

A BRUTAL "TOUCH-DOWN" ...

Jean-Louis Forest (Toulon, France)

(Translation from French by M.B.-D.)

I give below a detailed account of a case which occurred one night in 1971 in the Département of Var in the extreme south of France and which has never been revealed before. The witness has requested that his name shall not be divulged, and I am respecting his wish. Each detail of the affair should however be studied carefully, having its own particular importance.

THE witness, a French technician, employed in the Arsenal of the French Navy at Toulon, was residing in Toulon with his parents, but made the trip several times weekly in his *Citroen D.S.* car to visit his fiancée, who was on a training course in Nice, and back again from Nice to Toulon.

He would finish work in Toulon at 5.15 p.m. and set out at once for Nice, arriving there at about 7.30 p.m. He would then depart from Nice at midnight, reaching Toulon at about 2.00 a.m., in order to be ready to start his work again at 7.00 a.m.

On one of these evenings, as he was returning from Nice, he was on R.N. (National Highway) No. 97, and driving out of the little town Puget-Ville and towards Cuers. In that place the road runs very near to the Cuers Military Airfield.

"The Orange Ball"

The time was about 1.30 a.m. He was listening to the *Paris-Inter* programme "Route de Nuit" on his car radio. Suddenly the radio began to crackle, and then it died. But his engine continued to run. He switched off the radio, thinking it was defective. After passing under a railway bridge of the SNCF just before entering a straight stretch of road which runs parallel with the Airfield, and about two kilometres from it as the crow flies, he perceived an orange ball in the air just in front of the bonnet of his car. His immediate thought was that it might be some night-exercise by the Air Force, and he drove on.

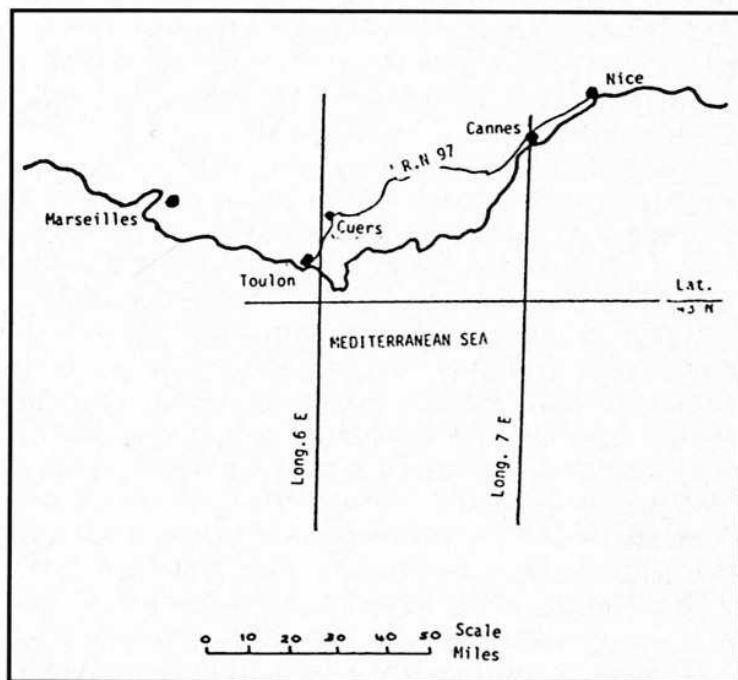
Then his engine started to misfire, and it seemed to him that the car was moving only very slowly now. In fact his speed had dropped considerably, and meanwhile the "orange ball" was growing bigger and bigger and had come, as he reckoned, to a distance of only about 50 metres ahead of him.

He was now frightened, still thinking that it might possibly be an aircraft in difficulty that was attempting to land on this very straight piece of road instead of one of the runways of the Military Airfield.

A "Bungled Delivery?"

Seized now with panic, he jammed on the brakes sharply, but they seemed not to be working at all, even after his engine had stopped. Nor was that all he had to worry about either, for he suddenly realised that he *was no longer on the road.*

In fact the "orange ball", now some 15-20 metres from him, was lighting up vividly the whole country-



side round about, including the interior of his car, with its powerful glow, and the road itself as well ... ah ... the road ... *but the road was below him! That is to say, he and his car were up in the air!*

At what height? He explained later that it was "about as though I was on the roof of a coach ..." There was total silence ... that huge orange light was there, just ahead of him, encompassing him and holding him. Then suddenly the orange light goes out, and the car falls back on to the road.

The night is pitch-dark. That's all.

The motorist is a bit "groggy", to use the English term. He gets out of the car to survey the damage.

