

the object descended in the area of Wick where there are several farm houses.

"Suddenly, the scooter that I had overtaken on the road, approached, its engine coughed and stopped, and the rider, a young lad in a leather jacket, dismounted and stood petrified staring at the blue light; he neither spoke nor looked in my direction. My head began to throb, and I felt as if there was a tightening band round it. With a great effort I was able to move, and I grasped my bike and tried to start it. I pushed it along the road, and was gratified to hear the engine suddenly burst into life. I mounted and raced as fast as I could away from the dreadful and 'painful' blue light. As I raced down the road the object was hidden by a tall line of hedges on the side of the road, but I could still see for some

time a blue glow in the sky.

"I arrived home at nearly 2 a.m., and woke my invalid mother (a thing I had never done before), but so frightened was I by my experience that I had to tell someone about it.

"The following day I noticed that my hair and clothes were crackling in an unusual manner, and appeared to be charged with electricity.

"A few days later I was discussing my experience with a friend who lives at Shrub End, which is 5 miles N.W. of Wick. He told me that at about the same time his dog commenced to bark, and as he opened the door to put it out, a large blue light passed by rapidly in the sky directly overhead. It passed towards the North West."

## Knock-out Blow at Felixstowe

UNDER the headline FELIXSTOWE GLOWING OBJECT MYSTERY, the Ipswich *Evening Star* of September 21 carried a front-page account of the alarming experience of Michael Johnson (22) on the evening of September 20.

"There was a high-pitched humming noise . . . the great orange-tinted object moved across the sky . . . a man staggered from the hedge and collapsed."

So ran the opening paragraph. This was seemingly a new or rare kind of UFO encounter. As Felixstowe is only 20 or so miles from Colchester, near where Paul Green (see previous article) found himself immobilised by the effects of a mystery aerial object at a range of about one mile, we again asked Dr. Bernard Finch to investigate the case. Dr. Finch is bound by his professional code not to divulge any information he gains from hospitals, but he has been in touch with Geoffrey Maskey, the 25-year-old driver of the car in which three young people had been out for the evening. Mr. Maskey's account is slightly more significant than that published in the *Evening Star*. Says Mr. Maskey:

"At approximately 10.30 p.m., I was parked in Walton Avenue, Felixstowe, with two friends, Mavis Forsyth and Michael Johnson. We were talking together when suddenly Michael made a hasty exit from the car. I thought this most peculiar, as he didn't say where he was going.

"Several minutes passed while we were waiting for him, and then suddenly we heard a weird high-pitched humming noise, almost like something from a science fiction film. Mavis was terrified by the sound. I myself wondered where it was coming from, and I looked out of the car window to see an

orange-coloured object above the trees, approximately 100 ft. above us. It was oval in shape, apparently 6 ft. long, and emitting an orange glow. It is difficult to describe it as the lane was lit up by its glow. As the object disappeared behind the trees, the alarming noise was once more heard.

"By this time we were wondering what had happened to Mike. I called to him, but he didn't answer, so I reversed the car down the lane and called his name again.

"Suddenly he emerged from the hedge clutching his neck and eyes, stumbling away from the car. I thought he was having a game with us, but when he collapsed in the road, and I went over to him, I found he was unconscious. Mavis and I took him to Felixstowe Hospital.

"At the hospital he came round and, in a confused state, mumbled about the noise and the light 'getting' him. He didn't seem to recognise either Mavis or me. The doctor examined him, and told us he had experienced a severe shock. We noticed some burn marks on the back of his neck, and I also felt a small bump under the skin just below his right ear. The doctor didn't know what to make of it, and had Mike transferred to Ipswich hospital.

