

INTRODUCTORY COMMENTS ON THE RIZZI ufo-CASE

by Gordon Creighton

copy from http://www.ignaciodarnaude.com/avistamientos_ovnis/Rizzi.UFOs%201968,Italian%20Dolomites.FSR80V26N3.pdf remark wordspelling may be here

WALTER RIZZI, the author of the hollowing article, is, as readers see, of Austrian-Italian parentage, and lives in that part of the Austrian Tyrol which was incorporated into Italy after World War I. His mother-tongue is evidently Italian, and, as he admits, his German is not quite 100% accurate, and there are a few passages — fortunately not important ones — where I have had to do a little guessing about his precise meaning.

The Rizzi story came to me in December 1979 from FSR readers Hans Hermann Markert and Frau Daphne Marken, of Mannheim, Germany. (Daphne Markert is British-born, being the daughter of the well-known UFO investigator and FSR reader Mr. Ian Norrie, an engineer and Cambridge graduate, who lives and works in Mexico City and whom some of us had the pleasure of meeting when he was visiting London a couple of years ago).

It seems that Herr and Frau Markert first learnt of the Rizzi story when they heard Rizzi lecture about it in Germany in October 1979. They had the opportunity to speak to Rizzi after his talk, and from his general manner and behaviour, and his vivid way of narrating his experiences, they were left with the very strong feeling that the man was genuine. They are still in constant touch with him and are still investigating the case.

They then sent the whole of the material on to me, plus sundry other items, such as maps of the landing area and a number of Rizzi's colour slides of the landing site and vicinity.

Herr Merkert explained that in passing this material to me it was his hope that FSR might be able to extend the investigation still further and give their critical evaluation of the Rizzi case. Such a course, regrettably, is not within our power. The scene of this close encounter — if it happened — lies far from Britain, and is said to have occurred twelve years ago. It is obvious that, however many investigators we had and however much money we had to spend, we should probably never be any the wiser. This UFO report, as indeed do all close encounter claims, stands or falls by the inner feeling we get as to the integrity and probity of the alleged percipient,

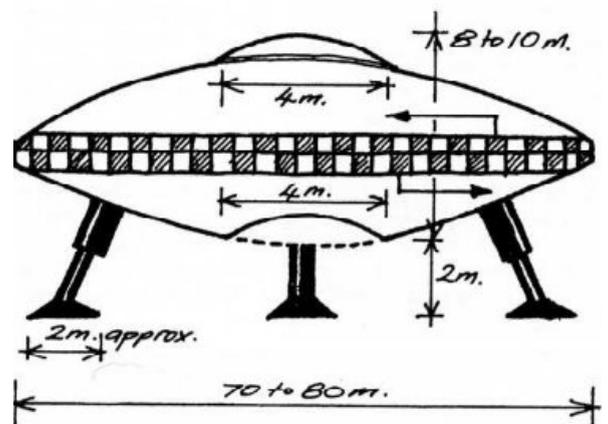
I have been "sitting on" the Rizzi case for the past six months, ruminating on it and wondering what, if anything, we ought to do about it. My personal feeling is that the story could very well be true. If so, then the report is of great importance, for the Rizzi story contains a "message" for mankind. This message is unpalatable, to say the least. But it is a message that happens to be borne out by an increasing volume of corroboratory evidence coming from the most diverse quarters, and from individuals who by no means all "believe" in UFOs or know anything about the UFO Phenomenon.

I came finally to the decision that I ought to take the trouble to translate the report in full and submit it to the Editor of FSR for possible publication. For *Flying Saucer Review* is not, nor has it ever claimed to be, anything other than a forum wherein UFO accounts and UFO-related claims might be ventilated and discussed. If I were to go on "sitting on it," our readers might in all probability never hear of Signor Rizzi. If the case is published, readers will be able to chew it over at their leisure, seeking those features which strike them as "strong" or "weak." That there are numerous features in the story which recall details known to us all from other cases is obvious, and here one is confronted with the old problem of "suggestion" engendered by the widespread dissemination of UFO stories. Dr. Pierre Guerin of France, for

example, is one of those who hold extremely strong views about this. He thinks that UFO reports should never be published at all except in the journals of very specialized bodies with limited readership. (He concedes that FSR qualifies for inclusion in this category.) One must agree that there is a very great deal of sense in what Dr. Guerin says.

