

# THE SORIA ABDUCTION: PART II

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*(Translation from Spanish)*

## THE CRAFT

As soon as Julio had reached the top of the rise, he at once caught sight of the machine. It was concealed behind two hillocks, in the bottom of a dry watercourse. He had been expecting to see something, and he had been thinking that it might be a flying saucer — but not of such a size as this! At first he could only see the left half of the machine (the rest being hidden by one of the hillocks) — but that was quite enough! His reaction was one of utter amazement. He just stood there in the middle of the path, gazing open-mouthed and too weak to move. As he remarked later to José Antonio Campaña: *"It was a bit like Karl Marx beholding God. I, who had been a sceptic till then, now found myself at seventy metres from an extraterrestrial craft."*

When in due course the investigators reconstructed the incident in all its details, they were able to confirm that the spot chosen for locating the machine was perfect. It was, as indicated, in the bottom of a small valley, partly on a field of wheat and partly on another field that was fallow. Although the main highway passed at a distance of only 400 metres, the craft was totally secure from unwanted eyes. The immense contraption was hovering at a height of four metres above the ground, with its centre over the left-hand field, though its right side was covering a distance of some ten metres or so of the other field. That gigantic mass, weighing hundreds of tons and floating there silent and motionless, made a fantastic impression upon Julio for, as he calculated, its height would have been equal to that of at least a three-storey or a four-storey building. From the top of its cupola down to the lower edge of its fuselage he reckoned it to measure anywhere from 15 to 20 metres. He estimated the diameter of the disc at around 60 or 70 metres.

In shape, the craft had the form of an inverted soup plate. It appeared to be entirely metallic, of a matt silvery colour. The 'wings' or carrying areas of the disc accounted for more than two-thirds of the diameter. Julio gazed in wonder at the beautiful sight. Where the cupola joined the great disc he observed what seemed to be a ring about one-and-a-half metres wide which was emitting flashes of light of different colours, always in an unbroken sequence of blue, green, red, and yellow. The ring gave the impression that it was rotating from right to left (counter-clockwise) but this was a false optical effect like the effect of luminous signs. Up above, almost at the top of the cupola, he

observed a series of dark vertical rectangles, which eventually proved to be the windows of the control cabin.

The two men, meanwhile, had been forging ahead, heedless of the fact that Julio had paused to view the craft, and he now had to run forward to catch up with them. Together the three of them now arrived beneath the disc and approached its geometrical centre. As Julio gazed upwards and around him in total perplexity he beheld nothing but one vast metallic umbrella. The under-surface of the disc was completely smooth, seemingly fashioned in one piece, without rivets or bolts of any kind.

He now became aware of a powerful odour of pine or ozone, possibly the result of an ionized field. Aboard the craft later he detected precisely the same smell. And *at this point the gun and the knife that he was carrying were suddenly drawn upwards, seemingly indicative of an extremely powerful magnetic field.*

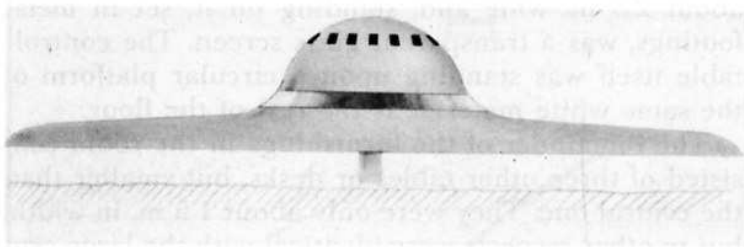


Full Face.

Then, emerging from the very centre of the disc, a metallic cylinder came down, stopping when about a hand's breadth from the ground. This metallic cylinder too was smooth, and it descended in total silence. He estimated its height at about four metres and its diameter at about two-and-a-half metres. Then to his amazement a 'guillotine' type of door opened up in front of them, as part of the wall of the cylinder moved upwards to reveal a small compartment lit by an extraordinarily strange light which Julio found thoroughly disturbing, truly "*Martian*", as he put it, indeed even more so, he said, than the men and their craft itself. The whiteness of this light was what so impressed and disturbed him: it was so absolutely pure, and yet it did not hurt the eyes.<sup>1</sup> At this point, Julio admits, he started to be afraid, and began to have second thoughts and to hesitate about stepping in through the door.

(In the world-wide records of UFO sightings there are a number of cases of craft of this type, with the same sort of axial cylinder or 'stem'. There are, for examples, the cases of Oskar Linke,<sup>2</sup> of Mario Zucalà,<sup>3</sup> the Spanish case on the Guadalajara front in the Civil War in 1938,<sup>4</sup> etc., etc.)

Anyway, Julio finally stepped into the shaft and found himself in a cylindrical compartment about three metres high and about two-and-a-half metres wide. Its walls were of the same matt, dull-coloured metal as the outside of the machine. The ceiling of the compartment seemed to be of burnished glass or plastic, of an opaque white colour and extremely bright. This light seemed to be coming from everywhere on it. (We find this same feature in other abduction cases, and in the present case we are fortunate that we have



**The Craft**

such a good observer for detail as Julio is.)

At this point, Julio suddenly realised that his dog Mus was not following them, so he had to go back and look for him. He found him, but Mus refused to come with him, which struck Julio as certainly very strange indeed, Mus being such an obedient animal. But this time he had to drag the dog in forcibly by the collar.<sup>5</sup>

The elevator now rose smoothly and rapidly. Then it stopped, the door once more moved upwards, and Julio found himself at the entrance to a corridor of the

same size as the lift and rectangular in section. The light, illuminating a great area uniformly, again came from the ceiling, which was of the same plastic or glass material as the roof of the elevator. They now went about eight metres or so along this corridor, and when they reached the end of it they turned right into another corridor, this one circular, which seemed to run the whole way around the craft. The inner wall of this corridor was metallic and straight, but the outer wall curved like the vault of an arch and doubtless followed the round form of the cupola. They went on for a further eight or ten metres along this second corridor, which described a very tight curve. On the inner wall Julio observed two metallic doors about 2.5 m. high and 2.2 m. wide.

These doors were very finely fashioned, and he could see no hinges, handles, or latches on them. The whole appearance of the place was the most clinically aseptic that could be imagined. One very important point he noticed: there were no internal angles. The walls were continuous with the ceiling, being joined by a gentle curve.

Continuing along the circular passage, he suddenly came to a small ladder, which in appearance at once put him in mind of the steps of a swimming-pool. And this indeed truly amazed him. For it did not seem to him logical that people with a technology capable of keeping a craft floating weightless four metres off the ground should require a ladder in order to pass from one level to another!

