

(Translated by an amateur, Rune Ø, but gone thru in sept.2020 by an Englishman, David Walsh, and original was [here](#) )

---

**"Do not blame the many so-called 'Venus-ufo-contacts' from the 50s on-> for lying - almost none of them understood that they had altered their vibration and was really no longer pure "physical" in the normal sense - when many of those contacts / space-flights happened! They partly happened on a raised/astral-etheric level» (incl.those of Adamski)**

Those advanced space-people can go in and out of this coarse-level 'reality' from the raised vibratory level/Astral-level they normally exist on.

---

## **The ufo-contact of Salvador Villanueva Medina**

(1953 Mexico)

See also: [short version of this](#)

*Note the efforts made to provide accurate impressions of the technical details that have been included here. He must have had a photographic memory, as he later here describes the smallest technical details about the equipment. Hardly any accident that "they" picked out just this person to witness a technology that lies centuries ahead...*



The man in his old days>



Jalisco (<<map)

**Intro by the son of Salvador Villanueva**

Salvador Villanueva Medina was born in August 1910 in a village in the state of **Jalisco** (map up)

He has now completely withdrawn from all UFO research activities.

He is humble in his claims. He is generous, good and wise; autodidact and proud of his chance to have visited a

world greatly in keeping with his ideals. This is experience by Mr. Salvador Medina Villanueva in 1953 gave rise to this book, *which was translated into six languages*; in Germany alone it sold 80,000 copies.

I, his son Salvador, am respecting two promises, the one my father made to his extraterrestrial friends as well that the promise I made him: that this experience will (should) never be forgotten. I make public his experience because *only the magic of time* will give him reason. I take this opportunity to thank the Editions Mina, (*Colombia 1973?*) and to my great happiness, here is this new edition of my father's adventure in another world.

*Salvador Villanueva (son)*



<< *Samael au Weor's foreword:*

### **Villanueva Medina, the man who was on Venus?**

(He said he was not sure where it really was- but I think is another/higher level/dimension of Venus. Rø-remark )

Salvador is not a fantasist, and has no mental health disorders. Salvador was examined by psychiatrists who have come to the conclusion that it is a normal man, mentally balanced. Salvador does not make a living off of his extraordinary adventure, nor of the book he wrote entitled: "Aventuras no Planeta Vênus" (translated title); "**Adventures on Planet Venus**".

This gentleman is a mechanic by profession, he repairs automobiles. This is how he earns his living. We ourselves went to his workshop and we have seen him working. He is a practical person one hundred percent.

The address of this gentleman will not be divulged since we do not have the authorization to share that. We limit ourselves to only 2 things: the first, to testify that this man is an absolutely honest man of sound mind, dedicated to his work and his family; the second, that this man has experienced a great adventure, but do not live off the story. Salvador Villanueva Medina has recounted what happened to him in the past and it cost him a lot of suffering, because that the scoundrels, the sceptics, the imbeciles they laughed at him. Salvador has been on Venus (or a level of this or whatever..?) beyond doubt and has fulfilled his duty to inform his fellow men, despite them making fun of him. Victor Hugo said that "*He who laughs at what he does not know, is on the road to be an idiot*".

**For 5 days**, Salvador lived on the planet Venus, and he returned to Earth after observing the reality of all these affirmations made by them. Venusian civilization is millions of times more advanced than ours, the proud landlords.

(same said by other cosmic contacts – fx [Adamski](#), [this one](#)+ [Edw.James](#), [Omneq Onec](#), [and more, etc.](#) ) (+[The Voice Of Venus](#) by Ernest L. Norman, + [Diana-came from V.](#) and many more)

Salvador has told what he lived through. We limit ourselves to comment on it. The Philips Company has examined samples of soil and plants picked up where Salvador found the ship and discovered a very strange atomic order in these samples. This is true also of the photographs of the ship's location, because there were

impressions/footprints of the ship. Adamski gave a lecture on this theme in the insurgent theater in Mexico. A German Commission of scientists was interested in the question and they went to visit Salvador. **They have studied the event on the ground.** He did not make them stay in doubt. *However, fools will continue to laugh as always, because they are fools.*

*Samael au Weor.*



<not from book- found online

## **PROLOGUE**

The month of August has become significant for me, because it was in this month that I was born, even if from this date to today, it happened almost half a century ago. It was also in a month of August that I had the greatest privilege that an individual can wish. **In both cases, the adventure took place without my knowledge.**

The first can be demonstrated by my birth; the second is difficult to prove because there are no witnesses; but it has been richer in incidents than the first. The person who most made me doubt my memory of my experience was a lorry driver. He was the first person I met when I had just finished my adventure. I was hopelessly optimistic, without even imagining the consequences that pushed me to the limits of sublimity and ridicule. Thereafter, in the light of this bitter experience, I was more circumspect. but, to tell the truth, I have not been able to obtain great benefits with this tactic. **I admit that after the first failure, I locked the glorious experience in my being with some success, although I had promised to make it public.** For a year and a half I kept silent, ignoring my promise and I was guided to strengthen myself because my lack of mental preparation

The extra-terrestrials had insisted on that they would have some way to help me in this transcendental responsibility. I was not therefore surprised to see in the newspapers stories about people who had experiences similar to mine, although not as involved (as mentioned up ↑). Curiosity to know if I would be believed, started boiling in me. I proposed to tell everything to an intellectual. At this time, a journalist (Manuel Gutiérrez Balcázar) who, under the pseudonym MGB, wrote a series of articles on the subject caught my attention. Due to how seriously he took the subject, I decided to contact him by sending him only a part of my story - because I did not want to provoke the uncertainty that had upset 'our trucker friend'.

Afterwards, I judged that I had again made a mistake, by not telling the whole experience in every detail to the journalist, as now it was him who took my words with suspicion and, although he gave me the opportunity to justify myself, I believe that I did not know how to take advantage of it, thus appearing to be lying and mistrustful.

At that time, there were a couple of North-Americans on vacation to Mexico, who had the opportunity to see a spaceship at low altitude. That had been so exciting to them that they had decided to thoroughly inquire into the topic and facilitate a few lectures with contactees.

In Mexico, they got in touch with the journalist MGB, who was kind enough to invite me to their first conference in the capital. Some 300 enthusiastic people participated in the conference, the majority being

well informed and some with personal experiences. The fact that journalists would be present if I were to recount my story was interesting to me.

In the company of my eldest son, we occupied a corner of the room, letting the session unfold. The public spirit soon warmed up. Several people went up on the stage to tell their story, which increased the interest of the attendees. Soon, the person who facilitated the lecture, addressed the audience, **asked if some of those present had established contact with flight crew members of the space ships.** *The question had a thunderous effect in me who, without knowing for sure the outcome of my sudden decision, but feeling that an extraordinary force obliged me, so I raised my hand, and being invited to the platform before the waiting assembly.* I had only walked a few steps when I already regretted it; but I continued. They gave me attention, treated me with courtesy, and there was even a great author, Mr. Francisco Struk, who was to put himself in my defence, supporting my words, which calmed the excitement I had provoked. The North Americans were interested in investigating my story, and together with MGB, they invited me to tell them about where I had seen and boarded the ship.

On this occasion, a military engineer, a professor, a North American mathematician as well as Salvador Gutiérrez, a young photographer from experienced press, accompanied us to the landing site. The excursion was a success. The engineer I was guiding made calculations and was quick to locate the exact location, checking the dimensions of the craft. This made me to regain the confidence that I had lost courtesy of our friend, the trucker. *(that was the first person 'who crossed my path' when I came back from my adventure. I so overflowed with optimism that I couldn't even imagine the consequences that placed me on the limits of sublimity and ridicule.)*

And I acquired a new knowledge: that the ships always leave a trace where they land, and this we uncovered. In my case, as it landed in a place covered with vegetation that was reaching a great height, it was burned in a unusual way, unknown to us and so it still was a year and a half after/later. We took samples of earth, inside and outside the trace, which were analysed in Phillips labs, and it was found that in both samples, there was a very marked molecular difference. Soon after, came Mr. Jorge Adams from California, USA. He also dictated a conference on the subject at the Theater of Insurgents, and he assured us that he had had many contacts with ship's crew members.

I visited MGB's house and I confined myself to answering his questions; but without extending myself. He was then firmly convinced that none of the people he had known with a similar experience, enjoyed a greater experience than me, and it seemed to me that he wanted my confessions only for his benefit.

The English author, Mr. Desmond Leslie, is also passed by this capital. I had the opportunity to know and accompany him for a day and a half, thanks to the interest of the diligent investigator and journalist MGB, who did not take a moment of rest to so he could take advantage of as many opportunities (as possible) to research my experiences. I must clarify, as I said before, that I did not tell the full experience either.

Journalists, like other people, are limited to telling only a part of a story, since the full details would appear improbable. I was afraid they'd ridicule me, so I accepted the idea that people do not believe which they have not seen through their own eyes. **However, the promise I made to the crew of the spacecraft continued to haunt my mind.** *And that's why I decided to write my story in detail, without the limitations imposed by the situation.* I hope that they will forgive my daring. For people experienced in telepathy, I tell at the end of this book, something that I caught with torment without being able to decipher it completely; but that I feel obliged to tell it in order to respect my word.

*Salvador Villanueva Medina.*



*<<<many so-called “star children” have experienced contacts as small(3-8year+) child, who are more or less forgotten, but memories are in the subconscious, and at the right time, they come more into the “day-/awaken-consciousness” and these have also regular contacts on astral /”nightly” plane throughout their lives, which comes partly into the flimsy ‘brain-memory’ at some occasions.*



*<<the route Salvador drove when he encountered technical problems and during the stop there appeared these, humanlike, child-size, small people, who had a craft nearby. He went with them! Seemingly interdimensional visitors....*

*(Translated by an amateur but gone thru in sept.2020 by an Englishman, David Walsh. and orig.; [here](#) )*

# 1953 ufo-contact of Salvador Villanueva Medina

(Mexico)

## CHAPTER 1

It was the second week of the month of August, 1953 ... Covering a shift in a rental car, I served some Americans, male and female, who asked me to recommend a driver to help them drive a car to the United States via by the highway of Laredo. Against my usual habit, I said I was interested in the work and I put myself at their service, leaving two days later. The car was a magnificent model 52 Buick that effortlessly rolled down the road. The couple were eager to arrive and so we took turns driving the vehicle.

We had travelled less than 500 kilometres, 484 to be exact, when there was a noise in the transmission of the car. We stopped, afraid of causing a serious flaw.

My companion decided to return, walking, in search of a recovery truck, since it was standing in the middle of the road and without tools it was impossible to make any repairs.

When my improvised patron moved away, I took out the car jack in order to investigate where the noise came from. I placed it, raising a wheel; I started the engine connected to the transmission and slid under, to hear more clearly.

While I was in that position I heard someone approaching, as footsteps were easily heard in the sandy gravel that accumulates on the side of the road. Alarmed, because when and I got under the car - I had not seen anyone nearby and the place was unpopulated, so I tried to get out as quickly as possible.

I did not quite understand the situation when I heard a **strange voice** that in perfect Spanish asked me what was wrong with the car. (They, the visitors that he soon was to "see"- surely had translations devices as we also now have- 67 years later in 2020 – here on Earth. Then the voice seems unnatural, strange. Similar device seemingly was used in the [itibi-ra contacts](#), as well as the [IARGA-contacts](#) from the 60s. Rø.rem)

I didn't answer, but remained sitting, recovering my composure.

