

ITALIAN NIGHT-WATCHMAN KIDNAPPED BY UFO

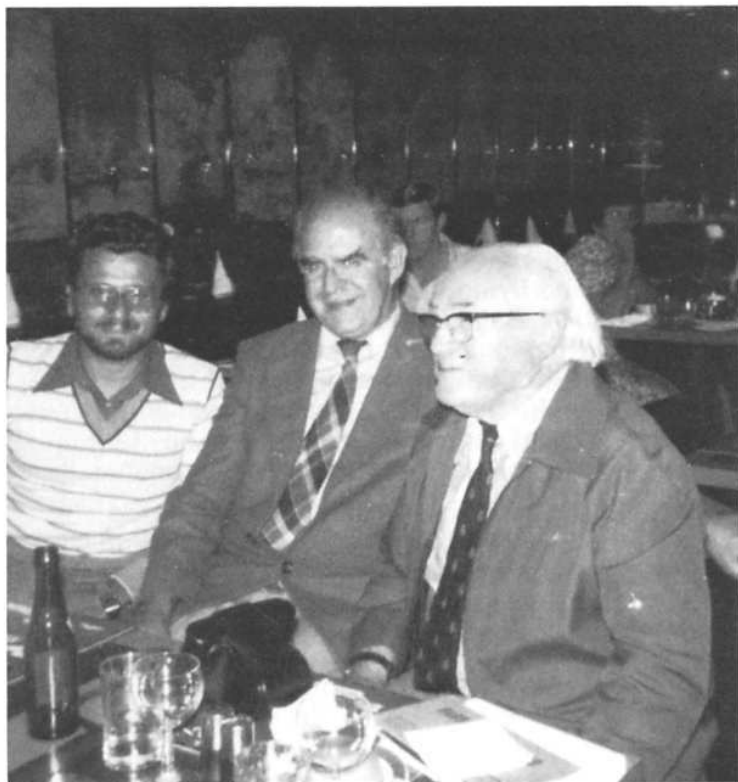
Luciano Boccone

THIS episode took place during the night of December 6/7, 1978, at Marzano, a village near Torrighia, in the Province of Genova (Genoa).

Signor Fortunato Zanfretta, aged 26, married, with two children, is a night-watchman employed by the *Cooperativa* of Valbisagno. He was carrying out one of his regular nightly inspection tours to check up on the many villas and cottages which, scattered here and there in the municipality of Torrighia, are normally only occupied during the holiday season, and was driving a *Fiat 126* car, owned by the Cooperative and equipped with a radio linking him with the Genoa Head Office.

It was almost midnight, cold, the sky clear, and visibility very good. Towards the North, in the direction of Pentema, a big fire had broken out.

Zanfretta drove through Marzano and headed for the last of the summer houses, the villa *Casa Nostra*. Suddenly, about a hundred metres before reaching the villa, and after a turn in the road, he perceived four white lights, described by him as "like four torch lights," arranged in a triangle and moving horizontally to and fro at about a metre or so above ground-level, in front of the south-eastern façade of the house. So he immediately pulled up and got out of the car to get a better view.



Dr. Roberto Pinotti (left), with Charles Bowen (centre) and Gordon Creighton in London, September 1979.

We are indebted for this report* to Dr. Roberto Pinotti and his colleagues on the Editorial Board of *Notiziario UFO*, the journal of the Italian National UFO Research Centre (*Centro Ufologico Nazionale*), published in Rome. The article appeared in their issue No. 3, year 2, March 1979, and therefore came to us in Italian, and with a rendering already made into English, which has been collated and edited by translator Gordon Creighton.

EDITOR

Thinking it might be one of the cases of housebreaking that are so frequent in that district, he switched off his engine and prepared to call the Head Office to report the matter and tell them of the action he proposed to take. All he could get however was the call-sign from one of his colleagues: "Canguro here!" He glanced mechanically at his clock. It was precisely 11.45 p.m. He went on trying to make contact, and suddenly realized that his radio had stopped working. Then, for no apparent reason, his headlights, which had been on until that moment, also packed up, as well as his dashboard lighting and the internal car light. Surprised, though not yet worried by this, he simply decided that he would go over and inspect the villa first, and then look to see what was wrong with his lights. So he got out his electric torch, and pressed and pushed the button to see that it was in good working order. Then he shut the car, switched off his torch again, and began striding towards the villa, determined to confront the burglars.