and regarding...;"Got into mist/fog...": many have experienced it in connection with UFO contacts, for example this one from 1988 in Puerto Rico;

https://galactic.no/rune/AmauryRivera_ufocontact.htm



CLOSE ENCOUNTER IN THE DOLOMITES

An alleged CE3 or perhaps a CE4? in the mountains of Northern Italy. *Walter Rizzi*

Translation from German by Gordon Creighton

THE EXPERIENCE which I am about to relate befell me in July 1968, and made a profound impression upon me, indeed, to such an extent that, in view of the ridicule with which I was greeted when I attempted to tell people about it, I have maintained total silence about it for eleven years, until the opportunity came to broadcast my story in 1979 on *Radio Nord Bolzano* (North Bolzano Radio), a privately operated local station in the South Italian Tyrol. My broadcast aroused great interest, and as a result I was invited to go to Rome and tell the story again on the Italian International R.A.I. Network, where I was introduced by the famous actress Sandra Milo. Here again, the transmission was a great success and led to numerous requests for detailed information, which has now induced me to give the following account of my experience.

In 1968 I was working with a Bolzano firm, as their representative for all Southern Tyrol. Since I had been born in the Dolomite Mountains myself (in Campitello di Fassa) it has always given me great pleasure to travel around in this region, and thus it came about that I had my UFO experience, one night in July of that year.

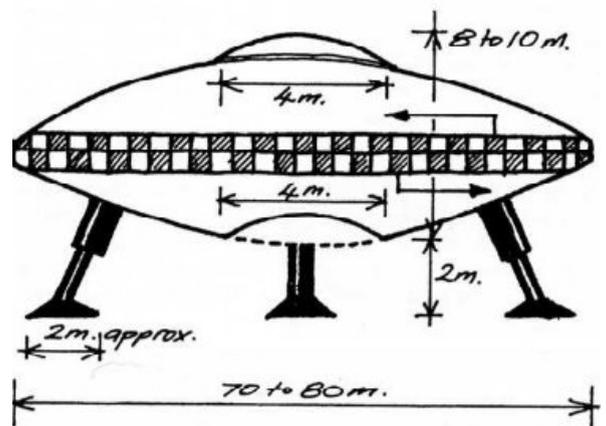
I had spent the evening in the company of a Dutch girl who was holidaying at St. Kassian in the Gader Valley. I parted from her at midnight and decided to go via the Grodner Pass and the Sella Pass to Campitello, where my aunt runs the Sporthotel. The weather that night was not very good. The sky was overcast with very thick, heavy clouds, and only rarely did I catch a glimpse of any stars. At times my road lay through banks of mist which enveloped the mountains, so that I had to drive very slowly and stop to take my bearings repeatedly. Several times I had been within an ace of driving off the road and over the edge so finally I decided that, at the first favourable opportunity, I would pull up and park beside the road and try to get a little sleep. After going over the Grodner Pass I came to a spot where there was a heap of sand beside the road, and I decided to stop near there. I lowered my seat so as to recline. It was about one o'clock in the morning and I was very tired and badly in need of sleep.

Then suddenly I found myself awake again, and I smelt a strong odour as though from something burning. At once I thought my *Fiat 600* must be on fire, or maybe I had a short circuit somewhere in the wiring. I jumped out of the car quickly and, with my hand-torch, made a check-up, but found everything in perfect order. As I was walking round the car I caught sight of a light, about 500 metres or so it seemed, further on downhill, on the other side of the road, shining through the mist. It looked like

the light from the terrace of some hotel, and this set me wondering, for I knew very well indeed that there were no hotels whatever in that area, and no houses either, the whole place being quite uninhabited. I knew the whole area like the inside of my trouser pockets, as I must have been through there a good thousand times in my life. Then the bank of mist parted, and I saw this enormous thing there with a very queer white light. My heart started to beat madly, and simultaneously I recalled my meeting with a strange hermit during my time in the Italian Army, in 1942.

The hermit of Rhodes.

