

The Landing at Villares Del Saz

BY ANTONIO RIBERA

Senor Ribera has been writing for FLYING SAUCER REVIEW for more than ten years. He has recently had published *El Gran Enigma de los Platillos Volantes* (Editorial Pamaire, Barcelona and Buenos Aires); it is to be hoped that an English language version will follow.

Translated from the Spanish by Gordon Creighton

On July 12, 16, 19 and 26 of 1953, the newspaper *Ofensiva*, published in Cuenca, Central Spain, carried a series of amazing reports describing in great detail the strange happenings witnessed by a cowherd in the village of Villares del Saz, Cuenca (40° 05 N, 2° 10 W, E.S.E. of Madrid, in New Castile).

Boiled down to its essentials, the case is as follows:

A boy cowherd, Máximo Muñoz Hernáiz, aged 14, illiterate,¹ the son of Felipe Muñoz Olivares, farm-hand, and his wife Amalia Hernáiz, was tending some cows one day in the early part of July, 1953, when he witnessed the occurrence. We give the details as he related them to the editor of the newspaper *Ofensiva* when he was interviewed.

—Well, my boy, at what time did you leave home on the day of this occurrence?

—A bit later than other days.

—At what time?

—At about ten² o'clock by the sun.

—You were going to watch the cattle, weren't you?

—Yes, Sir.

—Had you had a lot of sleep the night before?

—Just the same as usual.

—Were you sleepy when you went out?

—No.

—What you saw doesn't exist. So how do you explain it?

—I *did* see it. I *did* see the little chaps.

—At what time did you see the machine?

—At one² o'clock.

—What were you doing at that moment?

—I was sitting down, watching the cattle to see that they didn't get on to the crops.

—Did you hear any sound beforehand?

—Yes, but slight. So I didn't turn round.

—You had your back turned in that direction?

—Yes, Sir.

—What did you hear?

Máximo Hernáiz said that he had heard a faint, muted, intermittent whistling.³ When he turned round in that direction, the machine had already landed.

—What did you do when you saw it?

—Nothing. I thought it was a big balloon⁴—one of those that they let off at fairs. Then I realised it wasn't. It glowed very brightly.

—Did it glow the whole time?

—Less when it was stationary than when it moved off.

—What was its colour?

—Like the colour of the light standards.

—Was it grey?

—Yellow.

In the boy's home the walls are adorned with a number of pictures. We asked Máximo to point out to us with his finger the colour nearest to the colour of the object. From this we deduce that it was clear and brilliant grey, like the colour of steel when the sun strikes it.

—What was its size?

(the boy indicates, with his hand, a height of 1m. 30 cms.)

—Its shape?

—Like a small water-jug this wide (indicating a radius of 31 centimetres).

—Did it remain there on the ground long?

—A very short time. As I thought it was a balloon, I went over to grab hold of it. Before I had time to reach it, a door opened and little chaps⁵ started coming out of it.

—What were the little chaps like?

—They were tiny.—Like this (about 65cms.).

—Were their faces like ours?

—Their faces were yellow, and their eyes were narrow.

(The painter Luis Roibal, who was with the newspaper editor, made a number of sketches of little men according to the lad's description.)

—Yes, like that, but more *chaparrete*.⁶

(the features of the faces are completely Oriental.)

—How many little men came down out of the balloon?

—Three.

—Where did they come out?

—Through a little door that the *thing* had on top.

—How did they get down?

—They did a little jump.⁷

—Then what did they do?

—They came over to where I was.

—Did they speak?

—Yes, Sir, but I couldn't understand them.

—How did they stand?

—One on one side of me, one on the other, and the one who spoke to me was in front of me.

—Did they do anything to you?

—When I didn't understand what he said to me, the one standing in front of me smacked my face.

—And then what?

