

implies the existence of intelligent life on a majority of the planets in our solar system, or a surprisingly strong interest in Earth by members of other solar systems.

A solution to the UFO problem may be obtained by the long and diligent effort of a large group of well-financed and competent scientists; unfortunately there is no evidence suggesting that such an effort is going to be made. However, even if such an effort were made, there is no guarantee of success because of the isolated and sporadic nature of the sightings. Also, there may be nothing to find, and that would mean a long search with no proof at the end. The best thing to do is to keep an open and skeptical mind, and not take an extreme position on any side of the question.

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## ANOTHER ASTONISHING SOUTH AMERICAN REPORT

By JANE GUMA (Glendale, Arizona) FSR Consultant

### ORLANDO FERRAUDI'S TRIP ABOARD A FLYING SAUCER IN 1965

By UFO Investigator Héctor Antonio Picco.(Translation from Spanish. J.G., *précis* by G.C.)

In continuation of the last report from Jane Guma, given in FSR 42/1, here is another instalment, received by us in December 1996, EDITOR FSR. SOURCE: Argentinian newspaper *La Crónica*, Buenos Aires), December 14 and 15, 1995. Credits to Roberto E. Banchs (Buenos Aires); Richard W. Heiden (USA).

According to statements to this newspaper by the UFO investigator Héctor Antonio Picco, he has, over many years past, been probing the case of one Orlando Jorge Ferraudi. The latter-named, a very tall man (6'2") and now (1995) aged 56, provided local UFO investigators Héctor Picco, Jorge H. Cosso, Sotero Caraballo, Eduardo R. Rando with four tape-recordings in 1986 and many additional details, over the years 1987 - 1995, regarding his extraordinary claim that, one August

night thirty years ago (i.e. in 1965), when he was 18 years old, he was out fishing at a spot on the Northern Resort Coast, not far from where the University City now stands, when he suddenly "**felt that someone was observing him**". Turning around, he found himself face to face with a being even taller than himself - "over two metres (6'5")", with a very white skin, light-coloured eyes, no beard or moustache, short, neat hair, and clad in a tight-fitting yellowish-coloured one-piece suit."

Ferraudi continued: "It was a very dark night. This being was telling me mentally: 'Take it easy- don't be afraid, you mustn't be scared.' Then he turned around, taking my arm, and placed some kind of 'powder box' on top of the wall. When opened, this box gave off a phosphorescent luminosity which enabled me to see more details. The entity's garb was of a yellow-mustard colour, had no wrinkles, zippers, or buttons, and it had a hood at the back of his head. He was repeating: 'Don't be afraid, you will come with me, we will take a long trip....'

"He picked up his device, and we went down the steps to the river (Rio de la Plata). I followed him like an automaton. He suddenly pointed his 'little machine', and I was able to see that a strange craft, in the shape of an inverted saucer, was approaching from the water. It stopped, and a little door opened, out of which came a ramp, and another being-similar to him - emerged and came walking towards us. Taking my hand very gently, this second being invited me to enter the craft.

"As soon as I was inside I noticed a girl there, five or six years younger than me (I was 18 at the time). From her clothing, which was in the fashion of the time, I realized that she 'was not one of *them*.'

"She spoke to me at once. 'Do not be afraid... they won't hurt us. They are *good*. I came into this thing a while before you....

"My name is Elena. I'm from Villa Mercedes, a city in San Luis Province. I was in my home, when I heard noises outside. I thought it was the cat knocking down some flowers that we had set outside, and fearing that my mum would be mad and throw out the cat, I went out, intending to grab it, and found myself suddenly confronted by an immense 'thing' from which a tube of luminous glass came down, and up which I then went.'

