



mujeres extraterrestres

7741 Magazine, Colombia, Bogotá, Number 270/271, El Esfuerzo, 1976

¿Deseoconcertante?
¿Deseoconcertante?
¿Deseoconcertante?

El deseo de ser: Libertario Quintero, un campesino colombiano, en la zona, cuando él era niño, él era un niño de un campesino de la zona, él era un niño de un campesino de la zona, él era un niño de un campesino de la zona.

¿Deseoconcertante?
¿Deseoconcertante?
¿Deseoconcertante?

1976

De vez en cuando se sufi, para quiba.



El voto Libertario Quintero, tío de Libertario eres todo lo que cuenta en la zona, él era un niño de un campesino de la zona, él era un niño de un campesino de la zona.

Síguenos a página 2

Vista de la parte superior de la hacienda.

Una rara aventura del ordenador de la hacienda 'Vida Tranquila'

Se le enciende los cigarrillos, Brunilda se levanta los pantalones y se levanta. No había podido conseguir el sueño. Levanta más de dos horas de estar dando vueltas en la cama. Cuando empieza a bostezar, Mitas Alvarado se despierta a pedir de comer. La mujer comienza a amamantarlo y lentamente fue cerrando los ojos.

Los buenos despertaron a Liberato como a los diez o quince minutos después que Brunilda se quedó profundamente dormida.

"No sé qué largo, habuencé el hombre, pero siento una valiz xera, como si algo fuera a pasarme. Lo mejor es levantarme. Y cada tanto estúpido está dormida. Si no, hasta pudiera levantar."

En el momento de bajar para hacer algo que había sido hacer en otros momentos.

Liberato interrumpió su monólogo y de un salto abandonó la cama. En esos momentos varias gotas de sudor corrían en frente. Estaba nervioso. Sus movimientos no eran normales. El hombre se paró. Bajó un pedacito de la rufanda de la hacienda "Vida Tranquila", donde hace más de dos años hace las veces de ordenador de las dos ventanitas de recien que tiene el abogado Miguel Ángel Peña, el propietario de la finca, ubicada en inmediaciones del municipio magisterial de El Bisco.



▲ Pasar a la extrema izquierda que vivió un marido Liberato con otros hermanos del sexo femenino, Brunilda, su mujer, quiere asegurarse a su hijo. "No siento cosas de ninguna mujer y me voy de casa infelices que lo hicieron hacer saber a la tierra. Reducido del cuadro familiar aparece con la tranquilidad que le es propia. Liberato Quintano Arbol, su mujer y sus tres hijos.



▲ La bondad de sus esposas para ayudar. Viven al momento que sus hijos van a su mundo viejo. Fue una gran experiencia. "La mujer que me ayudó a conocer mundo", dice Liberato Quintano Arbol, al volver con experiencia con las mujeres cristianas.

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SEXUFO

UFO, OCCUPANTS AND SEX IN COLOMBIA

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Was this another A.V.B.-type close encounter case in South America?

Gordon Creighton

WE are much indebted to Sr. Ignacio Darnande of Sevilla, in Spain, for forwarding to the Editor a photostat copy of an article which was published, with many photographic illustrations, in the magazine *Vea* in Bogota, Colombia (issue No. 270/271 of December, 1976). I have translated the article and present the main parts of the text interspersed with short paraphrased sections, with a personal commentary as a conclusion.

The story concerns a cowman named Liberato Anibal Quintero, employed on a farm near El Banco in the province of Magdalena in the northern part of the South American republic of Colombia. A cowman who, as he admits, has suffered a decidedly sharp jolt in the even tenor of his tranquil peasant existence.

One evening (the report does not give the date) Liberato arrived home from work. He has a wife and three small children, and lives in a house on the estate where he tends a herd of some 40 cattle. He walked in, took off his sandals, and threw himself down on the new hammock that his wife — she rejoices in the splendid name of Brunilda, (*Brunhild*) — had recently brought back from a shopping trip in la Guajira. Soon he was fast asleep, and snoring loudly — which, as his wife subsequently told the press, was the first odd thing she noticed about him that night, inasmuch as he normally never snored at all.

She lay awake for some time watching him, and unable to sleep. Then a thunderstorm broke, with much thunder and lightning, and this woke Liberato up. By then, Brunilda, having given her smallest child his last breast-feed, had dropped off to sleep herself.

Liberato felt "queer...As though something odd was going to happen to me." He felt he absolutely had to get up out of the hammock. He was nervous and sweating, and realised that his own movements and sensations were not quite normal. He crossed himself, recited a Paternoster, and dashed out of the house.

