

PART ONE: ENCOUNTER AT TALAVERA: MYSTERY OF THE VANISHING BULLETS AND CARTRIDGE CASES

Juan José Benítez

(Translation from Spanish. G.C.)

(Reprinted from FSR Vol. 23, No. 5, February 1978.)

Although our UFO reports come from almost every area of the globe, we are constantly being taken to task because (although we possess no staff, no offices, and no permanent archives) we are unable to supply readers with fresh follow-up stories about all these weird happenings, 99% of which are never referred to again by anybody! This time, as it so happens, we have a remarkable follow-up on a Spanish occurrence of eight years ago, and we therefore make no apology for reprinting our original story by way of an introduction to the new material.

— EDITOR

THIS case occurred in the early hours of November 12, 1976, on the Spanish Air Force Base at Talavera La Real, close to the Spanish-Portuguese frontier. It is simply staggering.

The fact that the three witnesses were obliged to remain at the Base, doing their military service, until a short while ago, made it necessary for us to keep quiet about the affair. I am now making the details of it available for the first time, having secured them myself from the three airmen concerned.

On the morning in question — at about 1.45 a.m. — José María Trejo and Juan Carrizosa Luján were on sentry duty in the so-called “fuel stock zone” of the Talavera Air Force Base and Jet Aircraft School, which lies a few kilometres from Badajoz. Each of them was in his sentry-box, some 60 metres apart, when they heard strange noises.

“At first it sounded like typical radio interference. Then, all of a sudden, in the total darkness of the night, the noise changed to a sort of acute, penetrating whistle . . . so piercing that it hurt our ears . . .”

Their initial surprise had by now given way, as was only natural, to concern: there might be an intruder in the fuel stock zone. It might be an attempt to commit sabotage. But the penetrating whistle continued for only five minutes. Then all was quiet again.

Then they heard a strange noise again, near José Trejo's sentry-box. José called to Juan Carrizosa to come over and help him to search the area. Both men were equipped with the standard rifle, the quick-firing Z-62, and the prescribed amount of ammunition.

Once more there was silence for five minutes, and then the whistle came again. “We thought we would go mad with it, it was so sharp, so penetrating. It seemed our ear drums were going to be ruptured.”

The noise went on for a further five minutes or so. Then, silence again. But this time, as the whistling ended, they saw a light high overhead in the sky, like

a flare. It lit up a wide area beneath, over towards Badajoz. It lasted for only fifteen or twenty seconds and then vanished.

