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Area 51/Nellis Range/TTR/NTS/S-4?/Weird Stuff/Desert Lore

The Groom Lake Desert Rat -- An on-line newsletter.
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Direct from **Rachel, Nevada**, the "UFO Capital,"
and **Las Vegas**, the Center of Human Civilization.

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The Groom Lake Desert Rat is an online newsletter by Glenn Campbell. It was operational from Jan. 1994 through October 1996, when it collapsed under its own weight. It was reincarnated in November 1997 as **The Desert Rat**. It then died after only one new issue (not enough time).

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EG&G Non-Cammo Dude (EGG-NCD), armed with radio and loaded Gatorade, flees site of his attempted Psychospy assault. [[DR #35](#)]

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- Visit our [Ufologists Directory](#) for info on all the major characters.
- Our [Top Level](#) contains all that is known and knowable.
- We recommend [Saucer Smear](#), a UFO gossip rag by James Moseley that is a cousin to the Rat.
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Created: 6/20/95

Last Modified: 12/13/96 gc, 7/8/97 gc

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Revised 12/15/95

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12/15/95

The Groom Lake Desert Rat

"The Naked Truth from Open Sources."

AREA 51/NELLIS RANGE/TTR/NTS/S-4?/WEIRD STUFF/DESERT LORE

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Issue #1. January 18, 1994

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Freedom Ridge Status

The popular public viewpoints into the unacknowledged Groom Lake base remain open at present. Although the [Air Force](#) has applied to [BLM](#) to seize this land, approval is no longer a certainty. "You can't fight the government," some people may say, and we would have concurred a few months ago, but substantial political opposition has begun to materialize recently from many different quarters. Aside from the environmental, UFO and anti-secrecy groups one would expect to be involved, opponents have found unexpected support in some Nevada state agencies and the brewing "Sagebrush Rebellion," a movement of local counties to take control of public lands. At the least, the AF will be forced to overcome significant hurdles before it gets the land. At best, some people hope to rout the Federal government altogether from lands previously controlled by BLM.

From the Freedom Ridge and White Sides viewpoints you see what appears to be a large Air Force base beside a dry lake bed, with a very long runway, many large hangers and a virtual city of support facilities. Ten to twelve roundtrip 737 flights each weekday bring workers here from Las Vegas. No one seems to have any confirmable information about what is actually going on at Groom. The interesting aspect of this facility to most visitors is that the government in no way acknowledges its existence. Further satisfaction can be drawn from the intensive monitoring of nearby public lands by anonymous, heavily-armed security forces who watch all visitors closely. If you approach these dudes, they'll run away, but they always remain close enough to keep track of you.

A public hearing on the land withdrawal is scheduled for Monday, Jan. 31, in Caliente, Nevada (about 2-1/2 hours north of Las Vegas), at 7pm in the VFW hall. In spite of the remote location, this event is already becoming a hot ticket among local Nevada land use advocates. Opponents have also requested a second hearing in Las Vegas so more people can attend. Although this request has not yet been granted, a Las Vegas hearing is looking increasingly likely and would probably take place in late Feb. or early March. Sparks will fly at both events: Caliente will probably be more of an in-state protest focusing on land use issues, while Las Vegas would probably focus on the Groom Lake base itself, including the alleged environmental abuses there and the justification for its continued "nonexistence."

Even if things were to go amazingly well for the AF (which they are not), the viewpoints cannot legally be closed before the hearings take place. The land remains public until the seizure is formally approved, so anyone can come here until then to view the secret base. If you choose, you can even camp here for up to 14 days without permission from anyone. The hike to Freedom Ridge takes 50 minutes, while four wheel drive owners can push all the way to the

top on the newly marked "Freedom Ridge Expressway," a rugged cross-country track. You can park at the top with a bucket of popcorn and your special sweetie just like a drive-in movie. Nothing significant ever seems to happen at the secret base when people are watching, but if you and your sweetie are feeling cozy that shouldn't matter. (Please note, however, that making out within sight of the secret base is strictly against Federal law and is punishable by a fine of \$5,000 and up to a year in prison.) Of course, you must be careful not cross the nearby military boundary, which is well-marked with signs and orange posts. (The maximum theoretical punishment for that offense is the same as for making out, although first time offenders are usually fined only \$300 to \$600.)

Some Viewpoints Remain Untouched

The underlying reason for the proposed land withdrawal is that the AF botched its survey work for the huge Groom Range withdrawal of the 1980s. That action was also intended to hide the Groom base from public view by seizing a whole mountain range. Alas, they overlooked the more obscure hills now in question, effectively rendering the entire withdrawal useless.

Could it be possible that, even with the current proposed withdrawal, the AF has botched the job once again? Reports continue to reach us of public viewpoints into "51" that remain untouched by the current action. We won't publicize all of them, but it is sufficient to say that the AF cannot neutralize these locations without bursting the 5000 acre limit beyond which Congressional approval would be required. (The military would rather face a dozen Saddams than tangle with Capitol Hill.)

Viewpoints we can talk about now are Badger Mountain and Tikaboo Peak. These are in the high cluster of peaks about 15 miles east of Freedom Ridge and just south of Hancock Summit. The climb is longer and more strenuous, but a recent visitor to Tikaboo Peak reports that you can see most of the Groom base from there. Distance is a problem: 25 miles vs. about 10 miles from Freedom Ridge, but having a high-quality telescope could help. The important thing proven here is that the AF is once again engaged in "government work," an incompetent, weak-kneed effort that does only half the job. If they are going to take any land at all, they should be required also to take Tikaboo and Badger peaks. This, in turn, would burst the 5000 acre limit and force the issue to be debated in Congress, where the voice of the people can be heard.

Field Trip A Success

About 25 people showed up on Freedom Ridge for the Jan. 15 aviation field trip. Given that the plans came together only about 10 days before the event, this was a strong turnout. A wide array of civilian optical devices were turned on the base, allowing participants to see "the hairs on a gnat's ass," so to speak. Sweetman, Goodall, psychospy, Dr. Brown, Agent X, Rocket Scientist, The Cops and other fanatics and riff-raff speculated wildly about what was inside each of those big hangers and factory buildings, but no consensus was reached.

The field trip coincided with the opening of the new "Freedom Ridge Expressway." In a scene reminiscent of a television commercial for Coors or Toyota, four sport-utility vehicles traversed the desert sagebrush to this remote hilltop location, where the occupants broke out their lawn chairs and would have drank beer if anyone had thought to bring any.

Also in attendance, but trying desperately not to be noticed, were at least a dozen of the anonymous, camouflage-clad security dudes lurking behind rocks and Joshua trees at various locations on public and military land at least a mile away. The word on the street now says these folks work for the government contractor EG&G, not Wackenhut as once surmised. There were plenty of distant appearances by the ubiquitous white Jeep Cherokees, sticking out like beacons against the beige-and-brown landscape. Less obvious was a big beige van partially covered with cammo netting on public land about two miles from the get-together. On top of the van was a tower of some kind, about 5 feet high. Our speculation is that it was a high powered range tracking video camera pointed our way. We waved and turned our own telescopes in that direction, and eventually the occupants packed up and slinked back across the border.

Road sensors were also a popular tourist attraction for visitors. The organizers had labeled some of the secret roadside detectors with big fluorescent orange signs that said "SENSOR" so they wouldn't be missed. We hope the heavy traffic and close inspection of these paint-can size transmitters didn't damage them any, because they have come to seem like old friends to us. They are usually found in reliable locations and are easy to disable should the need arise.

After yaking and milling about on Freedom Ridge for a few hours, the group made its way to the Little A-Le-Inn where we warmed up a big pot of Dr. Brown's famous "Fartless Chili" (scientifically designed to avoid the obvious aftereffects) which all in attendance were required to consume. From there, the caravan proceeded westward to the Tonopah Test Range (TTR) where we gave out Area 51 patches to the guards. Unlike the anonymous Groom dudes, these guys have name tags and were happy to converse with us. There sure were a lot of them, however. They said they knew we were coming because the Dept. of Energy sent them a copy of our flyer. (Gosh, that was clever of them. Maybe we should take DOE off our mailing list.)

A pleasant time was had by all, and great satisfaction was derived from our observation that no more than 25 of us law-abiding citizens resulted in canceled vacations and untold overtime for what appeared to be about 50 security dudes total. We think of it as defending the job security of our friends in beige.

Men In Black Visit Rachel

As part of the group was making its way from Freedom Ridge toward the Little A-Le-Inn, we stopped briefly at the mysterious Black Mailbox, site of many UFO tales. There, the word reached us from a departing visitor that two men in business suits were seen lurking around the Campbell residence in Rachel, still 20 miles away. This reporter nearly shat in his proverbial pants as he contemplated the implications of that intelligence. WHO WEARS BUSINESS SUITS IN THE DESERT? At best, these must be FBI agents waiting to arrest or serve a warrant on Mr. Campbell, the chief irritant to the military along the '51 border. At worst, they could be the mysterious Men In Black, perhaps employed by a shadowy government agency that knows no rules or even, if you choose to believe the stories, actual aliens disguised as humans and engaged in some sinister mind game.

Not knowing what to expect, we decided that the best option was to descend on the Campbell residence en masse. There were only two of them, our intel said, versus a dozen of us, so maybe we could stand up to them as a group. We motored as a convoy down Highway 375 to Rachel, then took up a position on the opposite side of the road from Mr. Campbell's mobile home. Peering through binoculars, we saw at first no sign of the Men In Black. There were no unidentified cars parked in the vicinity and no obvious indications that the front door had been tampered with. However, closer inspection of the door with our most powerful optical devices revealed undeniable evidence that the MIBs had indeed been there and were on the prowl for our very souls. Wedged between the doorknob and the doorframe was a rolled up copy of The Watchtower.

Jehovah's Witnesses!

Trespassers Plead Not Guilty

Seven people accused of trespassing on military land near the Groom base were arraigned in Justice Court in Alamo on Jan. 12. Three pleaded "No Contest" and accepted their fines of about \$300 each. Four pleaded Not Guilty, and their trial is scheduled for Mar. 2. The four contend that although they did cross the line, it was entirely accidental, the result of confusing signals and a misread map.

On Jan. 2, these seven traveling in three vehicles drove beyond the Keep Out signs on the well-maintained Groom Lake Road and up to the guard shack about a half mile beyond. This was their first visit to the area, and they obviously had not read this reporter's "Area 51 Viewer's Guide," which advises against crossing the line. Trying to follow a crude map to the Freedom Ridge trailhead, the group whizzed past the often photographed sign forest forbidding trespass

(and photography) and containing such memorable but evidently unread phrases as "Use of Deadly Force Authorized."

There was no place to turn around at the signs, the intruders claim, and as they passed a white Jeep Cherokee, they said a guard inside waved to them, as though saying "Come on in!" Naturally, upon arrival at the guard house, they were descended upon by a gaggle of excessively armed cammo dudes who were not prepared to give helpful directions and certainly were not versed on any of the social graces. The immediate arrest of the offenders, no matter how old, young, naive or harmless, was apparently the only option available in their very limited emotional repertoire.

This reporter and two other hikers happened to witness the incident while climbing Freedom Ridge ourselves. As soon as we understood what was happening, we aborted our ascent and broke out the telescopes to watch the festivities. The ratio of armed cammo dudes to naive intruders was easily two to one. We watched as the trespassers--four men and two woman of varying ages--stood around their cars for over an hour looking frustrated and confused while tough men with big assault weapons milled about looking equally bored and a bit embarrassed. A state trooper arrived first, followed by Sgt. Lamoreaux of the Lincoln County Sheriff's Dept. Forms were signed, and the prisoners were turned over to the Sheriff for more advanced forms of humiliation.

The intruders were thoughtfully provided with handcuffs and leg-irons (for their own safety, no doubt) and were taken in an Air Force van to the palatial, brand-spanking-new Lincoln County Detention Center in Pioche. This nearly empty, high-tech hoosegow, otherwise known as the Jail That Ate Lincoln County, was built with the intent to house other people's prisoners for profit. That was before the bottom fell out of the captive housing market, and the county now has to scrape for any prisoners it can get.

In this case it graciously accommodated Connie Ruiz, her daughter Sissy and son David, Connie's neighbor Bill Fitzgerald, his sons Kevin and Tim, and a friend Gilbert Narvaiz. Hardened criminals, all. They claim that at the Detention Center they were forced to stand facing a blank wall for over an hour and a half, even one man who had an injured ankle, and were denied the use of the bathroom for many hours after their arrest. They said they were strip searched (because, presumably, you never can know in which body cavity those devious trespassers might be hiding drugs or weapons) and were given stylish orange jumpsuits to wear (as you've seen rakishly modeled by Charlie Manson). The seven wasted away in jail for about eight hours while Bill's wife and Connie's husband three hours away in Las Vegas tried to hunt up \$4200 in cash on a Sunday night to bail out their loved ones. \$200 more to tow each of the three vehicles brought the total bar tab to \$4800 for this very engrossing weekend experience. The adventure was all the more educational for several of the participants had never before seen the inside of a jail cell.

Some hysterical activists might cry "overkill" and "law enforcement run amok." Well, maybe just a tad.

In the meantime, after witnessing the arrest but still not knowing who these people were, this reporter got on the horn to his contacts to tell them about the event. ("Seven People Arrested in Groom Lake Incident," the Las Vegas Review-Journal reported on Jan. 5.) He then headed down the highway to Pioche, arriving at the Detention Center sometime after the prisoners did. The duty officer behind a seamless expanse of bullet-proof glass refused to give any information about the prisoners, even whether they were being held at the detention center at all, so this reporter was forced to wait outside in the sub-freezing night for an uncertain release. And wait. And wait. In his delirium and creeping hypothermia, the reporter was transformed, in a metaphysical sense, from a mild-mannered Bill Bixby into a raging green Incredible Hulk. Alas, when the prisoners were finally bailed out around 4 am, the Hulk was sound asleep in the back of his car and did not get a chance to meet them. He learned who they were only when one of the seven called him a few days later, and the story they told further enraged the Hulk's already green condition.

Doctor, help me. Ever since spending the night in the parking lot of the Lincoln County Detention Center, I have been afflicted by the uncontrollable urge to do violent damage to both the anonymous cammo dudes and the Lincoln County Sheriff's Dept. I don't mean to bomb, shoot, dismember or otherwise physically harm these noble defenders of the law; I want to utterly destroy them at the very core of their being. I WANT TO CUT THEIR FUNDING. I know this is an irrational impulse. Each of these people, as individuals, are probably nice folks, but when you throw together a lot of decent people "just following orders" what you sometimes get, on the whole, is a sadistic monster with no collective conscience or critical judgment.

The case of the seven trespassers has become, for this reporter, a timely symbolic example that dovetails naturally with

the fight to save the viewpoints and expose the nonexistent base at Groom Lake. The four who pleaded Not Guilty must continue to make their own decisions, but I encourage them not to go down quietly. At the trial on Mar. 2, they will be accorded all the protections of any other defendant, including the right to subpoena witnesses. The first witness I would call, and that any good lawyer would also want to haul into court, is that cammo dude in the white Cherokee who waved at the visitors as they passed. "What was your intent?" Perry Mason would ask. "Were you giving them an implied consent to enter your area?"

If this well-armed paramilitary force patrolling public land refuses to officially exist, then this is a good opportunity to bring them out into the open. "Could you please state for the court your name and who you work for?" Mason would ask. The Las Vegas press will be present at this promising trial, and even a few in the national corps might be interested in meeting a genuine cammo dude face to face. They are, after all, so hard to pin down in the field, always running away as they do. With a bloody land seizure hearing (or two) expected in the meantime, everyone should be whipped into a glorious frenzy by the time Mar. 2 rolls along. What if the cammo dudes don't honor the subpoena? Then the case falls apart. Implied consent is a critical issue here, and if the government fails to supply this one essential witness, it would be obstructing a legitimate defense.

These four have been crudely treated and are not guilty of the charges against them. Although they did cross the line, they followed each other like lemmings, in clouds of dust and under conditions of limited warning where there was inadequate opportunity to read the signs. The only person who might be seen as having control over the situation was the driver of the first vehicle, who has already pleaded No Contest. The others either were passengers in other people's cars--and who thus had no control at all over the situation--or were drivers of following vehicles who made a legitimate error that any law-biding citizen could easily have fallen victim to. ("The guy in front must know where he is going, and that nice fellow in the Cherokee is waving us along.") The authorities, if they are smart, will drop the case to avoid their ultimate and totally publicized humiliation. If they are not smart (as is common among authorities), then they should be ready to fight a high-profile battle, not to mention the seething greenness of this reporter.

Hulk wants blood.

Late Breaking News

1/25/94: Official notice has just been received that a hearing WILL be held in Las Vegas. It will take place Weds., Mar. 2, 5- 8pm, in the Cashman Field Center, Rooms 203-204. More details will follow in Desert Rat #2, due sometime after Feb. 1.

The Las Vegas hearing is in addition to the Caliente hearing scheduled for Jan. 31. The Caliente hearing is already shaping up to be a big event for land use advocates. For those who plan to attend, you may like to know that opponents will be gathering for dinner at the Knotty Pine Restaurant at about 5 or 5:30, just before the 7pm hearing.

Final wisdom: If it says, "Restricted Area," "No Trespassing," "Keep Out," and "Use of Deadly Force Authorized," then keep going, don't worry about it, God will protect you.

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The Groom Lake Desert Rat

"The Naked Truth from Open Sources."

AREA 51/NELLIS RANGE/TTR/NTS/S-4?/WEIRD STUFF/DESERT LORE

An on-line newsletter. Written, published, [copyrighted](#) and totally disavowed by [Psychospay](#). Direct from the "UFO Capital," Rachel, Nevada.

Issue #2. February 2, 1994

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Caliente Land Grab Hearing

About forty-five people packed the tiny VFW Hall in Caliente on Feb. 1 for the first of two public hearings on the Groom land grab. As expected, the event was attended primarily by Lincoln County residents and Nevada land-use advocates with a variety of objections, mostly unrelated to the Groom Lake base itself. Curtis Tucker, Caliente Area Manager for the Bureau of Land Management (BLM), presided over the hearing with admirable restraint and professionalism. Nine civilians spoke at the podium, all opposing the withdrawal, and many others asked questions, which Mr. Tucker did his best to answer.

Representing the Air Force were two Nellis public relations staffers and a stone jawed Colonel, who did most of what little talking there was. Even the staffers didn't seem to know much about the Colonel; when we asked one of them for the Colonel's first name, he didn't know and had to ask. The officer was finally identified as [Col. Bud Bennett](#), Range Squadron Commander, and his appearance and bearing reminded us vaguely of General Jack D. Ripper in the movie *Dr. Strangelove*.

For most of the meeting, Colonel Bennett sat silently at the front taking copious notes. He spoke at length only at the beginning, reading from index cards in a practiced monotone and offering precious little information beyond the one-liner given in the withdrawal application: "to ensure the public safety and the safe and secure operation of activities in the Nellis Air Force Range Complex." The Colonel said from the outset that there would be many questions that he could not answer, and he skillfully avoided most. Here are some of his more lively comments...

The military lands withdrawal act of 1986, with an amendment in 1988, withdrew the land currently in the Nellis Range Complex. Certain elevations on the east side of the range were not included in the withdrawn area. Due to the increasing visits by people to this area, the Air Force determined that something had to be done to ensure public safety and the safety and security of operations in the Nellis Range Complex.

When someone is on White Sides and other nearby areas, altitude and route changes have to be made by aircraft to avoid harming people and to prevent disclosure of operational matters. Some missions have to be delayed or canceled. This impacts the effective use of the Nellis Range Complex.

The area proposed to be withdrawn was looked at very carefully and, in discussions with BLM, we were

told to keep the amount to be withdrawn to an absolute minimum. We eventually did so, selecting several thousand acres less than originally was roughed out."

That was it for informational content. The only other data the Colonel leaked out was in response to a question at the end of the meeting. When did he first learn about the current withdrawal? He said he was first informed of it around August. How long before that had the withdrawal been in the works? He said he did not know exactly, but that it was at least a year. (It is unclear now whether he meant a year before now or a year before August.)

Citizens were allowed five minutes each to voice their concerns, a restriction that some chose to flaunt in a show of civil disobedience heartily supported by the audience. Most of the expected angles were covered: A representative of the Shoshone Nation pointed out that this land and most of the Nellis Range was deeded to the tribe by treaty in the 1800s and that the government had taken it without permission. Sadly, we suspect that this argument won't go any further now than it has in the past. Other speakers were concerned that the AF had not kept the promises it made for the earlier Groom Range withdrawal, such as paving the road from Rachel into the Test Site. Mr. Tucker countered that most of the promises he knew about had indeed been met. He noted that although the road from Rachel was not paved, it had been considerably improved at AF expense.

This reporter exercised his five minutes standing in front of a big map of the area. He protested the vague reason the AF was giving for the withdrawal and said that the application could only be evaluated if the AF gave the real reason, which wasn't a national security issue in itself. He read a list of the major newspapers and defense publications [See below.] that had already reported on this land grab and described the Groom base as one of the best publicized defense installations in the world. Although acknowledging that some of the secrecy at Groom may be justified, he described the continued non-existence of the base as an absurdity.

This speaker then noted that if the purpose of the withdrawal was to hide the base from public view, then the AF had failed once again. He pointed on the map to Tikaboo Peak and Badger Mtn., which he said also offered a direct view of the base. He was concerned that, if the AF was allowed to take the current land for a vague reason like "the public safety," then it could come back later to take the other viewpoints for other vague reasons. Thereby, the AF could subvert the Engle Act, which requires withdrawals of more than 5000 acres to be reviewed by Congress. He concluded by warning the audience, "If we let this withdrawal go through for this vague reason, then they'll be able to take all of Nevada in little bitty pieces."

Lincoln County Commissioner Eve Culverwell was mad as hell. (We wouldn't want her any other way.) She brought up some important points about mitigation and asked for the release of other lands in Lincoln County that the AF no longer needs. However, the focus of Culverwell's ire, and the principle target of many others in attendance, was not the AF but the BLM, which controls the vast majority of land in Nevada. Culverwell and other activists do not necessarily question the AF's right to take the land, but they say the AF should be dealing with the state and county, not BLM. They say the federal government has no real jurisdiction over public lands, based on statutes at the time of statehood. This rather radical approach throws a wild card into the land grab fight, and certainly adds some color to the proceedings. [More [below](#).]

In all, the hearing was lively but proceeded pretty much as anticipated. No one spoke in favor of the Air Force except for their hired representatives, but there was some pessimism among attendees as to whether even their near-total opposition made any difference. Several people voiced the concern that no matter what the citizens of Lincoln County said, their comments would simply be filed away and the AF was going to get the land anyway.

We understand their pessimism but do not share it. The current battle is taking place on many different levels: in the media, along the border, within the BLM and inside the AF itself. The public hearings represent only the most obvious portion of a mostly subterranean conflict, but they are vital as a visible show of popular opposition and a preliminary step to future legal action. Remember that the land grab fight can be a powerful tool to achieve much larger goals. Our ultimate purpose is not so much to save the land but to expose the base, and that process seems to be marching ahead even more inexorably than the White Sides withdrawal.

