

# EVEN MORE AMAZING . . . Part V

by Dr. Olavo Fontes

Parts I to IV of this series commenced in the July/August 1966 issue and concluded with the January/February 1967 issue of *Flying Saucer Review*. They comprised an introduction and the long deposition of A. V. Boas, translated by Gordon Creighton.

THE deposition transcribed above was made spontaneously by Senhor Antônio Villas Boas in my consulting-rooms. For about four hours we listened to the narration of his story and we subjected him to a minute interrogation. We endeavoured to clarify certain details, trying to catch him out in contradictions, and trying to call his attention to certain inexplicable points in his story, in order to see whether he was disconcerted by this or had recourse to his imagination.

Right from the outset it was obvious that he presented no psychopathic traits. Calm, talking freely, revealing no nervous *tics* or signs of emotion instability all his reactions to the questions put to him were perfectly normal. At no moment did he ever falter or lose control of his narrative. His hesitations corresponded precisely to what could be predicted in an individual who, in a strange situation, could find no explanation for certain facts. At such moments, even though he knew that the doubts expressed by him on certain questions might lead us to disbelieve him, he answered quite simply: "I don't know about that", or: "I can't explain that".

Various examples can be given of features in his narrative that, to him, are totally inexplicable, such as . . . a) the beam of light that lit up the farm paddock but which came from he knew not where; b) what it was that caused the tractor engine to stop and his lights to go out; c) the reason for the presence of that rotating dish, turning incessantly, on the top of the craft; d) their motive for taking his blood; e) the door that closed and became part of the wall; f) the strange sounds that issued from the throats of the personages in his story; g) the symptoms (described below) presented by him during the days following his adventure, etc.

And then, on the other hand, in one of his letters to Joao Martins he had declared that he could not put certain details in writing, because he felt ashamed. This was the part concerning the "woman" and the "sexual relations". No description of any of these details was given spontaneously by him. When we interrogated him about it, he displayed shame and embarrassment, and only by dint of much insistence did we succeed in extracting from him the details given above. He was also bashful when admitting that the shirt he had on at the time was torn, in reply to

my question as to whether they had torn his clothing.

These emotional reactions are in keeping with what one would expect from a psychologically normal individual of his education and background.

We noted in him no tendency towards superstition or mysticism. He did not think the crew of the machine were angels, or supermen, or demons. He considers that they were men like us, but from other regions, on some other planet. He declared that he believed this because the member of the crew who accompanied him out of the craft pointed to himself and then at the ground and then at some place in the sky—a gesture that, in his opinion, could have only that meaning. Furthermore, the fact that the members of the crew remained the whole time with their uniforms fastened up and their helmets on indicates, in his opinion, that the air that they breathe is not the same as ours. Taking this statement as an indication that he considered the woman—the only one to appear without helmet and uniform—as being of a different race from the others (possibly of terrestrial origin, bred and adapted to the conditions of another planet) I put this question to him.

He firmly refused to accept this possibility, arguing that she was physically just the same as the others when she was wearing her helmet and uniform, being different from them only in the matter of her height. Furthermore, when speaking, she made the same sounds as the others; she had also taken part in his capture; at no moment had she appeared to be under any constraint by the others, being just as free as any of them.

I then asked whether the helmet could not have been a sort of disguise, inasmuch as the woman was able to breathe our air. He replied that he did not think so, for he believed that she had only been able to bear our atmosphere by reason of the smoke coming out of the small tubes set in the wall of the little room where the "meeting" took place. This was the smoke which had caused him to feel so unwell. This fact, plus the observation that the "smoke" did not exist in any of the other rooms (where he did not see any of the crew members remove their helmets), had led him to conclude that the smoke was some gas necessary for her to be able to breathe, and put there precisely in order that she could appear without the protection of the helmet.

As can be seen from this example, Senhor Antônio Villas Boas is very intelligent. His reasoning is surprisingly logical for a man from the Interior who scarcely knows how to read and write (primary education only). The same can be said with regard to his suspicion concerning the possible aphrodisiac effects of the liquid that they rubbed over his body, although here this explanation may perhaps have served more to satisfy his own "ego"—if he was telling the truth—since his sexual excitement could well have been perfectly spontaneous. His unconscious revulsion could have been due to the fact that it was painful for him to admit that he had been dominated by purely animal impulses.

On the other hand, the liquid could have been simply an antiseptic, disinfectant, or deodorant, to clean him and rid him of germs that might have been harmful to his lady companion.

We asked him if he considered that any of his actions had been performed under mental domination or telepathic suggestion from his captors. His reply was in the negative. He said he had been master of his actions and thoughts throughout the whole adventure. At no moment did he feel himself dominated by any extraneous idea or influence. "All that they managed to get from me was by the fist" was his comment. He denied having received any telepathic idea or message from any one of them. "If they thought themselves capable of such things", he concluded, "then I must have disappointed them quite badly".

