

SEXUFIAT

EVEN MORE AMAZING . . . Part 2



The A.V.B. Case continued

We here present the second instalment of the statement by Antônio Villas Boas (the "Adhemar" of the *The most Amazing Case of All* in FLYING SAUCER REVIEW Jan./Feb. 1965) given to Dr. Olavo Fontes and Sr. Joao Martins at Rio de Janeiro on February 22, 1958.

Translated from the Portuguese, and presented by Gordon Creighton

MY pursuer was a short individual (reaching to my shoulder) and dressed in strange clothing. In my desperation I swung round sharply and gave him a hefty push which threw him off balance. This forced him to let go of me and he fell on his back to the ground about two metres away from me. I tried to use the advantage gained to continue my flight, but I was promptly attacked simultaneously by three other individuals from the sides and the rear. They grabbed me by the arms and legs and lifted me off the ground, thus robbing me of any possibility of defence. I could only struggle and twist, but their grip on me was firm and they did not let go. I started to yell loudly for help, and to curse them, demanding to be released. I noticed that as they were dragging me towards the machine my speech seemed to arouse their surprise or curiosity, for they stopped and peered attentively at my face every time I spoke, though without loosening their firm grip on me. This relieved me a little as to their intentions, but I still did not stop struggling.

In this manner they carried me towards their machine, which was standing at a height of about two metres above the ground, on the three metal supports which I have already mentioned. There was an open door in the rear half of the craft. This door opened out from top to bottom, forming as it were a bridge, at the end of which a metal ladder was fixed, made of the same silvery metal that was on the walls of the machine. This ladder was unrolled to the ground. I was hoisted up on to it, a job that was not easy for them. The ladder was narrow, hardly giving enough room for two persons side by side. Furthermore, it was moveable and flexible, swinging from side to side with my efforts to free myself. There was also a round metal rail on each side of the ladder, of perhaps the thickness of a broomstick, for aid in mounting. I grabbed on to it several times, trying to stop them from hauling me up, and this made them keep stopping in order to unclasp my hands. This rail was flexible too (I had the impression later, when coming down the ladder, that the rail was not of one piece but made of small pieces of metal linked together).

Once inside the machine, I saw that we had entered a small square room. Its polished metal walls glittered with the reflections of the fluorescent light coming from the metal ceiling and given off by lots of small square lamps set in the metal of the ceiling and running all round the edge of it, near the

tops of the walls. I could not count how many of these lamps there were, for they now lowered my feet to the floor, and the outer door came up and closed, with the ladder rolled up and fastened to it. The lighting was so good that it seemed like daylight. But, even in that fluorescent white light, it was impossible to make out any longer where the outer door had been, for in closing, it seemed to have turned into part of the wall. I could only tell where it had been because of the metal ladder attached to the wall. I was unable to observe further details because one of the men—they were five in all—signed to me with his hand to go towards another room that could be glimpsed through an open door on the side opposite to the outer entrance. I do not know whether this second door was already open when I entered the craft, for I had not looked in that direction till then. I decided to obey him, for the men were still holding me tightly and I was now shut in there with them and had no other choice.

We left the little room, in which I saw no furniture or instruments, and entered a much larger one, semi-oval in shape, and in the same manner as the other compartment and with the same silvery polished metal walls. I believe that this room was in the centre of the machine for, in the middle of the room, there was a metal column running from ceiling to floor, wide at the top and bottom and quite a bit narrower in the middle. It was round and seemed solid. I do not believe it was there only for decoration; it must have served to support the weight of the ceiling. The only furniture that I could see was a strangely shaped table that stood on one side of the room, surrounded by several backless swivel-chairs (like the round stools used in bars). They were all made of the same white metal. The table and also the stools all tapered off, down below, into one single leg which—in the case of the table—was fixed to the floor, or linked to a moveable ring held fast by three supports that stuck out on each side and were set into the floor (this latter was the case with the stools, permitting those who sat on them to turn in any direction).

For what seemed an interminable period I remained standing in that room, still gripped by the arms (by two men), while those strange people watched me and talked about me. I say "talked" only as a way of putting it, for in truth what I was hearing bore no resemblance whatever to human speech. It

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was a series of barks, slightly resembling the sounds made by a dog. This resemblance was very slight, but it is the only one I can give in an attempt to describe those sounds which were so totally different from anything that I have ever heard till now. They were slow barks and yelps, neither very clear nor very hoarse, some longer, some shorter, at times containing several different sounds all at once, and at other times ending in a quaver. But they were simply sounds, animal barks, and nothing could be distinguished that could be taken as the sound of a syllable or a word in a foreign language. Not a thing! To me it all sounded alike, so that I am unable to retain a word of it. I can't explain how it is that those folk could understand each other in that way. I still shudder when I think of those sounds. I can't reproduce them for you gentlemen to hear . . . my voice just isn't made for that.