"I was not allowed to see him at the Ipswich hospital that evening, but saw him the following afternoon when he was discharged. He spoke then about a 'man in the flames pointing at him', and he also stated that **some force seemed to have pulled him from the car.**

(continued on page 27)

# THE SIGNIFICANT REPORT FROM FRANCE

## *G. E. P. A. Investigation*

In the September/October issue of the *FLYING SAUCER REVIEW* we gave a bare newspaper account of this classic case from the Basses Alpes district of France: a few comments of our own are added for good measure. Meanwhile a Monsieur G. C. (a magistrate who desires at present to remain anonymous) has conducted an investigation on behalf of the Groupement d'Etude des Phénomènes Aériens et Objets Spatiaux Insolites (G.E.P.A.). We have taken the advice of our friend Aimé Michel that we reprint the basic G.C. account from the G.E.P.A. bulletin PHENOMENES SPATIAUX, September 1965 issue: an article by M. Michel, based on his own investigation, follows this account.

**M.** MASSE was in his lavender field, a little north of Valensole, and near the road to Oraison, at about 5.30 a.m. on July 1, 1965, as is his customary practice. He had not yet started up his tractor, which had been left parked behind a mound of rubble about 2 metres high. He was just about to do so, and was lighting a cigarette, when he heard a whistling noise, the source of which he could not locate. He then stepped out from behind the mound which had been concealing him and saw, at a distance of about 80 metres from him, a peculiarly shaped machine which had landed in his field. His first thought was of a helicopter, but he realised that this could not be one. He was too familiar with these Army craft which, whether or not in difficulties, frequently land in his field or near by. He never fails each time to go over and chat with the pilots who are very frequently keen hunters like himself. But what could this be, this machine resembling a big rugby ball, the size of a Dauphine car, with a cupola on top, and standing on six legs? Perhaps an experimental machine, he thought. He goes on walking calmly towards it all the same, empty-handed, across the young lavender plants with which his field is covered. And he perceives, right beside the machine, two little beings of human appearance, bending over to look at a "head" of lavender. Without overmuch concern he goes up to them with the intention of contacting them. And thus he reaches a point five or six metres from the strange visitors, but these perceive him, straighten themselves up, and one of them at once points a sort of tube or "pistol" at him. M. Masse is thereupon instantly glued to the spot, to such a degree that he cannot make a single movement. Could he have called out? To my question, he answered that he had not thought of it, and he does not know whether he would have been able to or not.

He can still see what is going on around him. He has plenty of time to examine the two "little

men", with their bodies the size of an eight-year-old child, and their enormous heads, three times the size of a normal human head. He notices the absence of any hair; the skin, apparently as smooth as a baby's and white—at any rate the skin of the face and head—for the rest of the body is covered by an overall.

As for the face, its dimensions and characteristics are approximately those of a human face, except however for the mouth, which has no lips and resembles a hole. The two little beings were communicating with each other by means of inarticulate sounds which did not seem to come from what for them took the place of a mouth.

They were looking at him, and must have been mocking him. But their glances were not unpleasant, indeed quite the contrary. The general effect of their stature did not, as M. Masse states explicitly, give him the impression that he was face to face with monsters. After a few moments, the two visitors returned with a surprising agility to their machine, which they entered by means of a sliding door.

And then came the take-off, in a westerly direction, at an angle of approximately 45 degrees, at an astonishing speed, the machine emitting a whistle similar to the one when it arrived, and leaving no trail behind it.

M. Masse thought then that he was going to be in full possession of his faculties again, but it was not so, and he remained totally paralysed for a further quarter of an hour. The use of his limbs then came back to him bit by bit.

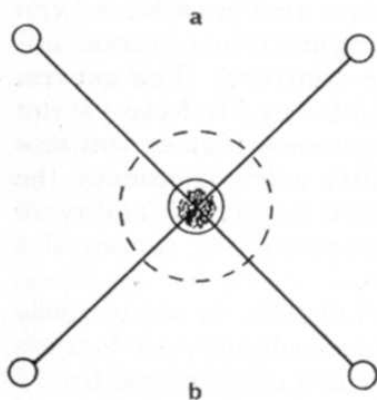
After being delivered from his invisible chains—the relatives of M. Masse are explicit on this point—he does not resume work in his field. He returns to the village, and goes to see his friend, the proprietor of the Café des Sports. He tells him about the machine that landed in his field, the marks it left, its staggering take-off, but scarcely says a word

about anything else. Questioning him, the Café proprietor can see that he is upset and does not for a second doubt that the matter is serious. M. Masse apparently added that that wasn't all, but that he did not want to say any more, that nobody would believe him. . . . His friend advises him to go straight away and inform the gendarmes, but M. Masse, who has never been in any sort of trouble, and doesn't want to have any, replies that everything he has said is untrue and that it was just a joke. The café proprietor then rushes off to the field, and finds the marks, and this is how the story gets out . . .

