became brighter, while the dish was spinning faster and faster. Slowly the craft began to rise, vertically. At that moment, the three shafts of the tripod on which it had been standing rose towards the sides, the lower part of each leg (narrower, rounded, and ending in an enlarged foot) began to enter the upper part (which was much thicker and square), and when that was finished, the top parts began to enter the base of the machine. Finally there was no longer anything to be seen there; the base was smooth and polished as though that tripod had never existed. I did not manage to make out any marks indicating the places where the shafts had fitted in. Those people certainly did a good job of it.

‘The craft continued to rise slowly into the air until it had reached a height of some 30 to 50 metres. There it had stopped for a few seconds, and at the same time its luminosity began to get still greater. The whirring noise of the air being displaced became much more intense and the revolving dish began to turn at a fearful speed, while its light changed through various colours till it was a vivid

red. At that moment, the machine suddenly changed direction, with an abrupt movement, making a louder noise, a sort of “beat” (this was when I saw the part that I have called the “rudder” move to one side).

‘Then, listing slightly to one side, that strange machine shot off like a bullet towards the south, at such a speed that it was gone from sight in a few seconds.

‘Then I went back to my tractor, I left the craft at roughly 5.30 in the morning, having entered it at 1.15 in the early hours. So I had been in there for four hours and fifteen minutes. A very long time indeed.

When I tried to startup the engine of the tractor, I found that’ it still was not working. I looked to see if there was some defect, and discovered that one of the battery leads had been disconnected and was out of place. Somebody had done that, for a well secured battery lead doesn’t come undone by itself (I had checked them when I left home). It must have been done by one of the men after the tractor had stopped, ‘with its engine dead, probably ‘while they were capturing me. It could have been done to prevent me from escaping again should I manage to free myself from their hold. They were pretty sharp-witted people; there was nothing that they hadn’t foreseen.

‘Apart from my mother, I haven’t told my story to anybody till now. She said I should never get mixed up with those people again. I had not the courage to tell my father, for I had already told him about the light that had appeared in the paddock of the farm and he had not believed me for he said I “had been seeing things”.

‘Later, I decided to write to Senhor Joao Martins, after reading one of his articles in O Cruzeiro, in November, in which he appealed to readers to report to him all cases to do with the flying saucers. Had I possessed enough money, I would have come earlier. But as I didn’t, I had to wait until he said he would help me with the cost of the journey.

‘I am at your disposal, gentlemen. If you think I should return home, I will go home tomorrow. But if you wish me to stay longer, I shall agree to do so. That is why I came.’

Signed: OLAVO FONTES, M.D.,
– Rio de Janeiro, February 22, 1958.

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this case-book- [link](#)- mr. Silva claimed he dated an odd, nice lady on a motorcycle i the mid70s who knew a lot of the cosmos and ufo's and proved she was from out there.....

At last som pages of UFOs Over the Americas Jim Lorenzen:

INTRODUCTION

What are the facts behind Flying Saucer reports? Is an alien intelligence involved? If so, what is its motivation? Is the United States defense community involved in an attempt to obscure the facts? If so, what is *its* motivation?

To these and many similar questions there are no firm, incontrovertible answers, and, for the most part, there are no channels of information available to the public that would enable the average citizen to make up his own mind.

It is one of the stated purposes of the Aerial Phenomena Research Organization to provide such a channel. This book is part of our implementation of that purpose.

As in our previous books (*The Great Flying Saucer Hoax*, 1962, APRO—William-Frederick Press; *Flying Saucers, the Startling Evidence for the Invasion from Outer Space*, 1966, Signet; *Flying Saucer Occupants*, 1967, Signet) we make no attempt to force the reader into any particular assumptions or conclusions, although we do affirm a strong commitment to the *working hypothesis* that many of the most critical cases can be accounted for by extraterrestrial visitation. However, absolute statements of a detailed nature are, at this point in history, premature. There are, as yet, no universally accepted experts in this field. You, the reader, are as "qualified" as anyone else to form opinions in this area once the facts are available to you.