(Nevertheless, we find this 'anachronism' turning up in other close-encounter and abduction cases, from the case of Antônio Villas Boas<sup>6</sup> and the Socorro case<sup>7</sup> to that at Rio Piedras<sup>8</sup> on the Island of Puerto Rico. In our own Space Age technology we too have 'antiquated' gadgets still coexisting beside the most sophisticated advances of our Science.)

Julio stood contemplating the ladder. It did indeed look precisely like the steps of a swimming-pool. The hand-rail was cylindrical, not very thick, and he could clasp his hand around it easily. At intervals of 40 cms. or so it had steps, which were of a fair size, semicylindrical, with the flat surface upwards to receive the foot. These steps revealed to Julio the vast length of the hands of his 'friends'. One of them went up ahead of him. He grasped the step with his entire hand, passing his thumb underneath it... and the length of his fingers was more than sufficient to go right round the semicylindrical step. And he went up at a staggering speed. Two jumps and he was there.

When Julio began to climb the ladder, he noticed that it *felt quite unusually cold* — not at all the temperature one expects to find in a metal. (The American policeman Herb Schirmer<sup>9</sup> also said that he touched a small ladder which seemed to be freezing,



cold enough to strike to the bone.) The ladder in Julio's case was also metallic, but not like the walls. It seemed rather to be chromium-plated and was very shiny.

Some investigators wonder how it was possible for Julio to get up the ladder with his gun and with his dog too. Well habituated as he is to gymnastic activities, Julio admits that it was indeed difficult. He had the gun over his left shoulder and was holding Mus with his right hand. He climbed the ladder 'with his legs', using only his left hand to support himself to some degree and keep his balance. His many years of mountaineering had to be of some use! The ladder ended in a round hole, in the ceiling, some 80 cms. or so in diameter. The ceiling was quite thin: 10 cms. or so at the most. Although by this stage in the proceedings Julio's capacity for astonishment had been reduced to the minimum, what he now beheld when he stuck his head through the hole<sup>10</sup> in the ceiling gave him the biggest surprise of his life.

### In the Control Cabin

The first thing that Julio perceived was a new individual, who greeted him with the salutation: "*Calm yourself. Nothing to worry about!*"

This man was the tallest of the three, and he appeared from the rear on the right, coming from where there was a panel that looked like a computer.

Straight away Julio fixed his attention on the room before him. And once again the most characteristic feature, and also the most puzzling one, was the question of the *lighting*. If he had found it surprising in the corridors, here it simply astounded him. There was not the slightest bit of shadow. All colours could be seen evenly. It was a white, bright, pure world; a world where there was no darkness and where, when you looked at someone's skin, you could count the very pores themselves. This light had about it something mystical, something religious. It constituted a fitting accompaniment to these men who were with him, maybe to their whole philosophy. In this world of whiteness and brightness it was impossible to harbour evil thoughts, for everything was clear and limpid, everything was visible. It inspired calm. It inspired a feeling of peacefulness, though in this the structure of the room played a part too. It was a hemispherical compartment, made entirely of that same light-emitting white glass or white plastic. And this light was the key: Julio felt himself immersed in it, for it came from the very walls too, as well as from the ceiling. (One might here postulate the existence of a technology based upon molecular excitation and producing a uniform luminescence possessing no precise points of origin).

The light had a pleasant effect because, despite its tremendous whiteness, its vividness did not trouble