- Nothing. They walked off.
 —How did they get up into the machine?
 —They grabbed hold of a *thing* that was on the balloon, and jumped, and in they went.
 —Do you remember how they were dressed?
 —Just like the musicians at a fair. In very smart suits, blue.
 —Were they wearing hats?⁸
 —Yes, Sir. It was a flat hat, with a visier in front.⁹
 —What else?
 —They had a metal sheet on their arms.¹⁰
 —Do you remember what it looked like?
 —I didn't notice very clearly.
 —When the machine started up, what was its speed?
 —It glowed very bright. It made the same sort of little noise as before, when I first saw it, and it went off very fast, like a rocket.
 —With a trail of smoke?
 —No.
 —Could you still see it for very long, in the air?
 —A very short time. I was scared, and I ran home with the cows.

We then questioned the boy's father.

- Did you believe it?—we asked.
 —No.—But as he was so insistent about it, and was so scared and almost trembling, well, the truth is. . . .
 —What did you do?
 —I went to the spot, with the officer in charge of the local Police Station.¹¹

—And what evidence did you find?
 —Footprints, and four holes about 5cms. deep and 2½cms. across, forming a perfect square with a length of 36cms. to each side. Señor Muñoz Ruipérez can also testify to the footprints. Crescencio Atienza Martínez, police constable of the Honrubia Police Post, near Villares, says:

—When the affair at Villares del Saz occurred, we saw what appeared to be a greyish-white object which was stationary in the air, and then vanished shortly afterwards. Its shape was very much like a ball. It left no trail, and when it disappeared it went towards the East, having come more or less from the direction of Villares del Saz.

Many people, says the newspaper *Ofensiva*, witnessed all these incidents.

Details of this case were given by Professor Manuel Pedrajo on pages 90-94 of his book "*Los Platillos Volantes Y La Evidencia*" (1954).

Everything in the story points to its being genuine; the illiterate cowherd boy could not read the newspapers and could not have known of stories about "little green men". The fact that he at first took the object for a balloon released at some fair merely strengthens the general impression of sincerity.

The Mongolian features of the "little men" are oddly reminiscent of the case of the Brazilian "Adhemar". Their extraordinary smallness is nevertheless surprising, even when we bear in mind the fact that on this Earth itself we have races of very varying statures.

Moreover, as Aimé Michel points out in connection with the Valensole affair, it might well be a

question of specially selected races, a sort of *human basset-hounds*—although at the same time we must also not exclude the hypothesis of *biological robots* created by an extremely advanced Science. Such robots would bear no resemblance to the crude robots of our science-fiction, full of nuts and bolts and electronic cells, but would be actual *living beings*.

Translator's Notes

- As the Italians put it, "Traduttore, traditore. . .", and inevitably my translation may make the language sound too "educated" for an illiterate village boy from the decidedly unsophisticated countryside of Castile. Many of the terms used by the lad are in fact local dialect terms, and when questioning him the Editor of the newspaper very sensibly uses the same rustic speech of the district.
- The boy goes by Sun-time. A village lad in this remote corner of the uplands of Castile is extremely unlikely to own a watch.
- "un silbido tenue, apagado, y por tiempos".
- "un 'globo grande', de esos que tiran en la fiesta".
- "tietes", a word not to be found in any Spanish-English dictionary and meaning literally "little uncles". A good equivalent in English would be "little blokes" or, if this sounds too urban, perhaps better still would be some rural term like "little gaffers".
- "chaparrete". I have no idea what this word means.
- "bajaron dando un saltete".
- "gorra" (bonnet).
- "era chata y con un visereja por delante".
- "En el brazo llevaban una chapa". I do not know whether I have got the proper meaning of this.
- "Comandante de Puesto de la Guardia Civil".

Comment by Gordon Creighton

I most emphatically agree with Antonio Ribera. I think this case bears all the hall-marks of complete genuineness.

But I do not agree that we should relate it in any way whatever to the A.V.B. ("Adhemar") case. In my letter on page 22-23 of *FLYING SAUCER REVIEW* for July-August, 1965, which was hastily written, I very carelessly gave the impression that the Brazilian farmer had encountered *dwarfs*. Now, this is quite incorrect, for, as Dr. Olavo Fontes' Report shows, A.V.B. himself is 1m. 64 in his shoes, while the men who captured him were (due allowance made for their very high helmets) 1m. 55 or only a very little less. The girl came up to A.V.B.'s shoulders and the doctor has therefore estimated her height at about 1m. 35.