When the barking stopped, it seemed that they had settled everything, for they grabbed me again—the five of them—and started forcibly undressing me. Again we struggled. I resisting and trying to make it as hard as possible for them. I protested and yelled and swore. They obviously could not understand me, but stopped and looked at me as though trying to make me understand that they were polite people. Besides, although using force, they never at any moment hurt me badly, and they did not even tear my clothes—except perhaps my shirt (which was already torn before, so that I cannot be certain on that point).

Finally they had me totally naked, and I was again worried to death, not knowing what would happen next. Then one of the men approached me with something in his hand. It seemed to be a sort of wet sponge, and with it he began to spread a liquid all over my skin. It could not have been one of those rubber sponges, for it was far softer. The liquid was as clear as water, but quite thick, and without smell. I thought it was some sort of oil, but was wrong, for my skin did not become greasy or oily. They spread this liquid all over my body. I was cold, for the night temperature (outside) was already cold, and it was markedly colder still inside those two rooms in the machine. When they undressed me I began to shiver, and now there was this liquid to make matters worse. But it seems that it dried quickly, and in the end I did not feel much difference.

I was then led by three of the men towards a closed door that was on the side opposite to where we had come in. Making signs with their hands that I should accompany them, and barking to each other from time to time, they moved in that direction with me in the middle. The man in front pushed something in the middle of the door (I couldn't see what it was, maybe a handle or a button which made it open inwards, in two halves, like a bar-room door. When closed, this door ran from the ceiling to the floor, and, on the top part of it, it bore a sort of luminous inscription—or something similar—traced out in red symbols which, owing to an effect of the light, seemed to stand out about two inches in front of the metal of the door. This

inscription was the only thing of its kind I saw in the machine. The signs were scrawled, completely different from what we know as letters. I tried to memorise their shapes, and that was what I sketched down in the letter that I sent to Joao Martins. At the present time I do not remember how they looked.

But, returning to the events, the door in question led into a smaller room, squarish, and lit in the way as the others. After we had entered (I and the other men) the door closed again behind me. I glanced back then, and saw something that I do not know how to explain. There was no door at all there any more. All that could be seen was a screen came down that hid it from view. I could not understand it. What is certain is that shortly afterwards the wall opened, and it was a door again. I saw no screen.

This time two more men came in, carrying in their hands two pretty thick red rubber tubes each over a metre long. I cannot say whether there was anything inside them, but I do know that they were hollow. One of these tubes was fixed at one end to a chalice-shaped glass flask. The other end of the tube had a nozzle, shaped like a cupping-glass which was applied to the skin of my chin, here, where you can see this dark mark which has remained as a scar. Before that, however, the man who was doing the job squeezed the tube with his hands, as though driving the air out of it. I felt no pain or pricking at the time—merely the sensation that my skin was being sucked in or drawn in. But later the spot began to burn and itch (and subsequently I discovered that the skin had been torn and grazed). The rubber tube having been applied to me, I saw my blood slowly entering the chalice, till it was half full. Then the thing was stopped and the tube withdrawn, and replaced by the other tube which was in reserve. Then I was bled once again on the chin, from this other dark mark like the gentlemen can see this other side, here where you first one. This time the chalice was filled to the brim and then the cupping-glass was withdrawn. The skin was grazed at this place too, burning and itching just as on the other side. Then the men went out, the door closed behind them, and I was left alone.

I was left there for a long time, perhaps over half an hour. The room was empty, except only for a large couch in the middle of it—a sort of bed maybe, but without head-board or rim, and a bit uncomfortable for lying on, being very high in the middle, where there was quite a hump. But it was soft, as though made of foam rubber, and was covered with a thick grey material, also soft.