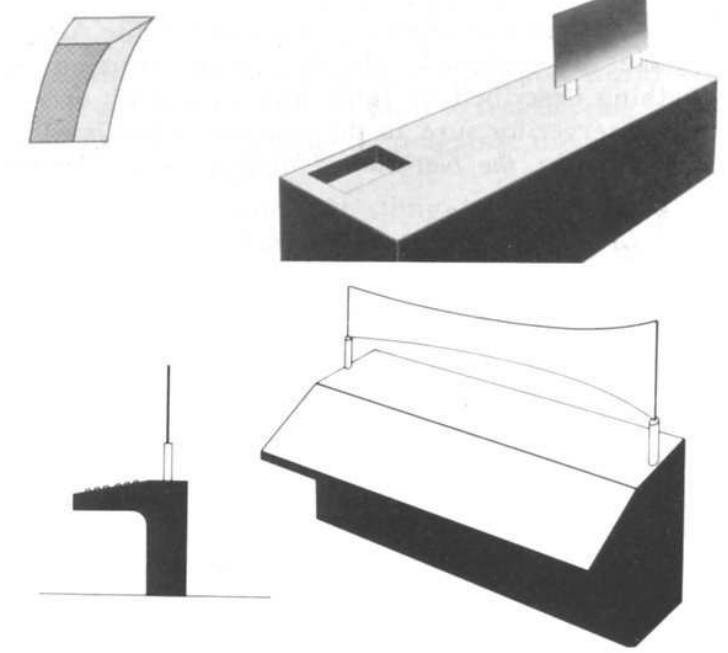
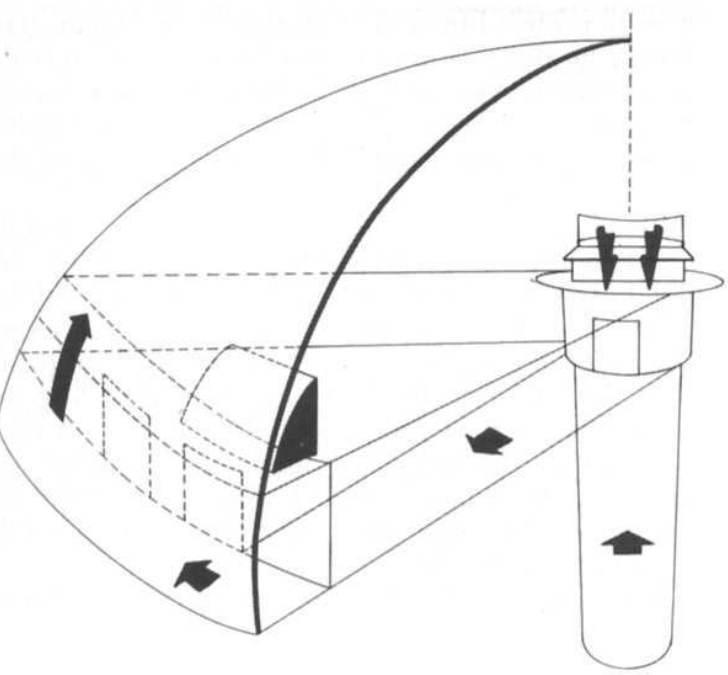
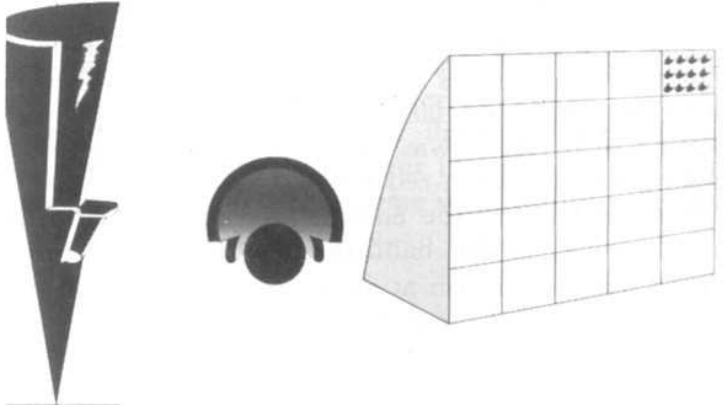
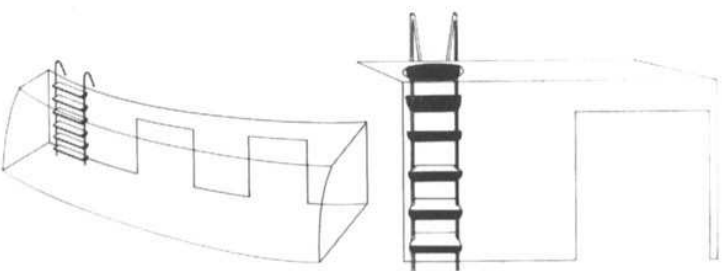
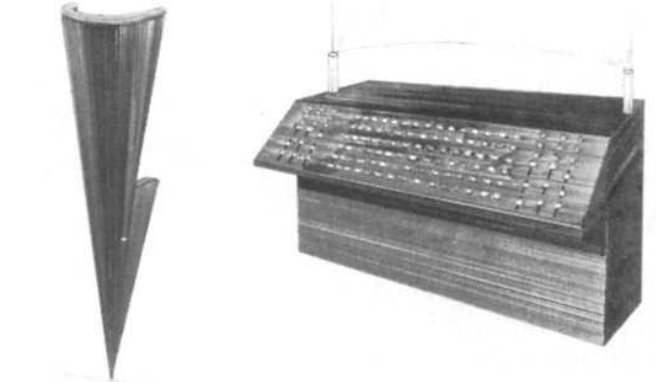
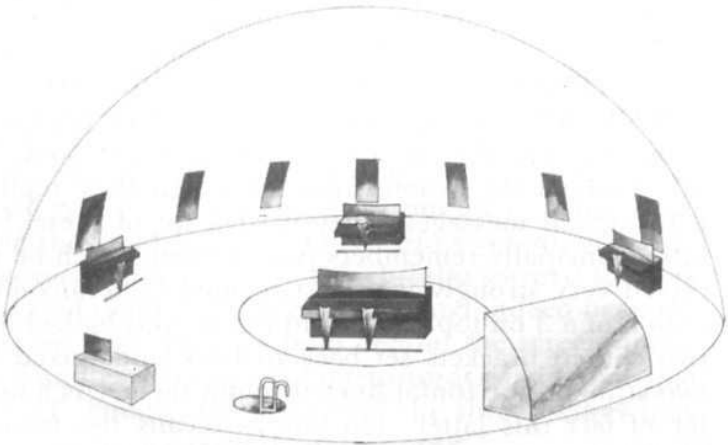
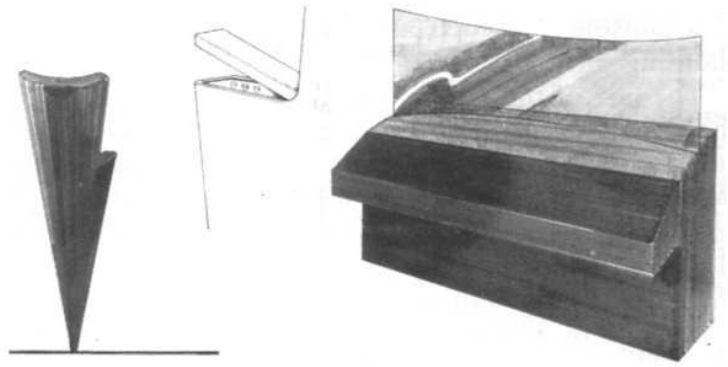
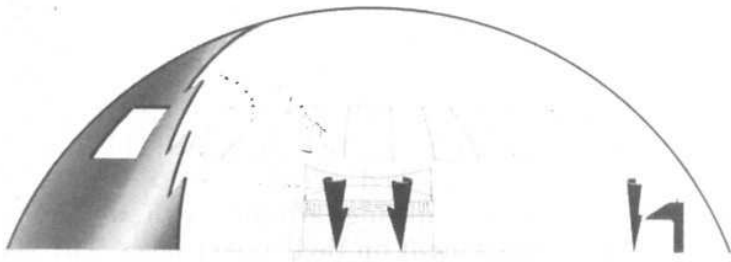
Julio's eyes. In this large room too there were no internal angles. These two features, the all-encompassing light and the absence of angles, gave him the sensation of being as it were *inside a bubble*, and protected, and yet at the same time free, with no barriers and with lots of space around, just as in a cyclorama such as one finds in the cinema. Had it not been for the existence of the windows visible in the surrounding wall of the cupola it would even have been impossible to estimate the distance of anything. Once one had got used to the effect, said Julio, it was marvellous.

The great room was about 15 metres wide and 5 metres high, giving an impression of utter vastness and spaciousness. Julio felt that, in making it like this, they had long journeys in mind. It occurred to him likewise that the absence of angles was a good way in which to eliminate corners and consequently the accumulation of dirt. And the great room was of course immaculate in every way — indeed to the point of being utterly clinical and aseptic. He noticed that the crewmen made no sound as they walked. They moved around in complete silence, rather like the "Pink Panther", he said, and he concluded that they must have some special sort of soles on their shoes. He himself, on the other hand, did make a noise with his boots as he walked about, and he also has the very clear recollection of hearing the sound of the claws of his dog Mus on the floor of the craft.

From the hole where the little ladder ended. Julio saw, standing slightly towards his right, a control-table. It stood in the centre of the room and from where he was he was not viewing it frontally, but at an angle. In shape it was like a desk or a bureau. It also had some resemblance to an electronic organ. It was about 2.5 m. wide and, standing on it, set in metal footings, was a transparent glass screen. The control-table itself was standing upon a circular platform of the same white material as the rest of the floor.

The remainder of the furnishings in the room consisted of three other tables or desks, but smaller than the central one. They were only about 1.5 m. in width, but in other respects were identical with the large central one. They were set around the circumference of the fore-part of the room, almost up against the external wall, one being right in line with the central control-desk and the two others at 90 degree angles to left and right. The distance between the desks was about five or six metres.