It is at this point or shortly afterwards that the mad rush of journalists and reporters from the radio and television networks takes place. . . .

M. Masse confines himself to his first statements, even among his near relatives, and retires within himself and becomes taciturn, as though his mind is far away. Whereas he used to sleep entirely normally before, he is now seized by an overpowering drowsiness; he needs 12 to 14 hours of sleep daily during the days immediately after the occurrence.

I have omitted to state that, on the evening of July 1, he went to the spot with his 18-year-old daughter. He saw once more the famous marks, of which you have the sketch. But M. Masse explains that two of the six legs left no marks on the ground, namely the legs at (a) and (b):



That morning, after the machine had taken off, a sort of liquid mud had remained around the central hole; when he goes there in the evening with his daughter—whom he forbids to go too close to it—he finds that this mud has set like cement. He himself compares the hole

to a sort of funnel in reverse, there being a sump-shaped hollow at the bottom, at a depth of somewhere in the neighbourhood of 60 to 80 cms.

M. Masse feared that if his daughter went too close to the hole she might suffer some harmful influence, and, although I cannot assert this with certitude, it seemed to us that he harboured some apprehension regarding the good health and the physical conformation of the children that he might beget subsequently.

M. Masse and his wife tried to escape from the newspapermen "whose insinuations had disgusted them", and they went off to Giens but it was there that the reporter of Europe—No. 1 caught up with M. Masse again!

I think that it was on his return from Giens that, unable to stand it any longer, M. Masse started sobbing one evening, so his wife tells us, and then, as she puts it, he "let himself go" and gave the whole story of what had happened."

(About the landing site) M. Masse tells me that he himself had filled in the hole but that, strangely enough, the soil at the spot continues to sink slightly despite the earth he has put there . . .

I have found no difference in colour between the plants adjacent to the site of the landing and the others. I have however taken some colour-photographs which I will send you as soon as I have got them back. Various individuals whom I have questioned on the subject say they noticed nothing. . . . More interesting, in my opinion, is this: M. Masse had pointed out to me that some heads of lavender, wilted, he said, by the passage of the saucer when it took off, had "picked up since" and were, or at least certain ones were, finer and taller than the average of the others. There were still little faded stalks on these plants. . . .

(In an interview with Captain Valnet of the Investigation Brigade at Digne, Monsieur G. C. learned that M. Masse is considered) . . . an intelligent and well-balanced man who, far from giving the impression of a hoaxer, seemed rather to be very vexed with the whole business.

(Finally) Before I conclude the account of our talks with the Masse family I want to emphasize the impression of complete good faith left on us by these folk who have become very sensitive—especially, perhaps, Madame Masse—as a result of what has happened to them.