At the time of the meeting I was serving as an interpreter between the Italian and German Air Forces, and was stationed at the Gadurra airfield on the Greek Island of Rhodes in the Near East. The civilian population of Rhodes were suffering extreme privation at the time, and almost daily a little Greek girl about ten years old came to me to beg for a piece of bread. I enjoyed a good deal of freedom in my job, for I was always with the senior officers, and in actual fact they did not have any very tight control over me, as at one time I would be at the German headquarters and at another time with the Italians. Consequently I had quite a lot of free time, and I was able to fix it for the little girl with the angel face to



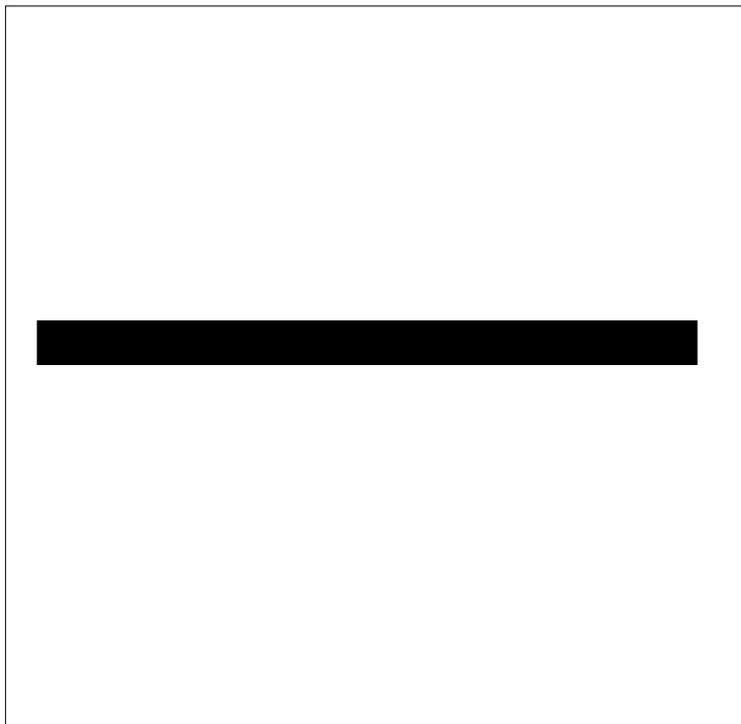
have some good food from the Mess. One day I asked her whether she took all the food home, and how many brothers and sisters there were in the family. She explained that she had only her parents, and that she gave half the food to a Holy Man who had been living in the mountains for more than a hundred years and never came down into the valley, and she said she was the only person permitted to take food to him and to talk to him.

It took me many weeks before I could persuade her to take me to see the Holy Man, and when I first set eyes on him I was struck by his thinness. His skin was all wrinkled like a shrunken apple, he was almost stark naked, with very long hair and beard, and his eyes were pitch black and shining. He did not extend his hand to me in greeting, but did it by raising his hand in the air. His look went right through me, and he said to me "*Esi kaki*", meaning: "You are good." And so it came about that I spent a lot of time with the old hermit, sometimes for even as much as two or three days in a row. In order to absent myself for so long without anyone going to look for me, I would go to the Italian Headquarters and tell them I would be over with the Germans who needed me, and then I would do the same thing with the Germans, and in this way I managed to keep out of trouble.

The hermit told me he was over a hundred years old, and he taught me how to read the most important signs from the palm of the hand, and how to tell a person's character from his face, and he also taught me a prayer in magical ancient Greek words which had always to be pronounced at precisely the same time of the day and in trance. This was, he explained, good for purifying the spirit and for achieving a positive influence in the Cosmic Magnetic Field.

Once a month the old hermit retired into isolation and remained immobile like a statue for two days.

He told me that he was able to travel through the Universe, and there were countless numbers of planets, far far distant from our solar system, and inhabited by Dimensions of the 'Great Glowing Object' 75m dia



completely different creatures. He prophesied that I would one day meet beings from the Cosmos and that

they would provide me with the assurance and the certainty of the existence of life throughout the Universe. I asked him to tell me more about my future, and he said that the voice of my conscience was already seeking for the Light, and that all I needed to do was to carry on along the same path. He told me that, once I had attained perfect concentration in the prayer that he had taught me, he would be able to give me a sign of his presence, and this would be simply by means of a powerful odour. Finally, after many years, I did manage, every three or four months or so, to reach such concentration that, wherever I might be, I would receive a strong smell of roses and lily-of-the-valley.

The great glowing object.

Returning to the matter of the enormous object, I was instantly convinced that the moment had now come that had been foretold by the old hermit. The ground sloped away down from the side of the road and as it was very dark I had to take my flashlight. Treading with great care, I made my way down to the level area where the huge object was standing, and as I got closer I could see it more and more clearly. There was now another break in the belt of mist, and my heart started beating madly. I could feel the veins in my neck greatly swollen, but I had no fear — I have never feared anything. I was merely terribly excited.