I sat down on it, as I was tired after such a struggle and so much emotion. It was then that I noticed a strange smell and began to feel sick. It was as though I was breathing a thick smoke that was suffocating me, and it gave the effect of painted cloth burning. Perhaps that is what it really was, for, examining the walls, I now noticed for the first time the existence of a number of small metallic

tubes sticking out on a level with my head, with closed ends but pricked full of holes (as in a shower-bath), from which was coming a grey smoke that dissolved in the air. This smoke was the cause of the smell. I cannot say whether the smoke was already coming out when the men were taking the blood from me in the other room, as I had not noticed it before. Perhaps, with the door being opened and closed, the air had been circulating better in there and so gave me no reason to notice anything. But now, at any rate, I did not feel well and the nausea increased so much that I ended up by vomiting. When the desire to do so came upon me, I ran over to a corner of the room, where I was violently sick and brought up everything. After that, the difficulty in breathing left me, but I was still rather nauseated from the smell of that smoke. After that I was very dispirited, waiting there for something to happen.

I must explain that, up to this time I still had not the slightest idea of the physical appearance or the features of those strange men. All five were dressed in very tight-fitting overalls made of a thick but soft cloth, grey in colour, with black bands here and there. This garment went right up to the neck, where it joined a sort of helmet made of a material (I don't know what it was) of the same colour, which seemed stiffer and was reinforced at the back in front by strips of thin metal, one of them being triangular and on a level with the nose. These helmets hid everything, leaving visible only the eyes of the people—through two round windows similar to the lenses used in spectacles. Through these windows the men gazed at me with their eyes, which appeared quite a bit smaller than ours—but I think this was an effect produced by the windows. They all had light-coloured eyes, which appeared to me to be blue, but I cannot guarantee this. Above the eyes, the height of their helmets must have corresponded to double the size of a normal head. It is probable that there was something else as well in the helmets, on top of the heads, but nothing could be seen from the outside. But on the top, from the centre of the head, three round silvery tubes emerged (I cannot say whether they were made of rubber or were metallic) which were a little thinner than a garden hose-pipe. These tubes, one in the centre and one on each side, were smooth and they ran backwards and downwards, curving in towards the ribs. There they entered the clothing, into which they were fitted in a way that I don't know how to explain. The one in the centre entered on the line of the spine. The other two were fixed in, one on each side, below the shoulders, at a point about four inches below the armpits—almost at the sides, where the ribs start. I noticed nothing, no protuberance or lump that would indicate that these tubes were connected to some box or instrument hidden under the clothing.¹

The sleeves of the overalls were long and tight-fitting, running as far as the wrists, where they were continued by thick gloves of the same colour, with five fingers, which must have hindered somewhat their hand-movements. I observed in this connection

that the men could not bend the fingers completely to the extent of touching their palms with the tips of their fingers. This difficulty however did not prevent them from gripping me firmly, nor from deftly handling the rubber tubes for extracting my blood.

The clothing must have been a sort of uniform, for all the members of the crew wore, at breast level, a sort of round red shield of the size of a slice of pineapple, which from time to time gave off luminous reflections. There were no lights from the shields themselves, but reflections like those of the pieces of red glass that are above the rear-lights of automobiles, which reflect the headlights of another car just as though they contained lights themselves. From this shield on the centre of the breast came a strip of silvery cloth (or laminated metal) which joined on to a broad tight-fitting claspless belt, the colour of which I do not remember. No pockets were visible on any of the overalls, nor did I see any buttons.

The trousers were also tight-fitting over the seat, thighs, and legs, without any visible wrinkle or crease in the cloth. There was no clear separation at the ankle, between trousers and shoes, which were a continuation of each other, being part of one whole.² The soles of the feet however had a detail different from ours. They were very thick, two or three inches thick, and quite turned up (or arched up) in front—so that the ends of the shoes, which looked like tennis-shoes, were quite curved up in front—but without ending in a point like the shoes in the history books of olden times. From what I saw afterwards, those shoes must have been a lot bigger than the feet inside them. Despite this, the men's gait was quite free and easy and they were quite nimble in their movements. Nevertheless that completely closed overall no doubt did perhaps interfere somewhat in their movements for they were always a bit stiff in their walk.

They were all of the same height as myself (perhaps a bit shorter in view of the helmets)—except for just one of them, namely the one who had first caught hold of me outside. This one did come up to my chin. They all seemed to be strong, but not so strong that I should have been afraid of being beaten by them had I fought them one at a time. I think that in the open I could have faced any one of them on equal terms.

But this had no bearing on the situation in which I now found myself . . .

