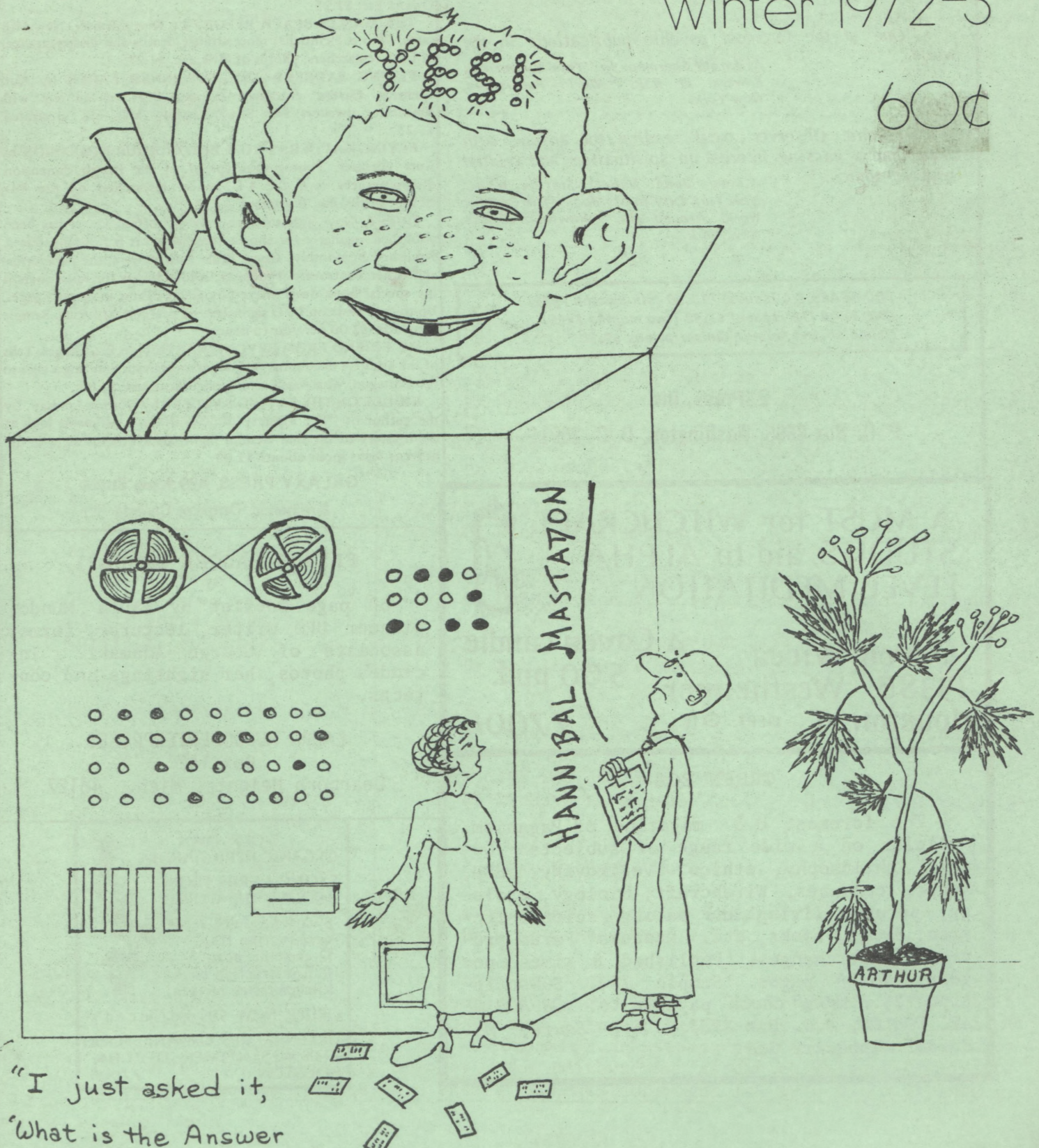
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"We are kept ignorant not by the things we don't know, but by the things we know that ain't so."
- Author Unknown

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CAVEAT EMPTOR, Vol. 2, No. 2 (whole number 6), Winter, 1972-73. Published quarterly by G & G Enterprises, P.O. Box 688, Coatesville, Pa. 19320. Subscription: $3.00 for 6 issues. Foreign subscriptions: $4.00 for 6 issues. Back issues: 75¢ each. Set of 5 back issues: $3.00. Manuscripts accompanied by stamped self-addressed envelopes will be carefully considered; however, the Editors can assume no responsibility for their loss. No payment is offered. Entire contents copyright (c) 1972 G & G Steinberg.

EDITORIAL By Eugene Steinberg



In 1969, a UFO writer and researcher who is not always taken as seriously as he should be, predicted that 1972 would show a big increase in UFO interest and activity. The preceeding two years, of course, have been generally regarded as the lowest point, ever, of saucer sightings, but this is not necessarily the case.

When I first started active UFO publishing and writing in 1960, there was a host of dire predictions that saucers were dead. "No one's interested in that stuff anymore," people would tell me.

Of course, the big flap of 1964 put the lie to those pronouncements!

So when we started publishing CAVEAT EMPTOR a year and a half ago - and announced that a hefty portion of its contents would deal with UFO matters - again we heard the same sort of warnings. And again we ignored them, fully aware of the cyclical history of the phenomenon.

When John Keel first forecast the resurgence back in 1969, I doubt if many folks paid him heed. Events in that year dealt a seeming fatal blow to the field. The Condon Report came out, and despite a wealth of solid evidence in the appendix section, few went past the introduction by Dr. Condon in which he put down the whole thing as not worthy of scientific interest.

Then, on the heels of Condon's decision to pass it all off as nonsense, the Air Force took quick advantage of the opportunity to shut down Project Blue Book. The agency always had a low priority in the military scheme of things, with little true research going on. It was a liability they were happy to unload.

The press proclaimed the end of the flying saucer era (as they had done countless times in the past), and people simply ignored the evidence of their eyes, and stopped making reports.

An awful lot of magazines on the subject went out of business. Even such old-timers as *Saucer News* bit the dust.

Then came 1972.

Dr. Hynek wrote *The UFO Experience*, and the wire services quickly devoured the contents, and sent forth a story or two over their teletypes. A lot of newspapers even ran the stories (although we never saw any of them on the broadcast wire).

In Louisiana, Missouri, a smelly monster with a shy disposition scared people hither and yon. Articles in the men's magazines and elsewhere were on the rise, and it looked like the Ufology of the 1970's had a healthy outlook indeed.

But with all this, people have lost sight of the basic fact of the UFO phenomenon: Whatever the cause, it has been going on for thousands of years. It may continue to occur even after all of us are just bits of fertilizer for some future man's garden (if the Earth lasts that long, the way we're going).

Rather than worry about public interest and subscriptions and so forth, it would be a good idea to get down to the serious business of finding some kind of solution to all this that even a hard-nosed scientist would *have* to accept.

Of course, such a thing may be impossible. Perhaps the saucer mystery - as we've said before - wasn't meant to be solved. And if it should be solved, something just as perplexing might crop up to take its place.

But it's worth a try. - ERS

* * *

Part II

What I Really Believe



By James W. Moseley

(Editor's Note: *The first part of this article appeared in the Spring, 1972 issue of* CAVEAT EMPTOR, *available from us at 75¢ per copy.*)

* * *

In part one of this article, I outlined my approach to the UFO mystery. I stated that *all* the current UFO theories omit part of the available evidence, deliberately or otherwise. Also, that the public can be divided, generally, into those with a "will to believe" and those with an equally strong "will not to believe."

Both groups ignore the basic principles of the scientific method, and neither seems willing to face what may be the most frightening possibility of all - that some mysteries simply *cannot* be solved at the present stage of our knowledge.

These same remarks would apply to the many other subdivisions of what is often called the "offbeat."

To me, the most fascinating area involves spirit mediumship and the like, because here we are trying to establish proof of an afterlife. Since the dawn of philosophical thought, many centuries ago, man has dwelled on the question of life after death. Almost all religions make some provision for an afterlife, and some rules as to how to obtain it. But it is only in the past century or so that there have been systematic semi-scientific attempts to obtain proof, mainly through societies for psychic research in England and the United States.

We are all familiar with the big exposes of the blatant frauds that have been perpetrated by certain mediums. This has caused the general public to assume, in its usual offhand way, that all mediumship is fraudulent at all times. This is not necessarily the case, by any means.

On the other hand, I believe that no method has ever been devised that, even if 100% successful, can rule out the possibility that the medium has obtained his or her message from some source other than the dead. In the most common seance performance, the medium gives a member of the circle some bit of information known only to the person present and the dead friend or relative.

There is no reason to assume that the medium is not reading the mind of the person present, rather than communicating with the dead. Even this is quite a feat, and certainly it cannot be characterized as "fraud." Yet it does not prove survival.

Let us take an extreme case, in which a message is written down by a person now deceased. No one but the deceased knew the contents of the message, then or now. But the message does exist as a physical reality, written down on a piece of paper. Given the near-miracle that a medium would get such a message perfectly, we should still wonder if it did not come to him or her from some "vibration" from the paper itself, allowing the writing to be "seen" psychicly.

One might object that this solution sounds more weird than the one we are trying to avoid. But I myself, to my own satisfaction at least, have proven that playing cards can be "seen" psychicly without their having been seen physically by the experimenter or anyone else. In other words, physical objects *can* transmit information to a human mind without the

intervention of any other mind, living or dead. This, as opposed to the usual form of ESP, which is communication between the minds of two living persons.

Thus, I don't believe life after death has been proven, though as in all other fields of the offbeat, its pursuit by real scientists as opposed to amateurs would be a wonderful thing, if it ever occurs. In view of mankind's near-obsession with the question of survival, it is a sad thing indeed that only a minute amount of systematic research by properly trained, objective persons has ever been done.

As I said, I do believe in ESP between living persons, and in the type of "precognition" described above. I could not say, however, that any of this has ever been proven.

As with UFOs, we run immediately into the question of what constitutes proof. Dr. Rhine and others have made statistical studies, showing that a few rare people can beat the laws of chance by fantastic amounts, under well-controlled (but not perfectly controlled) conditions. Skeptics counter that, were the experiments to continue long enough, the performances would return to the level where the laws of chance dictate they "should" be.

I say that the performances probably *would* eventually return to the chance level, but that this is besides the point. ESP is a strangely elusive thing. We do not know why it comes at some times more than others, and to some people more than others. It is so elusive, and so rare in the overall scheme of things, that like UFOs, it can safely be ignored by all those who want to ignore it.

My own most dramatic experience with precognition was several years ago when I frequently indulged in the pastime of trying to guess cards in a deck without looking at them. Only once, and for no particular reason at all, a strong feeling came to me, and I asked myself, "Why should I guess at these cards when I *know* what they all are."

Then, in less time than it takes to tell, I guessed five out of seven right, for suit and number. I was so amazed that I paused a moment. But I lost the feeling and I was never able to obtain it again.

I am probably using the wrong term in labeling this as precognition. Actually, this word should be applied to the ability to know an event before it takes place; the ability to predict the future.

I have yet to see any evidence to convince me that the future can be predicted with anything more than random accuracy, though attempts along this line are currently very much in vogue. If you make enough predictions and make them general enough, some are bound to come true. This very simple method seems to be behind all the "amazing" results by people like Jeanne Dixon.