It was now two years since he had taken this job as cow-hand on the farm known as *La Vida Tranquila* ("The Tranquil Life"). Little did he realise that he was in for anything but a tranquil life that night. (His own first name, *Liberato*, or "Liberated" is ironical enough too, for he was about to find himself involved in a scene that might be thought fully up to the standard of what passes for "liberated" among the more trendy circles of our times.)

Outside all was normal and quiet. The heavy rain had stopped and stars were beginning to appear in breaks in the clouds. Liberato found himself walking towards the cowsheds, which were some considerable distance from his house. But he felt there was something "heavy" and "difficult" about his movements. He proceeded slowly forwards, feeling himself, as it were, "controlled by some inexplicable external force."

Coming to the brook that cuts across the farm at this point, he stopped and washed his face. The time was now about half an hour past midnight.

Just before reaching the cowsheds he became aware of a vivid beam of light which lit up the sky and, instinctively, he threw himself down on to the ground. The light drew steadily closer. He tried to get up, but his legs gave way under him. At last he managed to crawl into some bushes and secrete himself in a hollow from which he hoped he could observe without being seen.

The egg-shaped craft

As Liberato described it later, "Everything seemed strange. At first I thought I must be dreaming, but soon I realised that none of it was hallucination, but all real enough. A big luminous craft, shaped like a hen's egg, was slowly descending from the sky, vividly lighting up the whole area all around. And it changed the temperature. Because just previously, after the heavy rainstorm, it had been quite cool, And now suddenly it was like an inferno — an absolutely unbearable heat."

Terrified, he continued to watch as the strange craft touched down close by the cowsheds, its light now so vivid that it dazzled and blinded him. For a few seconds there was a dead silence. Then came a heavy metallic noise, as a small ladder appeared on the side of the craft and came down towards the ground.

Liberato continued: "I was by now more scared than ever. I wanted to run for it, but that was impossible. I was simply nailed to the spot. However much I wanted to bolt, I simply couldn't do it. I tell you, I swear to God, my fear was so great that I couldn't move from the spot."

"At one point I felt I was about to swoon, but then I felt a new access of strength and just sat there where I was. But I nearly let out a yell when I saw a number of people coming down out of the machine, carrying what looked like lights or torches in their hands."

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Short beings

"I recall very clearly how they looked. They were, as I calculate it, less than 1½ metres in height. They were white-skinned, with flattened faces, very high cheek-bones, quite thick eyebrows, and round protruding eyes. I don't think they had either eyelids or eyelashes. There were also three women, with long hair, who came down out of the machine after the men. They all seemed very much impressed, and were looking about them on all sides."

Liberato seemed fatigued as he described it all later to the magazine representative, and had to pause from time to time in his account. He looked pale, and asked for a short respite so as to refresh himself. Brunilda brought him a glass of water. He drank half of it, and then went on:

"I was still unable to move. I was terrified as I watched those little men and women, and remained where I was. But then suddenly one of them was there, right beside me. I tried to make a dash for it, but they caught me immediately. Those little folk were a lot more nimble than I am, or any of you. They caught me by the hand and it felt as though my hand was burning. Then, with a mighty effort, and using my fists, I knocked at least four or five of them down, but they were too many for me, and my strength was soon exhausted.

"Then suddenly they seized hold of me in the area of the spinal column and that was the end so far as any resistance by me was concerned. From then onwards they had me completely under their control. I lost consciousness at that point, and when I came to my senses again, after I don't know how long a lapse of time, I found myself inside a room with extraordinary lights..."

Inside the craft

"My right arm felt very painful, and I could see on it, quite plainly, a mark something like the mark left by the needle when you have an injection. I think they had taken blood from me. And a great deal of blood too, for I have been having fearful headaches ever since.

"As soon as I recovered consciousness my whole body felt racked with dreadful pain, just as though they had given me a tremendous thrashing. But even greater was my astonishment when I found three of those women at my side, giving me a sort of massage on the back and trying — so it appeared — to relieve my pain.

"When I felt them caressing me like this, I was astounded. But what amazed me most of all was that the women massaging me were completely naked and in an inviting and provocative posture, clearly ready for anything. I admit I am very fond of women, but I swear to you that at that moment I just didn't know what to do. I started to take a good close look at her. She seemed very nice. Her breasts were well formed and not very large. I attempted to kiss them, and she offered no objection. After that, everything was dead easy. She was completely naked, and so was I. I went on kissing her, from the breasts downwards, and I noticed that she had no navel. I became very excited and took her. She seemed absolutely insatiable, very, very ardent... She was extremely hairy, her legs were very short, seeing that she herself was so short, but her legs were very well made all the same, given her size. Her skin was very soft, and her hips were nice, very nice.

"I don't know how long I stayed with her. But when I had had enough and wanted to break it off and go home, she held me back. I felt just like a pinioned child, and my fear now began to be greater than ever before, even greater than at the outset. This woman, whom I had held in my arms a few seconds before, now emitted a series of noises like the barking of a dog, and she was answered with barks from other beings elsewhere in the craft.