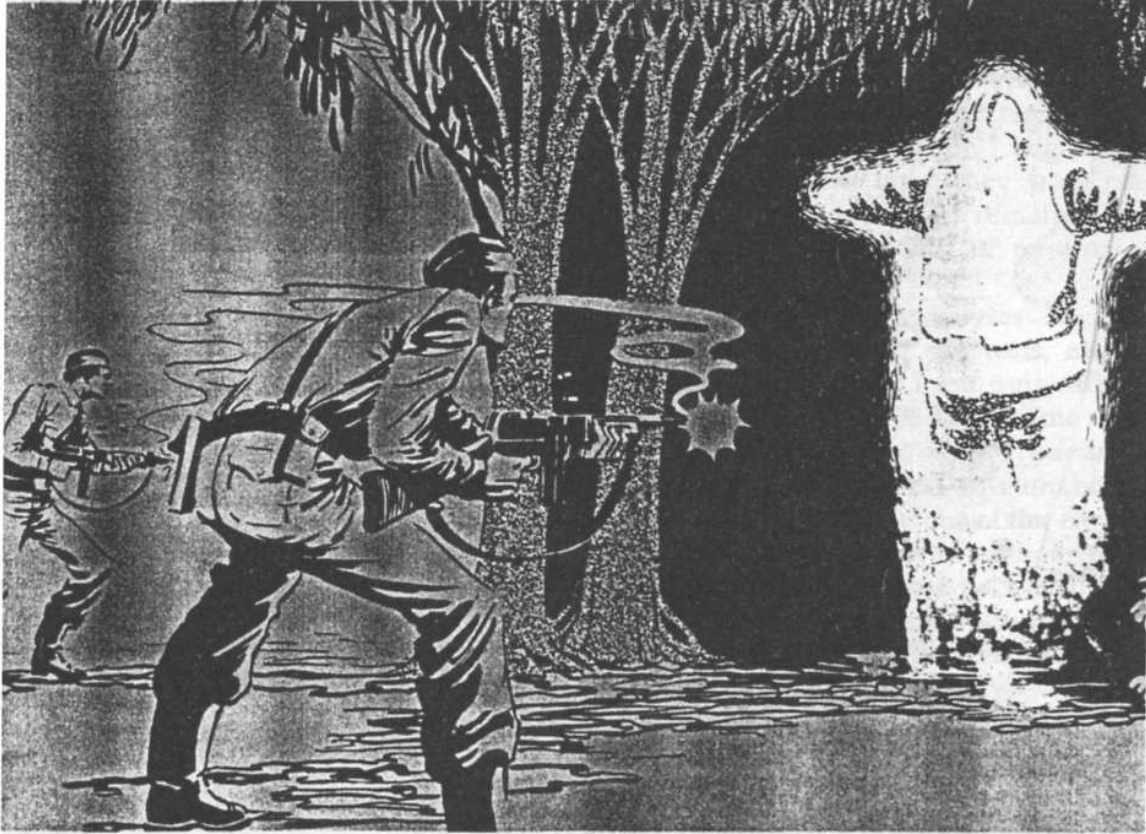
A few minutes later, while the men were still getting over their astonishment, they were joined by a third sentry, José Hidalgo, with one of the Air Base's Alsatian (German Shepherd) guard-dogs. It was Hidalgo's job to make a constant tour, visiting all the sentry-posts. He asked if they had seen the brilliant glow and they confirmed that they had.

Near the two sentry-posts there is a small hut (which I saw myself later when I visited the Base). The guards and a corporal sleep there. Trejo and Carrizosa went over to the hut and sounded the alarm. The support guards were soon on the spot, under Corporal Pavón, who decided that a general search of the area should now be made. So the three soldiers, Trejo, Carrizosa and José Hidalgo, set out for the fuel stockpile. It was a totally dark, pitch-black night. They had gone about 300 metres, hugging the adobe wall that surrounds the Base, on the other side of which lies the main road to Badajoz. All was silent round about them.

A “whirlwind”

The dog-handler was talking about the possibility of an intruder. The dog himself, however, was absolutely quiet. These dogs are trained for their job, and the men drew confidence from the dog's apparent calm. Suddenly, however, just as they were approaching a new sentry-box that was under construction, they experienced a sort of “whirlwind”. So they loaded their rifles. And stood peering into the darkness and listening.

As Trejo explained later to me in his account of the affair, the “whirlwind” — or whatever it may have been — was localized in one spot.



Spanish soldiers' predictable reaction to a frightening "humanoid" airfield interloper . . .

ENCOUNTER AT TALAVERA

Then suddenly they heard a sound, as of branches being broken, in a plantation of eucalyptus trees nearby. At once they loosed the dog, which dashed off into the night, towards the spot from which the sound of breaking branches seemed to have come. Gripping their rifles, the three men waited, expecting to hear the dog barking. But no bark came.

After what seemed to them an eternity but must in fact have been only a few seconds, the dog came back to them, but staggering, "as though seasick". He was reacting as though "something" or "someone" had thrashed him and terrified him . . .

"We were baffled. Four or five times we got the dog to go back to the eucalyptus trees. And every time he came back in just the same way . . . His ears seemed to be hurting . . . he was whimpering . . . Then, when he returned to us for the last time, he started circling round us."

This behaviour, as the soldiers explained to me, is something that these guard-dogs are taught to do when there is any sort of danger threatening the sentries. By circling constantly round and round them, the dogs are giving warning that something is amiss, and are placing themselves as a barrier, a protection, against whatever threatens.

When the dog began to circle around, the three soldiers became really alarmed, and felt that the time had come for them to do something. They shouted at the tops of their voices several times, but no response came out of the darkness. Nothing but the snarling of the guard-dog, moving faster and faster around them.