I had in front of me, about a meter and a half away, a strangely dressed man, of very small stature, not above 1 meter 20 cm. He/she was dressed in a uniform made of material similar to corduroy or woollen fabric.

There were no other body parts visible apart from the head and face, whose colour was strikingly like ivory. His/her hair, was platinum in colour and slightly wavy, fell a little below the shoulders and behind the ears.

These and the eyebrows, the nose and the mouth formed a wonderful set, which completed a pair of bright green eyes that resembled those of a beast. He/she wore a thick belt rounded at its edges, full of tiny holes with no apparent connection.

He/she had a helmet similar to those used to play American football, slightly deformed at the back.

At the nape of the neck, in that helmet, there was a bulge the size of a pack of cigarettes, covered in turn with faded perforations at its edges.

At the height of the ears, there were two round holes about one centimetre, from which came a large number of thin and trembling wires, which flattened on the back of the helmet formed a circumference of about three and a half inches.

These wires and the protuberance were blue, just like the belt and an apparently metallic tape on which the neck of the uniform topped.

This and the rest of the helmet were opaque grey.

The 'man' put his right hand to his mouth as to ask me if I could hear him speaking.

I was amazed by the musical sound of his voice, coming from a perfect mouth that framed two rows of small and very white teeth.

Making an effort I got up, gaining a little courage as I noticed my physical superiority. (he may be was 1,70 m tall? and they 1,2m)

The individual encouraged me with a smile full of sweetness; but the strange impression that the sudden appearance of this person made on me, never left me.

I did not feel obliged to answer, but instead, I asked him if he/she was an aviator.

Making a sign of kindness, he/she answered that his 'plane', as he called it, was only a short distance away.

Comforted with his answer, it occurred to me to invite him to get into the car.

A cold breeze would blow, quite unpleasant, which increased as some vehicle passed by at high speed.

The darkness began to cover us and the man, instead of accepting or thanking for the invitation, proceeded to adjust the helmet carefully, and I was hearing a noise very similar to that which is produced by a car moving at high speed.

In the perforations on the belt, various lights began to turn on and off with profusion, which increased in intensity.

The 'man' raised his right arm as if saying goodbye, approached a mound of earth, reached it with agility and jumped into the forest that borders the road.

After a moment I climbed out and tried to look for him, locating at a certain distance the luminous strip of the belt that resembled a numerous group of fireflies.

There I was until I lost it in the darkness of the forest.

I went back to the car, and on the advice of some motorcyclists watching the roads that passed, I took it (the car) off the asphalt, bringing it closer to the edge of the road on which it was standing.

I huddled in the seat, thinking about that strange being and thought that maybe it was indeed some aviator who had suffered an accident or mishap and had their plane destroyed in the forest. I finally fell asleep.

It must have been quite a while since I was in a sound asleep, when strong knocks on the glass at the right front door woke me up.

At first glance I discovered two people out of the car. I imagined that they were the owners who had returned.

Without thinking, I opened the door, and my surprise was huge when I found that there was my earlier "acquaintance", now in the company of another individual with his same appearance and dressed in the same way.

Automatically, I invited them to come up into the car, which they accepted immediately.

It was like that when, for the first time, ***I felt the strange sensation that those beings were somehow superior to me.***

As if it were a premeditated warning, as I stretched my right arm over them trying to help them close the door, I felt a sharp pain like a sudden blow to an elbow, followed by a numbness that momentarily paralyzed my arm. *(surely they had strong auras, which for all living beings, is charged with etheric/astral, electric energy. Rø- remark )*

The impression was so strong that, instinctively, I pressed to the left side, putting space in between us.

A moment later warmth emanated from their bodies or their uniforms, which was certainly pleasant, since at that time the temperature in the region is cool.

Without introductions of any kind, the one who had visited me before, who was in the center, asked me if I had managed to fix the car.

I replied that I did not have enough tools to try a repair in the dark and therefore had no choice but to wait for my companions who had gone in search of help.

There was a moment of anticipation, and I realized that they were trying to observe me with some enthusiasm.

I turned on the interior lights of the car and, just to ask something, I asked them if they were Europeans. The perfectness of their features made me understand that they did not belong to a race within reach of my knowledge.

Smiling slightly, the one in the middle, who was leading the conversation, told me that they were from a much more distant place than I knew or could imagine.

That place gave me a certain strange sensation; but it did not occur to me to think of other planets, but of other countries. Our place, he said, is much more inhabited than this.

Then the man started talking so much that I was puzzled ... there was a contrast between him and his ease of speech, and his companion and ***his*** silence. The second, who was rounder in face and more robust in general, only made small movements by head, sometimes letting me see his small teeth that stood out by their whiteness; but without saying a word. The smallest was saying we could consider where they came from as a city, which covered everything, because the streets lined up without end, that these never crossed at the same level, that there were so many vehicles and diversity was such that I would easily be confused. He claimed that these vehicles did not use mineral fuel, neither vegetable, because the exhaust of this type of fuel proved to be harmful.

He also stated that the propulsive, propelling force was provided as much by the central heat of their planet than sunlight, since it was an inexhaustible source energy. He went on to say that along their sidewalks, were moving 'endless' bands that allowed one to travel without any physical effort. People never ventured on the road – The planetary energy was used to propel their "cars" and their many other vehicles.

- They are completely different from those you use. You will see that with the material and the spacecraft that we use, some to carry six passengers, others carry twenty-five, and in some cases up to fifty, and that only on the first floor.

- He said that, looking around the interior of the spacious car we were occupying.
- But we have some up to ten floors.

All this annoyed me, since I did not know of any country in our world that did not use some kind of fuel in its vehicles. Maybe they were over-populated, but the discussion about their cities stopped there. I also did not know if other countries had them mechanized themselves to such a degree. These men seemed to me as two jokers. I asked how they were to produce vegetables, since they were so populated. I had asked joking question; but he answered quietly that a long time ago they cultivated vegetables in much greater numbers than we know.

They did it in perforations, using the walls for that purpose, so they turned out to be indoor and underground vegetables.

Some of this seemed logical to me. Other things definitely not. Now, trying to get my bearings, I asked if they had a sea nearby. He replied, as if not caring about the question, that they only had one, but that it was three times deeper than ours. The thing seemed mocking to me, and I reproached him for his behavior. The two individuals exploded into a loud laugh that I just got through; but I came to think that possibly my ignorance was greater than I imagined, and if I am to tell the truth I was not offended. In front of my impassiveness, the man threw to me:

**- I hope you understand that we are in talking about another planet.**

- From another planet? - I asked him surprised and amazed. - Yes sir, another "world" like you call this one where you live. I think you know that they exist? - Of course I know it - I hurried to answer, because the question seemed to me offensive. - All the same! How could I not know that there are other planets? - *And in order to demonstrate my knowledge of astronomy, I finished by saying that only according to our wise men; no other planet beyond of ours could have rational inhabitants.*

- What makes you think something like this? - He asked me.

- Perhaps the poor means at your disposal to make your calculations?

**Does it not seem very pretentious to believe that you are the only beings that populate the universe?**

This was taking on a more serious turn than I had thought. I immediately started to remember the pain that I still felt in my arm and also the strangeness of these guys with their uniforms and their belts, with their helmets, the strangeness of the colour of their skin, their expressive eyes and their voices. Strange, whose sound was unparalleled. For my poor intellect, these individuals were too trying. I decided to continue to resist and I told them that it all seemed incredible to me. - Of course - he replied. It turns out incredible for your mentality; but tell me, why? What is it incredible?

## **CHAPTER 2**

### **THE SHIP**

The question was so unexpected that it confused me. So I told them that I thought I knew by the calculations of our astronomers and our mathematicians that some of the planets of our solar system are too cold and others too hot.

- Okay. I'll give you a simple example: you have extremely cold places and yet there are people living there. They manage to subsist without artifices or mechanical aids of any kind, so much only on their own. Now, imagine these same individuals with tools **for shaping the climate or the environment.** *The environment they need.* How does the distance to which they are from the sun matter to them, if this one gives them the necessary means to and to transform the harmful into the beneficial?

Now, another small example. I continued to listen to him.

- You may have noticed that an individual, using only a small tank in which he stores what he needs to breathe, can be out of his environment, without danger of his organic structure.

The example illuminated my mind and without losing time, I asked him:

- So you have to breathe something different that our world is used to?
- Of course - he answered me satisfied.
- But I do not see any accessories/equipment.
- You do not see anything because according to your mentality, it must be an accessory; but touch here ... - he said that, by inviting me to touch what should be the surface and you could feel a firm consistency, different from ours. Immediately after he completed the explanation:
  - we wear this here what keeps us alive. It injects (energy) directly into the lungs.
  - It's really wonderful - I exclaimed with enthusiasm. However ... devil! Doubts continued to assail me. He noticed it, so he told me to ask what I wanted, that he would try to answer me.

To begin with, I asked him that if they came from another world, what kind of vehicle did they use?

He told me that he had already told me that his ship was not very far and that soon I was going to have the opportunity to see it, if it interested me. A question bothered me, but I could not find how to pose it without offending. The idea was to come that, since these adults were so small, how were the children. And in front of my astonishment, as if they were reading in my mind he answered my thought in the following way: - I'm going to explain to you what you want to know, that is, regards children.

In our world, we do not see children on the streets. As soon as their birth, they remain under the patronage of what we could call the "government", and this is in charge of them until they reach the proper age. **It is then that they are classified according to their physical and mental qualities and they are assigned a certain place, where they are needed.** Usually, this operation is carried out by couples, a man and a woman.

And the idea came to me to ask him how they did to acclimatize an individual from a cold zone to a hot, or vice versa.

- As you will see, we do not have this problem. For the simple reason that our whole world enjoys a single uniform climate **and this one is not natural, but artificial, created by ourselves.** You understand, it will take a while now (to understand) that we enjoy a single climate, mild, without having extreme regions like you. Otherwise our population would not allow us that luxury.

This, for me, became very convincing. All seemed to support what he claimed to be and now it started to seem more logical to me. Again, my mind gave rise to another question. It was concerning their only sea, and I had not finished to formulate it, when he interrupted my thought:

- I already told you that we have a sea and this one contains as much fluid as all yours, combined. From it we get all the materials, the ones we use to build our buildings, to make our clothes, to make our vehicles and a 60 or more percentage of our food.

- He continued: - Our current ships are not as you conceive and build them. Ours are the same in the air as in the water or in some other place without danger of any kind. In this sea, we set up at great depths, huge factories that have different systems from those you use. These systems attract marine populations. There they are chosen and used scientifically. In front of my astonishment, he added: - as you will understand, in our sea there is no disturbances of any kind, **because we have it at our service and under our control and therefore these contingencies are discarded.**

That had now turned to me into an incessant concern. *I wanted to know more about these people.* I asked him how it was that they spoke Spanish so well. He replied that they can speak any language in no time as difficult as it can be; that in his world, they had already spoken, as in our own cases, of a quantity infinite number of languages; but that now they only used one, formed the most easy, and had improved it extremely efficiently. Easy and simple. (surely some similar to the [Esperanto language](#), which is very simple to learn. Rø-rem.)

I asked them if they knew our world in full. He told me they knew us well – not only superficially, but also our complex structure and all the customs of different remote areas. That first, was why they were gathering this information using appropriate devices including all their vessels, which were endowed for that. And then, with the help of selected people of their own who most resembled us physically.