After an immense interval, a noise at the door made me jump up with a start. I turned in that direction and had a tremendous surprise. The door was open and a woman was entering, walking in my direction. She came slowly, unhurriedly, perhaps amused at the surprise that must have been written on my face. I was flabbergasted, and not without good reason. The woman was stark naked, as naked as I was, and barefoot too.

NOTES (by Dr. Olavo Fontes)

(¹) This statement gave rise to a question from me. I told Villas Boas that I did not understand how the

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EVEN MORE AMAZING . . . Part III

Translated from the original deposition by
Gordon Creighton



The remarkable experience of Antônio Villas Boas, as recounted to Olavo Fontes, M.D., and Joao Martins, journalist, in Rio de Janeiro on February 22, 1958, is continued in this part. The story was truly amazing, but as corroboration was not possible, it was filed away. FLYING SAUCER REVIEW first published an account under the title "The Most Amazing Case of All" (Vol. 11—1965—Nos. 1, 2, and 4), which was based on a report by Dr. W. Buhler of SBEDV, Rio de Janeiro, who learned of the story, and interviewed Villas Boas nearly four years after the alleged event. This account which we are now publishing was given only four months after the alleged incident, and is in far greater detail than the Buhler account. A very small amount of paraphrasing has been necessary in this part.

Synopsis of the deposition so far . . .
Antônio Villas Boas, a farmer living near Sao Fransisco de Sales in the far corner of the State of Minas Gerais, Brazil, was ploughing his field on the night of October 15/16, 1957. A great aerial object, with brilliant lights, descended into the field and alighted on three legs. Antônio's tractor stopped and its headlights went out. As the terrified farmer tried to escape, he was overpowered by four creatures wearing one-piece overall suits and tall helmets. He was forced aboard the craft, was stripped naked, given a blood test, "washed", and put in a cabin where there was a couch. A gaseous vapour was pumped into the cabin and he was sick. Then, to his surprise, an unseen door opened and a naked female was ushered in . . .

MOREOVER she was beautiful, though of a different type from the women I had known. Her hair was fair, almost white (like hair bleached with peroxide), smooth, not very abundant, reaching to half way down her neck and with the ends curling inwards; and parted in the centre. Her eyes were large and blue, more elongated than round, being slanted outwards (like the slit eyes of those girls who make themselves up fancifully to look like Arabian princesses; that is how they were, with the difference that here the thing was natural for there was no make-up whatever). Her nose was straight, without being pointed, nor turned up, nor too big. What was different was the contour of her face, for the cheekbones were very high, making the face very wide (much wider than in the South American Indian women). But then, immediately below, the face narrowed very sharply, terminating in a pointed chin. This feature gave the lower half of her face a quite triangular shape. Her lips were very thin, hardly visible. Her ears (which I saw later) were small and appeared no different from those of the women I know. The high cheeks gave the impression that there was a projecting bone underneath, but, as I saw later, they were soft and fleshy to the touch, and there was no sensation of bone.

Her body was much more beautiful than that of any woman I have ever known before. It was slim,

with high and well separated breasts, thin waist and small stomach, wide hips and large thighs. Her feet were small, her hands long and narrow, and her fingers and nails were normal. She was quite a lot shorter than I, her head reaching up to my shoulder.¹

This woman came towards me silently, looking at me with the expression of someone wanting something, and she embraced me suddenly and began to rub her head from side to side against my face. At the same time I felt her body all glued to mine and also making movements. Her skin was white (like that of the blonde women here)* and, on the arms, was covered with freckles. I smelt no perfume on her skin or her hair, apart from the feminine odour.

The door was closed again. Alone there, with that woman embracing me and giving me clearly to understand what she wanted, I began to get excited . . . This seems incredible in the situation in which I found myself. I think that the liquid that they had rubbed on to my skin was the cause of this. They must have done it purposely. All I know is that I became uncontrollably excited, sexually, a thing that had never happened to me before. I ended up by forgetting everything, and I caught hold of the woman, responded to her caresses with other and greater caresses . . . It was a normal act, and she

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behaved just as any woman would, as she did yet again, after more caresses. Finally, she was tired and breathing rapidly. I was still keen, but she was now refusing, trying to escape, to avoid me, to finish with it all. When I noticed this, I cooled off too. That was what they wanted of me—a good stallion to improve their own stock. In the final count that was all it was. I was angry, but then I resolved to pay no importance to it. For anyway, I had spent some agreeable moments. Obviously I would not exchange our women for her. I like a woman with whom you can talk and converse and make yourself understood, which wasn't the case here. Furthermore, some of the grunts that I heard coming from that woman's mouth at certain moments nearly spoilt everything, giving the disagreeable impression that I was with an animal.