Set in front of these desks or consoles there were some extremely strange seats. They were high and conical, with the point towards the bottom. What surprised Julio most of all — and still surprises him, he says — was the fact that this single point was the only place where the chairs touched the floor at all. He says he finds it impossible to understand how the seats could have stood up. (Herb Schirmer in the U.S.A.)



also observed two triangular-backed seats set in front of a console . . . which also had a big 'visual screen' standing on it.)<sup>11</sup>

The fact of the matter was that the lower points of the seats were slotted into a groove that was so narrow that it looked as though it was 'drawn' on the floor. And the seats had no other support but that. It was most strange. Julio next glanced over to the other side. There, on his right, and also set closely against the surrounding wall, was a large square panel, about 4 m. × 4 m. It contrasted sharply with all the other furnishings in the room because it was of a leaden greyish colour, whereas the control-desks and seats seemed to be covered with black imitation leather or something similar.

Finally, to his left and slightly behind him, he beheld a square table made of a different material from the consoles and the seats. It was metallic and had a blackish-bluish sheen, rather like his gun. On the right-hand part of it there stood a square, opaque screen. He was subsequently informed that the square table was used for surgical operations.

As regards the windows, these were set around the cupola at intervals of about one-and-a-half metres. They were rectangular, with their longer axis on the vertical, and their glass was smoked, or so, at least, it seemed to him to be. Through these windows he was able to see the shapes and colours of the countryside perfectly, despite the fact that dawn was only just beginning to break. It was, he said, as though he were looking through infra-red prisms.

One final point: the ends of the ladder, or, to be more precise, of the hand-rails of the ladder, were curved over and down at an angle of almost 180 degrees, and entered the floor.

(The reader will note the incredible precision of the descriptions and measurements given by Julio. This is because what we have here in this report is the summing-up of dozens of sessions of hypnosis which enabled the artists, Carmelo Solar and Vicente Arnás, to make an extremely detailed reconstruction of everything described by Julio, himself a truly exceptional observer for sure, in the course of what is without any doubt *the best-studied abduction case in the world.*)

### The Examination of the Dog

No sooner had Mus been unleashed in the control-room, than he began to go around sniffing everything: the console desks, the seats, everything was visited by him. He was trying to secure a composite impression of the place. Julio had already noted that the command-room smelt strongly of pine, a fragrance that delights him. As for the entities themselves, they

did not appear to be accustomed to animals. The tallest of the three was very tense while Mus was sniffing him, as though the dog's behaviour was something quite unfamiliar to him or frightened him.

Julio, fearing that the dog might be about to 'leave his trade-mark', called to him by name. The sound of the name "*Mus*" evoked great surprise among the entities, all three turning around with a faint expression of amazement on their poker faces. The vocal means of communication cannot have seemed strange to them, because Julio discovered in due course that they themselves also used speech sometimes. Possibly it was just the word "*Mus*" itself that made such an impression on them — as though this particular sound may possibly have had some meaning in their own language or was somehow familiar to them.

While Julio was getting over the effect produced upon him by the sight of the command-room, he asked where they came from, to which they replied with mental messages. They used a lot of these, but Julio principally remembers two of them, which he received very strongly. The first seemed to be a combination of a 3 on top of a 7, and the second looked like two curved brackets set back to back and linked by two straight horizontal lines through them. (As a matter of fact this latter sign faintly recalls the famous UMMO symbol  $\text{H}\{\text{H}$  .) When Julio kept asking insistently "*Where do you come from?*", they kept repeating "*3, 7, squared*". Julio also thinks he caught the impression of a sort of Greek *Lambda* ( $\lambda$ ) and a reversed Greek *Iota* ( $\iota$ ) with a horizontal stroke.

Following upon this 'conversation' with Julio, they asked him for permission to examine the dog. It should be noted that their behaviour was always quite polite, demonstrating a paternalistic sort of attitude not devoid of patience and comprehension. They behaved in a way that Julio felt he would have done with a child or a small brother. He knew that they were there to protect him and to answer his questions (even though he did not understand many of the answers.) Nevertheless, their attitude towards Julio was not one of superiority; it was merely that they seemed to hold the key to all knowledge. This was to be seen in their assurance, in their great self-possession.

By means of mental messages, then, they asked him for permission to examine Mus. They wanted to take blood samples from the dog. Julio at once agreed, convinced that they were not going to harm the animal. Then they all walked over to the surgical table, and there the tallest of the three caught hold of Mus and, passing his forearms under the dog, lifted him up on to the table. His behaviour looked professional, with quick, sure movements. Poor Mus, terrified, offered no resistance. He stood there motionless on the other side of the black screen.

Julio supposed that they examined the dog through



the black screen, though he himself saw no image on it. After turning Mus first on one side and then on the other, the 'practitioner' moved the dog to the centre of the table. Then he got out a syringe and extracted blood from one of the dog's paws with admirable precision. This syringe appeared to be made of metal — at least it looked a leaden-gray colour. It was narrow and not very long, with a capacity of, say, about 10 c.c. The needle, fine and thin, was all of a piece with the rest of the syringe. At the sides, the syringe had two rings for the index and middle fingers, and at the end of the plunger it had a third, larger, ring for the thumb. The general appearance of the syringe was pretty 'normal'. What did surprise Julio was the ease with which the 'practitioner' had found the artery. He had gone straight to it. Julio thinks he stuck the needle into the radial artery, though he does not now remember of which paw.

The entity then put the syringe away in a dull black metal cylinder which he got from behind the desk. Then they told Julio mentally: "*Since you are here, you come and be done too!*"<sup>12</sup> (Which Julio seemed to think indicated that their real objective had indeed been the dog.) So then they put Julio behind the screen and, a few minutes later, gave him to understand that that 'was all'. Finally, the shorter of the three beings took him over to the central control-desk.

### The Central Desk and the Seats

This crew member, who was doubtless the one charged with looking after Julio, gave him a polite order: "*Sit down!*" and indicated one of the seats at the central desk. Julio obeyed, but with great care, lest the improbable looking chair might collapse. But the triangular seat merely rocked in an agreeable fashion. Then the entity himself sat down in the chair on his right. In front of them both was the central control table, which Julio was now able to examine with some deliberation.

As soon as he had taken his seat, his companion went to work. To the vast astonishment of Julio, he raised the left-hand arm-rest, revealing several silvery buttons; he fingered these lightly and the seat began to revolve on the track in the floor. These seats were tall, about one-and-a-half metres high. They seemed to be covered in the same black plastic or imitation leather as the tables, and felt very comfortable, because one did not sink down in them. They were just soft enough. The backs of the seats were shaped like the ornamental Spanish ladies' combs of tortoise-shell, extending up beyond the back of the head and coming round and surrounding the sitter on both sides. The arm-rests were like those of the seats in some cinemas, with rounded edges. Although the chairs were conical in shape, the actual seat was more square, and about 60 cms. wide.

