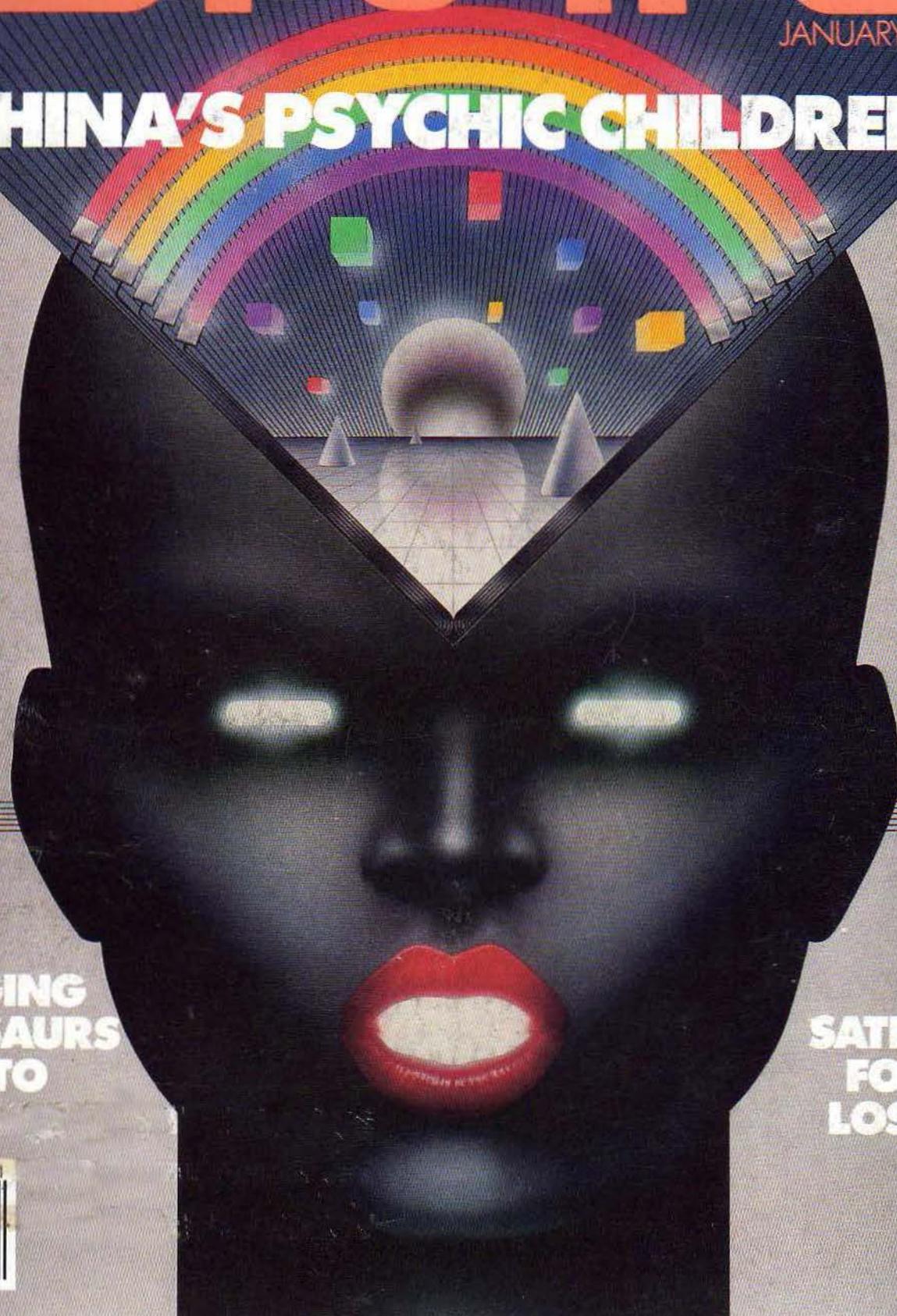


ONNUI

02484

JANUARY 1985 \$2.50

CHINA'S PSYCHIC CHILDREN



**BRINGING
DINOSAURS
BACK TO
LIFE**

**HOW
SATELLITES
FOUND A
LOST CITY**



●How does an antique dealer wind up writing a newsletter about crashed saucers and other crackpottery?●