Throw The Bums Out

Speeches by Nevada "home-rule" activists greatly enlivened the Jan. 31 hearing. Seeing this land fight as a test case for their new ideas, several speakers drove hundreds of miles from other parts of Nevada to be in attendance. When a leader of the movement, Dick Carver, finally had his chance to speak, he announced that five minutes were not enough, and that he would go on as long as necessary. When the five-minute tone was sounded, the BLM moderator tried to interrupt but was rebuked by the audience, who unanimously demanded that Carver be allowed to continue. Carver thus walked away with about 15 minutes of air time and gave everyone in the audience the warm satisfaction of having beaten BLM into submission at least on that issue.

Readers who live outside the western U.S. may have never even heard of BLM, never mind grasping the boundless animosity it often enjoys among locals. The vast majority of land in Lincoln County is "public," that is, owned equally by all U.S. citizens, and is currently managed as a public trust by the federal government. A significant portion of the economic activities in the county have to go through the BLM. It leases grazing and mineral rights and enforces many despised environmental regulations, thus placing it in the role of evil landlord who everyone loves to hate. Local sentiments are elegantly expressed by one resident's well-trained dog who stays, sits and lies down on command. The dog will also "kill" on command, but only on special key word. Give him a old shoe, say "BLM," and it's rendered to shreds instantly.

The position of the revolutionaries is that the federal government has no right to manage public lands within the state and that it does so only by default. The activists cite statutes dating back to Nevada's founding which they contend give the state the sole authority to manage public lands. BLM, they say, has no real delegated authority to do anything, and they are trying to prove this by a series of Freedom of Information requests. Whenever an interesting legal case comes up in which BLM is the enforcer, they demand that BLM turn over documents to prove that they indeed have that authority. According to the activists, BLM is inherently unable to supply those documents and thus can be forced to back down from whatever action they were attempting.

We are pleased that the rebels have adopted the Groom land grab as a cause celebre. Without them, there might have been only half as many people at the Caliente hearing. At the same time, we are a little confused on what the end result of this rebellion is supposed to be, and we are mildly skeptical about whether it can succeed.

The current anti-BLM movement reminds us of a number of radical females we have known who would just as soon eliminate the male gender altogether. On the surface, we can understand the sentiments. Males must account for 85% of the violent acts in this country and easily 99% of the female grief and pain. They're aggressive, suppressive, insensitive and demand too much. Give them an inch and they'll take a mile. WHO NEEDS THEM ANYWAY? "Just say No," is the best solution. If you excise them definitively from your life then all your problems will be solved.

Okay, so maybe that's a bad example. The point is, although such dramatic plans to "Throw the Bums Out" may seem solid in theory, they usually get tripped up somewhere in the implementation. We march into the battle with high idealistic hopes but a few years later usually find ourselves living with the bums anyway. Given this typical outcome, one wonders if it would be more productive to take a less combative approach that might be more likely to succeed in the long term. Instead of expending all our resources in an attempt to totally annihilate the enemy, we could take the time to understand him, learn his fears and vulnerabilities and the kind of leverage we have over him, then take him by the balls and turn him into our slave.

No, wait, never mind. BAD example.

Las Vegas Hearing Date Set

The Las Vegas hearing on the Groom land grab has been officially set for Weds., March 2, 1994 from 5-7 pm at the Cashman Field House, rooms 203-204. (Cashman Field House is a stadium complex on Las Vegas Blvd. just north of Downtown.)

This is the BIG ONE. (Caliente was only 4.0.) Everyone's invited! More info will be provided in [Desert Rat #3](#), which will be issued at least a couple of weeks before then.

[Report on hearing in [DR#4](#)]

Trespassers' Trial Delayed

In [Desert Rat #1](#), we reported the case of the seven Las Vegans who stumbled across the military border while visiting the Tikaboo Valley. Due to their lawyer's schedule conflicts, their trial, originally scheduled for Mar. 2, has been delayed to a later date. (We'll publish the date when we know it.) The location will be Alamo Justice Court in the County Annex Building in Alamo, 90 miles north of Las Vegas. Come one, come all!

The change of date is providential because it means that the trial will not compete with the Las Vegas hearing.

An Ambassadorial Visit

On Jan. 28 at our psychospy headquarters in Rachel, we were pleased to receive a surprise visit from the Ambassador Merlyn Merlin II from the planet Draconis. He had taken human form, resembling to us a bearded Abe Lincoln or Amish farmer, and was driving a 10-year-old brown Monte Carlo. When he first appeared at our door, he was holding a small black book in front of him in both hands. In an impulsive attempt at humor, we blurted out, "Oh, a Bible salesman!" He smiled at that and showed us that it was only a notebook. The bible, it seems, was out in the car. Later, he went to fetch it and read to us some lengthy passages.

Three aviation watchers from the Bay Area happened to be visiting our headquarters at the time, and we were all quite fascinated with the Ambassador. He was a "Being of Light," he said, although we touched him and found him to be quite solid. He was on a mission to promote the coming "Golden Age," when the aliens would be integrated into our society and we humans would evolve into a higher form. This transformation, he said, would take place within the next five years.

The Ambassador did not always know that he was a Draconian. He had thought he was an ordinary human for most of his time on earth until he began to experience some revelations in 1986. Even now, he has no direct memories of Draconis, although he is certain that that is his origin. He said that another part of him was on Draconis even as he was speaking to us. He suspected that he was also simultaneously a Venusian and that part of his being was currently at home on Venus.

He was proud of his role as Ambassador to Earth and was especially pleased to be officially recognized in that capacity by the State of Nevada. He gave us a xeroxed letter to prove his status. It was on official state letterhead from the Secretary of State in Carson City. The letter was dated March 31, 1993, and was signed by the secretary herself. It read:

Ambassador Merlyn Merlin II
The Embassy of Christ

Dear Mr. Ambassador:

Thank you for your invitation; however, I will not be able to be in California. Thank you for your consideration.

Sincerely,
Cheryl A. Lau

We wish the Ambassador the best of luck in his mission and urge the Federal government to accord him similar

recognition.

"Paranoid News" Launched

Pleased with the instant success of The Groom Lake Desert Rat, psychospy has launched yet another free on-line newsletter--this one on an unrelated subject. *The Paranoid News* will explore psychospy's favorite mental disorder, paranoia, and show how it effects the thoughts and behavior of all of us.

Paranoia is a fascinating mechanism by which a person tends to bring about the very thing he most fears. If he is terrified enough of failure, then he will often create it for himself by his own hand. Paranoia is more pervasive than we might suppose, and there is not one of us who isn't touched. Paranoia effects our every decision, especially our most important ones, so don't read this newsletter unless you are prepared to question your past choices or the wisdom of your current circumstances. This is not a pretty newsletter. There are a lot of icky things inside our minds, and *The Paranoid News* will delight in exposing them.

[[Three issues](#) of *The Paranoid News* were published before it was suspended (too much work).]

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The Groom Lake Desert Rat

"The Naked Truth from Open Sources."

AREA 51/NELLIS RANGE/TTR/NTS/S-4?/WEIRD STUFF/DESERT LORE

An on-line newsletter. Written, published, [copyrighted](#) and totally disavowed by [Psychospy](#). Direct from the "UFO Capital," Rachel, Nevada.

Issue #3. February 12, 1994

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Psychospy Suffers Convulsions

It seemed like an ordinary day in an ordinary mobile home park not too far from a not-too-secret secret base where nothing out of the ordinary ever seemed to happen. A man went to his mailbox to get the mail. It seemed like ordinary mail at first: some bills, a newspaper, ten million dollars from Ed McMahon and yet another flyer from the Jehovah's Witnesses.

But there was more. Just behind the envelope bearing Ed's smiling face was another, much bigger envelope. It had no return address but was postmarked in California. It seemed like an ordinary envelope.

The man couldn't guess what was inside the envelope. How could he have possibly known? On such an ordinary day in this ordinary place it was easy to let down ones guard. The man never even considered that the envelope might contain something dangerous, like a letter bomb or an IRS injunction. HE WAS THAT KIND OF TRUSTING SOUL.

He opened the envelope.

The man stared at what he found. It was a document with the word SECRET on the front. Disbelief was the man's first reaction. Stunned silence. He did not think the document was real until he began to glance through its pages. The man looked again at the cover of the document.

That's when it began. A strange sound started to gurgle in the man's throat. It got louder and louder until bursting forth from his mouth with terrible, unexpected fury. It almost sounded like laughter, but it wasn't any normal, healthy kind of laugh. I was more of a cackle. It was like the evil, psychotic laugh of the Wicked Old Witch of the West after sending out the flying monkeys and threatening, "I'll get you my pretty!"

The man could not control himself. The horrible utterance possessed him like a demon and shook his whole body with violent spasms. Convulsions. His arms flailed. His legs collapsed beneath him. With an almost superhuman effort, he dragged himself to the desk and dialed the telephone. He dialed a number in California. It rang and rang, and then a machine answered and said to leave a message. The man tried to speak but only the hideous, cackling sound came out.

It exploded in wave after wave of uncontrollable screeches, until the machine cut off and the line went dead.

The man dropped the phone. Then he collapsed and died.

This story is STRANGE BUT TRUE (all except the part about the man dying, which was added for dramatic effect). IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU.

It WILL happen to you--although perhaps less violently--when you see the March edition of *Popular Science* magazine.

Popular Science Cover Story

"SECRET AIR BASE" it says in big letters on the cover, beside a Soviet satellite image of the Groom Lake facility.

Other words on the cover say: "The government doesn't want you to know what's going on at Groom Lake, Nevada. Officially, the facility that developed the U-2 & SR-71 Blackbird spy planes doesn't exist. In fact, it continues to expand, and now the Air Force wants to grab 4,000 acres of public land to keep curious civilians away. Are there shadowy projects underway that citizens have a right to know about?"

The article inside recalls the exploits of a hardy band of aviation buffs who hang out at the border of the Groom base trying to catch a glimpse of rumored secret aircraft that never seem to materialize. In reality, it's a futile exercise in hypothermia, but here on the pages of Popular Science, these hopelessly distracted, get-a-life males are presented as heroic crusaders fighting for our freedom.

We see no reason to complain, however. We have been stumbling along in this seemingly hopeless battle to save the viewpoints. We have run off a few flyers, sent out some letters and hoped that someone would listen. Suddenly, the game has changed. It's like someone has taken one of our flyers, run off 1.8 million copies and displayed it in every Safeway Supermarket, Seven- Eleven and Thrifty Drug in the world.

Excuse us if we cackle.

Readers may or may not agree that the larger-than-life "Groom Lake Interceptors" are doing the right thing. Certainly, many in the defense establishment would call them misguided. Our need for a secure facility did not end with the Cold War, they say.

One thing this article does prove, however, is the importance of public relations and the dangers of ignoring it. The existence of the Groom base has long been one of the worst kept secrets in the world; yet, the military has stubbornly clung to the awkward position that the place doesn't exist. This cripples the military more than anyone else, because spokesmen cannot respond to legitimate claims and questions, and speculations rage out of control. Everyone loves a secret base, and the more hush-hush it is, the more people want to know.

Once upon a time, the press kept a respectable distance from Groom because of the perceived Soviet threat. Now, the world has changed but the Pentagon hasn't. The withdrawal application was just the spark necessary to set off a press feeding frenzy. In the past few months, the crisis has gotten deeper and deeper, and no one in the Air Force has taken any action to address it. Cold War Colonels have been trying to handle the withdrawal in the brute-force, Reagan-era way while leadership from above seems entirely absent. We sense an aimless drift in the handling of this affair and suspect it is related to the change of guard at the Defense Department.

Now, the AF is in a major bind. Instead of announcing the base gradually on its own terms, the AF is being forced to address all the charges at once under conditions of acute embarrassment. A few months ago, they could have probably gotten away with saying, "Yes, there's a base at Groom but we can't tell you what's going on there." Now, everyone wants to know everything, and it's hard to imagine the frenzy subsiding until they start offering public tours.

With this is mind, here's how to request a tour yourself....

Groom Tour Info

In response to our report on the Caliente hearing [[DR#2](#)], TRADER@cup.portal.com has told us more about the AF representative, [Col. "Bud" Bennett](#). His real name is Col. Warren A. Bennett, Jr. and he is Commander of the 554th Range Squadron. At least that's how the Colonel signed a reply to TRADER's request to tour the Groom facility. The Colonel wrote:

"Thank you for your letter of January 3, 1994, requesting a tour of part of the Nellis Range Complex. I have forwarded your request to the appropriate officials. You should receive a response shortly."

We are jealous of TRADER, because when the AF does open up the Groom base to public tours, he is going to be first in line. If you want to be just behind him, we suggest your write to Col. Bennett right away to request your own permission to visit. Even if he can't grant your request himself, the Colonel evidently knows where to send it.

Write to:

Col. Warren A. Bennett, Jr.
554th Range Squadron
3770 Duffer Drive
Nellis AFB, NV 89191-7001

There Is No Crisis Corner

Psychospy goofed. Can you forgive us?

On page 56 of the Popular Science article is a handsome 3-D map of the proposed withdrawal area. It shows three separate parcels of land: To the north is White Sides; in the center is Freedom Ridge, and to the south is Crisis Corner. This map is based on our initial plotting of the township/range specifications appearing in the Air Force's formal application to BLM. For the record, the exact specifications for the withdrawal, as shown in the application, are as follows:

In Township 6 South Range 56 East sections 25 and 36.
In Township 6 South Range 57 East section 31 and The West 1/2 of section 30.
In Township 7 South Range 56 East section 1, The West 1/2 of section 13, and the Northwest 1/4 of section 24.
In Township 7 South Range 57 East section 6.
Located in Lincoln County, Nevada, USA.

When we first received a copy of the application, we plotted the sections on a map. We double- and triple-checked our work, then sent the map to our supporters around the world.

Most of the sections were no surprise. The north and central parcels were perfect "G-strings" covering the naked viewpoints of White Sides and Freedom Ridge, where the public might jeopardize its "safety" by casting eyes upon the indecencies at Groom Lake. The southern parcel was a mystery, however. We dubbed it "Crisis Corner," although the crisis taking place there wasn't clear. We made several tours of this parcel trying to find the viewpoints that the military must have wanted to neutralize, but all potential views of Groom Lake were blocked by higher hills already within the Zone. The most we could see was a small portion of the southern Emigrant Valley where there were no obvious installations. Numerous theories ran through our heads about what the land might be needed for.

The solution only occurred to us at the Caliente hearing, when the AF public relations people briefly showed a transparency of the proposed withdrawal area. There were only two parcels shown! This prompted us to recheck our work, and, yes, we found that Crisis Corner existed only in our imagination. We had misread the map and plotted two sections in the wrong place: Township 8 instead of Township 6. The AF is not seeking any land south of Freedom Ridge.

The error is minor. It doesn't effect White Sides or Freedom Ridge. It only clears up a mystery. Now, there is not the slightest ambiguity about the AF's intentions. The only sections being sought are those that offer a direct view of the Groom facility.

We are deeply embarrassed by our mistake. At the same time, we feel the exhilarating rush of fame and power in seeing OUR ERROR reproduced 1.8 million times and distributed to every corner of the globe.

Fun With Sensors

[In an article in the Dec. 93 issue of *Intercepts Newsletter*, we reported the following.]

Here's a challenge to you radio buffs: Find the sensors planted on public land around the perimeter of the top secret Groom Lake base. The most common kind are magnetic anomaly detectors planted beside dirt roads to detect passing cars. If you happen to drive past one of these, you can be certain that the anonymous, camouflage-clad dudes in the white Jeep Cherokees will be along in a few minutes to shadow you, even if you go nowhere near the border.

The sensor apparatus consists of two detection units--plastic canisters about the size of soft drink cans buried beside the road. Inside each are some primitive electronics and a coil, which senses any big hunk of metal passing nearby. The two detection units are wired to a transmitter hidden in bushes about twenty feet away. The transmitter is about the size of a gallon paint can and takes its power from some batteries contained in a nearby ammo can. Given the vastness of the desert here, finding these devices seems almost impossible at first, and it took us many months to locate even one. Most of the dirt roads approaching the Restricted Zone are miles long, and the sensors could be anywhere. You can't home in on them with a radio even if you know the frequency, because they transmit only a single brief pulse when they detect something--not enough to deduce the location from afar.

The solution? We cruise the roads with a frequency counter, set on its fastest gate time. When 496.25 MHz comes onto the display, we know we just passed one of those top secret sensors. We get out, comb the sides of the road and sure enough, there's another transmitter hiding in the bushes. We have now found a dozen of these sensors in logical places, usually many miles from the border, and we have made a map of where they are. Now, when we want to preserve our privacy on public land, we temporarily unscrew the antenna from the transmitter before driving by. We are then very careful to replace the antenna after passing so as not to be accused of damaging government property.

We never cease to be amazed at how the apparatus of secrecy can be turned into a spotlight on its makers. The transmitted pulse is available for anyone to pick up, so we are working now on ways to monitor the sensors ourselves. We'll use them to keep track of the cammo dudes in the white Jeep Cherokees.

Alas, we may not get the chance to implement this particular plan. We gave a copy of our map to local officials of BLM, the custodian of public lands. BLM is not happy. The Air Force has no jurisdiction on public land and is supposed to apply to BLM before it does this sort of thing. Bad Air Force. If you want the challenge of finding these sensors for yourself you better come soon, because we predict they won't remain in place for very long.

It's like the remote TV camera on a tripod that we once found on public land. We had a picnic beside it, made faces into it from six inches away and scribbled our names on the legs. Sure enough, within days, the camera vanished and reappeared on the other side of the border where it belongs.

Someone has to keep an eye on Big Brother!

Sensor Update

After the existence of the sensors was reported to BLM, a ranger was sent to dig up a couple of them. Finding the sensors themselves turned out to be easier than finding who they belonged to. The nonexistent base with the nonexistent security force is also protected by nonexistent sensors. Initially, the AF neither confirmed nor denied their responsibility.

A break in the case came at the Caliente hearing. When asked about the sensors, the BLM Area Manager confirmed that the AF had finally owned up. He said BLM and the AF were "working together" to find an arrangement whereby the sensors could be laid legally. We asked whether the location of the sensors would be public information. The Area Manager said no. The AF would be given permission to lay sensors within specified parameters, probably up to five miles from the border.

We are concerned about the ethical and civil rights implications of a sensor network on public land. The AF seized the Groom Range as a vast, unused buffer zone for Groom Lake. If the land is formally under their control, we have no problem with them laying all the sensors they want on it. Now they are saying that they need a buffer zone for the buffer zone. It seems that no matter how much land we given them, they always want to control more.

With the sensor network tracking visitors and unidentified armed guards shadowing them many miles from the border, this land is not "public" at all. It is a military controlled area, differing from the adjoining Restricted Zone only in the absence of a formal withdrawal.

If BLM will not defend the public's right to free and anonymous travel on public lands, then the Groom Lake Freedom Fighters will. We are not happy about the sensors being there, but we feel we can live with them if we are able to map them and broadcast their locations to the world. The AF has proposed to BLM the use of smaller, less intrusive devices that are presumably also harder to detect. All the more sporting, we say! We'll invite radio buffs to join in regular "Easter Egg Hunts" to find the sensors and win prizes. If the AF wants to set up the game board for us, we'll happily play it.

In Brief

NEW SECURITY HUMMER. In July 1993, the cammo dudes patrolling the Groom perimeter traded in their tan Blazers and Broncos for spiffy white Jeep Cherokees. The choice of color wasn't terribly wise; these vehicles now stand out as bright beacons against the beige landscape and can be seen for miles. However, a new, stealthier vehicle has also been spotted: an olive drab Humvee. This one is difficult to spot unless you're looking for it--or if the dudes choose to park it at the top of a prominent hill as they always seem to do. (You can't teach old dudes new tricks.)

VEGAS LAND GRAB HEARING. Nothing has changed regarding the Las Vegas land grab hearing, although the Popular Science article should greatly increase the attention. It will be held Weds., March 2, 1994 from 5-8 pm at the Cashman Field House, rooms 203- 204. (Cashman Field House is a stadium complex at 850 North Las Vegas Blvd. just north of Downtown.) Each speaker will be limited to 3 minutes, so if you have something to say you will have to be organized and concise. Flyers are a good way to get your point across; you can make them available at the door. You can also continue to submit written comments to BLM up until the date of the hearing. These comments DO have an effect. At least they assure that the contents of the case file will be heavily weighted toward the opponents. Apart from the paid military representatives, we have yet to hear of ANYONE offering support for the withdrawal, either in writing or at a hearing, but certainly twenty pounds of opposing comments are better than two. Be creative. Think of your own angle on the withdrawal and explain it in a courteous letter to BLM. Send comments to:

Mr. Billy Templeton
BLM Nevada State Director
P.O. Box 12000

Reno, NV 89520

Also send a copy of your letter to:

Mr. Curtis Tucker
BLM Caliente Area Manager
P.O. Box 237
Caliente, NV 89008

It is likely that [Desert Rat #4](#) will be issued sometime before the hearing, with any late-breaking details reported therein. If you are planning to attend the Las Vegas hearing and don't receive DR#4, then it may be a good idea to contact us a few days before for the latest plans.

[[Preparations for Las Vegas hearing in DR#3A](#)]

[[Report on Las Vegas hearing in DR#4](#)]

VEGAS POOP. When in Vegas you SHOULD VISIT the Luxor pyramid. It's worth at least a 10 minute walk-through and the attractions inside are worth the price if the lines aren't too long. The buffet is recommended, too. DON'T BOTHER with the MGM Grand theme park. It's a dud--a pale imitation of Disney. Buffet's a dud, too. DO SEE the free pirate battle in front of the Treasure Island casino, every 90 minutes starting 3:30. There's nothing much of interest inside, however, and the buffets are unimpressive. We usually recommend VACATION VILLAGE as the best place to spend the night on weekdays (2 miles south of Luxor, weekday rates as low as \$20, 800-658-5000). For the night of the hearing, however, we expect to be staying at a closer downtown hotel, Fitzgerald's (probably about \$25-30, 800-274-5825). On weekends, try NEVADA LANDING on I-15, Exit 12 (\$31, 800-628- 6682). Favorite buffets: PALACE STATION and the FRONTIER. For cheaper, quicker buffet eats with minimal lines and traffic, try: NEVADA LANDING, GOLD COAST or ARIZONA CHARLIES. Supermarkets can be found on Sahara Ave. several miles west of I-15.

[[Accommodation info in DR#3A](#)]

Wisdom Of Jack D. Ripper

Correction to [DR#2](#): We want to apologize to [Col. Warren "Bud" Bennett](#) for comparing him to Jack D. Ripper of the movie *Dr. Strangelove*. Such an insinuation is entirely political and should not be regarded as a personal reflection on Col. Bennett.

There was also a question about whether the Desert Rat correctly reported Mr. Ripper's rank. Some readers thought he was "Colonel Ripper," not "General" as reported. To resolve this question and relive fond memories, we watched "Dr. Strangelove" again. The man responsible for Armageddon is General Jack D. Ripper, Base Commander, 843rd Bomb Wing. His wisdom....

Mandrake, do you recall what Clemenseau said about war? He said, 'War is too important to be left to the generals.' When he said that fifty years ago he might have been right, but today war is too important too be left to politicians. They have neither the time, the training or the inclination for strategic thought. I can no longer sit back and allow Communist infiltration, Communist indoctrination, Communist subversion and the international Communist conspiracy to sap and impurify all of our precious bodily fluids.