Suddenly", continued Ferraudi, 'they' were back in the chamber, and told us both - still telepathically: '**Don't worry, you will have to undress and change clothes, because the things that you wear have elements and germs on them that are alien to us.**'

"Next there came in a woman (identical in appearance with several others that appeared later), and she took Elena off into another room. This woman had a beautifully proportioned body and was dressed in the same clothing as the men. Her mouth, nose, and ears were normal - but her eyes, which otherwise seemed normal - were *almost yellow*. Her haircut was in the style of the 'Valiant Prince.' They picked up the clothes that I had taken off following an order that I was quite unable to disobey, because their control over me was complete. And they put my clothes inside a machine that looked like a TV

set, inside of which there was a thick green smoke. Then they gave me an overall like the ones they wore, and ordered me to put it on!

"I said I *couldn't*, because it was too narrow, but they insisted. I saw it had a hole for the neck and I put one leg inside and then the other, and the overall expanded and covered me completely! When I walked I felt as though I was wearing comfortable shoes, even though I was actually barefoot.

"By that time Elena had returned. Then they told us that they would take us for a trip under water (to avoid detection by radar) to a spot known to us by the name Samborombón Bay. From there we would then emerge and fly at a low altitude till we reached the coast of Uruguay. Then we would cross the Atlantic Ocean to Africa, and then we would '*go up!*' They said: '**We must take these precautions so that we can thus avoid being regarded as invaders or conquerors. We want your people to get used to us slowly, to see us just as like anybody else, because we are not strangers in this part of the Universe.**'

"In those years, prior to the completion of my book **MATERIAL PROOF OF THE HOLLOW EARTH** [book allegedly by Héctor Pico. I have never seen it and know nothing about it. G.C.], whenever I asked Orlando Ferraudi whether he knew where his abductors came from, he would always promptly request me to switch off the tape-recorder, and would say 'I don't know - because I'm not supposed to say it yet; **THEY COME FROM INSIDE THE EARTH.**'

"Today, however, Ferraudi admits it openly. Maybe because, as he says, 'the times are right.'

"There are many things that we are beginning to know now, and did not know previously. For example, we did not know that these '**Gentlemen From Poseidon**' had built two underwater bases around 1950, one of them on the Uruguayan coast in front of the Barra de San Juan, 45 km (28 miles) from Buenos Aires, and the other.... in the Samborombón Bay!"

Ferraudi's story continues: "When the craft had gained altitude, I noticed that the inner walls were smooth, and that the only remarkable feature about its structure was the oblong windows. 'They' brought us - me and the little girl - close to one of the windows. We could see our beautiful planet, blue, enormous, round, with white spots and some clouds, 'hanging' in the dark and silent Space. Our Moon was an opaque grey. Then 'they' told us: we will now project a force field that will attract us as if we were inside a tube...' And - immediately - the Earth became as small as an orange!"

"I felt no fear, no jolt to justify such a reaction.

'They' told us that we would return at the same speed. When we began to return, however, I started to scream 'Careful! We will crash!'. But 'They' said: 'When we get very close we will create a field, so as not to collide with Earth.'

"We entered the ocean again, maybe through the Gulf of Mexico, and after travelling underwater for a few minutes, we saw an immense sub-aquatic dome, resembling a gigantic Eskimo 'igloo', wherein buildings could be seen, and people moving about, and several craft similar to ours. One of 'Them' said to us '**This is a base, for the reconditioning of our vessels**'.

"After we had left behind those five or six blocks of 'buildings' submerged on the bottom of the Ocean, 'They' told us that we would be subjected to a 'test', and that, in order that the results might be accurate, we must first *relax*.

"One of the ladies brought a small tray with ten little things like eggs, five for me and five for Elena. The colours of the 'eggs' were red, yellow, brown, green and the last colour I don't quite recall what it was. We each had to chew and eat our five little 'eggs' of these colours, and we also had to drink a clear, thick liquid. None of the 'eggs' seemed to have any taste whatever.

"Then we were directed to lie down on some padded 'stretchers' with U-shaped headrests and dotted with lights of the same colours as the little 'eggs' that we had eaten. **We both fell into a profound sleep, and on awakening, Elena and I discovered that we could now read each other's thoughts - and we felt this was quite funny!**

"We were told that the results of the 'test' were 'good', that both of us were very healthy and that in this way they had thoroughly learned all about the physical and mental states of both of us, **and even the dates of our future deaths**. We were also informed that they had reactivated what we call our *pineal gland*, and it was at this point, as I now realize, that the most important part of our experience occurred.