The object was wonderfully beautiful, silvery in colour, and about 80 metres in diameter, standing on three legs about two metres long and about two metres thick at the bottom. The UFO was bathed in a fleecy white light, and the burning smell that had awakened me was intense and overwhelming. When I had got to a distance of about three metres from the object, I felt myself suddenly halted, blocked, with a sensation as though my body weighed 1,000 kilos. I could not move another inch and found that great effort was needed to breathe.

The transparent cupola on the top of the craft now lit up brightly and I saw two beings in it who were looking down at me. On the right-hand side of the machine there was a robot, about 2 1/2 metres high, and with three legs and four arms. It was holding the outside of the craft and making it rotate. From the centre of the craft came a beam of light, about two metres wide, and alternating between violet and orange in colour. And from within this beam of light I saw coming down out of the craft a being dressed in a tight-fitting suit and with a glass hood over the head. This being was about 1 metre 60 cms in height. He came right up to me, until he was no more than one metre from me, and raised the right hand in greeting just as the old hermit had done.

The humanoid beings

I find it quite impossible to describe the emotion produced in me by the sight of this being. He had very beautiful eyes, which gave me a strange and very sweet sensation. I felt myself as free and light as a feather. At the same time I also felt quite calm, and I gazed at him eagerly. He was just like us. The glass hood started at his shoulders and encompassed the entire head. I asked him

in Italian where he came from, and no sooner had I said it than I already had his answer inside my brain, as though I had always known it. The planet from which he had come is far distant from our Galaxy, and is ten times the size of our Earth and has two suns, one large and one smaller. Their day is far longer than ours. One-third of it is less bright than the rest, and their night itself is very brief. The vegetation there resembles ours. There are very high mountains, and immensely tall trees. They have two icy Poles as we do, and desolate stony zones. They also have animals that resemble ours but of different structures and sizes.

Then the thought came to me to ask him how they live, and what they eat, and straight away I had the answer. His mouth had moved slightly, but I heard no voice, and I think it came to me by telepathy.

He told me that they do not work, everything being automatic. They are all equal, and each has whatever he wants. There are also ape-like creatures there that perform certain work tasks, planting fruit and vegetables and reaping the crops, and so on.

After I had studied the being pretty thoroughly from top to toe, he gave me to understand that his type of structure was the one best suited for life on his particular planet. The upper part of his head was wider than ours is, because their brain is twice the size of our brain, and they make use of the whole of it. Merely by means of thought and by the emanation of waves of energy they are able to do things that we cannot even imagine.

As his head and neck were completely clearly to be seen under the glass hood (there were however two smooth tubes *behind* the hood), I was able to examine him closely. His hair was quite short, and of the shade of a light-coloured beaver — it looked like fur. His eyes were marvellously beautiful, set further apart than ours and slanting slightly upwards at the outer corners and shaped rather like a cat's eyes. The part of the eye that is white in us was a chestnut brown in him, or one might say almost

time changed shape and became long and narrow. To begin with, before changing shape, the black spot was round; then, when it became elongated, it was oval like the eye of a cat. His nose too was very small, like a cat's. His lips were small and very thin, and as I looked at them I thought of Greta Garbo. When he laughed, no individual teeth were visible, but simply two very, very white uniform rows. He told me that they have no use for teeth, since they are not flesh-eaters. He said that we, on the other hand, have the body-structure of animals. Their food is fruit and vegetables and seed-grains. Furthermore, they possess devices which store up energy, and there is no sickness among them.

The being's skin was smooth and of a clear olive-green shade, looking as though made of rubber. When he turned his head (turning it right around to face backwards) not a single wrinkle was to be seen on his neck. I felt the urge to ask him why he had an olive-green skin, and he told me that the colour which I was now seeing was not the true one "because the system of the magnetic content of the colour was not the same as with them." I did not understand what he was trying to tell me.