One thing that I noticed was that she never kissed me even once. At a certain moment I recall that she opened her mouth as though she were going to do so, but it ended up with a gentle bite on my chin, which shows that it was not a kiss.

Another thing that I noted was that her hair in the armpits and in another place was very red, almost the colour of blood. Shortly after we had separated, the door opened. One of the men appeared on the threshold and called the woman. Then she went out. But, before going out, she turned to me, pointed at her belly² and then pointed towards me and with a smile (or something like it), she finally pointed towards the sky—I think it was in the direction of the South. Then she went out . . . I interpreted this gesture as a warning that she was going to return to take me away with her to wherever she lived. Because of this, I am still frightened even today. If they come back to catch me again, then I'm lost. I don't want to be parted from my own folk and my land, not on any account.

Then the man entered, with my clothes over his arm. He gestured to me to get dressed, and I obeyed in silence. All my things were there in my pockets except for the one item that was missing—my "Homero" brand lighter. I don't know whether it was taken by them or fell out during the struggle when I was captured. For that reason, I didn't even try to protest.

We then went out and returned to the other room. Three of the crew of the machine were sitting there in those swivel-chairs, conversing (or, rather, grunting) among themselves. The one who was with me went over to join them, leaving me in the middle of the room near the table of which I spoke earlier.

I was now completely calm, as I knew that they would not do me any harm. While they settled their affairs, I tried to pass the time in observing and fixing in my memory all details of everything that I could see (walls, furniture, uniforms, etc.). At a given moment I noticed that, on the table, near the men, there was a square box with a glass lid on it, protecting a dial like the dial of an alarm clock. There was a hand there on it, and a black mark at the place corresponding to six o'clock. There were similar marks at the points corresponding to nine o'clock and three o'clock. At the place corresponding

to twelve o'clock it was different; there were four little black marks there in a row, side by side. I don't know how to explain their meaning, but that's how they were there.

At first I thought the instrument was a kind of clock, because one of the men glanced at it from time to time. But I don't think it was, for I kept my eye on it for quite a long while, and at no time did I see the hand moving. If it had been a clock this would have had to happen, as time was passing.

Then I got the idea to grab that thing. I remembered that I needed to take something with me to prove my adventure. If I could get that box the problem would be solved. It might be that, seeing my interest in it, the men would decide to make me a present of it.

I slowly got nearer and nearer to it, the men were not paying attention, and suddenly I grabbed the instrument with both hands and pulled it off the table. It was heavy, weighing perhaps more than two kilos . . . But I didn't even have the time to examine it. As quick as lightning one of the men jumped up and, pushing me aside, snatched it from me angrily, and went and put it back in its place. I drew away until I could feel my back against the nearest wall. I stayed there quietly, though I was not frightened. I am not afraid of any man. But it was better to remain still, for it had been proved that they only showed me consideration when I behaved properly. Why attempt anything that would have no results? The only thing I did was to scratch the wall with my nails, trying to see whether I could detach a sliver of that metal. But my nails glanced off the polished wall without finding any purchase. Moreover the metal was hard and I couldn't get any of it. So I just stayed there, waiting.

I never saw the woman again (either dressed, or naked) after she went out of the other room. But I found out where she was. On the forward part of that big room there was another door through which I had not been. It was now slightly ajar, and from time to time I heard noises coming from there, as though caused by someone moving about. It could only be the woman, for all the others were in the same room with me, in their strange uniforms and helmets. I imagine that that front compartment must have corresponded to the room where the pilot would be who was in charge of the navigation of the machine. But I was not able to verify this.

At last, one of the men rose and gestured to me that I should accompany him.

Comments by Dr. Olavo Fontes

(¹) Had the woman been wearing a helmet, her height would, according to Villas Boas, have been a little more, coming up to his chin. Taking this as his basic and allowing for the fact that four members of the crew were (in helmets) the same height as himself, he declared that he had no doubt whatever that this woman and the crew member who seized hold of him first were one and the same person. The height of Villas Boas is 1.64 (5 feet 4 inches) with his shoes on

measurement made in my consulting room). Then, according to his remarks about the thickness of the soles of their shoes and the increased height due to the helmets, and making the necessary deductions for these factors, the real height of each crew member of the male sex must have been 1.55 m. (5 feet 1 inch) or slightly less. The woman being much smaller, the calculations give a height of 1.35 m. (4 feet 5 inches) for her.