Then Trejo had a "sensation", as though "someone" were behind him, and felt cold shivers run through his stomach. He glimpsed a greenish light out of the corner of his eye and, wheeling around, beheld the most fantastic thing he had ever seen in his life. It was



a human figure, or at least so it seemed, but very tall. Three metres at least. And only fifteen metres from them.

Attempting to re-live and recapture the experience and tell me about it, the three men said: "What was it like? Well, it was a light. A green light. Like the green colour of a match in the night."

And the strangest part of it was that, as one of the soldiers added, the "luminous figure" seemed to consist entirely of small points of light. Along the periphery of the figure, these luminous points were more intense. The head of the apparition looked small, and seemed to be covered with a sort of helmet. The arms were long, and the body thick.

"Like a bobbin"

I asked whether it was on the ground. Yes, it was on the ground, the men replied, but they had been unable to see either the feet or the legs. They said it was like a bobbin or spindle. Thick, and without legs. At

least, they had been unable to see any.

The apparition's arms were crossed. The hands, however, seemed as badly defined as the feet and legs.

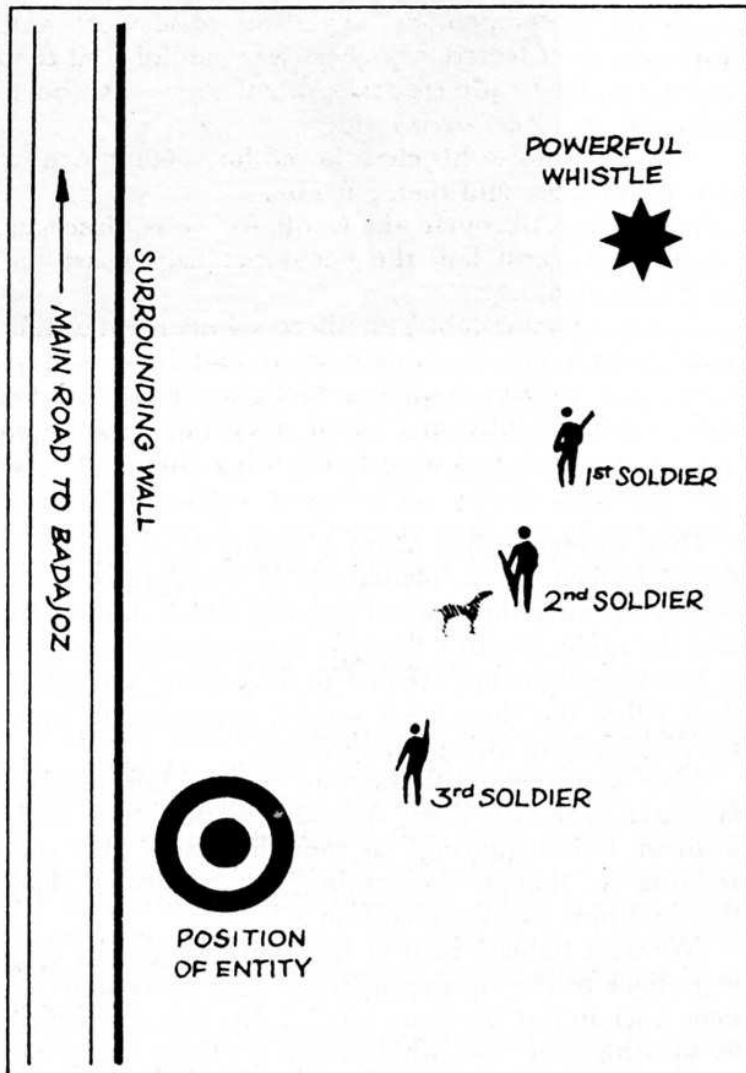
Trejo, who had been the first to see it, stood paralyzed with astonishment and terror. He has no idea how long it was before he could react — maybe ten or fifteen seconds, he thinks. He had his rifle at the ready, all set to shoot, but when he did decide to do so he felt as though totally bound and shackled. He was quite unable to fire. Then he started to feel, as he put it, a sensation of general weakness. He could still see and hear all right, but he had the sensation that he was slowly falling. Just before his knees reached the ground he managed to shout: "Down! They'll kill us!"