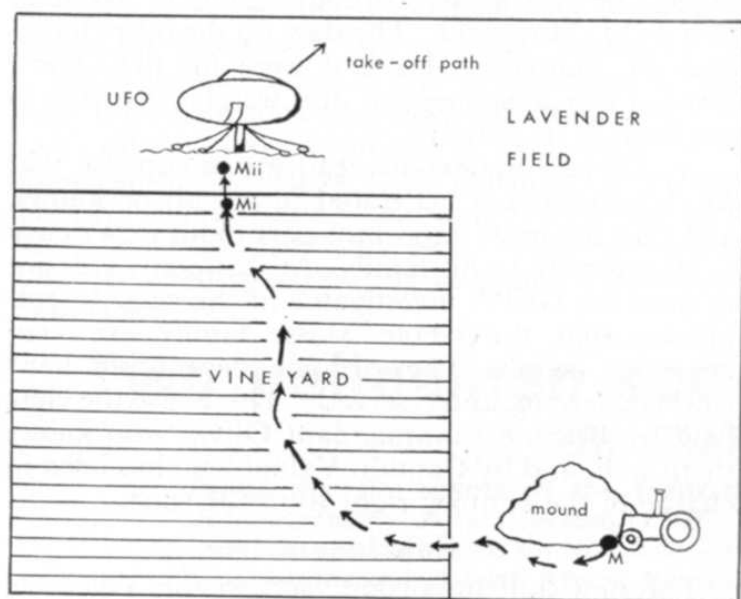
## Happy Christmas

The Editor and Publishers of the *FLYING SAUCER REVIEW* wish their readers a very Happy Christmas and an exciting New Year. They would also like to take this opportunity of thanking the readers for their continued support.

# The Valensole Affair

By Aime Michel

YOU have learned the essential details of the Valensole affair from the excellent text of G.C. who investigated the case on behalf of G.E.P.A. There are one or two small details which need correcting, such as the distance being 90 metres instead of 80, and the fact that M. Masse approached the machine across a vineyard, and not a field of lavender, like this—



Here now are a few additional points:

(a) the traces of the lavender are visible for a good hundred metres or so along the take-off trajectory, as far as a little shanty called *La Clermonnette*, towards Manosque, and even beyond. These traces are: a degeneration of the young shoots prior to July 1, which are going dry and falling off, and a singular vitality of the shoots after July 1.

(b) For about a week before July 1, M. Masse and his father, who were working daily in their field, noticed on their arrival each morning damage inflicted on the young lavender plants, as if somebody had taken some specimens every night. The plants had not been pulled up, but sprouts had been cut off, or rather broken off and removed from their plant. Thus the two farmers were already puzzled by something abnormal in their field—puzzled and annoyed. So, when, on coming round the mound, M. Masse saw the machine, his first thought was that he had “bagged” the people who were spoiling his lavender every night. So he approached cautiously through the vineyard, so as to take them by surprise. It was when he was near the edge of the vineyard, near Mi, that he saw the

“small beings” and realised that he was about to see something out of the ordinary. He hesitated then for a few seconds, and then decided to approach closer, despite his fear. (M. Masse is a man of much courage, an old combatant in the Maquis during the last War.)

In view of all this, we ought to ask ourselves whether the whole Valensole business should not be studied in an altogether new state of mind in the field of Ufologica. research. In fact the whole thing occurred just as though the pilots of the machine had manoeuvred M. Masse psychologically, first of all by arousing his curiosity and his misgivings during the first days of June, before showing themselves to him on July 1. Such behaviour as this, which is not unique during the present wave, seems to suggest a “managed” psychological preparation. I have already located four zones in France where sightings occur in frequent succession. But a preparation for what? It is useless to set forth hypotheses here that will in any case be outstripped by the time these words are printed. But, as an old searcher in the realm of Ufology, I can however say this: this is the first occasion on which such a degree of familiarity with the phenomenon is attained. Even in 1954, we were reduced to waiting for sightings; in 1965 one has the indefinable sensation of the hunter who scents the game.

In numerous cases witnesses alerted by a first sighting, have been able to confirm it several times during the following days. At Valensole itself, two other sightings *in flight* and perhaps one other sighting *on the ground* took place in August and September. I say *perhaps*, because of the distance away of the witnesses, who were on a neighbouring mountain and were not able to get a detailed view of the luminous object that they observed for ten minutes, at about 3 o'clock in the morning, on the Valensole plateau. (I am investigating this case and cannot yet give you any more details.)

(c) One very important point in the Masse evidence is the following: at the moment when the object took off, it very rapidly developed a great speed and **completely vanished at twenty metres.**

*Aimé Michel:* How do you mean vanished? Do you mean that the speed became so great that you were no longer able to follow it with your eyes?

*Maurice Masse:* I can't see any other explanation.

But my impression was different from that: at one moment I could see it very well; and the following instant I could no longer see anything.

*A.M.:* Do you mean to say that it disappeared **on**

the spot at a certain point on its trajectory?

