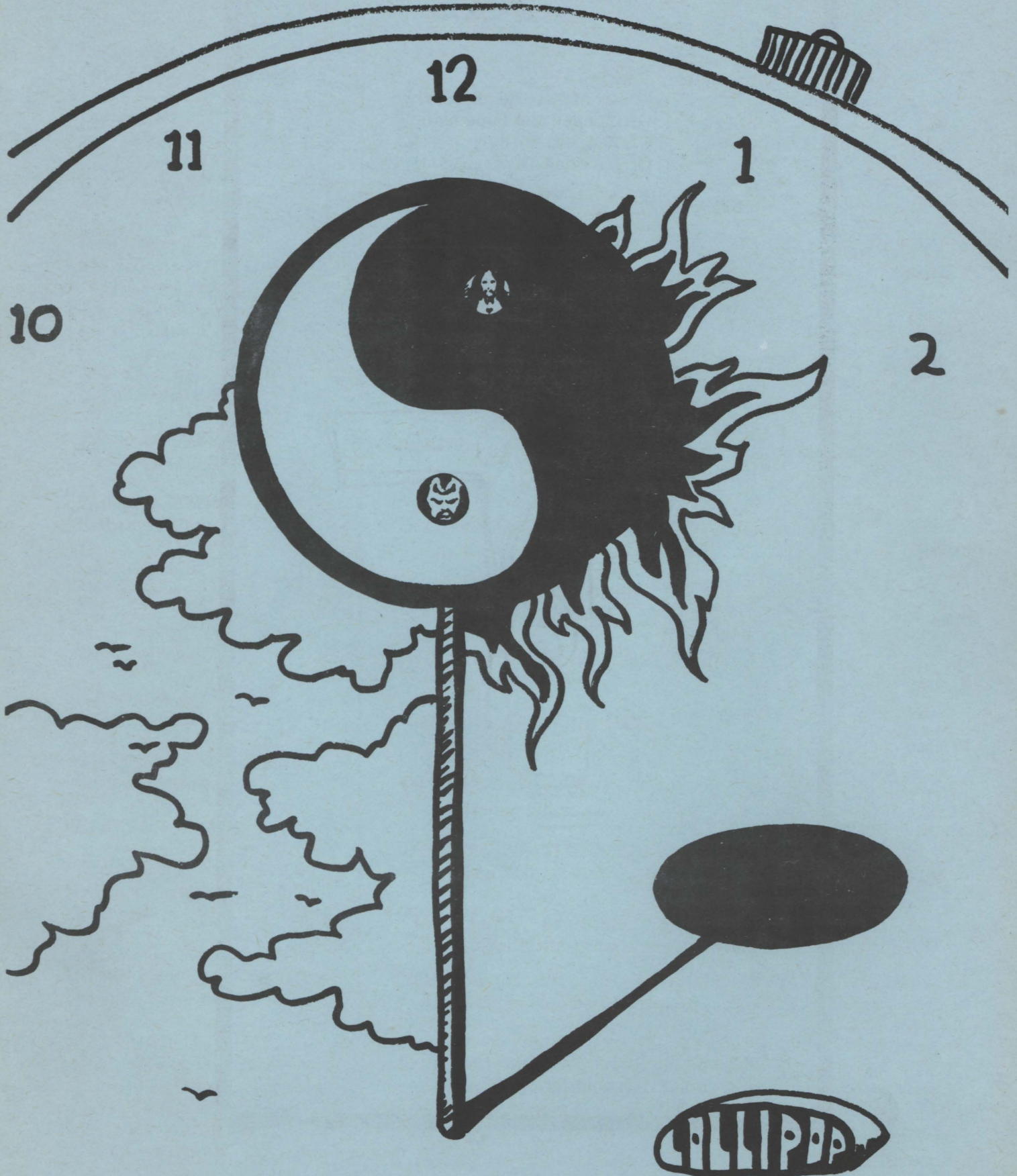


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January-February, 1974

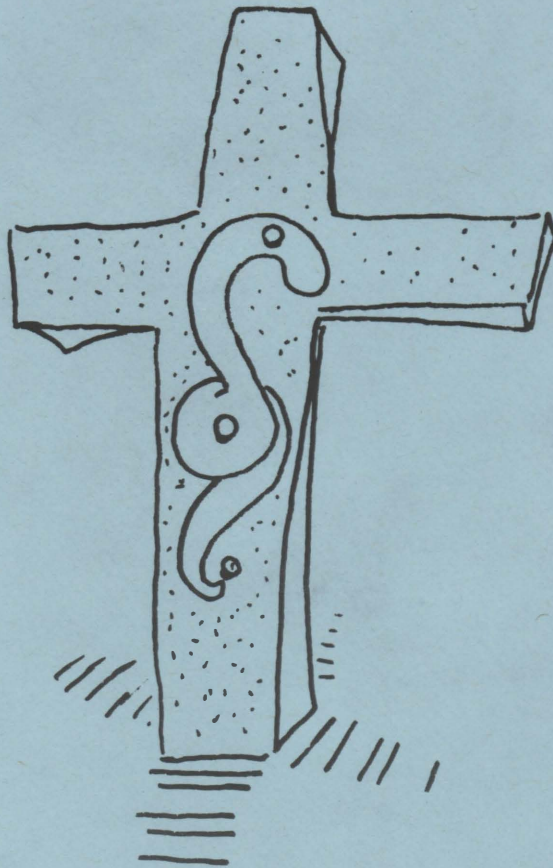
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*"We are kept ignorant not by the things  
we don't know, but by the things we know  
that ain't so."*

— Author Unknown

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# EDITORIAL

*By Eugene Steinberg*

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Just when the newspapers were getting filled to the brim with endless tales of far-reaching scandals in Washington, and more and more responsible people were calling for the resignation of President Nixon, another timely topic has been cast into the public eye.

Flying saucers are back!

Actually, they never really left, but after a surfeit of publicity in the mid-1960's, even so-called believers, like yours truly, became weary of reading and hearing about the same thing over and over again.

The wire services became bogged down with the Vietnam war and other things as the decade ended, and in keeping with the old adage about absence making the heart grow fonder, I drifted back into UFOlogy.

Then, surprise, surprise, interest in UFOs and occultism picked up, as I suspected it would. More and more sightings found their way into newspapers and on radio and TV stations — and even the wire services latched onto a saucer story occasionally to round out their news summaries.

In 1972, the infamous Missouri Monster excited a public grown tired of a one-sided presidential campaign.

A year later and the public again yearned for a break, this time from the almost daily revelations of government wrongdoing. So, a series of very routine cases in the Southeast evoked national attention.

Everything quickly got out of control, which is why such a chain of events is called a saucer "flap." For the newcomers in our audience, "flap" is military jargon for a panic situation.

Just about every UFO group and magazine around was quickly inundated with newspaper clippings and individual reports of sightings. Few of them amounted to anything much. The "bandwagon" effect was in evidence. As soon as someone in a given area saw something strange in the sky, neighbors would dash outside right after sunset, and proclaim every odd light in the heavens a spaceship.

I recall one week in October, when I practical-

ly ran all over Chester County, Pennsylvania, as listeners to my morning radio newscasts called in flying saucer sightings. Even though I have never been rewarded with a conclusive UFO sighting to call my own, I still had the thought in the back of my mind that this time it would be different. It wasn't. After gazing at a few obvious planets, stars and airplanes, I decided to take my own advice for a change and get a good night's sleep.

I have learned that between 80% and 90% of all UFO cases have simple, natural explanations when you check them over. It's that other 10% or 20% that comprises the UFO enigma. Such cases as the one involving two Mississippi fishermen (see details in our "Newswatch" department) being taken aboard a saucer are the ones that continue to excite the imagination. These incidents are ripe for all sorts of speculation, and I would hesitate to jump to any conclusions at this point.

But the fact that one of the contactees passed a lie detector test and has convinced such conservative UFO experts as Dr. J. Allen Hynek really lends credence to the tale.

The other fisherman, the younger one, has reportedly cracked up. Rather than detract from the truthfulness of the experience, this unfortunate aftereffect adds to it. It seems very likely that such an encounter would be too much for many people to cope with, not to mention the incessant pressure of public and press attention.

But whatever the 1973 UFO flap means when viewed in historical perspective, let's not lose our heads and expect to find the "answer" lying in wait around the next corner.

There is no indication yet that 1973's events will lead us any closer to a solution to this fascinating mystery than the evidence of previous years.

We hear a lot of talk about five-year cycles, new phases of UFO surveillance and the other claptrap that has been poured forth in UFO circles for years. When I look back at this kind of thing, I must take it all with a grain of salt.

And there may even be some more unanswered questions this time around.

— Eugene Steinberg

CAVEAT EMPTOR



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# THE HORST ORCHARD GHOST LIGHT

By Curtis K. Sutherly

---



*(Author's Note: The story you are about to read is not merely a report on "things unknown," but an incident in which I had a personal stake as well. The witnesses of the Horst Orchard Ghost Lights — Donna and Tim Boltz — are my sister and brother-in-law. The deceased young man — Joe Boltz — was Tim's brother.*

*Immediately one can see that difficulties can arise from the writing of such a report. These complications, both personal and emotional, have delayed this article for many months.*

*Now that pen is in hand, the old memories arise and doubts about the wisdom of detailing this incident again make themselves felt. But one cannot be emotional and objective in the same breath. A casting aside of the human values is in order, so that a reasonably coherent account may be presented to you, the reader. And yet if one reads between the lines, one can see something of what was felt by all concerned during those strange and heartbreaking days in June of 1972.)*

\* \* \*

Horst Orchard in Lebanon Valley — situated along interstate highway 72, approximately four miles north of the city of Lebanon, Pa., the orchard provides interesting scenery at any hour of the day. Morning dew and low-hanging mists reminiscent of a sequence from *Camelot* are present during many a sunrise. The floral patterns in spring months delight the hearts of passing motorists. But within the framework of fields and wood-covered acreage also lies mystery. For it was here that another episode of the phenomena referred to as "ghost lights" came to pass — and in its wake the tragic death of a young man . . .

June 8th saw the passing of an event which, for Donna and Tim Boltz, would never be forgotten. Having just left a local movie house, the pair decided to indulge in a bit of more personal communication. The chosen site was Horst Orchard, a spot that they had visited before.

Leaving route 72, Tim rolled his high-powered Shelby Mustang onto the long, narrow lane leading

into the depths of the orchard. There before a string of man-made beehives, he parked the machine beneath a cluster of trees, killing headlights and engine. It was about 10:00 p.m.

Thirty minutes passed. The lovers, quite naturally, were unconcerned with events beyond the confines of the car. But then they saw something that did capture their attention.

Outside, hovering like inquisitive balloons, were glowing, floating orbs of unharsh white light approximately eight to ten inches in diameter. "They darted everywhere, moving from the tops of the tallest trees [25 feet] to the level of the car hood," Donna later said. "It was as though they were curious about us."

The couple watched the strange lights for the better part of an hour, feeling little fear and at first only mild curiosity of their own. With the dawning realization that what they watched wasn't anything natural, stronger emotions developed. Caution was thrown adrift as Donna rolled down her window and peered out into the night air.

Then things happened fast.

The lights, which had been zipping about, hovering, or "blinking" here and there, congregated closer. With a scream, Donna realized that one particular light was racing toward the open car window. Feeling for the first time honest fear, she hurriedly rolled the pane back into place.

A mutual agreement was reached that instant as Tim announced it was time to depart with all due speed. But when he reached for the ignition switch, one thought occupied both their minds — *will the car start?*

Of course, my talks with the couple about UFO and occult lore probably brought to mind the possibility of an electromagnetic effect, which is often reported in close UFO encounters.

But the engine did start.

Visualize rear tires spinning rapidly in rain-saturated earth as the high-performance 289 cubic inch V-8 transmitted drive to the rear axle. My interview with them some days later left little doubt that the couple spared no haste in leaving.

"As we drove out the lane, I asked Donna to





The "ghost lights" moved from the tops of the trees in the background to the level of the car hood.

watch and see if anything followed," Tim reported. "But nothing did."

Once free of the water-sodden orchard lane, the couple immediately drove to the Sutherly household. Unfortunately — and this has been regretted many times over — I was removed 200 miles to the west that weekend. Not finding their first choice of contacts, the pair consulted the elder Sutherly.

Again misfortune was inlaid deeply as "the old man" tended to be his usual skeptical self. (Once on a dark night, I pointed out three aerial objects to my father, each flashing every color in the spectrum. My Air Force training quickly told me that they were anything but orthodox aircraft, fixed-wing or rotor-craft. After viewing these devices — if that's what they were — for some minutes, Curtis Senior turned to me and declared, "They must be helicopters.")

Finding little save an amused smile to accompany their tale, Donna and Tim drove to the Boltz residence, where a somewhat warmer reception greeted them. Tim's father Lloyd agreed to accompany them back to the orchard, but not till the next day.

Some hours later, the trio arrived at the orchard. Daylight filled the woodland with an earnest smile. It came as no surprise that the globes weren't there.

Thus the incident rested until the evening of June 10th, when I returned home. I quickly learned that Donna and Tim had been confronted with "a case of the dancing lights."

I was somewhat tired and more than a little confused. But I attempted to make sense of the

bewildering discussion confronting me. I had practically no sleep to speak of on my weekend trip, thus was in no shape to tackle the makings of a fresh mystery. Nonetheless, a drive to the Boltz home was in order to unravel some of the windings that were an obstacle to the long awaited bed.

A taped interview with Tim and Donna was made. Upon playback, one curious thing came to the surface. When asked whether the globes seemed to display anything similar to intelligence or intelligent control, the answer came in a twofold fashion. Donna declared that the lights seemed "friendly, because I was fascinated by them." Tim on the other hand uttered one word — "watching!" The notion of a watching intelligence isn't anything new, but the thought can still chill the soul.

Notes were gathered on the incident, dates determined, locations fixed as exactly as possible. The occurrence and persons involved were jotted down for future reference. Even at that early period it was clear that a careful record of the episode was a good idea. I had read accounts of similar incidents, but none of the witnesses in those other events had ever remained for an extended length of time in close proximity to the "dancing lights."

A return to the scene of the sighting came soon after. I photographed the area (with my own car parked in exactly the same location as the Boltz's Mustang). I even took a special trip at another time to attempt to view the globes for myself.

Camera and tripod had been carried along and set up. I hoped to get some time-exposure photos of the mysterious lights. Weather conditions were mild with a light rain falling, reproducing as closely as possible the conditions during the actual incident. It was about the same time, 10:30 p.m.

But it was all to no avail.

\*\*\*

June of 1972 was in mid-term and as hindsight would later reveal, only swinging into full stride. The case of the "ghost lights" had come to pass. The records were left upon my desk, awaiting future developments, if any.

Eleven days after the sighting, I awoke to a shattering news item on the radio. It was Tuesday, the 19th. Joel Boltz, Tim's younger brother, had been killed in an auto accident early that morning!

The news shocked and stunned everyone who knew Joe. He'd been at times wild, even reckless, but no more so than any other teenager.

The month of June was, for me, a period of vacation from the military. Thirty days leave of absence were racing by. A million things had to be done that month, it seemed, but Joe's death de-



scended like a toppling wall upon the face of things to be accomplished. Nonetheless, that morning business went on as usual. A trip to the office of the *Lebanon Daily News* was in order, as a story which had been pressing for some time was finally completed.