At the close of the interrogation, Joao Martins told him that unfortunately he would not be able to publish the story in *O Cruzeiro* because, in the absence of more conclusive proofs in support of it, it would be difficult for it to be taken seriously, unless a similar story were to appear somewhere else.

Villas Boas was visibly discouraged at this (either because he wanted to see his name in *O Cruzeiro*, or because he could see from Joao Martins' expression that he did not believe him). He was quite upset, but did not protest, nor did he attempt to discuss the matter. He simply said: "In that case, if you don't need me any more, I'll go back home tomorrow morning. If you should want to make a trip out there one of these days I shall be very glad to receive you. If you need anything else from me, you only have to write . . ."

To console him in his disappointment, I told him that, if he was set on seeing his adventure in print, he had only to go to the newspapers—which would certainly print it at this time, just when the subject was back in the headlines because of the photographs of the Trindade Island "saucer". But, citing as an example this case of the photographer Barauna, I warned him that for many people he would be merely a madman or a hoaxer. His reply ran as follows: "I would challenge those accusing me of being a madman or a liar to come out to my home district, and make an investigation of me. They would see whether the folk there do not consider me to be a normal and honourable man. If, after all that, they still continued to doubt me, then so much the worse for them . . ."

All the foregoing remarks confirm the impression of sincerity that Senhor Villas Boas' manner of relating it lent to his story. On the other hand, they make it very clear that we are not dealing with a psychopath, a mystic, or a visionary. But, despite it all, the very content of his story is itself the biggest argument against its veracity. Certain details are too fantastic to be believed—unfortunately for him. In these circumstances we are left with the hypothesis that he is an extremely clever liar, a hoaxer endowed with an amazing imagination and of a rare intelligence—capable of telling an entirely original story, completely different in its genre from everything that has appeared up to now. His memory must also be phenomenal; for example, the detailed description that he gave us of the strange machine tallies precisely with a carved wooden model which he sent to Joao Martins in November. Be it noted, moreover, that the craft is entirely different from the flying saucers described up till now (as if he were determined to be original even in this).

This agreement between the wooden model made months before and his oral description (plus a sketch) given to us today, indicates that this man must be endowed with an excellent *visual* memory.

Another experiment which we did was to show him various photographs of blonde Brazilian women, to see if he found that any of them resembled, either in features or hair, the blonde female member of the machine's crew. The result was negative. Last of all, we showed him a photo published in *O Cruzeiro* (in 1954) of a painted reproduction of Adamski's "Venusian", done in accordance with Adamski's own instructions. Villas Boas recognised no similarity, pointing out that the face of the person whom he had met was much thinner, and was triangular in its lower half; that the eyes of the woman were larger and more slanting; and that her hair was much shorter (coming only to half way down the neck) and arranged in a different style. Neither did he recognise any similarity in the clothing.

#### **The Sketch of the Machine**

This sketch was made by Villas Boas himself in my consulting rooms in order to help us to understand the details about the craft as furnished in his deposition. This sketch must be interpreted in terms of the description given by Villas Boas, which is quite detailed. (See p. 24 for sketch)

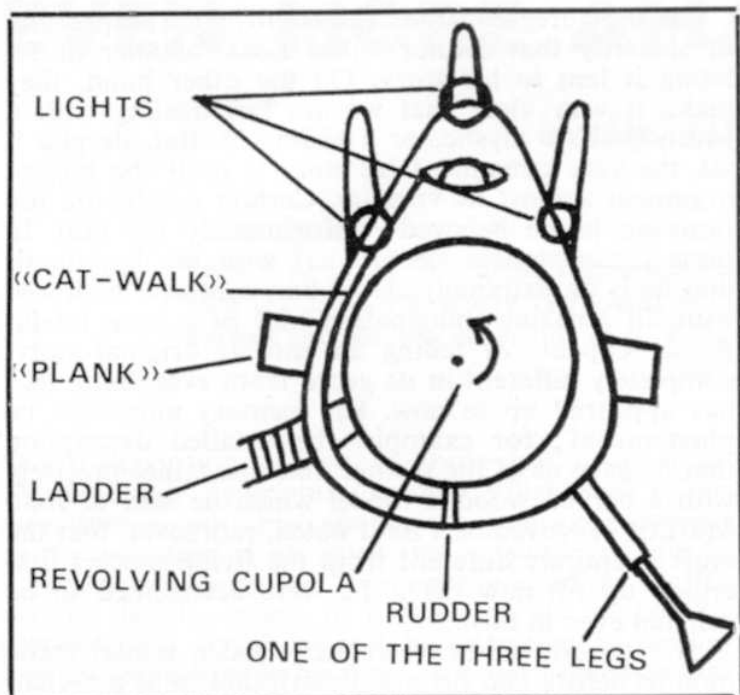
On the following day (October 17) Villas Boas returned to the place where the strange craft had landed and he measured the distances between the three marks that were there in the ground, corresponding to the feet of the tripod on which the machine stood. These measurements give an approximate idea of the actual dimensions of the craft.