Quickly he was across the hundred metres or so separating him from the house, all the time keeping his eyes on the mysterious lights. By now he was more convinced than ever that a big housebreaking operation was in progress. All around, the most total silence reigned.

But a moment more and he was at the entrance gate to the villa. This is a wooden gate, painted white, about 80 cms high, in keeping with the rest of the villa's surrounding enclosure. The lights were still there, very clearly visible, about fifteen metres or so from him. They were still in movement, but there was no sign of any persons. And there was absolutely no sound. He halted for a second and then switched on his torch and shone it straight at the gate, and saw that the left half of it was shut while the right half was opened inwards. Then he shone the torch towards the front door of the villa, about ten

* A brief news version of this case appeared in the *World Round-up* column of *FSR* Vol. 25, No. 2, (March-April 1979).

metres from him and a little to his right, and he noted that it too was standing wide open. Well now, he thinks, there is no doubt about it: it is a genuine case of housebreaking. He switches off his torch and draws his pistol. But he still cannot find a satisfactory explanation for those lights. . .

Then suddenly the four lights began to move towards him, and passed rapidly from left to right in front of him, vanishing an instant later behind the north corner of the house. Instinctively and courageously he headed for the southern corner, on the left-hand side of the building, in order "to surprise them by meeting them as they came round the house."

He quickly got to the south corner, determined to take up his position there, leaning against the drainpipe, with his torch in his left hand and the pistol in his right, and beside the clump of rambler roses growing there. Peering round the corner of the house, he tried to see where the "lights" had now got to, or to ascertain how many robbers he had to deal with, when suddenly he felt a broad, powerful, solid "push" — an explicable sort of push, but something very, very different from a push from one or more human hands. He staggered forward and fell on the grass. The torch slipped from his hand, and as it hit the ground, it switched itself on!

His immediate thought was that the "thieves" must have turned the tables by taking him from the rear. . .

Everything that happened now was in a matter of a few seconds. Still lying on the ground, he grabbed his lighted torch, which was close by him. He swung round quickly, pointing the beam of light upwards to about the height of a man. As he turned, the peak of his cap struck "something" which was visible by the light of his torch: it was like a mass of big horizontal dark grey-coloured tubes, set one above the other, which he beheld, just a mere few centimetres from his face. Picking himself up slowly from the ground, he tried instinctively to see the "face" of this "something" which he still thought to be a burglar, so he shone his torch upwards to where the head ought to have been: but at that point there were more grey "tubes," so he shone his torch still higher, until, at a height of about three metres, he saw the "face" of the intruder: it was a big dark-green coloured head, about sixty centimetres wide and with two dreadful enormous triangular, luminous yellow eyes, inclined upwards at the outer corners, and, on the lower part of the forehead there was also an indefinable something, also of a luminous yellow colour, like an eye, surmounted by enormous irregular wrinkles. The head also had, at the sides, great pointed "spines" in the place of hair, and, in front of them, there seemed to be a suggestion of straight, pointed "ears" or "horns" sticking up!

No sooner had he caught this glimpse of it than, brief seconds later, the alien entity vanished. . . Amazed, horrified, terrified by the repulsive appearance and searching gaze of the being, the watchman made a dash for the gate and out through it, on to the road. As he tore madly towards his car, which was not far from him, he suddenly began to hear an extremely loud, steady, unbearable whistling noise, like the sound of a centrifuge accelerating, and accompanied by a tremendously powerful wave of heat.

He halted, swung round, and looked back in the direction of the villa and of the whistle, hoping to discern maybe or see something that could explain this nightmare



Arrowed, the southern corner of the house where Zanfretta had his close encounter.

of unreality through which he was living, something that might provide some reassurance; but what he beheld terrified him even more, for there, above the villa, silhouetted most sharply and clearly against the dark backgrounds of the sky, was the profile of the upper part of a large flattened triangle, a sort of "Chinese hat," the base of which appeared to be hidden in an immense glow, a blinding, dazzling light, so bright that he had to put up one arm to shade his eyes. In this briefest snatch of time he saw the vivid white glow spread out beyond the northern and southern corners of the house, and then



First sketch by Zanfretta, showing the entity's face.

shoot straight up into the sky like an arrow. Overwhelmed by the heat from the object and filled with dread, he fled in wild panic towards Marzano and his car and his radio.