Julio's legs could reach the floor because he was sitting on the edge of the chair. As for his companion, he was sitting right back against the back-rest of the chair, and yet his arms still reached the controls on the table comfortably. He was fingering the buttons and moving the switches with a speed and an assurance that were simply marvellous. And he was doing it all without looking. He put Julio in mind of a first-class typist from the speed and precision with which his long, fine fingers darted to and fro, the actual palm of the hand remaining meanwhile motionless. Sometimes he swung around in his seat. At other times he moved away from the table, watching the gauges. The whole spectacle held Julio enthralled.

The height of the central control table, inclusive of its screen, was approximately 1.5 m. and its length somewhere between 2.5 m. and 3 m. It was of course larger than the screens on the other units around the room. On its fore-part it had a large projecting surface about a metre deep, and it was on this area that all the controls — buttons, sensors, and indicators — were located. At the sides were levers and buttons, and in the centre there were controls. The levers were black and very delicately shaped, and terminated in nickel-plated handles of truncated pyramid form. There were nine levers, set in three rows, on each side. Above them on each side were nine truncated-cone shaped red buttons or sensors with a central depression. The automatic pilots were hemispherical, about 2 cms. in diameter, and seemed to be flashing continuously. And they were changing colour in sequence. As some turned to amber, others became yellow, then red, then green, then blue, then white . . .

### The Man on the Big Screen

While all this was going on, Julio had a firm grip on the collar of Mus, who was down by the left side of his master's seat. Mus was Julio's sole link, in all this extraordinary business, with the normal world outside. It gave him a sense of calm to feel the dog beside him. His gun was propped up against the right-hand arm-rest of his seat.

Suddenly a short whistling sound was heard throughout the whole room, producing a great commotion among the crew. The tallest of the three, who up till then had remained near the surgical table, quickly went over and sat down in front of one of the console units. And all three had their attention glued to the screens in front of them.

The whistling sound, like the light, seemed to come from everywhere. After the brief piercing whistle, the screens began to assume a milky tinge and finally turned white. Then an image rapidly formed on the screens — the image of an individual resembling the

three crewmen, but older. *Suddenly they all began to talk among themselves, and it was at that same moment that Julio noticed that their telepathic communication with himself was interrupted.*

The conversation — or harangue — was brief, lasting two or three minutes only. First the man on the screens spoke. From the tone of his voice he seemed to be the chief, the leader. The others listened most attentively, almost without blinking. Clearly they were dealing with a hierarchical superior. At first he alone did the talking. Then he talked with the man who was with Julio, who seemingly must have been the one in charge of the command-room. The other two took less part in the talking.

The man on the screens looked as though he might be over 60 years of age, Julio thought. He had the usual facial lines for a man of that age. The language in which they were talking sounded ugly and disagreeable to Julio. When attempting to describe it, he likened it to a mixture of German and Chinese. (Later, when the investigators let Julio hear tapes in numerous languages, he said that he found *Korean* to be the nearest to it.) He said it resembled German for its harsh and guttural features, and Chinese because he said it was monosyllabic as Chinese is. They seemed to 'spit out' the words as they were talking, and some of the sounds were like coughs. They never modulated their speech; the words seemed to come up out of their stomachs, rather like the cries uttered in the martial arts of the Orient. Their words did not seem to be produced by the vocal chords but to be thrown out by the diaphragm. Moreover, they seemed to have laryngeal problems of some sorts. (This is just one more of the many "UMMO-like" features which we find presented in this extraordinary case of Julio F—.) They had difficulty in starting each new phrase, and from time to time they emitted a little cry as though they were choking — a sort of little false note such as one hears when French people are speaking.

Among the sounds that Julio recalled under hypnosis there were many strong consonants, Ks and Rs and Ps, all pronounced very harshly. There were also many vowels and diphthongs, like AU or UE, which sounded just like outright barking. The tone of voice in which they spoke was monotonous, harsh, and disagreeable.

Suddenly the figure of the chief vanished and the screen became transparent once more. *And Julio found himself in telepathic contact with them again.*

With the disappearance of the 'chief' a burst of feverish activity began in the control room. They were all pushing buttons like madmen. The one who was with Julio seemed to be supervising the work of the other two, though each one was of course watching what the two others were doing. There was a strong team spirit animating them — that was obvious.

It was at this stage in the proceedings that the central platform began to rotate — anticlockwise — finally coming to a halt when the (control desk ??) was in line with the 'computer'. Then the platform reverted to its old position. It was at this point that Julio heard a loud whistling inside his own head. From this point onwards there is a great gap in his recollections, which only recommence much later.

Like many subjects in abduction cases, Julio here presents the feature of '*an amnesia within an amnesia*',<sup>13</sup> which it is well nigh impossible to overcome by means of hypnosis. What we have here is a powerful mental blockage, designed, may be, to protect the individual from an experience which, if consciously remembered, could be too traumatic for him. *This totally blank area in Julio's memory seems to have included a complete physiological examination of him, with the taking of samples, from blood to semen, together with an orbital trip around our Planet.* The taped recordings of Julio's hypnotic sessions, when heard by him afterwards, served to trigger off his subconscious memories. But this task of gradually extracting such traumatising memories from his subconscious had to be carried out with extreme care, and it was necessary to halt the proceedings each time that his heart-beat rose to 120 per minute. On account of its extraordinary interest, I reproduce in Part III the full text of the sessions of hypnosis.)

### The Gun and the Cartridges

There was a second appearance of the 'chief' on the screen, preceded by the same whistle as before. This time Julio was able to verify that the senior individual was probably about 65 years by our reckoning, while the three crew members were men in their prime — about 35 to 40 years old under our conditions of life.

After the 'chiefs' second appearance, the screen became transparent again, and Julio's telepathic contact with them was once more restored. *The man at his side asked him about the gun, and wanted to know what it was.* Julio started to explain to him, and the man then called the others. The four of them gathered at the left-hand side of the central control table, near the left-hand foot of the screen. *Then they began to ask him: "WHAT IS THAT?" He replied that it was a gun. "WHAT IS IT FOR?" they asked. "For hunting animals", he answered. "DO YOU HUNT BECAUSE YOU NEED TO?", they continued. "No, because I enjoy it", he replied. Then the tallest of the three made a faint, almost imperceptible gesture of disgust, as though to say "WHAT A SAVAGE!" Then they asked him to let them have the gun to examine it. They passed it around, from hand to hand, eyeing it with great curiosity, and making some remark or other no doubt like: "WELL NOW, JUST LOOK WHAT FUNNY THINGS THESE FOLK DO!"*



At no moment, it seems, did Julio ever fear that they might take the gun away from him. He was always aware that they were 'good people'<sup>14</sup>. He had unloaded the gun before handing it to them, it is true, as he did not want any of them to get shot. And they were certainly very interested when they saw the cartridges fall out on to the floor. He explained to them that these were his 'bullets', and he went so far as to open one cartridge so that they might see what it contained. They asked if they might keep that one. The tallest of the three produced a metal cylinder into which they put the opened cartridge, along with another intact cartridge which he gave them. They said they would like to have them to study. Julio had used his knife to open the cartridge. At first however he was unable to find the knife. It turned out that it was now in his other pocket on the other side. (Clearly they had already had it out and inspected it, or maybe it had fallen out when they were undressing him.)