When I arrived in the newsroom, Timothy Aurentz, one of the *Daily News* staff reporters (now County Editor) greeted me and asked how my morning had been. I answered that it could have been better, and explained about Joe's death.

Aurentz said that he'd seen the state police report on the accident, and that Joe had been clocked by radar at over 100 miles an hour. The scene of the accident, he explained (and this is something I'd missed on the radio broadcast), had been the crossroad along interstate 72, intersecting through the Horst Apple and Peach Orchard. It was only hours later that I realized just how close the accident had been to the scene of the "ghost light" affair.

In the following days, I found myself asking questions of many different people, gathering information from various sources as to the probable hows and whys of Joe's death. I learned that the state police did indeed report that Joe's car had registered over 100 miles an hour on their radar. But it seemed that the state police were not the first to arrive upon the scene. In light of their claim of having used radar that night, this seems odd indeed.

As I eventually learned from several contacts, representatives of the North Lebanon Township police showed up first. They investigated and also issued the notice of death to Joe's parents. But even this agency seemed to have difficulty giving details of what took place.

When Lloyd Boltz asked a North Lebanon officer if Joe's car had rolled before impact, the answer came as a definite no. And yet evidence viewed by all who cared to inspect the wreckage showed differently.

The auto battery, which was days old when the accident occurred, was found still firmly mounted, but with the caps off and the acid spilled over the engine. If the car remained upright upon striking the orchard just as the police said it did, then the chances of the battery dislodging its caps and dumping acid over the engine would have been slim.

Also, a large tree branch, about five inches in diameter, was found stuck tightly into the undercarriage of the car. This would tend to suggest that the vehicle had been airborne for some seconds, ripping away the fragment and catching it in the frame. The police didn't even attempt to explain this.



Curt Sutherly's car positioned in the exact location where the Boltz's Mustang was parked.

Along with a cousin, Larry Zeigler, I examined the crash site for skid marks, etc. While searching, Larry remarked that he was bothered by the inconsistencies in detail presented by area authorities. His thoughts merely echoed my own. And when we studied the skid trail, the obvious misstatements by police became even more apparent.

At one point along the highway, Joe had left the road and gone onto the right side shoulder for a distance of about 100 feet. Then he appeared to have regained control of the machine and obtained smooth highway surface. But upon cresting a small hill some yards further on, Joe again lost control and his car drifted across the road onto the opposite shoulder, where he slammed into the foot-high embankment. Clear black marks showed the trail all the way to the edge of the road. At this point nothing is more obvious than that Joe hit the embankment in a sidewise fashion, thus making other than a midair roll impossible.

Another oddity that cropped up was the presence of a blanket of unknown origin. This, I learned, had been found *under Joe's head* when the rescue crew arrived. Who put it there? No one claimed it and the artifact now has a home in the Boltz household.

A clue to this may lie in the report that a woman had arrived upon the site, discovered Joe in a state near death (he died some hours later in the Reading, Pa. Hospital, after being transferred from the Lebanon Medical Center), left to notify the police and never returned. But this was only one story.

Another story placed a truck driver first upon the scene, who likewise called in the accident and disappeared. The truth probably lies in the fact that nearby residents heard the sound of the impact and rushed to the orchard to be of aid. But like the overall picture, the details here are also  
(continued on page 20)

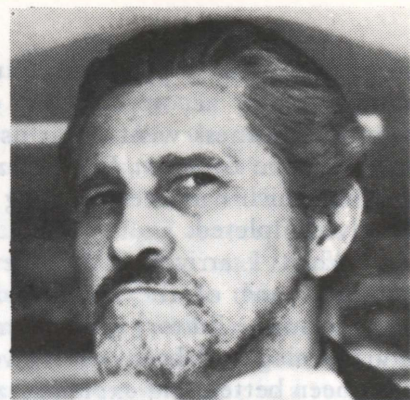


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# THE FLOWER CHILDREN

By Richard S. Shaver

---



*The revolt of the flower children didn't remove the underpinning of the Earth, but it is shaking, anyway.*

The reason for the revolt against the establishment was not what so many think. It was not economic rebellion or anti-work.

The real reason was that if they stayed with the establishment they might succeed, and to succeed was to lose all opportunity for a life of their own. Most youngsters grow up in this success-oriented "establishment," never analyzing just what success really means in terms of honest value.

By honest value I mean minutes and seconds and hours of genuine life, lived to the fullest. By honest value I mean fulfillment of the heart's fond dreams, and I mean the building of something that is of worth to the future of mankind.

If you succeed on an assembly line, they give you a bigger and tougher job, and if you succeed on that, a bigger and bigger "responsibility." Nowhere along the working road does anyone ever ask you — and mostly they don't ask themselves — "Is that success I am working toward what my best self really wants?"

Apparently they don't even consider that a newer and bigger car isn't necessarily anything but a new expense and a greater load to bear.

The first hippies and beatniks saw this great truth and said so: "I don't want your values, they are false values."

The beatniks and their successors the hippies were right, however vaguely and unsatisfyingly their rebellion expressed itself. At the core it was an honest, non-violent rebellion against a set of false values and misleading efforts that are in fact consuming the whole human race in a merry-go-round of futility.

I have admired the whole hippie movement. Even bogged down as they were by the parasitic pot-peddlers, they yet managed to express their contempt for the ordinary fallacious values upon which the establishment seeks to rest its whole campaign of youth-gobbling.

It has saddened me to see what happened to the flower children, and to realize that almost no

one ever understood what the rebellion was all about.

About the only ones who ever really made their protest evident to me was the group who took up a collection and buried a brand new motor car as a symbolic refusal of the "establishment's" status symbols.

But I understood in my heart. My own life has been a series of such revolts and refusals, dictated by my own inner desires to do something worth doing, that I could feel was honestly worth spending my life upon.

Artists always have this battle in their inner minds going on — the battle between their art and the world's desire to feed upon their efforts and their lives and their time.

The hippies, seemingly without even knowing it, were art students in revolt against the non-artistic world.

Nobody asks a soldier if he really thinks he is winning anything worth having as he marches out to war. They don't ask — they take it for granted that all the words said are honest words of honest intent and that the world really needs to be made safe against . . . whatever it is they are against.

But somewhere in the wars and horrors and industries polluting the total environment, the youngsters lost faith in the old saw and the old values.

So was born the hippie and the flower child, the witch and the seeress and all the rest of it — anything but the old virtues and the old hypocracies.

My heart went out to them. To see them called "the drug culture," instead of "the rebellion against false values," was to me the utter end of thought on Earth.

The underpinning of the human mind was at stake, and the battle has been lost to the needle and the motorcycle, apparently.

I suspect that the hippie movement was one of the last death wriggles of a dying human race — consumed upon an altar of green for false values; values that are *not* values, but are accepted as such by a population totally misled by accumulated



falsities over centuries of lost time.

The establishment as a whole never got around to understanding the real causes of the revolt against the status quo. Don't tell me they did. To the average Joe, the hippie is a drug addict bent upon his own destruction, not a free soul trying to get a breath of fresh mental air.

The hippies made the scene, and the drug peddlers took over and made it a death-bed scene.

What it meant in literature and the arts has been psychedelics and the fatalistic teachings of the East: "Fate determines all; why fight against it?"

I suspect the mind of Man is tottering toward final extinction, and that the hippies and their failure, is one of the sadder pages in the long struggle to free man from folly and false leaders and worthless strivings after false values.

Why "the underpinning of the Earth?" Because the mind of man is the underpinning of the Earth, and he is losing it.

How to free the mind of man from the chains that bind it has *not* come out of the hippie movement, and the long hair and screaming antics of the rock musicians haven't clarified the issue either. That our best and fairest maidens can congregate screaming before the false idols of rock has been to me another example of aberration, of misleading sybarites selling lotus to the lazy, and sloth to the energetic, and a false path to the future.

I think the underpinning of all life on Earth is crumbling and that the hippie movement has failed to set any of the pins straight again.

It is hard to realize and to accept that the human race is up against the atomic bomb threat of almost certain destruction for all of us — for the race. And so long as we persist on the present path, wars like the Israeli-Arab conflict of today will spring up and eventually one of them will flare up into the total atom war which only awaits the pushing of a button or two in this or that center.

That today is the twilight of this long struggle to come back to man's once great eminence in this world is hard to see. But to me it's all too plain as every effort to right itself and go forward sensibly is defeated — by ignorance, by greed, by war-mongering leaders and rabid sycophants egging them on.

Today is today and tomorrow is all too evidently a gloomy remnant of our "civilization" trying to pick up the pieces on a war-ravaged atomic holocaust battle-field world . . . you say it, I haven't the heart. How we will avoid it is a path with entirely too many and too great obstacles.

Armageddon has happened before on Earth, but this one looks like the real thing coming up.

Man has been wiped out seven times by moonfalls, and there have been other great world wars between the moonfalls. But today it all stacks up so gloriously as I try to see a light in this madness.

The underpinning of Earth, the light of reason, the flower child's asking for peace, the women's liberationists shouting about something I had never considered a reality, and the whole mad scene of a civilization that allows a magazine like *Life* to close itself down and draw the blinds — what in hell do they call a value?

The dollar, steadfast so long, is now streamlined into a few worthless cents. Somehow there is some light ahead as we get into a new order of energy rationing and allotment of fuel, with the dollar a pale partner on worthless paper.

Somehow there is light ahead. One feels it, but I sure wish it was a little more visible. I wish the hippies had been so much more than the screaming rock band that has taken over their scene. I wish the flower children had become the vanguard of a new religion and a new way of life, and that the Earth Mother had become enthroned where now the scowling reverend shouts about hell and damnation.

I wish a lot of things like that. And as I study Picasso and Dali and ponder where are the artists that they should be and are *not* — I feel the underpinning of Earth tremble anew and the strange mental quakes of all Earth spread out and the flower of the bomb blooming over the death-bed world.

There is an enigma, a lack of real honest thought and expression in our so-called civilization. In its refusal of the hippie and the flower child is an enigma, and in its prostration before the poisonous motor car is expressed the false face of Mammon consuming all the mind of man. — RSS

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# THE SUSPICIOUS UFOLOGIST

By Kevin McCray

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A countless number of books and articles have been written on the topic of UFOs. Almost all of them have concentrated on the innumerable sightings, the activities of the Air Force, the jealousy of other UFOlogists, or the tales of the contactees.

Only rarely do we read of in-depth research and careful investigation to learn the whys and the wherefores of the advent of the UFOs. All too often, this kind of study is overlooked for the more sensational and emotional aspects of the topic.

UFOlogy is not merely investigating and publishing cases of strange things in the sky. It is also the study of the UFOlogist, his philosophies, attitudes and convictions, and those of the general public.

Although the efforts to study these areas are few, I can point to several notable efforts, which will be discussed in detail in the following paragraphs.

Of the many questions asked in these surveys, I find the subject of suspicious attitudes particularly interesting. It is my belief that some UFO researchers are creating situations in their minds that are simply non-existent! I hesitate to classify anyone as "paranoid," because only a psychiatrist would be qualified to do so. Several writers have used the term, however.

Webster's has defined the word "suspect" as "1. to believe to be guilty of something, specified on little or no evidence. 2. to believe to be bad, wrong, harmful, etc.; distrust. 3. to imagine to be; think likely; suppose."<sup>1</sup>

I am convinced such feelings exist in the ranks of UFOlogy. I hasten to admit it would be nearly impossible to accurately judge what factors generated these feelings. But research will nonetheless give us some important insights.

In modern UFOlogy, we know that a major preoccupation of a great number of research groups is to criticize the Air Force's late Project Blue Book as being nothing but a whitewash, a coverup of the facts. This viewpoint was first voiced by such pioneer UFO writers as Major Donald E. Keyhoe, though Ray Palmer and others have repeated the theme through the years. Key-

hoe writes:

Back in the early 1950's, the Air Force, charged with investigating UFOs, adopted the posture of "debunking" flying saucer stories and ridiculing anybody who claimed to have seen an alien craft. Now the tactic has changed. The tactic is total suppression of news.<sup>2</sup>

Keyhoe repeatedly attacked the Air Force with fervor, eventually sinking hundreds of UFOlogists in this sea of doubt. An opinion poll conducted by the United Aerial Phenomena Agency showed that a majority of researchers felt Keyhoe was the top UFO personality of all time.<sup>3</sup> This popularity was said to result from the wide publicity Keyhoe had given to UFOs. A case in point is the article, "Extracts from an Interview with Rick R. Hilberg," in which Allen H. Greenfield interviewed a long-time investigator from the Cleveland area. The interview was published in the *UFO Sighter*.

**Greenfield:** Who, if anyone, had particular influence on you in the early years when you were in the field, either literary, or personal?

**Hilberg:** It would have to be both. Literary influence probably came from Keyhoe as I imagine most of the young UFOlogists of that time experienced. His books were readily available at the libraries and on the newsstands, and he wrote in a very dramatic and interesting style which would catch a young reader's attention.

So, I imagine Keyhoe had a *great* amount of influence on me, and I went the whole NICAP [National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena] route; I joined NICAP in about '61, and I think I'm still a member if the group is indeed alive.<sup>4</sup>

We must remember that the claims of Keyhoe and others could be true. But it is more important to establish what caused this attitude in the first place. UFO researchers have had no faith whatever in the government and its UFO investigation program — and all this years before Watergate and other events crystalized a similar feeling on the part of the public at large.

There is perhaps one major incident in the history of the Air Force investigation that fostered this doubt. It occurred back in 1953.

A group of Air Force intelligence officers who



were working with the UFO project had planned to release several interesting cases and photographs. Though no official conclusion would be drawn, the evidence would seem to point toward the interplanetary theory.

Unfortunately, second thoughts by high-level officials caused the material to be withheld at the last moment. But before you readers jump to any conclusions, consider this statement from science writer Lloyd Mallan in a *True* magazine report on UFOs:

One fact that I know with certainty is false, is that the U.S. Air Force engages in a conspiracy to hide the truth about UFOs from the American public. Proof of my certainty is the preponderance of photographs in this book that came directly from the files of Project Blue Book . . .<sup>5</sup>

Mallan is in direct conflict with Keyhoe. One can speculate that the Air Force cooperated with Mallan — supposedly an objective journalist — feeling he would come to the traditional negative conclusion about flying saucers. However, Mallan has turned out to be something other than a skeptic, as many of his articles demonstrate.

A survey was taken by the American Flying Saucer Investigating Committee (now the UFO Analysis Center) at the seventh annual convention of the Congress of Scientific UFOlogists (since renamed National UFO Conference). The convention delegates were asked to respond to the statement, "A government agency maintains a top secret file on UFOs and is deliberately holding it from the public." The answers posed were "definitely false (A)," "probably false (B)," "definitely true (C)," "probably true (D)," or "uncertain (E)."<sup>6</sup>

The results were as follows: A-0%, B-23%, C-19%, D-57%, E-0%. We see here strong leanings in favor of the secrecy policy.