Philosophically and scientifically, there are severe problems in believing in prediction, just as there are in believing in life after death. A thought exists. A number on a playing card or a message on a piece of paper exists. But the future does not exist yet, and we know of no reasonable theory that would account for knowledge of an event coming to a person's mind before that event has taken place. Yet, it would be a mistake to say this is impossible or inconceivable. Time itself may be more complex than we can possibly imagine at our present state of knowledge.

If, however, the future can be predicted, it can by implication also be *changed*. But if the event in question is changed because of the foreknowledge, then the prediction becomes untrue after all.

Fictional stories on this subject usually show a predicted disaster occurring in spite of all efforts to stop it. This concept, if true, would imply that all events are *predetermined* in some way, and therefore unchangeable. In philosophy, predetermination is usually given as the opposite of "free will," the latter term meaning that we have the ability to shape our lives as we wish. Superficially at least, "free will" is an obvious reality, but the question is extremely complicated.

Finally, I would like to mention the area of character and personality reading - whether by cards, handwriting analysis, tea leaf reading, or simply fortune telling. A good reader no doubt starts with a better-than-average ability to size people up by means of ordinary common sense and perhaps a little ESP ability. Beyond that, I think these particular facets of the offbeat have no validity at all in spite of appearances.

(continued on page 21)

My Experience with Deros and the MIB

By Eric Grandstaff — Director, RUA

The story I am about to relate really happened. My interpretation of it may be incorrect. Someone may even by trying to perpetrate a hoax. But it all has made a strong impression on me, and I believe you will react the same way.

Several of us had formed a small UFO club to discuss and research local sightings. One evening the three officers of the organization (I am omitting the names of my two associates at their request) were having a staff meeting. The main item of discussion was the "Men in Black." We all voiced skepticism about their existence.

We did agree, though, that they might exist, and if so, they could interfere with our research projects. Perhaps it was paranoia, or just legitimate concern for our safety, but we decided to keep our work secret. It is for this reason that I choose not to reveal my true name, although the editors of CAVEAT EMPTOR have this information in their files.

The events I am about to recount make it possible for me to present some of the facts about our little group, which we called "UFO Sighting Alert," or USA.

We soon armed ourselves with a police radio monitor, a portable magnetic UFO detector, binoculars and other equipment. Whenever we got a report of a sighting, we drove immediately to the scene, ready for an on-the-spot investigation.

I had met a girl named Laressa through one of the members of USA. Since the average Ufologist has a "kook" image, and I wanted to impress the attractive young girl, I didn't tell her much about my interest in flying saucers.

We got to know each other better, and soon I was going steady with her. Things were going along nice and smooth; when she called me one night.

She was obviously very shaken and in tears. She said that her cousin, who was, as she termed it, a "D-Force," had taken her out in the country. Laressa claimed her cousin took her *through* a hill, and they ended up smack in the middle of an underground civilization. She described the people she saw as looking quite human, that many of them were actually on the surface, walking, working and in general acting just like anyone else. But she remarked that it *was* possible to detect an "underworlder."

Most of them wore a ring or necklace, or some other form of jewelry with a "funny design, like a wolf" on it.

She said the "D-Forces" still outnumber the "T-Forces," but the latter are growing and getting stronger day by day.

This all sounded to me like the classic Shaver tale about the "Teros" and "Deros," yet to the best of my knowledge, Laressa didn't know about such things.

The biggest shocker came next, as she proceeded to describe, in detail, our supposedly secret project! She further advised me *not* to be in the meeting room at a local flying saucer convention scheduled to be held a few days later.

I didn't take the telephone call as seriously as I should have, and I had more-or-less forgotten what she had said about the meeting room on the night of the convention. But at the very same moment, one of the convention delegates saw a UFO flying over the hotel where the meeting was being held.

Perhaps she didn't want me inside that meeting room, because she wanted me to see the strange aerial visitor for myself. I

didn't tell anyone else about this remark. As it turned out, nearly a dozen people, many of whom had no interest whatever in flying saucers, saw the thing - except for me, of course. I was closeted away in the meeting room engaged in a deep parliamentary debate, hoping against hope it would soon end and I could go out for some fresh air.

Laressa made one prediction that I still won't take seriously, even though it bodes ill for me. That is, that I would be dead within six months!

While I don't say there's any connection, I did get badly scratched up in an automobile accident recently. My car hit a telephone pole. The car was demolished; the pole was snapped in two places. I am wary of attaching too much importance to this unfortunate mishap. Accidents can happen easily enough without any outside interference. Yet there are also a few other odd things worth mentioning.

A few weeks earlier, after pretty well giving up on Laressa, I started seeing another girl. It was about 9:30 one evening as I was driving to her house. I noticed that a car with only one headlight was following me, blinking the headlight from dim to bright, and always sitting right on my tail. It was a country road, and the visibility wasn't good. The whole affair had distracted me, and I soon realized I had passed the girl's house.

I entered a nearby driveway, to turn around. The car zipped on down the road. Perhaps it wasn't following me after all.

But no, on my way back, the car was right behind me once again. At one point, the vehicle came up beside me, and tried to force me off the road into someone's front yard. The inconsiderate clod behind the wheel didn't even stop or slow down. The car just went on, and was quickly lost in the distance.

I chalked that one up as some teenagers looking for kicks, though I'm not altogether certain about this. In any case, the car wasn't the traditional black color. It was green. Nor was it a Cadillac, but a large car of some other make. There weren't three persons in the car, just two.

In retrospect, the entire series of strange events might have been a hoax. But I live in a small community and word of such a thing would come to my attention sooner or later. And I still wonder: Just how did she know all about USA, and that I would be attending that meeting at 9:30 in the evening? The other two participants assure me they didn't leak out anything about the small group. I know I didn't.

The most amazing thing about it is Laressa's knowledge concerning the advanced concepts of Shaverism. She might have found out about the meeting, and our group somehow, through a chance word dropped by one of us. But it would take a close connection with the UFO and occult fields to know enough about Shaver to use similar terms in her description of her alleged experience with the subsurface people.

And the incident with the reckless driver on the old country road? That could be a coincidence.

But if Laressa staged all this for my benefit, the question is why?

Since then, I haven't seen or heard from her. She studiously avoids either me, or the group members, whom she apparently recognizes. My friends have seen her, so I know she's around.

But my attempts to get a good night's sleep haven't succeeded too well lately. Around 2:00 or 3:00 in the morning, someone keeps calling me. I pick up the phone, and, as in other such cases, there's no one at the other end. As I write this little report, the telephone company has installed a special switch so I can turn the phone off at night. Perhaps others plagued with such things might do the same. It doesn't cost very much.

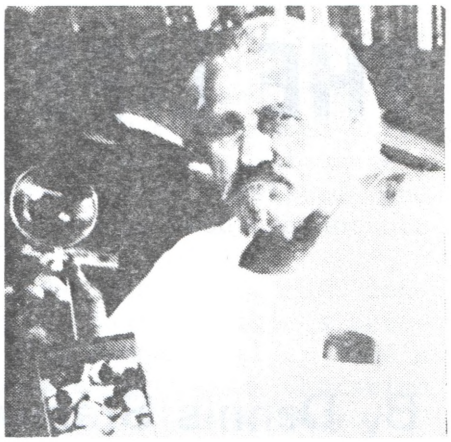
I did do a little research on Laressa's cousin, the so-called "D-Force." Her cousin is a short, fat, somewhat homely girl who attends the local high school. Some of my more imaginative friends say she is oversexed. The girl has one of the worst attendance records I've ever heard of. She is gone for weeks at a time, several times a semester.

Her description might resemble the kind of person Shaver says uses the so-called "stim" machine a little too often.

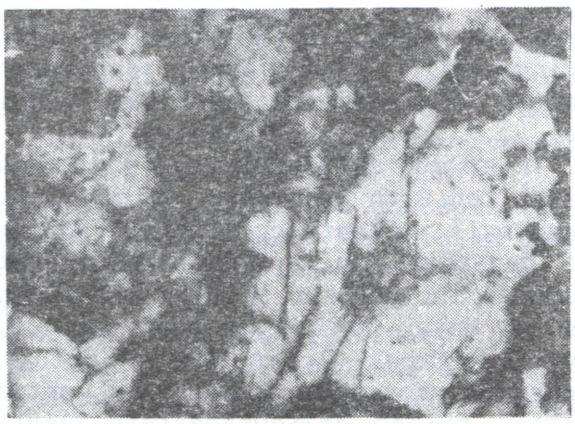
But the most fascinating thing of all is a necklace she wears. It has a wolf-type design on it. - Eric Grandstaff

* * *

ABOUT UFOs



By Richard S. Shaver



Putting the results of 30 years of correspondence and writings into a few words isn't easy. To say what adds up in the back of your mind from telepathic communication - a compound of lies and concealment far oftener than of simple truth - isn't easy.

But I'll try.

The underworld cities beneath the Earth's sad surface are not the only underworld cities. Planets like Mars have underworld cities too, and though the surface seems to have little or no air, such cities contain life-support systems like our own spaceships.

The surface of Mars has been destroyed by more than one moon, descending and carooning off into space again. So there isn't much left to see on the surface. If there was, they would do their best to hide it from us with sand storms and dynamite and what-not covering up the evidence of the ancient civilization on the red planet.

The sand storms observed by our most recent Mariner probe were the results of weather control *mech* still working in the underworld cities of that planet.

I think that a mean and small and cruel faction of people have taken control of the sad, pitiful remnants of a once-great Martian people. They have enslaved them and brutalized them until today there is little left but malevolence. I think they send UFOs here to sabotage and prepare Earth for their dominance - when they finally choose to come here en masse.

But I don't think they ever *will* come.

I think they're afraid to come by themselves. But they can send *others* in the UFOs, and they hate and fear us. They send UFOs, to flit and fly and hide and figure out how to hurt us most, then return and tell their idiot monarch about it.

I think that if you could see them in their hidey-holes, you would laugh yourself sick. But it would be like laughing at a nest of vipers - for that is what is there, hiding and waiting and planning.

And never having the guts to go all-out on conquest. - Richard S. Shaver

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THE LIFE FORCE

Second of a Series



By Dennis Stamey

The most primitive form of religion is the worship of a life force or essence in both living and inanimate objects. The American Indians believed in a power that flowed through animals, the heavenly bodies, plants and man. Sacrifices (as in other societies) were offered because they believed everything in the world belonged to the great Power. There was nothing they could give it except a part of themselves.

Such beliefs led to the worship of living things, such as trees. In the religious history of the Aryan race in Europe, the worship of trees has played an important part.* Proofs of the prevalence of tree-worship in ancient Greece and Italy are abundant. The Hidatsa Indians believed every object had its spirit or shade; and the shades of the cottonwood (greatest tree in the valley of the Upper Missouri) allegedly possessed an intelligence which, if properly approached, would help the Indians on certain undertakings. The Wonika of East Africa hold that every tree, especially the coconut tree, has its spirit. Siamese Buddhist monks, believing that there are souls everywhere (and that to destroy anything is to dispossess a soul) will not break a tree branch. Silk cotton trees are regarded with reverence throughout West Africa and are believed to be the abode of a god or spirit.

Beliefs in animal souls, that animals are endowed with feelings and intelligence, are common. The Cherokee of the Carolinas never molested snakes unless a member of their tribe was bitten. Reverence of bears among hunters of primitive cultures can be traced all along the northern region of the Old World from the Bering Strait to Lapland, reappearing in similar form with the North American Indians.

In other societies the soul of a man was united with inanimate objects, plants or animals; oftentimes with the welfare of one depending on the welfare of another. Examples include the Malays, the Melanesians of Meta, tribes in West Africa, natives of Cross River Valley within the Cameroons provinces, Zapotes of Central America, tribes of Southeastern Australia, etc.