They used to leave them well supplied near the place they were interested in investigating and collected them at the right time. (As in the many similar contact-cases, later, in south-america- fx.those mentiond before, and read also

about the [Acartians](#) operating here, collecting plants, vegetables, that are fit for a more cold climate, as THEIR planet is in the process of getting steady colder.) The goals they were pursuing in our world began to worry me.

So, he replied, illustrating his answer with a bit of history: - **the stage you are going through right now, we experienced a few thousand years ago. In our world there were wars and destruction, delays and advances; but one fine day came equanimity. Then political leaders were overthrown and prominent humanists and scholars elected in their stead.** (same happened on [Acart](#), so this is a normal growth path for planets which are entering the REAL human level, as told of in the spiritual books of the [Danish wiseman, Martinus](#), 1890-1981)

***Instead of the proud, ambitious and selfish politicians, who were only seeking profit for their own benefit, men dedicated to collective betterment were put in place.***

After a brief pause: - there was a total change in the public administration and, little by little, vanity, which was the best ally of the exploiters, gradually disappeared, and morality in all its aspects ended up being firmly established. **Now, true wise men govern us.** (also to mention [Thiaoouba](#), similar) They gave us a better diet, better clothes, a **better and uniform education.** The privileges have been ended. Now, it is all similar for all - Now, in the same place, those who are probably descended from rich and those who are descended from poor are being physically and mentally educated. He who stands out during that time of his life is destined for where he can develop his skills freely and without worry. He added: - **what you call nations or country has completely disappeared. We are only citizens of our (united) world.**

(Same as the Danish wiseman [MARTINUS](#), says will be here too, in about 3000 years. Before then, many wars, crises in the old animal-like 'government'/ society here, will rage, where still "the strongest/richest/most cynical, rulessystem, will unfold! Well, many "new-agers" was in the 1990s fooled to believe that this would happen in year 2000, or at least in 2012, but the wise men knew that creating such a united world here, will take many -up to 3 millennia. Rørem.)

We do not use flags or identification of any species. Every child at birth is tattooed somewhere on their feet. It's like a card that talks about its origin and faculties. He/she grows uncomplicated, healthy, and free.

The hours had passed quickly. It began to clear when we got out of the car. To tell the truth, I did not know if what had happened to me was real, *but it had to be the case*, because I was just one centimeter away from these two characters, who were willing to show me where they came from. They advanced a little, climbing to the edge of the land. Suddenly, they turned around, as if they wanted to surprise me doing some suspicious movement.

I noticed intermittent and large-scale sounds coming from their helmets and belts, sometimes rising up in pitch until they hurt my ears. Curiosity filled me, until I had to ask what the belts were for. The question, apparently, filled them with satisfaction. The smallest stared at his belt. His companion simply put his hands on him, still watching me. But their expression was such that they made it clear that in carrying that through the day, they felt safe from danger. Or at least that seemed so to me. Their bright, dazzling eyes displayed affection and security. Finally, the smallest looked up and said:

- This is a device that is used to immobilize any mechanism or enemy. Now tell me - he continued - is your curiosity satisfied, do you want to see the vehicle?

Come with us - and he affirmed the invitation with a broad and kind smile.

It did not seem appropriate to decline the offer. Therefore, I hastened to follow them. The ground was muddy. Our two men waded in puddles, looking for harder places. Suddenly, ***I realized that at the places where they were laying their feet, the mud was spreading without adhering, with the same effect that produces a hot iron.*** I then looked at my shoes. They were completely covered with mud. It had soiled the legs of my pants. This discovery gave me the sensation of walking behind two ghosts. Unconsciously, I began to slow down, and to leave more distance between these men and me, but without ceasing to follow them. ***It was only the beginning of a series of surprises that would be engraved forever in my brain.*** A few yards further, to my surprise, I had before my eyes the majestic vessel they had told me about. It emerged dazzling, surrounded by foliage, like a gigantic egg in a huge nest. *I stopped abruptly and began to contemplate what I had in front of me.* A majestic flattened sphere rested on three buoys forming a triangle. There was, in the upper part, a cabin slightly inclined inwards, about a meter in height, surrounded by holes that looked like portholes. Like those used in ships.

This ill. was from a case on Puerto Rico, but may be some similar to the case here described.



*This ill. was from a case on Puerto Rico, but may be some similar to the case here described.*

The whole was impressive and gave the impression of a great fortress. It was of a colour very much like that produced in a piece of steel when it was turned to the wheel, but of a diffuse transparency. *When the men were about one and a half meters away, they both carried their right hand to the belt and pressed it.* Then an opening in the lower part of the sphere began to take shape and expand, eventually turning into a staircase. As ramps, there were two cables, apparently elastic, because they bent when the men leaned on them. I stopped at a distance of about seven meters. As the vessel was in a hollow, I noticed that the men did not leave dirt on the steps or even a single particle of mud that they should have had on their feet. I also could see how the chubbiest disappeared inside.



*Another illustration of a eggshaped ship.*

The other stopped in the middle of the stairs, leaned on the ramps and turned to see me. He then invited me to come near. Although something was pulling me in the opposite direction, I made an effort and continued to walk up to the ship until I was just one meter away.

***Something must have changed inside my being, because the fear or mistrust I had felt up to now had turned into daring.*** I then began to imagine that what I had in front of me was not a ship.

I even went so far as to find some resemblance to a conventional-type explorer's house. When he reiterated his invitation, I advanced with a decided step and I started to climb behind him. We passed through a sort of skylight, or round hole, more or less half a meter in circumference, towards a horizontal platform.

*(interpreted to be a uv-like disinfecting sluice and/ or a so-called light elevator.\* Rø-remark )*

On exiting the hole, I realized that the hole we had entered was sealed unexpectedly. I was certainly impressed. But, despite being locked in this thing, the light passed through. The part, which was to give on the staircase by which we had gone up seemed crystal clear\*, for it could be seen-through to the outside with perfect clarity. I began to sweep my eyes around me.

A wall from the ceiling came down at an angle to the platform. On this wall, you could see something that could well be a seat back, even if it was too high. In angle with this disproportionate thing, because it could not be anything else, was what should be the seat, divided into three sections, visible from the front, with something that seemed to be covers for the seats, but these had been folded to the sides.

I must have looked like an idiot in a bazaar, because the men were just watching me. Finally, the one who spoke Spanish invited me to a little walk. But now I had the impression that with my weight, this thing was not going to go up a centimeter, which I told them ironically, but I would like to try. They pointed to me in the middle seat, and they occupied those on each side. The seat was soft, to a degree I had never known. I have spent at least two-thirds of my life in car seats, and I cannot deny that I would have liked to equip the car I work with from such a seat. (remark, he had also been an auto-mechanic all his life.)

But wait, if the seat was surprisingly soft, the back was superior, because it was enough to lean the body a little on it and I easily lost myself in that pleasantly welcoming mass. The lids were lowered and I immediately felt a slight pressure on my legs and part of the abdomen. It fitted with such pressure and firmness that it gave me the impression of being in a sponge ball.

What was on my legs was nothing less than an instrument panel or dashboard. This panel was identical to those of my companions on either side of me, and from each of them it was possible to manoeuvre the machine. I would love to be able to describe one of these panels, and I will try to do so. It was like a little rectangular table, slightly inclined towards me. At chest height there was a screen that stood out considerably from the other instruments. It was no bigger than a car headlight, with a convex surface. It was limpid and luminous, and astonishingly clear. Together with this screen, on each side of the front part, there were two round protuberances, one white and the other black. I must clarify that the colours of all the instruments were bright, more powerful than the fluorescent light we know. Further on, in conjunction with our screen just now, there were three small wheels, two placed vertically and one in the middle, horizontally. On the right side you could see a series of keys.



*<compared to cockpits on our big aeroplanes, such as this, the ETs ships are evidently much more simple – also because much of the functions are automatic.*

The first key was wide and the others were narrow. This keyboard was white from the top, and as I went down the colour darkened to a glossy black. At the ends of each side were two very small thumb-rests, angled outwards. On the left side, in a row like the keyboard, there were levers in the form of little snowshoes that could be pushed forward. Finally, in front of the screen and roughly in the centre of the panel, there were four half-moon shaped pieces, the bottom of which was round and the top was flat. It tilted at the centre because only two movements were possible. These pieces formed a cross. A cylinder placed at the rear end completed these panels. In this cylinder, five sections were moving at different speeds, taking diagonal measurements/readings. As it turned, the colour changed from white to black. This was more or less the board.

The movements of the machine were seen there, according to the will of the crewmember.

Observing all this, I did not realize when we had started climbing. The climb was gentle, slow and vertical.

### CHAPTER 3

I could see the abandoned car at my feet. We continued to climb, always vertically and always having the car as a benchmark at my feet. At the last moment, I saw it in a fuzzy way and no bigger than a child's car. My companions explained to me how to use the screen. It was enough to turn any of the small side wheels, to bring all the outside of the ship clean and precise. The top wheel was brought closer to the wheel on the right, and the bottom wheel to the left wheel, and the one in the center that was horizontal, was used to bring the image closer to impression as if it was one meter away from us. I forgot to mention that at the far right of the panel there was a ball embedded in a socket that ended with a round lever. It was moving a black dot move across the screen that serves as a crosshair when there is a need to use different weapons, which I will try to describe later. Finally, everything (around us) was covered with clouds but we continued to climb.

\*

The men were looking for a glimmer of light so that I could see our planet, because they thought, and with good reason that it would impress me. For my part, I felt calm. I was trying to find the reason for this tranquility, *because it seemed to me abnormal*. My character is nervous by nature, and besides I had never boarded a plane, so that seemed to me as a good enough reason to be nervous. I remembered that I had felt only a few moments of fear before entering the ship.

I remembered seeing the chubby one, disappearing inside the ship/ stairs, and at that moment, I was hoping the other one would do the same, so that I could go back, running to the road and back into my automobile, where I would be safe. *However, at one point, that fear disappeared and now, by chance, I felt indifference to the fact that the car, as we was moving away, were left abandoned.*

I began to worry about being under the influence of these men. Nevertheless, I tried to drive these concerns out of my mind. I distracted myself by observing the manoeuvres they were doing with the control panels and I was looking out through the walls to see the effects. I could feel admiration for the simplicity and manoeuvrability of this ship, which seemingly even a child could handle. When we entered the clear space, they pointed out to what we had at 'our feet', below.

I confess that, however resentful I was and even if I had been sure that I had boarded the ship under some strange influence, it would have seemed forgivable.

What was within my reach was a marvelous spectacle, a slightly opaque sphere, somewhat blurred, which at times became a round and trembling mass like a gelatine solid. I could say that we were flying over the central part of the American continent, since it was distinguished with some facility. One could also distinguish the broad part of the Mexican republic and the narrowest part of the continent. All the rest was lost in an endless abyss.

Then, the men pointed at me the little screen, and advised me to operate the little wheel of the centre. And why would I refuse. I have neither words nor words to express what I felt. Nor to describe what I had only a

few meters from my astonished eyes. To believe it, I had to leave the screen and look through the wall of the ship. It seemed more real in this way, more likely. ***In this small circular screen of great clarity, I could bring a whole world closer and further away, simply by moving this very small control as I pleased, down to its most insignificant details. Or see our long continent bathe in a liquid mass that fades into blue and red colors, until its contours disappear in an infinite void. This incredible sight was engraved in my mind in such a way that I often woke up with it.***

I felt empty and attracted by this huge sphere that once I understood, maybe in spite of myself. When men thought it was enough, and I said, "I trust" because if they had consulted me, I would have asked them to let me admire it, until satisfied; but for them, time counted, and we soon penetrated into great masses of clouds. Some so dark as to obscure the interior of the vessel.