[[Issue #3A: Supplement on preparations for Las Vegas hearing](#)]

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The Groom Lake Desert Rat

"The Naked Truth from Open Sources."

AREA 51/NELLIS RANGE/TTR/NTS/S-4?/WEIRD STUFF/DESERT LORE

An on-line newsletter. Written, published, [copyrighted](#) and totally disavowed by [Psychospny](#). Direct from the "UFO Capital," Rachel, Nevada.

Supplemental News Flash

Issue #3-A. Feb. 18, 1994.

Notes On Upcoming Las Vegas Hearing...

- [Inspection Visits](#)
- [More On Vegas Hearing](#)
- [Accommodations](#)

Inspection Visits

In conjunction with the Las Vegas Hearing on the Groom Lake land grab, the White Sides Defense Committee will be sponsoring two semi-organized INSPECTION VISITS to the Freedom Ridge viewpoint. The tentative dates and times are:

Saturday, Feb. 26, at 10 am, and
Thursday, March 3, at 12 noon

These will be informal hikes and get-togethers similar to the October camp-out and January field trip. The intent is to give the public the opportunity to inspect the land that has been targeted for withdrawal. The Saturday event is for the poor saps who have to work during the week, while the Thursday outing is designed for out-of-town people coming to the Las Vegas hearing who can stay an extra day.

Rumors that these events will be BEACH PARTIES are unfounded and misleading. Military land use is SERIOUS BUSINESS. To help preserve a respectful and responsible tone, the volleyball tournament HAS BEEN CANCELLED. The only lawn chairs permitted must be of the "lawn/porch/patio" type. Low slung beach chairs, beach blankets, skimpy bathing suits, beer kegs, Frisbees and inflatable pool toys are PROHIBITED.

Both visits will begin at the Freedom Ridge trailhead, about 2-1/2 hours north of Las Vegas. DIRECTIONS: Be sure to fill your gas tank in Las Vegas. From Las Vegas, take I-15 north about 20 miles to US-93 (Exit 64). Go north on US-93 about 85 miles to SR-375. Take SR-375 (not SR-318) west 15 miles until you reach the straight dirt road to Groom Lake at milepost LN 34.6. (Marked only by a stop sign.) This is a good dirt road that any car can handle. Take the dirt road west 13.6 miles until you see our cars (parked beside a "Keep Right" sign). WARNING: DO NOT CROSS THE MILITARY BORDER marked by Restricted Area signs and orange posts. (Crossing the border will result in your immediate arrest and a \$600 fine.)

Hike is approx. 50 minutes each way and could be moderately strenuous for out-of-shape sea-level sloths. However, sloths with 4WD vehicles can drive all the way to the top on the newly discovered "Freedom Ridge Expressway" (further directions required). Visiting the viewpoints is completely legal, as this is public land until such time as the withdrawal is formally approved. Camping is permitted and encouraged. Be forewarned, however, the nighttime temperature will probably drop below freezing. Daytime highs may reach the 50s, but strong winds are also possible,

so dress warmly and in several layers. In case of moderately bad weather, the events will proceed as planned. In case of HORRIBLE weather, call for more info.

Sturdy hiking shoes are important. Binoculars and telescopes are okay. The authorities don't like cameras, however, so don't be seen with one. Press representation is expected at both events, so practice your sound bites.

More On Vegas Hearing

Again, the Las Vegas hearing on the land grab will be held Weds, March 2, 1994, at 5 pm at the Cashman Field Center (a stadium complex north of Downtown), 850 North Las Vegas Blvd., Rooms 203- 204. With the Popular Science cover story hitting the streets right now, the hearing is likely to be a zoo.

The usual format is that a BLM official moderates the event. A military officer is likely to speak first, probably very briefly. At most hearings, this is an opportunity for an Air Force "dog and pony show," but in this case the dogs and ponies can't be shown because they don't officially exist. At the Caliente hearing, this talk was an almost meaningless repetition of the evasive "public safety" and "safe and secure operation of activities" themes. The rest of the meeting will probably consist of a series of opponents saying their two bits. Due to the large turnout possible, each speaker will be limited to a big three minutes. The AF officer will sit silently through most of the proceedings and probably will not answer any meaningful questions. The BLM official will probably be more forthcoming, but he won't have any information about the base. The hearing will end either when everyone seems to have blown off steam or when the meeting room must be vacated for the cleaning staff.

That is the EXPECTED course of events. Given the volatility of the story at present, the AF could drop a bombshell, like "Yes, we have a base at Groom Lake." Don't hold your breath, however, as the military rarely reacts so quickly to current affairs.

There is rarely any instant gratification at an event like this. There will be some good arguments mixed in with some bad ones, and the AF reps will probably not respond visibly to any of it. The hearing is a matter of record, however. A stenographer will be present, and the resulting document will go into the big case file which, in theory, forms the basis for the BLM decision and for any future legal action. Las Vegas is a diverse enough place that there may even be some people speaking IN FAVOR of the withdrawal, expressing their fullest confidence in the military. The bulk of the comment will probably be critical, however, and that will count in favor of the opponents.

The most important aspect of the hearing is that it provides an EVENT. It gives the opponents a place to gather and the news media something to report on. If emotions are running high, this is a place where it can be demonstrated. Merely the number of people who show up is important. If the room is packed to twice its capacity, then that will make an impression. BLM, the agency making the decision, cannot ignore the political winds. Sure, the military has clout, but so does the rest of the population if it gets riled up. If the BLM senses that it is in the public hot seat, it will be especially careful to protect itself and do the right thing.

The principal weapon of the opponents has been graciously provided by the military itself. The vague "public safety" explanation is a godsend. It paints the military's action as capricious and an "abuse of discretion." The ultimate test of the withdrawal is whether the reasons for it make sense to the average person. If the Air Force is trying to support its action only with absurdities, then the key to winning is merely to turn the spotlight on the absurdities and make them painfully obvious to everyone.

Since each speaker is limited to three minutes, it is important for each person to limit themselves to one or two carefully thought out points. Each opponent should try to cover a different topic. If you plan to speak, it would be a good idea to coordinate with Psychospy beforehand. If you want to speak but don't have a topic, we have an exquisite line of quality merchandise to choose from. Get in touch with us as soon as you can. The night of the hearing, we will be staying in downtown Las Vegas just a few minutes from the hearing site, so perhaps we can hold an opponent's powwow there in the afternoon to get ready.

Accommodations

The night of the hearing, Psychospy will be staying at the Fitzgeralds casino in downtown Las Vegas (because it's fairly close to the hearing site). This is a high-rise hotel (tallest in Vegas) on "Glitter Gulch" Fremont Street. Room rate is \$36, phone 800-274-5825. There should be other hotels nearby at comparable rates.

For a more interesting alternative at the other end of town, try the Tropicana Hotel, \$49, 800-634-4000: If you get a room on the southeast side of "Island Tower," you can look down on the secret "JANET" airline terminal where workers depart for Groom Lake. You can peer down with binocs and see if anyone you know is among the staff. There's also supposed to be a view of the Janet terminal from rooms on the east side of the Luxor pyramid, \$69- \$79, 800-288-1000.

If you are coming to the Saturday Inspection Visit, we advise that you AVOID LAS VEGAS, at least for accommodations. On weekends, rooms are both nonexistent and expensive. Instead, try the Little A-Le-Inn in Rachel, one of the motels in Alamo or one of the casinos on I-15 near the California border. (Reservations are essential at any of these.)

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Issue #4. March 6, 1994.

In this issue...

- [Report On Las Vegas Land Grab Hearing](#)
 - [In Brief](#)
-

Vaudeville in Vegas

Land Grab Hearing Upstages Casinos as "Best Entertainment Value"

About 200 citizens, four television crews and a gaggle of print reporters packed a large meeting room at the Cashman Field Center for the March 2 public hearing on the Groom Lake land withdrawal. Although the two hour meeting went pretty much as expected, there was nothing dull about these proceedings. Speakers from all walks of life bared their inner passions before the microphone, and the three minute time limit assured they didn't reveal too much. The event was far superior to any floor show on the Strip: a lively theater of humanity occasionally spiced by the burlesque of the absurd.

The meeting began with the AF and BLM representatives providing their expected introductions. Neither deviated much from their comments at the Caliente hearing. [Col. Bennett](#) offered an almost exact word-for-word repetition of his Caliente remarks, which emphasized the importance of the Nellis Range for training military pilots. He said nothing to acknowledge a base at Groom Lake. There was no opportunity for the BLM or AF to take questions, and the four AF reps sat silently in the audience for the remainder of the meeting.

After that slow start, the fireworks began. About 25 citizens exercised their privilege of public comment, with only two offering lucid support for the Air Force. Of course, there weren't many lucid opponents, either. The majority of the arguments presented were entirely irrelevant to the land grab issue, but these were by far the most entertaining. Hideous genetic experiments conducted on missing children were revealed at Groom Lake, and one wild-eyed radical, reading from the Koran, invoked the wrath of Allah on the BLM.

About a third of the speakers managed to remain on topic. As a group, they were soft-spoken and not nearly as colorful as the others, but these comments will have a more lasting effect. The most promising challenges focused on the limited areas where BLM has jurisdiction. BLM has neither the resources nor the mandate to evaluate UFO stories, hazardous waste claims, underground genetic experiments, evil world-wide conspiracies or any of the other charges made concerning Groom Lake. It can only evaluate the legal adequacy of the application and the direct environmental and land-use impacts of the withdrawn land itself.

Below are the comments of some of the more memorable speakers, transcribed from tape. We will start with the most germane then disintegrate toward chaos.

A Lawyer Speaks

Steve Hofer, a consumer and public interest attorney from Indianapolis, has been working with the White Sides Defense Committee to lay the foundation for a legal case should it become necessary. His comments:

This land as a matter of law, the law set by Congress, has the presumption of the preferred use of public multiple use. Any of us, we can use it for livestock, we can use it for recreation --that's the preferred use of the land. The Air Force has the burden to show that its use is more important. And the law specifically says what the Air Force must do, the standards the Air Force must follow, to meet that presumption. I've reviewed the Air Force's application, and they have not met that standard.

The Bureau of Land Management should reject that application as legally insufficient, the reason being that the Air Force must state the purpose of the withdrawal. The Air Force has not stated the purpose of the withdrawal. The only purpose that they've stated is that the land is needed to be withdrawn because of [public] safety [and] for the safe and secure operation of activities on the Nellis Range. Well, that's not a use of the land. The Bureau of Land Management has no way to evaluate whether or not that's true. Because they don't have any way to evaluate it, then by necessity that application is arbitrary and capricious, and it must be rejected as a matter of the law, and [if not] it can be challenged on judicial review.

How do we know that the [AF reason] is insufficient?... What evidence have they presented that there is any public safety risk? Have they presented any evidence that people have been hurt there? Air Force planes have crashed all over the place. An Air Force National Guard plane crashed into a Ramada Inn in my home city of Indianapolis; that doesn't mean that the Guard should not be allowed to do take-off and landings there. There's a little bit of risk in all of it...

How do we evaluate the importance of the security [of operations on the Nellis Range] if they won't tell us what the operations are there? There's a provision that says that they don't have to tell us; they can say the reason is secret. Then they've at least got to tell the Secretary of the Interior. But the Air Force in their application didn't say that this was secret. They didn't say anything. That's why the [BLM] should reject it out of hand, and we should continue to talk to our elected representatives to make sure they do it.

The provision for secrecy that Mr. Hofer mentions is contained in federal regulations governing the withdrawal (43 CFR, Section 2310.1-2, Part 7). According to this, the applicant must state "the public purpose or statutory program for which the lands would be withdrawn. If the purpose or program for which the land would be withdrawn is classified for national security reasons, a statement to that effect must be included..."

As we understand Mr. Hofer's argument, the AF has not stated on its application to the BLM that the purpose of the withdrawal is classified. Therefore it is liable for a complete and open accounting of its purpose and intentions, which it has not provided.

The 5000 Acre Limit

Several speakers pointed out that the AF wasn't trying to take all the viewpoints into the Groom Lake base, only the most convenient ones that could be neutralized with under 5000 acres. According to federal law ("The Engle Act"), a withdrawal or aggregate withdrawal "for any one defense project or facility" requires Congressional approval, a process that the AF is loath to consider. Congress could demand more accountability or turn down the application if the reason isn't good enough.

Peter Merlin of Los Angeles testified that he had climbed Tikaboo Peak, a tall mountain to the east of Freedom Ridge, and found a full view of the Groom Lake base, albeit from much further away. Glenn Campbell of the WSDC, private citizen Steve McKelvey and another speaker from the government oversight group Citizen Alert expressed the concern that the 4000 acres being sought now would not be the end of the AF's land needs.

In a flyer distributed at the hearing and submitted into the record on behalf of the WSDC, Campbell said:

The public has a reasonable right to protect itself from the possibility of future 'piecemealing.' To fulfill this need, BLM must require the AF to openly state, in writing and on the record, the true and obvious reason for the withdrawal: to hide the Groom Lake air base from public view.

Once the real reason is stated, the public may see that the AF is not doing the whole job. Seizing ANY of the viewpoints makes sense only if they seize ALL the viewpoints, even if it requires more than 5000 acres.

This withdrawal raises broad issues about defense priorities and government oversight that should be openly debated in Congress. Only in Congress can the voice of the people be heard.

Secret Base Revealed

If anyone doubted that there was a base at Groom Lake, "Black World Investigator" Mark Farmer from Juneau, Alaska, displayed for the audience an eight foot panoramic photograph of the Groom Lake base, apparently taken from Freedom Ridge. Photocopies of the March *Popular Science* article were also available to the audience. A couple of speakers alluded to the recent reports of a hazardous waste dump at the base, and many others expressed the need for greater openness and accountability in military affairs.

Steve McKelvey of Las Vegas quoted from the Uniform Commercial Code: "Lack of full disclosure is grounds for fraud in any contract."

Air Force Supporters

Only two people spoke clearly in favor of the Air Force, with a couple of others seeming to lean that way. We are embarrassed to report that the two supporters were heckled by some members of the audience. We regard the catcalls as unwarranted and undemocratic. Those hard-line anti-Soviet folks are so rare these days that we think the few remaining should be respected and treasured, like National Historic Landmarks.

One offered the following:

You know, just recently we witnessed the arrest of a notorious spy in Washington, D.C., a CIA agent who was spying for the Soviet Union. He provided them with some of the most essential, critical intelligence information that I think we've ever known to go to them. I think it should be noted that on their list of targets and collection items, one of the highest priorities is stealth technology.

Back in the days of the missile build-up, there was a writer for Aviation Week and Space Technology who roamed the halls of the Pentagon getting all the intelligence data concerning missile force development, and he wrote [it] in Aviation Week and Space Technology. The Soviets thought that document was so important to them that they bought a proof copy of that document, translated it enroute while they were flying it back to Moscow, and this writer provided the Soviet Union the biggest confidential intelligence on the United States that their intelligence agencies could not collect.

Now we find the situation in our back door. We have citizens and also foreign agents... comes into our country, goes to the vantage point, does the same thing that the CIA spy did, spies on the government activities, sells that to the Soviets. This gentleman who had the photographs [Mark Farmer], I'd like to ask him, did he take those pictures or did he buy those from somebody? If he had those pictures, why does he have those pictures? He's going to sell them to somebody. He's going to do the same thing the CIA agent has done, I guarantee you that.

We have citizens of this country who have sons, daughters, brothers, sisters and grandchildren who wear the uniform of United States military services. They want to know that the people they ask to go into battle will be the best equipped, the best trained that they can possibly be.

You know, at one time we had a great advantage on the Soviets in the air-to-air missile capability, air-to-air take-outs. American citizens stole all the technology--a company in California sold it to the Soviets. Instead of our airmen, who represent everybody in this room... [Heckling begins]... at one time or another they themselves were Joe Blow citizen in high school someplace [and now] they're wearing the uniform. And yet these people want them to go out and defend them and have the enemy know everything about their capabilities. It doesn't work that way. I tell you right now, I've learned two things in my life that are absolutes, and there are very few absolutes in this world. One thing, There is a God. The second thing, I ain't him.

Another speaker said he was a former chairman on the National Investigating Committee on Aerial Phenomena (NICAP), an early UFO group.

I think that many of you people are doing yourselves quite a disservice, and I am proud in this case to defend the Air Force. I am also a USMA West Point graduate, Class of '56, classmate of Schartzkopf, and, for one, I don't appreciate people who laugh at the risk of lives because of secret information being given out. And if you think it's a game we're playing here, well you're mistaken. I've had more experience investigating and looking into these things than 90-some percent of you people out there, and I think, frankly, you're screwing yourselves. The reason this land is being taken is because the issue has been made of it and [people are] always conducting tours on the top of those hills that look down on the base, whether it exists or doesn't exist. We know it exists. The stealth work was done down there; there could be other stuff going on there. Hey, this is the same war we're in. If you think the Cold War stopped, you're mistaken. We can investigate things that are of interest without having to climb on top of mountains and look down and see the government space here, if you like it or not, to defend the U-2. [Heckling begins.]

[Speaker identified in [DR#5](#).]

BLM Bashers

As happened at the Caliente hearing, a number of speakers seemed to have no direct complaint about the withdrawal itself but were only upset with BLM. One older gentleman, apparently a rancher, told a richly emotional but entirely irrelevant story of the AF setting fire to his friend's grazing allotment, and the BLM forcing the friend to herd his cattle by hand all winter long to keep them off the burned area. The acting was "B" quality but we would give him an "A" for effort as he verged on tears recounting the heartbreaking abuse the friend had suffered at the hands of that NEFARIOUS FEDERAL LAND AGENCY.

We suspect but cannot prove that this speaker was an agent of the same Throw-BLM-Out movement that dominated the Caliente hearing. Alas, here in the big city, the visiting revolutionaries were easily upstaged by all the other fringe groups competing for attention. Any momentum generated by the first speaker's compelling performance was dissipated shortly thereafter by a woman whose acting was REALLY bad. She pretended to cry as she told the audience about movement leader Dick Carver and his "very special letter" to the Secretary of the Interior. (This letter is the group's "Declaration of Independence" from BLM.) Changing character almost instantly, she became firm and resolute as she announced that "the State of Nevada owns the public lands, not the Bureau of Land Management." The appeal didn't appear to have much meaning to the mostly urban audience, who saw only her theatrics.

A couple of other land-revolt supporters tried to get things moving again, but to no avail. By the half-time intermission, their hope to make a big splash was dead in the water. Two scheduled speakers from Lincoln County bowed out altogether and were seen heading for the door. They were among only a handful to leave early; the vast majority of the audience stayed for the entire riveting show.

Anthony Hilder

Anthony Hilder is a radio talk show host from Anchorage, Alaska.

This issue is the withdrawal of freedom, not just Freedom Ridge, but freedom. [Applause.] The issue here

is the New World Order. This colonel behind me is a representative of the New World Order. They are concerned about security, not for you, not for your nation, not for your interests, not for your children. They are concerned about the security of those who wish to surrender the sovereignty of the United States and establish a One World Government.

If you do not take a stand now, surely you will fall. God knows what they're testing out there. Do they have genetic engineering programs? Do they have bacteriological warfare programs? Did they not, in fact, create a thing called AIDS? Do they want to reduce the population of the planet by twenty-five percent by the year 2000? You cannot allow them to take your property. This is YOUR land. It is not their spread.

Adolph Hitler wrote the book, 'The New World Order,' and he used the Big Lie. He could not allow the people to go in and take a look at the camps at Nordhaus, Auschwitz and Dachau. There are missing children, a hundred thousand plus across this nation. Where are they being taken to? Are they being used for medical experiments? Are there anti-gravitational disks being flown over there that were first developed under Adolph Hitler? Yes, yes, yes. You cannot, you must not allow it.

Wrath Of Allah

If the BLM Bashers had stuck it out for the duration, they would have gained at least some moral support from an earnest young man with a crew-cut holding a large green book. He spoke in an accent from the Middle East and at a very high decibel level. He was identified only as "Moe." [Editor's note: Because of Moe's heavy accent some of his words are unintelligible to us. Although we may not have transcribed them all correctly, we've done our best to reproduce at least the sound and fury of this impassioned speech.]

IN THE NAME OF GOD, MY NAME IS MOE. I'M A PERMANENT RESIDENT WHO'S BEEN LIVING IN LAS VEGAS FOR OVER SIX YEARS. BELIEVE IN YOUR GOD.

[Holds up the green book.]

THIS IS THE LAST HOLY BOOK OF GOD. KORAN. WHICH HAS ONE HUNDRED FIFTEEN CHAPTERS. QUESTION: WHAT IS THE NUMBER OF THE AREA WHERE THE SECRET BASE IS LOCATED? FIFTY-ONE. LET'S SEE WHAT GOD SAID IN CHAPTER FIFTY-ONE.

[Opens book.]

CHAPTER FIFTY-ONE OF KORAN. BELIEVE IN YOUR GOD. PROMISE IN THE WINDS WHICH BLOW IN HOLY DIRECTIONS. PROMISE IN THE CLOUDS THAT CARRY HEAVY RAINS. PROMISE TO THE ANGELS WHO PERFORM THE ORDERS OF GOD. PROMISE TO ALL CORNERS THAT WHATEVER YOU SAY IS TRUE...

GOD SAY TO MOHAMMED, 'HAVE YOU EVER HEARD ABOUT THE ESTER OF ALCOHOL AND ANGELS? HAVE YOU EVER HEARD ABOUT THAT?' THEY GO TO HIM AND SAY HI. THE ANSWER MOHAMMED TOLD THEM, 'YOU ARE VERY STRANGE PEOPLE.' ALIENS!

ABRAHAM TOLD THEM COME TO EAT. THEY REFUSE TO EAT. THAT WEAPON WHAT THE ALIEN EAT. IN THE MOMENT, ABRAHAM GOD SAW IN FRONT OF HIM. HE SAY ABRAHAM, 'DON'T BE AFRAID. WE ARE HERE TO TELL YOU THAT YOU ARE GOING TO HAVE A VERY INTELLIGENT SON. IN THE NAME OF YOUR NATION. IN THE NAME OF YOUR NATION.'

ABRAHAM SAID, 'WHAT IS YOUR DUTY HERE?' TO THE ALIENS, 'WHAT IS YOUR DUTY HERE?' THE ANSWER, 'WE ARE HERE TO DESTROY THE BAD CRIME!'

[Points accusingly at BLM officers on the stage.]

THE TERRIBLE TRUTH! THE STONE RING OF STONE. THE STONE IS YOUR SUFFERING TO

GOD, AND THERE'S A SPECIAL PART IN THERE FOR CRIMINALS!

[Points again at BLM.]

ALL ALIENS! ALL ALIENS! THE WORD OF GOD FIVE THOUSAND YEARS AGO. WE WANT TO SEE THE FREEDOM OF THOSE CAPTURED ALIENS, BECAUSE WE ARE HERE TO SAVE THE GOOD FROM THE BAD ONE MORE TIME.

FREEDOM, FREEDOM OF CAPTURED ALIENS! WE ARE HERE TO SAVE THE GOOD FROM BAAAD!

[Points again at BLM.]

FEAR IN YOUR GOD!

ANALYSIS. Our advice to BLM officials: Now that you know which side God is on, we want you to think about this decision very, very carefully. Remember what happened to Salman Rushdie.