"I was exhausted by now. But suddenly two more women made for me and gave me a strange yellowish stuff to drink, and this completely restored my vigour. How long a time had elapsed by then, I have absolutely no idea.

"The first woman had left me utterly exhausted. But the most amazing part of it was the drink they gave me, which restored me physically as though nothing had happened! I reckon the whole affair with the three of them must have lasted at least three hours. All I can remember now is that after I had had the first woman everything went black around me. And then suddenly I felt the prick of the injection again. But this time it was not in my right arm but in my back, in the area where they had been caressing me so much."

Thrown out in the field

"I awoke again finally to find myself lying on the grass. Dawn was just breaking. With vast difficulty I managed to get to my feet and make a dash for home to tell my wife and finally my workmates all about what had happened to me. My mates armed themselves and went back to the spot where I had fallen into the hands of strange beings. But there was nobody there. Nothing, except just a vast silence. All there was to be seen at the spot was the marks left in the ground by the machine out of which those women came — those women who, weird as they

were, have left me with some disturbing memories. Every time I think about it, I get a ringing in the head."

Brunhild speaks

Brunilda Aguirre, Liberato's wife, was described by the newspaper as of frail physique (decidedly unbecoming for such a name!) and of a decidedly uncommunicating nature. She was, however, now said to be more peevish than ever. Questioned as to how she felt, she said:

"Well, I've got my reasons. I'm not jealous, but after all, who would like to have to do what my husband was forced to do? I don't know why those bitches should have picked on my husband who, up till now, had never been unfaithful to me, though he's fond enough of the women. My husband means absolutely everything to me and I can't do without him. As a matter of fact, on the night when it happened I had noticed that he was already acting very strangely. And especially when he came back home from work and took off his shoes and lay down on the hammock. Normally he never snores. But that day he snored... and how. I never used to put faith in all that talk about men and women from other planets, but now I've got to believe it, in view of what has happened to my husband. And there's another thing too. I myself have seen a strange machine, just like my husband described it, flying about around here these last few days. Let's hope to God anyway that they don't come back again for Liberato. Because if they did come back, I think it would just be the end of me, for they'd leave him completely sterile! We've already got some children of course, but all the same it would be a terrible state of affairs.

As for me myself, well, I don't think I would be capable of doing what my husband did. I'd sooner be killed than subject myself like that to someone you don't even know. *And from another planet too! No — that wouldn't be decent! That would be too much!*"

What the owner of the farm thinks

The owner of the *Vida Tranquila* farm, a lawyer named Miguel Antonio Pina Vega, was gravely concerned when he heard the strange adventure related by his cowman, and promptly arranged for him to be given a thorough medical examination by a doctor.

Asked by the journalist to comment on the case, the lawyer spoke as follows:

"I have around twenty hired hands on the farm, and Liberato Anibal Quintero is a man whom I consider to be totally trustworthy. He is a serious hardworking fellow, who drinks very little. He has no vices, like narcotics or that sort of thing, and indeed he doesn't even smoke cigarettes."

He reckons Liberato to be one of the most efficient of the workers on his farm: "One of the best men I've ever had. I've never had any sort of trouble with him, nor do I expect to have any after the statements he has just made. But, there is no doubt about it, it certainly does come as a shock to you when you hear a story like this. I was told about it that same morning, when I went across to collect

the day's milk. My first thought was that it must be some sort of sick joke, but later I was able to see that Liberato was clearly telling the truth and I felt his story was even further confirmed when the doctor, by whom I had him examined, told me that the whole thing is quite possible and that Liberato Anibal Quintero is perfectly normal, so that any possibility that he might be suffering from some sort of hallucination is absolutely ruled out."

The doctor's findings

The local doctor, Dr. Manuel Villanueva Amaris, was one of the few people who do not find the cowman's story in any way astonishing.

He carried out a medical check-up on Liberato, at the request of the owner of the farm, Sr. Pina Vega. His statement, as given in the press account, is as follows:

"Nothing in the man's story surprises me in the least. I myself have had the opportunity to read a whole lot of descriptions lately, given by perfectly serious folk — for example one of them was an Argentinian doctor — regarding the presence of extraterrestrial beings amongst us, and I have also seen many further cases described in the newspapers and in magazines and journals. As regards the examination which I made of Liberato Quintero, everything that I found bears out his story, inasmuch as he is in perfectly normal health. His neurological condition and his responses, as well as all the tests I carried out on him, have yielded entirely satisfactory results."