There, I had another wonderful impression. We had just come out of the very dark belly of a black cloud when, unexpectedly, the ship was inundated with a bright red light of blood color, which changed the appearance of the whole interior of the vessel.

*(interpreted as they now passed a dimension gate/door. See also further + [this, regarding same](#), rø-remark)*

Everything had changed shape, the faces of men were skeletal and spectral and mine must have also taken a terrible aspect, because *the little man was quick to tell me not to be afraid*, it was the sun that gave us that color. But I did not feel like I was in a strong red reflector. Suddenly, the movement stopped, or better to say the sensation that we were going at a frightening speed. And suddenly we stayed as suspended in the air. Now, here is another big surprise, no less pleasant than the previous one. ***It was a gigantic black disk, dazzling, blinding.*** We turned around it slowly, as if



in recognition. The sun's rays reflected on its polished surface. It was motionless, as if it let itself be sniffed by the little device we occupied.

Finally, we stopped in front of the gigantic disk. We have seen in the upper part a cover of the same size as our ship, and this one has begun to slip into this monster. We felt perfectly the friction in the lower part, under our feet, as if we were sliding on rails. This sensation stopped.

*<another example of mothership.*

The panels opened, leaving us free again. The men stopped and motioned me to follow them. The skylight was open and we left this part of the ship. The door of the ship was open, and we descended into a huge dome, in which there was nothing but columns, which formed the support on which our little vessel rested. ***In this dome there was intense illumination without the source being visible. It seemed as if all the surfaces we saw were producing light.*** The men went beyond where they had parked our ship, towards a wall that divided the circumference. And I followed them with an indifference, which, just by thinking about it, gives me chills.

A little before reaching the wall, a section of about a meter and a half slid gently to one side. We continued there, to find ourselves in a place in the shape of a half-moon. ***The opposite part, that is to say the semicircular, was occupied by a kind of panoramic cinema screen, but intensely luminous.*** At the foot of the screen there was a long, narrow table considerably covered with instruments, among which stood a large number of small dials, but incredibly visible with different readings. Three rows of keys were also quite visible, resembling those of pianos arranged for a concert. And a great quantity of protuberances completed this panel of marvelous instruments. There were three large seats with it. I was so distracted at watching all this that I did not realize that I was surrounded by Venusians.

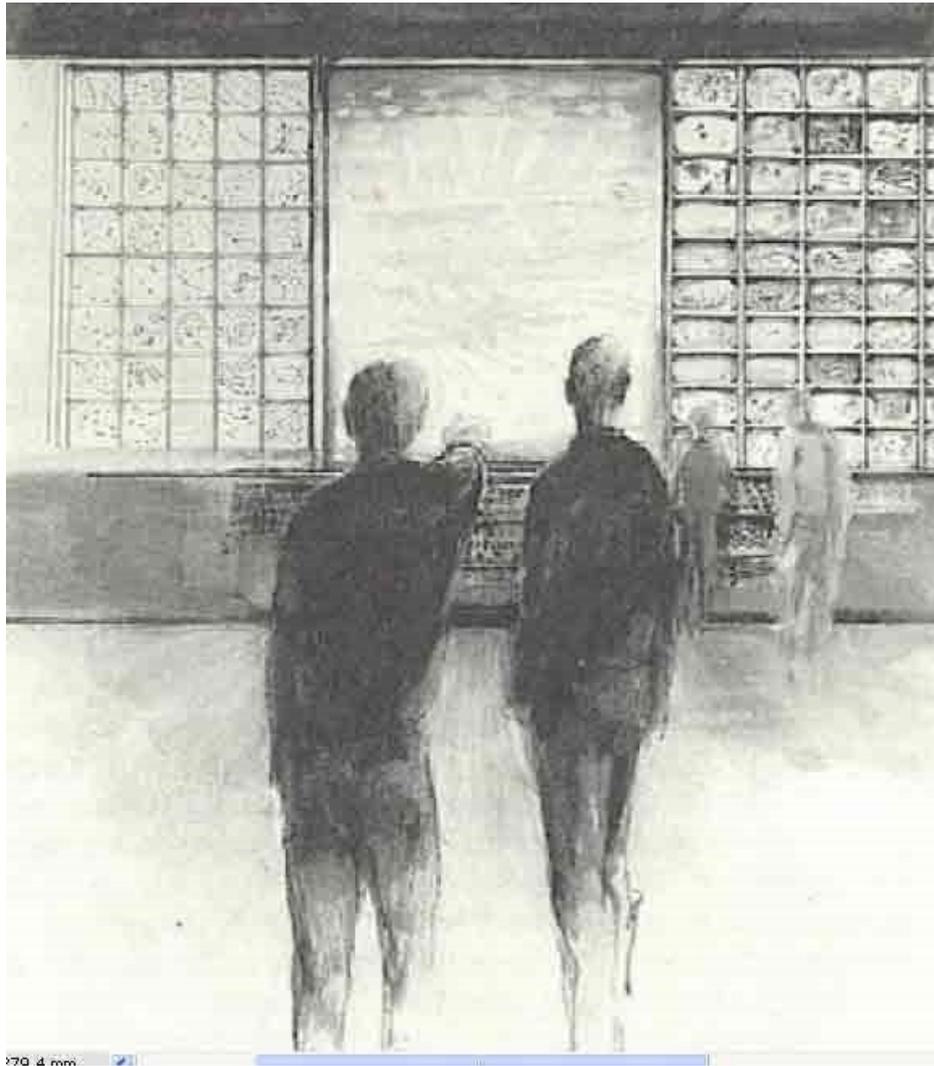


▲ not from this book: "When the ship and everything within its aura / energy field is technical raised in frequency up to or past the frequency of the 'astral level', everything within this ships' field can be moved or "travelled" to a distant place in the cosmos almost outside the limitations of the physical timeline / dimension, via astral/4d natural [space- channels](#), which is really our macro-being's (galaxy's) astral nervous system!

ALL life in cosmos (not only this 3d/ coarcepart of the cosmos-) exists on 6 parallel worlds or dimensions at the same time, but we have focus at just one at a same time, because the memory is now at its almost latent level, so that we will not normally be aware or remember 'DAY-CONSCIOUS' from these other parallel LIFE- levels. As we also visits thru the normal sleep, when consciousness is transferred onto the astral body or higher . (This, how the memory now- from ca year 1994 to ca2494, are gradually passing into its lowest level, which makes many practical, daily problems. This changing of the mental energies are much more described in the books on [the spiritual science](#) from Martinus. See [more](#) and [+here](#) rø-remark )

There were eight in total with my friends. I asked them for forgiveness for my inexcusable distraction. They said they were happy that I was in their small ship - this monster was nothing but their ship. - There was something else that caught my attention. Four of those who were there were dressed in the same way as my friends. The other two were undoubtedly the chiefs, because their appearance and look in general denoted not only a more advanced age, but also a superior character. Not to mention that the uniform they wore was of a brilliant brown color, which gave them a distinguished appearance, a higher chain of command.

If that was not enough to differentiate them, it was enough to observe the veneration with which the others looked at them. Everything that had happened to me since this morning we had come down from the car seemed so unreal that I began to feel confused. **I was afraid to come back from one moment to another and find myself in the car.** But that was not the case. **I was alive and well awake.** The ship's leaders invited me to stay with them for some time, because, according to them, they felt a real satisfaction to have a man of my race as a guest. On the right side and in front of the huge screen, there was a row of 'beds'. I do not think anyone in our race that would see that would think it's anything else. Naturally, they had something different from ours; but only by their simplicity. These beds were simple frames about a meter and a half long, one wide and two inches thick.



*The picture or drawing here from the info from Albert Coe's UFO contact back in the 20s, where a similar BIG SCREEN was seen inside the mothership. [Click](#) on the image to open it*

The filling material was padded, porous, and soft and was supported by a thread of a resilient and inelastic material. Along this frame there were two moulded handles spaced apart which, turning them, the bed took different positions. It could be turned into a comfortable armchair, without any kind of leg, because the frame was embedded in the wall. And therefore, when converted into a chair, it was hung or suspended. After giving me a demonstration of how this wonderful ship worked, they turned the beds, and my two friends, the chiefs and one of those in the ship sat down.

The other three 'disappeared' in the enormous seats, next to the instrument panel.

Suddenly, we began to hear a kind of high whistling sound, and the screen was divided into three bands all the way down. Red lights began to cross the middle band. They appeared at random places and always disappeared at one end, and most of the time increasing in size before disappearing. It caught my attention and I asked one of the chiefs what it was because I was sitting in the middle of them. They explained to me that they were cosmic particles, and that the machine produced a powerful repulsive force that pushed them away from us so they would not cause damage to the ship. It was interesting, because as they crossed in different directions, they formed fantastic figures. It would have been enough to entertain me for several days without getting bored.

It is undeniable that a long time had passed, because my stomach was warning me of it. Unexpectedly, one of the men who accompanied us stopped, and on going to the left side of each of the chairs he pulled out a piece that was part of a long articulated arm. He then went to a corner opposite to where we were, and

came back with two little food trays, one in each arm. The trays formed a table about six inches thick, and they were divided into five deep sections, each one full of something consistent, of such a pleasant taste that it was difficult for me to compare it to something I would have eaten before. But not only was it pleasant, but it was also comforting to the extreme. Shortly after eating these foods, I felt a pleasant satisfaction of comforting optimism that erased all my problems and concerns from my mind.

My eyes were closing. Naturally, this had an explanation. The night before, I had hardly slept, I had driven the car for at least three hundred kilometers. Then, the different emotions that I had gone through rushed inside me and, if that were not enough, now I was in a fantastic ship surrounded by strange people.

Strange, yes; but that made me feel the most important man that Earth. They were overflowing with kindness and sympathy, as if in reality they felt obliged to me. And why should I deny it, in front of them I felt ashamed and insignificant. In the end, despite all my efforts and resistance, I could not help it, sleep took me away and everything was mystified.

When they woke me, my clothes had been changed, even though I had not changed position or place. **Everything I wore on me was gone.** *My body was now covered with a uniform like theirs, but without a belt.* It also lacked the ribbon of the collar, as well as the shoes. The ones I wore were a kind of one-piece sandals that covered the ankles. I was also wearing pants, as fitted as a .....

I felt the material adhere to my body, but without hindering me at all. What covered me from the waist up was like a sweater like those you put on your collar. The sleeves were on the wrists and the collar was closed and fitted, and it came down to my throat. ***None of these garments had closures, buttons, pockets, or seams of any kind.***

The material was thick, because in some places I felt it at least was an inch. Of incomparable freshness, it gave me the sensation of being naked. **The men, in my astonishment, explained to me that they had taken this liberty because it was absolutely necessary to protect me.** They had tried to wake me up, but they had not succeeded. However, they had managed to sadden me, because to change my clothes without informing me, it was the height (of breaking privacy). But I believed them, because I remembered once, being still a child, friends had pulled me out of a car while I slept and sat me in a tree. So why not believe what they said.