Media Coverage

The Las Vegas hearing was covered by three local television stations. One of them, KLAS Channel 8, reported live from the hearing on their evening newscast. One of the other local stations came at the request of a MAJOR NETWORK NEWS MAGAZINE, which is considering doing a story. A crew from CNN was also on hand, and their report, including a visit to Freedom Ridge, aired world-wide the following evening. Reporters from the two major Las Vegas newspapers were in attendance, as well as some miscellaneous out-of-town press and this reporter from the GROOM LAKE DESERT RAT.

What's Next?

It is not entirely clear what the sequence of events will be following the hearing. The hearing marked the end of the official public comment period, but the public will also have 30 days to review the draft version of the AF's Environmental Assessment report. According to the BLM Area Manager, it could be two weeks before the draft report is ready for review.

We asked the Area Manager what was the soonest the land could possibly be closed if the withdrawal is granted. His most conservative estimate, if everything went unrealistically well for the AF, is 45 to 60 days after the hearing, which would mean mid-April or early May. Needless to say, things are NOT going well for the AF, and further delays are possible.

Further follow-up on the hearing should appear in [DR#5](#).

In Brief

TRESPASSER TRIAL DATE SET. The trial for four of seven accused trespassers [[DR#1](#), [DR#2](#)] who drove past the border on Groom Lake Road Jan. 2 has been rescheduled for Wednesday, Apr. 18 at 2pm in Alamo Justice Court (County Annex Building, Alamo, Nevada). This otherwise minor misdemeanor trial has the potential to become the next big media event, since it involves the anonymous CAMMO DUDES, dubiously deputized by Lincoln County, who patrol the perimeter and public lands near the Groom Lake base. The same MAJOR NETWORK NEWS MAGAZINE that covered the hearing is also interested in the trespassers' story.

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The Groom Lake Desert Rat

"The Naked Truth from Open Sources."

AREA 51/NELLIS RANGE/TTR/NTS/S-4?/WEIRD STUFF/DESERT LORE

An on-line newsletter. Written, published, [copyrighted](#) and totally disavowed by [Psychospay](#). Direct from the "UFO Capital," Rachel, Nevada.

Issue #5. March 21, 1994

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Secret Base Cheats Local Tax Rolls

A Desert Rat Muckraking Investigation

What do Lincoln County residents think about having "America's Most Popular Secret Base" within their borders? Like other rural denizens of the Wild West, we are conservative, patriotic folk who proudly wave the flag at every opportunity while cursing the federal government in any form. Like citizens anywhere, our strongest loyalties tend to run along economic lines. We love the federal government when it gives our people jobs and pays our local government lots of money. We despise it when it takes away our money, makes us fill out forms and forces us to obey a lot of irritating rules. We also hate the federal government when it does unpleasant things to us, like kill our friends and neighbors, which it has done in Lincoln County in the past. In the years of the above-ground atomic testing at the Nevada Test Site, local residents were the closest "Downwinders"--the first to receive the fallout--and it seems that nearly everyone who was living here then has witnessed someone close die a long and painful death from some mysterious cancer. "You are perfectly safe here," the government officials said as they fled the area themselves.

But that is water under the bridge now, and what it comes down to today is dollars and cents. We love the feds when they give us business and hate them when they kill us or otherwise interfere with local commerce. In any other part of America, it is common to find the most vehement supporters of defense spending to be clustered around military bases and the factories of government contractors. Local folks know which side of the butter their bread is on and usually have no desire to kill a gold laying goose.

Such passions are not strong in Lincoln County, however. The Groom Lake base, unacknowledged by the Air Force, also hardly exists in the Lincoln County economy. The bulk of the jobs and contracts for the base are sucked up by wealthy Las Vegas, 90 miles to the south. Workers from there are whisked to Groom aboard a private fleet of 737 aircraft while the few Lincoln County workers are condemned to a longer trip in their own cars or in a no-frills, military style school bus. A handful of low-level jobs and a piddling contribution to taxes are all that this dirt-poor county gets for hosting the production facilities and hazardous waste dumps of a billion dollar facility.

From time to time, Psychospay drops in on the bi-monthly meeting of the Lincoln County Commissioners as they try to hunt up the funds to repair the sagging school buildings or breath some life into the dying economy here. (They're also scrambling to feed the Jail That Ate Lincoln County [[DR#1](#)], but that's another story and the county's own damn

fault.) In the past few months, the subject of the Freedom Ridge/White Sides withdrawal has come up a few times. The commissioners are dead opposed to the land grab--but only, it seems, as a way to needle the Bureau of Land Management. Given the almost complete invisibility of the Air Force in daily county affairs, BLM is perceived as the main Darth Vader around here, and the commission has taken the stand that the BLM has no right to negotiate the future of public lands.

The Air Force has been mentioned only in passing. In the course of one meeting in which the land grab was discussed, a county employee cautioned the commissioners about acting too aggressively. He was concerned that if the Air Force was feeling too much pressure in Lincoln County, they might just close up the base and combine that operation with the semi-secret Tonopah Test Range in the next county over. If that happened, Lincoln County would lose the tax revenue for the base that it is now getting from the Air Force.

Wheels began to turn in Psychosp's suspicious little mind. What tax revenue?

After the meeting, we went upstairs in the County Courthouse to chat with the tax assessor and the county treasurer. Nearly all county records are open to the public--as they should be in democratic government--and we wanted to know what property the Air Force was paying taxes on and how the valuation of it was determined. With the assistance of some helpful county workers, we delved into the tax records and gave ourselves a crash course in property tax assessment--not a sexy subject to us until now. Our findings remain tentative, since we are still unfamiliar many areas of tax law, but we have the feeling we are on the trail of something big.

The state and local government cannot tax the federal government and vice versa. This exemption is guaranteed in the supremacy clause of U.S. Constitution. If the federal government owns the Groom Lake base and all the buildings there, then it cannot be directly taxed for that property. However, there are limits to this exemption, as described in the Nevada Revised Statutes (NRS), section 361.157:

When any real estate which for any reason is exempt from taxation is leased, loaned or otherwise made available to and used by a natural person, association, partnership or corporation in connection with a business conducted for profit, it is subject to taxation in the same amount and to the same extent as though the lessee or user were the owner of the real estate.

For example, if the Lockheed Corporation had an aircraft assembly plant at Groom Lake, the building it occupied would be subject to property taxes even if it was owned by the U.S. Government. According to annotations in the NRS, this provision has held up in court, and it is also consistent with common sense: Although the federal government itself may be exempt, it cannot shelter a private, profit-making corporation from its tax liability. Lockheed cannot be allowed to escape property taxes simply by moving its operation onto federal land.

Groom Lake is apparently run by contractors. Lockheed has obviously had a big "black aircraft" assembly and testing operation there for years, while many support services, like the 737 shuttle jets and perimeter security, are operated by EG&G and its REECO subsidiary. At the adjoining Nevada Test Site, which was once engaged in a mission that was almost as secret (i.e. blowing up the world), the vast majority of workers are employed by contractors, not the government. Since the government doesn't build planes or develop weapons technology on its own, we can reasonably assume that most of those buildings along the dry lake bed are housing the operations of private, profit-making contractors. If so, the assessment of that property ought to appear on county records. According to the NRS, the taxes could be paid directly by the contractor or as an equivalent "in-lieu" payment by the federal government.

In the treasurer's office, we looked up the latest tax bill for the U.S. Air Force. It is one of the county's few large tax assessments and the only entity the Groom base could fall under. The bill covers all of the Air Force's installations in Lincoln County, without specifying location. In the 93-94 tax year, the Air Force paid taxes of \$65,517 on a property assessment (for "Buildings and Improvements" plus "Other Personal Property") of \$2,517,781. The fact that the Air Force is paying this bill implies that it agrees that certain of the buildings and property on its land should be taxed. Previous years' assessments were not much different, and next year's will increase only modestly.

We never went to tax assessor school and have only a vague idea of how much industrial property is worth, but it seems to us that \$2.5 million wouldn't buy a LATRINE at a facility like Groom Lake. (It would be, after all, a

CLASSIFIED latrine.) For comparison, a single copy of the B-2 Stealth Bomber is said to cost something in the neighborhood of \$1 billion. It is reasonable to guess, then, that the base is also worth at least a billion. In that context, \$65,517 in taxes is only a trivial drip of revenue, a token payment that in no way reflects any real assessment.

Could it be that the secret base is cheating on its taxes?

That is one of the advantages of having a secret base. Since it doesn't exist, the local tax assessor can't go there to inspect the property; the county has to accept whatever assessment the Air Force hands out. This is like asking a homeowner to assess his own property and choose his own tax, without any threat of audit. Naturally, "national security" dictates that the Air Force give the smallest possible assessment so as to not tip off the "enemy" about the true scale of the operation at Groom.

Now that the base and its facilities are being widely publicizing, it is becoming obvious that the Air Force has been less than frank in its assessment of the property and has shorted the county on property taxes for years. We don't know what legal recourse the county may have, but we believe that a lot of money is due. Instead of \$65,517 annually, we suspect that the proper contribution should be more like \$1 million annually, or about a third of the county income. That doesn't include BACK TAXES and INTEREST. We don't expect the Air Force to voluntarily come clean and pay its proper due--That's not the Air Force way.--but forcing them to publicly acknowledge the base would certainly advance the cause.

Sheriff's Contract

A separate payment to the county from the Air Force supports a service contract with the Lincoln County Sheriff's Department. At the county courthouse, we looked up the invoice. The Air Force was charged \$12,477.62 in the last quarter of 1993, or about \$50,000 annually. This compensates the Sheriff's Department for the salary of one deputy and the use of a vehicle. According to the invoice, the Sheriff's Department is required to "routinely patrol the exterior boundary of the Nellis Air Force Range" within Lincoln County and "provide an immediate response to the Nellis Air Force Range when requested by appropriate authority." The department must also provide "special assistance to the applicable on-site security force in case of emergency."

Of course, the "applicable on-site security force" is those cammo dudes who don't exist. This contract provides one of the fascinating junctions between the secret world and open society that might be exploited for further information. The Sheriff's Department, since it accepts federal funds, is now a government contractor, probably subject to an array of federal laws and requirements that could make its records more accessible. At the same time, since the Air Force has entered into this open contract with a non-secure local agency, it can no longer claim that its security operations are secret. The service contract could provide a fruitful entry point for a variety of enforceable FOIA requests.

Toxic Waste Update

Yesterday's Las Vegas Review-Journal (Mar. 20) had a groundbreaking [article](#) on the Groom Lake base and toxic burning there. It triggered in Psychospy almost the same convulsions and hideous cackle we suffered when we first saw the *Popular Science* article [[DR#3](#)]. The new article is based on an interview with an anonymous source who used to work at the base. He says that hazardous wastes used in the development of stealth aircraft were routinely shipped from a Lockheed factory in California for illegal disposal at Groom. While these charges have been made before, this article is remarkable for its detail.

Waste shipments arrived on Mondays and Wednesdays in tractor- trailer trucks. None of the parties involved had the proper permits and documentation for hazardous waste disposal. The barrels were placed in trenches, doused with jet fuel and burned. A widow, Helen Frost, claims that her husband died as a result of exposure to the resulting fumes, and a law professor at George Washington University, Jonathan Turley, is preparing legal action against the Air Force on Mrs. Frost's behalf. The state Environmental Protection Division is also looking into the charges.

In addition to confirming the hazardous waste claims, the source also revealed many other interesting pieces of information. Between 1980 and 1990, the budget for the base was between \$1 billion and \$1.5 billion per year. The article includes a map of the core part of the base, with buildings labeled for the "Lockheed hangers," "burn pits," "Scoot-N-Hide shed" (for concealing aircraft from Soviet satellites), "Red Hat hangers" (for captured Soviet aircraft housed at Groom) and "Sam's Place bar and recreational complex." A sidebar describes the bar and the exotic tastes that were entertained at this unacknowledged "Club Fed."

Some colonels, [the source] said, "had very extravagant tastes," including one who had grapefruit flown in from Israel at \$25 a piece and requested deliveries of canned tuna from South America that he estimates cost the government \$26 per can.

In the dining hall, prime rib was offered every Wednesday afternoon and New York steaks were often on the lunch menu. "They used to serve frog legs, king crab and filet mignon at no charge," he said.

"They drank bottled water to the tune of \$50,000 a month," he said, comparing the lifestyles of some base inhabitants to high rollers in Las Vegas at the government's expense.

To be fair, these may be the exaggerations of a disgruntled former employee, and some of his examples may be taken out of context. Because nothing is confirmable, any such claims by an anonymous source should be taken with a grain of salt. Still, ENQUIRING MINDS WANT TO KNOW, and where confirmable data is lacking, unconfirmed sources will fill the void. If the AF doesn't choose to defend itself, then it has set itself up as the fall guy, and no kind of dirt digging is off limits.

We will be sending out a copy of this article with US mail and internet subscriptions to the Desert Rat. You can also receive a copy by sending us an SASE.

Patriot Revealed

In [DR #4](#), we recorded the comments of two hard-line, anti-Soviet AF supporters at the Las Vegas hearing. According to a reader (johnam@mirage.ccsn.nevada.edu), the first of these speakers was COY PETTYJOHN, a retired Air Force major general and former chief of intelligence for the Pacific air forces. The reader says that in 1992 Pettyjohn ran for Congress against Rep. James Bilbray.

In response to Mr. Pettyjohn's charges, BILL SCOTT of *Aviation Week* writes...

I had to laugh at the story told by the gentleman who recounted the Aviation 'Leak' story at that L.V. hearing. He had a micro-grain of truth in his story, but I've never seen it quite that convoluted. The way the old-timers here tell it, the Soviets had a few subscriptions to the magazine throughout the cold war. As soon as it hit the streets each week, Aviation Week went into the diplomatic pouch bound for Moscow on an Aeroflot flight. Enroute, the magazine was translated into Russian, then duplicated (the Russian version) and distributed by the thousands in-country.

Far as I know, nothing 'secret' or remotely damaging to U.S. interests ever fell into Soviet hands as a result of Av Week spilling the beans. Our approach has always been that, if an uncleared reporter can find out what's going on in the defense/aerospace business--especially on our measly budget!-- then the KGB and its billions of rubles probably had NO problem getting the same stuff and more.

Oh, the story ends in a fairly boring manner. As soon as our sales chief heard about the Soviets' scheme, he pitched a fit over copyright infringement. A 'major' international incident was narrowly avoided by the Soviets agreeing to pay for about 500 or so new subscriptions... but they kept on duplicating thousands of translations. Although it's a bit unexciting, there was never any super-secret missile designs revealed in the pages of Av Week as a result of cagy reporters prowling the halls of the Pentagon.

Intel Bitties

THE LITTLE A-LE-INN Restaurant/Bar/Motel/UFO Headquarters in Rachel will be holding what Pat Travis calls a "UFO Friendship Campout" (downgraded from "UFO Conference") on the weekend of May 20-22. This is unlikely to be as memorable as last year's "Ultimate UFO Seminar" where Lazar, Knapp and Lear spoke. These three seem unlikely to attend this year, and at present there are no confirmed speakers and no agenda. Many attendees at last year's conference felt burned due to its domination by a Bible- wielding conspiracy buff, [Gary Schultz](#). Happily, Schultz has not been seen in Rachel since, but an unstructured event like this is sure to attract other conspiracy wacko types to fill the void. Still, if you are in the right frame of mind and don't expect to exchange any real information, this event could be a gas. The fee is \$50 and includes at least five meals, admission to all bull sessions and abduction testimonials, unlimited use of the Porta-Potties and the right to pitch your tent near the Inn. Psychospys has consented to lead an expedition to Freedom Ridge, but otherwise we have no connection with this event. As a courtesy, we have consented to let the Inn use part of our mailing list (once only), so if we have your US mail address you may be receiving a flyer from the Inn within the next week. Otherwise, contact the Inn directly at 702-729-2515 or send an SASE to: Little A-Le-Inn, HCR Box 45, Rachel, NV 89001.

[Later correction: Knapp did not speak at 1993 conference, but was scheduled to.] **ROCKETRY MEET AT DELAMAR LAKE.** According to intel gathered by tmahood@netcom.com, fanatical hobbyists from around the Southwest will be coming to nearby Delamar Dry Lake for a "high powered rocketry" meet this Saturday, March 26. You may be familiar with the chinsy toy rockets that some boys play with. Well, these are BIG rockets for the big boys (i.e. frustrated techno-nerds with no life). The technology achieved by many of these hobbyists surpasses that of some Third World countries. Some models, built from surplus military parts, can be more than 8 feet high and are almost indistinguishable from military missiles. Spectacular failures are said to be common at these events. The goal of this particular meet is maximum altitude. The event runs all day, starting at about 9:00am until the winds whip up, but the FAA has granted the group an UNLIMITED altitude window from 11:00 am to 2:00 pm for the really big ones. We wouldn't be surprised if rocketry whiz BOB LAZAR turned up as a contender. The public is allowed to watch at a respectable distance. Delamar Dry Lake is about 2 hours north of Las Vegas. Take I-15 to US-93, then go roughly 60 miles to milepost LN 36.1 on US-93, just south of the town of Alamo. Turn right (east) on the maintained dirt road across from Buckhorn Ranch Road (okay for any vehicle). Go about 13 miles on the maintained road until you reach the lake bed. The event organizer is the Tripoli Rocketry Association. Contacts are Mark Hendrickson (702-451-3517) and Les Derkowitz (702-875-4279).

GREEN FLAG EXERCISES. Tim Gerlach, editor of the *Whiskey Alpha Report* (a newsletter for aviation watchers at Nellis AFB), reports that the current major air exercise on the Nellis Range is GREEN FLAG, Mar. 12 thru Apr. 23. GREEN FLAG is a series of war games similar to RED FLAG but with an emphasis on electronic warfare. Observers on the ground can expect to see similar activities: dogfights, bombing runs and lots of flares. The exercise will consist of three two-week rotations, with new crews for each period. The typical pattern with these exercises is that the first Saturday of each period is arrival day, when a steady stream of aircraft flow into Nellis AFB. Actual exercises usually take place Monday through Friday. [For information on the *Whiskey Alpha Report*, write to Tim at: 1973 N Nellis Bl #112, Las Vegas, NV 89115.]

RACHEL DAY. The annual town celebration in Rachel will be held Sat., April 9. The parade begins at 11am, followed by games and a buffet dinner at the Inn. Games will include the famous Chickenshit Contest. (A grid of squares is drawn on the floor of a chicken cage, and people place bets on where the chicken will shit first.) Everyone's invited!

VIEWERS GUIDE EDITION 2.02 has just been released. The changes from 2.0 and 2.01 are mostly minor or cosmetic. However, 2.02 does add a detailed road map of the Tikaboo Valley, including locations of road sensors and the proposed withdrawal area. There is also some basic information about Tikaboo Peak, the viewpoint into Groom Lake that was ignored by the AF in the current withdrawal, and on the 4WD road to Freedom Ridge. If you own edition 2.0 or 2.01, you can obtain these pages free by sending us a stamped, self-addressed envelope. If you own any edition prior to 2.0, your book is seriously out of date, and we recommend that you get the new edition before visiting this area again. The current upgrade price is \$7.50 plus \$3.50 priority mail postage (or \$2 for book rate). Be sure to

specify your current version number and the copy number in the lower right corner of the cover. [Note: This info is now out of date. See [DR#23](#).]

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The Groom Lake Desert Rat

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AREA 51/NELLIS RANGE/TTR/NTS/S-4?/WEIRD STUFF/DESERT LORE

An on-line newsletter. Written, published, [copyrighted](#) and totally disavowed by [Psychospay](#). Direct from the "UFO Capital," Rachel, Nevada.

Issue #6. April 6, 1994

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 - [How To Trap A Dude](#)
 - [Intel Bitties](#)
-

Cammo Dudes Raise The Ante

Is It Illegal To Photograph A Nonexistent Base?

These can't be happy times for the "Cammo Dudes," the anonymous camouflage-clad security guards who patrol the outer border of the Groom Lake base and adjoining public lands. The recent national publicity has brought a steady stream of tourists to the Freedom Ridge viewpoint, and the Dudes have to track them all. A security system set up to catch relatively crude Soviet spies seems ill- equipped to deal with hordes of high-tech Americans in their sport utility vehicles toting the latest electro-optic gadgets from the Sharper Image catalog.

Particularly irksome to the men in beige is enforcement of a vague 1948 federal statute against photography. According to [Section 795](#) of Title 18 U.S.C., it is illegal to photograph any "installation or equipment" defined by the President as requiring such protection, with a potential fine of up to \$1,000 and one year in prison. This statute is cited in signs approaching the border, but we have not yet found any case of it being tested in court. The main legal problem is that if the base does not officially exist and is not publicly defined anywhere, how can a visitor know when he is taking a picture of it? The military could claim that ANY picture taken of ANY land within the Restricted Zone is illegal, but by that definition you couldn't take a snapshot anywhere in southern Nevada if military-controlled mountains happened to appear in the background.

Given that detailed photos of the Groom base taken from public land have already been widely published and televised without a peep of protest from the military, the average citizen might assume that any such regulations are moot. The technology of 1948 was certainly different from today, when camcorders can fit in the palm of your hand and telephoto lenses can get clear shots from dozens of miles away. If the military does not control people's movements and activities on public land and cannot restrict the possession of cameras themselves, it is pretty near impossible for them to control photography.

But that doesn't prevent the Dudes from trying. They diligently track and observe all visitors to see if they might be carrying a camera. If they see one, they call the Sheriff. A deputy makes the long trip from Alamo to interview the suspects. He asks if they were taking pictures, and if they admit they were, he asks for their film. It has taken a while, but the watchers have eventually caught on that he is "asking," not "ordering" them to turn over their film, and all they have to do to retain it is say, "No."

The burden of proof is then on the authorities to show "probable cause" that a crime has been committed. Visiting

Freedom Ridge and having a camera in your possession do not constitute probable cause, since there are no legal restrictions against either. To justify a warrant for search, seizure or arrest, some witness has to come forward to say he saw you taking pictures. This is a problem for the Dudes because they, like the base itself, do not officially exist. If the patrols saw you taking pictures, they are unlikely to make an official statement to that effect, because that would place them at risk of public exposure in the court system.

When they see a camera on Freedom Ridge, the Dudes still call the Sheriff. The deputy who responds goes through the motions of investigating the complaint, but not with much apparent enthusiasm. The Dudes dump their problem on the Sheriff's Department but provide no support should the situation get hot. This has led to a number of embarrassing encounters where the county has been left holding the bag.

In March 1993, a crew from a Dallas TV station was caught red handed. When stopped by the deputy, they admitted to taking footage of the base from White Sides Mtn. The deputy asked for their video tape, but they refused. After a standoff of a couple of hours in which the station's lawyers were called and the feds consulted, the feds declined to pursue the matter, and the crew walked away with their tape.

In August 1993, Psychospy and several of the legendary Interceptors were camped on Freedom Ridge when they were awakened by a Sheriff's deputy, escorted to this remote site by a Cammo Dude. The deputy asked to search our bags for cameras, but we declined the offer. Without our consent, opening our bags would have required a warrant. If any of the Cammo Dudes had seen us with cameras earlier, they were apparently unwilling to make a statement to that effect, and again, the feds backed down. The deputy had made a long drive and a stiff hike for nothing.