Ancient civilizations later conceived of these spirits as persons and endowed them with names and special purposes: The god of war, of the hunt, of the harvest, and so on. Frazer said that even the contemporary Godhead of Christianity is but a link in the chain with the savage's shades.

The brilliant Greek mind, however, would probe beyond their pantheism, and by doing so evolved the system of philosophy. Thales postulated an Ultimate Reality; that everything is a manifestation of one. Imenes thought that an extra-human force or universal reality was in back of it all.

Plato said that the idea the mind grasps is more real than the material objects the eye sees. The tree, the man, the flower pass away and change but the general idea, or concept, of the tree, man and flower never changes. The idea alone has "being." These became known as "universals." He further expounded in his doctrine *Ideas* that if there is a material world known to our senses, then there is

*See Golden Bough, *by Sir James George Frazer.*

another, or "other world" of our ideas that we cannot perceive. This doctrine is the main source of the Dualism or "other world" theory that occurs so often in European religious and philosophical thinking.

The doctrine that every conception of ours is a shadow of some frozen and perfect "idea" or "form" universal or cosmic in nature might apply in the case of morals and divinity, but what of more common matters? The Sophists of Greece argued that only particular things have an existence in or of themselves, independent of all else. Medieval scholars revived the question of "universals." Those upholding the view were "realists" and those declaring them just names (nomina) were "nominalists." The French scholar Abelard (1079-1142) derived the theory of "conceptualism" (in favor of the Sophists) and claimed "universals" to be concepts existing in individual minds, keys to an understanding of the interrelatedness of things.

Venturing into Christianity, we are led to the saints, those who had "mystic experiences" and were thereupon canonized by the Roman Catholic Church: St. Augustine, St. Gregory I, St. Hildegrad of Bingen, Hugh of Saint Victor, Jacopone da Todi, St. Thomas Aquinas, Ramon Lull, Nicholas of Cusa, St. Catherine of Siena, St. John of the Cross, St. Theresea of Avila, and St. Theresea of Lisieux.

After the reformation (the religious revolution in Western Europe of the 1500's that led to doctrines of Protestanism) mysticism still flourished in a religious body called the Friends of Society, originated in 17th century England by George Fox. He believed that a person needed no spiritual intermediary but could find understanding and guidance through "inward light" (the Inner Light) supplied by the Holy Spirit. Unregenerate man achieves spiritual regeneration by meditating upon the Light, best practiced by a small group of believers. When they rightly "wait upon the Lord," they will be fused together into mystical Oneness with the divine Presence, as were the early Christians at Pentecost.

Fox's followers, more commonly called Quakers because they trembled with emotion in meetings, refused to worship in established churches, to take oaths, and to bear arms in war. They rejected social and official titles and used "plain" forms of address (notably "thee" and "thou"). Though the Quakers have experienced various divisions and secularizing influences, the mystical strain has persisted and through the centuries has produced notable American mystics.

The Aztecs used mushrooms that contained narcotics in their religious ceremonies, calling them Teonanacatl or "God's Flesh." This compares with the Christian Eucharist: "Take eat, this my body...." And again, "Grant us therefore, gracious Lord, so to eat the flesh of thy dear son...."

While Christianity must accept by faith the conversion of bread into God's flesh, the mushroom seems to directly provide its own. By utilizing these narcotics, the primitive had a more awesome comprehension of religion than does the modern world.

The continuation of the Aztec mushroom into contemporary times is carried out through the secret and sacred rituals of "curanderos," and seems to compare closely with the Mystery performed by Eleusis. One might recall that the Eleusinian Mysteries were the principal religious mysteries of ancient Greece (held at Eleusis). They were to honor Demeter and her daughter Persephone, and to symbolize the birth of grain each spring.

The candidate feasted and offered a sacrifice to prepare himself. He began by going through the Lesser Mysteries, which were held near Athens in February. It is believed that he wandered through a maze of dark passages filled with strange sights and sounds. At last he was shown a young maiden rising naked from a pit of wheat to symbolize the grain spirit.

The Greater Mysteries were held seven months later in September. Sacred relics were brought to Athens from Eleusis. The candidates were purified in salt water on the beach at prayer time. Public rites followed for two days. Then a procession took the relics back to Eleusis. The rites closed on the tenth day, with water solemnly poured toward the east and west from earthen jars.

The Dionsyian Mysteries honored the god of wine and involved wild orgies (lat-

er being forbidden). Other mysteries included the Samothracian in honor of the Cabeiri or great gods, and the Orphic Mysteries, which were a special worship of Dionysus by a group that claimed to know the secret of happiness after death.

The Mazatecs consulted the mushroom during rains when it grew from June to August. The Eleusinian Mysteries were celebrated in September or early October, the seasons of mushrooms in Mediterranean basins. Surviving texts say there is a secret at the core of the Mysteries, but what it is no one has yet discovered. But it is known that the initiate ("mystery" in Greek) drank a potion, beheld a vision late at night and the next day was awestruck.

The writer Aristides (2 A.D.), made fragmentary descriptions of the Eleusinian Mysteries, calling the experience "awesome" and "luminous," and spoke of a rivalry between seeing and hearing.

R. Gordon Watson in an annual lecture of the Mycological Society of America in 1960,[1] said that the Greek term for mushroom was "mukes" (replacing sp[h]onge or sp[h]ongos); a root whose homonym was root for the Greek word "mystery." "Mystery" itself comes from a root that means closing of apertures of body and closing of eyes and ears. Watson argued that if the mushroom did play a vital and secret role in this ritual, it is natural that the standard word for "mushroom" would fall into disuse through a religious tabu and that the Greeks substituted an alternative fungal term that was a homonym of "mystery."

Watson said that poets and prophets, mystics and ascetics, had visions paralleling the Mysteries and mushroom cults. He particularly notes the succession of images in the Vision of St. John of Patmos (Book of Revelation). Plato found his "ideas" in drinking the potion in the Temple of Eleusis and had spent the night seeing the great vision. From this experience he could perceive an ideal world of archetypes where original, true, beautiful patterns of things exist forevermore, beyond our ephemeral and imperfect existence.

During the mushroom experience, says Watson, a priestess sings, not loud, but with authority. The voice has a strange ventriloquistic effect. Tribesmen of Siberia who have eaten the amanita muscaria lie under the spell of their Shamans and experience ventriloquistic drumbeats. What you are seeing and hearing appear as one. The music assumes harmonious shapes, giving visual form to its harmonies, and what you are seeing takes on the modalities of music (what did Aristides say of a rivalry between seeing and hearing?).

Richard Evans Schultes in "botanical Sources of New World Narcotics,"[2] notes that such plants as "ayahuascas," "caapi," "yaje," "datura," and "ololioqui" were used by South American witch-doctors for divinatory purposes.

Many sects believed Christ or God was incarnate in every fully-initiated Christian and thus originated the idea of "love one another."

Tertullian records that this was done by his fellow Christians at Carthege in the second century. Disciples of St. Columba worshipped him as an embodiment of Christ. In the eighth century Elipandes of Toledo spoke of Christ as "a god among gods," meaning that all believers were gods just as Jesus.

Adoration of each other was customary among the Alligenses, and is noticed hundreds of times in the records of the Inquisitors of Toulouse in the early part of the 14th century. In the 13th century there arose a sect called Brethren and Sisters of the Free Spirit. They held that by long and difficult contemplation, any man might be united to the deity in an ineffable manner and become one with the source of all things; that he who has thus advanced to God will actually form part of the Godhead.

- Dennis Stamey

* * *

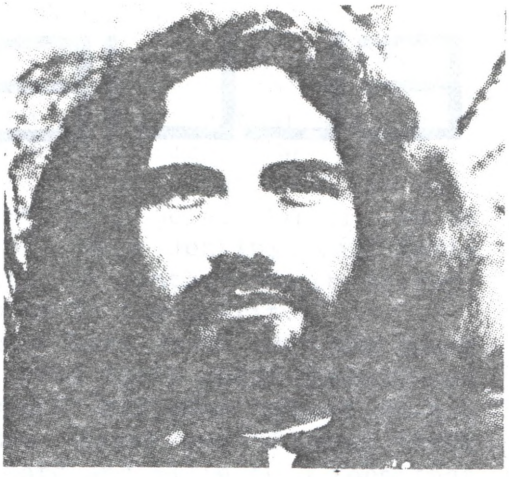
(Editor's Note: *In the concluding portion of this essay, Mr. Stamey will discuss "Birth, Death and Resurrection" and a "Poem of the Universe." The first part of this series, entitled "The Cosmic Mind," appeared in our Fall, 1972 issue.*)

[1] *Published in Dr. Timothy Leary's* Psychedelic Review, *issue #1.*
[2] *See* Psychedelic Review, *issue #2.*

no. 3 By Dr. Leo Louis Martello

Witchcraft:

Who, What & Why





The popular image of a witch is false!

True Witchcraft is primarily a religion. It has a theology, worships the ancient Gods and Goddesses (especially the latter), believes in reincarnation, and candidates must undergo study and initiation. Unlike other religions, there is as yet no laity. Every initiated witch is a priest or a priestess. Covens are generally limited to 13 or less (the "13" based on the 13 lunar cycles, which has nothing to do with the Christian version of the Last Supper).

Because of the persecution of the Church, many covens were scattered and witches "lost their way." What became known as Witchcraft - the dolls, candles, rites and rituals - were remnants of a forgotten religion and it is this phase of the Craft that has been ridiculed, condemned, persecuted.

It would be the same if the Catholic Church was finally destroyed and some of its members were discovered in outlying districts years later performing weird rites, but with no evidence of worship of a God. And if all their books had been burned, their descendants would have to depend on oral tradition, which in time would lose much of its original theology.

During the Inquisition no witch kept a Book of Shadows (assuming they could write) as this would mean instant damnation. It is for this reason that there are many traditions in Witchcraft.

Just as many faiths believe in prayer, an afterlife, use holy water, candles, incense and other items as adjuncts to their worship, so do witches.

Just as "miracles" don't constitute the basis of Christian theology, neither does "magic" constitute the basis of Wicca or *la vecchia religione* (The Old Religion).

Just as every Christian isn't a priest, every person who practices magic isn't a witch.

- Dr. Leo Louis Martello

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By Dr. Leo L. Martello

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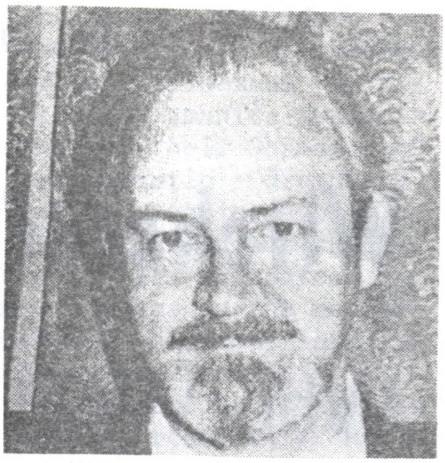
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ELLIE

By Donald J. Battey



(Editor's Note: *Donald Battey has studied in the psychic field for over 18 years. He has a well-rounded background in innumerable phases of psychism, qualifying him to speak with authority on almost any subject related to the field. Professionally an editor, publisher and writer, at the urging of others, he is now devoting full-time to speaking and teaching in the psychic, where he has more personal contact with those seeking the Way.*

At the request of those involved, some of the names in the following report have been changed. The actual names are on file at CAVEAT EMPTOR *headquarters.*

Mr. Battey also informs us that he is giving psychometric readings at a modest cost. Readers who wish to take advantage of this service can write the author at: P.O. Drawer 329, Livingston Manor, N.Y. 12758. Please report the results of these readings directly to us.)