A press release from the Intercontinental UFO Research and Analytical Network at the same convention in June, 1970 expressed similar opinions:

What will you [President Nixon] do when one day giant ships appear in our aerospace and land on the nation's territory? Will the U.S.A. be responsible for the victim of global panic, resulting from a thoughtless policy and University of Colorado studies? *Global security and human civilization should not be subject to one nation's policy . . .*

*Do something [before] it is too late. The irresponsible negligence and willful confusion of the population about the facts is the gravest offense against the existence of our civilization!*<sup>7</sup>

The same question was asked of the general public by the Opinion Research Corporation. In their survey, 67% believed UFO information was being suppressed by the government, and 31% did not.<sup>8</sup>

Returning to our five-choice questions, discussed above, Congress delegates were asked to reply to the statement, "There is no government agency holding secrecy reports about UFOs."

Some 47.6% replied "definitely false." 28.5% responded "probably false." None would say "definitely true," 18.2% concluded "probably true," and just 9.5% said they were "uncertain."

So it appears that the public — or at least those included in the sample prepared by O.R.C. — side with UFOlogists in their distrust of the Air Force, or perhaps government in general. The recent polls about Watergate support this view.

An offshoot of the "censorship" belief is the legend of the Men in Black, or MIB. This idea was first propounded in modern times by researcher Albert K. Bender — a man who claimed to have been silenced by the infamous trio.<sup>9</sup> Without recounting information that has been printed on countless occasions in UFO literature, let me simply say that the MIB is supposedly a group of entities who run around the country trying to prevent the discovery of the secret of the flying saucers.

The United Aerial Phenomena Agency asked in their survey, "Do you believe the Men in Black theory is fact?"

Only 35% said yes, 55% replied no. The remaining 10% were uncertain.

A UFO Analysis Center survey with a similar question produced a 32.1% yes response, 32.1% no, with a whopping 35.8% undecided. In response to a phrase asking what the individual thought the MIB might be, comments ranged from "MIB consists of various individuals and groups who feel threatened by UFO data" to "MIB is money making exciting tale for kids and adults."<sup>6</sup>

These surveys aside, it is entirely possible, if not probable, that there is some kind of group in existence that performs the acts credited to the MIB. UFOlogists have apparently been bothered by someone or something for a number of years. Although no actual proof of the existence of such an organization is available, there is a lot of unquestioned testimony pointing to their reality.

But the answer might still be purely psychological. Perhaps the unconscious fears and desires of the UFOlogists themselves have transformed perfectly ordinary people into this sinister agency. A very interesting comment was made by researcher Gary Lesley in an article entitled, "A Brief Appraisal of the MIB Phenomena":

However, the MIB phenomena may be a form of mild paranoia that could result, as I mentioned, by psychological desires generated by frustration from not achieving significant progress in UFO research by UFOlogists, or, caused by the emotional need to have UFO-nauts on Earth on a very personal basis.<sup>10</sup>



Mr. Lesley's statement takes on an added dimension when we consider the words of young UFO researcher Gary Elvers, in his book, *Opinions on UFOlogy*:

I think the MIB are, in reality, the Dero. They want to keep the saucers quiet.

Why do MIB dress in black? Why do MIB wear dark glasses? Most researchers think this is to hide their true identity. I feel, however, it is to protect themselves. If you lived in a dark cave all or most of your life, and you suddenly emerged into a vast amount of light (the surface world) you would protect your light tender skin and eyes with dark glasses and suits.<sup>11</sup>

Yes, suspicious attitudes exist in UFOlogy. The extent is yet to be determined. But if the field is ever to achieve true cooperation and maybe get some answers about the enigma, it must be objective and composed of sound minds. Think about this remark from Michael Jaffee in the article, "The Progress of UFOlogy — An Editorial Perspective":

Some of the garbage in print written by a bunch of paranoid so-called free-lance writers has actually accomplished more harm than anything else.<sup>12</sup>

This leads us to a statement from Willard Gaylin, M.D., President of the Institute of Society, Ethics, and the Life Sciences of Hastings-on-the-Hudson, New York, who is actually speaking about politicians in this statement. It is quoted from his article in the *New York Times Magazine*, entitled, "What's Normal?"

The ambition to office is often combined with the same grandiosity, competitiveness and narcissism that is characteristic of the paranoid personality. The paranoid personality with his conspiratorial mind, his tendency to personalize, his readiness to policy changes as personal attacks, his preoccupation with pride and humiliation, his endless tendency to create power struggles where none need to exist, his constant reassertion of his courage which is not being questioned and his masculinity which is not being threatened, his exaggerated sense of humiliation and his terror of exposing his deep felt sense of impotence and inadequacy, is a particular threat in a position of power. He will abandon his sense of objectivity and rationality to protest his masculine pride and preserve his self-image.<sup>13</sup>

While commenting on the MIB's resemblance to government officials, Gary Lesley wrote:

This class of MIB reports may be connected to those individuals desiring an image of having very important information on UFOs. The generation of such reports might be linked with, in the case of UFO researchers, a frustration of not finding clues to the UFO mystery, and a desire for having conclusive evidence. If they can't find it in their investigations, they invent it. But, rather than spilling their "conclusive information" to fellow researchers (and therefore admitting it isn't what it was claimed to be), they have the MIB to fall back on, telling fellow UFOlogists that they can't give out the data because of threats on

their life by the MIB. So, the information that is so vital, so important, and so conclusive is safely kept a mystery, making that particular UFOlogist a leading figure in controversy and gossip. And he apparently laps it all up hungrily.

The UFO phenomena is frequently referred to as a "problem." However, the problem involves much more than finding out what might be flying around our skies. UFOs are also a sociological and/or psychological mystery that may in part be born from the ills of our society. The problem is not only the UFO, but also the UFOlogist.

— Kevin McCray

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- (Editor's Note: The above article brings to mind some fascinating questions, such as: Why does this field attract so-called "oddball" types? Or does it? Readers, what do you think?)



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# MESSAGE FROM BEYOND

By Michael Hervey

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I should like to make it quite clear from the start that I have yet to be convinced that survival after death is a proved and accredited fact. I am a strict realist, and consider that, up till now, science has served to supply most of the answers. But I am also ready to admit that there are a great many things betwixt Heaven and Earth that science cannot explain, nor does it seem that science will ever succeed in this respect. It is for that reason that I try to keep an open mind, and have read practically every book for and against spiritualism.

One of the explanations offered for the experience I am about to relate is that it was purely a case of telepathy. I shall leave you readers to form your own opinions.

I have been connected with the theater, both amateur and professional, for a number of years. It came as no surprise when, soon after moving into my present home, I was called upon to reorganize a local amateur dramatic group of high standing. I was, indeed, most happy to oblige in this respect, although I found it a little difficult to attend some of the meetings. My father, who suffered from a serious heart complaint, was staying with me at the time.

He was a difficult patient, and liable to do silly things unless checked. My mother, who was by no means well herself, was quite unable to cope with him. So it fell to me to reverse the normal procedure, and act the stern parent! On the evenings that I wished to attend the meetings of the drama group, I arranged for my married sister, who lived within a reasonable distance, to come and look after our father.

The meetings invariably commenced about eight o'clock, and continued until ten, when the group usually adjourned to a nearby cafe for coffee and an informal chat. I should have liked to join these little social gatherings, but I had to hurry home immediately after the meetings, because my sister had a bus to catch.

On the evening in question, I left my father reasonably comfortable, having first made sure that my sister knew all about his array of pills and medicines, and would duly administer doses at the

correct times and in correct sequence — no easy task since father always objected strongly to taking any of them.

I arrived at the club, as usual, a little after eight. I was soon involved in a lengthy discussion with the rest of the group concerning the finances of the club.

Suddenly, I was gripped by a strange uneasiness, and for no apparent reason, felt that I could not stay in the room for another minute.

I was quite unable to resist the compulsion that forced me to my feet halfway through the proceedings.

"I'm sorry, but I have to leave," I told the other members.

I could offer no explanation for my odd behavior, and I must have looked a little strange. They all assumed that I wasn't feeling well, and would have accompanied me to the bus, had I not assured them it was quite unnecessary.

So it was that I made my way home an hour earlier than usual, a very bewildered man. I pride myself on being essentially reasonable, and rather despise those who act impulsively. And yet here I was, doing something I had never intended, without knowing why.

It was most disconcerting.

The journey home took just over 15 minutes. The grandfather clock in the hall chimed a quarter past nine as I inserted my key in the lock. As the chimes died away, I heard someone crying.

On rushing into my father's room, I found both my mother and sister in tears. My father had had a sudden and severe heart attack.

He passed away at almost the precise moment that the peculiar sensation of uneasiness had possessed me at the club!

Was it telepathy?

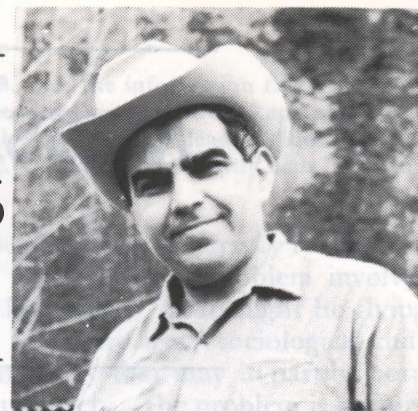
It must be remembered that I heard no voice, saw no vision, it was something more intangible. I did not know why I felt uneasy, for I certainly had no premonition that my father was dying. The uneasiness drove me home, it is true, but gave me no clue as to what to expect when I got there. What do you readers think?

— Michael Hervey



# UFOS AND WEATHER CHAOS

By Jerome Eden



(Editor's Note: *Jerome Eden is the author of Orgone Energy — The Answer to Atomic Suicide. His new book, Planet in Trouble, gives the factual material and background for the assertions made in this article. Both books are published by Exposition Press, Jericho, N.Y. Mr. Eden has conducted weather-control experiments under federal regulations, based on the work of the late Dr. Wilhelm Reich.*)

\* \* \*

Planetary meteorologists are still shaking their heads over the incredible weather chaos that struck the planet Earth in 1972. A compendium of weather anomalies compiled by the World Meteorological Organization in Geneva, Switzerland, scores 1972 as one of the most freakish weather years on record. Here are a few highlights:

In 1972, 48 weather disasters hit the United States, with hurricane Agnes causing loss of life and \$3.5 billion in destruction in Pennsylvania, New York, Virginia, Maryland and Florida. Spain received its heaviest rains since 1859, while lack of sufficient snowfall in the nearby Alps ruined winter sports there. Canadian temperatures dropped to unseasonable lows that were accompanied by ten times the normal number of icebergs spawned in the Atlantic.

The other side of the weather picture showed record heat in India, with hundreds dead. Killer windstorms on the east coast of Japan wrecked or sank 50 ships, bowled over more than 3,000 homes and left 464 persons dead. Australia got its share of weather miseries, with eastern portions of the country receiving seven times the normal rainfall. Residents of western Australia suffered under the fourth straight year of severe drought, the severest drought ever recorded there.

Depths of water in the Rhine River fluctuated crazily. In October, water depths at Basel were at their lowest levels in 25 years. However, in November, the water level had risen to a level reached only four times in 60 years.

Moscow residents sweltered in record summer

heat and lack of rainfall, while Ireland struggled through its coldest June in 100 years!

Extremes of highs and lows were noted on many U.S. thermometers — while high winds of gale force smashed many European cities. This is only a brief smattering of the weather chaos in 1972. When the records are all in, however, 1973 weather anomalies may very well top anything that occurred in 1972.

There is no doubt in the mind of any serious weather student — “Something screwy is going on in the atmosphere!”

Many meteorologists are pouring over their records, looking for patterns that might explain, or *explain away*, the weather chaos that is rapidly threatening our planet with disaster. Nevertheless, since classical meteorology knows nothing about the existence and functions of the Cosmic, primordial Life Energy (Orgone Energy) which underlies all weather functions, it cannot comprehend the depth and scope of the problems facing Earthmen.

Our Earth, and everything upon and within it, is immersed in a vast Ocean of Life Energy, as first discovered and fully described by the late Dr. Wilhelm Reich. Cloud growth and dissolution, wind force and direction, rainfall or dispersment, the rise and fall of barometric pressure, and the amount of moisture present over any region — all are related to the basic flow, stoppage, or changes in the atmospheric Orgone energy.

Using the principles of the cosmic Orgone energy, Reich invented what he termed a “Cloudbuster,” an apparatus that can “trigger” vast amounts of the atmospheric Orgone in any direction. With his Cloudbuster, Reich repeatedly brought rain into parched areas of the United States and was able to remove “smog” over highly industrialized regions. In one case, for example, Reich brought rain that saved the blueberry crop for growers in Maine.

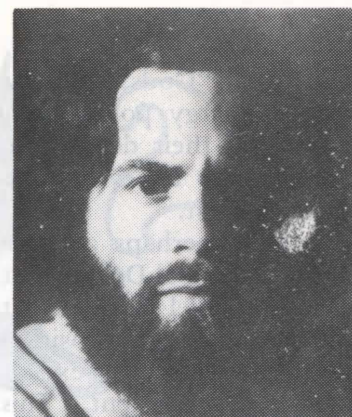
In the early 1950's, while Reich was testing and experimenting with his Cloudbuster, many UFOs were seen crossing the skies over his Rangeley, Maine laboratory. The passage of these UFOs  
(continued on page 21)



# WHO (OR WHAT) ARE THE GODS?

By Tim Zell

(Part 11)



(Editor's Note: In part one of this article, Tim Zell laid the groundwork for the philosophy of the Pagan movement. See our November-December issue for details. Copies are still available for 75c each.)

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## PLANETARY CODE

The simplest category of what have been called "Gods" is the astronomical-astrological. Many of what are considered to be ancient Deities are nothing but personifications of the planets. Most ancient peoples referred to planets as "Gods," but the monotheistic Hebrews called them "Archangels!" Thus the planet Venus, for example, was called Hathor by the Egyptians, Michael by the Hebrews, Athena by the Greeks, Lucifer by the Etruscans, Quetzalcoatl by the Mayans, and so on.

The behavior of such "Gods" and their interventions into the lives of various peoples can be readily reconciled by a study of the several dramatic interplanetary catastrophes as reconstructed by Immanuel Velikovsky in *Worlds in Collision*. So, the myth of Athena being born from the forehead of Zeus is a description of how the cometary proto-planet Venus was expelled from the planet Jupiter around 1500 B.C.

One interesting side-effect of some of these events is the association of Venus-Deities with Lunar-Deities. During the period following its formation when Venus was passing quite close to the Earth every 52 years, its crescent-shaped appearance, now visible only through a telescope, dominated the heavens, and became incorporated into the headresses of any local personifications of that planet.

When, hundreds of years later, Venus was displaced into its present nearly circular orbit and its crescent shape was no longer visible, the only body of the heavens that ever displayed such a crescent was the moon. So, many Goddesses once associated only with the planet Venus are now associated with the moon as well (such as Athena).

## GODS FROM OUTER SPACE

The next category of so-called "Gods" is that of extraterrestrial astronauts who seem to have visited our world at various times — and to have taught certain arts and skills to the human race. While this is still a controversial theory, the evidence continuing to amass seems quite impressive. Erich von Däniken's *Chariots of the Gods?* and *Gods From Outer Space* make a very convincing case.