Breathless, he reached the *Fiat 126*, and without stopping to wonder how it was that his headlights were now on again and why all the electrical circuits of the car were now functioning normally, he made a desperate call to the office and gave the alarm, shouting into the microphone all his terror: “**My God — they’re brutes — they aren’t men, they aren’t men!**” Such were the words heard by the colleague who was on duty at the radio call post at the time. And immediately after that, as another colleague was commenting ironically on this desperate message, the night-watchman felt his knees giving way and his consciousness fading. Exhausted, he collapsed on the ground beside the car. The time was now 00.16 hours on Thursday, December 7, 1978. It had taken Zanfretta about half an hour to walk the distance of roughly 100 metres from his car to the villa and then the same distance back to the car again.

Almost another hour would elapse between the moment when he suffered his “swoon” and the moment when, hot, lying face-down in the middle of the big field on the south-eastern side of the villa, he re-opened his eyes and caught sight of the headlights of the car that was bringing his two colleagues to his aid. Imagining however that he was about to undergo a repetition of the terrifying experiences of shortly before, he merely grasped his pistol and made ready to defend himself. But in reality fifty minutes had elapsed since he had “fainted.” The time was now precisely 01.06 a.m.

His colleagues had no easy task in restoring him to some state of reason, calming him down, and reassuring him that his nightmare was over. The spot where they found him, agitated, terrorized, trembling and utterly demoralized, is about 80 metres from where his *Fiat 126* was standing.

Zanfretta was unable to say how he came to be in the big field, and recalled absolutely nothing whatsoever of what might have happened to him between 00.16 and 01.06 hours of that night. Fifty minutes were missing from his life, a second and an eternity of which he had absolutely no memory, just as he had no recollection of how long it had taken him to walk those 100 metres from the car to the villa and then the same distance back again.

Verifications

While the door of the car was found to be open, and its main headlights and dashboard light and inside light and the radio were all switched on and working normally, the garden-gate to the villa and the main door of the villa were, on the other hand, found to be firmly closed, contrarily to what Zanfretta claimed to have observed. And nothing was found to be missing from inside the house — unlike what had happened a year before, when not only the door but the front wall too had been broken through, though all that was stolen consisted of three stuffed specimens of extremely common animals.

That earlier robbery of a year before had been duly reported at the time to the Carabinieri at Torriglia, who made an investigation, though with no positive results. (It was subsequently to that previous robbery — a thoroughly absurd affair for professional thieves to have perpetrated — that the proprietor of the villa had, at one

stage decided to dispense with the services of the *Valbisagno Cooperative*.) In the present affair, the night-watchman had thought he was simply thwarting another attempted break-in at the villa.

In the big meadow to the south-east of the villa, at the spot where Zanfretta re-opened his eyes that night, a dark horseshoe-shaped impression was to be seen, about three cms deep, 15 cms wide, and with a minimum diameter of about 2.5 metres and a maximum diameter of about 8 metres. This impression was photographed with panchromatic film and flash by Luciano Zeggio, photo-reporter for *La Gazzetta del Lunedì*, on the afternoon of Saturday, December 9, 1978.

In the course of the evening investigation on the site made on Thursday December 7, 1978, by the Carabinieri and Zanfretta’s colleagues, they also found a horseshoe-shaped mark, with a maximum diameter of about two metres, in the small field lying to the north-west of the villa. This mark, which was invisible by day, is still detectable by night if illuminated, according to the statement of the Carabinieri and of Lt. Cassiba of Valbisagno. On the afternoon of Friday, December 8, with a fine rain falling, we photographed this mark using infra-red film.

During the course of that same afternoon we discovered a heap of earth, seemingly freshly made, in the kitchen-garden of the villa. The kitchen-garden is located to the south of the corner of the house where Zanfretta had his baffling experience. The soil seemed to have been thrown up in a disorderly fashion by somebody or something operating in a hurry. It is interesting to note that only a few metres separate this heap of earth from the south corner of the house.