Dr. Villanueva emphasised that he finds the cowman's story in no way improbable, and went on:

"I certainly am not one of those who will criticize him. These are questions that we have got to think about very carefully and they must be the subject of profound study, inasmuch as mankind has in fact been attempting to ascertain whether or not there are living beings on other planets, and there has been abundant evidence that this is so, as we can see from these many cases which are now becoming everyday happenings, proving that such beings do indeed exist, and that they have been coming here and visiting us.

"I personally would like very much to have such an experience as the peasant Liberato Quintero has had. But when you want it, it doesn't happen to you. A great pity! It could be a really nice experience!"

That is the end of the extract from the Colombian magazine.

* * * * *

For those who will get excited about such things, the similarities between this case and that of Antonio Villas Boas (A.V.B.) are numerous and striking enough. (For example the general description of the shape of the craft; the metal ladder let down; the size of the entities; their white skin, their high cheek bones; their "barking speech"; their taking of blood from their victim; and the bright illumination within the UFO.) However, there are also dissimilarities. Thus, the "women" here described are said to have protruding eyes and to be very hairy, whereas A.V.B.

said that his little piece of homework had slit, Chinese-type eyes which were blue, and his account shows that she was certainly not hirsute.

In any case, many of the more thoughtful students of our subject are nowadays beginning to realise that all our ideas about the existence of a whole plethora of different types of UFO creatures are probably fanciful and nonsensical. It is highly likely that nobody of our species is yet in a position to say for sure what any of these creatures of the demon kingdoms really look like. Those who have read the account (FSR Vol.21, No.2) of the investigation of Peter, the young man whose car was seemingly teleported by a UFO in 1974 over part of the route from Rhodesia to South Africa, will recall the replies that Peter gave when he was asked, under hypnosis, what the entities looked like (remember, Peter was in a very deep trance):

"They looked how I wanted them to look. They looked like a duck, then it looked like a duck; if it looked like a monster, then it looked like a monster." (sic)

It is already widely realised that the endless cataloguing of lights in the sky — and maybe even of UFOs on the ground — is in all probability totally useless. And, if this revelation by Peter is correct, then it looks as though we are also wasting our time utterly when we make our frantic attempts to compile lists of various differing categories of "UFO entities." (I regret to have to admit that probably nobody has spent more time on this sort of exercise than myself.) For it is still very possible that only one kind of creature is responsible for the whole gamut of parapsychological and parapsychical phenomena which we at present choose arbitrarily to pigeon-hole in separate compartments with neat labels like "Ufology" and "Spiritualism" and "Fairy Lore," etc., etc.

Our good cowman assumed of course that he was being entertained by "extraterrestrial" ladies, because this idea of "extraterrestrial visitors" and "Space Travel" and the like is the latest fashionable gimmick, almost certainly fed into the human mind by these creatures themselves, who are evidently past masters at leading us by the nose.

For myself, I can only say that I see nothing whatsoever in the cowman's story that proves — or indeed that even suggests — that his lascivious little playmates hailed from the Pleiades or from "Christ-ofix" or from points beyond. I suggest that what we have here is simply one more manifestation of the activities of a demonic population which shares this planet with us — and possibly always has done.

Hints of precisely similar experiences may be found running right through the whole vast literature of "Fairy Lore," in which tales of "fairy lovers" abound. (See, for handy reference, Dr. Jacques Vallée's excellent introduction to these ideas, *Passport to Magonia*.)

Where I think that accounts such as those of A.V.B. and of the cowman are admittedly rather different from the conventional "fairy-lover" tales of the past is in their very much greater frankness

as regards the details. I suspect that many of our old tales of "fair-lovers" would also have been a lot more explicit had they been gathered and published in what is so quaintly described as a "permissive" age, like the present, instead of in the more prudish times of, say, the 19th century, when so much of the fairy lore was issued in published form.

One final point. Someone is bound to come up at once with the neat and sensible explanation that our Colombian cowman simply made it all up, *having already read the A.V.B. story*. This I do not believe for one moment. In the first place, South America is vast and it is a mighty far cry from A.V.B.'s home village in South-West Brazil to the cowman's home near Panama and the Gulf of Darien. While we do know that the A.V.B. story actually appeared in *Spanish* earlier than in Portuguese (namely in an Argentinian edition of a Brazilian magazine) we do not know that it was ever published in Colombia. While Argentina and Colombia both have Spanish as their languages, they live at opposite ends of the enormous South American Continent.

In the second place, the magazine article about the Colombian cowman is illustrated with six or seven photographs which show the cowman and his wife and children. These photographs indicate that they are very poor, underprivileged sort of folk, dwelling in quite primitive conditions. We are not told whether Liberato is literate or not, but, on the basis of my knowledge of South America I would be prepared to bet that, unlike A.V.B., who had had a little schooling, and was attending night-classes in literacy, the cowman may well be totally illiterate and his humble home may well not contain a single book.

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