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## **II. ADDITIONAL NOTES**

*by Gordon Creighton*

We have now given in translation almost the whole of this most important text, the photostatic copy of the report of the interrogation of Antonio Villas Boas, and there now remains only that section of it which contains what is indubitably the most significant part



#### Dimensions of the Machine

Scale : 1 metre = 4.5 hand-spans or palms (palmas in Portuguese).

Length. 48 palmas (10.66 metres) = 35 feet.

Width at rear. 32 palmas (7.11 metres) = 23 feet 4 inches.

of all, namely Dr. Olavo Fontes' medical report on A.V.B., and this will appear as the concluding instalment, in the next issue of *FLYING SAUCER REVIEW*.

As for Dr. Olavo Fontes' own comments, given above, we see clearly that the doctor is in a real quandary. He and Joao Martins are obliged, as honest men, to admit that A.V.B. is no psychopath or visionary, but they are then forced by the logic of their position to go on to explain to us that not only is he extremely intelligent but that he is endowed with a power of original imagination and a phenomenal memory that take him out of the category of ordinary folk altogether. All of which, as you may admit, is not bad for a farmer from the great Brazilian Hinterland (where such educational facilities as do exist in the countryside are pretty poor, so that the primary education that A.V.B. received there is most unlikely to have been anywhere near to the standards prevailing in the advanced urban areas of Brazil or in other countries).

But why is it that they feel obliged to portray A.V.B. as a mental superman who has succeeded in creating a totally new kind of story and of retaining all the minute details of it in his memory for months, indeed for years, with almost no alteration ?

It is purely and simply because, as we have just read in the foregoing section, "the very content of the story is the biggest argument against its veracity".

In other words, A.V.B. had to be a liar and a hoaxer because the story couldn't be true.

(Let us remember how Captain Ruppelt of the U.S. Air Force told us, in his book, that all reports of UFO landings and of contacts with UFO entities in

the USA in the early years after 1947 went automatically into the "C.P.F."—the crackpot file. Which probably means that no records of many valuable cases now remain).

But do we have to *accept* the statement that Dr. Olavo Fontes and Senhor Joao Martins really did believe that their man was romancing ?

Without going so far as to reveal all that we know about this, I may say here and now that there are excellent grounds for thinking quite otherwise. The eminent doctor and the eminent journalist knew very well indeed that A.V.B. was not lying or making it up.

Their failure to divulge the A.V.B. story had an altogether different reason, and I have the best of grounds (though I do not propose to reveal them) for asserting that there was a pact or agreement between them that they would not publish it.

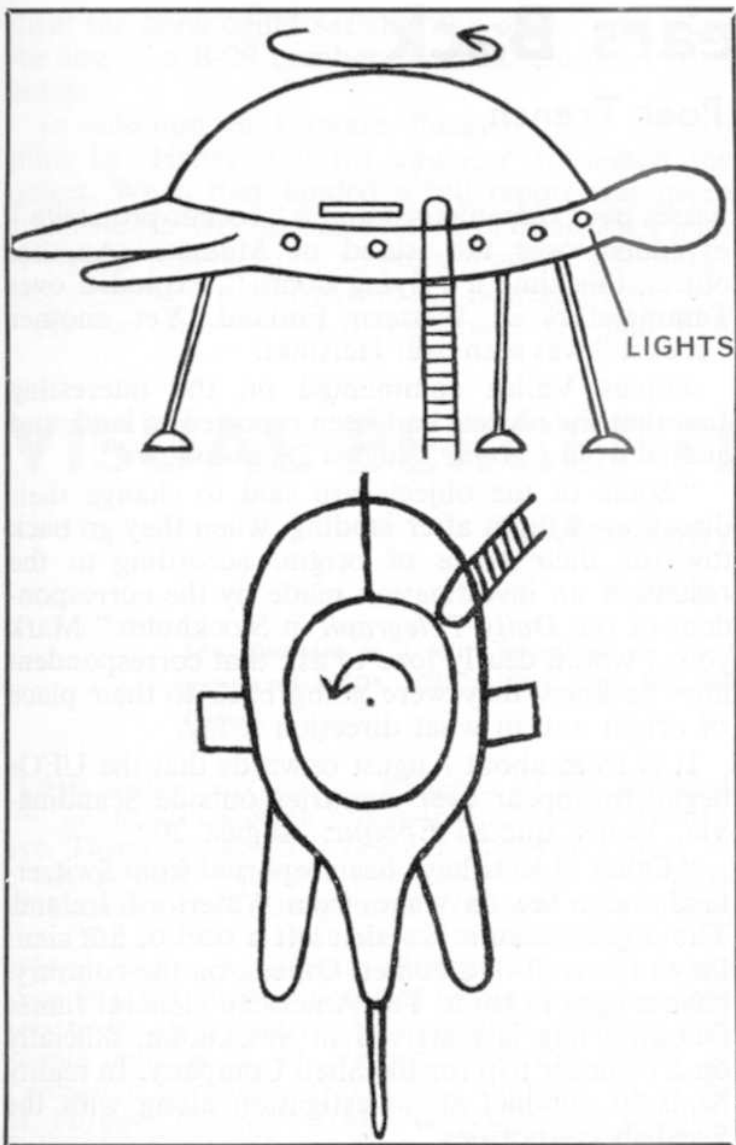
Brazil in 1958 was very close, politically, to the United States, which possesses today no more loyal or more efficient ally in the South American Continent. Indeed for this fact all true lovers of peace—in contradistinction to those others who jabber so much about peace while harbouring very different intentions—have every reason for satisfaction. We may be sure then, that as loyal Brazilians, the eminent doctor and the eminent journalist will have been in touch with the Security and Intelligence Services of their own country. Are we very far off the mark, then, if we enquire whether the suppression of the A.V.B. case took place on the express instructions of the Brazilian Intelligence and their close friends and allies, the Intelligence authorities of the USA ? I have said enough and will leave it at that.