Examples of such "Gods" may be the Hebrew Angels, the Arabian Djinn, the Qabalistic "Watchers," the Greek Prometheus, the Romano-Etruscan Aradia, the Sumerian Oannes, the Egyptian Thoth, and the Aztec Quetzalcoatl. Since these ancient astronauts descended from the skies in their fiery wheels or flaming chariots, they were often associated with various planets, especially when they happened to follow in the wake of the sort of interplanetary catastrophes Velikovsky describes.

Thus, while the Mayans' Quetzalcoatl was a great feathered serpent (Venus originally had a long tail, and was thought to be a comet), the later Aztecs gave that name to the bearded man ("comet" comes from a Greek word meaning "hairy," and statues of a bearded Venus Goddess still exist) who came to teach and instruct them in the building of a great civilization.

## TRIBAL GODS

Tribal Gods form yet a third category of Deities, and they are a bit closer to the nature of Deity as discussed previously in Neo-Pagan theology. They are the personification of the collective unconscious (see Carl G. Jung) of an entire people. The classic example of such an entity is the Hebrew Jahveh, but Krishna, Brahma, Odin, Satan, Christ, Buddha and Santa Claus must also be included in this category (and by "Christ" and "Buddha" I am not referring to the historical Yehoshua and Siddhartha Gautama, but to the supernatural and eternal essences conceived by generations of Christians and Buddhists and given those titles.)



Such "Gods," of course, exist only by virtue of the energy poured into their maintenance by legions of their devout worshippers. Should people cease to believe in them, they would likewise cease to exist.

It is perhaps a commentary on this fragile nature of tribal Deities that their worshippers seem always to feel compelled to exalt such Gods into the rather absurd positions of supreme creatures of the universe, pre-existent and eternal, omnipotent and omniscient. This, of course, introduces the irreconcilable problem of evil, which is obviously incompatible with the existence of a supremely omnipotent and omniscient God unless such a God is himself evil. In the words of a fictional Eskimo Shaman, or "Angakok":

Each tribe has the God it deserves, for Gods are made in the image of those that believe in them. Therefore the stupid have a stupid God, the intelligent an intelligent God, the good a good God, the wicked a wicked God. The God of the white men is jealous, selfish and greedy because they themselves are jealous, selfish and greedy. (Hans Ruesch, *Top of the World*, Pocket Books 55063, 1944, page 167.)

### THE THIRD LOVER

But if the collective unconscious of an entire people can manifest as a tribal Deity, then so can the soul-essences of two people merge to give rise to a synergistic Unity that is a Whole greater than the sum of them both individually. As in the formation of salt, wherein two elements, sodium and chlorine, each having their own properties, combine to form a compound that has properties neither element had in itself, so does the complete union of a man and a woman into One — into a soul-mated pair — form a complete Being beyond what either of them could be alone.

It is recognized that separate, men and women are incomplete, and the goal of the Macro family is always balanced harmonious union. (Don and Theo Plym, 2150: *The Macro Love Story*, 745 E. Loyola, Tempe, Arizona 85282, 1971, page 268.)

Men and women have been cloven in twain since the collapse of the great matriarchies, and our riven souls are sadly in need of repair. And repair means to re-pair. We cannot be Whole unless we are re-paired with our other halves. In Maithuna or Tantric Yoga, we have a technique for repairing utilizing the Kundalini serpent-fire of sexual ecstasy:

... You begin to create somehow the feeling of a third presence. This presence is made up of the two separate halves overlapping, melting down and "blushing." When this blushing occurs a field is created — it pours out your pores like shoots of light opening out a way "whence

the imprisoned splendour escapes."

When at last the field of electromagnetism is whining-shining round both of you, you feel her blood flowing in your veins; scratch her back, and feel your fingernails on your own back; look into her eyes, your two eyes together create a third eye, a third presence, whose eyes shine forth another color . . . . Another presence, a new person has come into being!

. . . The communion should last at least two hours. If in that time a man surrenders sensitive awareness of the woman, feeling her blood flow, vibrating to her metabolism, breathing her breath — he will know the meaning of Tat tvam asi. It is the awareness of unity physically. Felt in blood and bones: We are one. (Thad & Rita Ashby, "The Yoga of Sex," *New Living*, Elysium Institute.)

### DEMONS

Another interesting category of "Gods" comprises those entities which are not called Gods at all, but Demons. Research into the nature of schizophrenia (a classic example is found in the book *Operators and Things* by Barbara O'Brien) has shown that the subconscious mind is capable of conjuring up quite an assortment of characters with which it can cast an elaborate drama. This drama seems to the afflicted subject to be as real and objective as the world the rest of us inhabit. Such characters may be called "Martians," or "Deros and Teros," or "Operators," or . . . Demons.

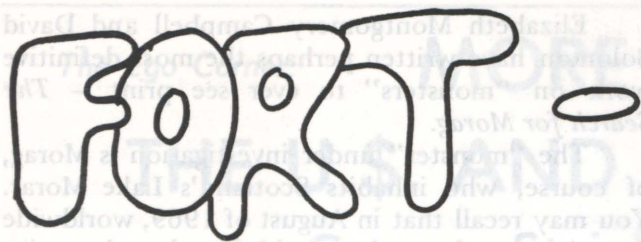
Demons are the creations of the subconscious mind, and can be conjured up out of it by appropriate ritual and incantations (such as are given in *The Book of Sacred Magic of Abramelin the Mage*) formulated for that purpose. Since they are created not by our conscious minds, but by our subconscious, Demons seem to have lives and wills of their own, and may be very difficult to control consciously.

Moreover, since they are a product of our own minds, they have access to the truly awesome psychic powers that we all possess, however latently, and can accomplish many things that we would be hard pressed to accomplish consciously.

Science-fiction fans will recall the "Id-beast" from the movie *Forbidden Planet*. But it is not we alone who are capable of creating such beings from our own subconscious minds. We must assume that not only other people, but also other animals and perhaps even plants may conjure up creatures subconsciously with which they may people their own subjective worlds as well as project into ours.

And since many of the Demons of humanity have been deliberately evoked over the centuries, the energy is invested by many magicians. They are given a greater degree of independence and objectivity. These may then evolve into tribal Gods, and indeed, the chief Demon of them all, the Christian  
(continued on page 22)





## IFICATIONS



The year is 1896. The morning mist of this even-then antique landscape had just begun to melt as the New England sun rose above the horizon. All was silent except for some inexplicable droning that permeated the stillness of this densely wooded corner of the great Maine wilderness. Deer, moose, bear, birds and various other inhabitants of the area began to shift their attention toward the uniformly increasing level of the unusual sound.

Just then, all hell broke loose!

Captain Cavendish wrenched back with all the physical pressure that his arms could muster upon the large lever that he grasped in his hands. The accumulation of gears shifted on their shafts and the deafening din of the infernal engine became even more unbearable. Larger cogwheels meshed with smaller ones, steam bellowed forth from an enormous spherical metal tank mounted on a frame, pipes and hoses gyrated wildly as super-saturated water vapor pulsed through them. Brass governors spun in unison, and tandem man-sized fans continued to gain momentum as they rotated, accompanied by a buzzing noise likened to an endless multitude of beehives.

Above the Captain's head loomed the most peculiar thing of all — an oversized egg-shaped contraption, about 40 feet in diameter on the longest side. At first it seemed like some sort of hot air balloon, but was actually a solid construction of some sort supported by a maze of interlaced wires attached to the scaffold that held the driving engine.

Passadumkeag is a typical northeastern town situated within the lap of the dense tree-laden countryside. At the Passadumkeag Country Store and Emporium several local residents gathered to discuss "current events," as they did nearly every Saturday morning.

Walter Wanger lifted a mug to his lips and inhaled a long draught.

"It's those lights that's driven' me crazy. Three times already this month me and the missus was woken up in the middle of the night by some racket in the sky up above. Once we seen it too! Big searchlights sweepin' the farm — and the

buzzin' as it whizzed right over. Never seen nuthin' like it! I hear tell that it knocked the weathervane offin the Widder Haney's barn. There's somethin' mighty strange goin' on round here!"

Rondo Hatton nodded in agreement, as he filled his glass from a large jug. "It's them city slickers up to no good!"

The cacophony of the forest had reached its zenith. Whirling eccentrics, twisting swivels, belching steam, revolving blades, trembling assemblages of metal — all acting as a single unit in a melody of unlistenable clatter. And in the midst of this scene stood a human form turning valves and adjusting levers. After what seemed like a lifetime, Captain Cavendish began screaming like a man possessed.

"The time has come! I must be quick about it or the moment will pass. The time has come!"

Quickly he ran to a nearby ramshacked shed and took a one-gallon jug, which he carried over to the vibrating machine. Turning a spigot on the spherical tank, he awaited breathlessly as a clear liquid poured out.

"At last," he shrieked, "this bath ought to keep money in my pocket and those hillbilly farmers in their cups for months to come!"

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The long-awaited third volume by Erich von Daeniken in the continuing story of pre-historic extraterrestrial visitation is now available — *The Gold of the Gods*. Along with Juan Moricz, an Argentine adventurer, von Daeniken claims to have seen and photographed an enormous tunnel and cave system under the Republic of Ecuador that was built by "unknown constructors at some unknown date."

The "artificial" tunnel system is supposedly hundreds of miles long and it's claimed that it contains a library of various stone and metal objects that, if translated, will tell the history of the human race and a vanished civilization.

All of this could be taken very lightly except for the fact that photographs of the caves and



artifacts are reproduced in the book. Also, very explicit instructions are given for the contacting of Juan Moricz for the purpose of confirming and/or investigating the claims. If von Daeniken's statements turn out to be true, this could be the single most important discovery in the history of archaeology. Until further confirmation comes, though, the claims must remain just that.

The October 8, 1973 issue of *Newsweek* contains a review by S.K. Oberbeck of *The Gold of the Gods* in which all sorts of "damnable" facts are unloosed: von Daeniken was never in the caves (shades of Richard Shaver!), his books are ghost-written, he attended a Swiss Jesuit school that corrupted his views of Christianity, and he wears elevator shoes. *Newsweek* did not attempt to disprove the existence of the caves.

The balance of the book is written in the same von Daeniken "tradition" as *Chariots of the Gods?* and *Gods From Outer Space*. Included is an exceptionally interesting section on the ruins of Nan Madol on the island of Temuen in the Caroline Islands — which alone is probably worth the purchase price. If you were at all interested in von Daeniken's previous works, or even if you weren't, I would suggest reading *The Gold of the Gods*. It's published by G.P. Putnam's Sons, 200 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016 at \$6.95.

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It would seem to me that anyone with even a casual interest in UFOs will most probably have heard of the "legendary" Varo edition of M.K. Jessup's *The Case for the UFO*. Well, after many years of rumors of its existence, Gray Barker not only claims to have a copy in his possession, but he has reproduced it in exact facsimile (he says) to the original. The story behind this "Annotated Edition" is too complex to try and repeat here — the whole involved history is spelled out rather nicely by Barker in the preface to his reprint.

Also of interest to many will certainly be the copies of the "Allende Letters" — which are almost as UFOlogically "infamous" as the Varo edition itself. These are included as part of the facsimile.

Even if the annotations were not unusual enough, the long out-of-print copy of *The Case for the UFO* would be worth owning. The Varo edition is reproduced on 8½ x 11 spiral-bound pages, with the original retyped text in black and the annotations in red. It is available from Saucerian Press, Inc., Box 2228, Clarksburg, West Virginia 26301 for \$25.00.

\* \* \*

Elizabeth Montgomery Campbell and David Solomon have written perhaps the most definitive work on "monsters" to ever see print — *The Search for Morag*.

The "monster" under investigation is Morag, of course, who inhabits Scotland's Lake Morar. You may recall that in August of 1969, worldwide attention was focused upon Morar when the major newswires reported that it had attacked a small fishing boat on Loch Morar, and had promptly bitten off the end of a fisherman's oar. This particular episode is retold in *The Search for Morag*, this time in the words of the witnesses involved. The authors succeed in laying to rest some of the sensationalism associated with the newspaper reports.

Elizabeth Campbell handles the historical and eyewitness accounts, while David Solomon, who holds a degree in zoology, takes care of the biological and geological data. Between them they manage to assemble an impressive amount of evidence for the existence of Morag — almost more impressive than the evidence so far uncovered for Nessie.

The eyewitness sighting reports seem to be of slightly better quality than the Loch Ness reports, probably because of the clearness of the Loch Morar water. They go back into history — as far back as the human population can be traced around the shores of the loch. Also, Solomon has provided factual data that lends credence to the sighting data — that it is entirely within the possibility of the natural ecological system at work at Loch Morar that a large creature could survive in it. Suggestions are also made on how to further carry out investigations in the search for the creature.

This highly enjoyable and important book is available from Walker and Company, 720 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10019 at \$6.95.

Get it!

\* \* \*

#### NOTES OF AN ENIGMATOLOGICAL MANIAC — OR HOW TO LOSE FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE NOBODY

*The Wall of Light, Nikola Tesla, and the Venusian Spaceship the X-12* by A.H. Matthews — This book concerns itself with the Wall of Light, Nikola Tesla, and the Venusian Spaceship the X-12. It also concerns itself with A.H. Matthews and a selling price of \$6.00. Send it to Health Research, 70 Lafayette Street, Mokelumne Hill, Ca. 95245 for your copy. Actually, it is fairly insomniatic, although not too believable.

(continued on page 22)

CAVEAT EMPTOR



The Ego Corner:

# MORE ABOUT THE U.\$ AND THEM

By Geneva Steinberg



"Oh no! Don't write another book review."

This, after Gene had mongered me for hours about writing a column for this issue. Some people are never satisfied.

Well, I had other ideas too. First I was going to write a diatribe against the new FDA vitamin regulations. But I wanted to have my facts straight, and I didn't feel in the mood for doing any short-notice research. So this time I'll just suggest that readers protest this outrage by writing to urge your representative to support the Hosmer Bill, H.R. 643.

Then, I was going to begin a series on Children's Liberation. But *that* would be much too windy for my space allotted in this issue.

Gene suggested that I write a short "I told you so" on the theme, "The End Is Coming Soon." But *that* should be apparent to everybody already, alarmist crackpot notion that it is.

Then I had an idea for a *really* controversial topic: I would write a piece defending Richard Nixon! Never mind that I have remained studiously uninformed in most areas of politics, including even our national soap opera, Watergate. I have been hearing a lot of people, who usually are reasonably open-minded and compassionate, state that *Nixon* is behind all the current mess, from political dishonesty to inflation to the gas shortage. Nixon could hardly be responsible for creating these problems. But he *is* responsible for:

a) Implying to the public that a few simple government programs have any chance to straighten things out — thereby increasing the disappointment when it becomes obvious that the situation is out of control; and

b) Cowardly trying to save face by refusing to *admit* the game is over for this present system. Nixon might accomplish a modicum of good if he had the nerve to go before the people and say, "Yeah, folks, I lied, heh heh, we all lied, and it's been that way for years, and now here's what's *really* going on . . . ." They'd crucify him, of course, but that'll happen anyhow.

How can people attribute such sinister powers

of evil to somebody clumsy enough to get himself elected Bull's Eye during the National Egg-Throwing Tournament? He has been victimized even more than the rest of us!