The issue of "probable cause" is a natty one for the Cammo Dudes. If they don't exist, won't interact with visitors and can't testify in court, how can they pursue a case against alleged photographers? By the time the Sheriff arrives any infraction that might have occurred is long past. Film, cameras and even the suspects themselves can easily vanish in the 40 minutes it takes the deputy to arrive. Without a direct admission from the suspect or the testimony of a Dude, any prosecution of the 1948 statute would seem hopeless to pursue.

The Dudes never give up, however. The problem of tourists photographing the nonexistent installation has evidently caused enough chagrin in the secret base hierarchy to make them to pull out all the stops. In their latest move, they've gone to the top secret "Q" Division of the Special Weapons Research Directorate for a high-tech James Bond gizmo to quash those Interceptors once and for all....

The Super Mega Spy Cam

On March 23, Psychospy was visiting Freedom Ridge accompanied by the usual media rif-raff. This time it was a reporter and a photographer working for the *New York Times Magazine*. We drove to the top on the now well-beaten "Freedom Ridge Expressway," then lounged at the viewpoint for an hour or two. Two Dude patrols, a Cherokee and a white pickup, watched us from separate hilltops behind the line as we scanned Groom Lake with a spotting scope. All we saw was your run-of-the-mill secret base, just sitting there, no big deal.

Turning the scope toward the Dudes, however, one of the visitors caught something new. The occupant of the pickup, about a mile and half from us, was now out of his vehicle and doing something in the desert about 50 feet away. At low magnification, he seemed to be standing behind a large, dark green form about as tall as he was. The shape of the blob was reminiscent of the Creature from the Black Lagoon when first emerging from the slime, and we might have wondered at first whether the man was being attacked by the creature's desert cousin.

Switching to higher magnification revealed that the blob was actually a tripod draped in camouflage netting, and on top was some sort of bulky device that the man was looking through. It was hard for us to make out the details from our distance, but the device resembled a large studio video camera pointed directly at us. Psychospy was reminded of the device spotted atop a camouflaged van during the Freedom Ridge Field Trip in January. [DR#1] It was apparent to us that this was a surveillance camera, probably of high magnification given its size, and that it was probably attached to a VCR deck. They were obviously trying to collect evidence of people photographing the secret base.

At times like this, we find it immensely helpful to have the Sheriff's radio frequency (154.86 MHz) programmed into our scanner. Sure enough, shortly after we spotted the "Super Mega Spy Cam" looking up at us, we heard from the Sheriff's dispatcher that Range Security had called with a complaint. Three individuals, including the notorious GLENN CAMPBELL and a reporter from "The New York Press," were seen taking pictures from "the area referred as Freedom Ridge."

We were outraged at these unfounded charges. Psychospy didn't have a camera. The reporter didn't have a camera. The photographer... darn it, where did he go to? Up until now, anyone taking reasonable precautions could pretty much snap whatever pictures they wanted. CNN did it. So did local stations from Boston, Dallas and Las Vegas and major newspapers and magazines from around the country. Big time news crews, used to filming in really dangerous situations in wars around the world, drive past the wordy No Photography signs without even slowing down. Even the little guy without the backing of a powerful news organization could get away with a few snaps as long as he didn't wave his camera around. The Dudes can't see much from over a mile away, and even if they did, they probably wouldn't come forward to testify.

The Super Mega Spy Cam (SMSC) changed all that. On the Sheriff's frequency, we heard our own license plate number reported. Reading license plates from a mile and a half away is no mean feat. With that magnification, you could not only see if someone had a camera but maybe even the f-stop and exposure settings. What's more, everything the operator sees is probably also being recorded on tape, perhaps for use in court. Over the radio, we heard that the District Attorney and local Justice of the Peace were being notified, as well as the legal advisor for the range. This could mean only one thing: search warrants.

The authorities had never gotten this serious before, and all Psychospy can say is, it couldn't have happened at a better time. The Times guys wanted action, and the Cammo Dudes were graciously providing it. Full red carpet treatment. The reporter had dodged bullets and counted bodies in the Gulf War, while the photographer cut his journalistic teeth in Afghanistan, Haiti and the L.A. riots. These guys couldn't be happier than to relive the thrill of battle, this time with no real risk of being shot. With the Sheriff still twenty minutes away, we decided it was time to pack up. In full view of the Dudes and the SMSC, we casually loaded our gear into the 4WD, rolled down the dirt track at a leisurely pace, then stopped at a lower ridge where we waved at the guy in the white Cherokee.

Then we vanished.

It was a pleasant day and we had plenty of time, so we decided we would take an alternate route. We turned off the track and down into a ravine where the Dudes couldn't see us. We went as far as we could in the 4WD, then we decided to take a stroll. We hiked about fifteen minutes down a gorge to some protected ledges near the base of Freedom Ridge. There we relaxed and broke out the Mountain Dew and pretzels.

After a while we began to feel really guilty. Over the radio, we heard that the deputy had discovered our car and was now tracking us on foot. He was good. Psychospy was used to dealing with the uninspired Cammo Dudes who hardly ever left their vehicles. Now we were being pursued by a professional who was reading our footprints in the sand. Sooner or later, he would find us, and he would be pissing mad.

We debated the merits of hiking back to meet the deputy instead of putting him through the wringer. We had no problem with playing with the anonymous Dudes--That's what they are there for.--but the deputy deserved more respect. Obviously, he was not here of his own volition. The Dudes had dumped an impossible problem on him and expected him to solve it. We felt bad about making him sweat and were getting ready to head back to face the music when miraculous redemption came from the skies.

Black Hawk.

Suddenly, our escapade became all worthwhile as we dove for cover. We huddled behind bushes along the sides of the ravine as the big green helicopter combed the hillsides looking for us. It made several passes down the ravine, as the Times photographer snapped away, but they apparently didn't spot us. As they began to search other areas, we realized that we would have to make ourselves more obvious if we wanted to bring the chopper back. We hiked down to the bottom of the ravine and out into the open desert. Wanting to be spotted but too proud to wave the white flag, we

crouched behind spindly bushes that didn't do much to hide us. The helicopter came back, and they managed to detect us. It circled around us a couple of times, then came down low, hovered directly above us and blasted us real good.

All right!

It is very tempting in cases like this to overestimate the threat. For example, in a similar story published in Popular Science, where Psychospy and aviation expert Jim Goodall were "picnicking" under a small tree, the helicopter that blasted us seemed to get closer and closer with each telling of the tale. In Popular Science, it nearly took off half the tree, when in reality it never physically touched it, only hovered within a couple of feet (or roughly 25 to 30 feet above us). In the later encounter, the Times reporter conservatively estimated that the helicopter was 50 feet above us, although Psychospy and the photographer thought it was less. In any case, it was close enough at least to blast us with sand and force us to close our eyes. The helicopter "sat" on us for about ten seconds, then it rose straight up.

The obvious message was, "Ha, we found you!"

Regardless of whether the chopper was 30 feet or 50 feet above us (or whether we were frightened or thrilled by the encounter), this action violates the Air Force's own regulation regarding operating altitudes, which, except for take-off and landing, require a minimum altitude of 500 feet above any person, vehicle or building. (AF Regulation 60-16, Section 5-10.) Never during our visit did we leave public land, and at the time of the "assault," we were about a half mile from the border.

The helicopter went back to where the deputy was and transported him to a hill that was closer to our position. Then it hovered near us at a fairly respectable distance, about 100 feet above and 100 feet away, as it waited for the deputy to reach us. As it hovered, we had a chance to examine the helicopter in detail with binoculars. We were looking for tail numbers but found none. There was a faint Air Force insignia and a few other minor markings but otherwise nothing to identify the craft. Certainly, this must be a violation of a regulation, too.

When the deputy arrived, he was not a happy camper. He asked us if we had cameras on the hill. Psychospy replied, in lawyer-like tones, that what we were doing on the hill was our private affair and that we had no desire to discuss our activities. The deputy said it was the wrong answer. We were seen taking pictures from Freedom Ridge, and based on this information, he could hold us until search warrants could be obtained. Psychospy replied that the deputy must do what he has to do.

That's when the photographer broke down and confessed. He admitted that he did have a camera on Freedom Ridge but that there was no film in it at the time. His only goal in displaying it was to provoke the Dudes into sending out the helicopter. The only shots he took were of the Black Hawk buzzing us over public land.

Showing no emotion, not even a smirk, the deputy relayed this story over the radio to his superiors at the Sheriff's Department. He asked them what he should do next. After a long pause, the word came back that the subjects could either voluntarily turn over their film or they would be held until a search warrant could be obtained for their vehicle.

The reporter and photographer huddled for a moment, then they began to argue violently. The photographer did not want to turn over his film. He was a professional, he said, and he had broken no law. The reporter insisted that he must turn over his film, that it was the only way to get out of this sticky situation. The argument went on for five minutes at least, while Psychospy paced around in the background, shaking his head and rolling his eyes to high heaven.

Finally, the photographer gave in. Psychospy nearly cried as he watched this proud man, veteran of countless Third World conflicts, reduced to quivering jelly by the Cammo Dudes and the Lincoln County Sheriff's Department. Haltingly, painfully, the photographer emptied his camera and his bag and turned over his film to the Sheriff. Both rolls.

There was some debate on the Sheriff's channel about whether the photographer might have shot more than two rolls. We don't know what was happening off the radio, but presumably the Sheriff was contacting the Dudes about what they wanted to do. We heard from the deputy that there was some talk of executing a warrant anyway, but evidently the will was not strong. As we hiked back up the hill with the deputy to where our cars were parked, the reporter took

the opportunity to interview him. At the top, the deputy provided the photographer with a receipt for the two rolls, and we parted amicably.

Did the photographer shoot more than two rolls? Perhaps the answer will be revealed in a future edition of the New York Times Sunday Magazine.

Analysis

The journalists had identified themselves as working for the New York Times, but we sensed that it didn't have much to do with how we were treated. It seemed to us that the Sheriff's Department had gone through the motions of investigating the complaint but had no interest in pushing it any further than necessary. It seems that whenever the Sheriff's Department goes out on a limb to pursue an AF complaint, the AF leaves them hanging. The Cammo Dudes may complain a lot, but they never back it up with a court appearance or any kind of public action that might "reveal" their existence.

Realistically, serving a search warrant would have opened a Pandora's box of problems for the Sheriff that the nonexistent feds would immediately wash their hands of. If the Sheriff had searched our vehicle, found exposed film and seized it, a noisy custody battle would become inevitable. If the Sheriff searched the vehicle and find no exposed film, nationally publicized embarrassment might follow, with the Cammo Dudes, as usual, providing no support to the county.

Even the Super Mega Spy Cam doesn't help any. At best, what the tape might show is close-up pictures of people using cameras on public land. It doesn't provide any indication of what the people are pointing their cameras at. The tape alone provides no useful legal evidence unless someone is willing to testify that the base exists, the cameras were pointed at it and that the Groom installation is designated by the President as requiring protection from photography.

Any attempt to prosecute a photographer who stays on public land would seem a legal and public relations nightmare as long as the Groom base is unacknowledged. Indeed, any such court case might only provide an opportunity for activists to prove, without a legal doubt, that the base does indeed exist. It seems unlikely, then, that the feds would ever press charges, especially in the current climate where any case would be intensely watched. Without the political will to prosecute, complaints to the Sheriff and the execution of search warrants would seem only a means of harassment. As it stands now, calling the Sheriff when people are seen with cameras seems little more than an attempt by the Cammo Dudes to coerce visitors into "voluntarily" relinquishing their film.

How To Trap A Dude

With so much public interest in the mysterious Cammo Dudes, every journalist wants to interview one. Trouble is, whenever you approach them on public land, they literally run away, dashing across the border where you can't follow.

The day before the incident reported above, Psychospy and the Times reporter were touring a different part of the border with several other visitors. While traveling in a three-vehicle convoy down a rugged dirt road, we passed one of the Dudes in a white Cherokee, evidently alerted by the ILLEGAL ROAD SENSORS we had tripped. After he passed, the reporter jumped out of our vehicle and ran after him, trying to get him to stop, but the driver gunned the engine and sped away.

Fortunately, we saw a second Cherokee coming down the road a few minutes later, and this time we knew what to do. After our lead vehicle passed him, it turned diagonally across the road, and the trailing vehicles did the same, trapping the Dude between. The reporter then sauntered over and conducted a leisurely interview.

What did the driver have to say? "No comment" pretty much sums it up. "Don't ask me any questions," was his most memorably line, although spoken in an amiable tone. The Dude was clearly embarrassed at being so easily captured, but he did have the presence to ask the reporter who he was writing for.

The reporter's reply was relayed through the Cammo Dude bureaucracy, but got strangely garbled in the process. The next day, the Dudes reported to the Sheriff that the journalist was from "The New York Press." We had never heard of this publication but speculated that it must be one of the gay community newspapers out of Greenwich Village.

Perhaps the Dudes are more worldly than we thought.

Intel Bitties

CAMOUFLAGE FATIGUES. The Cammo Dudes are dressed in SIX-COLOR DESERT camouflage [Wrong, see [DR#8](#)], not the three-color style more widely available in Army-Navy stores. Some visitors have come in three-color and felt oh so gauche. Don't embarrass yourself. Six-color cammo is available at Army-Navy 1 in Las Vegas or by mail from US Cavalry (catalog: 800-777-7732).

FREEDOM RIDGE STATUS: Still open. No closure date set.

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The Groom Lake Desert Rat

"The Naked Truth from Open Sources."

AREA 51/NELLIS RANGE/TTR/NTS/S-4?/WEIRD STUFF/DESERT LORE

An on-line newsletter. Written, published, [copyrighted](#) and totally disavowed by [Psychospay](#). Direct from the "UFO Capital," Rachel, Nevada.

Issue #7. April 10, 1994

- [ABC News Loses Camera Equipment](#)
- [Trial Date Correction](#)
- [Campbell Seeks Confiscated Film](#)

ABC News Loses Camera Equipment

Acting at the request of the anonymous Groom Lake security force, the Lincoln County Sheriff's Department on Friday afternoon confiscated the equipment and videotape of an ABC News film crew after the crew was seen with a video camera at the Freedom Ridge viewpoint.

While the unacknowledged Groom Lake air base has become a popular subject for many news photographers, the ABC crew claims they took no such pictures. They say that, on the advice of the network's legal counsel, they never pointed their camera in the direction of the secret base. The news report was to focus on the ironies of military secrecy, including the logical inconsistencies of the photography restriction. Crew members also say they filmed only on public land and never crossed the nearby military boundary.

After driving down from the ridge in two four-wheel-drive vehicles, the four-man crew and their two escorts were stopped and detained by two deputies of the Lincoln County Sheriff's Department. Also present were two men wearing camouflage fatigues with no name tags or insignia. These men, presumably members of the perimeter security force, declined to identify themselves, but the vehicles they were driving bore U.S. Government plates.

Members of the film crew told the deputies they took no footage of the base, but apparently their word was not believed. Based on the statements of an unnamed security guard who claimed to have seen the ABC camera pointed at the base, the deputies obtained a search-and-seizure warrant by radio, then confiscated all equipment and tapes of the crew and their escorts. Equipment seized included a professional video camera, sound mixing equipment, tape recorders, microphones, batteries, cables, a tripod, scanner radios, walkie-talkies and video and audio tapes. The total value of the equipment was estimated to exceed \$65,000.

According to local activists, this is the first time that a search warrant has been served on visitors to the Groom Lake perimeter.

Immediately following the seizure, the equipment was taken inside the base perimeter and turned over to the anonymous private security force. The film crew was not informed of the equipment's final destination or if they would get it back. It is not clear why the tapes and equipment were turned over to the security personnel and not retained by the Sheriff's Department or the local justice court that issued the warrant. On public land, it is assumed that only the Sheriff's Department has jurisdiction, not the security personnel.

The ABC crew consisted of correspondent James Walker, producer Robert Haberl, cameraman Robert Jennings and sound technician Mel Barr. All are employed by ABC News and were on assignment for "World News Tonight with Peter Jennings." Accompanying the crew was government oversight activist Glenn Campbell, from whom radio

equipment was seized. A sixth member of the party, aerospace historian Peter Merlin, was detained with the others but did not lose any equipment.

Members of the party were individually searched, as were their vehicles. After the equipment was seized, the six were allowed to leave the area. No one was arrested, and the group was detained for approximately two hours total.

The ABC crew and Mr. Campbell say they will fight the seizure.

[[Transcript of later ABC report](#)]

[Federal photography statute: [18 USC 795](#)]

Trial Date Correction

In [DR#4](#), the rescheduled trial date for four of seven accused trespassers was incorrectly reported. The rescheduled date is Apr. 13 (not Apr. 18). Even this date may be subject to revision owing to delays in obtaining subpoenas.

On Jan. 2, the seven Las Vegas residents were arrested at a guard house about one-half mile inside the military boundary, about 13 miles northeast of the secret Groom Lake base and about a mile northwest of the public Freedom Ridge viewpoint. [See [DR#1](#).] Members of the group claim they crossed the border by accident while trying to find a well- publicized hiking trail to Freedom Ridge.

The group passed the border while driving on a maintained access road serving the Groom Lake base. The border point is marked by signs on either side of the road but no fence or gate. This stretch of unpaved road has been dubbed "Sucker's Alley" by experienced visitors because of the growing number of first-time tourists who have driven beyond the signs here and been arrested at the guard house just beyond. The border and signs are located where the road passes through a narrow ravine where there is limited warning time and no convenient place to turn around. Visitors who drive up to the guard house to ask for information are usually arrested immediately with no opportunity for excuse or explanation.

The group also claims that they passed a security patrol immediately after crossing the border and that the patrol made no attempt to stop them. They say an occupant of the vehicle waved to them in an apparently friendly manner, a gesture taken as an implied consent to proceed.

While three of the seven chose to plead "No Contest" at their arraignment and accept a fine, the four remaining defendants have maintained their innocence and rejected plea bargain offers by the District Attorney. The four say that although they did cross the line, the circumstances were confusing and they did not do so intentionally.

In the course of the arrest, cameras, telescopes and binoculars belonging to members of the group were seized by the anonymous security guards. Receipts were given for some of this equipment, but they were not signed. The equipment has not yet been returned.

Campbell Seeks Confiscated Film

Rachel resident Glenn Campbell is continuing to seek the return of four rolls of photographic film taken from him on June 16, 1993. Like the ABC crew in the more recent incident, Campbell was seen with a camera on public land near the military border but claims he took no pictures of restricted installations. Campbell says that he was near the border north of Groom Lake where the base itself was not visible.

Campbell says his film includes shots of a military helicopter deliberately buzzing him and a companion at a height of 25-30 feet about the ground. He says that under Air Force regulations, aircraft are supposed to maintain an altitude of

500 feet above any person, building or vehicle. Campbell characterizes the encounter as a deliberate assault in which the helicopter downwash was used to bombard the pair with flying debris. Campbell says that the film contains proof of both the action and the intent.

Although Campbell voluntarily gave his film to a Sheriff's deputy when asked to so, he says that it was with the explicit understanding that the film would be developed and returned to him. Campbell says that, despite numerous demands and inquiries, the film has not been returned. He says he has not been given any notice that the film is being forfeited either, and he has not been charged with any crime. Campbell contends that his property has been confiscated without due process.

"I did not photograph any installation," Campbell says. "You couldn't even see anything from that area, so I figured it was safe to let the Sheriff examine my film. I know now that I was foolish, but I thought I would get it back, especially when the pictures contained clear evidence of Air Force wrongdoing. I thought the Sheriff would retain control of the film and the federal authorities wouldn't be so dumb as to try to cover up their own crimes. I was wrong."

In a letter to Mr. Campbell, the District Attorney confirmed that the film was turned over to the Air Force but gave no further specifics. Mr. Campbell's lawyer, Steve Hofer, has formerly requested information from the District Attorney on where this film is being held and to which party a suit should be directed. Campbell says he will pursue the matter in court if no progress is made.

In an unrelated case, no word has been received on the status of the two rolls of film taken from a photographer working for the *New York Times Magazine* after he was seen on Freedom Ridge with a camera on March 23 [DR#6] It remains unclear at the writing whether the rolls relinquished actually contained any pictures or whether the photographer or his employer will choose to pursue the case.

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[Supplement to the Groom Lake Desert Rat. Transcribed without permission.]

REPORT ON GROOM LAKE

ABC World News Tonight

April 19, 1994

Peter Jennings: Finally from us this evening, the road to Dreamland. And there really is such a place, though you are not supposed to know about it, and the U.S. Air Force is unhappy with us because we're going to tell you about it. The Dreamland we are talking about is actually an Air Force base in Nevada. The Russians know about it, so why not you? ABC's Jimmy Walker has the results of an ABC News investigation....

Jimmy Walker: We are one hundred miles from Las Vegas driving across the Nevada desert on public land. There is more here than meets the eye. A few feet off the dirt road, an electronic sensor is hidden in the sagebrush.

Glenn Campbell: [Radio static in background.] The base control has relayed to the patrols that someone has crossed one of their sensors. That's us.

Walker: So they now know...

Campbell: They know we're here. They'll be here in about ten minutes.

Walker: Sure enough, minutes later, a white Jeep goes by. Someone is very interested in who visits this particular piece of scrub. That someone is the U.S. Air Force. A helicopter flies out to investigate us. It comes from Groom Lake, one of the most closely guarded military facilities in the country.

The secret air base which some people call Dreamland or others Watertown or still others Area 51 is located about twelve miles over in that direction. It's clearly visible but the government won't acknowledge that it even exists. And to photograph it would violate the Espionage Act.

Military historians say the U-2 spy plane was tested at Groom Lake. More recently, the Stealth fighter. But the base does not appear on any map, and for the record, the Pentagon will only say that Groom Lake is part of the vast Nellis Range complex.

Enter Glenn Campbell and Peter Merlin, members of a group that believes the Air Force has too many secrets and not enough accountability. Armed with lawn chairs and binoculars, they set up shop on public land overlooking the air base. And they're driving the Air Force crazy.

Peter Merlin: There's some large hangers. One is quite enormous.

And a control tower....

Walker: As a result of the prying eyes, the Air Force is trying to expropriate this hilltop and an adjoining one to add to the 4700 square miles it already controls, saying it's needed for safety reasons.

Campbell: There was the suggestion that people sitting on this ridge like we are doing might be hit by aircraft.

Walker: The pending land grab has turned the hilltops into a tourist attraction, drawing even more attention to the base. Last month at a federal hearing in Las Vegas, officials got an earful.

Angry Citizen at Hearing: The place is big enough already. How much expansion do they need? That place is safe. It's stupid.

Another Citizen at Hearing: There have already been allegations that environmental crimes have been committed there. Now you're asking for 4000 more acres to hide behind.

Walker: What's more, buy this model plane kit [Testor's "Thunder Dart"] and you get with it [on the] directions this 1988 photograph of the base taken by a Soviet satellite. The pentagon says it's okay to show you this picture.

Campbell: The only people this base is being kept secret from are the American people, the people who pay for it.

Walker: Our story took an unexpected turn as we prepared to leave. We spotted a Sheriff's car heading our way.

Deputy (at driver's window): We're investigating the possibility of a criminal offense.

Walker: And what would that criminal offense be?