* * * *

We first heard of Ellie when Mrs. Wanda Keane of Middletown, N.Y. began attending our Saturday night Spiritual Frontiers Fellowship meetings at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Williams of Hurleyville, N.Y.

Mrs. Keane, who is a native of France, explained that she was concerned with a spirit that was residing in her home. She revealed that through friends at work she and her two daughters had become interested in psychic research. She and her oldest daughter, Jo-Anne, had started using the Ouija board and were soon in contact with a spirit who called herself "Ellie."

Ellie, a French-Canadian, said that she lived in the house with them in their upstairs apartment, and that she spent most of her time in a small attic room where she had killed herself with a gun. As accurately as can be figured, this occurred in 1939, when a couple Ellie identified as her aunt and uncle, Lillian and Charles Crans, resided in the house. Records verify that a couple by that name lived in the house from 1903 to 1940. Ellie could not remember exactly when she committed suicide.

Mrs. Keane notes that she and her daughters had sensed the presence of Ellie before using the Ouija board and had experienced some strange or unusual happenings in the house.

Ellie had grown quite fond of Mrs. Keane and her daughters and more-or-less adopted them as her family. Through the board she called Mrs. Keane "Maman" (French for Mama) and spoke of daughter Jo-Anne, 19, as her best friend. Ellie was about this same age when she took her life.

As the conversations on the board continued it became very evident that Ellie was not someone you would allow your daughters to associate with too often. She cursed and used naughty words and was caught in lies many times. Ellie dwelled on going out with boys, or to a dance at a Linden Avenue dance hall, not too distant from the house. The dance hall at one time existed; however, it has been out of business for a number of years.

Ellie might well have lived this kind of life, for she claimed that the reason she killed herself was because she had become pregnant and the boy had jilted her. She continued to live in the house and was

afraid to even attempt to find the spirit world, because she realized she had committed a mortal sin and feared she would go to hell.

At this point it would be well to explain why Mrs. Keane sought help from our Spiritual Frontiers Fellowship group in this situation. She became concerned that Jo-Anne, who worked with her on the board, was getting too close to Ellie and might be mentally influenced by her to attempt something rash.

The problem was discussed at our SFF meeting and it was decided to assemble at Mrs. Keane's home on Friday, February 27, 1970, and attempt to contact Ellie and other persons we knew in the spirit world to guide her there.

At the meeting at Mrs. Keane's home, we had present one woman capable of going into trance on her own and one who could go into trance through hypnosis. It was decided that it might be safer in this situation to use the Ouija board for contact. We didn't want to chance anyone picking up a suicidal compulsion.

Mrs. Keane and her daughter were soon in contact with Ellie on the board. We explained we were there to help her and guide her to the spirit world. We told Ellie that it was not good for her to continue to try and live in our world, that there was a spirit world and we would be glad to contact persons there to lead her over.

Ellie kept insisting that she would go to hell if she left the house. This brought tears from Mrs. Keane.

Ellie said, "Maman, don't cry. Ellie don't want to make Maman cry."

We then decided to change our approach and stressed that Mrs. Keane wanted Ellie to go to the spirit world where she would be happy, be among friends, and would not cry anymore. We explained to Ellie that she could always come back and visit whenever she wanted.

Ellie finally agreed to go.

I then concentrated on summoning Tallis, a priest in the spirit who is a spiritual guide for the Poughkeepsie, N.Y. SFF group. I had attended meetings there and had perceived Tallis in meditation a couple of times.

Within a few minutes Tallis arrived, accompanied by another man who appeared to be tall and heavy in stature. Ellie at first could not see the two, but after prayer she was able to. She was asked if she would accompany the men to heaven, but she refused to go, saying that she was afraid of the strange men. We then attempted to assure her that she was safe with them. At this point Barbara Smith and her sister, Mary Jenkins, told Ellie they would try to contact their sister, Marianne, who is in the spirit.

Barbara and Mary took over the board and soon contacted their guide Zachery and sister Marianne. Marianne agreed to try and help. Mrs. Keane and Jo-Anne went back on the board and Ellie told them that she saw Marianne and also Wanda's brother, who had died as a child and had visited the board in previous sessions. Ellie agreed to accompany them to "heaven" with promises that Maman would be happy and not cry.

Suddenly Ellie was gone from the board!

Barbara and Mary attempted to contact Zachery, who, after a brief delay, came on to say that the spirits called to the meeting were attempting to take Ellie over. He instructed us to enter into prayer to give them the power they needed, and then to go into the kitchen and eat the food that was prepared.

It is interesting to note here that no one mentioned bringing food or eating after the meeting, yet he was well aware of it.

Following refreshments, Zachery was contacted and reported that Ellie was now in the spirit world.

To keep the situation in control, one of Wanda's friends took the Ouija board home for three weeks.

On March 30, 1970, Wanda and a friend tried the board and first received a spirit who had nothing important to say. Suddenly Ellie took over the board briefly to say, "Ellie happy now" and "Ellie love you."

Wanda tried the board later with Jo-Anne and received nothing. The planchette remained still for an additional two weeks for the couple. If Wanda tried with other people she would get spirits no one knew or connected with the other individual.

On April 2nd, Wanda made another at-

(continued on page 22)

satire

Part 2

Naked came the Fortean



By Richard E. Wiplash

INTRODUCTION TO THE INTRODUCTION

By Otto Bound

(Noted science writer, cartoonist, President, General Manager, Head Maintenance Man of "Otto Bound Enterprises," Nutley, N.J., Nutley's biggest distributor of space comics, puzzles, toys, whoopee cushions and pornographic jigsaw puzzles.)

* * *

On the cold and snowy night of January 7, 1971, the Lurch family of 007 Carswell Road, Fort Worth, Texas, was playing host to a group of Christmas guests. Clustered around the TV set, singing Christmas songs, it was so easy to forget the icy winds howling through the desolate countryside and calling mournfully at the frosted windows.

Mr. and Mrs. Lurch were playing host and hostess to the Reverand Mr. M.I. Black, Mrs. Black, their three children, Dopey, Sneezy and Grumpy (ages 7, 15 and 55, in any order you want); Mrs. Black's great-grandparents, Farmer Dell, his wife Belle and their three children; a large white cat; Rupert Ragby; two relatives from the Bronx; a female stranger; a puppy dog; an Air Force Captain, and a partridge in a pear tree.

Sitting around the piano, drinking warm beer and eating popcorn, it was so easy to forget the cold wind outside and the swirling snowflakes tapping at the windows. Christmas was coming and joy was in the air!

Oswald Lurch, young UFO researcher, currently hot on the trail of the International Athiest Conspiracy (IAC), was sitting sullenly in a corner, reading a copy of the *L.A. Free Press* and copying down addresses from the classifieds. He held a waterpipe protectively to his breast.

"Oh, son of mine," called his father. "Would you be good enough to go out to yonder well out there in the cold and fetch some water for your parents and our dear guests made so very thirsty by this salty popcorn?"

"Fascist war-mongerers!" Oswald replied airily. "I won't have anything to do with those who don't accept my philosophy of *peace* and *love*, so *go thirsty* you damned finks! Besides, we don't have a well. Otto Bound made you say that."

The Reverand Mr. Black walked over and smiled sweetly at the boy. His whole being - from his close cropped dark hair to his shiny black wing tips - shone with a warm, benign radiance. He laid his arm gently on the boy's shoulder and said softly, "Git yore ass out thar, yew long-haired commie punk, 'afore ah stars in ta rememboorin' all ah lurned when ah wuz a Mo-reen and servin' mah time fo' dis heah fine country o' ours."

His collar was half off when Ozzie jumped up so fast he left his mouthpiece hanging in mid-air. "You know," he said, "I do feel like a little water myself, heh-heh," and throwing on his bluejean jacket, he floated out the door.

Exactly what happened in the next few moments is a matter of dispute among authorities. Everyone agrees, however, that five minutes after Lurch left the house he was heard screaming *"Put me down you pig, fascist pigs!!!! Help me, Huey, they've got me!!!! Help!!!!"*

And his voice, which sounded as if it was *coming from above*, faded away.

Unlocking the door, which had been

bolted in the event of his return from the well, his parents and the visitors gathered at the doorway, peering into the gloom with faces anxious and taut, trying desperately to see through the swirling white flakes. Their voices mingled in the night...

"*Something* got him!"

"What could it have been?!?"

"We'll - we'll never see him - again!"

The sorrow-filled crowd looked at each other, as the dim realization slowly grew in their minds. Slowly turning their heads to the sky, they cried in unison, "*Bye Babyyyyyyyyyyy!!!!!!!*"

On a Sunday afternoon, three weeks later, the hysterical parents organized a search party. Traveling for twenty-five feet, they followed the boy's sandal prints leading to the well and then - *nothing! The prints stopped in mid-stagger!!! It was as if he had been pulled up from above!!!*

Next to the mysterious prints, they found other pitiful remnants - the pail, half buried by the swirling snow; a little metal pipe; a cigarette that bears of lipstick's traces; an airline ticket to romantic places; these foolish things remind me of him.

I, Otto Bound, have left no stone or rock unturned in my relentless efforts to find out what happened to my dear friend. At first I thought I had found him under a couple of rocks, but in each case it turned out to be a doppleganger or rubber android put there by the Flying Saucer People to throw me off the trail.

My day-long, in-depth, comprehensive investigations of the tragedy have convinced me that there is an *official conspiracy!!!* to keep the public from knowing the *truth* about this matter!

The Bangor, Maine police department was strangely silent about the entire affair and my repeated inquiries there brought only *knowing* winks and *secret* smiles!!!

Realizing that they would never dare reveal the truth to me, I fired off a heated letter to the Seattle, Washington Chamber of Commerce, who tried to avoid the issue by sending me a package of travel folders for San Juan, Puerto Rico.

The United States government was strangely silent about the entire affair, and at Lackluster Air Force Base, Colorado, I received a terse and cryptic, "Who let this guy in here?!?!?!?!?" from Major-General Ambrose Pierce.

Not even the *New York Times* dared print the story, but in the course of my sound, scientific research into the case, I finally found the *full, official* details in the January 27th issue of the *National Blabbermouth*, which is one of those tabloid, scandal-type papers. However, you must remember that in spite of their often sensationalistic stories on those queer movie stars and all, such "scandal sheets" (as we science writers call them) often carry sincere, reliable scientific articles by noted authorities on ways to cope with the many problems facing mankind as he heads into the space age, and stuff like that. Those nudie photos aren't bad either!

However, not even the pages of the *National Blabbermouth* would contain the answer. Was he kidnapped because he *knew too much* about the Flying Saucepan mystery??? Did the International Athiest Conspiracy (IAC) get the Illuminati to do away with him??? Did he take one drag too many on that pipe of his??? Do you know??? Do you care???

To this day no one knows the answer. But we all remember Ozzie Lurch with fondness. His cute little cackle; the glazed look in his eyes every Saturday night; the lock of hair that would drop and so coyly cover his face; yes, we remember him warmly.

I remember - I remember he once said to me, in one of his pensive, contemplative moods, he said, "Did you know that Otto spelled backwards is ottO? Do you hate your parents for giving you that name? I would. Tell me about your sexual fantasies, ottO; do girls laugh when you tell them your name??"