"They said to us: 'YOU WILL BE USEFUL TO US IN THE FUTURE, BECAUSE THIS GLAND IS THE ONLY LEGACY THAT HAS REMAINED HERE FROM US. BECAUSE, OF THE FIVE RACES THAT NOW INHABIT THIS PLANET, NONE IS ORIGINALLY FROM EARTH. THEY ARE ALL ONLY REMNANTS OF CIVILIZATIONS FROM OTHER PLANETS. THE EARTH HAS FOR A LONG TIME BEEN KNOWN AS THE 'ZOO' OF THIS SOLAR SYSTEM. THE RACES THAT EXIST HERE TODAY HAVE SUFFERED GENETIC MUTATIONS DESTROYING THE STOCK, BUT WHAT NOW

REMAINS FROM WHAT THEY ONCE WERE IS THE PINEAL GLAND. THAT IS WHY WE HAVE REACTIVATED IT, SO, WHEN WE THINK ABOUT YOU, YOU WILL IMMEDIATELY HEAR A KIND OF HUM INSIDE YOUR HEADS.'

"Then we were both invited to see the rest of the vessel. And - remarkable detail! **We were quite unable to see where the perfect lighting was coming from. It was as if the air was 'turned on'**.

"**They showed us the craft's engine. It was round, surrounding the rim of the entire ship, which was itself some 70 m (230 ft) in diameter. It was formed by a series of huge interlinked bobbins, and we could see other beings there inside the craft, but all wearing blue clothing and gloves and visors covering the face.**

"Astonished, I asked: "Is *that* what you fly with?"

"The being accompanying us replied: 'NO - WE **DON'T FLY**. WE SIMPLY SLIDE ALONG A FORCE FIELD. WE USE THREE ENERGIES, COSMIC, MAGNETIC, AND SOLAR. WE CAN MOVE IN SPACE USING ALL THREE OR ONLY ONE OF THEM...WITH REGARD TO OUR SHIP, WHICH YOU CALL A 'FLYING SAUCER', IT IS BUILT IN ONE PIECE, BECAUSE, WHEN WE CONSTRUCT IT, IT IS AS THOUGH 'MOULDED' AND THE WINDOWS ARE 'ADHERED' IF WE CAN SO EXPLAIN IT.'

#### FURTHER REVELATIONS - REGARDING "GOD" AND "DEATH"

'They' then went on to speak about philosophical and cosmic matters, about the future of our human species, and about such concepts as "GOD" and "DEATH."

Ferraudi continues: "In reply to a question which I had asked about God and about Death, this is what the GENTLEMEN FROM POSEIDON told me:-

'For us, what you call **God** is a form of **Absolute Energy**, and, as to **death**, it is only a change in **molecular structure**, a change of **state**. We only use sex in order to procreate, but we do also have **families**, and we do know **love**. Our life-span is much longer than yours. And our children are already born with all the knowledge, and keep on perfecting it as they grow.'

"**Next they went on to discuss the indiscriminate and irrational use of nuclear energy on our part, which not only endangers our own habitat which we share with Them, but also endangers the cosmic equilibrium.**

Then one of them showed us an instrument which he was holding, and told us to look towards a



window, where we could see a solid object floating in the water. The being pointed his device at the object, and a beam shot out and instantly blew it to pieces. And he said to us:

**'This is pure energy. When it touches the target it disintegrates it -it completely dissolves everything that it touches.'**

"And then, finally, this last and unforgettable warning to us:-"

**'WE WANT YOU TO KNOW THIS -OUR POWER -WHICH WE WILL, REGRETTABLY, USE IF YOU SHOULD ENDANGER THE STELLAR HARMONY.'**

In due course 'they' told Ferraudi and Elena that they would return them to the places from where they had been taken, and that, for a time, they would remember nothing, but that later on, little by little, the images from these events would reappear in their minds.