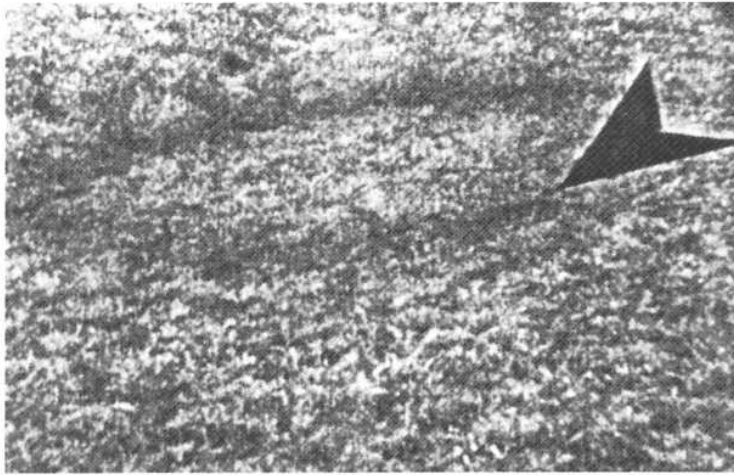


The big horseshoe-shaped mark in the field to the south-east of the villa.

Despite the fine rain, we also discovered, on that same afternoon of Wednesday, December 8, 1978, a slight degree of radioactivity, amounting to an average of 0.25 mR/h between 3.30 p.m. and 4.45 p.m., in connection with the western corner of the property, below the bowling green. That is to say, more or less right behind the house, at the spot from where the witness claims that he saw the big luminous triangle rising up towards the zenith.

The references

Il Secolo XIX of December 10, 1978, reported that, at the spot where UFOs were sighted in the Province of Bari on



Arrowed: the ellipsoidal mark, about one metre in diameter, in the field to the north-west of the villa.

December 8, the witnesses being four youths, a number of night-watchmen, and a patrol of Carabinieri, a horseshoe-shaped mark over two metres wide was subsequently discovered. Quite apart from the evident similarities, the presence, near the Villa "Casa Nostra," of a big horseshoe-shaped impression and of a small ellipsoidal one (ellipsoidal under infra-red light, but horseshoe-shaped under spotlights, and invisible by daylight), not to mention the radioactivity by the bowling-green and exactly behind the house — albeit quite faint, but discovered by us without any indications of its having been reported by the Carabinieri, or any of the other people present at the spot on Friday, December 8 — all this seems fully to confirm the experiences which the witness claims to have undergone. And this story he has related on various occasions without ever falling into any contradictions, either to us or to the representatives of the press (*Il Secolo XIX*; *La Gazzetta del Lunedì*; *La Domenica del Corriere*; etc.), or the national RAI-TV (Portobello) or the private TV interests (*Telegenova*, *TVS*, and so on).

And finally, in addition to discovering the above-mentioned horseshoe-mark in the field on the south-east side of the villa, the journalist Rino Di Stefano and the photo-reporter Luciano Zeggi (both of *La Gazzetta del Lunedì*) have found at least two more pieces of confirmatory testimony from people living around that area, who told them that they had seen a luminous object in the sky over Marzano during the night of November 6/7. Two ladies in a neighbouring village had in fact seen, from the terrace of their house, at about 9.00 p.m. that same evening, a luminous craft moving in the direction of their position. And another woman, resident in Marzano, said that on several occasions she had seen a UFO flying around above the district

Interview with Fortunato Zanfretta

Question: Can you try to give a good description of the being. . . ?

Answer: No, look, no. . . I have a headache. . . I haven't managed to sleep for the past two days.

Q: But, did he have arms?

A: I don't remember. . . look, the only thing that I have said I remember is the shape — that is, on the four or five occasions that I have awakened, terrified, at home, the

shape of how I may have seen him — that is to say, a big "spiny" face.

Q: And what about sounds?

A: Only that whistle when it left. But I don't understand the business about that gravel. When you walk on it, you can hear it, but I heard absolutely nothing. I heard him only when he was already right behind me, so much so that I swung round and hit him with my head.

Q: And then what happened after you had touched him?

A: Nothing, I don't remember anything. . .

Q: You had scarcely the time to shine your light on his face and then. . .

A: I saw the face, this great big thing, and something like a pretty thick big trunk. . . a mass of dark grey flesh, and when I saw the face I was terror-stricken and I couldn't move, standing there with my pistol in one hand and the torch in the other. . . for I don't know how long.

Q: A mass of flesh, how do you mean? Did it look smooth or not?

A: Like ripples. Look. . . it was like seeing the chest of a fat person bent over, who straightens up, and then goes down again, and keeps on like that. In brief, like ripples.