Besides, we had no time to lose with childishness. The men had awakened me so that I could see with my own eyes the marvelous spectacle they were about to present to me shortly. They went on and said not to leave the screen with the eyes, so as not to miss any details. Indeed, soon after appeared a small sphere, the size of a ball. It was completely different from anything that crossed the screen with dizzying speed. It did not change places and only increased in size. It was now about the size of a golf ball. It was wonderful and it came to us in a straight line. Moments later, it looked like a medium sized ball. It did not change color, and it was shimmering red, like a ball of charcoal embers. Then it was the size of a balloon. It had not changed position and if this thing continued like this, it threatened to invade the whole screen. Already, one saw almost nothing but this thing. Could this ball obsess me so much that I could not take my eyes off it? I began to feel fear. Everyone on board felt it too. We could see it on their faces. I think they were happy as well, but concerned. Our goal was now at least a meter. I tried to get up. The two chiefs, at the same time, told me that I must remain quiet in my seat; but nobody was doing anything to avoid the terrible collision. I looked at them, desperate; but they ignored me. This fantastic ball already covered the screen of half. I tried again to get up, but this time I felt the pressure on my legs of two small but powerful arms. **The man on my right told me that we were not in danger, that we were entering another world, in this world they lived and that what we saw, was an atmospheric layer covering it.**



## **CHAPTER 4 ARRIVAL ON**

### **VENUS - INEVITABLE**

#### **ARISE.**

The ball covered the three screens. I began to feel suffocating heat; but only me, the others were, immutable (unchallengeable) and I attributed that to my nervous state. We had managed to overcome the dangerous sense of shock. Now, the lower screen is covered with small squares, divided by deep and straight channels. The squares began to grow, they were already better distinguished. They were covered with something that seemed to be shrubs and on the shrubs there was something else. We flew over some of them, where we could distinguish vessels similar to the little one in which we found ourselves, and one where a ship covered the whole square. We started going down vertically.

We headed to the right of one of the squares, as we could see perfectly on the bottom screen. Everyone stopped and we prepared to go out. The cabin door opened. To our left, there was a big column, stuck to the wall that I had not seen when we entered. A section has turned, and has left exposed a staircase in semicircular bars. The leaders advanced. One of them came down, then the other. They disappeared in the hollow column. My friends beckoned me to follow them. This operation reminded me of parachute descents.

I stepped on a rung and holding my hands on the bar in front of me, it slowly started to go down like an elevator. It did not stop until it reached the ground, five meters under the bottom wall of the ship. We found ourselves under the belly of the latter that was actually black and brilliant. Around me it was filled with little trees, all loaded with fruit.

It breathed like perfume. Between the trees there were large poles of metal, black as well. On these rested our ship. There was also passages that went in all directions and which amounted to at least half a meter above ground level, stepping on it sounded hollow.



▲ This reminds me and take in this picture from the film *ASTRAL CITY*- from book of *By the Spirit* of André Luiz -through medium Francisco Cândido Xavier in the 40s

Trees did not measure more than two meters height ; but they were bushy. Their branches stripped, had no leaves, nor did we see fallen leaves on the ground. Their branches were pretty large and not proportional with the trunk. Each branch had fruits in abundance!

I touched one and I felt that the peel was extremely thin. The fruit was sweet, as when it is ripe. Each tree was supported at the trunk level by four supports that started from the ground. These supports were angled like legs and attached to trunk. These were connected to two canals.

*(comment; obviously an artificially created tree and fruit – and just naturally that at some point we will be able to cross out fruit types with very high nutrition, without the actual mother tree needing to be so big. Rø-remark )*

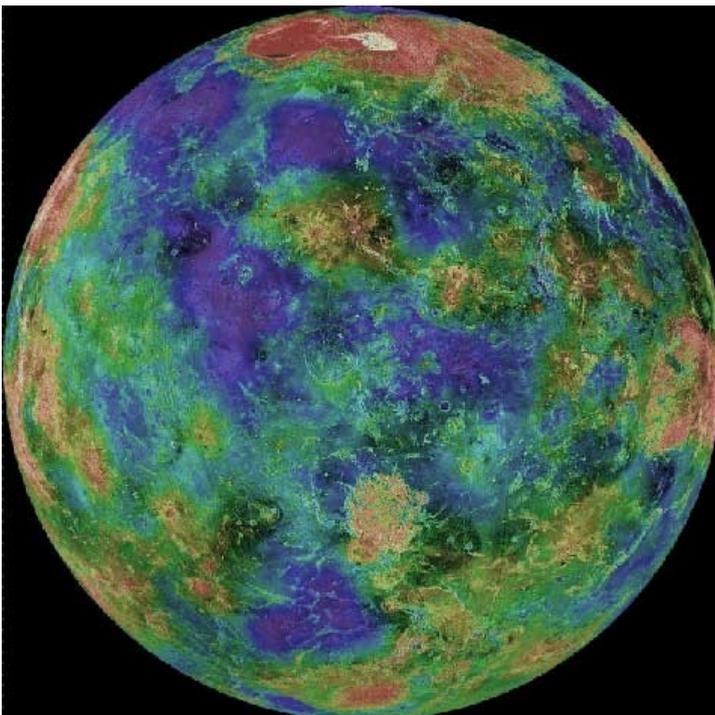
I examined the earth, but it did not have anything similar to ours. *It looked like dust from something like crushed rubber or fine sand.* It was black and wet, extremely wet; but not by water but of a viscous liquid. My friends confirmed that indeed this was not land, but a chemical, and that the trees *were not supported by the roots* but that the latter only served them to feed them.

They also assure me that we are on a rooftop and this is a tank to contain all the material with which they feed their fruit growing.

We followed a corridor to the edge, which was a thick railing. *I looked down and I realized that what I thought were channels was streets.* There below, several vehicles moved, and along the walls there was a large number of people, all aligned, in order. They did not meet nor was clinging together.

When I looked up, I saw something amazing: a very tall and endless dome, one of which could not see where IT ends. My friends told me that this covers their entire world, but that it was not only that. It was spreading light rays in all directions.

They continued to explain to me that it was a thick layer of clouds, to which they had mixed substances. By receiving the rays of the sun, this layer absorbed heat and light, multiply it and pass it on. It is with this light, that they lit all up. *They assured me that they did not have nights.(fits vith Venus which astronoms here say have **no own rotation.** Rø-remark )*

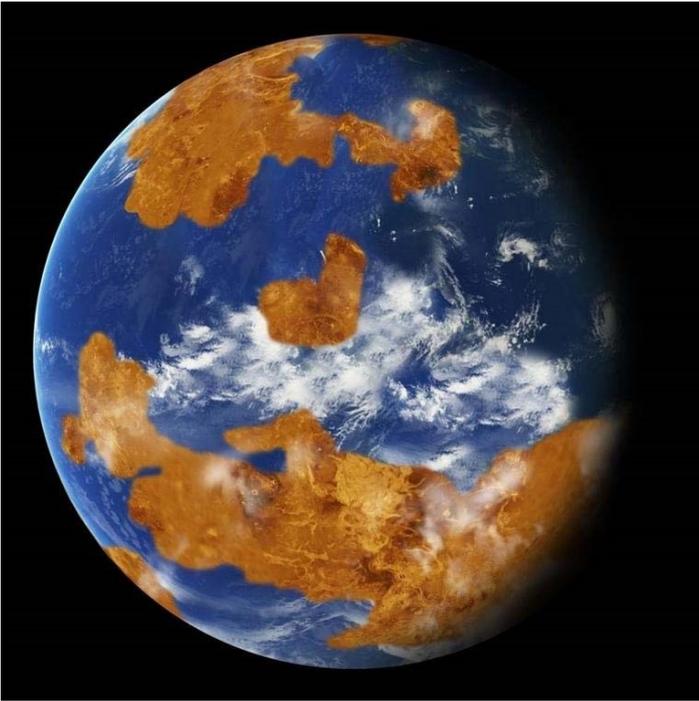


radar venus ill.

The climate was stifling and I was starting to long for air. The air I was breathing was not enough. I felt bad, I stretched the collar of my shirt that was elastic, but it was not enough. The face burned. I thought I was going to faint and I was leaning on the railing.

The men who watched over me expected this reaction and immediately arrived prepared. They gave me something that looked like a piece of rubber, about the size of a cigar and they told me to suck as if I smoked it. The reaction was remarkable. With each puff, I recovered my strength until I felt normal. The neck of my shirt was still tight, but did not bother me anymore.

Under that monumental vault you can see countless ships like the one we carry inside, many like the big one and all black. They crossed each other quickly at different elevations/heights. I noticed that the altitude at which they were flying was according to the direction in which they were going.



<not from book

<< *Venus may once have been habitable.*  
*an artist's depiction of ancient Venus*

There was not just one form of ships. There is also some tubulars, of various sizes, widths and heights. There were some spherical also different dimensions. They looked like balls of crystal.

Above us, there is one which passed and which looked like a pear or an egg. It was near us at low altitude and was moving slowly. They affirm me that it was also a carrier ship. Something caught my attention: despite the speed and fusion of vehicles, these did not collide.

A gigantic ship descended in front of US and, meeting a smaller one, the latter veered off with astonishing speed. It seemed to me that crew members did not intervene.

I questioned them, and they explained to me the phenomenon. All machines have a strength of repulsion, and if someone carelessly goes into the path of another it is repulsed like a ball.

We walked in a passage alongside the railing until we reached a corner of the roof. There were the elevators, arranged on all the length of this side of the roof. They are not the style closed, like the ones we know. They have three sides covered with a massive and rigid grid.

We're leaning back on that grid, and I grip the grid firmly with my hands; but I'm right by where the controls are.

One of the leaders asked me if I was hungry and, my faith, I did not feel it, I had even forgotten it; but I tell him

I answered that yes.

- Because by chance, this building has a room to eat - he commented with a laugh.

Actually, going down we stopped at each floor; but they were all full of people. We continued to descend. We finally found several empty places and we went out to this floor. Great harmony reigned in all the movements of the people. Nobody hindered or whispered.



Everyone arrived, took their food, sat down, then brought back the empty tray and withdrew.

<<artist impression on city on other planets. Not from this book.

I realized that the wall that faced the one we went down to was also covered with elevators. And the other two walls were turned into cupboards, filled with identical trays to those we used in the ship.

The floor of this room was covered with small chairs that were equipped with a reversible board on which one deposited the tray. But poor me!

Now that I knew food better, my friends offered me a double ration and I ate until satiety. There were ten flavours and they were all different. I also observed that the colours were very varied, so much so that I am tired of counting them. They told me that each colour had five different flavours, which gave thousands of flavours, however, they had all the same consistency. The teaspoons they use have some resemblance to our shovels, square, but slightly curved and are very small.



<<Here we 'have placed' Salvador in a supposed cafe, and as shown: he was then as a giant among those others who were then about 1m in height acc.to his book. Maybe he was 1,7 m which was about average in Mexico then.

continual orgy of colours, wherever one looks.

Men and women dress the same and are distinguished from the front only by the forms of women. When speaking, his voice is relaxed. This is not the case of that of men, who is rough and to a certain extent unpleasant to the ear. **All have blond hair and vaguely and all have it falling onto the shoulders.**

They have also all green eyes and ivory skin. My friends explained to me that the breed was small because they wanted it that way, and that the process was (a result of-) scientists. As for the color of their skin, their hair and their eyes, it was due to the climate that reign on this planet.