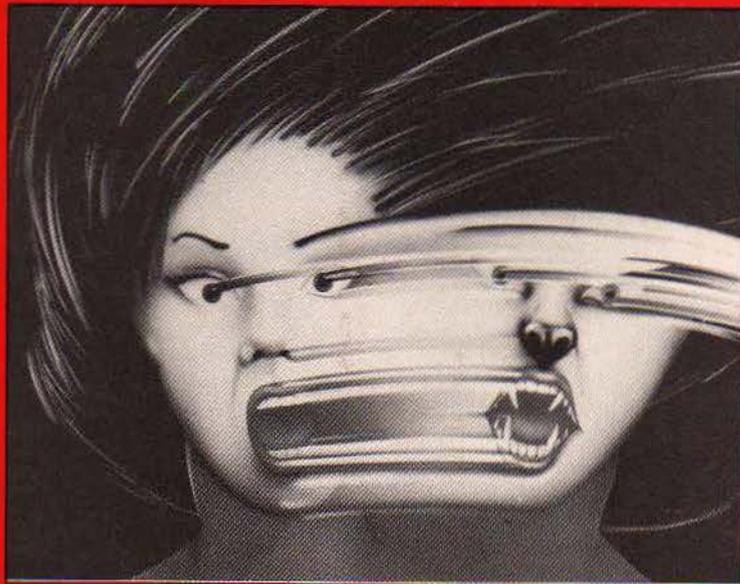
ANTI MATTER

What publication suggested that aerospace journalist and respected UFO debunker Philip J. Klass might have had a secret rendezvous with a notorious KGB assassin? What newsletter printed the story of Texan Kris Bjork, who said she contacted extraterrestrials by going into her backyard at night and yelling, "I'm ready for sex"? And what publication exposed Willard MacIntyre, a Maryland ufologist whose Ph.D. degree and research society's officers turned out to be nonexistent?

What else but *Saucer Smear*? Since the mid-Seventies, this "nonscheduled newsletter" which is sent only to nonsubscribers, has been dispensing news, gossip, and sorely needed humor in the odd world of ufology, the paranormal, and the unexplained. With a circulation of several hundred, it is one of the few pro-saucer publications that even hardened skeptics tend to enjoy.

You can tell what kind of reading you'll find in the newsletter without looking farther than its title. Though it has remained *Saucer Smear* for more than two years now, the name used to vary with the issue, from a relatively staid *Saucer News*, to *Saucer Glues*, and even *Saucer Smut*. Above a sober dedication "to the highest principles of ufological journalism," two quotations often appear: one praises the editor's perceptive and witty satires, while the other declares, "You are . . . a boil on the ass of ufology."

The mailing address used to be another tip-off. It was a post office box in "Fart Lee, NJ." Recently, it has changed to Key West, Florida, where "Editor and Still Supreme Com-



UFO UPDATE

mander" James W. Moseley has established what he describes as a ghoulish pre-Columbian antique gallery.

How does an antique dealer wind up writing a newsletter about crashed saucers and other crackpottery? "The saucer era started in 1947, when I was sixteen or seventeen," he explains. "It caught my attention. By 1954 I had started a serious magazine all about UFOs, then wound up on the lecture circuit and had too little time to continue publishing. By the mid-Seventies, my stint as a lecturer had petered out, and I needed

something else to do. *Saucer Smear* was it."

Unlike other magazines of the unexplained, *Saucer Smear* is relatively free of UFO sightings and other baffling incidents. "I was always interested more in people and gossip and the funny things that happen than in saucers themselves," Moseley says.

"There are a lot of feuds among UFO researchers, and there are some people in the field who have done things that are not quite right. *Saucer Smear* is usually the paper that tells about it first."

"I don't see myself as a Jack Anderson," he adds. "Every field needs someone to hold them to some standards of conduct. I try to do that. But I don't have any great mission."

It's not easy to summarize a newsletter as wide ranging and idiosyncratic as this one, but one reader made a start when he called *Saucer Smut* "truly the only 'zine that combines the right amount of sanity, insanity, and porn—all in one!"—OWEN DAVIES