Well — compared to the pro-Nixon spiel, Gene decided a book review didn't sound so bad after all. So let me start by telling you about *The Stoned Apocalypse*, by Marco Vassi. He calls himself a "psychological chameleon," and the book chronicles his travels and metamorphoses during one year and a half. It's mainly a hip adventure story, but us Explorers of the Unknown can find a lot of inspiration therein. Let us assume that Vassi is an honorable man and that his tales have some semblance of truth.

Vassi writes casually of staying in a house with a ghost; he tells how a couple passed out immediately when he angrily zapped them with his Third Eye. These are just a couple of his strange anecdotes. But I think the best insight the book has to offer is the nature of group psychology — cults and how they function. Vassi seems to have been extraordinarily vulnerable to such influences. However, his enthusiasms run their courses in a shorter time than most people's, so the tuning in and out phases are more sharply defined.

My theory is that when people are in psychic harmony in certain ways, an actual energy field is generated thereby — creating what might be considered a primitive living organism, but on a different level from the people who comprise it. Such organisms go through the usual processes of growth and vitality, decline and decay. During the growth period, anyone at all susceptible to the influence is likely to be sucked into the group. Moreover, although the group's purposes and principles may be manifestly absurd, *this is irrelevant!* It can still be a going concern. But during the decline period, the Thing is dying, and all the best-organized, best-backed, sincerest attempts to hold it together are to no avail — however reasonable the methods and goals. Some such "gestalt" organisms die, decay, and fall apart naturally. Others become petrified and contribute little to the psychic ecology. Most of the larger, recent ones seem to be



mummified, wrapped in red tape.

Sometimes these organisms form around a single nucleus — maybe a Manson, a Hitler, or some more benign guru. But the “nucleus,” whoever he is, is different from the organism itself; he is only a focal point. His personal qualities may determine what kind of organism forms, but don’t get the idea that he is “in control” of anything. He’s just surfing along the waves.

While the organism is in its active stage, the nucleus may draw power from it — but only while he has the cooperation of the separate components. This is why psychics are sometimes reliable and sometimes not; why every guru asks for your “faith.” It doesn’t matter in what, but the organism can’t thrive without it. *This is why such groups can be so hostile to the non-believers; they threaten the very existence of the organism.* This is why Nixon doesn’t stand a prayer of accomplishing anything constructive for the rest of his term!

It must be confusing for a nucleus who imagines himself to have great personal power, and later finds himself left high and dry as his sustaining organism dies. And *they all grow old and die*, even the strongest and most beautiful. But it is unfair to judge an organism by its decrepit last stages.

I’m trying to write of something we don’t have a vocabulary for, but I want to emphasize that I’m not talking about a nebulous mental concept. I am talking about something as real as electricity. Think of it as a whirlwind . . . when it grows to be a tornado, we give it a name.

Now think about UFOs, and about *THEM*. How *THEY* have all these powers to cause havoc, but *there is a reflective factor*. (I have overheard an argument where someone was disparaging the experiences of a contactee, because the Space People had never told her anything she didn’t want to hear! Seek and you shall find . . . ) Now, take John Keel’s idea of whole races and populations being pawns in a battle on another plane — maybe the Gestalt Organisms are battling! Ray Palmer said this is obviously a long-term struggle conceived by someone who has a life span of centuries and expects to be around to enjoy the outcome. That Someone may be human — but not a human being!

This is how *THEY* could manipulate us so

shrouded in fog.

The reader must wonder by now what all this

easily, and yet maybe not be particularly sane or intelligent.

How would you communicate with your right big toe?

I have another suspicion. I think in a lot of contactee cases, the “space people” may turn out to be just ordinary folks, who may have no idea that anyone mistook them for anything unusual. Maybe there is no paranormal event that can’t be explained away in conventional terms — but *that doesn’t mean it might not have been real in its own terms*.

In his biography of Charles Fort, Damon Knight describes a well-known phenomenon where, when a new process is developed in industry, it won’t work for most companies until someone already familiar with it demonstrates its use. After that, others can use it too. After they tune in to the right frame of reference?

Maybe we shouldn’t sneer at the ancient superstitions. They may have once been true. Maybe the “natural laws” of the universe are evolving along with everything else. Maybe the day will come when simple things of our own “Science” no longer work. “I am the God of Physics, and I have changed the rules!” (Al Greenfield)

Keel suggests that UFOs seem to be closely associated with Earth — perhaps as closely as *we* are? The immortality that comes to those who find their soul by losing it may simply be the shifting of the point of self-identification from the individual to the planetary consciousness, where “All are One.” (By the way, what we’ve seen suggests that this may soon be happening to people en masse, as the Age of Aquarius moves in.)

So if you’re too concerned about *THEM*, remember Pogo: “We have met the Enemy, and They are Us.”

\* \* \*

How about some feedback on these ideas? If you believe them on my say-so, it will probably serve you right!

As for Marco Vassi . . . read his book if you want to; it can do no harm. Available from Pocket Books, 1 West 39th St., New York, N.Y., for \$1.25 plus 25c postage.

— Geneva Steinberg

\* \* \* \* \*

(THE HORST ORCHARD GHOST LIGHT — continued from page 5)

has to do with the earlier mentioned ghost lights. And a good question it is.



Aside from the fact that the incidents took place in extreme close proximity, that the accident victim was the brother of the man involved in viewing the ghost lights, and my own nagging idea that the police were (and probably are) withholding information, there is no connection.

Perhaps *now* the reader begins to see in which direction this bulldozer is plowing!

\* \* \*

On June 22nd, Joe Boltz was buried in a Lebanon cemetery. That same day Hurricane Agnes struck the northeastern coast with full blustering force. And again I was behind the wheel of my Ford, rolling through pouring rain on a trek to attend something far removed from my thoughts, the annual National UFO Conference, held that year in Indiana.

Perhaps it was the downpour or the thought of Joe sleeping that final sleep that made me move with enormous caution. But I made it safely to my destination. In truth, I never saw dry road until I

hit the Ohio/Indiana border. And even while traversing those rain-laden byways, the nagging in the depths of my mind continued to grow. What *was* the connection between those damned lights and Joe's death. And then entered myth . . .

*Drift back a century. Ease the mind further along the backtrail of time until one can view an ancient castle. Inside those stone walls the residents sit quietly, fearfully. They know that death can overtake someone there that night. For outside, in the cold and dark and perhaps wet night, the death-sayer, the banshee, has wailed again . . .*

Could those lights, those luminous floating orbs have been a modern version of the banshee? Under other circumstances, I'd have laughed at the notion. But not then, not while I drove those wet highways. And still not today! The memory lingers on, etched as a torch on wood.

If men could only see beyond their limitations for a single moment out of every lifetime, we might have the answers to questions like this one. But I suppose in time we'll all learn the answer . . .

— Curtis K. Sutherly

\* \* \* \* \*

#### (UFOs AND WEATHER CHAOS — continued from page 14)

was accompanied by noxious, dirty gray-to-black clouds that contained large amounts of a highly noxious substance. Reich identified these dirty-black, shreddy clouds as "DOR" clouds — that is, clouds lacking oxygen and water and containing high amounts of radioactivity. Whenever he cleared the skies of DOR clouds, the UFOs would pour the DOR back into the atmosphere.

The conclusion was frightening and inescapable: UFOs are utilizing the Cosmic Orgone energy of our planet as their *propulsive power*! DOR is the "exhaust" or exhausted energy from these outer space craft, just as carbon monoxide is a product of a gasoline engine. DOR is deadly to man and his planet. It robs the atmosphere of oxygen and moisture; it attacks animal, vegetable, and mineral to gain the needed oxygen and moisture.

A highly "Dorized" atmosphere inevitably yields drought and desert development. The drought process does not occur overnight. It is, rather, accompanied by increasing *extremes* in weather phenomena: too much heat or too much cold, too much rain or too little rain, too strong a wind or total atmospheric stagnation.

On more than one occasion, Reich deliberately pointed his Cloudbuster at certain blinking "stars" in the night sky. These "stars" began to dim, wobble, move as if trying to get away. In some instances they actually *went out*, as Reich

withdrew the Cosmic Orgone from these strange "craft." These events were witnessed by several competent and highly credible witnesses. The implications are literally earth-shaking, but they must eventually be faced by Earthmen everywhere if we are to reverse a process that is threatening to turn our planet into another desert wasteland, like the moon.

Reich's grim and frightening conclusions are fully documented in my book, *Planet in Trouble*. Having successfully used a Reich cloudbuster on many occasions in the Northwest, I must fully agree with the conclusions given by Wilhelm Reich:

Earth is under attack (and has been for many years) by certain UFOs that utilize the Cosmic Orgone as propulsive power. These UFOs are presently doing two things to our Earth and its inhabitants — they are pouring their deadly slag (DOR) into our biosphere, and simultaneously *drawing off* vast amounts of our planetary Life energy. They are definitely and deliberately contributing to worldwide planetary weather chaos, a chaos that spells total annihilation for our world, aided by certain DORized "humans" here on Earth. Only a full knowledge and responsible planetary use of Reich's discoveries and inventions can give Man the tools and knowhow to combat this interplanetary assault.

— Jerome Eden



(WHO [OR WHAT] ARE THE GODS — continued from page 16)

Satan, has by virtue of the vast amount of energy (in the form of belief) poured into him by countless Christians since the 13th century attained the status of a God to rival even Jahveh.

ELEMENTALS

The Elements, as everyone knows, are Earth, Water, Air and Fire. But what few people seem to recognize is that these are in actuality the four states of matter: solid, liquid, gas and plasma. (This is why the candle is the one tool a Witch can use if she has nothing else, for a burning candle comprises all four elements.)

In a living body, *all* the component parts share in that life, even if they would be nothing but inert matter if isolated from the Wholeness of that body. So our bones and blood plasma are as much a part of our living bodies as are our nerves and muscle. The same is true of the Earth as a single vast living Being, for Her body *is* our entire planet, and all components of the planet share in Her life.

The entire planet is a life-form made up of non-living portions and a large variety of living portions (as our own body is made up of non-living crystals in bones and non-living water in blood, as well as of a large variety of living portions). (Isaac Asimov, "The Case Against Man," *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, July 6, 1970.)

Thus, while the Biosphere is Her flesh, the Lithosphere (rocks and minerals; solid; Earth) is Her skeleton; the Hydrosphere (seas, lakes, rivers; liquid; Water) is Her blood; the Atmosphere (sky, wind, clouds; gas; Air) is Her breath; and the Ionosphere (Aurora Borealis, etc.; plasma; Fire) is Her aura. And since these elements are parts of our living body, they partake of that life, and so have a form of life of their own, however rudimentary.

When we learn to perceive with the subtle senses of our astral bodies, we "see" the essences of these elements as Gnomes (Earth), Undines (Water), Sylphs (Air) and Salamanders (Fire).

SYMBOLS AND CONCEPTS

Finally, we must consider the category of "Gods" that are not actual entities at all, but merely metaphorical philosophical concepts and

symbols. These are abstractions meant to represent some certain principle or other, generally some "higher" ideal.

Many public buildings are graced with a blind-folded Goddess of Justice holding a scale and/or the Goddess of Liberty with Her torch. Similarly, gamblers will call upon Lady Luck. The ancients had many such Deities, such as the Egyptian Ma'at (Truth) and the Greek Themis (Harmony) and Eris (Discord). In Anton LaVey's Church of Satan, the Christian Demon-God Satan is conceived of as a symbol of full, lusty, material life, and many Witches seem to regard the God and Goddess as abstract principles of masculinity and femininity (like the oriental Yin-Yang).

Such metaphorical abstractions are also implied when it is said that someone's "God" is money, or power, or success. Some very explicit statements of Deities as conceptual principles may also be found in the writings of The Process, a sort of Neo-Gnostic religion which uses the names "Jehovah," "Satan," "Lucifer," and "Christ" to express what they consider to be the four fundamental facets of human character.

One interesting aspect of such symbolic "Gods" is that people who are involved in religious systems that treat "Gods" as mere personifications of abstract concepts consider *all* Gods, of all religions, to be likewise no more than philosophical concepts. They tend to be rather patronizing towards people who are so "primitive" in their religious attitudes as to "believe" in the literal existence of their Gods!

\* \* \*

The foregoing analysis of the nature of Divinity and Deities has been necessarily brief. It was intended not so much as an in-depth analysis, but a survey. Obviously, much more could be said on every point, and it might be worthwhile at some future date to attempt a more comprehensive identification of many specific Deities of various peoples and religions with one or more of the aforementioned categories. But that will have to wait until the next time the Muse decides to inspire me to spend a few days at a typewriter!

So remember: Thou art God-dess!

— Tim Zell

(FORT-IFICATIONS — continued from page 18)



*Gods and Devils From Outer Space* by Eric Norman (Lancer Books, 1560 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10036, \$1.25) — More on the "Sky People" and their visitations throughout history. Pretty good. Some new material is covered.

*The Coming of the Gods* by Jean Sendy (Berkley Publishing Corp., 200 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016, 95c) — You guessed it! Another one of the pre-historic spacemen visitation books. This one is very well written, however, and contains some intriguing material. If you can spare 95c, spend it on this.

*The Eternal Man* by Louis Pauwels and Jacques Bergier (Avon Books, 250 West 55th St., New

York, N.Y. 10019, \$1.50) — Not another one! No, not quite, but close. Examination of the hypothesis that a super civilization existed long before what conventional archaeologists believe. As with all books by these authors — absorbing and well-done.

*Atlantis Rising* by Brad Steiger (Dell Books, P.O. Box 1000, Pinebrook, N.J. 07058, 95c) — "A super-race that came before man — A subterranean civilization of inner Earth that still may exist — The truth about the mighty empire of Atlantis . . ." What else can I say? — Paul J. Braczyk

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# CULTURE CORNER

## GOD DRIVES A FLYING SAUCER

By R.L. Dione — Bantam Books, Inc., New York, N.Y. — 1973 — 131pp. — \$1.25.

Don't let the title of this book throw you. It sounds silly. Maybe it was meant to be sarcastic. However, what Professor Dione says about UFOs and Christianity is another story altogether.

Some will say that Dione has made an attempt at a very modern Higher Criticism of the Judeo-Christian Scriptures. For example, the attempt to explain so-called "miracles" in terms meaning "natural law," or the humanizing of the Divinity in the Bible and Biblical characters. Dione does this through the "clue" or the "factor" of the spaceship theory, the UFOs as ultrascientific devices of an advanced culture.

But I can't help but feel that Dione, quite unexpectedly, almost contradictorily, has made a strong case for the validity of Judeo-Christianity.

Taking away the mysticism, the mesmerism, charisma, or the "glow" of the totally unexplained areas in Scripture, is not an absolute reduction of the reality of Holy Writ. Calling Jesus a spaceman, and His angels robots, or calling the chariots, clouds of the heavens, "lights" or "beams from heaven," spaceships, does not explain everything to be mundane or ordinary. What are the super-intelligent, absolutely perfect space creatures? From where do these ultraworldly visitors — who manipulated life on Earth from its beginning — truly come from?

Changing terms and deliberately trying to substitute different faces for phenomena that remains every bit as unexplained as before, just does not solve everything.