My, my, that was Ozzie - always questioning, always wondering, always trying to see what was on the other side of the mountain or through the keyhole.

He will be missed. But not my me. I don't like being reminded that my name is Otto.

(to be continued)

* * *

SEXUAL MORALITY & RELIGION: A Minority View

By Rev. Richmond Hutchins

Self-appointed guardians of public morality like Mr. Ray Dreher of St. Louis* usually state, as he does, that society has a Judeo-Christian heritage that pornography seeks to destroy. They strongly imply that sexual morality is the exclusive preserve of religious people, and that your religion is suspect if it allows *your* sexual morality to be any more liberal than *theirs*. As a long-ordained Christian clergyman (and therefore one who has a "vested interest" in our Judeo-Christian heritage) I should like to take them to task.

First, let me observe that religion and morality are not always to be equated. Webster defines religion as, "The service and adoration of God or a god as expressed in forms of worship; one of the systems of faith and worship."

The same dictionary defines morality as, "Moral character; virtue; that which instills moral lessons." The adjective "moral" is defined as, "Characterized by excellence in what pertains to practice or conduct; right and proper."

Many of the world's religions have not given a fig (or fig leaf) for morality, and there have been millions of good people, highly moral by anyone's standards, who have not been religious.

Obviously, a religion concerned with the right relationship not only between man and God but also between man and his fellow man (and fellow woman, of course), such as Judaism and Christianity, will be a moral religion. The great moral code given through Moses, the Decalogue, has had a greater impact on human behavior than anything else in history.

But although the churches continue to teach morality, they cannot do so as if we still lived in the time of Moses. In the sexual realm particularly, the world is radically different today. We can be guided by the Bible but should not be oppressed by it.

As Gordon Clanton observed in *The Christian Century*, January 8, 1969: "A relevant ethic cannot be appropriated *in toto* from another time. Like the prohibition against eating pork, and the emphasis on pure blood lines, the Old Testament prohibition against nonmarital intercourse was a good rule for its time....And in the time of Jesus...the teaching that sex should be reserved for marriage was sound, since the begetting of children outside of marriage was (and is) socially undesirable. But such a sweeping rule is no longer needed."

If morality is that which is "right and proper" according to Webster, are we going to leave it to the Citizens for Decent Literature to tell us what is right and Proper? Can't all of us who are the inheritors of our Judeo-Christian heritage use that heritage, intelligently and in the light of the contraceptive revolution, to decide that for ourselves?

Take, for instance, the commandment, "Thou shalt not commit adultery."

In Moses' day the triple threats of infection, detection and conception (which the church through the ages has held as weapons) made sex with another man's wife (never sex with another woman's husband, in those grand old days of the Double

**See "Profile Of A Pornography Fighter," by Steve Erdmann, in the Spring, 1972 issue of* CAVEAT EMPTOR. *This issue is still available at 75¢ per copy. - Editor*

Standard) a sin - because the result in most cases would have been detrimental to society. Besides, adultery was trespassing against a husband's property! The letter of the law was clear: Thou shalt not! The spirit behind the law - prohibiting any sex that would harm society - remains from age to age, but what constitutes violation of the law must change as society itself changes.

A most enlightened definition of adultery is to be found in Goldstein and Haeberle's *The Sex Book*, 1971, published, surprisingly, by the Roman Catholic publishing house of Herder and Herder, Inc.:

"*Adultery:* Sexual intercourse between partners of whom at least one is married to someone else. According to certain religious views, all sexual relationships outside of marriage are considered adulterous, including not only premarital intercourse and masturbation, but even sexual desires, dreams, and fantasies of married partners which are not directed towards their own spouse. However, it seems more sensible to restrict the use of the word 'adultery' to cases where certain acts or attitudes actually threaten an existing marriage. Such a threat can result not only from irresponsible sexual behavior, but also from other forms of neglect, egotism, and unfairness. Not only extramarital intercourse, but also jealousy, possessiveness, or insensitivity and lack of concern can ruin a marital relationship. A marriage can even be destroyed by a partner's obsession with his work or a hobby."

Very much in line with this are these words of William V. Shannon's:* "'Thou shalt not commit adultery' may sound old-fashioned, but restated in contemporary terms - 'Do not smash up another person's family life' - it still carries a worthwhile message."

Isn't it likely, according to such definitions, that some uptight custodians of public morality, including members of the CDL, may be far more guilty of breaking the *spirit* of the commandment than some of our "swingers" who enjoy the exchange of mates, yet harm no one and may even enhance the soundness of their own marriages?

Sex should be our servant, not our master. Advances in medicine, education, transportation and communication have weakened the threats of infection, detection and conception. Whether sex is good or bad ("right and proper" or "wrong and improper") depends on its *use*, and this applies to religious as well as non-religious people. A person can rape one's own spouse; whereas partners who are not married to each other can have loving and ethically-proper sexual relationships.

It is regrettable that religious groups should ever try to impose their own standards of morality (sexual or non-sexual) upon the wider community. What may be sinful to some need not be criminal or illegal to all. The fewer laws we have pertaining to moral matters, the better. There should only be sufficient legislation to safeguard the welfare of all members of our society. It is nobody's business what consenting adults choose to do with their own bodies in private, whether or not it happens to be sinful according to certain religions.

This brings us to the issue of pornography. If we want it, for any reason, and are of legal age, it should be no concern of the community's, so long as we do not inflict it upon minors or upon others who would be offended by it. It is unfortunate that President Nixon seems to make a habit of ignoring or repudiating the majority conclusions of Presidential commissions. The Presidential Commission on Obscenity and Pornography recommended that there be no interference with the full freedom of adults to read, obtain or view whatever material they wished. The commission's extensive investigations provided no evidence that explicit sexual material plays a significant role "in the causation of social or individual harms such as crime, delinquency, sexual or nonsexual deviancy, or severe emotional disturbances."

So much depends on our *attitudes*, not on acts or materials themselves. Recently a businessman told me that, while attending a convention, he saw his first "stag"

(continued on page 22)

See "What Code of Values Can We Teach Our Children Now?" in the New York Times Magazine, *January 16, 1972.*

the ego corner – now as i was saying



By Geneva Steinberg

Have you ever noticed how highly intelligent people, having access to all pertinent information, well-trained in the use of logic and with the *best* intentions of objectivity and goodwill, can come up with completely opposite answers to the same problems?

In his article last issue ("The Slavemaster's Identity Card"), Allen Greenfield was making a sincere effort to take a scientific approach to the Women's Liberation issue. But when we start applying our theoretical knowledge to real life, objectivity can only be approximated, and then only to a matter that we're not particularly interested in. So far as Women's Liberation is concerned, that approach is a lost cause. Objectively, traditional sex roles have worked for thousands of years, at least to the extent that the species has survived this long. The problem is that, *subjectively*, a lot of people just aren't happy with the system.

And if it is really such a natural, instinctive set-up, how come it makes us so mad?

* * *

It's generally acknowledged that one important way in which homo sap differs from the lower animals is that we are *UN-specialized*, more adaptable, less driven by instinct. Notice that I didn't say there are *no* limits to our social adaptability, or that we have *no* instincts, but our potential behavior is amazingly flexible. Following this direction, we might expect our potential behavior patterns based on sexual differentiation to have become *less* rigid and specialized, not more so!

Very likely, without any social pressure at all, men and women *would* show certain personality differences based on sex. For example, it does seem that women would probably be more attracted to infant care *AS A GROUP*, although most men also like babies and some women hate kids. And men would probably be more attracted to the violent sports such as Football and War.

But I think all these differences would tend to be very *minor*, compared to the ways in which we are the same. The differences between men-and-women as a group would probably be less than the differences between any two individuals of the same sex chosen at random. There is little justification for creating two complete subcultures based on these variations.

I know that "different" doesn't necessarily imply that one or the other is "inferior," but in a competitive society, that does seem to be the way we usually end up perceiving the arrangement. "Separate but equal" is an old, old joke. Maybe we should try "together and unequal" for a while and see how *that* works - considering each person as an individual, not as a member of some category.

* * *

Certainly most men in our society are also unhappy, not just the women. (Although a recent poll taken by the *National Enquirer* claims to show that the vast majority of Americans *are* happy and everything is just rosy.) And, in the long run, the Answer *will* come with Human Liberation, not Women's Liberation. But how do things stand now? Whatever their other problems may be, men do not seem to feel

themselves disadvantaged *AS A SEX*. They may jokingly complain, of course, and with cause, but how many serious Men's Liberation groups have you heard of? It's sort of strange, when you stop to think of it - in many senses, men *are* at a disadvantage. Women are becoming more and more aware that they have a choice of lifestyles, even though they may not take all the alternatives seriously. But men are stuck with one standard. However much hostility a businesswoman may encounter, it is insignificant compared to that faced by the househusband!

But for all that, looking at the total picture, women *are* the "Second Sex." It's great to work for humanity as a whole, but let's not neglect our own problems in the process.

The first Feminist movement sprang up from the Abolitionist movement. When their efforts were greeted with derision, women realized that they couldn't work effectively to free the slaves unless they were also free themselves. The modern Women's Liberation movement had a similar background: Women joined Civil Rights and other such groups, eager to do their share to help Change The World. They found themselves relegated to stuffing envelopes, cranking mimeographs and making coffee, while the men were doing the politicking and speech-making and generally running the show.

So, you see, the "all-humanity" approach has not only been tried, but it's what started the women's movement in the first place. "Human Liberation" is hopefully where all this will someday take us, but we have to start from where we are *now*.

Last issue we printed a letter from Richard Shaver, putting forth the idea that where there is real Love between men and women, there can be no concept of Who Is Boss. This is quite true. But it works both ways. "Where love rules, there is no will to power; and where power predominates, there love is lacking. The one is the shadow of the other." Carl Jung.

So this isn't a question of which comes first, chicken or egg; love and respect for individuals arise together.

The Women's Liberation groups do make two common mistakes, both of which are almost inevitable. First, women are too eager just to step into the roles and attitudes that have been traditionally male, because of the greater prestige attached. But this is just more of the same pattern, and not at all where it's at.

The second mistake is to attack men as the "enemy." The truth is that even though at this stage of the game men happen to be on "top" by general consensus, they didn't *plan* it that way. They are as much products of their environment as women are. This is where we have to start from; it's pointless to berate one another, "But how *DARE* you exist in this form?"

Unfortunately, too often we have to make a scene because otherwise we will just be ignored. I understand the anger; there are few other topics that can outrage me so. The anger is real, and there are good reasons for it, and it has to have its day. For we become free to love only when we also feel free to hate.

Although it shares the drawbacks of all activist movements, I think Women's Liberation can be a much-needed force for change.

Someday, though, maybe we can get past the barriers of sex, race, age, nationality, occupation, etc., etc., etc., and see that we are, before all this, just People. Then we can start to work things out by cooperation, not competition. We won't get too far by shaking our fists at Society. After all, Society is only *US!* - GS

* * * * * *

(WHAT I REALLY BELIEVE - continued from page 6)

The reason for this is simple, but few people go to the trouble to think it out: Let us say that a "reading" states that I am honest, cheerful, competent, and kind. In the first place, I will readily accept these characterizations because they are flattering. In the second place, since the descriptions are qualitative rather than quantitative, there is no way of determining scientifically whether these terms apply to me more accurately than their opposites. Hitler may have been kind to his

mother, yet he is not generally remembered as a kind person.