Thus A.V.B.'s captors were mostly about 5 ft. high. They all had bright blue eyes and the only one whose skin was seen—the girl—was very white indeed, and her arms were covered with freckles. Her face, however, was much more triangular than ours, owing to the very pointed chin, and she had high

cheek-bones and "siit eyes" after the fashion of the Chinese, these being her only "Mongolian" features.

Reconsideration of both these cases shows that they have indeed no points of resemblance at all.

But I have on file a number of cases involving creatures that in various respects closely resemble those met by the Spanish cowherd. There is in existence a whole body of literature and tradition about them, and in my travels in various parts of the world I have met quite a number of people who claim to have seen them. The Valensole case* may very well fit in here.

For some years past I have been myself a member of a society which collects evidence as to their existence, and yet I doubt whether most of the society's members realise that what they are studying has something to do with flying saucers, which to them appears a decidedly off-beat and dubious subject, to say the least.

Space does not permit further discussion of the question now, but I intend on a subsequent occa-

sion to produce what I consider to be remarkable evidence of the existence of a whole order of creatures identical with, or closely akin to, those seen by the Spanish boy.

We pride ourselves nowadays on our enlightenment, but, as Gurdjieff was always pointing out, it looks as though, *for every new piece of knowledge that Man acquires, ten pieces of old knowledge are lost.* I hope one day to show that there is much evidence that *some* of what we nowadays call "beings from flying saucers" are much more probably creatures who share this Earth with us; creatures who are totally unknown to most of us; regarding whom Science has not a single word to say; but about whom our own written and oral traditions, in all our civilisations, speak volumes.

Note

*Valensole incident, July 1, 1965: FLYING SAUCER REVIEW Vol. 11, No. 5 (September/October, 1965); Vol. 11, No. 6 (November/December, 1965); Vol. 12, No. 3 (May/June, 1966).

South America

The "Humanoids" in Latin America

BY GORDON CREIGHTON

Introduction

For some years past it has been increasingly obvious that the very kernel of our problem is the so-called "contact-report", so incredible, so baffling, that the instinctive reaction of sane folk has been to fight shy of it altogether.

But we cannot ignore it, because it is virtually all the material we have to work with. It is the "contact story" and not the "Flying Saucer story" or "UFO report" that we must endeavour first to understand. If and when we have grasped what these tales of "landings" and of "contacts" with entities mean, we may (perhaps) be on the road to understanding some of the larger aspects of the problem.

One thing at least is certain. These stories of alleged meetings with denizens of other worlds or realms or levels of existence constitute a fascinating social, psychological—and possibly also a *PARA-psychological* enigma. And surely an enigma of some urgency, for if the growing numbers of people all over our planet who claim these experiences are indeed hallucinated, or, as we are confidently told, suffering from the stresses and strains of the Nuclear Age, then it is as plain as a pikestaff that they are in grave need of psychological study and medical attention. If a new brand of psychosis is loose amongst us, then, instead of wasting so much time on why we hate our fathers and love our mothers, our mental experts and psychologists ought to have been in there

right from the start, studying and combating this new plague since its outbreak nearly twenty years ago! Valuable time has been lost. By now, they might have come to important conclusions, or even licked the malady!

This list contains 65 cases in which residents of Latin America have claimed to have seen or contacted "entities". Naturally no suggestion is made that the list is in any way complete; there must have been scores of such cases of which we have no knowledge. This list contains all that I have found. Inevitably, a good many of the earlier cases will be familiar to many readers, but I feel that most people will not mind seeing them again, and all will appreciate the opportunity to have them in a compact form, even though many are trimmed down to the barest details in order to include them all.

But almost half of the cases now covered will be entirely new to nearly everyone. FLYING SAUCER REVIEW is fortunate in the quality of its correspondents in Latin America, and it is a pleasure to place on record here the enormous debt which is owed to Señor Oscar A. Galíndez in Argentina; to Dr. W. Buhler, Dr. Olavo Fontes and Mr. Nigel Rimes in Brazil; and to Mr. C. H. Maxwell in Chile.

From these devoted collaborators and from other sources, FLYING SAUCER REVIEW received from Latin America, in respect of the single year 1965, a total of well over 800 reports and press-clippings.