That was the last words he could utter. He was face down on the grass. He was still conscious, but there was something wrong with his eyes. His sight seemed to be failing. It was as though everything was slowly being blotted out.

As he shouted, the other two also caught sight of the huge luminous "thing", and saw Trejo go down.

The shots

Simultaneously, Carrizosa and Hildago fired at the apparition, loosing off a total of between 40 and 50



Positions of the entity and soldiers.

shots, all, of course, aimed straight at the gigantic figure.

Trejo, lying on the ground, heard the shots.

And instantly, in the very second that the firing began, like a photographer's "flash" — as one of the soldiers put it — or like the fading out of the image on a television screen when the set is turned off, the apparition simply vanished.

The two other men rushed to help Trejo to his feet, and once more all three heard the whistle, still from the direction of the eucalyptus trees. This time the whistle lasted for ten to fifteen seconds, after which all was again silent.

I asked Trejo to make an effort to recall at precisely what point he had started to feel ill and to feel his strength draining away.

"It's strange," he replied. "It was only when I tried to press the trigger of my rifle that I started to fall."

I asked him why he thought this "strange". Trejo reflected for a moment and then answered, as though talking to himself: "It seemed as though that 'being' had guessed my intentions. But how could that be possible? How could that 'thing' have known that I was just about to pull my trigger?"

I asked him what happened next.

"Well, my companions helped me to my feet, and gradually I recovered. My chest was painful, and that is odd too, for I hadn't fallen suddenly, nor had I been struck in the chest by my rifle."

The dull pain in his chest lasted for some fifteen to twenty minutes, and then left him.

Meanwhile, of course, the whole Air Force Base was on alert. At least half the personnel had heard the bursts of shooting.

As is understandable, the three soldiers had a difficult enough job to explain what had happened to them. But anyway, as soon as daylight came, an officer and a total of fifty men went over the whole area where the affair had occurred "with a fine comb", as the saying goes. And here is one more inexplicable detail that emerged in the course of their search. Not a single cartridge case could be found, out of the total of forty to fifty that had been fired. How on earth could such a thing be possible?

And if that wasn't already enough, to the vast amazement of the top brass of the Base, and the officers and the three soldiers themselves, the adobe wall of the Base, which is quite close to the spot and ought to have shown the marks of most of the shots, bore not the slightest trace whatsoever of the shooting.

The men's rifles, needless to say, had definitely been fired. This fact was confirmed by the Air Force experts who were called in to investigate the case.

What, then, can have become of those cartridge cases and those bullets, nearly fifty of them? What was it that those sentries encountered?

The soldiers emphasised that they had fired the shots at medium height. "We simply cannot under-

stand how it could be that not one of the shots hit that wall which was right there in front of us!" But this was not the end of the affair.

Sent to hospital

A few days after the incident, José Trejo walked into the Mess Hall at the Base and suddenly exclaimed: "What a poor light there is in here!"

As he explained it to me later, "My vision began to fail, until it was gone altogether. I was terrified. Then, so they tell me, they transferred me to the Sick Bay. For a quarter of an hour I reacted to nothing. I had lost consciousness. They left me in the Sick Bay, and I stayed there one day. Then I began to recover . . . But four or five days later they transferred me to the Badajoz Hospital. There I remained for ten days . . ."

I asked him what sort of treatment he was given there.

"They did lots of analyses on me: blood, urine, X-rays, hearing tests, eye tests, etc. But they found nothing. And anyway I felt quite all right by then.

"But a few days after I had come out of the hospital, it all started up again, while I was in the car with my girl-friend. Once more I was unable to see. I had to ask my girl to help me out of the car, and I stayed like that for about a quarter of an hour more or less. Then bit by bit my sight came back again . . ."

I asked him how long it was from the happenings of the morning of November 12 until the recurrence. He said it was about fifteen days.