There are several other areas of the occult that I have not discussed, such as levitation, astral projection, religious miracles, etc. But, like the phenomena already discussed, each has a kernal of truth, but is so steeped in superstition and non-scientific terminology, that the truth is hard to find.

In my opinion, the only thing to do is to follow that narrow line between credulity on the one hand and undue skepticism on the other - and to hope for the day when scientific methods and scientific thinkers enter these fields. - JWM

* * * * * *

(ELLIE - continued from page 15)

tempt. Ellie was suddenly back. She was asked, "How is it in heaven?"

She answered, "Beautiful, but when I went I was sad."

"But you are happy now?"

"Yes, Ellie happy now."

Then came some statements from Ellie that didn't make much sense.

She was then questioned, "Do you remember the people who came here to help you go to heaven?"

"Yes, a dear Paul, and Don and Dot."

She tried to name others, but couldn't.

"Do you want me to give them a message for you?"

"Yes, tell all Ellie go to heaven and very pleased and thank all."

Here a saucy interchange transpired between Ellie and Rick, Jo-Anne's boyfriend who was present.

Presently Ellie said that she would go rest.

On April 6th, she came again to the board.

Wanda asked, "Please tell us how it is in heaven."

"You see for yourself," Ellie replied.

"Please tell us. Do you see houses up there?"

"No."

"Flowers, trees, water, etc."

"Yes."

"Is Marianne with you?"

"No, Ellie see Marianne at Mass."

"You have Mass up there?"

"Yes, Ellie and priest good friends."

"Who is the priest?"

"Dear Tallis."

"You mean the spirit Don called here to help you?"

"Yes."

"Is he teaching you?"

"Yes."

Jo-Anne asked, "Do you mean I'll have to go to Mass when I go to heaven?"

Ellie answered, "Jo-Anne you are a bad girl and Ellie will find you and teach you better ways. Jo-Anne, you are Ellie's favorite friend and I love you."

Wanda questioned, "How do you know when we get on the board to talk to you?"

"Ellie see you."

"How do you see us?"

"A dear light."

"You see us in light?"

"Yes."

"Both of us?"

"No, Jo-Anne is hidden. Ellie see you, Maman."

This about concluded the session. During the next contact, Ellie said there was a man there who was Wanda's father. But as far as she knew, her father was still alive in France. She promptly wrote a letter of inquiry and several weeks later learned that he was among the living!

Ellie around this time began to tell lies again and said she was coming to live in the house to wait until Wanda died, so she would be with her.

I counseled Wanda to try to convince Ellie to at least live in her proper place and visit often. This way she would be educated and grow spiritually.

At this time, contact has dwindled because of Jo-Anne's preoccupation with her boyfriend, giving her little time to sit with the board. - Donald J. Battey

* * * * * *

(SEXUAL MORALITY AND RELIGION - continued from page 19)

movie, showing intercourse and oral-genital sex quite explicitly. Much of what he saw impressed him as beautiful, perhaps even sacred. The tender affection of one partner for the other was apparent with each caress, each erotic movement. The revelation of intimacies such as oral-genital acts served only to make him glad of his own humanity, to make him rejoice in his own sexual nature. His spirituality was not diminished by what he had seen; in fact, it was increased, in praise for the Creator of these wonderful sensuous bodies.

The viewing of his first pornographic film (for that is what it was, no apologies for it) made him a better person. It lent spice to his love-making with his wife afterward. And it would have been a "socially redeeming" experience for him - but for one thing: The audience, influenced by the upright, self-appointed guardians of public morality to regard what they were viewing as shameful and "dirty," had felt obliged to laugh and snicker, so that the slime rubbed off from themselves (not from the pictures) and made the atmosphere nasty. My friend would enjoy artful and beautiful pornographic films in the future only if he could see them in privacy or with wholesome, like-minded friends, but he never hopes to be part of another dirty-minded audience.

A *Harvard Crimson* film critic, reviewing some of our recent violence-filled movies, said: "Watching [these films] I realized with rage that our society tightly restricts the portrayal of sex, but allows this savagery to be shown to children....We do not need any more laws governing what can be shown and what cannot, but we can all place some pressure on producers and distributors to stop offering us fascist propaganda and sado-masochistic wet dreams. If we do not, we may soon find our screens completely filled with screaming faces, broken teeth, and rivers of red, red blood."

A Citizens' Committee for Decent Literature and Films might try to combat the pornography of violence and the obscenity of war. If they could do that without sacrificing our freedoms, I'd join 'em. But when it comes to sex, I want them to mind their own business.

- Rev. Richmond Hutchins

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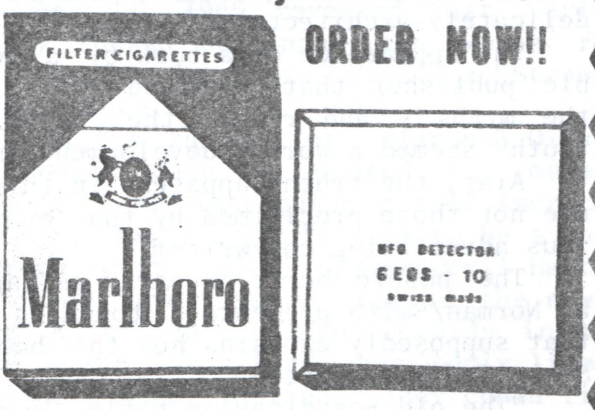
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CULTURE CORNER

THIS HOLLOW EARTH

By Eric Norman, alias Warren Smith - Lancer Books, Inc., New York, N.Y. - 1972 - 95¢.

Through the ages, people have been haunted by the ever-alluring possibility that the Earth is not a solid sphere as generally believed - that it is hollow and inhabited.

There are numerous legends, myths and even eyewitness accounts about vast subterranean cultures, peopled with intelligent races, both magnificent and malevolent, strange and terrible creatures, lush and multi-hued vegitation, immense and delicately-architectured cities.

The appearance of a book by a reputable publisher that promised "to explode the myths - and reveal the astonishing truth" seemed a worthy development indeed!

Alas, the truths apparent in this book are not those proclaimed by that over-anxious advertising copywriter.

The bubble burst as early as page 10, as Norman/Smith presents a touching scene that supposedly explains how the book *The Smoky God* was written.

"The old Scandinavian sailor laid back on the wide bed in his cluttered room in a Los Angeles hotel. He was dying and the sour aroma of his illness mingled with the dark odors of human misery in the cheap, skid-row hotel. His only friend was a young, unpublished writer, who sat solemnly in a battered, dirt-covered chair near the death bed."

Norman/Smith would quite obviously earn a nice income as a pulp fiction writer. And this appellation isn't as far-fetched as it might seem.

I read *The Smoky God* some years ago, but didn't recall the scene described in quite that manner. So I paged through the book.

It was made up by Norman/Smith out of whole cloth (or typewriter paper, if you prefer)!

There is simply no such scene in the book. Not a word about a skid-row motel. The old Norse sailor lived "alone in an unpretentious bungalow out Glendale way, a short distance from the business district of Los Angeles, California."

There was no "sour aroma of his illness mingled with the dark odors of human misery." *That* was a pure figment of the imagination of a writer who quite obviously threw together a book for quick newsstand sales.

Norman/Smith's preoccupation with overly-dramatic literary license ruins an otherwise interesting compendium of hollow Earth lore. Also, there's no bibliography - no way to check out all this information. So, it isn't always possible to know where fact ends and fiction begins.

Perhaps the best part of the volume is a lengthy description of the occult background of Hitler's Third Reich. If the reader can wade through the melodramatic trappings, he will find that the information is essentially correct.

But the whole thing is a tremendous letdown from the fantastic revelations promised by the publisher. Eric Norman is not a "world famous occult scientist" as claimed, but a hack writer who cranks out endless paperback rehashes in the tradition of Brad Steiger (who really doesn't deserve the comparison).

No myths are exploded. No truths revealed.

And only once do we get a real insight into what our cynical author actually thinks about the meandering stream of facts and myths he tosses out at us with abandon. During an alleged conversation with a British hollow Earth buff, Norman/Smith remarks, "There is not a single shred of evidence to indicate that our planet is hollow. There's plenty of scientific evidence to indicate that the Earth is exactly the way our scientists say it is."

Apparently taken aback at this bit of unexpected honesty, his companion asks, "Don't you believe in the inner lands and the Masters?"

"Not until they send someone around to help me write my manuscripts."

In other words, Norman/Smith is not interested in exploding "the myths" or revealing "the astonishing truth." All he cares about is the quick money he can grab for his paperback trash.

The hollow Earth may be a reality, but this book is a fake. - Eugene Steinberg

* * *

STRANGE DISAPPEARANCES

By Brad Steiger - Lancer Books, New York, N.Y. - 1972 - 95¢.

Right at the other side of the spectrum of believability is Brad Steiger. Despite the fact that he has authored literally dozens of paperbacks and hundreds of articles in the past five years, he does not bear the questionable moniker of "hack writer."

Steiger was even invited as a featured speaker before the staid Midwest UFO Conference - an event that does not attract questionable personalities, with "unacceptable" beliefs. Yet the views Steiger expresses in *Strange Disappearances* are as far-out as anything you can find anywhere.

He does not limit his presentation to that of disappearances, but of appearances too, from all manner of strange people or entities who briefly materialize into our world, then just as rapidly dematerialize and return to a realm beyond our understanding.

All of the classic Fortean records are summarized here. Steiger even tells about people who get plucked out of our reality somehow, and find a drive through the South American countryside end up, for example, on the outskirts of Mexico City. Without trying to define the abstract concept, he nevertheless uses the typical pulp writer's scare tactics to get his point across:

"Missing ships, missing planes, armies that vanish, and ghost ships that appear out of nowhere. How can anyone know whether or not the next plane or ship he takes is scheduled to duly reach its destination...or takes a trip into oblivion?"

Before you cancel your next plane or boat reservation, bear in mind that Steiger's documentation isn't airtight. He appears to accept all of the strange accounts on these subjects that come across his desk, without showing an iota of skepticism.

For example, it is quite true that the press reported the alleged disappearance of Bill Verity, the intrepid Irishman who took a voyage in 1969 through the legendary Bermuda Triangle to prove that Erie beat Columbus to America. Imaginative headline writers even brought up the possibility that he vanished in that strange anomalous region.

Unfortunately, a radio broadcast on September 14, 1969, revealed that Verity finally showed up, none the worse for wear, in San Salvador. Hardly a "Strange Disappearance."

Even the famous (or infamous) Oliver Larch/Lerch case is quoted as gospel. While it's an intriguing bit of American folklore, there doesn't seem to be a word of truth to it. NICAP member Orvil Hartle and other investigators combed the newspaper files and police records in the place where Larch/Lerch supposedly lived, near South Bend, Indiana. They could find no records of such a disappearance. In the November, 1971 issue of *The UFO Investigator*, it is reported that the whole affair "was dreamed up about 1943 by some writer out of air thinner than the air Oliver supposedly disappeared into."

Other tales aren't as well-known, but they appear sometimes without documentation at all, and we must accept the author's statement that they happened somewhere and were properly reported to someone. We won't accuse Steiger of making

them all up, like some writers might do when they run out of authentic data to misquote. In fact, complete bibliographies are loathsome to many paperback publishing houses. Perhaps we're being a bit too harsh on him.

However, if Brad Steiger would concentrate more on quality than on sheer quantity - well, maybe he wouldn't make as much money, but he would have more time to produce a work worthy of his abilities, which are considerable.