Finally, as Ferraudi now recalls it, 'they' asked him to bend down and, directed a very bright light towards him, and he fell asleep.

When he awoke the sun was almost up and his body felt numb. Without remembering whether or not he had done any fishing, he gathered up his gear and got ready to return home.

Fifteen days later, when he was again getting his fishing tackle ready for another Saturday night expedition to the same spot, he found himself mentally reasoning: **"I don't know why I should go fishing if I end up falling asleep"**. And suddenly - a 'click' in his mind made him exclaim, as he started to perceive it all, **"No! -I didn't fall asleep! I travelled in a flying saucer!"**

One one occasion I, (the writer of this article, Héctor Antonio Picco) was invited to lunch with Ferraudi and his family. And once again he related to me all the details of his extraordinary story, and exclaimed: **"And I'm sure that I didn't dream all this!"**

I gladly stretched out my hand -the hand of a UFO investigator -for I had been studying and watching and questioning him for seven years already, and I said: "I am now really sure that what you say is the absolute truth."

Experience tells us that hoaxers mount their schemes extremely well, and never permit themselves a doubt about their own stories. But Orlando Ferraudi (just like Enrique Castillo Rincón and Mónica Pérez, two remarkable people whose story was published in *Flash Magazine* in October 1995) continues to 'auto-investigate' himself. Literally, they go on 'pinching themselves', as it were, to make sure that they have not been dreaming...

As the years have gone by, out of a possible

total of 100 abductions that have been reported to me, the cases of Orlando Ferraudi and of Mónica Pérez continue to strike me as being the most reliable. Neither has ever shown himself or herself as being representative of "Superior Beings" coming here to offer magical salvation to the lazy, nor "miraculous evacuations" to those who listened to them. They never formed groups of dazed "followers", nor did they receive "extradimensional messages" from "OXAL" or "CHAPULIN COLORADO" ( the latter is the title of a Mexican sitcom -Jane Guma ). Their attitude has always been cautious and thoughtful. **Both have, quite evidently, been given scientific information that is completely outside of and beyond their own intellectual abilities.**

For example, Orlando Ferraudi wanted to build a "machine" to cure cancer. He compiled a description, **CANCER: ITS ORIGINS AND DEVELOPMENT**, and I will just repeat here for you the first two paragraphs from it:-

"The origin of this disease lies in the altered functions of the ductless glands, which, due to their bioelectrical balance having been upset, drain into the blood incomplete humors that lead to the irrational forming of the cells.

"This phenomenon leads to the immediate consequence of these humors circulating through the whole body, since blood is a vehicle. These incomplete humors look for the weakest organs, where they can exert their influence within a favourable field."

In July 1975, long after Orlando Ferraudi had outlined his theory, Nobel Prizewinner Dr Alberto Szent-Györgyi would shock the world with his "electromagnetic theory about cancer", which was expressed in a very similar way to that of its earlier "discoverer" Orlando Ferraudi, who had learned precisely the same thing from "Them", but who possessed only the most elementary knowledge of medicine!

But of course Orlando Ferraudi's story is the same as the story of biologist and esotericist C.T. del Prado, an abductee, who lives ( or used to live, for I have not heard from him in years ) at Constantino Poggi. **The interests of those who profit from this illness, cancer, have always hindered these extraordinary new scientific proposals from being carried out for the benefit of EVERYONE. Now, more than ever, you realise that the BENEFIT IS SOUGHT FOR ONLY A FEW.**

There is one final point of interest that I would like to mention, namely the *symbol* which Orlando Ferraudi says he saw in many places aboard the craft and which he has recorded for us: The Circle, and inside of the Triangle (Unity), and what may be called

the **Sieg** route. [NOTE BY THE NEWSPAPER. As for "Elena", we, with Orlando, have continued to search for her. If still alive she would be around fifty years old now, and might still be living in Villa Mercedes. We did at one point think we had some 'concrete' news about her, but it failed to come to anything, and it always looked as though a strange

