

ITAPERUNA AGAIN

Gordon Creighton

IN *Uproar in Brazil* (FSR, November/December 1971) I gave an account of the remarkable recent happenings at Itaperuna in the state of Rio de Janeiro.

The Rio illustrated magazine *Domingo Ilustrado*, of October 17, 1971, brings us a further instalment in the Itaperuna story, and reveals for the first time something that had happened on a Thursday night towards the end of May of that year—probably May 27.

1—Sr. Leite's encounter

The author of the report is the journalist Carlos Chagas, who tells us that the incident befell his uncle, Senhor Nélson Vieira Leite, a prominent Itaperuna farmer and businessman, whom I have already mentioned (FSR, November/December 1971, top of page 28). I had merely stated that this gentleman and his wife had once seen a saucer at their farm.. But the recent experiences of the typewriter mechanic and the truck-driver, who encountered the unpleasant little dwarfs and were the victims of their tricks, have emboldened Sr. Nélson Leite to speak out at last about what had happened to him last May.

Sr. Leite, brother of the Prefect of the Municipality of Itaperuna, lives in the town, but frequently goes out to spend the day on his farm, 40 minutes by car from the town.

The day in question had been a very fine one, and he was waiting just before sundown, beside the road, for his nephew Manoel Carlos who was due to come by in his car and take him back home.

Suddenly, despite the fact that he could see the Sun going down in the west, Sr. Leite was puzzled to observe that it had seemingly just appeared over one of his fields towards the east, on the other side of the road. But it was not long before he perceived that, whatever this might be, it certainly was not the Sun. It was a light, quite pale at first, but it rapidly grew stronger and finally was blinding. It was coming down towards him out of the sky and finally it came to a halt just above the long grass of the meadow, without actually touching the ground.

Curious to know what this might be, he went across to take a closer look. The light was now fading again and its brightness was, as he explained, roughly equal to the brightness of the lights on the high poles on top of the Aterro do Flamengo (a hill at Rio de Janeiro that he knows very well). He was now able to observe the light without shading his eyes. And he could see what it was. It was a greenish object, "... resembling a soup-plate upside down." It looked quite a lot bigger than a Volkswagen car, which may indicate that it was in fact a different type of saucer from those seen recently by the two other residents of his town who were "privileged" to have such extraordinary experiences with the dwarfs (see *Uproar in Brazil*).

Sr. Leite continued to draw nearer to the object though, as he admits, not without considerable fear.

Indeed, he was trembling. But his curiosity was even greater than his fear, just as was his desire to protect what belonged to him. And there, right in front of him, was this thing, hanging, less than a metre off the ground, over one of his own fields . . . why, perhaps it might, he felt, even be right over one of his own sleeping cows!

But, when he had reached a point about ten metres from it, he suddenly realised that he was no longer walking, and that he had not been walking for what seemed to have been some minutes, though he had by now somehow or other lost all sense of time. He seemed half-numbed, yes, almost like the way he remembered he had felt when, some years before, he had been just about to enter the operating theatre in the hospital to have a hernia seen to.

However much he tried, he simply could not walk. His legs would not obey him. But he was not paralysed; it seemed entirely different from that, for he was waving his arms about and he even turned round and faced back towards the road. But he was totally unable to go forwards. An invisible barrier halted his steps. And then he noted another strange thing. This was a humming noise, which seemed to be coming from inside the "soup-plate".

The light from the object was still weak, though sufficient to illuminate the whole area around.

A shout in the dark

Suddenly he heard a shout, and from behind him came his nephew Manoel Carlos (cousin of the author of this report, Carlos Chagas), who had observed the whole scene, though unable to hear any sound. More daring than his uncle, Manoel Carlos was not walking. He was *running*. And he was unaware of the invisible barrier that lay between his uncle and the disc. The result was that he knew no more for several hours thereafter. He was knocked right out. Knocked out just as though he had been run over, or had walked into the plate-glass doors of one of the Government Ministries in Brasília, the Federal Capital.

Seeing his nephew lying prostrate, Nélson Leite was now vastly alarmed. And seldom, he says, has he ever known such a *depression* as now came over him—*depression, and a feeling of utter impotence in the face of the whole business*.

He gazed at the disc. It now seemed to him that there was a band of greater brightness right around it, and that this indicated the existence of some windows or port-holes. He reminded himself to keep looking at the ground below it. The "dish" was still suspended above the grass, at a height of a little less than a metre. Nothing was happening, everything was going on just as though it had been just like this for a long, long time. How much time actually did elapse he was subsequently able to estimate: about 20 minutes, at the outside.

But at the time, to Nélson Leite, it was 20 years.

The hum increases

The light from the disc now began to grow stronger and the hum more piercing, until Sr. Nélson Leite was obliged to put his hands over his ears. And the flying saucer took off, straight up, slowly at first, then moving so rapidly that immediately it was no bigger than a star in the sky.