- Eugene Steinberg and Floyd Murray

* * *

INVESTIGATING THE UNEXPLAINED

By Ivan T. Sanderson - Prentice-Hall, Inc., Englewood Cliffs, N.J. - 1972 - $7.95.

The best writer on the current scene on matters Fortean has got to be Ivan T. Sanderson. His style is sometimes awkward and you sometimes have a tendency to feel a trifle lost when he suffers from a fit of excess verbiage, but there is an enthusiasm and spontaniety that is bound to carry away even the casual reader on an exciting trip to explore the "disquieting mysteries of the natural world."

Sanderson's subject matter isn't always so different from that of a host of other popular writers, but the world-famous naturalist stands head and shoulders above most of them.

Investigating the Unexplained is intended to be a sequel to *Things* and *More Things*. These two books were best-selling collections of tales about odd species of animals, plus all sorts of little enigmas that are uncomfortable to the conservative scientific community, and are often swept under the rug.

Sanderson opens the book with one of his "pet" subjects, and that's of course sea monsters. He tells about the mystifying evidence supplied by a "Simrad," an advanced sonar detection device, that displayed an immense undersea creature far beneath the Alaskan seas. The author delights in poking holes at the pitiful efforts of the manufacturer of the device to find some "reasonable" explanation for the unusual echo-soundings.

Like the Loch Ness monster, the "Alaskan Longneck" could be any number of conventional creatures in monsterously enlarged form. Sanderson says he favors the possibility of a race of over-grown sea lions, but offers some very persuasive evidence that Nessie might be a gigantic "orm," a member of the worm family.

Onward marches the procession of strange creatures and equally strange sheared-off tree stumps! Sanderson then moves along to one of the best explanations of the ancient beginnings of Astrology that one will find anywhere.

But I regret the Astrologers in our audience won't be particularly pleased with the result.

It seems the so-called "science" blossomed in the ancient world as an odd sort of road map produced thousands of years ago by the Sumerians. The 12 signs of the Zodiac were merely simplifications of the characteristics of various neighboring lands, so even the poor ignorant peasant who wanted to travel somewhere could get there without finding himself lost and dying in some desert. The various "birth signs" pinpointed by Astrologers to determine your future and temperament have nothing to do with the time you were born. These are merely the best times of the year to visit a place and avoid such contingencies as unfavorable weather and so forth.

And may the wonders never cease! Next we learn about a little gold model of a delta-winged airplane that looks quite conventional - yet it was crafted by jewelers over 1000 years ago! Sanderson then comes up with the story about another gold artifact from that era that the museum curators tell us represents a jaguar with a snake in its mouth. On closer examination, though, it turns out to be a stylized delineation of a *bulldozer*, complete with mudflaps!

And if reading about some perfectly ordinary batteries seems a bit incongruous in this sort of book, how about the fact that they were excavated near Baghdad and used in pre-Christian times? If this isn't quite enough to toss some of your notions about our wonderfully advanced civilization out the window, what of the revelation that the ancient Egyptian priests played around with TV cameras and Van de Graaff generators?

Furthermore, there are few readers who won't get a big chuckle out of the Keystone Kop antics of Sanderson and his coworkers trying to measure up some lumber to build their new headquarters - only to find that the measurements just won't turn out right! Despite the help of experienced carpenters, it is quite disconcerting to have the finished pieces come out too big or too small, with neither rhyme nor reason. Yet when they line it all up by hand, and make a few pencil marks to guide their electric saw, it works out perfectly!

Sanderson really doesn't have any final conclusions about such weird things, though he is allied with Jacques Vallee, John Keel and others in saying that there is another universe or dimension or what-have-you - and this causes a lot of these annoying anomalies that crop up at inconvenient moments to throw our scientists into a tizzy.

Sanderson closes out this amazing safari into the unknown with a chapter about "Fafrotskies and Some Oopths."

"Fafrotskies and Some Oopths"?

To find our what *that's* all about, you're just going to have to read the book!

- Eugene Steinberg

* * * * * *

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Dear Gene:

I read with great interest your Editorial in issue number 5, and I must say it was probably one of the best I have ever read. It is so very true when you mention that saucers are not a phenomenon in our own realm. Recent works by Keel (*Trojan Horse, Haunted Planet*) and Vallee (*Passport To Magonia*) seem to support such a theory. However, I wouldn't say that this is a new idea. In R. DeWitt Miller's book, *You Do Take It With You*, he writes about poltergeists in this way:

"My attitude toward poltergeists is summed up in the following paragraph:

"Poltergeists should never be considered as an isolated phenomenon. They are part of the whole spectrum of psychic occurrences. They are a vast, heterogeneous collection of supernormal incidents stored, unsorted, in the cellar of psychic research."

The copyright on that book was 1955. I believe that Miller had recognized the seemingly apparent truth in the 1950's, perhaps even before. Although he, too, was unable to solve the mystery, he did give considerable knowledge to the field of the unexplainable.

The survey you mentioned in regard to *Saucers, Space & Science*, was it mine?

Another interesting item I found in issue 5 was the story of the Congress of Scientific Ufologists convention. It was of particular interest because I am a member of that organization, but was unable to attend.

C.S. Kent reported that there was a problem with the press and newer Congress members. Kent stated that Moseley informed the Congress that it was perfectly all right for the press to be there.

Well, that is a bit of news to me. When I held the 1970 convention in Columbus, I was told that all proceedings in the convention were barred to the press and that no sound recording could accompany any filming. It was because of this that the Columbus meeting did not run as smoothly as had been hoped. If any Congress members would like to take me up on the matter, I will be able to discuss it with them.

Kevin McCray, Director
UFO Analysis Center
Columbus, Ohio

(Actually, Charles Fort beat Miller by quite a few years in saying all of these odd things are related. I doubt that Keel and Vallee ever thought they were first.

About the survey: Yes it was yours I was referring to.

I can't speak for all the members of the Congress committee, but as part of the working press [the orthodox kind], I would never support any proposal to bar representatives of my profession from attending and recording proceedings at closed sessions.

But I know little about what happened at the Columbus convention, because I wasn't there. - ERS)

* * *

Dear G & G:

...I have some additional thoughts to offer on the subject of the rights of women. To begin with, let me once again state that I do not deny that women in this society have profound difficulties that are much in need of redress; to the contrary. But I feel that where we are in danger of crossing that line between truth and myth is in the question of *uniqueness*. I maintain that the major problems of life in Western civilization have to do with the whole of humanity, not with women alone.

As a critic both of the statist system and the middle-American lifestyle it presides over, I must reject (to a large extent) the goals of the National Organization for Women on two grounds:

First, by calling for coercive legislation, *now*, it is simply going the statist-totalitarian route; seeking to use the State's bayonet to force the populace into their version of justice. I reject this approach as being authoritarian.

Secondly, I reject the *thrust* of these legislative moves. They seem to be aimed towards creating an American woman very much like American man. This would, I won't deny, be egalitarian, but as a militant critic of the middle-American male lifestyle, I am totally opposed to this trend.

Whether women are in a poorer position than men in American society seems to be a matter of criteria. If the standard is the "freedom" to punch a card in a factory at 9:00 a.m., to work all day at a meaningless, unimaginative assembly line in an overcrowded, polluted, violence-ridden city, then men sure do have the advantage! If, however, one has a different view of the good life, of an end to the assembly line lifestyle and the development of a more naturalistic, culturally and intellectually-oriented future, then actually, even ironically, the lifestyle of American women as it presently exists is actually a bit closer to the ideal than that of their male counterparts. That women don't take better advantage of this than they do may simply be a reflection of the fact that the depersonalizing lifestyle American men are trapped in does not leave women unscathed either. There is some recognition of this fact inside Women's Lib itself, though how widespread this is I do not know.

I should also like to comment briefly on the article "War By Assassination." Though not a pacifist, I suspect that the use of mass violence, even in the aid of noble causes, is seldom justified. And yet I have grave reservations about the kind of "limited war solutions" you offer. Though such solutions, if workable, might lessen the scale and scope of death, wouldn't this kind of solution in a sense be even less moral than open warfare, in that it is so *calculated*, so cold-blooded? In a very real sense, Vietnam has been the kind of "war game" you propose (though you could carry the analogy too far). Here we have major power blocks fighting out their differences in an out-of-the-way place (out-of-the-way for *them*), using limited means towards limited goals.

And finally, just as with Vietnam, you have the danger of the "game" escalating into a much larger conflict. In realistic terms, the proposals you make would likely have the same effect, the same danger. What if you have a *sore loser?* No, I fear these are not the answers. We need to firmly draw the line. It is not simply a question of volunteer army or conscript, limited war or massive nuclear confrontation, but of survival. Somebody's gotta say, "The buck stops right here, baby! *No more war!*"

Allen H. Greenfield
Atlanta, Ga.

* * *

Dear Gene & Geneva:

In the Fall issue of CAVEAT EMPTOR, I noticed a response from Gray Barker to my article, "UFOs and the Post-Blue Book Air Force." What he says does not, in essence, point out anything of significance.

He remarks that I am naive in my opinion about the position of the Air Force on

UFOs. This may be true, but may I remind Mr. Barker that he has not had the experience within the confines of the service that I have had. He doesn't seem to realize that the service is merely composed of *individuals* and not of militaristic spies.

As for his comments about the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, all I can say is that I'd like to see proof of his assertion that a top civilian researcher is working for them. This would seem to be more of an assumption on Barker's part than anything else.

Mr. Barker mentions that certain mysterious figures have been wandering about Ufologically-oriented conventions as normal everyday types. He seems to forget that I have attended many of these gatherings and have seen no such figures - unless, of course, we point to Barker himself.

Curtis K. Sutherly
Fredericksburg, Pa.

* * *

Dear Gene:

I found Alex Saunders theorizing that Jesus was a "spaceman" amusing but a little short-sighted.

It is only natural that in this day and age of the "scientific method" (particularly that specialty that holds only physical measurements as worthy of interest), we would want to reduce anything slightly resembling anomalies to the mundane and natural. And UFOs as "spaceships" have become a mundane train of thought in our space age.

The Bible is not a "how" book necessarily, explaining all the scientific intricacies therein, but a "why" book that gives a general framework regarding a specific relationship between God and His creation.

We don't know the exact psycho-physical laws that were in operation in the Virgin birth - but we are told it is the message that Christ, as the *logos*, came to a worldly ministry in that way - which is so important. We don't know what laws of physics and chemistry were responsible for the blinding of Saul on the road to Damascus (or his trip in the higher heavens related in the New Testament), but we are aware of the message he received and the outcome it was to eventually have.

In the same way, calling Jesus a spaceman explains little other than our effort to explain a supernatural anomaly in more mundane terms. It also ignores other psychic happenings that don't depend on such *material* explanations. Where were the spaceships parked in historical cases of Incubus and Succubus materializations - or the "turn of the century" cases of exorcism by Catholic priests/ministers? Bishop Pike's deceased son, Jim; who allegedly spoke from "the other side" (if the account is true), didn't make mention of spaceships.

Hypothesizing that Scriptual datum is this or that has been a nimble pastime of philosophers, but in the end it all comes out a rose. Shakespeare said, "A rose by any other name is still a rose."

And we are told that certain pagan seafarers near Palestine were startled by a loud voice about the time of Christ's crucifixtion, instructing them to halt a moment in special rememberance for "the mighty Pan has died."

Such reasoning can be an attempt to revitalize the Scripture in defense to the critics (Downing, etc.), or to weaken the Scripture viewpoint by knocking the Bible down to the weak, mundane and ecumenically common.