The spare wheel (located under the bonnet) has come loose from its moorings, has thrown open the bonnet, and is lying on the road some metres ahead of the car.

The vehicle is standing at an angle to the centre of the road ... The driver's seat has collapsed, the back of the seat is twisted, and the car lies there well and truly "flattened" ... and other cars are arriving, for it is a much frequented major route.

Other cars stop, and he doesn't know what to say ... and nobody understands a thing. How, they are all wondering, can this car have got into such a state on this long, straight stretch of road running through vineyards and with no trees bordering it? Finally, one of the other motorists agrees to give him a tow, and

starts him up, and then he makes his own way slowly on back into Toulon.

Too Scared To Talk

He tells *nobody* about his experience. On the one hand, he fears ridicule. And, on the other hand, he fears to be taken for a madman.

The years pass. He marries his fiancée, and the day comes when he relates his misadventure to me. He is a difficult witness, very vexed at what has happened to him, and not in the least bit desirous of acquiring notoriety.

Later, I would myself run over his route, and then I would become aware of a point that he himself had not noticed!

Let us run through the facts again.

He leaves Nice at around midnight, and is at the scene of the incident around 1.30 a.m. No problems about that.

At 1.30 a.m. his experience takes place. According to him, it only lasts a few instants — from five to six minutes, so he says.

So, by 1.35 a.m. or 1.36 a.m. the car has fallen on to the road, and the passing motorists find it at about 1.40 a.m. Let us be generous here — let us accept half an hour spent in *explanations*. Then they start to tow him at 2.15, or, let us say, at 2.30 a.m. The spot where it has happened is 25 kilometres out of Toulon. Even had he been towed the whole way, it would not have required more than $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour. Consequently, he ought to be home by 3.30 a.m.

A Strange Discovery ... Three Hours Lost

But that's not what happened at all! He got back home at 6.00 a.m.!

So, close on three hours are missing.

Where were those three hours spent? Or, rather, where did *he* spend those three hours?

We could accept that he remained more than five minutes alone on the road before the first passing car stopped. But even this would be completely untrue. On this route, there is an average minimum of thirty vehicles per hour during the night hours (private cars, trucks, vans, motorbicycles) even in the quieter months, which means on the average one vehicle every two minutes.

Then it might be argued that vehicles could have passed and their drivers have not seen him. Totally untrue. The *Citroen DS* was no longer aligned along the main circulation stream, and so was impeding the traffic in both directions.

Or it might be argued that the driver could have left Nice *later than midnight*. Totally untrue. His fiancée had to be in the building where she was living by midnight at the very latest. So he left her at about 11.45 p.m. to start on his return journey from Nice. He is very precise on this point.

So ... what then?

What then? Then it must mean that we must admit

that the "five or six minutes spent in the air" were longer than he thinks, and that unquestionably they were spent somewhere other than above French National Highway No. 97!

Then again — if that "orange ball" was there with a car "up in the air" above the highway, passengers in other vehicles — even if they didn't see the *Citroen* as they passed under it — would assuredly have seen the "gigantic orange lamp" which, so our witness tells us, bathed him and his vehicle and the whole surrounding countryside in its strange light. Yet nobody reported anything of the sort.

So, if the adventure began at 1.30 a.m., with the car lifted up and the driver seeing the enormous light ahead of him and the countryside and his vehicle vividly lit up and his car suddenly at the height of a coach-roof for several minutes, then both the man and the car must have been taken off to somewhere else for several hours, after which "someone" has returned and put them down there again! This is the only possible explanation.

And, when we explain this to him, the witness agrees. For he has no recollection whatsoever of those three hours. There is a total gap in his memory.

After the passage of several years, and after several other cases where the same story has been enacted in varying scenarios, the experience is simply one more episode in this hunt in which we men are now the hunters, and ... now the prey. (As in this case of our friend today.)

Hypnosis Suggested

I asked this *prey* ... sorry ... I mean to say this *witness*, if he would consent to put himself in the hands of a psychic researcher who, by putting him into a secondary state, would have been able to get him to reveal what his memory has recorded but refuses to release to his conscious mind. As was done, for example, in the cases of Betty and Barney Hill in the USA, who had an experience that is well known to everyone and which I cite here only from memory. (On the night of September 19-20, 1961, the witnesses were three hours distant from home, returning from Canada, and driving down National Highway 3 through the White Mountains of New Hampshire, when they saw an enormous machine appear in the sky and then land. Fleeing from this "apparition", they entered a thick mist, from which they only re-emerged five hours later. Subsequently they volunteered to be examined under hypnosis by the psychoanalyst Dr Benjamin Simon, in the course of which they revealed that they had been abducted and given very thoroughgoing medical examinations by non-human beings of which the Hills furnished the alarming details.)