Q: Like the "Michelin" man?

A: Excellent! That's it. Yes, yes, that's it! Something like that. Dark grey.

Q: And when you hit him with your head, what was it like? Was it soft, or hard?

A: Look, I hit him hard, but it was only for a second.

Q: Any smell?

A: No, I don't remember any.



The entity seen by Zanfretta (reconstruction by L. Boccone).

Q: Now, apart from your headache, which could be due to tiredness or stress, have you had any other physical disturbances of any sort?

A: As I have told you, it's only when I'm going to sleep. For the past two days I have gone to sleep in the afternoon, I sleep just one hour and that's all. And I always see the same scene all over again. . .

Q: But you are continuing normally at your work?

A: I've asked to continue; it's worse if I stay at home.

Q: Did nobody else see the lights?

A: Two people saw the light, a sort of triangle, at about 9.00 p.m.

Q: At about 9.00 p.m.?

Q: Yes, from a spot a few kilometres distant from there, and right over in the direction of Marzano.

The results of the hypnotic regression

In the course of our first talk with the witness on Wednesday, December 13, in the offices of *La Gazzetta del Lunedì*, we made a tape-recording of his account of his experience (which we divided into two phases: the first phase, from 11.30/11.45 p.m. of December 6 until 16 minutes past midnight on December 7, and the second phase, from then until six minutes past one of that same day, December 7). We suggested too that he submit himself for an experiment in regressive hypnosis, by which it might be possible to secure precise information regarding the time gaps, of approximately a quarter of an hour in the first phase, and about fifty minutes in the second phase, which the witness himself was unable to fill.

The full consent of the witness for such an experiment was given in the course of a subsequent meeting which we had with him in the presence of Lt. Cassiba, his immediate superior, and of the journalist Rino Di Stefano, on Saturday, December 16, at the Valbisagno Administration headquarters. At this same meeting it was therefore also decided how the experiment should be carried out. The representative of the Press, who had assumed the responsibility for publishing the report at the national and local levels, proposed the name of Surgeon-Doctor Mauro Moretti, a specialist in medical hypnosis, with whom arrangements were duly made during the next few days to fix the first session hypnotic regression for Saturday, December 23.

Commentary

In the presence of the psychoanalyst A. Massa, the hypnotist G. Cesari, the physicist Dr. Ferraro, the journalist R. Di Stefano, Lt. G. Cassiba and of myself (Luciano Boccone), Dr. Moretti commenced the first session of regression, bringing the witness rapidly into a state of deep hypnosis.

The visible fear of the witness before the experiment — namely that any revelations that he might make under hypnosis would probably be of no effective help towards the results of the investigation — was in fact totally dispelled by the exceptional results that we obtained, and which were quite unexpected by practically all of us who were present.

The results of this initial hypnosis session served as further confirmation of our original first impression that the witness was indeed sincere and telling the truth: in fact



Fortunato Zanfretta.

he described his experience in a most frank and open fashion, re-living with most profound emotion its most salient moments, and manifesting to us in physical form his reactions vis-à-vis his close encounter and the time-gaps he had experienced.

His various kinds of behaviour while in deep hypnosis, such as, for example, his panting, his head-movements, the broken delivery of his words and their repetition — all these were patent to all of us as we observed him, especially when he appeared to be re-living the experience of the encounter itself.

In deep hypnosis, the witness not only confirmed in the most minute detail the experience that he had described to us when he was conscious, but, in the course of his account of the occurrences pertaining to his encounter with the being, he also introduced into the story, without any solicitation from any quarter, yet another experience of which he is still entirely unaware in his conscious state, and which in fact completely fills out the first time-gap — otherwise inexplicable — of some eighteen minutes or so, which he took to cross that notorious space of some hundred metres or so from his car to the villa and then back again over the same distance to the car.