Later, when the nephew had recovered consciousness, they both went to examine the spot over which the thing had hovered. A great open area had been formed in the long grass, and the grass looked burnt and scorched.

Burnt and scorched by a "flying saucer."

Sr. Nélson Leite at first told nobody about the incident. He had no desire to be taken for a madman. He himself had laughed, countless times, at similar stories told by local *caboclos* (peasants). And, indeed, one of the cases he had laughed at—a very strange case, too—concerned another farmer, a friend of his, who had been chased for several kilometres in his car by a flying object.

Now, however, since the incidents of last week (i.e. the cases reported in *Uproar in Brazil*—G.C.) Sr. Nélson Leite has agreed to talk at last. He is still entirely self-possessed, and denies any supernatural aspect to the affair. Says he: "It must have been something to do with extraterrestrial beings, people like us, or a bit different. But nothing beyond the bounds of what is rational."

Tail-piece

In another column, the same issue of *Domingo Ilustrado* prints the following letter from a correspondent named Myrthes Monard of Curitiba, in the South Brazilian State of Paraná:

"I simply cannot understand how a paper of the stature of *Domingo Ilustrado* can devote itself to wasting so much of its readers' time with rambling tales about hypothetical Martians allegedly invading the Earth in flying saucers. After all, nobody is such a fool in our technological age as to believe in phantasmagorias of this sort. What's going on?"

To which the reply of the Editor of *Domingo Ilustrado* is as follows:

"That is precisely what we are trying to find out, as part of our job of informing the public properly. Whether or not the saucers do exist is something about which we can at present give no assurance either way. But, from the moment that numerous persons, not only at Itaperuna but also in other places in Brazil and indeed in the whole world, say that they have seen these strange objects, then the only course to adopt is to keep a record of the phenomenon and to try to penetrate the mystery.

"That is our duty."

2—Discussion

How honest, and how refreshingly different from the attitude of the British press! Fancy talking of *keeping the record*! Why—that is precisely what FSR has been doing for these seventeen years past.

I am sure that this further report from Itaperuna will be found highly interesting. One may guess—perhaps speculate is the better word—that what Sr. Nélson Leite saw was, as Carlos Chagas says, something totally different from the type of vehicle reportedly used by the mischievous dwarfs. Still speculating, I would draw attention to the similarity between Sr. Leite's description of the "soup-plate upside down" and the following:

1. The UFO seen on the sea near Rio (in FSR for May/June 1971). See in particular the sketch on the cover.
2. The craft used by the Lagôa Negra humanoids (in *FSR Case Histories* No. 5, June 1971). See in particular the sketch on cover.
3. The UFO photographs from Sangrilá, Uruguay (in *FSR Case Histories* No. 8, December 1971). See in particular the enlarged photograph on the cover.

These three UFO reports all come from one relatively small coastal area of the South American continent. I suggest that 1 and 2 go far to support the authenticity of 3, and that, taken in conjunction, they may be thought to indicate the existence of a type of being that is far nearer to us in appearance than are the dwarfs, a being which may be making great use of the South Atlantic continental shelf off Brazil, Uruguay and Argentina as a handy base area from which to visit the land and, finally, *possibly a being that, unlike the dwarfs, is not unfriendly to us*. (It is true that Sr. Nélson Leite's nephew was knocked out, but this may only have been through running against a purely protective barrier.)

As regards previous reports of "invisible barriers", I have the impression that these have been quite frequent but a search of the literature would be time-consuming. At present I will merely point out that there is an excellent case in Mr. Ted Phillips' "UFO Events in Missouri 1857-1971" (*FSR Case Histories* No. 8, December 1971) where we read (page 10) that on February 14, 1967, in South Central Missouri, a farmer got to within 30ft. of a disc standing on a shaft. He began to throw some large rocks at the machine, and the rocks hit something which seemed to be at a distance of 15ft. from the craft, and fell to the ground.

Finally, we might also recall the Russian case which Signor Alberto Fenoglio published in 1962 in the Italian Space and Rocket Journal *Oltre Il Cielo: Missili & Razzi*, and which I gave in translation in my article *Amazing News From Russia* (FSR, November/December 1962, p. 28).

According to this report, one of several which Signor Fenoglio said he had secured from a Soviet diplomat and a Soviet engineer whose names he was (understandably) unwilling to divulge, the Russians were at work, in the summer of 1961, on the installation of new batteries of ground-to-air rockets on a hill near Rybinsk, some 150 kilometres north of Moscow, when suddenly a huge disc appeared, at an estimated height of 20,000 metres, accompanied by a number of smaller discs. The flotilla came to a halt overhead and seemed to be studying the situation. A nervous battery-commander panicked and gave an unauthorised order to fire a salvo of missiles, all of which exploded simultaneously long