Transferred to Madrid

In view of this repetition of the loss of his vision, the soldier was moved to Madrid. To be precise, he was moved to the Air Force Hospital, the Hospital del Aire. He was booked in there on November 30, 1976. He remained there one month and was subjected to every manner of investigation and analysis.

I asked him what explanation the doctors there had been able to give him for his condition?

"None. They just said that I had 'a nervous maladjustment'. But I never really found out what was happening to me."

He had another "attack" of the trouble while he was in the Air Force Hospital. This time, he got a very severe headache and started thrashing up and down in the bed. And once more his sight began to fail.

I asked him what the headache was like.

"It nearly always began just before my sight began to go. First of all I would get a pain in the nape of the neck. Then in the forehead. And then finally I would go blind."

Since then it seems that the soldier José M. Trejo, who is 21 years old, has experienced no further abnormal symptoms. His state of health is perfect, and his life is totally normal.

When I interrogated the three soldiers and asked them what they thought it was that they had seen and fired at, their answer was unanimous:

"We don't know exactly what it was. But on one score we all have no doubt whatsoever — because all three of us saw it — and that is, that the 'thing' was something very much like a man, but very tall . . ."

So there we have it — one of the most spectacular "occupant" cases so far. And, as stated above, I have secured it exclusively as no other investigator has got it.

Many unknown factors of course still surround this fascinating case. What can have become of the bullets — almost half a hundred of them — that were fired at the "being"? How is it that not a single one of the bullets was found in the adobe wall lying immediately

behind the enigmatic "being"? That the rifles were definitely fired, that is a fact. I know that for a certainty.

Weird as this case is, it must be added that certain of the features described in this report have already occurred in other cases. For example, there are those on record in which figures have appeared — generally of human form — presenting a totally non-material appearance, and with an intense luminous radiation around them. There have also been cases in which sounds were heard similar to those heard by the sentries, and where the same glow was seen in the sky. All of which leads me to the conclusion that this affair at the Military Air Base of Talavera La Real, near Badajoz, can definitely be catalogued as a case of the apparition of one of the members of a UFO 'crew'.

PART TWO: NEW AND DRAMATIC MATERIAL ON THE CASE AT TALAVERA LA REAL

Geneviève Vanquelef, Déleguée Régionale, LDLN

(Translation from French)

Geneviève Vanquelef's remarkable new report is taken from *Lumières Dans La Nuit*, No. 245/246 (November/December 1984), to whose Editor and *Comité de Rédaction*, as well of course as to the authoress, we hereby record our very special and particular thanks. — EDITOR

ON November 18, 1981, a magnetic tape, minus its case, was found in the baggage compartment of French train No. 377 running from Geneva to Port-Bou (on the Franco-Spanish frontier at the extreme eastern end of the Pyrenees).

On being played, the cassette proved to contain a conversation in Spanish, so the railway employee who had found it gave it to a Frenchman named Michel Rouanet who is very keen on taping music. Before erasing the Spanish conversation, however, Monsieur Rouanet first played it through in the presence of his wife, who happens to be Spanish by origin herself. She was consequently amazed by what she heard: *a lively discussion about UFOs, blinded soldiers, a dog burnt to death, etc.* Equally astonished was her husband for, as it happens, he belongs to the *Orion UFO Investigation Group* at Béziers, near Montpellier in the South of France. So Monsieur Rouanet took the precious cassette along to the Group's next meeting, where André Mortès made a French translation of it. By means of a good deal of checking and cross-checking it was possible to discover where the original landing case had

taken place, and everything pointed to the fact that it must be the case at Talavera La Real of which an account had been published on page 13 of *LDLN* No. 187 (August/September 1979).

This turned out to be the record of an interview that had been conducted aboard the same train in which the cassette was found. You can hear the sound of the train lurching, and sometimes the time being announced, and the names of certain stations. The interview was at night, in one of the coaches, between parties who were seated. At times you can hear the voices of other travellers in the compartment. The cassette was one of several, and it seems that it got left in the train by accident. The person who is doing the questioning seems unquestionably of the sort of level of someone who has had a university education, and both parties speak a good Spanish, without regional accents.