The statement that the woman came up to his shoulder would—in the opinion of Joao Martins—have made it impossible for her to have rubbed her head against his face as Villas Boas said she did. This, in the opinion of Joao Martins, was the second contradiction to be pointed out in Villas Boas' Declaration. I do not hold the same opinion. I think that if the woman stood on tip-toe, she could easily have carried out the manœuvre described.

- (2) This gesture was, from what Villas Boas said, perhaps the principal cause of the fear in which he had been living ever since October 1957, expecting the return of the strange woman at any minute to capture him for good. Obviously such is not the most logical explanation at all for the gesture in question. This was what we pointed out to Villas Boas, and we suggested to him that her mimed language probably had this meaning: "I am going to bear our child, yours and mine, there on my home planet." He agreed that this interpretation did indeed seem better than his own.

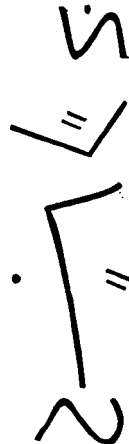
Additional notes by Gordon Creighton

- (*) Although, as his photographs show, Antônio Villas Boas is a handsome brown young man of partly Portuguese and partly Amerindian ancestry like very many Brazilians, there is a large purely European element (much of it German), particularly in the southern states not far from Antônio's home, so that he will have seen plenty of Brazilian blondes.

The writing that Antônio Villas Boas saw above the door of the small square room where he had his experience.

As stated, Antônio tried to memorise this in-

scription, and when writing to Joao Martins a few weeks later he sent him his attempt to reproduce it. (The inscription is missing from the present Declaration, because by then—February 22, 1958—Antônio said he could no longer remember it properly. The specimen reproduced below was however sent to me separately by Dr. W. Buhler and, although we do not know this for certain, is evidently a copy of, or based on, the inscription sent to Joao Martins by Antônio.)



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Happy Christmas

The Editor and Publishers of the *FLYING SAUCER REVIEW* wish
their readers a very Happy Christmas and an exciting New Year.

They would also like to take this opportunity of thanking the
readers for their continued support.

SEXUFOSS

- 5 Ruppelt, E. J. : *The Report on UFOs*, ACE edition page 281.
- 6 Vallée, J. F. : *Anatomy of a Phenomenon*, Chicago : Regnery 1965 page 16.
- 7 Hynek, J. A. : Talk presented to the Hypervelocity Impact Conference at Eglin Air Force Base, Florida, April 27, 1960.
- 8 Fuller, J. : *Incident at Exeter*, Putnam, 1966.
- 9 The authors wish to thank Mr. Frank Masquellette, of the

editorial staff of the *Houston Post*, for his very helpful contribution in locating the sighting accounts discussed in this article.

10 A special investigation of the case is under way. Progress will be reported in the REVIEW.

11 As we write this article, it has just been announced that the US Army's vertical VTOL (vertical take-off and landing craft) has crashed during a test.

EVEN MORE AMAZING . . . Part IV

Translated from the original deposition by
Gordon Creighton



This is the final instalment of the statement by Antônio Villas Boas, given to Dr. Olavo Fontes, and Sr. Joao Martins at Rio de Janeiro on February 22, 1958.

Synopsis of account related in Parts I, II and III :

On the night of October 15/16, 1957, Antônio Villas Boas, a Brazilian farmer living in a remote part of the State of Minas Gerais, was ploughing a field. A strange machine descended from the sky, alighted and—so he claims—he was forcibly abducted by helmeted and uniformed creatures. Aboard the machine the terrified farmer was stripped, examined, subjected to tests and “tranquilised”, whereafter he was introduced to a naked, fair-skinned, red-haired woman with slant eyes, who seduced him. When, at the conclusion of the act the woman left him, a crew member returned his clothes to him.

THE others remained seated, without looking at me. We walked towards the small ante-room and as far as the outer door, which was open again, with the ladder already rolled down. However, we did not go down it, for the man made a sign to me to accompany him towards a platform which was there, on either side of the door. This platform went around the machine and, although narrow, permitted one to go along it in either direction.

To begin with we went along towards the front. The first thing I noticed was a sort of metal projection, square in shape and firmly fixed into the side of the machine, and sticking out (there was a similar thing on the other side). Had these two parts not been so small I would have judged that they were wings for aiding the thing to fly. From their appearance I think that their purpose was perhaps to move up or down, controlling the rise or the descent of the machine. I admit however that at no moment, even when the craft took off, did I notice any movement of them. And so I cannot explain what purpose they served.