My first two friends and I stayed in dining room. The other people had left us because they had to report. We devoted ourselves to snooping freely. ***It turns out would be wonderful to be among so many dolls human, for whom I had to look like a monster.***

We left the dining room by the same elevator and arrived at what would be the mezzanine. This floor was completely empty. People were circulating through this place. From street to street, there were no doors. The two front walls that do not have elevators are made up of a series of arched entrances and in the centre are two more spacious than the rest. At this point there were vehicles crossing, there was a lot of light, but we did not see the source. ***It looked like the walls produced it.*** We walk on a shock-absorbing floor, which is polished like metal.

We went out towards the street and in front of the building we stopped. The sidewalks were traveling at a moderate speed. They were divided into three bands, two moved in opposite directions and the middle one was motionless.

(yes, as our escalators)

People changed easily from one band to another to that which was stationary, and from that to the band which who came in the opposite direction, or they entered a building ..... The facades were smooth and had no kind of windows, completely smooth. Their beautiful colours resembled glass or, to put it better, to mirrors, because the image was clearly reflected. We noticed the union of the material on each floor; but only the same within the width of the building.

Each building was of one colour. They are thus differentiated – by colour. There were no signs of any kind. Dining rooms for example were blue, and we found them every four blocks.

The roadway of the street was wide. It was divided at the center by a narrow barrier. This central division is covered with 2 kinds of metal strips, one narrow and yellow, the other wide band being dark brown.

I saw only two types of ground vehicles. There is a small model, individual, for anybody. It is equipped with two rollers for wheels.

They do not coincide with the idea that we have of a well-proportioned wheel, since they are short and wide. Those are designed for just one person, but there are some who have three rollers. In the small model, there is a seat with a backrest and on the front wheel there is only one cuff/sleeve, no bigger than the hand of one of them. It operates like a handlebar. In the large model, the seat is wide and there is also a footrest. Just like the others, it is controlled with a cuff/sleeve.

We see this type of abandoned vehicles in the mezzanines (=mezzanine floor; entresol- [messanin\(etasje\)](#)(no; [dvs.:](#) lav etasje mellom første og annen etasje) in almost every building. (can be interpreted as some similar as in the [Acart contact](#)- but they were “flying cars” parked on the terraces of their simple flats they all lived in, because of the earlier problems with great overpopulation there, as also the [IARGA contact](#) was into . Rø-remark) No indoor use of them. Anyone uses them and abandons them whenever they feel like it. Those with three rollers are generally used by couples, men and women. We see them moving at a good speed and usually ‘on the narrow strips’.

The other type of ground vehicle, we could call "the collective". They look like the frames of half-finished buildings. Most have ten floors, although there are some who have less. This kind of transport is rather rare.

And as the system seemed interesting to me, I will try to describe it in every detail, but for this first let's see how the street are, so that we can understand better. These go up and down, forming overpasses in each corner, so vehicles always pass under a bridge every two blocks and the gap in this is used to house the platforms that receive the passengers. *Now let's see what the vehicles are like that pass by about one meter from the sidewalks.*

And since we're talking about sidewalks, we're going to complete their description. Throughout their length, there is a rigid railing that separates the sidewalks from the traffic of the street. The streets are kept dust-free by an endless vacuum cleaner, dust that could produce trouble for the continuous rolling of vehicles. **Waste is not accepted in this world, where one notices absolute cleanliness.**

The vehicles are, as I said, frames that sit on a platform that serves as their base. This platform in turn rests on several rows of rollers. Generally, each row has five big rolls and we count up to ten rows. The vehicle is a frame caravan "and there are two identical ones in each stop. These frames are without rollers and are grouped together, one behind the other. I will now try to describe the last element, that is, where sit the passengers. It's a box that contains up to ten benches, and on each of the benches can sit five to six people. Small people, of course.

Every box is a whole mechanism. (*would be desirable with a drawing or more, of all this. "An image says more than a thousand words". Rø-remark*)

The vehicle comes to a stop and it adjusts with an accuracy to millimeters, parallel to the first stationary frame. We hear a rap and a section separates to said stationary frame. It advance a few more meters to adjust with the next section and receives another frame full of passengers.

I said earlier that each of these crates was a mechanism, is because the seats are installed on a band that as soon as it finds itself in the fixed, stationary band, this band turns and positions each seat towards a sort of mechanical staircase. **Unique, automatic.**

People use these escalators and these seats with great ease. These lifts take them to subterranean corridors and, to approach one of these vehicles, the operation is done in reverse. **There's no drivers or operators.** ([The some similar was told by Arthur Berlet in his book he made after his involuntary journey to the planet which they called Akart in 1958](#)) They do not use trailers. They also do not ride on rails and however they are so precise in their stops, that I think that even if a person manoeuvres them, it could not be more precise. They go one after another, sometimes as single file. To some places, they reach speeds of seventy k-meters/hour or more. They always circulate on two narrow bands.

Light in the streets comes from the sky or the space vault. It's not as lively as the one we have in the day. It looks rather a little like that which floods our world at dawn. We see it [enthraling](#); -read thousands of places at once, like rays sun, passing through white clouds and silvery which form an endless reflector.

My friends told me they did not have any artificial light in the streets and they no longer had nights, and the fact that no vehicle brings any means to produce light seemed to prove what they claimed. ***But inside buildings, the intensity of the light they use was something surprising, it seems to emanate from walls and ceilings.***

We went out walking, because even though the 'bands' can move them, people feel the need to use their little legs without being carried. I was walking clumsily and my only concern was to not walk onto someone.

The change that was happening in my being was admirable. I felt my mind clear and a great power of observation. I easily assimilated what they explained to me and experienced such a degree of unconcern that I had almost forgotten that I had to return to my own world, although my friends did not know when. I also did not realize that the two spoke Spanish, and I only came back to reality by seeing my disproportion, with all the beings that surrounded me, not only in stature, but also in "ugliness."

## CHAPTER 5

### FIRST IMPRESSIONS

As I went for the first time on one of their roof gardens, I saw some something that caught my eye. There were buildings that, although they were similar to others, are only so up to the average height of buildings and from there they rise up further in a circular way to a height of perhaps two hundred meters and ended in a dome, round and smooth.



▲ Not connected with this book really- only illustration found on the net.

This extension was bright black, identical to that of circular ships, like the one who had transported us to this wonderful world. There were plenty of them, because only four buildings separated them from each other, and any side you could count on. That is to say that each of them was in the middle of a group of twenty-four buildings. These were the only buildings which included signs or guides, but these indications, according to the words of my friends, only mark the zone number that is controlled from it.

My friends explained to me that these monsters were the most important buildings because it was from these towers that the buildings were the most important buildings, since the administration of the group that surrounds them is run from them, among these there are dining rooms, dormitories, cinemas, playrooms, halls, sound/concert halls, laboratories for the preparation of food, a medical centre, a garment factory and a hygiene laboratory for the latter. We control all this, also the distribution of clothing and food, as well as the climate and lighting of the building group, surrounding, and all this automatically.

They also explained to me that from their domed towers they maintained a constant communication with ships and other buildings. In the towers they capture sounds that come from all over the universe. They study them, classify them and ‘materialize’ them. And from their domes, they maintain the shape and the height of their atmospheric layer. They control also the climate outside the buildings.

And, as if this were not enough, in each of them there is a living archive in which you can investigate your past, see the present and the gestation of the future. We can see, without leaving, the processes of building construction, manufacturing and assembly of all kinds of air and land vehicles, as well as the preparation of their food and their clothes from the very beginning.

They use a wonderful system of "autosono-vision". The word is right, because we can control the "show" at will. There are in each of their rooms, on the walls, curtains (*in front of the screens?*) that are controlled from handles located on each side of the opening. On these handles, you lay your hand completely, keeping the thumb on a button. Just like in the halls of a cinema, you have an incredible sense of depth, and the idea invades us that we actually see men, material, machinery and their process.

*(surely a form of 3d screens similar to supergood (flight-)simulators - as has also been launced here too - almost 70 years after this was allegedly experienced by him in-52, and THEN experienced as "pure magic". rø-remark )*

With the handles, you can move the show/picture to left and right, or stop it, as if you **was** in a vehicle and we would like to visit this zone. For that, just press the buttons.

As I consider that what I saw in some of these shows, is so interesting that I will try to describe these interesting impressions:

We will start with something that we all know, the tires of any vehicle. It's a thing of **their** past because they have now a smooth floor like mirror and they use a different axle system. But, as I said, they used a very similar type of tire to our own, although the manufacturing process was different.

We (go) to the question of transport. Through air - limited, but we have made progress with speed, but not safety. We drive an automobile to more than 200 km/h and the result as is in the hands of luck. Our vehicles are mounted on four tires supported by compressed air. We know from experience that not only at this speed, but even at a third of that, if one of these tires loses the air that supports it, unforeseen, our survival will depend only on luck.

And then he describes a kind of rubber tire production, and doubtful if he had seen such a thing in Mexico at that time, which was then an almost under-developed country and long before there were any television there. Rø-remark

However, they do not play with their lives, nor do they leave this in the hands of luck. Therefore, they seek safety in reliability, in strength of material.

And their tires in all forms are built on this principle. And as I saw the whole manufacturing process, I am able to describe it. I wished that in this case, I could make myself understood, because my vocabulary is so decrepit that I do not know if I'm able to express myself correctly.

We will start with the kernel, that is, this which in our tires represents air under pressure, which is the basis of a reliable tire. To come to understand, we will imagine a mould for this core, as if into we wanted to put one of our tires. This mould is open in its part higher. In addition, it is divided on the width, at the centre is, thus forming two equal sections that they can open to dislodge the kernel once built. The two walls that form the mould are covered with perforations on their entire surface.

This mould rotates in a machine and in its cavity wraps the material that will form the tire. I saw three types of material, namely: a small pipe or a tube of the diameter of a pencil. It was made of a plastic special material, but it could have been rubber as we know it. The material was the same for the pipe, but reinforced with fibre, for that it has greater resistance, and finally another type of a material neither hollow nor solid. It was a cord or a cable of the same diameter as the previous ones. It was made of maybe sisal fibre, agave, jarcia, or any other fibrous material. It was crooked natural - chemically treated to be able to receive a plastic wrap and then rubber, all like the fibres that form the sole of our tires.

Now, once the mould is filled with this material, of course always with the same tension, quantity and weight, all goes into the cooking process, in order to obtain a compact unit that does not break. Will not be removing the mould. When the kernel is complete, both sections turn in the opposite direction without being removed from the material and that's how sections break away from the core without damaging it.

"Having arrived at this stage, we already have the basis for a good semi-solid and reliable tire. After this we move on to the construction of a metal mesh, which will increase its resistance and preserve its shape.

There is a machine that weaves said mesh around the outer circumference of our core and, as it is woven, these cores enter it, accompanied by a spacer that contains a slot in the middle of its extension.

This is necessary because on its way it passes through a circular cutter, which is responsible for dividing only the necessary material into each core.

Shortly after the mesh is cut, the cores are separated from the spacers, the latter following a path and the former entering channels that deepen each time until said mesh adheres to the side walls, forming a fixed and secure opening. .

Then they are covered with the material that will form the floor, in our case rubber; then to the molds that the bearing drawing will mark. ....*bla bla- stops this 'industry talk' here at this point..* .

\*

“Now let's go to their air vessels. **They assured me that the formula we were using to fly was not effective.** Not only will our ‘buckets’ be very fragile and unsafe, but they depended on fuel for their propulsion. In addition to increase their volume, this reduced their range of action.

**According to him, we had to find the way to build machines that used the forces that surround us, which are very vast.** As they, in each ship, they were carrying small but powerful source of energy. That they profit from the heat as well as cold, light, darkness, magnetic fields like electrical storms.