Then, strange as this may seem, Julio felt a tremendous desire for a smoke, and proceeded to have a cigarette. (He is a great smoker, and had not had one for two hours. When looking for his knife, he came across his packet of tobacco, which awakened his unconscious desire for a smoke. Evidently he was quite unaware of much of what had been happening to him.)

When José Antonio Campaña asked Julio (during the investigation under hypnosis) where he had put the cigarette-ash when he had this smoke aboard the craft, Julio replied that he had simply put it on the floor, but that nobody had seemed to mind. While he was actually smoking the cigarette, they asked if they might have one too, also with a view to studying it, and he gave them one and they put it in the same cylinder. Julio, as was his habit, also offered the tallest one a cigarette to smoke for himself, but the crew member declined the offer with a curt gesture, indicating that *he* wasn't going to put that stuff into his chest!

Then they started asking him how our society functions. He told them that there are two ideological blocs here, and explained about our systems of government. He was amazed that people so well informed and so intelligent as they were should ask such simple questions. They obviously knew their way about in external matters and so must surely know, if not everything, at least almost everything about us! As a matter of fact his admiration for them began to abate somewhat at this point, and meanwhile he was starting to have some misgivings about them. He did not know whether they were perhaps "taking the mickey out of him", or what they were up to.

They must have perceived that he was now getting scared, for after this little chat they told him very nicely that he could now depart. Julio did not wait to be told twice. He got hold of Mus, shouldered his gun, and went down the ladder. Getting down it was a lot harder than coming up it, and he had to let the dog

loose almost right at the top of the ladder.

He departed from the machine still accompanied by the crew member who had stuck to him throughout. Both of them went along the passages till they reached the elevator, and there they took leave of one another. This upset Julio somewhat, for he had thought that the man would surely go right down on to the field with him. Later he realised why the man had not done so: *outside, it was already day, and doubtless our light upsets them.* (Compare the Aveley case in England and the 'visors'.)<sup>15</sup>

### Departure from the Machine

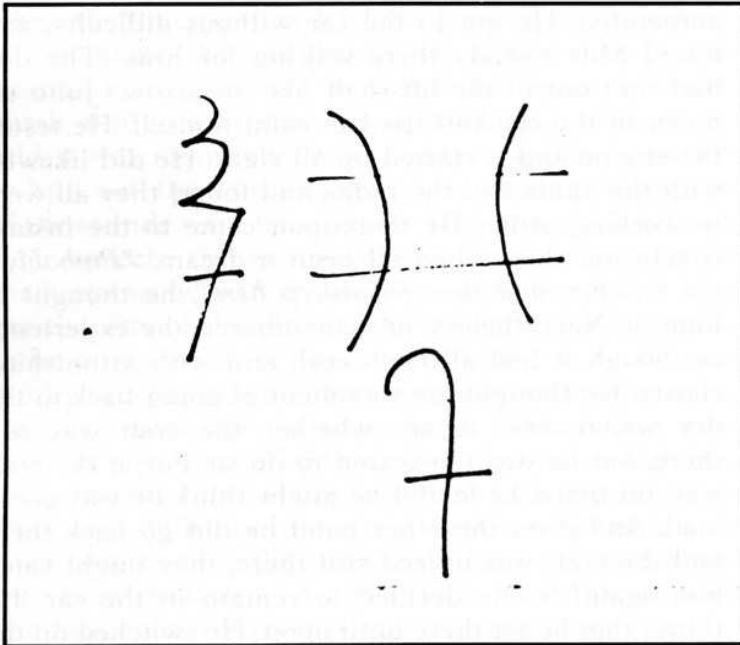
Julio stepped into the lift cylinder, the door closed, and he and Mus descended. After a few seconds, the lift came to a halt, the metal door rose, and he found himself outside, dazzled by the sunlight. He made his way back to the car in a semi-stupefied state, like an automaton. He got to the car without difficulty, and found Mus already there waiting for him. (The dog had shot out of the lift-shaft like an arrow.) Julio sat down in the car and tried to calm himself. He tested the engine and it started up all right. He did likewise with the lights and the radio, and found they all were in working order. He thereupon came to the instant conclusion that it had all been a dream. "*Probably I got this far, and then fell asleep here*", he thought to himself. Nevertheless, he remembered the experience as though it had all been real, and with astonishing clarity. He thought for a moment of going back to the dry watercourse to see whether the craft was still there, but he was too scared to do so. For, if the craft was not there, he feared he might think he was going mad. And if on the other hand he did go back there and the craft was indeed still there, they might catch him again! So he decided to remain in the car. He thinks that he sat there until noon. He switched on the car-radio, and waited. If that thing was there behind the hill, then it would have to take off some time or other. Finally, seeing that nothing happened, he started his engine and headed for Madrid.

He drove very slowly, feeling thoroughly shattered. At about 1.00 p.m. he stopped on the left side of the road. He thinks this was a few kilometres before Torremocha del Campo, in the Province of Guadalajara. He needed time to think, so he took his gun and went for a stroll with Mus. After a while he felt he wanted to eat, and when he looked for his knife, he found that he only had three cartridges in his pocket instead of five. He was short of the two which he had given to them in the UFO. *Alarmed, he called Mus, and examined the dog's paw to find where they had pricked him with the syringe. And what he saw made his blood freeze: for the dog displayed the typical orifice left when a needle has been inserted to extract blood! So it had all been real!*



After that, he tried by every means to put the matter out of his mind. He started looking for game, maybe as a defensive mechanism. Being upset, he squandered almost all the rest of his cartridges, but at any rate he did manage to return home with more than a dozen quail.

(However, that wasn't the end of Julio's close-encounter. It had not ended there, in his car, as all we investigators thought at first. In February 1980, during one of the sessions of hypnosis with Dr. Jesús Durán, it was discovered, by mere chance, that — contrarily to what Julio himself had believed — *he had returned to the craft, and very probably had gone on a fresh trip with its occupants. But at the termination of that particular hypnosis session, Julio suddenly entered a new phase, in which he has displayed powerful resistance, and since then it has been quite impossible to secure any further information from him.*)



Julio's reproductions of script.