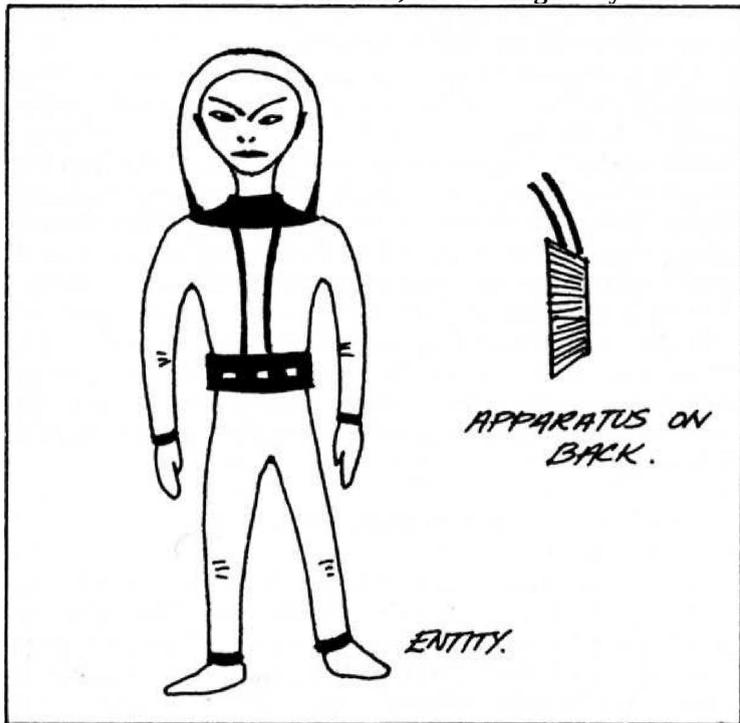
His shoulders were very broad and he had a very slim middle part to his body. I also had a look at his feet and arms. They were a little bit different from ours. The part of the leg running from the backquarters of the body to the knee was considerably longer than the part below the knee, and it seemed to me furthermore that the foot had somewhat of the shape of a horse's foot. The upper part of the arm was also longer than the lower part. As regards the hands, I did not have a good view of them and I have the impression that he was wearing gloves. His fingers must have been very long.

He told me that their organism is less complicated than ours. They have only one digestive tract, and lack all the entrails that we have. But their heart and lungs are very highly developed, since they require a great deal of air to nourish the brain and to purify the fluid which flows in their veins and which, moreover, has a composition different from our blood. Furthermore, they possess very powerful muscles, required for standing the great atmospheric pressure on their planet. In fact, when he came down out of the machine he came towards me with a hopping gait, just like the astronauts who landed on the Moon. This being due to the fact that our pressure is much less, and also to the fact that their composition is different from ours.

I was still fascinated by his beautiful eyes, and I wanted to ask whether he was a man or a woman. His eyes glowed more brightly for an instant and he smiled, and he gave me to understand that he was neither, and that when they desire to propagate themselves they do not couple as animals do.

Space travel.

Since I was only a metre distant from the being, I tried twice to touch him, but was instantly prevented. Meanwhile, the robot was still at work on the other side of the object. It was like a ring, sticking out to a distance of two metres and two metres high. It frequently bent down towards the ground and its central part became sharp-pointed, while one half moved towards one side and the other half towards the other side.



Based on the author's sketch of the entity light nut-brown. The pupils themselves resembled ours, but their colour was green, with blue reflections. In the centre of them there was a black spot which from time to

I was about to ask the being whether that part of the robot formed a sharp point for the purpose of splitting the meteorites flying at tremendous speeds against the machine?

He laughed again, and gave me to understand that their method with meteorites was not to split them; he said

they disintegrated them or displaced them. He said the outer ring was used by them only when they sought to enter the atmospheres of other planets for the purpose of being able to remain there for a certain length of time.

A group of friends of the witness stand in a depression allegedly caused by one of the legs of the huge object.

The two photographs on this page were taken about one month after the incident is said to have occurred.

He said that in the depths of the Universe they travel in their Mother-Ship, which remains outside of a magnetic field.

The Mother-Ship is propelled by a different sort of energy. It is of the same shape as the craft, but is merely far, far bigger I think he said with a diameter of five kilometres. The Mother-Ship carries many more of the smaller craft, in addition to their own, and it also has a quite tiny type of unmanned craft which is sent out to gather information. These are operated by a particular sort of magnetic drive. When not in an atmosphere these small ones are subject to no speed-limit, and they suffer no effects from attraction or temperature, etc., etc.

He said that aboard the Mother-Ship hundreds of their type of beings are living just as they do on their home planet. He said that they fly along "neutral channels" which exist in the intermediate stretches of Space. This is done in order to avoid being drawn into the magnetic fields of other planets or encountering meteorites or dead planets.