Dione gives us some possibilities about UFOs that *might* prove true: How UFOs operate (they go beyond gravity and inertia). How they use highly sophisticated science of the mind. Dione even gets sensational when he speculates about the "hidden motive" of the UFO occupants. But that is just the point. There is a lot of speculation, some only coincidentally suggested by the UFO evidence — and

barely supported on the totality of Biblical text.

First of all, Dione tells us that his saucerians are perhaps a civilization that has mastered all mysteries of nature, and has become perfect, inventing the human race as an experiment to keep from getting bored or stale. They are foolproof and, of course, Dione assures us that "God is always truthful."

Then, in the next breath, Dione says that God (and his servants) are going about deliberately "setting the stage," causing "false appearances," deceiving the human race into believing some things, hiding others, and in the moments of honesty, "laying it on the line."

One example is that Jesus (a grand saucerian extraordinary) had placed people under hypnosis years before his human birth, causing later illnesses and the demon possessions and "withered limbs" that He later cures under post-hypnotic suggestion.

Why?

Why would a superduper sophisticated race of perfect beings depend on such outmoded means as hypnotism? I would hazard a guess that such an almighty race of entities *could* easily cure leprosy — or mend the "withered hand" — or even raise the dead. After all, did they not start life on Earth? Did they not direct DNA and RNA molecules or even invent them? And have they not conquered nature?

Secondly, Dione wants to have his cake and eat it too. He wants a God that is "perfect" enough to match the peripheral character of a Scriptural God, yet weak enough to find a niche in UFO lore of machines and robots and electronics. His anthropomorphizing of God is based on a respect for UFO literature, but a disrespect for Scriptural homogeneity. His God is some kind of weirdo that can go around playing pranks on people for the sheer satisfaction that "only God knows why" in "His perfect Mind."

Stanley Kubrick had a better idea in his movie 2001 — *A Space Odyssey*, where the supposed evolutionary process of original beings — first beings in the universe — developed to a point beyond physical bodies, or individual minds or



brains, finite limits, or any restriction as we know it. Kubrick's "space people" (or person) had evolved to such an advanced degree that, for all intents and purposes, they *were* God. An entity beyond all entities (as revealed in a *Playboy* magazine interview, as opposed to the movie).

In the end, one comes close to the omnipotent God of the Judeo-Christian Scriptures. Many efforts have been made to come to terms with the Bible. It is amazing, however, that books such as Dione's still substantiate Scripture rather than really debunk it. They diminish their own relevance rather than the original Scripture.

As the director of a nationwide Bible study group told me once: "What need would God, who is a Spirit, have for a space machine to fly in?"

— Steve Erdmann

\* \* \*

### EXECUTIVE ACTION

*Starring Burt Lancaster, Robert Ryan and Will Geer — Based on a novel by Mark Lane and Donald Freed — National General Pictures — 1973.*

November 22, 1973 brought back some disquieting memories for me and millions of others throughout the world. It signified the tenth anniversary of the assassination of President John F. Kennedy — and thoughts returned to the fateful day when a young President was gunned down and the brief age of *Camelot* was over.

The next decade was turbulent with street riots, the Vietnam war, and now Watergate taking turns to grab the public's attention. After Kennedy died, things were never quite the same for anyone, it seems. Maybe he wasn't quite the president that his magnificent public image led one to believe. Perhaps, if he had lived to serve his first — and possibly second — term, he would not have occupied a very high place in the history of Man. But a legend has grown up about him, because he was cut down in the prime of his life. And a controversy has simmered for years over who killed him.

If you believe the Warren Commission's finding that Lee Harvey Oswald was the assassin, and that he did not act in concert with anyone else — if you feel he was a left-wing fanatic who was taking the law into his own hands, there's no need to read any further. And you will certainly not be interested in the new motion picture, *Executive Action*.

But if you share the lingering doubts I have about the whole sad affair, then you cannot afford to miss this film.

Its theme can best be summed up in two words, "What If?"

What if attorney Mark Lane, Harold Weisberg and others were right that Kennedy was the victim of an insidious plot hatched by unknown conspirators? What if these very same people are now roaming free, somewhere in the world, and there's no chance at all that they'll ever be caught? We'll put aside completely the question of the murders of Robert Kennedy and Martin Luther King. They are not dealt with in the film.

Just how would the assassination of President Kennedy have been planned and executed, and what of Lee Harvey Oswald? *Executive Action* is a film with a strong factual background. The dialogue is replete with references that come right out of the Warren Commission's 26 volumes of testimony into JFK's murder. I hesitate to give too much away, because the whole impact of the film is simply that the pieces fall so incredibly together. Perhaps your local newspaper's movie reviewer will detail the plot, but I suggest you don't read it. I suggest you go to your local movie house when the film comes around and see it for yourself.

And after you return home, think about just how this vicious conspiracy might have actually taken place, and see if the version dramatized in *Executive Action* doesn't become a frightening possibility.

It is one thing to have such a thing suggested abstractly in a book — with only your own imagination to fall back on to envision just how it may have come off. It is quite another to see it all in explicit detail, and in color, right before your eyes, and hardly a thread is left loose anywhere. It's all tied into a neat package, and the terrifying possibilities are guaranteed to gnaw at the pit of your stomach.

And if they truly exist, the assassins have left nothing to chance. There is little danger that someone might come forth one day and blow the lid off.

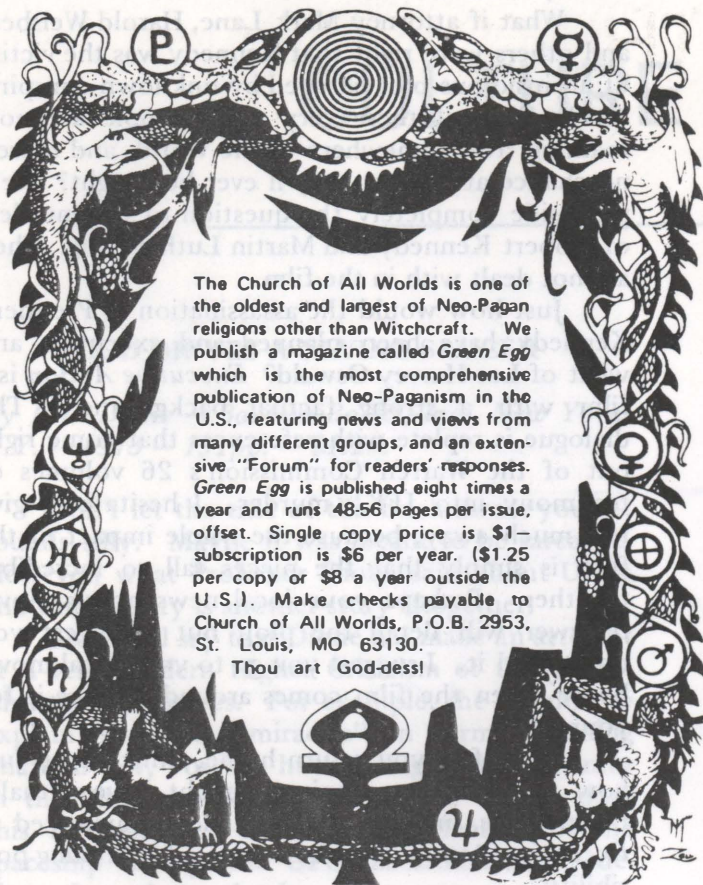
The film's narrator says: "In the three-year period which followed the murder of President Kennedy and Lee Harvey Oswald, 18 material witnesses died — six by gunfire, three in motor accidents, two by suicide, one from a cut throat, one from a karate chop to the neck, three from heart attacks, and two from natural causes.

"An actuary, engaged by the *London Sunday Times*, concluded that on November 22, 1963, the odds against these witnesses being dead by February, 1967, were one hundred thousand trillion to one."

See the film — then decide.

— Eugene Steinberg





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# LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

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Editors:

I read your magazine with interest and recently watching "In Search of Ancient Astronauts" on TV prompts me to write. I marvelled over the artifacts and wall paintings which were shown, but couldn't accept some of the conclusions drawn. They seemed based upon conjecture rather than fact. I also read of the UFO sightings, and of the personal experiences, good and bad, which people have reported of their confrontations with extraterrestrial beings. Most of this, too, leaves me bewildered. Only one thing has come clear to me, especially after reading *Urantia*, and that [is that] there is a possible means of communication and link to understanding which we have not properly used yet.

I am making the presumption that the ancient astronauts and the modern UFO beings are all mortals, of a nature and make-up something like ourselves, but what do we really know about them? Far too little in an eyeball-to-eyeball manner, but perhaps we are overlooking a far more important source of enlightenment. If these beings are mortal and inhabitants of some other realm of this universe, then they, like us, are the creation of the same identical Creative Force which has produced this and all other universes and all things within them. No matter how different they may be, we all have one thing in common; we were created under the same set of eternal laws and must abide by the same rules of conduct. If we humans have been divinely inspired to visualize the Creative Force, or a God which is beneficial, all-wise and eternal, and really believe that His power extends to the outer perimeter of the Universe, then all inhabitants of all worlds within that Universe must also visualize God in a manner very similar to our concept.

If we feel we have truly and unbiasedly seen the true nature of the Creator, then we must conclude that all other beings in the Universe are similar to us in nature, talents, etc., and that they must also see Him in a similar manner. If this be so, then we inevitably have much in common, since we arise from the same source. We need only define what we consider to be the unalterable laws of His rule to know that these other beings must also abide by something very similar. This gives us common ground upon which to meet.

If Christ was the son of God sent to this Earth to teach us some of these truths, then can we question that the inhabitants of other worlds may not also have received similar instructions? If we take the sermon on the mount as one of the important teachings, can we believe that the lessons they may have been taught could be any less noble? If this be so, then we may have some assurance that these beings come in friendship. Or, if the situation indicates this is impossible, we do know they are still under the watchful eye of the All Knowing and will eventually have to correct their errors just as we will have to do.

Though of God creation, we may conclude that these people are not of the spiritual hierarchy, not angelic, for anciently they seem to have come to teach materially useful things as well as, perhaps, some spiritual knowledge. Those beings who are approaching Earth now, must do so in mechanical spaceships rather than appearing softly in spirit, which indicates they belong to the physical, mortal realm.

Whoever they be and whenever they come, perhaps we should keep more strongly in mind that we are all children of the same God-Father. If we consider ourselves worthy of His creation, then we must also concede that these beings are worthy of creation, too, or He would not have made them. We may not understand their signals, nor their language, or they ours, but with the commonality of creation, and the belief in the all-powerful Creator, there certainly is a strong channel through which communication could begin.

I would like to know what some of your other readers feel on this point.

Monica Parks  
Burbank, Calif.

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

. . . In relation to back issues, I think you are ripoff artists, and the name *Caveat Emptor* ("Let the buyer beware") is very appropriate. The first few issues cost 50c each and the later ones cost 60c each, yet lo and behold, when you advertise that people can get old issues, they are supposed to pay 75c each, or the "cheap" price of three for \$2.00. What a ripoff! It would be bad enough to charge people the same old price for old goods (don't you know that things usually decrease in value as they get older and older and out of date, except for ancient collector's items?) but worse yet, you charge them more than the listed price! Anyone foolish enough to pay those inflated prices for the old issues, who then sees the real price listed on the front cover, will know he or she has been had and will not exactly be endeared to your magazine.

Vaguely related to the above complaint: In issue number four, you printed an article by Richard Shaver that had several unfamiliar words and terms which you did not bother to explain. Instead, you printed a little ad at the end of the article telling people that if they wanted to know what Shaver was talking about they'd better buy the first three issues (at the inflated price of 75c each, or three for \$2.00, naturally). To my mind, it's bad enough that a person could not have a short synopsis of Shaver's terms so as to understand the article in question. (You could have then written that for more information, one could see his other articles in your previous issues.) But then to have to pay



money for the background information just strikes me as very repugnant.

. . . In issue number 6, on page 23, is an ad for some ridiculous ripoff costing \$10.00, purporting to be a UFO detector, but looking like a cigarette package. What kind of crap is this? Do you think your readers are so stupid they'd buy such junk? Again the name of your magazine sounds very appropriate.

Amy Lowenstein  
Philadelphia, Pa.

(Amy, your question about back issues is simply answered: It costs us nearly the same to process an order for one back issue as it does for 10, except for actual postage. So we have to charge more for a single copy. But you'll notice that our current retail price for all 10 issues is \$4.50, or 45c per copy. This is 15c under the actual cover price of all except the first two issues.

Also, you can't equate the price of a mint back issue of a magazine with the price of an old appliance. Many publishers take full advantage of the law of supply and demand and charge \$2.00 and \$3.00 per copy for back numbers, especially when less than 100 copies remain in stock. We have less than 30 copies left of issues 1 and 2, and we haven't increased the price by a single cent! But if you want these issues, you had better order them soon, at 75c a copy. In a short time, you won't be able to get them at any price — unless some reader wants to sell them to you.

As for Shaver: We agree! Perhaps we should have included a few definitions. But we assumed, perhaps mistakenly, that most of our readers would understand these words in the context of the article. On the other hand, it would require a book in itself to acquaint you with all of the unique phraseology of the Shaver Mystery. Also, you can't blame us for wanting to sell a few back issues!

The UFO detector you write about is supposed to be the same size as a package of cigarettes. It doesn't look like one! If you accept the premise that flying saucers are propelled by electromagnetic means, the principle on which these detectors operate is valid. If the premise is wrong, of course, then the device won't work. But it's a theory worth testing, so why not give it a try? — ERS)

\* \* \*

G & G:

Caveat Emptor number 9 just arrived and have read the same. It's settled into the appearance of a reasonably slick fanzine-level-looking item, but contentwise, I don't know.

As the old god once said, "Everyone is making love or else expecting rain"; i.e., it's the mystics versus the Men in Black, Reich meets the Garuda (I used to think Dickhoff was serious in his Garuda ads and a nut. Now from the letter in this issue, I don't think he's necessarily serious — and not wanting to misjudge the fellow and seeing as how he's your Esoteric Advisor, perhaps you could enlighten me on the second hypothesis of his nature.)

I think I commented once before that the parody of saucer magazines that appeared in the *National Lampoon* didn't seem that far from reality — especially the ads for books. Whatever they had couldn't have been any funnier than the ad for *My Friend From Beyond Earth* or *Flying Saucers and the Dark Forces* ("Are we controlled? What have car thefts to do with UFOs?")

When Caveat started, I had some hope that it would take some theme, like the alternate universe business, and try to weave some continuity into all this chaos, producing a half-fictional, not so serious atmosphere as Fort did in *Book of the Damned*. Instead, everyone is spending their time yelling at everyone else, claiming to know great secrets that they will sell you for 10 bucks and which only closed minds will fail to see the truth in, and it all being so serious — I don't remember it starting off that way, and neither Gene's Editorial nor Geneva's "Summer Vacation" indicate that ye Editors have lost their balance, but otherwise . . .

When BEMs [Bug-Eyed Monsters] came into s.f. fandom, they were an affectionate ridicule of a cliché of a certain style of s.f. magazine. Whatever references I saw several years ago from material you sent me about MIB seemed to have some kind of detachment, but where BEMs disappeared, MIB paranoia seems to be growing.