The Witness Backs Out ...

My witness accepted my suggestion straight away, but subsequently displayed little enthusiasm for carrying out the idea. In fact this idea of going back to

the past worries him, for he is afraid of what he will learn. He is one of those folk who — and we must understand how he feels — prefer to forget a terrifying adventure.

We must not judge this avoidance of proof as lending any weight towards negating the validity of his story. Quite the contrary. And I myself have frequently found that sincere individuals who have been forced against their will to undergo experiences with non-humans retain a bitter memory of it, and finally come to feel a sense of shame regarding this interlude with the Unknown by which the even tenor of their existence has been violated. This attitude of theirs is one that I respect, for it is an integral part of that sense of personal liberty that, having once suffered unwitting violation, one is not inclined to see subjected to voluntary attack. *The prey that I stalk is the UFO ... not the witness.*

NOTE BY EDITOR, FSR

While on vacation in Var last year, my wife and I

travelled along the stretch of road where this case occurred, and we received the account of it directly from our French hosts, Monsieur and Madame J.B-D. Monsieur J.B-D. had secured the French text, never published before, directly from the author, Jean-Louis Forest, an experienced UFO investigator of more than thirty years standing who was previously a colleague of the eminent French scientist and Ufologist Dr René Hardy, and who is one of the founders of the *Institut Mondial Des Sciences Avancées* (IMSA, *Institute of Advanced Scientific Studies*.)

We are furthermore much indebted to Madame Marguerite B-D., who furnished the basic translation into English, requiring from us only the usual editorial finishing touches.

Our readers will already be familiar with claims that vehicles have been taken up off the ground by UFOs and either carried for long distances inside them or held below by clamps or grappling devices, for over the years we have published at least half a dozen such cases, the last being T. Scott Crain's *UFO Lifts Woman's Car*, in FSR 29/6. G.C.

THE "TWO LOST HOURS" OF MADEMOISELLE HÉLÈNE

Gordon Creighton

ABOUT ten years ago our old friend and correspondent Jean Bastide, of Aix-en-Provence, France, sent me the text of an item which had appeared in the newspaper *Le Dauphiné Libéré* of July 12, 1976.

According to that story, a twenty-year-old French lady, (not at first named) of Hostun, in the Département of Drôme, had had a 'UFO' experience and "lost two hours" during the night of June 10/June 11 of that year. She had not dared at first to speak of it to anybody "because I was afraid that everyone would laugh at me".

We did not publish the case in FSR at the time, as I still hoped to secure further details. Some years later I got in touch with one of France's most vigorous Ufologists, Mme. Geneviève Vanquelef, authoress of an excellent book, *OVNI, INTERVENTIONS, CAPTURES* (1984), about which I plan to say more later. In the meantime, I am very happy to record, we have published (FSR 30/6) Mme. Vanquelef's account of the fresh discoveries about the close-encounter case at Talavera La Real in Spain, and she has become one of FSR's valued Consultants. She lives down in the South of France, at Argelès-sur-Mer (Pyrénées Orientales).

In November 1985 I wrote to ask Mme. Vanquelef for her opinion on the case, and in reply she

kindly sent me a copy of her notes on it, which I now translate below:—

Case of Hélène Giuliana. ("Pont de Martinet": in the Commune of Chatuzange, Dept. of Drôme, South-Central France.)

Date of Case: During night of June 10/June 11, 1976.

The affair was mentioned on Channel 3 of French Radio on August 24, 1976, and there were several reports in the press. Particularly in the newspapers *Le Dauphiné Libéré* (July 12, 1976); "*Le Progrès*" (August 13, 1976); *Nostradamus* No. 230 (September 1, 1976); and *France Dimanche* (date not given. G.C.)

Lumières Dans La Nuit carried a very brief account of the case in their press survey on page 24 of LDLN No. 159 (November 1976) as follows:—

June 11, 1976. Near Romans (Dept. of Drôme) (very summarized). At about 1.30 a.m., Mlle. H. Giuliana was returning home in her car. On the road from Romans to Hostun. Car stalls and lights got out. At 20 m. from her, on the road ahead, a very bright luminous orange shape. Great fear; covers her eyes with her hands. When she removes her hands, nothing to be seen. When she is at home, she realizes that it has taken her more than two hours to cover a distance that usually takes ten