The person being interviewed is in fact the CHIEF WITNESS in the close encounter case at Talavera La Real, and he gives some fantastic details of that case which had been suppressed by the Spanish Army at

the time. This witness speaks with great conviction, but always soberly and intelligently. The talk is studded here and there with elaborate but natural and vivid philosophical discussions (on such themes as lying, fear, oral expression, and such like).

The Close Encounter at Talavera La Real: The Original Sources

Here is a summary of Jacques Scornaux's story as given in *LDLN* No. 187:—

"At about 1.45 a.m. on November 12, 1976, three sentries at the Badajoz Spanish Air Force Base, alerted by a piercing sound, go to inspect the area where the stock of fuel is kept. Then they hear a crashing noise in the bushes, their dog behaves strangely and they see a vivid light, and they load their rifles.

Then they beheld a sort of green apparition three metres high, of human appearance, consisting of small points of light, its legs if any not being visible. The soldier closest to it was paralyzed with terror. The other soldiers fired and the apparition instantly disappeared. Next day, on the wall behind which the apparition had stood, not a single mark from the shots could be found, and there was not a single spent cartridge-case on the ground. During the following weeks the paralyzed soldier had trouble with his eyesight and headaches."

The source on which Jacques Scornaux had drawn for his account was an article by Juan José Benítez translated into English by Gordon Creighton and published in *Flying Saucer Review* Vol. 23, No. 5 (February 1978). In that same year, 1978, the French UFO journal *Ouranos* also carried a translation of the Benítez report, which had reached them from their correspondent in Portugal. Jacques Scornaux made a comparison of these two translations and concluded: "They are very similar, and obviously give the same story by J. J. Benítez with, at the very most, just a few variations in details such as are normal in cases where translations are made by different individuals into different languages."

The principal witness at Talavera La Real was said to be José María Trejo. His first-hand account of the affair, as recorded by J. J. Benítez, agrees completely with the version given on the cassette. Here it is:—

"Then I distinctly felt a presence. It was just like the feeling we get that someone is watching us from behind. I looked to the side and saw behind me, on my left, a spherical light. Then, wheeling round quickly, I found myself facing something absolutely extraordinary such as I have never seen before: it was a human form, or at least it seemed to be. It was big, nearly three metres in height. I was only ten or fifteen metres from the fantastic thing. It was a green light, like the light of a green phosphorous match at night. The strangest part of it all was that

this luminous form seemed to consist of small points of light. Its periphery was marked by more intensely vivid points of light. The head was small, and seemed as though covered with a sort of helmet. The body looked like a wide spindle, seemingly without legs. The arms were crossed. It's strange, but at the precise moment that I was about to press the trigger of my rifle, I felt myself suddenly go weak. I was overcome by a sensation of general weakness. But I could see and I could hear. Before falling to the ground, I managed to shout to my comrades to get down. I was unable to say any more. Still conscious, and lying face down to the ground, I found my sight beginning to weaken strangely, just as though darkness were slowly coming on ... I was also able to see the enormous luminous thing ... Then my comrades helped me to get up ... My chest was painful and that seemed strange, for I could not have hurt myself with my rifle as I fell. The pain wore off after twenty minutes."

A few days later, the investigator (Benítez) reports, José María Trejo suddenly felt his sight beginning to fail just as he was walking into the camp mess-hall. Totally blind, he was led off to the sick-bay, where he remained completely unconscious for at least a quarter of an hour.

Then he was transferred to the Badajoz Hospital for lots of medical tests. Nothing abnormal was found. But, two days after he had left the hospital, he fell ill again. He was then sent to the Air Force Hospital in Madrid, where he was placed under observation and examined and tested for a month. But all they were able to establish there was that he had suffered a great nervous shock.

Extracts from the Cassette

After a discussion about vital energy, the witness expresses the idea that our vital energy is controlled by something exterior to us and superior to us. "This something" is operated by someone...