I asked him what sort of defensive weapons they had, to which he replied that they can disintegrate anything, even at great distances. He signed to me to pick up a stone that was lying about two metres from me. I picked it up, and he told me to try to throw the stone — which weighed about a kilogram — at the cupola of the UFO. I swung myself round twice to develop a better throwing speed, and hurled the stone with all my might right at the cupola,

whereupon a whitish-lilac coloured beam of light shot out from it and the stone exploded with a dull report and I saw not even a single fragment of it fall to the ground.

A "message".

I asked him why they are not willing to help us with their technology and remain on our planet, and also how long it would be before we had their kind of technology? He gave me to understand that, firstly, they are not allowed to interfere in the development of another planet, and that the time they spend in our solar system makes them age far too rapidly. Secondly, he said we would never reach their level of evolution, since the crust of our planet is far too variable, and that in the near future there will be a displacement of our Poles. In the process of adjustment to this Polar Shift, an enormous crack would develop in the surface of our planet and this would entail an upheaval on the Earth that would destroy 80% of all living things here, leaving the survivors to carry on on a habitable strip of the planet.

At this point I asked him whether he believed in God. He was a bit surprised at that, and gave me to understand, with a cosmic turn of phrase, that *everything* is God — we, Nature, the Planets, rocks, grass — in fact everything that exists. I also asked him how they die and to what age they live: he replied that they die when the cosmic energy in them runs out and that they live about a

hundred times longer than we do, reckoning on the basis of our planetary time-cycle.

Meanwhile, the robot had stopped working. It became smaller, the cylinder grew narrower and moved towards the centre of the UFO, where an orange light came on, and it went into the craft as though floating.

Consequently, I understood that they were leaving. Then the other being in the cupola signalled to me in salutation. I did not have a very clear view of him, but he looked the same as the one standing beside me.

Departure.

During the whole time while I had been talking with this being, the object had been enveloped in a fleecy-white light which threw no shadows and did not hurt the eyes. I now asked him whether he could not give me something of theirs. He said no, since it would be harmful for me. I was so fascinated by this being that I asked whether he could not take me with him, saying it would be all the same to me whether or not I ever returned. Then I was overcome by a great wave of emotion at the mere thought that I would not see them again, and I started to weep. I even knelt down and begged him to take me with them, and I tried to put my arms around him but every time I did so I was stopped. He signed to me to stand up. His eyes glosed with a strange light which sent a feeling of warmth right through my whole body, and he gave me to understand that I was very brave and that I had, moreover, been lucky on two counts: firstly, had I gone so much as one metre nearer to the machine, that is to say, right underneath it, I would have been disintegrated. But, as they had been controlling the ring, their magnetic field had not been permitted to extend beyond the diameter of the craft. Secondly, I had been lucky to see them at such close quarters and to be able to talk to them. But that neither I nor any being from this Earth can be with them, and even less travel with them in their space-craft.

He raised his arm in greeting to me, as at the beginning, and I was flung far away from the machine by a powerful force, while the being, returning to the machine, disappeared into the brightly lit ring. Up in the cupola, the other being waved to me with his long arms. The white light of the machine was now growing dimmer, and meanwhile this force which I have just mentioned had continued to push me away till I was at a distance of some 300 metres or so, where I found I was once more able to move freely.

The light from the cupola had now turned to violet. The outside of the craft was violet too, with transitions now and then into orange. At this point the machine was making a noise like a circular saw being started up. It began to move, and rose to about two or three metres or so above the ground, and I watched the three legs, one after the other, being retracted. The light, from light violet, was now growing steadily whiter, until at last it was totally white. Then I heard for a moment a sharp whistle that I felt was going to blow my head off. The machine started to dip from side to side, as though bidding me goodbye, and slowly it rose to a height of about 300 metres or so. Then, in the twinkling of an eye, it shot straight up into the sky at a terrifying speed and was gone.

I was by now utterly thunderstruck, the tears were running down my face, and I was overcome with despair. For the first time I became aware that I was drenched with

sweat. The air seemed warm, and I touched the ground and it felt tepid too.