Further on towards the front, the man pointed out to me the three metal shafts that I have already mentioned, solidly set (the two outer ones) in the sides of the machine and (the middle one) right in the front, as though they were three metal spurs. They were all of the same shape and length, very thick at the base and tapering off to a fine point at the tip. The position of all three was horizontal. I don't know whether they were of the same metal as the craft, because they were giving off a slight reddish phosphorescence, as though they were red-hot. However, I felt no heat.

A little bit above the bases of them, where they were attached to the craft, there were reddish lights set in it. The two side lights were smaller and round. The front one was enormous, also round, and was the “front headlight” of the machine, which I have already described. All around the hull of the craft and slightly above the platform, on which they cast a reddish light, were countless small square lamps similar in appearance to those used for the interior lighting of the machine.

In front, the platform did not go the whole way round, but ended near a large semi-projecting thick sheet of glass elongated towards the sides and stoutly embedded in the metalwork. Perhaps it served for seeing through, for **there were no windows anywhere at all**. I think however that that would be difficult for, seen from the outside, the glass seemed very blurred. Seen from inside I don't know how it would be, but I don't believe it could be any more transparent.

I think that those front spurs released the energy that drove the machine forward, because, when it took off, its luminosity increased extraordinarily, merging completely with the lights of the headlamps.

Having seen the front part of the machine, we returned to the rear (the back part bulged out much more than the front part). But, before that, we stopped for a few moments and the man pointed upwards to where the enormous dish-shaped cupola was rotating. It was turning slowly, completely lit up by a greenish fluorescent light coming from I don't know where. Even with that slow movement, you could hear a noise like the sound of air being drawn in by a vacuum-cleaner, a sort of whistle

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(like the sound of air in movement when it is being sucked through lots of little holes; I did not see any holes, however. That is just by way of comparison).

Later, when the machine began to rise from the ground, the revolving dish increased its speed to such a point that it became invisible, and then only the light could be seen, the brightness of which also increased quite a lot, and it changed colour, turning to a vivid red. At that moment the sound also increased (showing that there was a connection with the speed of rotation of the round dish revolving on the top of the craft) and turned into a veritable hum or loud whine. I didn't understand the reasons for these changes, and I don't understand what would be the purpose of the luminous revolving dish, which never stopped turning for a single moment. But it must have had some use, since it was there.

There seemed to be a small reddish light in the centre of that revolving cupola or dish, but the movement prevented me from verifying this with certainty.

Returning now to the back part of the machine, we again passed in front of the door and walked on, following the rearward curve. Right at the back, in the place where the tail of an aircraft would project, there was a rectangular piece of metal set in a vertical position and running from front to back across the platform. But it was quite low, no higher than my knee, and I was able to step over it easily to go to the other side, and come back again.

As I was doing so I noticed, on the floor of the platform, one on either side of the plate, two inset reddish lights in the shape of thick bulging cuts. They resembled aircraft lights, though they were not flashing.

I think however that the piece of metal in question was a sort of rudder for changing the machine's direction. At any rate I saw this piece of metal move towards one side at the moment when the machine—then stationary in the air at a certain height after taking off—abruptly changed direction before starting to move off at a fantastic speed.

Having also seen the rear part of the machine, we returned to the door. My guide now pointed to the metal ladder and signed to me to go down it. I obeyed. When I was down on the ground I looked up. He was still there. Then he pointed to himself,² and then pointed to the ground, and finally to the sky towards the south. Then he made a sign to me to step back, and he disappeared into the machine.

The metal ladder now began to get shorter, the steps arranging themselves one above the other, like a stack of boards. When the ladder reached the top the door (which, when open, was the floor) began, in its turn, to rise until it fitted into the wall of the craft and became invisible.

The lights of the metal spurs and of the head-lamps and of the revolving dish all became brighter, while the dish was spinning faster and faster. Slowly the craft began to rise, vertically. At that moment,

the three shafts of the tripod on which it had been standing rose towards the sides, the lower part of each leg (narrower, rounded,³ and ending in an enlarged foot) began to enter the upper part (which was much thicker and square), and when that was finished, the top parts began to enter the base of the machine. Finally there was no longer anything to be seen there; the base was smooth and polished as though that tripod had never existed. I did not manage to make out any marks indicating the places where the shafts had fitted in. Those people certainly did a good job of it.