Deputy: Sir, may I see your driver's license, please.

Walker: They believed we were photographing the facility. They were wrong. We were detained, questioned and searched. Our camera, audio equipment and some video tapes were confiscated. The Air Force held the gear for five days before returning it. No charges were filed against us.

And every work day, a fleet of privately owned unmarked airliners shuttle more than 1500 workers from Las Vegas to the base that doesn't exist.

Campbell (looking through binoculars): Yup, secret base out there. Sure enough. Same secret base as yesterday.

Walker: James Walker, ABC News, Lincoln County, Nevada.

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An on-line newsletter. Written, published, [copyrighted](#) and totally disavowed by [Psychospy](#). Direct from the "UFO Capital," Rachel, Nevada.

Issue #8. May 9, 1994

In this issue...

- [Psychospy Goes To Washington](#)
- [Aftermath Of ABC Seizure](#)
- [Intel Bitties](#)

Psychospy Goes To Washington

...And Bonds With The NSA In A Traditional Ceremony

In a brief visit to Our Nation's Capital last weekend, Psychospy was ignored by the CIA and FBI, tolerated by the Pentagon but warmly received by the semi-nonexistent National Security Agency.

On a whirlwind tour of the wicked East Coast, we arranged a 30 hour stopover in D.C. for the purposes of consulting with our political allies (none in dimly lit parking garages) and looking into the intelligence agencies that might be looking into us. First we drove around the perimeter of CIA headquarters in Langley, Virginia. We saw nothing much of interest in this pleasantly wooded campus, just some parking lots and office buildings surrounded by a double row of fencing. We considered driving up to the gate to ask if we might be given a tour, but thought better of it when we saw no visitors center or ticket booth. We snapped a few pix from the road and pressed on.

Next, we drove around the perimeter of FBI headquarters on Pennsylvania Avenue wondering how we could get a date with Agent Scully of *The X-Files*. Fearing rejection, we dared not even stop. The FBI does offer public tours on weekdays, but the possibility of running into Scully, gagging on our chewing gum and having not a thing to say was more than we could bear. We got away from there fast.

We did take the public tour of the [Pentagon](#), however. It was mostly a static review of war memorials and commemorative paintings lining the endless corridors. We were disappointed not to visit the War Room to see the "Big Board" or meet Dr. Strangelove and General Turgidson, but the tour did pass by the offices of Air Force Secretary Sheila Widnall and Secretary of Defense What's-His-Name. Fearing the icy glare of our uniformed tour guide, we chose not to drop in.



Finally, we used our confidential contacts and secret intel to locate the headquarters of the hyper-secret National Security Agency at Fort Meade, Maryland. This big government entity is concerned with radio signal processing and the making and breaking of secret codes. Not long ago it was as nonexistent as Groom: the initials "NSA" were said to signify "No Such Agency." Now, clever spies can find its headquarters by taking the "NSA" exit on the Baltimore-Washington Parkway. No public tours are offered of the facility, but there is a public museum. According to recent news reports, the National Cryptologic Museum is a memorial to coding devices and codebreaking triumphs of the past.

Just off the freeway exit, we found ourselves in front of what looked like a high-tech research park: a collection of

routine steel-and-glass office buildings with only a few discreet satellite dishes on the roof. We found the museum nearby, occupying a former motel on the frontage road facing the busy freeway. Rumor has it the NSA purchased this property because Soviet spooks were using it as an in-your-face observation base for the spy palace next door. The property is now surrounded by a chain-link fence. The museum occupies the motel office while the rest of the compound looks like it is being used as a maintenance depot. [[A reader provides more info.](#)]

Being a Sunday, the museum was closed, so we just drove by it on the frontage road. Posted on the fence immediately in front of the museum, facing the freeway, was a Restricted Area sign with lots of fine print. Such signs hold for us a certain seductive, "come hither" quality. We stopped the car, walked up to the sign and snapped a single picture of it with our trusty Canon.

Lights flashed, sirens wailed. It happens that at the moment we snapped the picture, a security patrol was passing by us on the frontage road. As we attempted to escape in our rental car, they pulled us over, and soon we were surrounded by three squad cars with flashing lights and "Department of Defense" emblems on the door. An officer demanded our driver's license, and as he was radioing in our ID, we turned on our own surveillance devices to catch the freq. The marked security patrols broadcast on 408.35 MHz, and, as expected from America's coding agency, the transmission was encrypted.

A plainclothes officer arrived in a fourth vehicle and told us he would have to confiscate our film. Warm and nostalgic feelings drifted over us as we politely told the officer to go to hell. We gave him our business card for "Secrecy Oversight Council" and said that we had some experience with this kind of demand. We asked him the authority by which he was taking our film. He said that since we were on the property of Fort Meade, we were subject to search and seizure without warrant. We expressed our doubts about whether the frontage road beside the freeway was the property of Fort Meade. We then pointed to the cars passing on the freeway a few feet away and tried to explain the logical inconsistencies. On the other side of the freeway, there was also a tall office tower in what appeared to be a private business park. Couldn't motorists or workers in the tower take all the pictures they wanted?

The officer was unmoved. He escorted us back to the sign we had just photographed so we could read it. We read the whole thing aloud to him in our best theatrical voice. Sure enough, about the third item on the list of don'ts was a prohibition against photography. Already holding the world's record for politically charged seizures of technically worthless film, Psychospy knew the drill better than anything. Like a previous photographer reported in the Rat, we hemmed and hawed, put on our best show of defiance, then broke down under the unbearable pressure of NSA Security. In front of the officer, we unloaded our camera and turned over our film for "processing."

The officer gave us a receipt--signed, no less. He was Scott N. Jacoby of the NSA, Section SSOC. He said the film would be developed and returned to us if no illegal photos were found. We asked for double prints, but Mr. Jacoby was not receptive. With our film now exchanged for a piece of paper, the ceremony was complete, and we were free to go. We completed our survey of the Fort Meade area, snapped a whole roll of the main NSA complex from the stoplight out front, then took off down the highway.

So what pictures were on that lost roll of film? While waiting in the car for the plainclothes officer to arrive, Psychospy would have had plenty of time to switch rolls in the camera, but that would have been dishonest. Psychospy might have had to--gasp!-- lie to the officer when he turned over a blank roll. Lying is something the government does all the time, especially around these well-publicized secret facilities, but Psychospy will not stoop to that level. The film turned over contained our distant photos of the CIA headquarters, some snaps of the Pentagon, shots of Georgetown University and that single photo of the Restricted Area sign in front of the Cryptologic Museum. We hesitate to say the film was worthless. For the record, those shots of the university were the most precious and artistic we have ever taken, and we will not surrender our legal title to them without a fight.

Some readers may protest that we should not have given in so easily. Hold out 'til they draw guns, they would say. While in principle we agree with this attitude, we felt that this case was a subtle ceremonial event that needed to be handled delicately. In exchanging our film for their piece of paper, we were "bonding" with the NSA. The two of us have now entered into a lasting symbiotic relationship, like Yin and Yang, flower and bee, parasite and host. As it stands now, a super-secret, non-accountable government agency has our film, and we want it back. We suspect that

they won't give it back because it shows their Restricted Area sign and a little bit of their museum. We'll protest and express our outrage to the media. We'll file FOIAs and contemplate legal action. We'll get nowhere, of course, so when our mission at Groom is complete, we could be forced to come back to Fort Meade to write the "NSA Viewer's Guide."

We don't think of it as losing our film, but gaining a partner.

Aftermath Of ABC Seizure

As reported in [DR#7](#), ABC News lost their equipment and video tape to the Lincoln County Sheriff after visiting Freedom Ridge on April 8. The equipment was then immediately turned over to the anonymous Cammo Dudes, beyond the boundaries of civilian law. Everything taken was returned by the Sheriff six days later. No apologies were offered, but an Air Force spokesman did confirm that their Office of Special Investigations ([OSI](#)) had reviewed the tape. The report finally aired on *ABC World News Tonight* on April 19 [[Transcript](#)], and its drama was greatly enhanced by shots of the ABC producer being frisked and the correspondent emptying his pockets.

The video tape was returned in its entirety with no evidence of alteration. None would have been tolerated by the network, since they did not photograph the secret base. However, certain equipment taken from Psychospy was tampered with. In addition to seizing every single piece of the crew's equipment, the authorities also took Psychospy's scanners and radio equipment as well as a two-way radio we were holding for a friend. The keyboard of this radio had been "locked" when turned over to the authorities but was unlocked when returned. Unlocking the keyboard required a special key sequence that could not have happened by accident. This action suggests a deliberate and knowledgeable attempt to read the frequencies stored inside, and it implies that the frequencies stored in our unprotected scanners were also "compromised."

They now know what we know, and since we know they know what we know, why shouldn't everyone know? Groom Lake perimeter security patrols (Cammo Dudes) broadcast primarily on 418.05, 142.2 and 170.5 MHz. We obtained these frequencies by sneaking up close to the patrols with our trusty frequency counter. For many months the transmissions were mostly unencrypted, and we enjoyed endless hours of amusement listening to the Dudes talk about us. Psychospy was referred to as "the Friend," "the Editor," or "Our Mr. Campbell." The Friend shared many intimate moments with the Dudes, recording their dreams, frustrations and colorful sexual and scatological references. (Boys will be boys.) Alas, our capabilities eventually became too widely known, and the none-too- swift Dudes started scrambling their transmissions in March. The encryption sounds like static preceded by a blip. It is apparently unbreakable, but the transmission itself can yield information about the position and distance of a hidden patrol. The Dudes may also be forced to broadcast "in the clear" in remote locations where the signal is obscured by hills.

Other frequencies may be published in future Rats. The decision of which to publish and which to withhold is the kind of spy-vs.- spy chess game we do so enjoy playing. Not all of our frequencies and techniques were compromised in the ABC seizure, and the more we publish about our knowledge, the greater opportunity there will be for countermeasures by the "opposition." In other words, they still don't know what we know they don't know, how much we know about what they know we know or what we will do now that we know what they know we know. No? On the other hand, we hate keeping secrets for very long, as it is inconsistent with our mission.

There are many unresolved issues in the ABC equipment seizure. What was the probable cause upon which the warrant was based? The crew never pointed their camera at the base, and the Cammo Dudes were watching us through their Super Mega Spy Cam with hairs-on-a- gnat's-ass resolution. Nonetheless, some anonymous Dude evidently testified to the Sheriff that we shot the base. Because of the government-protected anonymity of this witness, he and his organization are immune to any legal repercussions for their testimony. A warrant can serve a lot of purposes apart from the obtaining of evidence. It could be used as a means of harassment, as a "fishing expedition" for intelligence information or simply as a way to seize equipment. How do we know, for example, that the Dudes did not concoct their testimony just to get their hands on our scanners?

The only document the Sheriff has made available to the suspects is the warrant itself--and only after a two-week

delay. We were mystified by the broad demands of the warrant. It authorized the seizure not just of video tape but of all video, sound and radio equipment. Sound and radio equipment can't take pictures, so what is its relevance? Was this a bona-fide effort to prove the photography case or an attempt to gather intel, intimidate civilians and neutralize equipment? A warrant implies that you intend to file charges if any incriminating evidence is found. If the Groom base had shown up on the video tape, would the federal authorities have the political will to prosecute such a hot-potato case? Judging from the response to press inquiries, nobody is rushing to the aid of the AF: not the County D.A., FBI or Justice Dept. Prosecution of this espionage charge would be a felony case handled by a serious federal court, not by the Alamo Justice of the Peace. There it would garner national attention; the defense lawyers would be accorded the full rights of discovery, and the absurdities of a non-existent base could be richly dramatized for the public. We think it would be laughed out of court along with the credibility of the prosecuting agency.

We propose that the only reason ABC News got its equipment back is because it was ABC News--a big media organization with plenty of legal and P.R. muscle. If this was your average Joe with a videocam, the equipment might have been gone forever. Remember, a secret base doesn't have to obey the law. Somewhere inside, there is already an impressive cache of film and equipment withheld from visitors without due process. Thinking themselves innocent of any wrongdoing, Psychospy and countless others have turned over their film and videotape to the Sheriff for "processing" and never seen it again. Once the film enters the non-existent base, it is lost even to the Sheriff. Logically, it is the legal obligation of the authorities either to return the film or charge the offenders under the espionage statute. What happens, instead, is no response at all.

The warrant released by the Sheriff did not provide any information about who made the complaint or what the probable cause was. The Sheriff, D.A. and Justice Court have declined to release that information on the grounds that the case is still "under investigation." Does that mean that ABC is still under suspicion of photographing the base? When their report aired, the nonexistent base was nowhere to be seen except for a brief shot of the satellite image found in the Testors XR-7 model kit. We suspect that the "under investigation" claim is simply convenient excuse for withholding the probable cause.

Intel Bitties

DUDES GET A THRILL. The Cammo Dudes' already elevated testosterone levels got an additional boost on Saturday when two nude sunbathers--male and female--soaked up the rays at their campsite near the base of White Sides. Other members of their party, who were climbing the hill to view the base, reported getting ALMOST NO ATTENTION AT ALL from the Dudes, who were preoccupied with positioning their Cherokees for the best view of the campsite. Since the sunbathers were visible only to the Dudes, not the climbers, it is unclear at this writing whether they engaged in any acts other than sunbathing. They later reported to the climbers only that they gave the Dudes "a good show."

FEELING OH SO GAUCHE. In [DR#7](#), we reported that the anonymous Cammo Dudes wear six-color, not three-color, desert camouflage fatigues. As soon as we reported this, the Dudes started showing up in THREE-COLOR DESERT CAMMO, obviously in an attempt to embarrass and infuriate Psychospy. We hear that all the major military services are now phasing out six- color cammo, providing further proof that THE GENERALS READ THIS NEWSLETTER. They will pass up no opportunity to humiliate us, but we will not be broken. Six-color is definitely more stylish, and by wearing it we assert our INDIVIDUALITY, a quality sadly lacking in the military.

DESERT RAT DIRECT CIRCULATION has reached 750 copies. This is the number we send out by email and US mail. We have no idea how many more copies are downloaded from bulletin boards or redistributed by others. (We hear that the Rat is all the rage in Europe.)

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The Groom Lake Desert Rat

"The Naked Truth from Open Sources."

AREA 51/NELLIS RANGE/TTR/NTS/S-4?/WEIRD STUFF/DESERT LORE

An on-line newsletter. Written, published, [copyrighted](#) and totally disavowed by [Psychospay](#). Direct from the "UFO Capital," Rachel, Nevada.

Issue #9. June 1, 1994

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Media Violence Hinted In F.R. Incident

Two reporters from separate television affiliates nearly came to blows on May 21 over exclusive broadcast rights to a UFO outing.

The incident, witnessed by this reporter, occurred at about 8 pm on Freedom Ridge, a viewpoint on public land overlooking the unacknowledged Groom Lake air base. About half of the approximately thirty campers were a group of mostly first-time UFO watchers from Fresno, Calif., accompanied by a reporter and cameraman from a Fresno TV station. Most of the others were refugees from a lackluster UFO conference in Rachel, accompanied by a reporter and cameraman from Salt Lake City. To avoid conflicts with the authorities, the two crews were photographing the campers on the ridge but not the secret base itself.

The conflict occurred when the crew from Salt Lake attempted to interview the leader of the Fresno UFO group. The reporter from Fresno intervened, saying that his station had been granted exclusive rights to the story of the Fresno people and that the Salt Lake City station could not interview any of them. The Salt Lake reporter said he didn't see what the problem was, since his story would air only in Utah. The Fresno reporter replied that the Salt Lake crew could interview the Fresno people only if they guaranteed, in writing, that their report would not go out on the satellite to any other station. The Salt Lake City crew said they could not make that guarantee.

Harsh words were then exchanged, including the word "asshole" spoken more than once.

No physical blows were struck, however. The Salt Lake City crew halted their interview with the Fresno leader, but they later interviewed a different member of the group without seeking permission of the Fresno reporter. In that case, the Fresno crew did not attempt to intervene. The tensions ended when the Salt Lake crew completed their shooting at about 9 pm and left the area.

The Fresno crew stayed until morning but ruined everyone else's night vision with their brightly lit interviews of adventurous Fresnoans hunting for UFOs. Also spending the night on the ridge were three employees of a MAJOR CABLE NETWORK on a scouting mission. They and this reporter--sophisticated Eastern intellectuals--sat around the

campfire telling Ted Turner jokes and making clever and uncomplimentary remarks about the Fresno reporter just out of range of his hearing.

No UFOs were spotted.

ANALYSIS: Psychospy was greatly amused by the above conflict. Not only have news outlets discovered Area 51, but enough of them are now coming here that they are starting to gouge each other's eyes out to protect their turf. The "Asshole Incident" must be a milestone of some kind. It could signal the beginning of a MEDIA FEEDING FRENZY (MFF). This is a rare confluence of public scandal, tawdry human interest, unresolved legal charges and sufficient prior publicity that renders a story self-perpetuating and turns respectable reporters into back-stabbing bastards. Did you think the Groom Lake story was overexposed already? Just remember Harding-Kerrigan, Fisher-Buttafuoco and the amazing Bobbitts. Too much is never enough when an MFF has crossed the threshold.

Land Grab Update

The Air Force request to withdraw Freedom Ridge and White Sides from public use appears to be mired in BLM bureaucracy. Local BLM officials tell the Rat that they do not expect the technical requirements of the application to be fulfilled for at least five months (late October). This means that these popular viewpoints will continue to be accessible through at least the busy summer tourist season.

The principle task facing the Air Force at present is to modify the required Environmental Assessment Report (EA) to address many of the concerns raised during the public comment period. When completed, a draft version of the EA will be made available to the public for a separate 30-day comment period before the final report is issued. It is expected that the public will raise numerous objections to the EA which could further delay the application.

BLM Area Manager Curtis Tucker and District Supervisor Gary Ryan say that a meeting took place between BLM and Air Force officials in late April. BLM offered three options to the Air Force: (1) They could proceed with the current application, based on 43 CFR Part 2300; (2) they could request an immediate emergency withdrawal through the Secretary of the Interior, or (3) they could take the issue to Congress. The Air Force representatives indicated that they would proceed with the current application.

ANALYSIS: Contrary to popular conception, the federal government can't simply "do whatever it wants." The government may be big, but it consists of many agencies pursuing different agendas which are often in conflict with each other. Whenever one part of the government tries to engage in a controversial public action, it usually has to obey the regulations and procedures of another part of the government. The Air Force can't take land without applying to BLM and completing the appropriate application and assessments, and this process is probably no less frustrating to the Air Force than it would be to a private citizen.

In hindsight, the AF application to take the viewpoints was an extraordinary blunder. Instead of protecting the secrecy of the nonexistent base, it launched it into the public eye. Now mired in multiple scandals, the options available to the AF are limited. A direct petition to Congress could trigger an embarrassing public interrogation and even a flat rejection, while an application for emergency withdrawal--for reasons of immediate "national security"--would be seen as an admission of defeat in the political process. Either action would further intensify the publicity and public outcry.

Even with no change of tactic, the pressures on the AF continue to build. In the past, the Air Force has taken on Saddam, napalmed the jungles of 'Nam and stared down the Soviets across the Iron Curtain. Now it must tangle with an enemy it is totally unprepared to face: American tourists. The MFF has already hit millions of households, and Freedom Ridge has earned a reputation as this year's adventure destination. Here's an attraction the whole family can enjoy, where you can see the forbidden and challenge the authorities while never breaking the law. Combine the Area 51 publicity with that generated by a slew of equally unreal fantasy attractions just opened in Las Vegas, and you have what could be a KILLER tourist season. At this moment across America, thousands of Momma Bears, Poppa Bears and little pimply Baby Bears are sitting over their porridge deciding what to do with their summer vacation. Goldilocks, this is the place!

Tourism has the effect of keeping the nonexistent base in the public eye, while continued stonewalling by the Air Force attracts still more attention. In the absence of reliable facts, the secret base becomes a tabloid writer's dream. New scandals emerge with regularity and are fueled by the official refusal to respond. Sooner or later, some Congressman who has lost a military base in his district is bound to jump on the bandwagon: How can the military justify closing his base when it is still pouring untold billions into this nonexistent one? That's when the Air Force is really going to bleed.

It's hard to imagine the impasse continuing for long. Very soon, we predict, the Air Force will break its silence and reveal that the Groom Lake base is there. Until then, the tensions continue.

"Bombing Runs" On Public Land?

Unable to control public lands legally, the Air Force may be tempted to do it by other means. Many land-use advocates are upset by the road sensors installed by the Air Force on public land and by the regular "stalking" of visitors by unidentified contractors in white Jeep Cherokees. This presence seems to imply that the AF, not BLM, is the controlling power on these lands. More upsetting, though, are persistent reports of the anonymous security patrols physically interfering with visitors.

On May 19, two tourists from Texas, Richard Bailey and Ray Addington, reported being stopped on a public road by a white Jeep Cherokee. They say they were driving down Groom Lake Road toward the Freedom Ridge area at about 4:30 pm when they encountered a patrol blocking the road. Although they were on public land still seven miles from the military border, an armed guard in camouflage fatigues told them they could go no further. The two witnesses later filed a formal complaint with the Lincoln County Sheriff in which they recalled the following exchange.

ARMED GUARD: "We are not allowing anyone beyond this point."

VISITING DRIVER: "Why?"

GUARD: "We have things going on."

DRIVER: "What kind of things?"

GUARD: "We are having bombing runs."

We find it highly unlikely that the Air Force was having bombing runs on public land (except, perhaps, to bomb Freedom Ridge and White Sides into oblivion). We think that a more likely (but still unproven) explanation is that some secret hardware was being moved around at the base, and the guards were trying to keep people off the viewpoints so they wouldn't see it.

This incident presents a disturbing echo of the past. In 1984, the Air Force, without notice, set up guard posts and took control of the entire Groom Mountain Range when it did not legally control the land. Some irate citizens equated the action to an armed invasion, and the public outcry resulted in this exchange in a House of Representatives committee hearing...

CONGRESSMAN SIEBERLING: "Is it true the Air Force has already acted to restrict public use of the Groom Range area?"

ASST. SECRETARY OF THE AIR FORCE RITTENHOUSE: "...Yes, it is true. We have asserted the right to control the surface access and egress to the extent of requesting people not to go in and out."

SIEBERLING: "Under what legal authority was that done?..."

RITTENHOUSE: "As far as I know, sir, there is none; except the decisions were made at a much, much

higher level than mine..."

SIEBERLING: "There are no higher levels than the laws of the United States."

A decade later, the Air Force may up to its old tricks. If it cannot control Freedom Ridge all the time, then it can use its anonymous contract security force to control it by force only when the need arises. It is true that no guns were drawn in the May 19 incident, but we know of no guns being used in 1984 either. The fact that these guards are carrying weapons, are traveling in a vehicle with government plates and a light bar and are issuing commands to civilians, conveys the implied authority of the U.S. government and a none-too-subtle threat of force. These guards do not officially exist, so they cannot easily be prosecuted for their actions. At the same time, their contract status provides the Air Force with a buffer of deniability. "It wasn't us," the Air Force can say when such incidents occur.

Flat Tire Problems Persist

Mysterious flat tires have long been part of the folklore of the Groom Lake border. In a typical story, a first-time tourist drives by one of the anonymous security patrols, and almost immediately experiences a blow-out, as though the security guards had shot out his tire.