The mist had now cleared. It was quite dark, and the sky was full of stars. I wanted to use my flashlight, but it no longer worked, so I had to grope my way to my *Fiat 600*. I simply could not get over what had just happened. I pricked myself with a pin to see whether or not I was awake. Then I relieved myself, and got into the car and drove over the Sella Pass to my aunt's hotel in the Fassa Valley. Next morning, in the hotel, I at once made drawings and sketches of what I had just experienced. I tried to tell my cousins about what had happened to me, but they simply laughed in derision and jeered at me.

Then I tried to talk to more serious people about it, but their reaction too was anything but favourable, so I decided not to say anything to anyone. After that, I wrote to my daughter, who is married to an American in California, and asked her to put me in touch with authorities who deal with UFO matters.

Twenty days after the event, I drove back to the spot where the UFO had stood, in order to take photographs of the marks left by the weight of the craft. (These marks can still be seen today).

One thing that has astounded me greatly is that, near where the opening was in the craft, from which the light was beamed out, the grass had grown to be three times as long as the rest of the grass around. I used a screwdriver to dig up some plants, complete with roots and earth, and put them into a nylon bag in order to take them to America with me.

Rebuffed.

Two days later I flew to California. At the San Francisco Airport the official on duty opened my bags and checked my passport, and said in a contemptuous tone: "Oh, you Italiana, emigrant?" I answered as best I could with my meagre knowledge of English that I was not an emigrant and that I wanted to spend my vacation with my daughter who is married to one of the directors of Pan American Airways. The official promptly changed his tone and enquired very politely whether the plant in my nylon bag was marihuana? I replied that it was not, but was a chrysanthemum that I wanted to plant on the grave of my daughter's father-in-law. So he said "Okay" and let me go without having the plant analyzed. When I got to Sacramento I went with my daughter to get copies made of my sketches, and I spent a whole morning writing letters to addresses given in publications about UFOs. Not a single one replied to me, so I again decided to keep my experience entirely to myself. But I was starting to get very interested in UFOs, and I have often had to laugh over articles disseminating so much complete nonsense. Very few of the articles struck me as being genuine.

After-effects.

As an afterthought I feel I should mention that the only consequence of this encounter is that I found my watch was losing as much as two hours in a day. I took it to the watch-maker to be put right, but it was no use, so I had to buy a new one.

For about a month I felt very tired the whole time, and I lost a lot of my hair. I cured myself with fresh honey, coffee, egg-yolk and brandy — a preparation that I had learnt from my grandmother. I also bought garlic pills and

took two thrice daily. Before two months were up I was in good shape again and my hair had begun to grow again too.

Straight away after I had seen this UFO I went out and bought myself binoculars, an ordinary camera and a time camera, in the hope that I might have the luck to see another UFO and to photograph and film it. I never did have such luck.

The experience changed my character greatly and had a profound effect on my attitude to *all* questions of Religion or Politics. I have come to the realization that we humans are really still very crudely constituted and that, as the being said to me, we have *animal-like* tendencies.

FSR Bookshelf .

Mews, London W8 6UG). The books listed cover Altered States of Consciousness, Animals, Apparitions, Brain-Mind Relationship, Criticism, Dowsing, ESP, General, Hauntings, Healing, History, Hypnosis, Mediumship (Mental, Physical, Shamanism), Methodology, Miscellaneous, Out-of-the-Body Experiences, Parapsychology and Religion, Philosophy, Precognition and the Problem of Time, Psychokinesis (PK), Poltergeists, Reference, Reincarnation, Spiritualism, Survival, Theories, Ufology. The eight titles listed under the last heading have particular reference to the psychic aspects of ufology, which perhaps explains the strange selection. The S.P.R. have two other study guides available at the same price — No.1 *PSI in the Laboratory: 12 Crucial Findings*, and No.3 *Apparitions* — and more are planned.

In our Bookshelf No.4 we reviewed Arthur Bray's *The UFO Connection* which contains a chapter on Canadian government scientist Wilbert B. Smith who died in 1962. Smith's Project Magnet was authorised by the Canadian government in 1950 to investigate UFOs, and soon became something of an embarrassment. For a scientist, Smith's approach was unconventional, and FSR readers who can cope with molecular physics and associated philosophies may be interested to read his own writings, which were assembled, he said, ". . . from data obtained from Beings more advanced than we are." *The New Science* by Wilbert B. Smith, B.A., M.A., is a 72-page booklet, and the 1978 reprint is now obtainable from W. James Smith, 50 Oberon, Ottawa, Ontario, K2H 7X8, Canada, for a cost of \$8.66 Canadian dollars, including postage to the U.K.

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