The craft continued to rise slowly into the air until it had reached a height of some thirty to fifty metres. There it had stopped for a few seconds, and at the same time its luminosity began to get still greater. The whirring noise of the air being displaced became much more intense and the revolving dish began to turn at a fearful speed, while its light changed through various colours till it was a vivid red. At that moment, the machine suddenly changed direction, with an abrupt movement, making a louder noise, a sort of "beat" (this was when I saw the part that I have called the "rudder" move to one side).

Then, listing slightly to one side, that strange machine shot off like a bullet towards the south, at such a speed that it was gone from sight in a few seconds.

Then I went back to my tractor. I left the craft at roughly 5.30 in the morning, having entered it at 1.15 in the early hours. So I had been in there for **four hours and fifteen minutes**. A very long time indeed.

When I tried to start up the engine of the tractor, I found that it still was not working. I looked to see if there was some defect, and discovered that one of the battery leads had been disconnected and was out of place. Somebody had done that, for a well secured battery lead doesn't come undone by itself (I had checked them when I left home). It must have been done by one of the men after the tractor had stopped, with its engine dead, probably while they were capturing me. It could have been done to prevent me from escaping again should I manage to free myself from their hold. They were pretty sharp-witted people; there was nothing that they hadn't foreseen.

Apart from my mother, I haven't told my story to anybody till now. She said I should never get mixed up with those people again. I had not the courage to tell my father, for I had already told him about the light that had appeared in the paddock of the farm and he had not believed me for he said I "had been seeing things."

Later, I decided to write to Senhor Joao Martins, after reading one of his articles in *O Cruzeiro*, in November, in which he appealed to readers to report to him all cases to do with the Flying Saucers. Had I possessed enough money, I would have come earlier. But as I didn't, I had to wait until he said he would help me with the cost of the journey.

I am at your disposal, Gentlemen. If you think

I should return home, I will go home tomorrow. But if you wish me to stay longer, I shall agree to do so. That is why I came.

[End of the A. V. Boas deposition.]

Notes by Gordon Creighton

¹ There is a discrepancy between this and Dr. Buhler's version as given by me in FLYING SAUCER REVIEW for January/February 1965. In Dr. Buhler's version, Antônio Villas Boas said that these short projecting things "like planks" made a 30° turn when the machine took off. I think it possible that Dr. Buhler and Dr. Mario Prudente Aquino (who, as Dr. Buhler tells me, spent only about 1½ hours interviewing Antônio, whereas Dr. Olavo Fontes had Antônio with him in Rio de Janeiro for several days) may have misunderstood this point, and that their mention of a 30° turn really refers to the movement of the rudder. There are a good many minor discrepancies of this kind, and Dr. Buhler says he may make another trip to the Interior to see Antônio and try to clear them all up.

² Here is another discrepancy. In the account published by Dr. Buhler, if I have understood it correctly, there is no reference to the man having pointed first at himself, then at the ground and then at the sky. Instead, he is represented as having gone down the ladder with A.V.B. and, on reaching the ground, as having "made two holes in the earth, pointing first to one hole and himself and then skywards, and

then to the other hole and to the earth and A.V.B." (though I notice with regret that in our attempt to squeeze the story into the available space, we did not describe this miming by the man as fully as we should have done). This, then, is another discrepancy to be ironed out. One wonders whether something has crept in here from another case? (For example, in the José Higgins case one of the entities allegedly made holes in the ground and pointed to them as though they represented planets.)

³ In his new book, *El Gran Enigma de los Platillos Volantes*, Antonio Ribera reproduces an absolutely astonishing photograph, said to have been taken in the Italian mountains near Genoa in June 1963, which appeared in the newspaper *Domenica del Corriere* of September 9, 1963. The photograph shows a landed craft which I believe (as Ribera does) to be **identical with A.V.B.'s machine**. It shows the flat "dish" on top, the two short projecting "planks" or "wings", the "cat-walk", the ladder, and the three legs. It can be seen quite clearly that these legs resemble those of a camera tripod, being thicker at the top and with a square cross-section, while the lower part is thinner and appears to be round in cross-section. (See also Antonio Ribera's letter in FLYING SAUCER REVIEW for May/June 1965, with our artist's line reproduction of the machine shown in the Italian photograph.)

[Dr. Olavo Fontes's medical report will be given in Part 5 of this article.]