Q. (the questioner asks). "Did you see this 'someone'?"

Q. "During a spiritualistic séance?"

A. "No. During my military service on guard duty. I saw a machine about 100 metres wide, as big as a football pitch. I had my rifle and I had a dog with me. I saw a million lights underneath it. A door opened, held by an individual. I wanted to shoot. I received a discharge, the sort that leaves you blind! The dog leapt into the air, and was burnt to death before it touched the ground again!"

Q. "You don't think that maybe it was an hallucination?"

A. "A hallucination doesn't kill a dog! I was stretched out on the ground, and my mates fired. *The*

machine vanished at the speed of a photographic flash. I was stunned, I felt a violent pain in my chest ... It went right through my chest ...

At this point the recording is interrupted by various noises: the announcement of a station, and a comment by a passenger ... Then the discussion starts again, on the subject of fear in man. Then:

A. "We had all gone out from the guard-room, after hearing intermittent noises, like a radio, at intervals of five minutes. A quarter of an hour after the noises had started, there was *an explosion of light brighter than the Sun.*"

Q. "Were you the only one who saw it?"

A. "No, all the lads turned out. That light made a big impression on them all. The Corporal came running up with his dog and asked us whether we had seen anything. We all turned out, thinking someone was attacking the aviation fuel depot — which, if it had exploded — would have wiped out Badajoz, 17 kilometres distant. We tried to contact the Base (Headquarters). *But there was no telephone, no electricity, no radio contact ...* So we all turned out ... all except the Sergeant, because he was drunk and very scared ... "We had to do something to react, at all cost ... All I could see was this chap who stood there for about fifteen seconds ... Was it a man, or was it a robot? He was 35 or 40 metres* from me. A glass globe on his head, a sort of astronaut's space-suit, all made of metal, of a green, phosphorescent colour ... Arms and the rest of the body much bigger ..."

Q. "Were his body and his arms very stiff?"

A. "Yes — that's it! After this contact, I had a very quick development of my brain ..."

Q. "Do you think that was due to the shock of the charge of energy you had received?"

A. "No, I don't think so. I think it is due to 'something' that it isn't given to everyone to experience from the intellectual point of view; 'something' very superior to me influenced me with its power, it demonstrated to me that it was stronger than the whole Army that I had behind me! I was totally powerless. I understood that there were very superior forces, capable of constructing such a perfect machine and of producing such an energy. *They killed the dog and they didn't kill me!* So they have to be very intelligent to know how to utilize that energy like that ... Yet the 'chap' facing me was empty-handed ... *It was just when I wanted to press the trigger that he raised his hands! It was just at that precise moment that I received the discharge;* neither I nor the doctors have been able to identify that energy ... I was terribly ill, blind, stunned, they took me to the Medical Centre in Madrid ... *I remained in a coma for three months. Everything I've said has been classified as 'a military secret'.* One male nurse merely told me: *'If you were to hear all you've said, you'd go crazy!'*

... After this experience I've developed on all levels: intelligence, quickness of mind, Ethics, Mathematics ... *Yet, at the moment when it happened, I refused to communicate ...* Certain persons are fitted for communicating with the UFOs, and others are not ... *After this contact, I felt an intense development of my brain, I experienced a sensation of superiority, of quickness of mind ... It happens to me that I re-live moments that are past, or that will come in a thousand years' time ... one has the power to travel mentally ... I had never had any premonitory dreams about what has happened to me ... But at present, I often have extrasensory perceptions about my future ...* However, I'm not a day-dreamer, I prefer the present, action, studying people, society, animals ..."

Comments

The first remark that it comes into one's mind to make relates to the extraordinary chance that has saved this cassette from destruction. It came into the hands of one of the few and rare railway workers in that region of France whose wife, being herself of Spanish origin, was able to see that it concerned a UFO case. Here is Monsieur Rouanet's own written account:—

"The BASF magnetic tape, lacking its plastic case, and with the two plastic strips that characterize a virgin tape, for recording with a simple present-day portable machine, was found in the baggage compartment of train No. 377 at Cerbère on the morning of November 18, 1981. It was given to me by one of my work-mates. Finding that it contained an animated discussion which was of no interest to him, he said: 'Take it, you can tape over it.'

