

LUCIANO GALLI'S CONTACT CLAIM

ANOTHER ITALIAN ENCOUNTER

In view of the increased UFO activity over Italy, the Editor of the *Domenica della Sera* asked one of his reporters, Renate Albanese, to interview, to visit a number of people who had seen the saucers. The reporter undertook his task in a state of incredulity, but returned in a very different frame of mind. "Frankly, I don't know what to say," he reported. "I have heard such amazing things. If those flying contraptions do not exist, then there is a still more unbelievable witch craft behind it all." The Luciano Galli story appeared in the June issue of the *Domenica della Sera*.

GALLI is a simple normal man, 42 years old, rather small in stature. He does not look his age because the expression of his face is somewhat childlike. He is shortsighted and wears his glasses constantly. Galli is married and has three children. His flat is somewhere near the Via Castiglione. I had got his address through Alberto Perego at Rome. Galli is a modest engineer and head of a small workshop. His free time is spent in fishing.

I had arrived in a rented car. Without formalities Galli took the wheel and drove me to the spot where he had met the flying saucer. This had happened on July 7, 1957 (or 1959, Galli just can't remember the exact year). Our car left the town, went round San Ruffillo and followed a smaller road over a hill. From there we came to a ridge, named Croara, 57 kilometres away from Bologna. We left the car and went to a lower ground which Galli called "il buco del Prete Santo." The ground was surrounded by musky rocks. Here, said Galli, the flying saucer awaited them, hovering about two metres above the ground.

Galli described the colour of the saucer as a shining grey. His detailed description reminded the interviewer much of George Adamski's. Yet, Galli was ready to take an oath that at the time of his experience he had not even heard the name of Adamski. Later, in order to make Albanese believe that he was not telling fairy tales he wanted to sign a declaration: "I do not want people to say that I made up this story in order to gain publicity or money. What I have told is the naked truth."

Here are the particulars of his story: On July 7, 1957 (or 1959) Galli had left his home at 2.20

p.m. in order to go back to work after lunch. At that time his workshop was situated in a blind alley off Via Castiglione. He was nearing this alley when suddenly a black car, a Fiat 1100, stopped in front of him. Out stepped a rather tall gentleman of the dark type, with regular features and very black eyes. "His face was of the kind which invites you to be friendly," Galli said. The gentleman wore a double-buttoned grey costume complete with collar and tie, and he spoke fluent Italian. At the wheel of the car sat another man with delicate features, dressed in a light-coloured costume; he wore no moustache like the dark one, and he never said a word. "I knew the man with the moustache from sight," Galli explained, "I had noticed him several times in town; he even seemed to follow me. Once I remember, I walked with a friend through the arcades of Via Castiglione when I again saw this man. As always, he looked straight into my eyes and this time I wanted to address him, but suddenly he disappeared. And now this very stranger was standing before me, asking me if I remembered him. I said yes. 'Won't you come with us?' 'Where to?' 'Have confidence, nothing will happen to you.'"

Galli took a seat in their car and drove away with the two men. At 2.30 p.m. they arrived on the Croara ridge. A flying saucer was awaiting them. From the bottom of it a metallic cylinder came out and a kind of opening appeared on this cylinder. Through it Galli ascended into the saucer. (Note the similarity of this part of the story to that of Mario Zuccalà as reported in the *FLYING SAUCER REVIEW*, July-August issue.) Galli, who in the beginning had been afraid, felt calm again as soon as he was inside the saucer. He was

not yet completely in it when two lights flashed up. "Don't be afraid," said the man with the moustache, "you were only being photographed."

"What kind of a dress did you wear that day," Albanese asked. "Exactly the same as now, my working overall," was the answer. "And what did you see in the interior of the saucer?"

The pilot's cabin was spacious and round with a lot of board instruments around, panels with pointers and needles. There were also hatches, and the seats were fixed somehow to the ground. In the middle of the floor was a kind of a circular window, about 1 metre wide. Through it we could see the earth fall away from us. First she looked as though viewed from one of our own planes, then—when we were already in the dark zone—she looked like the moon and later like Venus or Mars.

"Were you able to talk to the man you call commander?" "Yes, very well. He spoke a perfect Italian. I asked him how he had managed to learn our language so well. He answered that he had used a very good method."

Suddenly Galli discovered through a hatch the silhouette of an enormous dirigible. Its length was at least 600 metres. The one end was cut like the end of a cigar. The zeppelin emitted a phosphorous light and on top of that it looked as if strong light beams were directed toward it. Underneath the cut end six openings came into view out of which and into which small flying discs were seen coming and going. Every opening was divided by a partition wall into six smaller cubicles, every one wide open. "This is one of our space ships," my companion said.

And now Galli gave a description of such unheard-of details inside the dirigible that he has to take over the whole responsibility for it. He said that when coming nearer to the ship they saw that the openings were big hangars, capable of accommodating at least 50 saucers. No less than 400 to 500 people were standing and walking around in those hangars—men and women. This is what Galli said on oath. All those people wore overalls of a shining plastic or silky material. When they passed by them, they smiled. The women were very beautiful and friendly. Galli asked his companion, spellbound, from where this ship came. "From the planet you call Venus," was the answer.

Later on Galli was shown through a big hall, a kind of library, into another big room which he took for the commander's. "I can't remember, though, that such things as beer or a cigar was offered me," he added, smiling. Some time afterwards he was shown back to one of the hangars and into the same saucer, always in company of the man with the moustache and a face like an angel in plain clothes. He was brought back to the very spot on the Croara ridge. "My trip began at 2.30 p.m. of July 7, 1957 (or 1959) and ended about 5.20 p.m. of the same day, same month, and same year. The whole trip was completed within three hours and 10 minutes."

At the conclusion of this fantastic interview the journalist asked Galli if he was sure that those things had not happened to him while in trance or under hypnosis. "I have never been hypnotised," he answered, "I took this trip in my physical body, this is indeed so. What I say is nothing but the truth."

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