We have been skeptical of these stories because there are a lot of sharp things in the desert that can cause flat tires anyway. Psychospy knows from experience that cactus needles and hard-as-nails twigs can do a number on even the best tires. Shooting out tires would also seem an extremely hazardous undertaking for the nonexistent security dudes, since a miss could result in a messy legal case. As far as we know, no one has filed a complaint with the Sheriff for having their tires shot out, and no one has been able to produce the flat tire as evidence.

Still the flat tire stories persist, and more recent first-person accounts make us wonder if there might be something to them. Visitors hiking to Freedom Ridge on two different dates have reported to us that one of the tires was flat when they returned to their car. After changing the tire and returning to civilization, the flat tire was pumped up and replaced with no leak found. In both cases, an anonymous security patrol had been seen lurking near the vehicles, and guards were heard to make joking remarks about the flat tire.

The latest incident reported to us occurred on the afternoon of April 29. A visitor from Nebraska parked his car at the Freedom Ridge trailhead and hiked to the Ridge to camp for the night. As usual, he was tracked by the Cammo Dudes in the white Jeep Cherokees.

He reports: "As the afternoon went on and it became apparent to the 'Cammo Dudes' that I was staying over, I think they got mad. While the two [security vehicles] were parked together on the hill 305 degrees from my location [F.R.], one particularly rowdy individual yelled "Hey dick wad!" at me so I waved back. The air was so still I could easily hear them talking but [was] not able to make out exactly their conversation. I did hear one say something about having to change a tire with laughter following."

Sure enough, upon returning to his car the next morning, the visitor found his left rear tire to be flat. After being changed and reinflated later, the tire showed no signs of any leak.

In a previous report several months before, two Las Vegas residents claim a similar experience. Upon returning to their car after a hike to Freedom Ridge, one of the Dudes were good enough to point it out to them their flat tire--with what they felt was sarcasm. The visitors say that after returning to Las Vegas and reinflating the tire they had no problem with it.

Letting air out of tires is easier to believe than shooting holes in them. That sort of minor vandalism seems consistent with the "Hey dick wad!" personality reported by the Nebraska witness. That witness says that although the one Dude was laughing at his own tire remark, the others with him were not. This suggests that he could be a rogue, capable of taking matters into his own hands without the sanction of his colleagues or superiors. We have seen numerous acts of minor vandalism on Freedom Ridge, including the repeated destruction of cairns and trail markers, defacing of the

"guest register" rock at the summit and some "Fuck You Asshole" graffiti at the breached roadblock. (The asshole being Psychosp, we suspect.) Random acts like this seem more the product of one or two frustrated individuals than any organizational policy.

Still, the organization is responsible for the conduct of its employees while on duty. No complaint has been filed on the mysterious flat tires, since the evidence remains circumstantial, but notice is hereby given that Psychosp--irritating asshole that he is--remains on alert and won't let the next report pass unnoticed.

Landsat Images Available

For past few years, U.S. citizens who wanted information on what their government was up to at Groom Lake have had to go to the Russians for satellite imagery. These pictures are expensive, however, running from \$500 to \$2000 per frame. Now, cruder but far less expensive images of the nonexistent base are available from the U.S. Government itself. Landsat images that were blacked out during the Cold War are once again available for \$12-\$18 per frame. The Landsat pictures are of much lower resolution than the Russian shots: Their nominal resolution of 30 meters vs. about one meter for the Russian satellite makes us wonder why they were blacked out at all. However, the Landsat images do show the runway and the main block of buildings at the base--enough to prove that the base is there and perhaps violate the government's own photography restriction.

Ordering Landsat images can be complicated. The buyer must select a satellite, path, location, image date and image source color from a list of those available. For simplicity, an informed reader suggests ordering the following item number for a image covering Groom Lake, Papoose Lake, Rachel and much of the surrounding area. Ask for Scene Identification LM85088217433X0, Product F003. The price for this negative, including postage, is \$18. You can order by phone with Visa/MC by calling the USGS EROS Data Center at 605-594-6151. You can also ask for further ordering info for other dates and colors. The address is: EROS Data Center, Sioux Falls, SD 57198. Landsat images are available from USGS only a positive or negative transparencies.

For those interested in stories of alien craft and secret installations at Papoose Lake, south of Groom, neither the Landsat nor Russian images show any obvious ground installations or major roads near the lake bed. On one Russian image, used as the background for a promotional poster by Lazar and associates, a circular "flying saucer" appears to be hovering in the mountains northeast of Papoose Lake. Whether this is an actual object or a photographic artifact is a matter of debate.

Trespassers Trial Date June 8

After several delays, yet another trial date has been set for four of seven accused trespassers who crossed the Restricted Zone border on Jan. 2. The new date is Weds., June 8, at 1 pm in Alamo Justice Court in Alamo, Nevada. To recap, the seven tourists accidentally drove past the No Trespassing Signs on Groom Lake Road to the guard house just beyond, where they were immediately arrested. Three of the seven pleaded "no contest" at their arraignment and paid a \$300 fine. The other four pleaded not guilty, and their trial has been delayed by scheduling conflicts and difficulties in obtaining information from the government.

As Psychosp understands the situation, there could be three major arguments supporting the defense: (1) The border signs are located in a blind ravine where there is limited warning time, with no fence or gate and no place to turn around. Under these circumstances, driving ahead to the guard house for further information seems like a reasonable action. (2) A security patrol was parked at the border at the time the visitors crossed. The cammo-clad occupants made no attempt to stop the travelers, and one of them appeared to wave them on. (3) There are questions about whether an adequate defense can be raised when the guards who detained the visitors do not officially exist. Unidentified individuals cannot be subpoenaed for the defense, and the Air Force and D.A. have not been forthcoming in providing the names of the guards or their employer.

The arrest of these individuals was an exercise in overkill, and we would like to see them cleared.

New Mail Order Products

Psychospy's mail order arm, Secrecy Oversight Council, has added several new products to its mail order catalog. The Popular Science back issue for March 1994, featuring a cover story on Groom Lake, is available for \$4. We also now offer "Economy" photographic prints of the secret Groom Lake base as seen from Freedom Ridge: An 8"x10" print is available for \$5 and a giant 20"x30" photoposter is available for \$20.

The original "[The Lazar Tape](#)" video, recently reissued by a new publisher, is available from us for \$35 (discounted from \$39.95). Bob Lazar offers a science lesson on flying saucer propulsion systems, an account of his alleged experiences at "Area S-4" south of Groom and a review of the briefing papers he says he read concerning the alien presence. This tape has been retitled "Bob Lazar: Excerpts from the Government Bible," but it's the same produced by Lazar and Gene Huff in 1990. (A new, professionally produced Lazar Tape has long been rumored, but there is still no word on its release. For that matter, we have also heard nothing on the status of the Lazar theatrical movie since New Line Cinema acquired the rights last year.)

"[The Comprehensive Guide to Military Monitoring](#)," by Steve Douglass of Intercepts Newsletter, is available from us for \$19.95. This 280-page, large format book is packed with frequencies, code words, technical info and base profiles for both the novice and advanced radio buff. It's the best book we've seen on legal eavesdropping on military communications.

POSTAGE AND HANDLING within the U.S. for the above items is \$3.50 total per order for Priority mail, or \$2.00 for Fourth Class mail. Outside the U.S., consult us. NV residents, add local sales tax. Make checks to "Secrecy Oversight Council." Our catalog is available free by mail or email.

Other products are forthcoming and will be announced in future Rats.

A Pentagon Coup

As a courtesy to our military readership, the official unofficial [Groom Dry Lake cloth patch](#) is now offered for sale INSIDE THE PENTAGON in Washington, D.C. It should now be available at Fort America, a military memorabilia shop on the Outer Concourse. Turn left at the top of the escalator from the Pentagon Metro station, outside the security checkpoint. This is the same Groom Lake patch AS SEEN ON TELEVISION and in the March 1994 issue of Popular Science. Designed by James Goodall and Glenn Campbell with red- on-black lettering along the border. In the center, a mystery aircraft takes off from the world's longest airstrip at sunset.

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The Groom Lake Desert Rat

"The Naked Truth from Open Sources."

Area 51/Nellis Range/TTR/NTS/S-4?/Weird Stuff/Desert Lore

An on-line newsletter.

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Direct from the "UFO Capital," Rachel, Nevada.

Issue #10. July 5, 1994

In this issue...

- [Media Communications 101](#)

Media Communications 101

Or "How I Learned To Stop Worrying And Love *Encounters*"

People often ask us: "Psychospy, you've been interviewed by every major TV network, several national magazines and a dozen local news outlets. What's it like being a big-time media schmuck?"

Some readers may be frustrated that they have yet to receive their own fifteen minutes of fame while Psychospy has monopolized what seems like an hour and a half. Fame is easy, we contend. Just find yourself a Cold War military base the government won't admit, set up permanent residence beside it and write a tourist guide inviting the world to visit. The government will expend great energy in stonewalling you or overreacting to your presence, and you will feed off that energy to generate still more attention. Soon, many reporters will arrive, and your face and name will be everywhere.

Follow those simple instructions and your fifteen minutes will come. Guaranteed. In the meantime, we would like to brief you on what to expect when you arrive at the top. As an aging veteran of over six months of interviews, Psychospy knows what it takes to generate a sound bite or pose dramatically on a mountaintop. As our own media career winds down toward inevitable has-been status, we want to share with the next generation our accumulated wisdom and our philosophical musings on news and how it is reported.

Print Media

As editor of the Rat and other publications, Psychospy has long been familiar with the medium of print. When you read a newspaper or magazine article, you can never be certain the writer is telling the truth or has just made the whole thing up, but if you do trust his honesty, print can convey a lot of information. Print is a medium of ideas. It is not very efficient in conveying emotions or the visual appearance of a scene, but it can describe complex issues and hidden connections more clearly than television can.

When a newspaper reporter visits you at your research center near your chosen secret base, he comes with no tools except his notepad and perhaps a tape recorder. Sometimes he brings a photographer, who just sits quietly in the background most of the time. After talking with a newspaper reporter for a while, it's easy to forget that he is one of "them" and you may quickly revert to your natural, unrehearsed self. Of course, this can be dangerous, because once you relax you may say something casually that you would rather not see in print. You must be particularly circumspect

about the topic of UFOs; no matter what you say on this subject, one group or another of your supporters is bound to be upset. Sometimes, the reporter may ask you if he can contact your parents back in Boston to see what kind of boy you were and ask what they think of you now. At this point, you have to draw the line.

When the article reaches print, some inaccuracies and omissions are inevitable. Due to length restrictions, the article will be, at best, a highly distilled record of a very narrow slice of reality. The words will not convey the full depth and breadth of your personality; they will portray only your social role. To crystallize the issues that you want reported, it is important to say you represent an impressive sounding organization, even if you are its only active member. Give yourself a title, like "President" or "Research Director," and that is how you will be reported. Even if you choose to be only a "Local Representative," do not be surprised if the article portrays you as the sort of heroic, larger-than-life figure that is normally seen only in comic books. This sometimes fawning attention results in part from the refusal of the military to respond to the charges and provide any counterpoint to your own one-sided story.

Talk Radio

In the course of the current Media Feeding Frenzy, Psychospys has had an opportunity to participate in a number of talk radio programs around the country. There are dozens of these shows in every major city and they are constantly on the prowl for new material. If your name appears in the newspapers in any almost any capacity, chances are a host will call you up and ask you to be a guest on his show.

Radio talk shows are usually conducted live by telephone from the comfort of your own home. It is hard to embarrass yourself or do anything wrong on them, because no matter what you blurt out, some callers will make you look good by saying something even more foolish. Radio talk shows are perhaps the most revealing medium because you never know what questions are going to be thrown at you. Many callers will be hostile to your position, and being able to respond to them calmly and rationally greatly enhances your credibility with everyone else.

Television

On the surface, television seems like the most "real" news medium. Television doesn't just report an event; it takes you there. Not only do you hear the subject's words; you see his surroundings, feel his emotions and seem to be participating in his life in an intimate way. In one sense, television doesn't lie. Unless the picture has been doctored by special effects--which is forbidden-- what you would see in person is exactly what appears on the nightly news.

In another sense, television can tell as many lies as print can. There are two important factors that aren't obvious on the screen that can transform the story into total fiction. One is editing. A crew can shoot an hour's worth of tape of a speech or interview, but due to the time constraints of broadcasting, only a few seconds of it is likely to air. For the person being interviewed, the benefit of editing is that you can muff your lines repeatedly and only your best ones will be used. Even if you are a babbling idiot, the show can make you look infinitely wise by editing out most of your drivel. The downside is that it is also easy for the editor to take your quotes out of context and make you seem to be saying something you never intended. A classic case is that of a local Sheriff's deputy who was once interviewed near the Black Mailbox by a crew doing a UFO story. His actual quote was something like: "I've seen the sky alive with activity--flares, dogfights, bombing runs--but everything I've seen is routine military maneuvers."

The quote that actually aired was missing all the qualifiers. It was something like: "I've seen the sky alive with activity..." In the context of the show, the truncated quote implied that the policeman believes in UFOs and sees them here all the time.

The other invisible factor influencing the story is the presence of the camera itself. When a print reporter hangs around for a while, it is easy to forget he is reporting on you, and you soon return to your natural behavior. A television camera is impossible to ignore. It is big and the lens is often just a few inches from your face. Nothing can really be natural as long as the camera is present. Due to the constraints of lighting and space, you can't do much of anything the way you normally do. Often, the cameraman offers "suggestions" about where to stand and which way to look as you go about your "natural" activities.

As a transitional element in the story, you may be asked to drive up in your car and walk into your research center--and do it repeatedly until it comes out right. Most scenes of moving from place to place and performing routine actions are timed for the camera. The cameraman sets up first and then tells you when to go. The only rule that most reputable organizations observe is that they can't tell you to do something you wouldn't do normally. Sometimes, they'll ask you to repeat an action several times, but they want it to be consistent with your real personality and with what you would do if the camera wasn't there. Of course, they can only take your word about what your real actions would be. The charge of "staging" a scene usually makes cameramen bristle. They'll admit to doing it for routine movements but insist they wouldn't do it for anything important. Unfortunately, what constitutes an "important" action that shouldn't be staged varies from crew to crew.

The Structure Of Television

The crew for a local television station usually consists of just two people: the reporter and the cameraman. Their function is straightforward: The reporter collects the facts and asks the questions, and the cameraman handles the camera and sound.

A network TV crew usually adds at least two more people: a sound technician and a producer. There can also be others: production assistants, writers, maybe even a second cameraman and sound guy. At that point, it's hard to call the story news anymore. It's show biz.

In a national news program, the reporter is called a "correspondent." This is the person talking into the camera and interviewing the subjects. The viewer would think, when watching the report, that the correspondent is the person in charge. He must be the one who conducts the research, sets up the interviews, rakes the muck and comes up with the startling conclusions reported in the piece.

Wrong. In most cases, the correspondent joins the story only on the day of the shoot. The correspondent is the high paid "talent," hired as much for his screen presence as his reporting skills. The person who really assembles the story is the producer. He or she rarely appears on camera but could have been working on the story for weeks. The producer does the research, handles the logistics and briefs the talent. When the correspondent conducts an interview, the producer is usually lurking just off camera to feed him questions and make sure he hasn't forgotten anything. When it comes time to do a "stand up," where the correspondent talks into the camera, he first huddles with the producer to decide what to say.

One news program, like *60 Minutes*, can have many producers, each working on a different story. The business is highly competitive, and enemies are everywhere. The opposition is *PrimeTime Live* and *20/20*, but each producer is also competing with others on the same show and within the same network to get their story on the air. Whenever a new producer calls us about the Groom Lake story, the first thing we have to do is brief them on who else in their own organization has already been looking into it; otherwise they might never know.

We get the impression that the news business regards producers as expendable and eats them alive in mass quantities. The only time you see a producer on screen seems to be when he or she is carrying a hidden camera into a crack house or some other dangerous place where they would never send Mike Wallace. Many of the producers we have met have been young, idealistic former film or political science students willing to work 14 hour days for what we suspect is a lot less money than they deserve.

The correspondent lives more in the show business sphere. His pay may be negotiated by an agent, and it is more likely to be based on the star system than objective abilities. Networks want a familiar face that the viewer can bond with, in essence creating brand loyalty. Many people feel attached to Hugh Downs and Barbara Walters and the nice correspondents on their show and will tune in on these familiar faces even if they have nothing to do with producing the stories. Many correspondents are highly professional, do their homework, ask good questions and deserve at least some of their rewards. A few others are whiny prima donnas who haven't a clue as to what the story is and who are despised even by their own film crews. Nonetheless, the unbroken rule is, the correspondent has to look good--smart, tough, insightful--and through the magic of editing, it always comes to pass.

When the correspondent arrives for the interview, you are supposed to bond with him like he's your old buddy even though you've already bonded with the producer and don't know this guy from Adam. You are supposed to pretend there is no one else in the room. The big camera, the bright lights, the microphone on a boom floating six inches above your head, the half dozen people lurking behind the cordon of cables.... Like the secret base itself, they all are not supposed to exist.

In practice, though, focusing on the correspondent makes the interview relatively easy. You do forget the camera with time, and you don't have to remember any lines, just respond to the questions. You know that the interview will be edited down to a couple of sound bites, so verbal stumblings aren't a problem. You are not going to be able to cover any complex issues here because, of course, this is television. Your only job is to provide an inventory of pithy, self-contained statements--a sound bite library--to be chopped up and used as fodder for the editing process.

As long as you stick to the facts and pick the right secret base to complain about, you can't go wrong. Editing will make you look good, and as long as the military declines to respond, the report will be supportive. The limelight will be all yours until the public grows tired of your story and spits you out like used chewing gum.

An *Encounters* Encounter

After the article on Groom Lake appeared in the *New York Times* last week [Synopsis [DR#11](#), visit [DR#6](#)], we felt that an apex had been reached and now was time for the story to evolve into something different. We wanted the focus to shift to Washington and to serious issues like the hazardous waste injury lawsuit. We feared that after hitting the Times, there was no place to go but down. We felt the Watchers-on-Freedom-Ridge story had achieved saturation in all the respectable markets. We almost wished that the government would just take the damn land and be done with it.

The MFF was becoming tiresome, and we wanted to put on the brakes, but that was easier said than done. The Times story itself generated additional media interest. On Monday, we got a call from ARD German television. Germans, we were told, have a special interest in Cold War relics, and our secret base reminded them of how they used to be. Their film crew came a few days later, and we were happy to cooperate with them. (Aired 7/4.)

On Tuesday, we got a call from a new Fox UFO/paranormal series called *Encounters*. They had talked to us in previous weeks about doing a segment on Area 51, but the project did not interest the Fox executives and was shelved. When the Times story hit, it rose again from the dead, this time on a fast track schedule.

Upon hanging up the phone, we were filled the same feelings of dread and foreboding we last experienced several months previous when a reporter and his psychic from the *Weekly World News* came to town in a white limousine. (Yes, we were as surprised as you are: They DO have reporters who actually leave the office.) In that case, we were able to hide under our bed until the limo left town. When the story hit the streets ("SPACE ALIENS HANG OUT AT NEVADA BAR"), we were elated to find ourselves not in it.

It was harder to hide from *Encounters*. At the time of the phone call, only two episodes had been aired, but we already knew their style. A stern anchorman introduced slickly produced segments on an ominous government conspiracy to keep UFO information from the public. While we are as interested in UFOs and government secrets as anyone, we felt that *Encounters* was more fiction than news. Our main objection was the unscrupulous editing. Interviews and footage from unrelated UFO cases were meshed together as though they were from the same case. Sound bites from credible UFO researchers were interspersed with those of hucksters we have met personally and regard as completely unreliable. The production was breathlessly paced, visually compelling and overlaid with a sinister soundtrack, but after watching each segment, we felt that no reliable information had been conveyed and no real investigation had taken place.

We had also been interviewed in January for the *Encounters* pilot. They really wanted underground alien bases. "Proof" wasn't necessary; all they needed was anecdotes. We sensed that simply the fact that somebody had said something was enough to put the claim on the air. Evidently, we did not provide the quotes they wanted, because none of our interview made the cut. Only our hands were seen opening a road sensor.

Now, they were baaaack, like the unkillable monster of a "B" movie, and they wanted to interview us again. We spent a sleepless night or two trying to figure out what to do. We finally decided that our participation would probably do no lasting harm. We would stick with the script we were comfortable with--on the land grab and perils of government secrecy--and let others speak about UFOs.

The *Encounters* expedition was lead by "[Agent X](#)", a frequent visitor to the area whose real identity is no more secret than Psychospy's. X readily admits to being "shameless" with regards to publicity, but his claims about Area 51 are relatively rational. He does not predict earthquakes, heal the sick or claim any psychic communication with the aliens. X is the sort of powerful screen presence we feel honored to hide behind.

Agent X escorted the *Encounters* crew to the top of Freedom Ridge on Friday night (7/1), while Psychospy was at home and sound asleep. Through the magic of editing, however, Psychospy will become part of this expedition on the small screen, along with the *Encounters* correspondent who wasn't there either. In industry parlance, this story was shot "out of sequence." First, they filmed the scene on Freedom Ridge, then, on a different night at a location many miles away, they shot an imaginary hike to the top. Later, back in Las Vegas, they would shoot the correspondent meeting Agent X to prepare for the expedition that had already taken place.

As X put it: "They're even more shameless than I am."

On Saturday afternoon, the correspondent arrived in Rachel in a white limousine, the first one we've seen in town since the *Weekly World News*. He was supposed to be here in the morning, but his driver took a wrong turn, and they ended up taking the LONG way from Vegas, through Beatty and Tonopah, a six hour drive instead of two and a half.

After the correspondent arrived, Psychospy participated in two of the location shoots: "Rachel Departure" and "Base Camp". In Rachel, the crew energetically loaded their equipment cases onto the top of the four wheel drive vehicles and lashed them down while the camera rolled. The idea was to convey the appearance of a very serious and professional *Encounters* expedition just getting under way. It was the mythical start of our journey to Freedom Ridge, which had actually been conquered the night before. We did three takes of the convoy turning onto the highway and heading out of town, Then we returned to Rachel, gassed up, had some snacks, and REALLY left town with no camera running.

We didn't go to Freedom Ridge but to a location near Hancock Summit that was closer to the highway and judged more visually interesting. Here, we set up a "base camp" for our imaginary hike. We propped up some camouflage netting in a tent-like structure, built a campfire and stacked our equipment cases in an impressive-looking configuration. The sole purpose of this exercise was to provide an out-of-focus backdrop for the correspondent's interview with Agent X. Psychospy and three members of the seven-man crew served as extras for this scene. Our job was to move around the campsite doing serious and purposeful looking things. We moved cases around and pointed at maps as though planning our next move. At one point, Psychospy walked around with a clipboard and pretended to take inventory, an action that has always impressed us on TV.

After the interview had ended and dusk was falling, we commenced our "hike". In several takes, X, the correspondent and we four extras, marched up a nearby hillside in tight single file, deliberately taking the most rugged route. We marched down again, then up again, then down again, and during each leg of the journey the director actually said "Action" and "Cut." At one point, Psychospy was asked to stand on a ridge, silhouetted by the setting sun, and look through his binoculars at an empty sky. It's the sort of dramatic posturing we do so well.