"My own work with the SNCF (French Railways) involves, *inter alia*, work in connection with sound-tests.

"By pure chance I got my wife Anne-Marie to listen to the tape, and as a result it turned out for me to be an absolutely providential piece of documentation. For I have been passionately interested in everything to do with Space for more than fifteen years — space travel, astronomy, UFOs, etc.

"So on December 21, 1981, I took the cassette to the Orion UFO Study Group in Béziers (I am a native of Béziers). Their president at the time was André Mortès (since deceased in April 1982) and he made a French translation of the gist of the discussion."

The New Details

I have italicized the various new details provided in this taped interview, which was made four years after

the original investigation (in Spain by J. J. Benítez).

The witness's difficulties in describing the apparition have now disappeared. The initial light described by him has now become a machine. The being, who has now become human, gets out of the craft, he is wearing a metallic one-piece suit . . . he raises his arms . . . The "apparition" aspect of the original account (despite the strange material details that the cartridge-cases had vanished and there were no impact marks on the wall) has faded out quite remarkably in this second account. And the two details in question are themselves absent from the tape. But we must not forget that, in the opinion of our translator who made the French version from the cassette, the story was continued on a following tape. Obviously the most salient features of the affair are what emerge in the witness's memory, and possibly these are such as would reinforce his own *a posteriori* interpretation of the phenomena?

Nevertheless certain details surely cannot be invented: for example — the dog burnt to death before it touched the ground. We know of other eyewitness accounts of similar cases: cases in which the dog and the man are both struck by the same beam coming from a saucer: and the dog dies on the spot or two or three days later, while the man gets off with less serious injuries.

Likewise, in the original Spanish account the failures of the electricity and the telephone are omitted.

The most glaring of the discrepancies between the two accounts concern the injuries suffered by José

María Trejo himself. On the cassette he makes no mention of his first period in hospital as the result of two temporary spells of blindness, but he does claim on the cassette that he had been in hospital, and completely unconscious, for three months.

Did the victim intentionally minimize the gravity of his condition when the first investigation was being made or has he dramatized and exaggerated his condition during the second interrogation? No doubt a bit of both is involved! But we do find, on the cassette, precisely that sort of subsequent psychic transformation (so often reported) following upon close contact with a UFO¹. Intuitive knowledge gradually makes its appearance, there is an expansion of consciousness but there is also, one must admit, an admiration (very suspect) for the unparalleled power of this "extra-human" intervention.

Do contactees become 'manipulatees'?

One interesting additional detail may be noted:—"At that same Spanish airfield, in 1964, a chimney-stack had been destroyed by a strange column of smoke."

NOTES AND REFERENCES

1. See G. Vanquelef: *OVNI. Enlèvements, captures. (UFO Abductions and Kidnappings.)*

(No English translation known. G.C.)

* Here is an important discrepancy. In J. J. Benítez's original account and in the Portuguese version it had been only 15 metres. (G.C.)

UFOs, JINNS & POLTERGEISTERY AT JOAQUIM MURTINHO

Professor Húlvio Brant Aleixo, President of CICOANI UFO Investigation Group, Belo Horizonte, State of Minas Gerais, East-Central Brazil.

(Translation from Portuguese)

This interesting case, which was investigated in depth and recorded by Húlvio Brant Aleixo, one of Brazil's pioneers in Ufology (and a very old friend and contributor to FSR) is translated from SBEDV Special Bulletin No. 158/161 (May-December 1984) published in Rio de Janeiro by Dr. Walter K. Buhler, to whom we express our very special thanks. — EDITOR

ON the evening of November 2, 1977, the 16-year old youth L.C.J.A. was alone in his aunt's house on the rua Dom Oscar de Oliveira in the town of Joaquim Murtinho, State of Minas Gerais, watching the TV, with all the doors and windows of the house closed.

The Machine In The House

Suddenly he heard a brief noise like a burst of high wind (and it was a perfectly calm evening), and he heard footsteps inside the house. Then to his amazement, he saw a strange machine entering through the