

# 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

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 that I saw in the machine. The signs were scrawls completely different from what we know as lettering. I tried to memorise their shapes, and that was what I sketched down in the letter that I sent to Senhor Joao Martins. At the present time I no longer remember how they looked.

But, returning to the events, the door in question led into a smaller room, squarish, and lit in the same way as the others. After we had entered (I and two of the men) the door closed again behind us. I glanced back then, and saw something that I don't know how to explain. There was no door at all there any more. All that could be seen was a wall like the other walls. I do not know how that was done. Unless, when the door closed, some sort of 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 of its 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 side, here where you gentlemen can see this other dark mark like the 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.<sup>1</sup>

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.<sup>2</sup> 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 <sup>not</sup> 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)

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

members of the crew could breathe the whole time inside those closed uniforms and helmets, since they apparently had no portable tanks, like those of divers and deep-sea swimmers, to supply the air necessary for them to be able to breathe inside that closed system. He replied: "I had not thought of that. I don't know how to explain it. I noticed nothing, no protuberance or bulge that might indicate that those tubes were linked to some box or instrument hidden under the clothing."

(<sup>2</sup>) This description of the uniform was made during a comparison with the clothing of Adamski's "Venusian". The principal differences pointed out by Villas Boas were in the tight-fitting clothing, clinging to the body, chiefly the trousers (which in Adamski's sketch are loose, with quite a lot of superfluous cloth); in the shape and thickness of the soles of the shoes; and in the absence of a clear separation between the trouser and the shoe, which were a continuation of each other.

### Comment by Gordon Creighton

Antônio's captors held him horizontally as they

carried him towards their machine. Some readers may recall the Swedish case of Styg Rydberg and Hans Gustavsson, alleged to have occurred late at night on December 20, 1958. The two men were seized by "four lead-grey creatures about four feet tall", which tried to drag them into their craft. (See FLYING SAUCER REVIEW, November/December 1959, page 5).

Great efforts were made by the Swedish authorities to show that the two men were lying or suffering from hallucinations; indeed so thorough were these efforts that one can only conclude that the story was true.

The report in FLYING SAUCER REVIEW does not give all details about how the entities tried to hold the two Swedes, but I was told a few years ago that the creatures tried very hard to get both men off their feet, so as to be able to carry them *horizontally*.

## The Cappelquin Photograph

For the account of the Cappelquin Sighting and photograph, see the article by Charles H. Gibbs-Smith, M.A., F.M.A., in *Flying Saucer Review* for March/April, 1966.

by Dr. Bernard E. Finch

SEVERAL interesting points can be gleaned by a study of the photograph of the Cappelquin sighting, and these give a clue to the identity of the object and to its energy system.

Examination of the efflux behind the object shows that the area of intense activity is at the centre, and that the minimal activity is at the periphery, where there is a remarkable coarse grain effect.

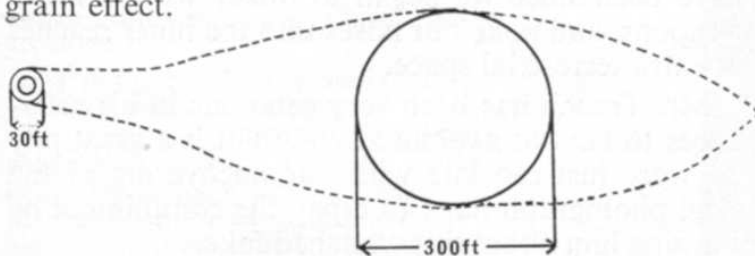


Fig. 1

This activity or effect falls off with the distance from the centre of the efflux, probably being inversely proportional to the square of the distance from the centre of the efflux i.e. maximum effect at the centre equals no grain; minimal effect at the periphery equals coarse grain.

This effect is observed when UFOs are stationary in the air, and it has been photographed on many occasions, the surrounding effect being approximately spherical (there must be some occasional

perturbations due to wind, etc.) around the saucer for a variable distance. Having examined many photographs, I find this effect to be ten times the size of the saucer, so, for a saucer of 30 feet average diameter, this would produce efflux effect 300 feet in diameter.

Now, if the saucer moves, the efflux or area of activity will move with it, maintaining its spherical form until the saucer reaches a certain speed, when the efflux will be drawn out to an elliptical form.\* And as the speed is increased so the ellipse becomes flatter. These measurements can be verified in the Cappelquin sighting photograph and many others.

It can be seen that, in the Cappelquin sighting, the efflux has been spread out to about 1,000 feet assuming the object, if it were a disc, to be the standard 30 feet diameter, and the saucer, about 400 feet from the periphery of the efflux, being connected by an area of weak effect, i.e. coarse grain.

Photographic emulsion is affected by a small part of the electro-magnetic spectrum, i.e., visible and near ultra-violet light—however, ionized gas produces a coarse grain effect when photographed with ordinary film. It appears therefore that we can deduce that a moving object has been photographed, and this object is associated with an