Finally, if the doctor and the journalist consider A.V.B. to have been lying in 1958, do they think so still ? If so, why has Dr. Olavo Fontes now sent this complete photostatic copy of his remarkable document to *FLYING SAUCER REVIEW* ? Is this not clear proof that they know the story is true ? Since the *REVIEW* had received the main skeleton of the story long ago from Dr. Buhler and published it in 1965, would it not be reasonable to assume that Dr. Fontes thinks we might as well now have the whole account, in all its details, to round off the picture ?

Had the story not been brought out into the open by Dr. Buhler and *FLYING SAUCER REVIEW*, it is legitimate to think that the non-publication pact might still have been in force today. And, indeed, I am informed that Joao Martins still resolutely refuses to show the original—or photos—of the wooden model of the strange craft sent to him by A.V.B.

#### The Sketches of the Machine

For the benefit of readers who did not see the first account of the A.V.B. story in *FLYING SAUCER REVIEW*, Numbers 1, 2, and 4, of 1965, I consider it useful to reproduce again the two sketches of the machine which A.V.B. made for Drs. Buhler and Mario Prudente Aquino when they visited him, in his home district, in July 1961, that is to say about 3½ years after the date when he made his first sketch in Dr. Olavo Fontes' consulting rooms in Rio de Janeiro. The source for these sketches is SBEDV Bulletin No. 26/27, April-July 1962, edited by Dr. Buhler.



scription, and when he got home he put it on to paper and sent it to Joao Martins (one of whose articles on flying saucers A.V.B. had seen in the magazine *O Cruzeiro*). By the time of his interview with Dr. Fontes and Senhor Martins in Rio de Janeiro in February 1958, A.V.B. had, so he tells us, entirely forgotten what his attempted reproduction looked like. Moreover, he does not seem to have retained a copy of it (this point sounds very authentic!) for he apparently did not mention the inscription to Dr. Buhler and Dr. Mario Prudente Aquino when they visited him in July, 1961, and they did not then know about it.

The version of the inscription already published in the REVIEW is the one that I received from Dr. Buhler in a letter dated January 12, 1966. Dr. Buhler had received it from Dr. Mario Prudente Aquino who, in turn, had obtained it from Dr. Olavo Fontes.

However, it seems that it was not an entirely accurate version, and in a letter dated December 27, 1966, Dr. Olavo Fontes now writes to me as follows:

"Concerning A.V.B.'s description of the writing seen by him over a door, the specimen reproduced in the FSR is not an accurate reproduction of the original. In fact, Dr. Mario Prudente Aquino appeared one day in my office and asked me about it. I told him that I could give a copy of the original any time he wanted, but that, at that moment, I could only try to reproduce the writing, which I had memorised. He asked me to do it, and left with the copy which was later sent to you. I never imagined that he wanted it for publication, because he never came back to ask for the copy I had promised him. As you see, he made a mistake, because my memory is not so good, so that the specimen you have reproduced is somehow different from the original inscription sent to Joao Martins by Antônio. This original is reproduced below."

#### POSTSCRIPT

##### *The writing over the Door*

On page 16 of FLYING SAUCER REVIEW for November/December 1966 I gave a reproduction of Antonio Villas Boas's attempt to memorise the luminous inscription, traced out in red symbols, which he saw over the door of the smaller squarish room in which his encounter with the lady took place.

As A.V.B. has told us, he tried to memorise the in-



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