

# 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 . . .

**M**OREOVER 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.<sup>1</sup>

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

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 belly<sup>2</sup> 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 basis 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.

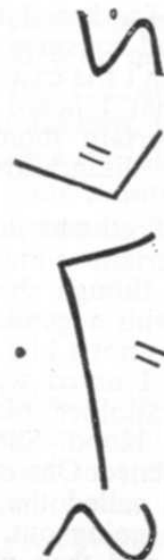
**Additional notes by Gordon Creighton**

- (\*) 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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