A commentary on the worth of the opinions of physical scientists who have spoken out adamantly against the reality of flying saucers lies in the fact that, with the passage of time and their increased acquaintance with the subject matter of the reports, they begin to shift toward the other side of the argument. The one outstanding exception is Donald Menzel, who continues to eliminate all "nonsense" from the reports in order to make them fit his favorite explanations. His partner in this, Mrs. Lyle G. Boyd (coauthor of *The World of Flying Saucers*, Doubleday), however, according to an eminently reliable source, has completely switched sides.

CHAPTER I

NIGHTS OF TERROR

When we emplaned at Tucson on August 11, 1967, bound for six South American countries, we hoped that we would be able to gather material concerning UFOs, but had no idea that we would be as singularly successful as we ultimately were. After our too-brief four-hour stop at Mexico City, where we met and visited with Jesus H. Garibay, the Aerial Phenomena Research Organization's Mexican representative, we flew on to Lima, Peru, where we were met at the airport by Richard Greenwell, APRO's representative in Peru. He informed us that he had arranged to have us meet an Argentinian now living in Peru who had had a most unusual experience involving a UFO several years before.

That night, the 12th of August, we went to the home of Miss Raquel Jodorowsky, a writer and painter, where we were introduced to the Argentinian and to another gentleman guest. First, Miss Jodorowsky told us of her experience in Mexico City while visiting there in the latter part of July, 1966. According to her story, she was riding in a car at about 7:00 P.M. when the car became entangled in a traffic jam. People were climbing out of their cars and looking skyward, so she got out and looked also. A large, glowing object which resembled the full moon was hanging above the city at about 45 degrees elevation in the east. Small groups of people were discussing the phenomenon, and Miss Jodorowsky talked to a policeman, another writer, and a priest, who claimed that they had seen the object giving off smaller bright objects which flew away. At the end of a half-hour the large object dimmed, became smaller, and disappeared from sight. The crowds then broke up and traffic began to move normally.

After we questioned Miss Jodorowsky about her experience, our principal witness (whom we shall call Mr. L., as he requests anonymity) was ready to describe the strange experience he had had, in the company of two others, at the end of August, 1962.

Mr. L. is a tall, rather handsome man with fair skin and brown eyes and hair. During our questioning of Miss Jodorowsky he had inserted queries of his own; it was obvious that he was vitally interested in the subject of UFOs. His willing-

ness to answer questions, and the precise way in which he described certain details were impressive. Small details which were vividly recalled helped us to construct a picture of what had happened on the night of his sighting.

L., a professional man, accompanied by his brother and a businessman friend, was driving by car to Salta City, Argentina, from Metan, on business. L. and his friend were in the front seat and L.'s brother was asleep in the back seat of the car. At about 7:00 P.M., at a point about 140 kilometers (roughly, 87 miles) from Salta, L. noticed a light against the mountains to the west. Inasmuch as farmers quite often burn forage in that rural area, L. thought the light was merely a fire, until he noted that it appeared to be getting larger and closer. He shortly realized that he was looking at something extraordinary, as it appeared to be slightly less than the apparent size of the full moon and approximately 100 to 200 meters (300 or more feet) ahead and above the road. By this time he could discern the shape, which was that of a disc with a bulge at the top. Lights which showed around the circumference of the bottom part of the object were reddish-pink, green and white, and blinked intermittently.

The road was fairly straight and, as the object moved into position directly in front of his car, they could see that a truck was on the road ahead also, going at about their own speed. Seconds later, as the truck became illuminated by the blinking lights of the object, L. became aware that it was directly above the truck. Suddenly the truck came to a stop. Frightened by what they saw, L. and his friend stopped their car, got out, ran to the side of the road and concealed themselves in some bushes. L.'s brother continued to sleep in the back of the car.

From their vantage point the two men could still easily make out the truck, which was a Fiat about 13-15 meters tall, with a trailer. They estimated that the object apparently hovering over the truck had about the diameter of the wing-spread of a DC-3, and appeared to be at an altitude of about fifty meters (150 feet).

Both of the observers got the impression that the "saucer" was attacking the truck; they left their position at the side of the road, ran farther to the east, and hid in another clump of bushes where they continued to watch. By this time the truck's lights were out. Suddenly the object rocked gently and then took off toward the north at a high rate of speed, climbing as it flew. It was out of sight within seconds.