Two nits picked: When Shaver says that coupled minds grow in power at square root speeds, he means square. And Farmer won the '72 Hugo for *To Your Scattered Bodies Go*, not for *Tarzan Alive*.

One of my co-workers here, who is from Germany, happened to mention von Daeniken, whose book in Europe was called (as I recall as of this moment), *Memories of the Future*. It was very popular, but both he and another guy (from Switzerland) knew of a book that claimed to show that everything of substance was plagiarized, particularly from one little-known volume from which sentences and paragraphs were lifted. That volume I don't remember the title of. The disprover, though, was written by some 20-year-old upstart who called it *Memories of the Facts* (in German), a play on the title reminiscent of whatshisface's *Crash Go the Chariots* (and what a terrible review of that book Braczyk gave. The whole book is preposterous, but the reviewer hasn't space to go into specifics.)

. . . What happened to the "Ego Corner?" And I liked Wiplash . . .

Chris Riesbeck  
Castagnola, Switzerland

(Chris, I really don't think you understand what our magazine is all about. We're not trying to adhere to the level of a fanzine, nor are we trying to produce quite the same kind of product as the slick newsstand magazines have turned out to be. You may consider some of the ideas you read screwball — and you may be right in some cases — but on the other hand, we aren't going to censor a viewpoint because we don't believe it.

We're also very reluctant to try to push any particular theme in our magazine at this point, because we really haven't decided what pigeonhole you can put all this stuff into yet!

Dickhoff is basically serious, but he has a refreshing sense of humor too, and we appreciate that.

As to the ads, we need the income they provide to continue to meet rising costs without sticking you with a higher subscription bill. All advertisers in Caveat Emptor agree to provide the product as described. It's up to you to decide whether the author of a book is on the ball or not.

That reference of yours to the German book debunking von Daeniken really has excited some curiosity here. Maybe some enterprising publisher [perhaps a rival of Putnam's or Ballantine — who handle von Daeniken's works] will bring out an English edition. It sounds like it would really stir up some controversy. — ERS)



\* \* \*

Dear Gene Steinberg:

This is a rebuttal to this distasteful letter published . . . in behalf of Laura Mundo's lambast of Lama Dickhoff, where her asinine bombast indicates a personal vendetta, because once upon a time I called her "feet-of-clay-idol" (the very late Adamski) a charlatan!

. . . Old and frustrated Laura, the *Lib-female-Jeremiah of doomsday fame*, has sunspots again before her eyes! Laura *did make this phony prediction* in her *Emergency Press-Newsletter*, that "it be all over here on Earth in a flick of the eye, *via solar-fire*" and has Laura been on the spiritual dangerous side for some time.

Sure, *space people are here! We are space people!* Where else does Laura believe us to be located! Her fossilized brain wears the image of Adamski around her neck like a dead albatross! *My quest for truth at any time, at any price*, has [existed] long before Laura arrived on this sorry planet and will [continue] long after Laura is picked up by the *wind as space dust, polluting the atmosphere*. When Laura *spells* my name in her warped mentality to read "Dick(h)off," it connotes an esoteric, *vulger meaning*. For shame on her!

Solar protuberances are observed, photographed, when there is an eclipse of the sun. And need we not be informed of this *age-old phenomenon* by *Nasa's Space-Lab astro-zombies!* These solar flares occurred long before *spaceship Earth was captured by Sun-gravity*. So what is Laura braying about?

Cannibal Garudas do have their yen for young, sweet, human meat "created" not by Laura's "Pre-Being," (whoever that is) but by human meat-machines in super abundance! However, since she shows an eagerness to meet these cannibal, condor-faced Garudas, she need not have to wait [very] long. Garudas will not neglect to add Laura's elderly carcass as a meat by-product, so as to feed ever-hungry Garuda *pets* (winged Nagas and winged Kokomo-dragons) and as long [as] nobody can disprove my claim and thesis on the existence of such space-pirate scavengers, my claim stands as *being truth!* Chew on this a while with your false teeth, Laura! Spelling my name to read *Bobbie Dick(h)off* shows an inconsistency in Laura's memory bank . . .

Robert E. Dickhoff, Ph.D.  
New York, N.Y.

\* \* \*

Dear Gene & Geneva:

I would like to ask the help of Caveat Emptor readers in a project on ghostly and supra-normal folklore that I am engaged in. At present I am attempting to catalog all existing examples of various "types" of happenings that seem quite popular as folklore motifs.

The "types" I am particularly interested in are:

- 1) hitch-hiking ghosts.
- 2) ghost lights.
- 3) haunted houses that disappear.
- 4) photographs of "Christ" produced by fluke conditions (i.e., cloud photos, etc.)

If any readers could inform me of any such tales from their own areas, I would be very grateful.

Richard T. Crowe  
c/o *Irish Times*

11256 S. State St.  
Chicago, Ill. 60628

(We're particularly interested in the photos of "Christ" you write about. We've got two, received in the last couple of years, plus a line on some others. Any readers who have encountered similar pictures are asked to get in touch with us — and Mr. Crowe. We're also thinking about a possible feature article in the near future on this oddity. Curt Sutherly, please copy! — ERS)

\* \* \*

Mr. James W. Moseley, Chairman  
Permanent Organizing Committee  
National UFO Conference

Dear Mr. Moseley:

Greetings to the 10th Annual National UFO Conference from the City of Coatesville. There is a great deal of UFO interest in our area. I look forward to a conference of this nature being held in Southeast Pennsylvania.

Our city is an old city, but we are proud of Coatesville. True, we are an old city, yet young in spirit, for we are moving ahead in this new age of modernization.

Once again greetings and best regards from Coatesville.

Frances E. Regener, Mayor,  
City of Coatesville  
Coatesville, Pa.

(This is kind of a backhanded way of telling you readers that the 11th National UFO Conference will be held early in June, 1974 in the greater Philadelphia area.

We hope to announce final plans shortly — along with the name of an internationally-famous speaker who will head the agenda at the public sessions.

If you're interested in getting the latest information on the 1974 Conference, drop us a line, and we'll put you on our special mailing list. — ERS)

\* \* \*

Dear Gene & Geneva:

It is time for some clarifications and corrections! Please see that the following are brought to the attention of your readers:

In the Newswatch of C.E. no. 10, there was a mistake about Marcus Holland's sighting. He really said: "I was travelling at 70 miles per hour . . . ." As it is now, it reads that "it [the UFO] was just tumbling along," and still outdistanced the car.

In my review of Hal Lindsey's book, towards the end, I list "three pillars," and go ahead and list only two numerically. My remarks to Katzen in "Letters to the Editors" would read smoother if they read: "I mention genealogy in reference to Gal. 3:16 because it so obviously refers to descent . . . ."

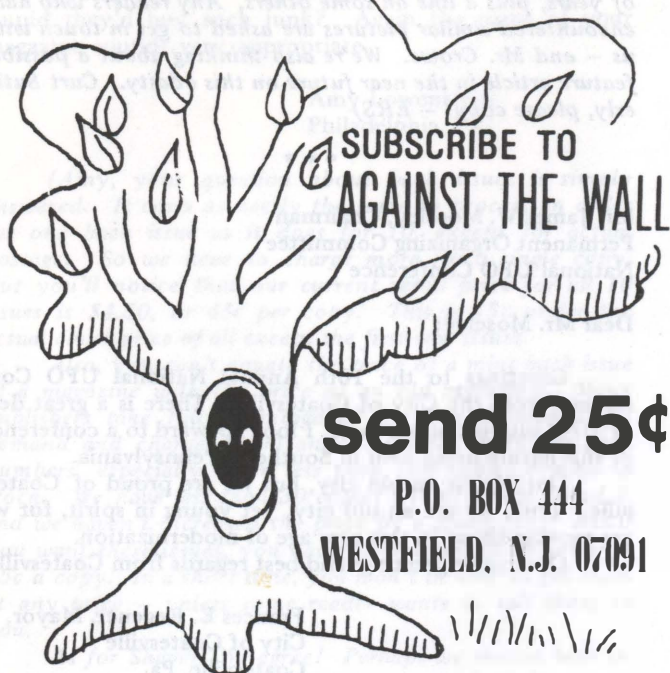
In C.E. no. 9, in the Newswatch [report] of the Piedmont, [Mo. case], I call the Brushy Creek area, the "Bushy Creek." Apologies to the people of Brushy Creek, as well as "Bushy Creek," wherever you are.

. . . Please print [these] errors and corrections for the sanity of those purists who are pulling their hair out.

Steve Erdmann  
St. Louis, Mo.



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# NEWSWATCH

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## SAUCERIANS GIVE PHYSICALS

There's no doubt about it! Something fishy happened to a pair of shipyard workers in Pascagoula, Mississippi on the night of October 11, 1973.

45-year-old Charles Hickson and 19-year-old Calvin Parker, Jr. began their date with destiny fishing off an old pier, on the west bank of the Pascagoula River.

A buzzing sound heralded their encounter with the Unknown.

A small object enmeshed in a bluish haze hovered just above the ground. From inside, three pale, ghost-like creatures seemed to float through an undefined entrance to the strange craft.

The creatures, which investigators feel may be automatons or robots of some kind, were about five feet tall. Hickson said that "they were sort of light flesh-colored, or more pale gray, with crab-like claws for hands and rounded feet."

"The creatures were on us before we knew it. Two of them seemed to lift me off the ground and I became motionless and glided into the craft."

As for young Parker, he passed out as he was brought inside the ship.

Like the case of Barney and Betty Hill in New Hampshire many years ago, Hickson was subjected to some kind of far-out physical examination.

"Something big and round, which looked like a big eye, moved back and forth across my body. The two creatures moved me around so the eye could check me in various positions. I just kind of floated without touching anything. I didn't see any attachment for the eye. It was just kind of suspended in air."

With the end of the examination, Hickson was discharged from the UFO in the same way he was brought in — he floated. As for Parker, Hickson didn't see him inside the ship, and Parker himself blacked out during the whole experience. He didn't regain consciousness until he was taken outside.

While Hickson said he doesn't partake of

such things, Parker took a "stiff drink" after the terrifying experience.

The craft — through with its business — quite literally buzzed off, and rapidly vanished.

After debating whether or not to keep their encounter to themselves, Hickson and Parker went to the police — and then their story broke in the press! It was easily the major event of the then ongoing UFO flap.

The whole affair was saved from becoming embroiled in controversy and confusion by the arrival of two scientists — Dr. J. Allen Hynek, chairman of the astronomy department of Northwestern University, and Dr. James Harder, of the University of California. Hynek, once the Air Force's scientific consultant to Project Bluebook, is now an independent investigator. Harder represents the Aerial Phenomena Research Organization (APRO) in Tucson, Arizona.

The two hapless shipyard workers could not have placed themselves in better hands.

After Hickson and Parker underwent separate hypnotic trances, Hynek announced: "There is no question in my mind that these men have had a very terrifying experience."

Hynek and Harder worked cautiously, to bring out details carefully about the "traumatic" experience. But the contact had clearly placed an indelible blot upon the consciousness of the two men. Dr. Harder conducted the sessions, "but every time he got near the touchy spot, they became so terrified they blocked it out."

Later Hynek added: "They didn't see swamp gas."

But he was also quick to refute statements attributed to him that the two men definitely were aboard a spaceship. "That statement was made by my colleague, Dr. James Harder."

Then came the clincher: Hickson was tested by lie detector, something few UFO contactees have dared to do. The results? According to the Pendleton Detective Agency, who administered the test: "We are convinced that this man [Hickson] believes that he saw the spacecraft, that he was taken aboard and that he was examined by alien



beings."

The frightening chain of events was said to have been too much for Parker, who reportedly cracked up under the strain.

But for once it seemed that the opportunists and profit-seekers had been thwarted, and there would be enough solid, reliable evidence for researchers to chew over for some time to come.

(*Daily Local News* [West Chester, Pa.], 10/13/73, 10/15/73, 10/31/73; *Philadelphia Daily News*, 10/13/73; *Pottstown* [Pa.] *Mercury*, 10/13/73, 10/15/73; *Toronto Star*, 10/15/73; *Toronto Sun*, 10/15/73, 10/21/73; *Albany* [N.Y.] *Times-Union*, 10/16/73; *Atlanta Journal*, 10/17/73; *Biloxi-Gulfport* [Miss.] *Herald*, 10/24/73; *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, 10/24/73; *Philadelphia Inquirer*, 10/29/73, 11/1/73; *National Tattler*, 12/2/73. Credit: Don Adler, Mary D'Andrea, Gene Duplantier, Lucius Farish and John F. Schuessler. Summary by Eugene Steinberg.)

\* \* \*

## ON THE OHIO TRAIL

While the southern part of the nation was being visited by the UFOs in late August, Ohio did not see much in the way of activity until October 1st.

Early that morning, Mrs. Barbara Marquardt was driving on Bagley Road in Olmstead Township at about 3:30 a.m. She saw a green ball-like object hovering in the sky.

"It was about three normal houses in height above the ground. Suddenly it fell to the ground, not straight down, but in a curve."

Immediately after her sighting, Mrs. Marquardt was so frightened that she drove straight home and called the police. Officers noted that at about the same time as the alleged crash, a woman caller reported hearing an explosion in the same area.

During the early evening hours of October 5th, the Cleveland area was the scene of many reports of mysterious lights in the sky. People in widely scattered parts of the city reported that the lights changed colors, hovered, and then moved around. But officials of the NASA Lewis Research Lab said that the lights were probably those of some of their helicopters that had been in the air that evening.

Witnesses thought otherwise, however. A man who spotted an object near the Lake Erie shore said, "It had red lights at the bottom, alternating blue and green lights in between, and a bright white light. The first light was joined by one or two others. It wasn't a helicopter. A helicopter wouldn't

stay that long in one spot."

Later that same night in Chillicothe, many miles south of Cleveland and the moving colored lights, student Steve Vogel said that a quarter-moon shaped object followed his car for several miles down a lonely county road. It was about 10:30 p.m. when Vogel observed a three to four foot wide object, with a white center. The UFO veered away when another car approached.

On October 10th, nearly a score of UFO reports came out of the Dayton-Cincinnati areas. The objects were described as covered with red, green and blue lights cavorting about at treetop level. Montgomery County Sheriff's Deputy Michael Sullivan said: "They would be behind the trees and come up and fly away — as if you startled them or something. No balloon, helicopter or kite can move that fast or has that many lights attached, or can go as quickly in a straight-up direction."

Deputy Sullivan said that a policeman in New Lebbanon Township, west of Dayton, made the first sighting shortly after 8:00 p.m. "The officer said it was oblong and covered with lights. It appeared stationary in the sky about treetop level for several minutes until he tried to shine his spotlight on it. It then zoomed toward him and then shot straight up in the air, after he turned out his light, and disappeared."

Early on October 14th, a 23-year-old man reported seeing a low-flying, slow-moving oval object with two bright white lights and a triangle of green lights beneath it. The report occurred on Mayfield Road in Chesterland, at about 12:15 a.m. The startled motorist said that he and his sister saw it above the road for about a minute, travelling from east to west at a very low altitude. It was said to have been moving from side to side, sounding like a jet engine.

Later the same evening, more than 80 reports were logged from various parts of west central Ohio. One hysterical caller told of an oblong object with blinking lights landing in a field in Highland County. The caller, a woman, screamed that several cows were killed when the object landed. The Sheriff's office dispatched an airplane and several cruisers to the general area from which the call came, but could find nothing.