The principles used, in all their ships, is the same and only its arrangement varies. I will try to discover the construction process of a small circular vessel, that is to say what we let us call commonly in our world a flying saucer.

The first thing we see is the base or the bottom part. The piece arrives raw. You can see the enormous hollow circumference. We can also see the three cavities, where the supporting mechanism will be. The piece also has five bases that will receive as many sealed ball bearings, impressive for sure, to which they inject a liquid material, not naturally occurring, a laboratory product very similar to tin. *Each ball bearing will house the end of a vertical shaft.* There will be five and in each of them turns large thin wheels, joined to other, smaller wheels.

This reminds me here and now about the description that "John" gave after visiting the ‘machine room’ on the JANOS PEOPLE’s ufo-vessel in the 70s in England. See chapter 8 of book of Frank Johnson:  
<http://galactic.to/rune/janos2a.html>

In three of these axles are housed five of the largest wheels; in the other two only four. These large wheels end in a very sharp angle, which will fit in a slot of the same diameter in which is constrained the little wheel. This acute part of which I speak, is covered with small circles, which may well to be reels, because the little wheels that are there housed, are covered in their turn with bars, arranged in angle all around.

After this operation, it is the establishment of sources of energy, which are also five in number and which have the *shape of a container for roasting turkeys*. Everything is well assembled. Now we continue with the inner ‘ladder’ in the shape of a tube. It is housed between two sets of wheels, and now that everything is arranged in this way, they place the central cover. It arrives between four motorized arms that they turn, and drop or go down, depending on the operators' wishes. This cover in turn has ball bearings correctly placed and fits perfectly with the axes, the scale and the lower part of the vessel. We already have the engine room that will propel this bucket. Although this is the hardest part, everything is executed/made with precision and ease.

The same machine that brought the central cover, now makes the whole assembly, and thus facilitates the establishment of “floating” or levitation. These must be precisely fixed because when they are not necessary so, they turn and fit into their cavities, creating a uniform surface with the rest of this part of the ship.

(again: it would be much better with drawings/scetches, rather than these attempts to make a word- description of technical things in ‘foreign language’. “An image says more than a thousand words”.  
But for those who bother to follow on, in his technical descriptions, I try to interpret further ... Rø-remark)

These devices have two types of ladder, the circular that can go under the ship and a other cut at the bottom of it; but who coincides with the other. It’s the one that leads to the superior of the ship, transformed into a room controls. The upper part also mounts by a crane with four motorized arms. Just like the cover central, it has a collar or crown, as we want to call it. This collar has small windows round all the way up and down. When it descends, it leaves, like the buoys, a smooth surface prolonging the shape of the ship, oblong if we see it in profile. *These little windows are not for making direct observation, but is rather screens sensor for different uses.*

And here is the finished ship. We see technicians enter who will make sure everything works; but it misses the most important. Here the ship is move modus.

Do it according to the will of his crew. It climbs, descends, moves in different ways and at different angles, however it is not armed. From our observation point, we follow the ship in its movements. We see it approaching another department where there is a sort of tubular water tank with a capacity of about one hundred litres. One of them separates from the group and meets the ship, which approaches at a low altitude to position itself on this cylinder. All is moved without the direct intervention of anyone. The vessel descends slowly until it gives the impression of having swallowed the cylinder. When it gets up again, it keeps it in “the belly”, and it remains on the ‘floor’. Only the little platform on which it was moving, which returns slowly to the room. Have you any idea what this cylinder was? **No less than a terrible weapon that can disintegrate everything, absolutely anything, at any imaginable distance. It produces vibrations capable of demolishing buildings in just a few minutes.** The thickness of the walls of the vessel is more than ten inches. The material is transparent, with greater visibility in the lower part, because sometimes we can see the disks of the machines spinning. It is these (whites) that produce luminescence that

increase or decrease in intensity according to the zone where they are found. These disks ‘wheels’ rotate at different speeds and the slowest ones are those below.

Vril-1-Triebwerk TACHYONATOR 7b

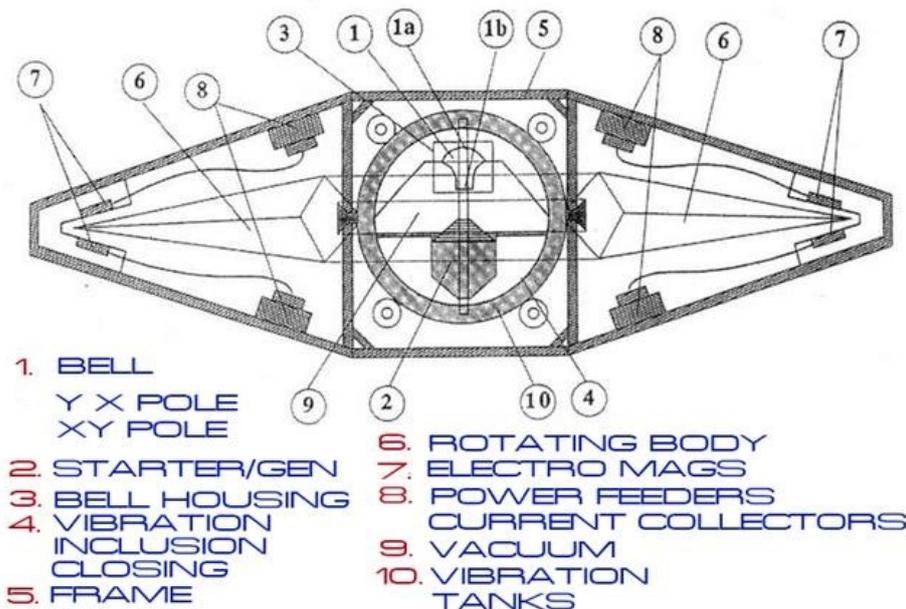


illustration is not from this book (vril with only one rotor) But miss a drawing like this one, which would make the understanding more easy!! Esp.when not reading a mother language on such high-tech.things.

Our ship, which we followed step by step, is half finished, it is missing now only polishing. For this final process we check that it floats gently and move on to another department, until reaching and positioning in the center a gigantic machine, equipped with a series of discs that are spinning at high speeds, moving in all directions to cover all the ship, removing it from our vision.

After this operation, our ship is blazing new and ready to engage in any kind of testing. It goes out to the open air and they make it work incredible ..... Because of our mentality, it's only in seeing these wonders, we can believe. The tubular vessels have two sets of disks arranged over their entire length and may contain, according to their length, up to twenty on each axis of large dimensions.

One of the characteristics of these vessels, according to my friends, to whom I asked if they were losing ships in their incursions on other planets. Is it that they have lost any? But they still (let them) explode at sea when damaged, after have recovered the crew members. This to avoid that the remains get in the hands of ambitious/ the ignorant.

And in all their ships, absolutely in all, their machinery is made up of disks of different diameters depending on the size of the vessel. I think later if it will be the concept that we will use to propel our independent vehicles.

\* \* \*

Last here "Clip" on same case, google-translated from:

<http://marcianitosverdes.haaan.com/2010/05/viaje-a-venus-en-un-plato-volador-la-increble-historia-de-salvador-villanueva-final/>

TRAVEL TO VENUS ON A FLYING SAUCER.  
THE INCREDIBLE STORY OF SALVADOR VILLANUEVA (FINAL)  
MAY 8, 2010 LUISRN 3  
TRIP TO VENUS IN A FLYING disk

For pictures here, go to the site

<https://translate.google.com/translate?hl=no&sl=auto&tl=en&u=http%3A%2F%2Fmarcianitosverdes.haaan.com%2F2010%2F05%2Fviaje-a-venus-en-un-plato-volador-la-increble-historia-desalvador-villanueva-final%2F> here copy of the auto-translated text;

"Act III. Then came the grand reception at the American Club, organized by the Englishspeaking Commission - all interested in the dishes. Lights, photographers, caviar, cocktails, reception lines, presentations, music! Distinguished men in fine suits and beautiful ladies in colorful suits. A mix of diplomats and military personnel. And the waiters really doing their things. A real Mexican party -Well, it's something to be invited to one! We had a great time hanging around and listening to the various groups. Mr. Adamski had difficulty answering all the questions that were asked of him. Then, suddenly behind the scene -Enjoy! We received an SOS call from a member of the commission. A young man who had entered the reception without invitation and was trying to extort a few pesos by means of a false legal document. The commission's legal adviser, a magistrate, was fortunately present and returned him on his way in a hurry. The party continued without being disturbed. We doubt if any of the distinguished guests would have known what was happening behind the scenes. Actually another character appeared. I wanted to know how much Mr Adamski was charged for a conference. He seemed surprised to learn that Mr. Adam [1] gave the lecture only at the insistence of friends-and without charge. The charge was for the Insurgentes Theater, which had exceeded the ticket sales expenses. Now we knew that an evil was being planned! But the party continued cheerfully, and only the commission knew about these events-and only the villain knew of the crime committed in secret at the conference. But soon we would know.

A messenger appeared with a legal summons for Mr. Adamski! Had-believe it or not-committed the crime of giving a lecture charged to a peso the PedroFerriz entrance [2] , at the Teatro de los Insurgentes, without a permit. The commission had obtained entry permits, theater permits, and God knows how many other permits, but they had neglected to obtain a personal permission for the speaker. Mr. Adamski, of course, knew nothing of all this-all he knew was that a group of friends had asked him to give the lecture. But that did not influence the villain of the plot.

Pedro Ferriz.

## **"INTERNATIONAL COMPLICATIONS**

"Act IV. The following days were agitated. We were all flying around to make sure Mr. Adamski did not stop in jail. A second summons was waiting for him at his hotel that night, and he went to undergo interrogation in the morning. At the hearing, his documents were taken away despite the commission's protests. It was not yet known who was involved in this. The only thing that could be done now was to get help from the US Embassy, which he quickly did. International complications! There is never a dull moment in Mexico! But we all felt sorry for Mr. Adamski. The adverse publicity resulted in the cancellation of some television programs and even an important conference that was to be given to "The National Association of Mexican Technicians."

Roberto Kenny Roberto Kenny.

The problem was fixed, finally, due to the intervention of a high character of Mexican politics whom the Reeves identify as "Mr. Hero". Was it Jesus Reyes Heróles [3] ? Maybe we'll never know.

## **"THE MIDNIGHT HORSEBACK**

"The villains/ "the bandits" turned out to be journalists, irritated, some of whom we have understood attended the failed press conference. Finally some apologies came. Best of all, Mr. Hero arranged for Mr. Adamski to speak after all, in a meeting of 'The National Association of Mexican Technicians', which was held in his own residence. We still have our printed invitation worthy of this matter. Thus ended this fantastic drama in Old Mexico. Thank you very much - Mr. Hero! Thank you very much to all the actors in the drama! In hindsight, I would not have missed any of that for nothing! "

## **THE INTERVIEW ADAMSKI VILLANUEVA**

DiegoRiveraEmmaHurtado Finally, after the incident of the Theater of the Insurgents, an interview was arranged between the two earthlings who, supposedly, had visited the planet Venus. Adamski subjected Villanueva to a type of "secret and esoteric" test, designed by Adamski himself to determine the truth of the contactees. Adamski asked him a series of questions and declared that Villanueva was being honest, since he had answered correctly.

Diego Rivera and Emma Hurtado.