About five minutes after the object left, L. and his friend decided it would be safe to leave their hiding place; they ran

to the car, got in, and drove up to the truck. The scene which greeted them was startling but, at the same time, somewhat humorous. The driver and his companion were busy throwing dirt from the side of the road into the smoking engine compartment. The smell of burning rubber was evident and offensive. In mixed Italian and Spanish, one of the men yelled, "That flying saucer—did you see it? Did you see the rotten thing they did to us?"

The two men from the car responded that yes, they had seen what had happened, to which the truck driver said, "Can you imagine what the insurance company will say when we tell them about this?" Neither of the two men from the truck seemed frightened, but rather were very angry because of the predicament in which they found themselves: they were obviously marooned out there in the country until help came.

L. asked them what he and his friend could do to help. The driver answered angrily, "What can you do? The truck will have to be hauled in for repairs." L. then asked if they would like him to send a message ahead for someone to come and help them, but the trucker replied that there was another truck behind them and that the drivers were their friends; he would wait for them.

L. and his friend walked back to their car, got in, and resumed their journey. They woke L.'s brother who had slept through the whole episode—he was of course very surprised to hear what had happened.

We asked L. how his brother could have slept through such an incident. He replied that from his brother's position—lying down on the back seat—it was doubtful that he would have seen the lights of the object even if he had been awake, as the object was some distance down the road when they stopped the car. No sound was heard at any time during the incident, so there was no noise to wake him.

Anxious to learn anything which might have a bearing on the case, we asked L. what the truckers had been hauling and were informed that they had been carrying a load of sugar—nothing else. There was little traffic on the road but the presence of L.'s car must have been known to the occupants of the disc because of its headlights. We speculated that the operators of the disc were not concerned about the presence of the car, which had stopped at the same time that the truck had stopped. The truckers had stopped their truck when they realized the disc was above them, to see what it was. This was not a case of a vehicle stalling because of the proximity of a UFO, as has been the case in many such incidents.

From Lima, Peru, the Lorenzen family flew to Santiago, Chile, to visit with our friends Mr. and Mrs. Ricardo Guillon. Guillon, who represents APRO in Chile, is an architect with a beautiful and talented wife and lovely children. In preparation for our visit, he had arranged for us to meet several other people interested in UFOs, as well as Pablo Petrovich, another APRO member in Santiago.

The highlight of our visit, as far as UFOs were concerned, was an afternoon spent with Mr. and Mrs. Armando Uribe. On the day that we visited him, Uribe was preparing to leave for England for a four-month stay, but he graciously shared some of his last hours with his family with us also so that we could get the details of his unusual experience in 1959.

At the time this incident took place, Mr. Uribe, a petroleum engineer with the National Institute of Petroleum Development, was stationed at Tierra del Fuego Island off the southernmost tip of the South American continent. Part of the island is Chilean and the other part belongs to Argentina. Uribe's wife and family were with him.

On the 9th of August, 1959, Mr. and Mrs. Uribe left the camp where they lived to go to Sombrero, the main camp of the installation, to pick up supplies. They were returning home at about 7:30 P.M. when the pickup in which they were riding stalled unexpectedly. Uribe, on investigation, found that he was out of fuel. The particular type of truck he was driving was powered by butane gas. He realized that he would have to wait for another vehicle to come along and give them a lift back to camp, so he and Mrs. Uribe settled back to wait. An eleven-year-old girl, employed by the Uribes to help in the house, had accompanied them. Uribe, nervously pushing and pulling the button controlling the lights, turned them on and off several times.

At about 7:54 the little girl spotted a light to the right and ahead of them and said, "I see a light. Somebody is coming." The trio watched, thinking that it was another vehicle, and that their ride home was approaching. Shortly, however, they realized that the light could not have been from a car; it was swinging with pendulumlike motion, as it came closer to the ground.

Uribe described the light as bright blue, like an arc welding light; it appeared to scintillate, "like a jewel." Seconds after deciding the light did not emanate from a car, Uribe speculated that it might have been a lantern hanging on the saddle of a horse, and then, having to discard that idea, he decided it might be from a helicopter. The latter explanation was also