His unquestionable initial expressions of well-founded terror vis-à-vis unknown "monstrous beings," his vigorous initial protests that he was totally unwilling to follow these "beings" who were bent on taking him "somewhere else" against his will, gave way to equally indubitable expressions revealing that his mind was now entirely dependent upon the will of his "kidnappers." From the phrases spoken by this witness in profound hypnosis, and despite one or two timid attempts at rebellion on his part, the state of suggestibility and cap-

tivity in which he was held during the experience was patently obvious, as was also the fact that those "beings" had employed unknown means to prevent him from moving, or from looking around him, and for transmitting to him certain definite concepts or messages. Equally evident to all those present was his desire to know "who" or "what" was "touching" or manipulating him, as also were his affirmations regarding the non-human nature of those "beings," his entreaties to be allowed to "go home," and his calls for an ending to the torment inflicted upon him by "that thing on his head," by the "blinding light" in his eyes, and by the "unbearable heat" in which he was immersed.

Evident to all who were there was the total subjection of the witness to the will of those "monsters" — a subjection which however is not admitted by him at all at the conscious level. And this subjection was confirmed several times in the course of the witness's re-experience under hypnosis of the encounter he had undergone.

In the first part of his account, that is to say in the section referring to the period of time comprised between 11.30/11.45 p.m. of Wednesday, December 6, and six minutes past 1.00 a.m. of Thursday, December 7, the witness gave us, in our opinion, the description of a real experience, although he did not also re-experience, at the level of this experiment, those physical symptoms which he experienced and felt over a period of four days after his encounter of that night — such as, for example, the acute

and persistent pain localized in the upper part of his head.

In view of the obvious state of Zanfretta's anxiety Dr. Moretti did not consider it advisable to pursue the enquiry further by asking about what had happened during the second stage of his experience, namely the fifty-minute period between 00.16 and 01.06 hrs. of Thursday, December 7. Regarding the happenings during this second phase, which the witness did indeed start to describe, while giving confirmation once again of his state of total obedience to orders already received, he was in fact very brief and concise, though he did confirm, in the final part of it, all that he had already described in the conscious state, and all that his colleagues had said about the moment when he was found by them.

Thus, while it is not of course possible for us to maintain with the most absolute certainty that the experience of Zanfretta is indeed true, nevertheless, at the present state in our investigations, it would seem that, if we are to explain the hot condition of the witness's body and clothing more than one hour after his experience, plus his evident physical and emotional reactions under hypnosis, plus his state of anxiety and his visible reactions as though suffering a condition of subjection after his encounter of that night — then, indeed, the provisional hypothesis that Zanfretta had been kidnapped and then examined and communicated with, in some "hot place", would seem to be the best hypothesis available to us.

TRANSLATOR'S COMMENTS

Here, once again, I draw attention to certain features to which, over the years, we have become quite accustomed:—

(1) **Light:** vivid, blinding light, possibly employed for more than one purpose, and one of the purposes being, perhaps, use as a hypnotizing agent;

(2) **heat of an unbearable sort;**

(3) **Helmet:** the use of some sort of "helmet" or head-piece, said to be placed over the head of the individual unfortunate enough to engage the attentions of these charming creatures who most probably emanate from the Lower Depths.

One example of the clapping of such a "helmet" on to the victim springs to my mind. It will be found in Húlvio Brant Aleixo's article "Abduction at Bebedouro" which I translated in 1973 (see FSR Vol. 19, No. 6, November-December 1973. See also the recent paperback *Encounter Cases from Flying Saucer Review*). I am inclined to think that

a careful search of the literature would yield quite a crop of other "helmet" cases.

Not too dissimilar was the Monte Grande case (No. 44 in my contribution "The Humanoids in Latin America" (Section IV of *The Humanoids*, currently a Futura paperback), in which the victim claimed that entities had tried to put him into some sort of "space suit."

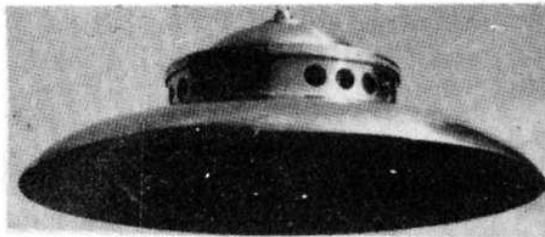
This theme of being coerced into donning a "space suit" will also be found in a number of other cases if one examines the literature. See, for example, one of my favourites, the case of Mr. James Cooke who, in September 1957, thought that a fetching breed of hermaphrodite critters from the planet Zomdic had been good enough to shuttle him from his home at Runcorn in Cheshire on a round-trip (see "Mr. Cooke goes to Zomdic," p. 36 of FRS Vol. 4, No. 4, July-August 1958). I must say it really is refreshing to find that they weren't mere homosexuals.