Reeve are again those who inform us of this:

## **"THE MEETING OF THE TWO ADAMSKIS**

"Before George Adamski left Mexico, an interesting meeting was organized between him and Salvador Villanueva Medina, the taxi driver from Mexico. Many of Salvador's admirers, at that time called him 'the Mexican Adamski'. Thus, a historic meeting was organized between the 'two' Adamskis in the residence of Mr. Gebé. This is the sequel we promised in chapter 10. Only six of us were present, including a gentleman who acted as an interpreter.

The theater of the Insurgents, whose marquee could read: "The flying saucers by George Adamski."

"Before the meeting it was agreed that Mr. George Adamski would be free to ask Salvador to give an idea as to the validity of Salvador's experience [4] . We sat back, amazed at how the interrogation continued. Some of the questions asked by Mr. Adamski were fundamentally technical questions about the dishes that we could not have answered correctly ourselves. What did Salvador see when he looked through the door in the ship? What did you notice when the ship took off? Exactly what reasons did man give the space to be there? These and many other specific questions were asked. If the questions amazed us, so did the answers. Salvador approved his examination in the hands of a man, who had seen a saucer by himself, knew how to ask certain things that you would not imagine that simple contact could give the answers. All those present were satisfied with the results. We left the meeting feeling grateful that the events had worked in such a way that we could be present.

Jesus Reyes Heróles

The version of Villanueva is more sparing, but lets glimpse his anxiety:

"Shortly after came from California, USA, Mr. Jorge Adamski. He also gave a lecture on the subject at the Insurgentes theater, and said he had had numerous contacts with the crew of the ships.

"I was introduced to Mr. M. Ge. Be. and I just answered your questions; but without extending.

Illustr. George Adamski in the house of the Reeve couple, in Mexico City.

"I had the firm conviction that none of the people I had met would have more experience than I did, and it seemed to me that they were only seeking my confessions for their personal benefit.

Adamski's partner and co-author, Desmond Leslie, also visited Villanueva that same year, and claimed that Adamski had entrusted him with the "Clave", explaining that "every man who has had real physical contact with men from other worlds. he has been given a certain 'key' by which he is known to be telling the truth " [5] .

Villanueva16MV George Adamski and Salvador Villanueva Medina in the house of Manuel Gutiérrez Balcázar.

Again we give the word to Villanueva

"The English writer Mr. Desmond Leslie also passed through this capital and I had the opportunity to meet him and accompany him for a day and a half, thanks to the interest of the diligent researcher and journalist Mr. M. Ge. Be. that there was no point of rest to take advantage of how much opportunity was presented to investigate my experiences.

*Desmond Leslie*

"I must clarify, as I said before, that the journalist had not told him the full experience either. Like the other people, I limited myself to telling him only one part, since the rest considered him implausible. I was afraid they would ridicule me, because then I thought it fair that nobody believed what I had not seen with their own eyes.

"However, the promise I had made to the spacecraft crew continued to rage in my mind.

"And this is the reason why I decided to write my story broadly and without the limitations imposed by journalism [6] . I hope you forgive my daring.

### **VILLANUEVA, THIRTY FORTY YEARS AFTER**

In the decade of the eighties I wrote the technology sections of the Vogue and Varón México magazines, both of the Novedades publishing group. One of the many times that I was in the offices of the magazine talking with its publisher Noé Agudo , the issue of UFOs came up and led to the matter of the contactees. Soon the name of Salvador Villanueva Medina appeared and I commented that the first articles about this contacte had been written by a journalist from Novedades, M. Gebe. I asked if anyone knew him. As it was logical (almost thirty years had already passed), nobody remembered it, but Noe promised to introduce me to the journalists of the old guard.

The "Café La Habana" is (or was) one of the favorite meeting places for journalists in Mexico. Its location lends itself to this: it is only one block away from the three main newspapers of the capital, the News, which we already mentioned, the Excelsior and the Universal .

Noah took me to introduce me to those who had been some of his teachers and who might have met M. Gebé. I spoke with several journalists, but none remembered that M. Gebé. Until Roberto Acevedo , who was the founder of Esto , told me that it was Manuel Gutiérrez Balcázar, who had directed the newspaper El Fígaro . Finally I knew who was behind the pseudonym M. Gebé. But let's leave this part of the story here.

For those same dates, despite my repudiation of the contactees, I decided to visit the Villanueva mechanical workshop. I do not remember how I got the data or who gave me the information. The fact is that I was there, in the workshop, talking with his son Salvador Villanueva Larios, who informed me that his father was not there, but he put my disposition of his mechanical services.

I told him that what got me there was his father's story about the trip to Venus. Then he became defensive. He told me that his dad's book was just imagination. That they were fed up with the matter. That his father did not like to talk about the subject. That, even, had changed its character because of the ridicule for the book.

Salvador Villanueva Larios.

That made me more interested in the matter. The son of Villanueva saying that everything had been the product of his father's imagination!

Larios gave me a card from the workshop and got back to my orders. We said goodbye.

The days passed and I tried a new interview. I arrived at the workshop, but I was not lucky either (or they refused to Salvador). I did not make a new attempt.

Ten years later I met the young ufologist Óscar García. Almost forty years had passed since the publication of Villanueva's book. He proposed to investigate the case. Once again, apathy had come over the cases of contactees and I declined their invitation [7] . I gave him the workshop card and he went to the interview only.

He had no better luck, Villanueva had died a short time ago. He learned that the contactee thought he had been hypnotized to make him think he had traveled to Venus. He commented that he had been proposed to

make a film about his book, but the project never materialized [8] . Óscar established contact between Villanueva's son and Editorial Mina , who was interested in republishing his book .

## LAST CONCLUSIONS

We have left several loose clues throughout this work. It is time to collect and analyze them. Maybe the reader has already solved the "mystery". But if not, pay attention.

We said that M. Gebé (Manuel Gutiérrez Balcázar), the journalist who made known the case of Salvador Villanueva Medina, met him before the conference of the Reeve spouses. It is suspect that he has adopted an attitude of astonishment when, at the conference of the Americans, Villanueva raised his hand to affirm that he had contacted beings from another world. M. Gebé himself had invited him to the conference!

In fact, Gutiérrez met Villanueva even before, allegedly, Villanueva sent him the letter that told his contact story. Both characters would meet in the underworld of the esoteric and mystical circles of Mexico City, of which they were frequent visitors.

Villanueva visited spiritualist circles, trying to improve their economic situation. Gutiérrez did the same, we do not know if for the same reasons, but to document and then write his articles in newspapers and magazines, national and foreign (he was correspondent of Fate and newspapers in Venezuela and Argentina).

***It is true that Adamski's books were translated into Spanish after the story of Villanueva appeared. It is also true that the Mexican contactee, almost illiterate, could hardly have known the history of the American contactee.*** But for Gutiérrez, that was not impossible. On the contrary, you would not have expected something different. He spoke and wrote English perfectly, he was interested in paranormal topics and his job was just to tell those stories in his newspapers. *Manuel Gutiérrez knew the Adamski case even before the story of Villanueva appeared.*

It is not surprising that Villanueva's description of the ship he found in a place near Ciudad Valles, coincides like a drop of water to another, with the description and photographs of the Adamskian ships:

"A majestic flattened sphere rested on three buoys that formed a triangle. It had, at the top, a cable slightly inclined inwards, about one meter high, surrounded by holes that resembled portholes like those used on ships. "

From this perspective, there are no problems or incongruities with what journalist Rafael Solana already pointed out: "How can the man who has written this amiable and entertaining story have the summary culture that he reveals phlogologically and orthographically?"

And there is no incongruity if we think that the one who wrote the story and the book was Manuel Gutiérrez Balcázar himself. But, a moment, the reader may tell me. Villanueva himself said that he had asked the journalist to help him in the writing of his story. That is true and that could explain the incongruity. In fact it explains why both writing styles are similar (in particular the excessive use, for my taste, of the ellipses)

But the above does not explain why the styles in Antonio Apodaca's story are similar. This last story, it is supposed, was written by Salvador Villanueva, without the help of Manuel Gutiérrez and nevertheless we find the same way of writing.

This seems to indicate that Gutiérrez wrote both stories and used Villanueva as the author. Yes, I use parts of the taxi driver's biography, such as the character of Antonio Apodaca, uncle of Villanueva in real

life, or some trip he had made to Ciudad Valles and that formed the basis of the story about contact with extraterrestrials.

Gutiérrez had several commitments with his columns in newspapers and magazines. The Mexican wave of 1950 had passed and the accounts of the French wave of 1954 were just beginning to arrive. The news of UFOs was not abundant. It was necessary to invent some stories [10] .

Villanueva Salvador Villanueva Medina towards the end of his days. >

The story of Villanueva's contact was polished little by little. At the beginning, no details were given, as in the case of the meeting place. In Gutierrez's first article it says: "In the afternoon, we would have walked about five hundred and a half kilometers". But then the detail is refined and we are told that it happened at kilometer 484. Perhaps, and this is pure speculation, Villanueva told him about a trip to Laredo and told him that the car had broken down just after passing Ciudad Valles. When viewing a road map of the time, the distance noted should have been 500 kilometers to Ciudad Valles. And if the mishap occurred after Ciudad Valles, then the description would be "about five hundred or so miles". After the trip of investigation with the Reeves, when verifying the distances, the data was adjusted to 484 kilometers.



To publish the book, money was needed. As Villanueva says, at that time there were few Mexican publishers interested in publishing books on flying dishes. It was necessary to pay for the edition. Maybe Gutiérrez was looking for some editor, but without luck (again, this is pure speculation). That's why three years passed before the book was published. Finally he realized that only by paying the impression could he see the book.

But there was a problem. Villanueva was a poor driver who barely kept his family. That's where the story of the winning lottery ticket comes from. And this is not speculation.

Manuel Gutiérrez Balcázar always tried to maintain the right distance between himself and the story of Villanueva. In the story, for example, does not identify the photographer who accompanied them to the excursion to Ciudad Valles, who was his son Salvador Gutiérrez. That's why he did not want to appear as the one who contributed the money to publish the book. But some details escaped him, such as when he writes (awarding it to Villanueva):

"And this is the reason why I decided to write my story broadly and without the limitations imposed by journalism. I hope you forgive my boldness. "

Gutiérrez Balcázar wanted to see the complete work finished in the form of a book. The "limitations imposed by journalism" was the lack of space. But in a book you could extend everything you wanted.

And we said that this was no longer speculation because, when we spoke with the journalist Roberto Acevedo, the first thing he told us, laughing, was that everything had been an invention of Manuel Gutiérrez Balcázar, who had used Salvador Villanueva Medina as the alleged author of that fantastic trip and that he himself had paid for the edition of the book, as well as an amount to Salvador for the favor and to keep the secret.

That explains why Villanueva did not want to collect royalties for the book. He could not, because it was not a work of his. And his true author could not either, because he had unmasked himself. In this way, one more deception will swell the history of ufology.

REFERENCES; see  
<http://marcianitosverdes.haaan.com/2010/05/viaje-a-venus-en-un-plato-volador-la-increble-historia-de-salvador-villanueva-final/>

\* \* \*

More on same theme:

(Some similar said by other cosmic contacts – fx [Adamski, this one](#) + [Edw.James, Omnec Onec, and more, etc.](#) ) (+[The Voice Of Venus](#) by Ernest L. Norman, + [Diana-came from V.](#) and many more)



\*

*(This was a translation from the French and Spanish edition, and not done by a professional translator. Please make allowance for large or minor translator errors!! When not finding a logical error in the text, you may have to apply your own interpretation. RØ*