#### Notes and References by Editor, FSR

1. This vivid white light that does not distress the human eye and seems to "come from everywhere" and to cast no shadows, is a frequent feature in accounts by individuals who claim to have been taken aboard alien craft. For a very typical case see that of the Brazilian farmer, Antônio Villas Boas, in *The Humanoids*.
2. This is a very interesting case that will probably not be known at all to the present generation of FSR readers. Oscar Linke was the former mayor of a small town in the eastern part of Germany, which was overrun and occupied by the benevolent hordes of Moscow in 1945. In the spring of 1952 he and his eleven-year-old daughter Gabriella escaped to the West, and as they were making their way on his motor-bicycle through the woods near Hasselbach, Meiningen, they saw, at a distance of about 60 or 70 metres, two human-like entities in shining metallic clothing near a large landed UFO standing on

a cylindrical metal shaft or stem, into which the two entities rapidly disappeared before the craft took off and vanished. The only English-language source that I know for this case is Chapter 16 of Desmond Leslie's section of *Flying Saucers Have Landed* (London, 1953) where it is given in considerable detail. The case is of course well known among European Ufologists.

3. For the somewhat similar case of the Italian witness Mario Zuccalà near Firenze (Florence) in April 1962, see the article by Ceccarelli Silvano on page 5 of FSR Vol. 8, No. 4 (July/August 1962). The entity seen in this case was however small (about one-and-a-half metres) and the craft only about 8 — 9 metres wide.)
4. This case is No. 6 in Cassiano José Monteiro's and V. N. de Gaia's *Catalogue of Sightings of Humanoids in the Iberian Peninsula* (1983) recently translated from the original Portuguese into English by Richard Heiden for Dr. Hynek's Center For UFO Studies (CUFOS.) Since the report speaks of a descending 'platform' bearing two individuals, my own personal opinion is that it is more reminiscent of the two cases of the Finnish skiers published in FSR some years ago, and less reminiscent of the type of case involving a lift or elevator inside a 'stem' or 'column'.

The text of the Guadalajara report reads as follows. (My translation):-

"A lieutenant and his adjutant saw an intensely vivid light coming from an object that was manoeuvring about at a distance of 60 m. from them. The object was black and lens-shaped, 11 m. in diameter and 5 m. deep, with a column on the lower part which was descending and came down to a distance of 2 m. from the ground, bearing two figures which were moving. A beam of blue light was emitted from the object, and when this beam of light struck the observers they experienced a shivering sensation. The platform then rose up again, the object became intensely bright, and flew away out of sight." (Source CBO-6, P.S. 28 — Oscar Rey Brea.)

5. *To the best of my recollection, this is possibly only the third case in which a contactee has claimed that his or her dog was taken aboard a UFO!* We have recently given (FSR Vol. 29, No. 4) the case — curiously enough also Spanish — of the lady who says she had her mastiff with her when she contacted alien beings in 1947. The first such story that we recall however was that of Buck Nelson, a farmer living in a remote corner of the Ozark Mountains in Missouri, who declared that a 50 ft. wide disc crewed by men of normal size, but "very big-boned" (!) landed on his farm at about 4.00 p.m. on the afternoon of July 30, 1954. He claimed that they visited him again at least twice, on March 5 and March 22, 1955, and in a small book which he published subsequently he claimed that they had taken both him and his large dog for a flight in their machine. (See *A Strange Tale From Missouri*, by Buck Nelson, in FSR Vol. 1, No. 2, May/June 1955.) The article was illustrated by a photograph which Buck Nelson said he had taken himself, showing a pair of UFOs low down over his farm. In contrast however to these three cases in which dogs have allegedly been taken aboard UFOs with their owners, there have reportedly been quite a number of alleged cases of "dognapping" by UFO entities, of which possibly the most famous are those at Dante, Tennessee, on November 6, 1957, and, *on the evening of that very same day*, at Everittstown, New Jersey. Good accounts of both cases

will be found in Coral Lorenzen's article *UFO Occupants In The United States* (a section of *The Humanoids*, edited by Charles Bowen and published by FSR in 1967.)

There are also a number of other cases on record in which dogs are alleged to have actually been killed by UFOs (as, for example, in the Spanish case given in our next issue.) There was also a case in the U.S.A. where a dog was found crushed and totally flattened, seemingly by a UFO. The collected accounts of the Animal Mutilation Cases will be found to contain a few of these happenings.

In one or two cases, dogs have allegedly been so terrified by a UFO (no doubt by its ultrasonic or subsonic noise?) that they have simply fled and never been seen again.

There is possibly an extremely interesting aspect to the two "dognapping" attempts in the U.S.A. on November 6, 1957, at Dante, Tennessee, and Everittstown, New Jersey, as reported by Mrs. Coral Lorenzen. I think it is a fact that November 6, 1957, was precisely the time when the Russians had their first *sputnik* in orbit, carrying the dog *Laika*. I have heard it stated that both these "dognapping" attempts took place *before the American public had heard about the Russian capsule containing a dog.* It would be very interesting if, even at this late date, somebody could spend the time necessary to check up on this point, and establish that, when the events at Dante and Everittstown occurred, the media had not yet released the news of the Russian dog. (Should it be possible to do this, it would at least knock out the facile argument that the witnesses were in both cases inspired to concoct their "dognapping" tales by having heard about *Laika*.)

All in all, it looks as though there are some entities around that are not familiar with dogs and do not like them, while other types of creature do know about our dogs and are fully familiar with them.

6. See *The Humanoids*.

7. See *The Landing at Socorro*, by W. T. Powers, in *The Humanoids*, and *Socorro Saucer*, by Ray Stanford (1976).

8. *The Chicken Poachers of Puerto Rico*, by Jorge J. Martí, in FSR Vol. 27, No. 1.

9. For the case of American policeman Herbert Schirmer, see pp. 107-121 of *Beyond Earth: Man's Contact with UFOs*, by Ralph and Judy Blum (Bantam Books, U.S.A., 1974, and Corgi Books, London, 1974.)

10. For Dr. Alvin Lawson, this is obviously the moment of Julio's *birth!* (As he climbed the ladder, and was approaching the orifice leading to the "outer world" has not Julio already told us that he was feeling the cold!)

11. In one of his four books on UFOs, all published long ago in Italy and never translated into English and now all out of print, the Italian diplomat Dr. Alberto Perego furnished a photograph, allegedly showing the interior of a landed UFO, and showing a *tall triangular-backed seat* such as is here described.

12. Although Toni Ribera does not mention at this point in his summary that *blood* was also taken from Julio, it is clear from the later text that such was the case. Indeed, the *Appendix*, which we give below, makes it clear that they took from Julio every kind of liquid specimen, namely blood, semen, urine, gastric juices, and saliva.