Steve Erdmann
St. Louis, Mo.

* * *

Dear Gene:

I would like to ask you to give me the opportunity to answer criticism of my letter in your Summer, 1972 issue.

First, Mr. Erdmann, I dislike people putting words in my mouth. I never tied Ray Dreher in with advocacy of movie and TV violence. I stated: "It amazes me how murder, violence and other crimes can be viewed by anyone, yet sex which harms no one can't be viewed without restriction."

Ray Dreher isn't even mentioned in that paragraph of the letter. I also never said the crimes were advocated. I merely said they were portrayed.

I did not take Dreher's "defying reality" out of context. He stated: "The exercise of freedom stops when you defy reality." He then gave the California pornographer as an example.

I am really thrilled, Mr. Erdmann, that you and Dreher "do not speak out against the private sex practices of legitimately married spouses." I'm not married and it isn't any of your damn business nor the law's what my private sex practices are.

One thing about the Swedish police who broke up a "porno operation" (your words) because they "felt compelled to do something when their laws say nothing had to be done": Isn't it great how the police can take the law into their own hands? This sort of police action is too widespread, particularly in the U.S.A., and should be stopped.

The centerfold model story you told wasn't quite right. The girl asked Heffner to let her out of her contract and he agreed. There wasn't anything she could have done legally.

Now for you, Mr. Dreher, you like to draw conclusions for me. I said pornography should be legal at least for those 18 and over, not because I recognize any detrimental effects of pornography, but because I realize U.S. lawmakers just wouldn't take such a big step as to completely legalize pornography. So you see, it's not me who is inconsistent, but you who likes to do my thinking for me.

I wouldn't be forced to support the concept that, because there are many murders in the world, murder is an acceptable practice. I would be forced to accept that, because there are so many murders, photos of murders do not defy reality. If you read my letter, you'll see I didn't even advocate oral sex. I stated, however, that because oral sex is practised by a large segment of the population, photos of oral sex don't defy reality.

How do you, Mr. Dreher, know what the "purpose of sex" is? Would you therefore label all people who practice birth control as perverts, because they are trying to prevent the "purpose of sex"?

Words are again being put in my mouth. I stated in my letter that "to try and control an individual's sex life and choice of reading material is perversion in my opinion." Dreher switches this to me saying "any attempts to eliminate the crime of obscenity is in itself perversion." Really now. If you can't read a short letter without twisting it so much, you're hardly fit to judge what should be done by others.

Kurt Glemser
Editor, *Quest*
Ontario, Canada

* * *

Mr. Steinberg:

Your predecessor attached an impossible name to his paper. You have done the same thing.

I subscribed to your predecessor's paper to help him out. I cannot subscribe to your paper for the same reason.

You predecessor was warned in my first letter to him that with a name like that [*Dissenter/Disinter* - Editor], his paper could not possibly succeed. That warning is here repeated, and directed to you. Time will tell. You think the name is o.k. I think it has sealed the death warrent of your paper.

However that may be, I wish you success.

R.F. Winters
Covington, Ky.

(For the record - since there's probably a bit of confusion about this - Steve Erdmann's Dissenter/Disinter *was not the "predecessor" to* CAVEAT EMPTOR.

We merely agreed to take over his subscribers when financial difficulties forced him to discontinue his publication.

Since that takeover, we have also begun to fill the subscriptions for Gary Elver's HESPRS Bulletin *and Rick Hilberg's* Phenomenology.

This is something we'll do for any publishers caught in a financial squeeze, or having troubles for another reason. We will assume control of their subscription lists for token fees (generally less than our actual cost). This lifts a very serious burden from the shoulders of these publishers, and helps us reach a far wider audience besides. - ERS)

* * * * * *

CAVEAT EMPTOR NEWSWATCH:

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MONSTER ON THE LOOSE



In January of 1972, the press laughed at Senator George McGovern's Walter Mitty-like quest for the presidency. Unfortunately he had to spoil it all by getting nominated.

So, in July, the press was looking for something else to write sarcastic articles about.

And then along came the Missouri Monster.

On July 11th, a smelly, hairy biped upset the normal routine of the Harrison family in the backwoods community of Star Hill, located near the Mississippi River town of Louisiana, Missouri.

The story quickly made the headlines.

Restaurant operator Edgar Harrison was at work when 8-year-old Terry Harrison first saw a six to seven foot creature, completely covered with black hair, except for a small area around the chin. The monster was in the woods, about 50 feet from the house. When the boy's 15-year-old sister Doris saw it, she screamed.

"Mo Mo" (as the aspiring humorists who work for the nation's wire services dubbed it) was seen carrying a dog in its arms.

This wasn't the first report of such a creature. Strange things apparently have been going on in and around Louisiana, Mo. for a good ten years.

Fortean researchers will be interested in the descriptions of the critter's foul odor, described variously as of burnt sulphur or of rotted meat.

Later sightings of "Mo Mo" proved to be too much for Edgar Harrison and his family, and he moved them into town forthwith; at least till the furor died down, or the thing was caught.

At this point, it was just another monster story. There have been many through the years. A similar creature (except for the smell) was reported in recent years in the Florida Everglades and elsewhere, leaving footprints as large as 17 inches.

Then long-time Ufologist Hayden Hewes and a host of press people descended on the scene, and the facts started becoming muddled in a morass of confusion.

Before he even started any investigation, Hewes garnered nation-wide publicity with the revelation that "Mo Mo" was probably something the flying saucer people sent here.

When days of investigation failed to turn up anything, except for a few tracks and some strands of hair, Hewes' faith was still unshaken. He remained convinced the biped was real.

Noted explorer, zoologist and author Ivan T. Sanderson - who is generally regarded as having some qualifications to talk about strange animals - said that such creatures may be a primitive form of human life that somehow has managed to survive in small numbers, despite the disappearance of most of their kind.

This pronouncement must have had its effect on Hewes, who told the readers of the sensationalist newspaper, *National*

Tattler, that "Mo Mo" was, in fact, the *missing link!* And, best of all, he could prove it.

He seemed to have totally forgotten his earlier certainty that it was an extraterrestrial being.

And right there on the front page of the paper was a picture of this pious-looking young man, with a grave expression on his face, and a plaster cast and piece of hair in his hands.

Hewes declared the monster must be the missing link because the footprints and hair sample don't "belong to any normal animal known to scientists."

What, pray tell, is a normal animal?

Later in the article, we nearly find out. Hewes writes that the hair specimens were compared with 20 animals - implying that because it didn't match these, it *must* be that of a prehistoric man!

He didn't say what the 20 animals were. Perhaps dogs, cats and ant-eaters, for example? We don't know.

The logic might be akin to saying that because flying saucers represent no known form of aircraft, they are celestial kangaroos!

Hewes own proclaimed certainty erodes rapidly as one reads the article. The cast is of the monster's "supposed footprint." He doesn't state positively that it actually did come from the malodorous beast.

The hair sample is "thought to be that of 'Mo Mo's.'" "Thought to be" indeed!

Hewes also uses the terms "Neanderthal man" and "missing link" interchangeably, not knowing, as anyone with an elementary scientific education would, that they are two distinctly different things. The Neanderthal man is known to scientists. The missing link is - well - *missing!*

Of course the Editors of CAVEAT EMPTOR have no reason to assume that the monster doesn't exist. Rather, the evidence indicates that something strange is occurring in that small Missouri town.

And if we ignore the publicity-seeking antics of Hayden Hewes, we might stand a lot better chance of learning just what it's all about.

(*N.Y. Daily Mirror*, 11/17/71; *Pottstown, Pa. Mercury*, 7/21/72, 7/22/72, 7/29/72; *Philadelphia Inquirer*, 7/22/72, 7/31/72; *Arkansas Democrat*, 7/22/72; *National Tattler*, 9/10/72.)

* * *

SAUCERS ON THE LOOSE

It's long been rumored that the soldiers in Vietnam have often seen strange objects in the sky. One or two possible UFO sightings have even been made public, but until now no reports have emerged from the North Vietnamese capitol city, Hanoi.

According to a wire service story from reporter Jean Thoraval, a mysterious orange sphere was seen on September 29th for over an hour and 20 minutes, hanging motionless. The North Vietnamese military launched three surface-to-air missiles at the UFO, but the aerial visitor was apparently too high in the skies for the warheads to reach it.

There was no shortage of saucer sightings stateside either. On the night of July 22nd, three children saw a UFO dispatch five smaller objects over the junction of Interstate 55 and Union Road in the south part of St. Louis County, Missouri. 9-year-old Melissa Hamilton, 10-year-old Nancy Dunham and 8-year-old Jackie Purdom all described a rotating football-shaped object, gold in color. The satellites were round and white. All of the saucers left simultaneously, moving up in different directions. A loud crackling sound signalled the departure of the mother ship.

A translucent, delta-winged-type apparition spent 45 minutes hovering above Marshfield, Massachusetts, on the evening of July 3rd. Both the Weymouth Naval Air Station and the Air Force's Hanscome Field told reporters they had received calls about it. Naval officials admitted tracking the seemingly unsolid craft.

An odd sighting occurred before dawn on June 9th in western Pennsylvania. A woman having some trouble sleeping got up and was looking out her window when an oblong ball of fire appeared to rise up the side of a nearby tree. The light described the outline of the tree then flew straight off to the southwest. Another light was seen about 15 minutes later - this one shaped like a rectangle. The low-level UFO flew over a bird bath and circled a pear tree (there were no par-

tridges). Small flickering objects, like fireflies, seemed to materialize around the tree. When the object disappeared, a third one soon followed, looking as "big as a plum," a glowing orange ball. The woman finally gave up the vigil and went to bed.

Police in western Kansas had a couple of busy nights chasing down UFO reports. On August 16th and 17th, witnesses encountered red glowing lights, moving lazily or hovering in the sky. One observer talked of "minor explosions within it from time to time." A truck driver told the Ellsworth County sheriff's department that he was followed by a strange light for about 3 miles on his way to Ellsworth.

And finally, a small town in Kansas has had the dubious honor of adopting its very own UFO. Although the thought may bring a few chuckles from our readers, the tale is quite serious. It seems a cluster of bright lights has been scooting about the skies of Dighton a few times a month at night and during the early morning. The first sighting dates back to February and the thing is still being seen. Witnesses have included police officers and ordinary citizens. Police Chief M.R. Shelton describes a possibly intelligent maneuver. They would spot the saucer lingering motionless up above, but "every time we transmit, it moves."

(*Grit*, 8/13/72; *Skylook* [Box 129, Stover, Mo.], 9/72; *Philadelphia Inquirer*, 9/30/72. Credit: Lucius Farish.)

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Rick Hilberg is back - as publisher of this new, amazing compendium of facts about possible inner-Earth civilizations and the hollow Earth.

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So, from here on, please send all letters, orders, donations and exchange magazines to: CAVEAT EMPTOR, P.O. Box 688, Coatesville, Pa. 19320.

Our telephone number is the same, 215-383-5399. But if you must call, please wait until the early evening hours, when we'll most likely be here.

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FLASHES: On September 16th, Curt Sutherly joined the Editors and some of our readers on a return trip to the Ringing Rocks. Read all about it next issue.

- Next issue will also include articles from Steve Erdmann, Floyd Murray, Richard Shaver, Dennis Stamey and the above-mentioned Mr. Sutherly.

- Don't forget the quantity discounts on 10 or more single copies of one issue.

- Thanks to *Fate* magazine for their write-up about us in the November issue.

- Also see October *Psychic Observer* for some excellent articles. - ERS

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