GORDON CREIGHTON



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FURTHER EVIDENCE OF "RETRIEVALS"

Details of cover-up revealed following lawsuit against the CIA

Gordon Creighton

PUBLICATION of Leonard Stringfield's paper "Retrievals of the Third Kind" is bound to cause alarm in some quarters. It would be foolish to expect anything else.

This might therefore be the appropriate moment to point out that this whole thesis about the crashed craft and the dead occupants does not stand or fall solely with Leonard Stringfield. There are other competent investigators who have arrived at the same conclusions as Stringfield. One of these is the aerospace engineer William Spaulding, who actively leads an Arizona group of investigators known as *Ground Saucer Watch*. This is said to be a nation-wide American research organisation of about 500 scientists and engineers, and it is the body which recently brought a lawsuit against the CIA and, in the Brooklyn Court, won the day.

The CIA has repeatedly said that it had finished its investigations and closed its books on UFOs in 1952, but *Ground Saucer watch* asserts that, from the contents of the first 1000 pages of secret documents winkled out of the CIA under this "freedom of information suit" it is evident that the Agency and the American Government are still lying about the UFO problem. Says William Spaulding: "After reviewing the documents, *Ground Saucer Watch* believes that UFOs do exist, they are real, the U.S. Government has been totally untruthful, and the cover-up is massive." (See article in *New York Times* of January 14, 1979, headlined 'CIA papers detail UFO surveillance'.)

So William Spaulding and *Ground Saucer Watch* assert that in their view there has been a "massive cover-up" on UFOs. But what else do they say? They say — as is indicated in this important special report published in the *New York Times* that they too have sworn statements from retired U.S. Air Force colonels that at least two UFOs have crashed and have been recovered by the Air Force. One crash, says Spaulding, was in Mexico in 1948, and the other was near Kingman, Arizona, in 1953. Spaulding also says that the retired Air Force colonels claimed to have seen, in connection with both these crashes, the corpses of alien beings about four feet tall wearing "silver outfits that seemed fused to the body from the heat."

Here then is proof that Leonard Stringfield is not the only person in America today who is talking about crashed craft and dead bodies in pickle. There is clearly a considerable amount of smoke.

It will be seen that William Spaulding and his colleagues were waiting in January 1979 for a Federal Judge to rule on the final phase of their suit against the CIA, which sought access to 57 items of documentation which would provide "hard evidence" of UFOs or retrievals of the third kind, and which included motion

We regret this article has appeared rather later than it should have done. We had been promised a report from an American contributor on the GSW -v- CIA situation, and so on, but this has failed to materialise. In its absence we have been forced to rely on the limited material at our disposal, on conversations with an American researcher who visited us, and on Gordon Creighton's correspondence with Leonard Stringfield.

EDITOR

pictures, gun camera film, and residue from landings. What precisely is the present situation, I have not yet heard.

One final thought: isn't it really rather odd that we have heard nothing whatsoever here, in the British or indeed in any of the European media, about this remarkable report which was printed in the *New York Times* for January 14, 1979?

After all, here is a news item in which seemingly responsible folk are cited as claiming proof that what is allegedly the most powerful government on Earth has possession of crashed flying saucers, and dead occupants pickled in brine or on ice, and that that government has been pulling the wool over everyone's eyes for more than a quarter of a century. A tremendous hullabaloo was raised over lying, and "monkey-business" and financial crookedness in high places, but compared with the pettifoggeries of American politics the problem of Earthman's possible contact with alien intelligences is something of an altogether more immediate and more important order, yet it warrants little or no comment. The fact that the achievement of *Ground Saucer Watch* against the CIA in an American court of law has been allowed to pass thus, virtually without comment anywhere in the world's media — apart from this item in the *New York Times* — surely contains a pointed message for those who can think for themselves and can see things a bit more clearly than the rest.

Leonard Stringfield tells me that threats against his life have been uttered since he started his campaign to gather evidence about retrievals, and this should surprise nobody. I grant that it is conceivable that somewhere in the Galaxy there may be a planet where governments are concerned for the general welfare of their peoples, but such is not the case on *our* planet, where every government serves the interests of a small oligarchy. It is patently obvious that individuals who advance inconvenient views, make embarrassing discoveries, or produce new inventions that threaten existing vested interests, are very