M.M.: (with a gesture of helplessness): I don't know, Sir. I haven't understood anything at all about it. But such was indeed my impression.

(First remark on this question: there are numerous precedents for such disappearance on the spot; see for example the legend of the photo of Lake Chauvet, in my first book *Lueurs sur les Soucoupes Volantes*; these cases suggest a manipulation of Space-Time well beyond the most advanced present-day Physics, and perhaps explain the fact that the Minitrack optical networks have never photographed the approach of any UFO in circum-terrestrial space. The UFOs would accordingly be capable of non-linear movements.

Second remark: Although the Valensole object ceased to be visible at 20 metres, it left traces over more than 100 metres of a trajectory that it was apparently no longer occupying. . . .)

(d) M. Masse felt nothing particular in himself during the first three days. It was on the fourth day that he suddenly collapsed, seized with an insuperable desire to sleep. He would have slept for 24 hours per day if his wife and his father, frightened, had not woken him up to make him eat. He would no longer talk, and remained sleepy. (Details confirmed by Gendarmerie commandant Oliva). No neuro-vegetative disturbance, deep sleep, with no memory of any dreams, and agreeable, giving an impression of naturalness and well-being. Slight psycho-motor impairment: a tendency to trembling in the hands (still observable on August 8). Before July 1, Masse used to sleep for 4 to 5 hours at night. After that date, for from 12 to 15.

Since July 1 his watch has been *slow*. It causes a deviation of 3 degrees on the compass, which is normal for a steel watch. But was the watch magnetised to that degree *before*?

(e) People have been wrong in calling the immobilisation caused by the little pilot's weapon "paralysis". If Masse's muscles had been paralysed, he would have died there and then from stoppage of the heart, which is a muscle, or from anoxia.

If we are to assume that the weapon could have had a selective effect only upon the nerves of his limbs, then M. Masse would not have been able to stand up. In fact we know in Neurology only one phenomenon that answers M. Masse's description. And that is — post-hypnotic suggestion. The weapon consequently has a selective effect on the central nervous system, the cephalic system. It is very interesting to note that the *reticular formation*, which is responsible for the waking and sleeping states, plays a multiple role, being at one and the same time both *activatory* and *inhibitory*, both

*upward* (towards the cortex) and *downward* (towards the periphery). There is thus a remarkable coherence between the two effects successively experienced by M. Masse. The weapon could probably act at the level of the *reticular formation*. This should be compared with the statements made by Paul Green (head pain) in the recent Colchester case.

(f) A case identical with the Valensole one had already happened near Manosque, not far from Valensole, on October 14, 1954. No publicity was given to it. The witness told his story to only four people, of whom I was one. It was a man who was out hunting, with his dog. When he saw the object, he ran away, without trying to get near to it as M. Masse did. The dog, on the other hand, had the hunter's reflex and went for the object. *The dog was semi-paralysed*, and was hardly able to get back to its master.

(g) Certain indications lead me to suppose that M. Masse has not yet dared to tell all he knows, and that the most important part of his experience is known only to his family. At this point I desire as does the GEPA investigator in the case, to emphasise that the whole Masse family are very charming people. They are fine, decent folk, hard workers, serious, and reserved. This is also the view held by Brigade Commandant Oliva, who knows them well, and by Captain Valnet who has been in charge of the enquiry right from the start.

### Conclusion

The new and important facts in the Valensole affair are numerous. Up to now, it had been possible for us to think that the "little men" were the ones responsible for all the ufological manifestations, that they were the pilots of the craft, their builders, originating from another world.

Now, M. Masse has seen them, *with the heads an hands bare*, with a body that, except for the skull and the face, is typically human (and not merely humanoid). The bare head and hands suggest an adaptation to the exact terrestrial atmospheric composition and terrestrial atmospheric pressure. The absolutely human form of the body and the facial expressions, *recognizable by a man*, suggest a human genetic code. Moreover, the description of the skull and the face corresponds very exactly to an extrapolation, into the future, of the past evolution of Man: increased cephalization, vegetative part of the face in regression (see, for example, the anthropological studies of the Boskop pre-historic African man).