13. Notable cases in which there seems to have been an inner 'hardcore' area of amnesia which is resistant to our hypnosis techniques are those of Betty and Barney Hill and Dionisio Llanca. (For the latter case, in which we are told that three attempts with hypnosis and three attempts with the 'truth-drug' sodium penthatol failed to overcome the resistance, see the full account of the Dionisio Llanca affair in FSR Vol. 26, No. 4.) Budd Hopkins' recent book, *Missing Time*, and other cases reported lately by C.U.F.O.R.N. in Canada, seem to indicate that it is probably quite usual for only a portion of the repressed experience to be recovered by means of hypnosis.

14. This conviction on the part of the contactee that he is dealing with 'totally good people', who 'love him', is a marked and disturbing feature which we have noted in several other cases. It shows the great 'glamour' or hypnotic power that, from the earliest known times, these alien creatures have patently been able to exercise over humans. Students of the *Arcana* have long been familiar with all of this, and there are human cultures in whose systems of jurisprudence some recognition was given long ago to the existence of *Three Kingdoms of Intelligent Life*, and this has included recognition of the existence of sexual liaisons between humans and beings 'of another sort.' (See my article, *A Brief Account of the True Nature of the UFO Entities*, in FSR Vol. 29, No. 1.)

15. See Andrew Collins: *The Aveley Abduction* (FSR Vol. 23, No. 6, and Vol. 24, No. 1.)

(*The third and final part of The Soria Abduction will appear in our next issue.*)

## CORRECTION. PHILBY & HOLLIS.

A serious typing error passed unnoticed in the proofreading of the article SOME NOTES ON THE COSMIC (AND ALSO THE INFERNAL?) CONNECTIONS, in FSR 30/1. On page 13 it was stated that *Kim Philby*, one of the top officers of the British Secret Service (MI6) was sent to Canada to interview the Russian code-officer Gouzenko. For *Philby* read *Hollis*. Normally someone from MI6 should have gone, and Philby would have been the man for the job. But Philby, a Soviet spy, feared that Gouzenko could identify and unmask him. So he managed to get Roger Hollis, later Sir Roger Hollis, of MI5, to go in his stead. Hollis, also a Soviet spy, ultimately became the Director-General of MI5, and was never detected. Between them, these two top Soviet agents, in MI5 and MI6, did incalculable damage to the West, and sent hundreds of men to their deaths. According to Arkady Shevchenko, the highest-ranking KGB agent ever to defect to the West (*TIME* magazine, Feb. 15, 1985), there are at present over 100,000 Russian agents and spies in position in the Free World — more than all the agents of all the other secret services combined.



# ON SOURCES FOR THE HOSTILITY TO PSYCHICAL RESEARCH

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This interesting and important paper by our colleague Dr. Ivor Grattan-Guinness originally appeared in the journal *Psychoenergetics*, 1983, Vol. 5, pp.199-206. (0278-6060/83/0503-0199, US\$18.50). © Gordon & Breach Science Publishers Inc., 42 William IV Street, London W2N 4DE.

With the special permission of the Author and of the Editor of *Psychoenergetics* and of Messrs Gordon & Breach we now have much pleasure in reprinting it in FSR.

We consider this paper to be of the greatest relevance, inasmuch as the factors that militate against public acceptance of the existence of UFOs and/or of their operators seem likely to be the same sort of factors that are responsible for hostility to psychical research and to such mind-boggling new ideas as were advanced by the remarkable pioneer Velikovsky, whose most important book, in my opinion, is his posthumous and little-known *Mankind in Amnesia*. — EDITOR

ASPECTS of the controversy over the work of Immanuel Velikovsky are used to outline a speculation on the hostility to psychical research of critics. Several features of psychical phenomena and research are set within the framework of this speculation.

“The gigantic catastrophes that threaten us are not elemental happenings of a physical or biological kind, but are psychic events . . . Instead of being exposed to wild beasts, tumbling rocks, and inundating waters, man is exposed today to the elemental forces of his own psyche.”

C.G. Jung (1934) (1953, 305)

## 1. The Velikovsky Controversy

When phenomena in an area of study are difficult to understand or even classify, a usual philosophical rule is to examine the epiphenomena — that is, the surrounding phenomena — as a source of insights. I have long been struck by the similarities between the hostility shown to psychical research by some of its critics and the controversy of the last thirty years surrounding the suggestions of Immanuel Velikovsky (1895-1979) that globally catastrophic events have occurred on this planet during man's lifetime and are described in the ancient records, which modern man has mis-matched in comparing the chronologies of these records from different cultures and thus misinterpreted. “The idea of a cosmic catastrophe in historical times came to me one evening in October 1940,” Velikovsky recalled later (1981, 50):

“it was inspired by the chapter [10] in the Book of Joshua where it is told about the stasis of the Sun and Moon, and the stones that fell from the sky. In a few weeks the major part of the theory presented in *Worlds in Collision* was conceived. The first impulse after reading the Book of Joshua was to investigate Chinese records in order to see whether anything is known about the stasis of the Sun; then I addressed myself to authors who narrate the ancient history of the New World.”

The controversy began with (in fact, even before) the publication of *Worlds in Collision* in 1950. Psychical researchers will feel in familiar country when reading remarks against Velikovsky such as this one of 1950 (quoted from Kallen, 1977, 61) by the astronomer B. McLaughlin:

“Can we afford to have ‘freedom of the press’ when it permits such obvious rubbish to be widely advertised as of real importance? . . . Can we afford ‘freedom of the press’ when it can vitiate education, as this book can? . . . No, I have not read the book . . . And I do not intend to waste my time reading it . . .”

The conduct of the Harvard astronomer H. Shapley is quite revealing. The following two passages were written by him in January and September 1950, the first to Velikovsky's publisher, the second at Harvard University (Kallen, 1977, 55):

“And frankly, unless you can assure me that you have done things like this frequently in the past without damage, the publication [of Velikovsky's *Worlds in Collision*] must cut me off from the MacMillan Company . . .”

“The claim that Dr. Velikovsky's book is being suppressed is nothing but a publicity stunt . . . Several attempts have been made to link such a move to stop the book's publication to some organisation or to Harvard Observatory. This idea is absolutely false.”

Prior to taking up these studies, Velikovsky had practised as a psychoanalyst in Tel Aviv and Haifa after studying with Freud's student W. Stekel. Indeed, in the late 1930s, he had been preparing a volume on Moses, Akhnaton and Oedipus as archetypal figures, as a confrontation of the ideas presented in Freud's *Moses and Monotheism*, and had moved to New York in order to have access to better libraries, when the idea of catastrophism came to him.

Thus, when the fierce controversy broke out, and continued, Velikovsky was able to study it as a psychoanalyst. Struck by the behavioural similarities to hysterical amnesia as witnessed in his clinical practice — especially the simultaneous desires both to reject the offending ideas and also to discuss them — he