'something' is operating to prevent what would be a unique reunion. But, for Orlando and she to be able to 're-live' that marvellous experience of theirs, we continue to hope that she may yet be found. Maybe you, dear reader, may know her, and may be able to give us information to locate her, so, please, if you do, do not hesitate to contact us at **LA CRÓNICA!** ■

## “I SAW A MAN BEING KIDNAPPED BY EXTRATERRESTRIALS!”

( Main illustration on front cover. )

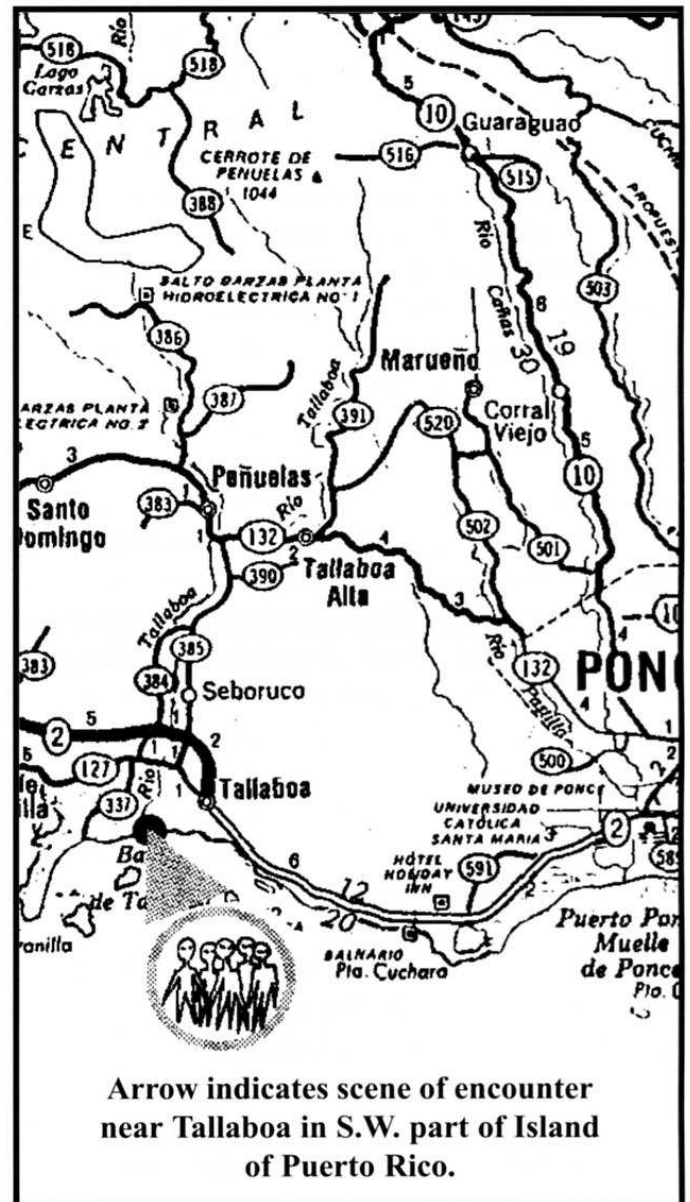
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**Jorge Martín**

**W**e learned recently from a Sr. Luis T. Rodríguez of Sabana Grande that, according to an informant known to him, this informant had witnessed the kidnapping of a man near Tallaboa, between the towns of Ponce and Peñuelas, in the southern part of the Island of Puerto Rico.

This informant, named Héctor Maldonado, a resident of Ponce, was a night-time employee of a local firm. After very great difficulty, due to his pronounced evasiveness, I did finally manage to contact this man Maldonado (aged 39, resident on Calle Isabel, Ponce), and gradually extract from him the details of his story and get him to take me to the



**Arrow indicates scene of encounter  
near Tallaboa in S.W. part of Island  
of Puerto Rico.**

spot where it had happened.

It had been at about 9.00 o'clock one morning in November 1979, and he was out jogging near the saltings and mangrove thickets of Ponce Salt, near Tallaboa, and right by the sea, on the southern coast of Puerto Rico Island.

He said: “I chanced to turn round suddenly,