Along Interstate 75 in a three-county area, UFOs were described as "grayish discs with red and bluish-green lights." Others reported "orange-colored objects" and "blimp-shaped objects." There were several that told of UFOs with "red lights around the rims with a blue flame, or flare, coming out the bottom."

"It continuously glowed," said Lt. Charles Jones of the Madison County Sheriff's office. "It was travelling very slow. Very, very slow. It would



go dim and then brighten up. It was actually in the shape of a blimp."

On the night of October 16th, a Chillicothe woman, Shirley Johnson, told police that three large lights descended toward her car as she was driving along a dark road near her home. She said that one of the lights, the center one, grew larger and turned green. Frightened by the strange object, she stopped her car to call for help at a nearby home.

When she returned to the car, the objects were gone. Her four children, who remained inside, said that the UFOs appeared to have landed in the nearby woods. Mrs. Johnson said: "The kids were screaming to go back to grandmother's and I was scared to death. I never saw anything like it."

At the time of Mrs. Johnson's experience, Patrolman Mike Conklin of the Greenfield Police, was chasing a UFO in his cruiser for a distance of several miles.

"The one I chased was about 100 feet in diameter and glowed with a real bright white light," Conklin told reporters. "It had a red area on top of it as if it was overheating. There was a dull humming sound that increased in frequency as the object increased its speed."

On the same evening a Delaware County man, Dean Arnold, said he and four companions followed a glowing red and green object for several miles.

"And all of a sudden it came down out of the sky toward this house and it went real slowly, real bright. Then it reversed and went back up in the air," reported Arnold.

Also on the 16th, an employee of radio station WPAY in Portsmouth said that he saw a strange object from a window in the station. He described it as cigar-shaped with a flat bottom. It was white with blinking red lights. The object reportedly hovered over the city for more than an hour before moving slowly away across the Ohio River.

On October 17th, the elusive objects moved to the northern part of the state for their nocturnal visits. First reports came in at about 7:15 p.m., when an off-duty Akron patrolman, Henry Bertolini, told of an object hovering over his West Akron home. He said it had red and blue flashing lights and was as big as a car. The UFO moved very slowly.

Just about the same time, a Uniontown man was seeing a small object land on the hood of his car. The motorist, William Griezner, described it as white, with a rainbow effect. The object "took off" when he applied the brakes. Griezner said he found four scratch marks on the hood of the car.

Around 9:15 p.m., three more Akron policemen saw a cigar-shaped object with two glowing

red lights. One of the officers, Lee Frasher, a former Army helicopter crew chief, said the object was "definitely not a helicopter."

Six more Akron officers reported another strange object in the sky at about midnight.

Earlier in the evening to the north of Akron, Jeff Field of Gates Mills, said he saw a cigar-shaped metallic-looking craft in the sky. It was about 7:00 p.m.

On October 18th, reports of UFOs were scattered around the northwestern area of the state. Williams County Sheriff's deputies said they received several calls around 3:00 a.m. They came from the Montpelier area, telling of a very bright cigar-shaped UFO travelling very slowly southwest of that town. Toledo radar noted nothing unusual in the area, however.

A Lakeside woman reported to Ottawa County Sheriff's deputies that she saw a bright object over Lake Erie at 8:33 p.m. She said it started sparking and added she heard a loud blast — and then it was gone. Two other residents reported that they heard the blast. A man witnessed a white light hovering over the Catawba Island ferry deck a short time later.

Later that night, the biggest sighting of all occurred.

At 11:10 p.m., an Army helicopter with a crew had a strange close-up encounter with a cigar-shaped object over Mansfield.

"I've made one significant decision since the experience," said Captain Lawrence Coyne, the copter's commander. "I've told my pilots not to take dangerous evasive actions in trying to avoid one of these things. So far UFOs have been harmless as this one was. They have not struck or collided with anybody."

Coyne and his crew were cruising at 2,500 feet when they spotted a distant red light off to the right on the eastern horizon. The light started to close in fast. Coyne put the helicopter into a shallow power dive to evade the oncoming apparition.

"But the light was travelling in excess of 600 knots," Captain Coyne remarked. "It came from the horizon to our aircraft in about 10 seconds. We were on a collision course. At 1,700 feet, I braced for the impact with the other craft. It was coming from our right side. I was scared. There had been so little time to respond. The thing was terrifically fast!"

Coyne waited, but there was no impact with the strange visitor.

"We looked up and saw it stopped right over us. It had a big, gray, metallic-looking hull about 60 feet long. It was shaped like an airfoil or a streamlined fat cigar. There was a red light on the front. The leading edge glowed red a short distance



back from the nose. There was a center dome. A green light at the rear reflected on the hull. This light swiveled like a spotlight. It was shining brightly through the bubble canopy of our helicopter, completely flooding out our instrument lights and turning everything inside green."

Coyne tried to contact nearby radio posts, but with no success. The radio refused to transmit or receive during the incident. "All radios were functioning, but I couldn't get the keying sound and there was no reception. This was while we were diving."

He never did apply control or engine power to halt the drive.

"As we stared in awe at the green light glaring into the cabin, the thing slowly moved off to the west. I looked at the altimeter and could hardly believe it was reading 3,500 feet, climbing to 3,800. I had made no attempt to pull up. All controls were set for a 20-degree dive. Yet we had climbed from 1,700 to 3,500 feet with no power in a couple of seconds with no G-forces or other noticeable strains. There was no noise or turbulence either."

With no shock waves or turbulence, the mysterious thing soared west towards Lorain. The UFO zoomed up out of sight into the clear sky — leaving another tantalizing enigma in its wake.

(*Cleveland Press*, 10/1/73, 10/6/73, 10/11/73, 10/15/73, 10/17/73, 10/18/73, 10/19/73, 11/2/73; *Defiance Crescent News*, 10/15/73; *Cleveland Plain-Dealer*, 10/18/73; *Toledo Blade*, 10/19/73. Additional research by Robert S. Easley. Summary by Rick R. Hilberg.)

\* \* \*

## OVER THE KEYSTONE STATE

Pennsylvanians saw their share of UFOs during the recent nationwide flap, and a notable number of witnesses were law enforcement personnel. This seeming preponderance of sightings by officials throughout the country, ranging from policemen to the governor of Ohio, is perhaps the most interesting and curious aspect of this wave of sightings.

In this article, I have concentrated basically on reports from Delaware County, Pennsylvania, near Philadelphia.

On the morning of October 4, 1973 at 2:15 a.m., two state troopers were travelling south on Middletown Road, west of Media, when they spotted a large UFO hovering about 1,200 feet over the Penn State Campus.

Corporal Robert Bugjo, a 15-year veteran of the force, and Trooper Paul Cutrufello, a two

and a half year veteran, stopped their patrol car and observed the object hovering noiselessly for about 90 seconds. They said the UFO was heart-shaped, with the point in front, and girdled by a string of red lights. A "large, bright and powerful beam" was shining down. When the object started to move, it made a low purring sound, and the beam went off.

After the object had travelled about a quarter mile in an easterly direction, the red lights also went out and the UFO could no longer be seen.

A number of persons called the state police barracks to report sighting the same thing, although families and institutions near the campus saw nothing. Sproul Observatory at Swarthmore College indicated it was just like any other night.

A lady in Upper Chichester saw a similar object two days later and reported it to state police, who told her they had received several other reports.

On October 10th at 11:10 a.m., a Nether Providence woman saw a UFO hovering over the river and heard the object make a humming noise. About the same time, two boys in Upper Darby observed a UFO hovering near their home.

On October 8th, three witnesses in Glenolden saw a moving, yellowish light travelling across the sky at a high altitude, then hovering — remaining stationary for two hours.

One of the most interesting sightings occurred on October 14th on North Street in Collingdale. For about a half hour, about 25 people saw numerous anomalous lights that flashed, hovered, cavorted and emitted other lights out of them before being herded off by a flock of airplanes.

In order to save time, I made the hideous mistake of trying to interview ten residents of North Street at once. I kept my wits about me long enough to make special note of details they all agreed upon. I'll try my best to reconstruct the sightings from my tapes and notes.

There were about six or seven objects. They were first sighted around 6:00 or 7:00 p.m. and the news spread along North Street faster than the UFOs did. The residents came pouring outside. The bright, white lights soared over the houses, turned around and hovered. Some of them changed colors from white to red to green to orange.

Two of the objects were seen discharging smaller lights at about 10 minute intervals. These lights were about 1/10th the size of their hosts. The small lights moved slowly in an arc upon emission and added to the aggregation of lights. One of the two objects emitted red lights, the other white lights.

A good sized crowd had assembled by this time. Cars were pulling over and drivers jumping



out to also witness the phenomenon.

None of the lights appeared to have a definite, obvious shape — some of them flashed on and off. One of the lights was triangular (remember this) and some of them made a whooshing sound.

After about 25 minutes of this, the objects began moving south. Almost immediately afterwards, 25 airplanes, two of them bombers, flew across the sky heading in the same direction.

At around 7:35 p.m., 25 miles away in Concordville, three high school students saw a triangular-shaped UFO similar to the one observed just minutes earlier in Collingdale. The Collingdale sighting was not reported to the press.

Also around this date, a UFO was witnessed over Dover Air Force Base, in Delaware, between 5:00 and 6:00 p.m. It was heading west by northwest. Also, a Dover State Police helicopter chased a UFO for five miles to the Maryland state line before ending the pursuit.

On October 17th, a couple in Boothwyn saw a "V"-shaped object travelling at about 20,000 feet. It was trailing an orange haze. The UFO began to hover and, according to witnesses, remained aloft for two hours before leaving for parts unknown. The observers told police that other neighbors had also seen it.

That same night, a lady in Aston Township reported an object with multi-colored lights for three or four minutes.

Outside of Delaware County, a Mack Truck employee from Catawissa was driving to his job in Allentown when a saucer-shaped object "about the size of a truck tire" followed him straight up Crooked Mountain. It was flying just 100 feet above his car.

The driver said he felt the wheels and steering wheel of his car turning of their own volition and before he could say "What the . . ." his car was turned around in the opposite direction. The UFO then went straight up over the trees and was gone.

The man continued up the mountain. A little while later, he encountered an unnamed hunter who had seen the object also. The hunter claimed the craft had hovered over two deers that had just walked out of the woods. The deers turned around and went right back into the woods. The second witness didn't feel like any more hunting that day.

There were also numerous sightings in the same general area.

By the way, around the middle of October, the Williamsport area was shaken by two loud booms, the last occurring on October 17th. The blasts also shook buildings in State College, and caused rumbles in and around Williamsport.

One blast lasted 17 seconds and was described by a geophysics professor at Penn State as a "very

high frequency burst of energy." Their source remains unknown.

Meanwhile, back in Delaware County, a number of Clifton Heights residents reported spotting a UFO through a telescope. They became disorderly and police were summoned. No arrests were made. The police did not see the object, they said, but residents listening to home police radios claim that they did.

Anyway . . .

At 8:00 p.m., back on October 17th, several Bristol Township (Bucks County) police officers observed a huge saucer-shaped object with windows around it, 6 x 12 feet, and spaced two or three feet apart. The UFO itself was "large as a ranch style house."

The upper portion of the craft was dark, but there were lights on the underside. Red and blue-green navigation lights flashed on and off, faintly illuminating the metallic body of the object. This sighting occurred over Levittown's Blue Ridge section.

Another similar object was also seen. Headquarters was notified and several officers came outside and saw it.

The crafts hovered over the Levittown area noiselessly for ten minutes. Both took off at an "incredible" rate of speed, heading in a northwesterly direction.

On November 10th, at 4:45 a.m., another Bristol Township policeman, who had not read his colleagues' report of the first sighting and did not believe it anyway, got to wondering when he himself observed an "enormous" cigar-shaped object, with two red lights, approaching at an altitude of 1,000 feet.

It hovered silently and when the officer shone his spotlight upon it, the UFO lit up on the underside and a band of window-like white lights separated it in the middle. After 15 or 20 seconds, the lights went out and it took off in an easterly direction, becoming just a flicker of light.

UFO researcher Louis De Noble talked to the FAA about this sighting, but they didn't want to get involved.

Finally, on November 16th, about 25 residents of Orrtanna, outside Gettysburg, reported seeing three UFOs.

Between August and September of this year, there were an estimated 500 sightings nationwide. The Pennsylvania sightings reported here are hardly the sum total for the state — just mainly Delaware County and environs.

In the next issue of **Caveat Emptor**, there will be a detailed summary of cases from neighboring Chester County.

While conducting research, I heard rumors of



sightings in Philadelphia, but wasn't able to check into it. I also turned up an interesting report of the semi-ubiquitous hooded bedroom visitors, but it did not appear to be directly related to the local sightings.

And then there was a young occult student referred to me on another matter. He said he had once sent some gas-filled bags aloft in Ohio in 1970, which created a mild stir there. But he insisted he hadn't been up to his old tricks around my locale, which eased my mind a little. This was the first time I had ever met a UFO hoaxer and it would have to be now.

(Investigation and summary by Floyd Murray.)

\* \* \*

**FLASHES:** We really had to work hard to decide who should get a free 6-issue subscription this time for furnishing us more newspaper clippings than anyone else — but we finally agreed that Mary D'Andrea of Berwyn, Pa. deserved the prize! Although she did not necessarily supply the most clippings for this issue, she has been sending material to us since the early days when we put the magazine together with an old electric typewriter and a mimeograph machine. So we felt we owed her a public word of thanks!

Remember that you can also be a winner!

Just watch your local newspapers and any magazines you receive. Whenever you find something on UFOs and the occult, send it along to us; a copy if you prefer. Please include the name of the publication and the date of the issue in which the item appeared. We announce a new winner every issue!

— In case you readers are curious about the "Nexus Enterprises" that graces the contents page of this issue: We changed our business name because the word "nexus" (or connecting link) better expresses what we're trying to do. Also, using the name "Caveat Emptor" when trying to sell some books or a biofeedback machine puts off a few potential customers.

— A lot of you have wondered why our staff members have odd titles, why some disappear, some return, and why titles change issue after issue. Well, most of this is too confusing to explain here, but generally we lose a staff member because of deeply personal psychological reasons. Staff positions change due to the ongoing degrees of enlightenment attained by the person involved. If anyone understands any of this, please let us know!

— Effective in January (when many of our readers will receive this issue) the U.S. Postal Service is upping the cost of most classes of mail. At

the same time, service continues to deteriorate badly. The fuel shortage and lower speed limits, combined with reduced airline schedules, is really hurting magazine publishers.

So when your magazine continues to arrive later and later in the month, you'll know whom to blame.

Also, don't forget to send us your new address when you move. We need all the help we can get to make sure your copy reaches you!

— Our apologies to Dave Schroth and John Schuessler for forgetting to give them credit for material used in our UFO flap roundup last issue.

### HAVE YOU GOT THE RENEWAL NOTICE BLUES?

Let's face it, a lot of people just don't like to get magazine renewal notices — and frankly, we're not too keen on the idea of sending them. It costs money, and it involves more work to find out who is up for renewal, and then put the notice in that (and only that) envelope.

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