All these details could give a new lease of life to the Wellsian hypothesis of men from the Future visiting their Past. More likely (if I may use this word here) one can suppose that the "little men" are a product of a system of breeding based on

ordinary Earth men selected from the human species just like lavender plants in a field; this bred product has perhaps been scientifically superhumanized in order to play a part in the history of our relations with the entities—unknown and invisible—who are the real ones responsible for the ufological manifestations. The numerous descriptions of “little men” collected over the past fifteen years strongly remind one of our own domestic breeding of animals, though this idea is repugnant to our dignity and to the respect that we have for the human person (without however extending that respect to the animals).

The “little men” put one in mind of human basset-hounds, selected in view of their utilisation within the framework of a superior technology.

There would be much that we could say about these little men, but one detail strikes me particularly: all who have approached them—so far as I know—and M. Masse has affirmed it to me forcibly, several times—believe invincibly in their benevolence towards ourselves: “They are good. They have only good intentions towards us, of that I am sure.”

## Two policemen see saucer on main road

By Philipp Human

**Practically the whole of the front page of the September 16 issue of the Johannesburg daily newspaper DIE VADERLAND was devoted to accounts, reports, and comment on this new UFO case. Mr. Human, who is the REVIEW's representative in South Africa, has sent us his translation from the Afrikaans, and has 'filled us in' on further details.**

**U**NDER the page-wide headline **Polisie Sien Vlieg-Piering**, *Die Vaderland* told the following story: “A strange object, described as a ‘flying saucer’ was seen last night on the national road between Silverton (near Pretoria) and Bronkhorstspuit by two constables. The police consider this episode as ‘highly mysterious’ and it is being investigated by them as well as by the C.S.I.R. [Council for Scientific and Industrial Research].

“This occurrence was witnessed by two Silverton policemen, Constable Koos de Klerk and Constable John Lockem, while they were out on patrol. According to the constables the saucer ascended and vanished from sight at enormous speed when they came across it.

“This morning the C.S.I.R. was requested by the police to investigate the nature of a charred patch in the road, and scientists were at the scene shortly afterwards to take samples of the charred tar and stone where the saucer had landed. A black patch roughly six feet in diameter was burnt into the tar.

“The two constables said that they had been to a farm last night on an investigation when a call

“But how do you know that?” I asked.

“I can’t tell you. I don’t know how I know. But I am sure of it.”

Is this a psychological conditioning connected with the effect of the weapon? Or, more simply, is it the truth? On this too there would be much that one could say.

### Comment on Valensole

**I**S it possible that the whole truth of the incident at Valensole still eludes us? That it was in fact another A.V.B. (“Adhemar”) type of contact case? At least that is what Gordon Creighton wondered as he was completing his translation.

Speculative, maybe, but when one considers M. Masse’s embarrassed reluctance to tell the full story, not to mention his fear of possible genetic effects, and the strange revelation that he eventually broke down and told his family *everything*, it seems that such a solution of the mystery is ‘on the cards’.

As soon as space permits, we will retell the Antonio Villas Boás (Adhemar) story of “interplanetary procreation”, for many additional details have come to light in the *O Cruzeiro* account.

from their office summoned them back. ‘About three miles from Silverton we all of a sudden saw a sea of flame in the centre of the tar road ahead of us. We stopped immediately, and for about ten seconds the object was clearly visible before it rose from the road as tongues of flames seemed to pour from underneath,’ said Constable Lockem. There was no sound. He was emphatic that the object had not been there when they had passed the spot the first time. There was a lapse of about five minutes before they were at that place again.

“Constable de Klerk said that the object was typically saucer-shaped. It was copper-coloured and shone, and was clearly visible in their headlights and in the light of the flames surrounding it. The object closely resembled a gigantic singing top. It was about 30 ft. in diameter.

“‘For a few seconds it stood on the road and then, faster than I had ever seen in my life, it shot straight up and vanished in a north-westerly direction. Only after the saucer-shaped object was in the air did it appear that flames were pouring from two portals underneath it,’ said Constable Lockem. There was no sound. This prompted a