Lest you ask, there is no reason at all to hike to Freedom Ridge if you have a four wheel drive. The road goes all the way to the top, and this is indeed how the crew got there when they visited on Friday night. There is also no particular reason to set up a "base camp" when Rachel is less than an hour's drive away. Hiking seems much more dramatic, however, and our camouflage tent, no matter how shoddily constructed, made an impressive looking backdrop.

After darkness fell, the night vision lens was attached to the camera, and we climbed the hill yet again to film our arrival at "Freedom Ridge." We stood on a rocky outcropping and X pointed out to the correspondent the features of the base below. Of course, we were looking only a blank hillside--a TRULY nonexistent base--but the magic of editing will fix all that. At one point, Psychospy was invited to point out the locations of the nonexistent security

patrols. We politely declined this opportunity and passed it to the shameless X. We were happy enough to be a extra in this drama; something told us we didn't want a speaking role.

At the time of filming, the *Encounters* segment was expected to air on July 15. Check it out.

[Actually aired July 22.]

Reader Responses: [Media Feeding Frenzy](#)

Intel Bitties

TRESPASSER TRIAL DATE. The oft-delayed trial of the four of seven accused trespassers is now scheduled for July 6 at 1 pm at Alamo Justice Court. (The June date was canceled when one of the defendants was hospitalized.) Best to confirm with Psychospy or call the court before you show up.

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The Groom Lake Desert Rat

"The Naked Truth from Open Sources."

Area 51/Nellis Range/TTR/NTS/S-4?/Weird Stuff/Desert Lore

An on-line newsletter.

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Direct from the "UFO Capital," Rachel, Nevada.

Issue #11. July 15, 1994

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A Nuclear Threat

The following anonymous press release was passed to us by friends of ours in Washington who thought we would want to know. It was sent to them by a confidential source who supposedly obtained it from the U.S. office of the Russian news agency TASS. Presumably, TASS received it by mail or fax from persons unknown.

NEWS RELEASE NEWS RELEASE NEWS RELEASE NEWS RELEASE

THE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF LIBERTY HAVE ACQUIRED A FIVE (5) MEGATON NUCLEAR WEAPON FROM SPECIFIED GROUPS WITHIN RUSSIA. THE NUCLEAR WEAPON WILL BE DETONATED IN THE STATE OF NEVADA IN 1994. THE PURPOSE OF THE DETONATION IS TO COMPEL THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT TO RELEASE ALL PHYSICAL EVIDENCE ON THE ALIEN/ EXTRATERRESTRIAL CRAFTS HOUSED UNDER THE JURISDICTION OF THE OFFICE OF NAVAL INTELLIGENCE AT THE GROOM DRY LAKE/PAPOOSE LAKE FACILITIES, EIGHTY (80) MILES NORTH-NORTHWEST OF LAS VEGAS.

NEWS RELEASE NEWS RELEASE NEWS RELEASE NEWS RELEASE

ANALYSIS. You know darn well the place that's going to be targeted. Vegas! Blowing up any other part of Nevada would be pointless since it's a wasteland anyway. You can't do much damage to the Nevada Test Site. It's already been nuked! The Sons and Daughters wouldn't want to blow up Area 51 either because then they could be destroying the very evidence they seek. No, Las Vegas is the only place worth blowing up, and all we can say is, "Bravo!" We saw the exact same thing at the end of the recent broadcast of Steven King's *The Stand*. Lucifer and his disciples got bombed on Fremont Street, taking the rest of the town with them. We thought it was the most upbeat part of this end-of-the-world mini-series.

We would never condone any such terrorist action. Still, if it has to happen, there could be worse places. The cultural

losses will be nil, and many of those lives so tragically lost are, quite frankly, the sort of low-life Vegas scum this country can do without. We'll miss the all-you-can-eat buffets and the four (4) 24-hour [Wal-Marts](#), but, heck, we'll survive. If it means driving to Cedar City to shop, we'll make that sacrifice. They've got a Wal-Mart there and a couple of big supermarkets, and those good Mormon people--the original "Downwinders"--have plenty of experience in dealing with fallout.

The loss of Las Vegas could be seen as a tragic but ultimately beneficial societal cleansing, but we are not sure it will help much in cracking the UFO mystery. This event is going to create a lot of noise, both literally and figuratively. It could take a decade to mop up the mess, and in the meantime no one is going to be thinking much about the alleged alien/extraterrestrial crafts at Groom/Papoose lakes. If anything, an event like this would encourage even closer military control of Southern Nevada.

But Is It True?

On the subject of UFOs at Area 51, Psychospy is proud to sit squarely on the fence. Whatever the truth may be, we don't yet find the evidence compelling enough to march on the White House or blow up a major city in protest. We've heard endless stories of amazing lights in the sky in this area. Most of these, including many well publicized reports and the things that we've seen ourselves, appear to us to be routine misperceptions of military flares and aircraft lights. Newcomers do not appreciate the huge volume of military traffic here or the difficulties of judging the motion of a distant light. Even the few sighting reports that we can't explain don't seem to lead us anywhere. So you've seen a unworldly light in the sky. Even if it happened as you say it did, where does the investigation lead you? All you can usually conclude, after recording the sighting, is that the case is -- DAH-dum -- UNEXPLAINED!

Forty-five years of collecting sighting reports has lead the UFO movement nowhere. Idealistic investigators have filled out thousands of neatly ruled forms recording the size of the object, its brightness and structure, its movement across the sky, a description of the occupants if they land and step outside... Most such reports rely on human perception and memory and thus are automatically suspect. The endless stacks of sighting reports, although periodically regurgitated for books and TV shows, mostly collect dust in archives and result in no practical human effect. The skeptics remain skeptical, while the believers can only agree that "They are here!" and it's time to get mad as hell about it.

Get mad at whom? Why, the government of course. It's senseless to get angry at the aliens, because they apparently don't give a damn what we think and certainly aren't going to sit around to be harangued. The government, on the other hand, can't escape the wrath of its citizens, and it has to respond at least when its funding is threatened. The focus of attention by UFO activists is the U.S. Air Force, on the theory that if anybody knows anything about ships in the sky, it must be them. They've got aircraft on continuous patrol, spy satellites ringing the globe, advanced radar blanketing the skies, some totally "boss" radio and video equipment and satellite dishes that can get ALL the channels.

If the UFOs are real, then it is a reasonable assumption that the Air Force knows more about them than we do and that it is withholding this information from the public. That doesn't necessarily imply that the Air Force has any answers. Perhaps they have only attained a more advanced state of befuddlement than the rest of us and are loathe to admit how confused they are. On the other hand, the Air Force could be engaged in extensive contacts and agreements with the aliens. The aliens could already be entrenched here, messing with our society--or at least our minds--and telling the governments of the world what to do.

The only flaw in any government cover-up theory is our knowledge about how the government functions in all its other activities. The only human bureaucracies we have ever had experience with seem mildly incompetent and usually leak their secrets like a sieve. If many workers know about the Air Force's UFO data, it is hard to imagine them all keeping quiet. Washington is full of Deep Throats, frustrated with their employer, who are dying to spill the beans about whatever scandal they have access to. That a government agency is involved in any kind of alien research program is instantly newsworthy to both skeptics and believers. In the cutthroat underworld of Washington politics and media, it is hard to imagine any such program surviving for very long without its existence being leaked and widely criticized.

On the other hand, maybe the story has been leaked all along but sounds just too wacky for most people to take

seriously. It has been widely reported that the captive aliens at Area 51 like strawberry ice cream. Even if a report like this is true, it doesn't go far in endorsing the alien presence in most people's eyes. The mainstream media can't do much with a far out story unless there is some reportable human connection. That the aliens eat strawberry ice cream isn't news. What might make the papers is the atrocious price the government is paying for that ice cream and how it has given all the business to Baskin-Robbins without competitive bidding.

The only sort of government UFO research program we find credible would be a relatively small and heavily compartmentalized one accomplishing what we expect of government bureaucracies--that is, very little. There is only one thing that the government does well, and that is stonewall. Since arriving in Rachel, we have upgraded our estimates of the government's ability to withstand a siege and keep its workers quiet. Easily 10,000 employees have worked at Groom Lake over the years, but hardly any will speak about the place publicly. What most of these people know is probably mundane, but the fact that the government can keep such tight control over so many people suggests that the enforcement mechanism is highly effective. Most workers turn pale if you ask them the price of a steak at the commissary; they really clam up when you ask them anything serious.

We have developed a respect for the government's ability to withhold static knowledge--that is, to stockpile data and not let anyone else have it. At the same time, since coming here, we have significantly downgraded our estimates of what workers can accomplish in such an oppressive environment. Security restrictions eat up resources, cripple scientific communication and sap all initiative and creativity from the human employees. Given enough funding for guards, locks and redundant safeguards, the government might be able keep an exotic body of knowledge secret for decades, but at the cost of not being able to do anything with it.

If the government is withholding proof of alien life, here's what to look for: A vault of poorly processed data, guarded by morons and managed by bureaucrats who are crippled by their own regulations. Nothing is accomplished in this air conditioned sanctum. Meetings are held and problems discussed, but real actions and decisions are always put off for another day. As long as the data remains secure and funding to maintain the security apparatus continues to roll in, there's no pressure to do anything at all.

So what is really out there at Area 51, beyond the impressive security, inside the deep bunkers, behind the big steel doors? Maybe alien craft, maybe Auroras--or maybe just a bunch of bored technicians sitting around in white lab coats playing cards.

New York Times Magazine

"The Media: Out Of Control?" was the cover story on the June 26 issue of the *New York Times Sunday Magazine*. There was also, on page 32, a 5-page article by Donovan Webster entitled "'Area 51'--The cold war still rages in the Nevada desert, site of an air base so secret it doesn't exist." A Times reader (allegrezza@tnpubs.enet.dec.com), posted this summary to the Skunk Works mailing list....

As previously noted, the NY Times Magazine, 26 June issue, contained an article on Glenn Campbell and Groom Lake. The writer spent a day with Glenn, observing Groom and dodging the security folks, only to end up being ID'ed and released by a local sheriff's deputy. There was also more detail than I've seen elsewhere about the pending lawsuit against the Government filed by 39 former Nellis area workers who claim that they were exposed to hazardous materials emanating from open burn pits at Groom.

As the article focused on Glenn and the politics surrounding the base secrecy issue, there was little technical detail on any of the testing supposedly going on at Groom. Aurora and the TR-3A were mentioned, but only in passing.

Perhaps the most interesting part of the article, for me, was the following quote from an Air Force spokesman (no unit or organization affiliation given):

"Meanwhile, as Campbell continues playing to an ever-increasing audience, his efforts are not lost on the

Air Force, which he's placed on his "Desert Rat" mailing list for free. "We read his publication," says Air Force Col. Douglas Kennett, "and we know what Mr. Campbell's doing near a base that may--or may not--exist. While Mr. Campbell says the base is there, and while the Soviets appear to have photographed a base there, the Air Force is aware of those times when Mr. Campbell or Russian spy satellites might be looking us over--and we can adjust our activities for that. That is, if any activities are going on at a base that may--or may not--exist."

Notable Quotes

Larry King Coming

From a television column in the *Washington Post*, July 12...

When we started typing this item we asked ourselves--have we on a very slow summer day been reduced to this?...

On Oct. 1 Larry King will do a live, on-location special, with phone calls, of course, from Rachel, Nev., "in the shadow of the U.S. government's super secret air base known as Area 51" on TNT...

It's called "The UFO Cover Up: Live from Area 51." Area 51, TNT explains, "also known as Groom Lake, is an enormous military installation hidden deep in the hostile Nevada Desert--so secret the Pentagon won't confirm its existence." Larry's guests will include Glenn Campbell, who heads Secrecy Oversight Council in Rachel, and technology expert Mark Farm[er] (a.k.a. Agent X) 'who specializes in spying on secret government aviation projects'...

And when we had finished typing this item we were forced to ask ourselves--has Larry King been reduced to this?...

Does Aurora Exist?

From an article in the *New York Times*, July 4, about attempts by Senator Robert Byrd to force the Air Force to revive the SR-71 Blackbird--"Spy Plane That Came in From Cold Just Will Not Go Away in the Senate"...

When the Pentagon canceled the Blackbird in 1990, citing the huge cost of operating and maintaining the fleet, it assured Senator Byrd and a handful of his senior colleagues on the Armed Services and Intelligence Committees that it was working on a very fast, very expensive, very secret reconnaissance plane to be a successor to the Blackbird.

But that program collapsed after consuming several hundred million dollars, according to members of Congress and their aides. And despite rumors that another successor is in the works, they said, nothing of the sort is on the horizon at the secret Air Force base in Nevada where classified prototypes of state-of-the-art aircraft are flown."

COMMENTS: You can take this any way you want. If true and no Aurora is flying, then protecting it is no longer an issue of national security--is it? Shouldn't it be revealed to the taxpayer exactly how many hundreds of millions of dollars were spent? (We suspect a very large "several.")

Nifty Book

The following comes from an amusing government-sponsored document entitled, *Meeting the Press: A Media Survival Guide for the Defense Manager*, by Judson J. Conner. (Sent to us by trader@cup.portal.com.) It's a slim book

packed with practical tips for military commanders on "Facing a Swarm of Killer Reporters," handling a "Press Ambush" and otherwise managing those pesky journalists. We read it in one sitting and eagerly recommended it to those on both sides of the microphone. Available for \$5 per copy from the U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington DC 20402. Visa/MC: 202-783-3238. Among the advice...

Common sense and military policy dictate that you should answer press queries fully and accurately, even when those answers tend to make you look bad. But human nature advises otherwise, and it is often difficult to choke back the impulse to evade the hard questions. This impulse can really do you in, for evasions always come back to haunt, and they are malevolent ghosts.

A "no comment" can be equally damaging. The reporter will probably quote you in the story, not only to let the public (and his editor) know that he offered you a chance to tell your side, but also to let everyone know you are guilty. The dictionary tells us that "no comment" merely means you prefer not to talk about the subject, but the readers know better. They know very well you are pleading the Fifth Amendment to cover up your incompetence.

Nellis Commander Responds

From an article in the *Las Vegas Review-Journal*, July 4, about the pending promotion of Nellis Air Force Base commander Maj. Gen. Thomas R. Griffith--"Commander's career soars to new heights":

[Griffith] defended the Air Force's recent move to withdraw 4,000 acres of public land as a buffer zone around its secret Groom Lake base in Lincoln County, 35 miles west of Alamo.

"If we have to take security measures to do the things we want to do, we'll do it. We just can't have Boy Scouts roaming around in the area," he said.

"When decisions are made, they're based on the recommendation of people like me who are in the service of our country," he said. "At some point people have to have confidence in us and (in) the process."

Cammo Dudes Respond?

The following graffiti was found on a military "Restricted Area" sign in a remote area of public land near Freedom Ridge. As seen in the New York Times Magazine, June 26, Psychospy had drawn a big "X" across the sign and written "Misplaced Sign" on it because it was well outside the actual military border. Additional graffiti has appeared on the sign within the past week, author unknown:

Glenn Campbell is a stupid faggot and so are his loyal followers!

Clarification

Some readers got the impression from [DR#10](#) that Psychospy was ready to throw in the towel on the land grab. Responding to the continuing MFF, we said:

We almost wished they would just take the damn land and be done with it.

We assure both our supporters and the loyal opposition that we were speaking figuratively and our siege has not ended. Just recently, in fact, we installed at our Research Center a big satellite dish, the ultimate status symbol here in the outback and a clear message to our enemies (who are everywhere) that we are here for the long term. As an added benefit, we now receive the trash/sleaze/Simpsons/X-Files network, east and west feeds, so we can watch ourselves on *Encounters* twice on the same night.

The land grab fight is not over, and regardless of what the outcome may be, there is still plenty of political mileage on those 4000 acres. You never know what may turn up there: maybe the Nicole Simpson murder weapon! Whatever cards Fate may deal us, we assure the public that Psychospy and his faggot minions will cheerfully take advantage of the hand. The stated reason for the withdrawal ("To ensure the public safety, blah, blah...") is plainly insufficient and we believe creates a legal vulnerability. This, in turn, generates free floating political energy which might be tapped in elegant ways that may not yet be obvious. "Opportunistic" describes our philosophy.

Intel Bitties

ENCOUNTERS SEGMENT RESCHEDULED. At latest word, the Fox *Encounters* segment on Groom will run on Friday, July 22, at 8 pm in most cities (not tonight as reported in DR #10).

TRESPASSER CASE RESOLVED. Just before the date of their rescheduled trial, the four of seven accused trespassers reached a deal with the D.A. Two pleaded "no contest" and each paid a reduced fine of \$100 (compared to \$250 each for the three who pleaded "no contest" in January). In exchange, charges were dropped against the two remaining defendants. Mounting costs and emotional fatigue apparently prompted the defendants to bow out. Although the resolution was a compromise, we are pleased overall. We suspect that the small-town Alamo Justice Court, presided over by a non-lawyer, would have found them guilty, and the appeal to a higher court, although winnable, would have been costly. The government oversight group Citizen Alert did the same in 1988 when several members entered the Groom Range to work a mining claim. They were arrested and found guilty in the same Justice Court. They appealed to a higher court and won their case--but at a cost of thousands of dollars in legal fees and four years of "due process." Stretching out the latest case for over six months at least created a newsworthy cause and placed some political pressure on the local and military authorities. In the smaller battles of a larger war, the "process" is often more valuable than the end result.

WILDLIFE REFUGE LAND ACTION. An amendment to Senate Bill 823 now pending in Congress would transfer control of certain bombing areas in the Desert Wildlife Range to exclusive Air Force control. Although news of this action initially prompted suggestions of a "new Groom land grab," we now see no obvious connection between this and the Freedom Ridge withdrawal. The areas involved are 20- 60 miles southeast of Groom in an area that is already off limits to the public. The principal public concern seems to be the endangered desert tortoise--Nevada's version of the hated spotted owl. At present the land is jointly administered by the Nellis Bombing Range and the Wildlife Range, and the pending action would amend that arrangement to give the AF exclusive control over the limited areas where bombs already fall. Presumably, this would allow the strengthening of environmental rules outside the bombed areas (turtle paradise), while permitting the AF to continue its business within specified zones (turtle 'Nam). From what we know, we're inclined to support the AF on this one. We would agree with the brass that realistic exercises are necessary for defense readiness, and it's hard to be environmentally dainty when you are bombing things.

NEW PRODUCTS. The official unofficial [GROOM LAKE HAT](#) has just arrived at our Research Center. This is a black, all-cotton baseball cap with a three-inch version of the popular Groom Dry Lake cloth patch attached to the front. It is now available for \$12 each plus the usual shipping.... We have also received a new shipment of the USGS SATELLITE IMAGE MAP showing the semi-secret Tonopah Test Range and vicinity, available for \$8. This is a full color satellite photo in poster size, 24" x 40", covering the Cactus Flat 1:100,000 quadrangle and clearly showing the TTR runways and hangars.... Add \$3.50 postage per order (USA priority mail--ask for intl.). [[Catalog](#)]

Reader Responses: [In Defense of Vegas](#)

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Desert Rat circulation at time of release was 1138 copies.

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The Groom Lake Desert Rat

"The Naked Truth from Open Sources."

Area 51/Nellis Range/TTR/NTS/S-4?/Weird Stuff/Desert Lore

An on-line newsletter.

Written, published, [copyrighted](#) and totally disavowed by [Psychospy](#).

Direct from the "UFO Capital," Rachel, Nevada.

Issue #12. July 20, 1994

In this issue...

- [Campbell Arrested During Second T.V. Seizure](#)

!!!!!!!!!!!! NEWS FLASH !!!!!!!!!!!

Campbell Arrested During Second TV Seizure

Government oversight activist Glenn Campbell was arrested near Freedom Ridge yesterday evening (July 19) when he attempted to prevent the seizure by county authorities of a news crew's video tape.

In circumstances reminiscent of the April 4 ABC News incident, a news crew from KNBC-TV of Los Angeles had filmed an interview with Campbell at the popular viewpoint overlooking the unacknowledged Groom Lake air base. The crew consisted of reporter Chuck Henry and camera operator Julie Yellen. The two assert that they did not film the restricted base itself, which is visible at a distance of twelve miles from this public location. They, like ABC, intended to emphasize the absurdities of being able to see the base but not photograph it, according to the signs posted in the area.

About two hours after they arrived, Campbell and the crew were joined on Freedom Ridge by a Lincoln County Sheriff's deputy, Sergeant Doug Lamoreaux, who said that the security patrols had seen them pointing their camera at the base. The anonymous security guards--popularly nicknamed the "Cammo Dudes" for their camouflage fatigues--are a private contract force that patrols the Groom-area military border and adjoining public lands. Although widely rumored to be employed by the EG&G corporation under Air Force contract, their existence is not publicly acknowledged by either the military or EG&G. Previous reports by the nameless security guards resulted in the seizure of ABC's tape and equipment, which was later returned.

Lamoreaux asked that the KNBC crew turn over all their videotapes to him for inspection by the Air Force. Reporter Henry said that he could not do this, but that Lamoreaux could view the tapes through the camera's viewfinder to assure that none were of the secret base. Lamoreaux replied that he could not view the tapes because he did not have the required security clearance and authority to do so. The tapes, he said, could only be viewed by the Air Force.

That claim appears to be logically inconsistent. On the public land where this exchange took place, the base itself was clearly visible in the distance. If the crew had taken any pictures of the base, they would have been no different than what Lamoreaux could see himself. Why would viewing the video tape require a security clearance?

A sudden rainstorm and the threat of flash flooding interrupted the encounter. With the deputy following them, Campbell and the crew, who were travelling in a single four wheel drive vehicle, were directed to drive down from Freedom Ridge to the Groom Lake Road. There they were joined by a second Sheriff's deputy, Kelly Bryant.

On Groom Lake Road, Lamoreaux asked Campbell and the crew to step out of their vehicle. The discussion then resumed between Lamoreaux and Henry, while Campbell and Yellen remained silent. Lamoreaux repeated his request for the crew's video tapes. Henry reiterated that although they had taken no pictures of the base, he did not wish turn over the tapes. He repeated the offer to let Lamoreaux inspect them through the camera's viewfinder.

Lamoreaux then said that, since the crew would not turn over the tapes voluntarily, he would seize them without a warrant. Lamoreaux claimed that the crew had pointed the camera at his vehicle as he approached them on Freedom Ridge--a charge the crew denied. He said that since this was also in the general direction of the base, his viewing of this action constituted "probable cause" for the seizure of the tapes. He said that a Supreme Court ruling, which he could not name, gave him the authority to seize such "contraband" from a vehicle without a warrant.

Lamoreaux and Deputy Bryant then moved toward the crew's vehicle with the apparent intention of searching it and seizing the tapes. At this point Campbell, who had been standing on the opposite side of the vehicle, reached in and pushed down the door locks on the side that Lamoreaux was approaching.

Lamoreaux said, "You're under arrest." Campbell was immediately handcuffed and placed in Deputy Bryant's vehicle.

Lamoreaux then proceeded to thoroughly search the crew's vehicle, although permission had not been granted and no warrant issued. Under threat of arrest by Lamoreaux, the two members of the film crew did not attempt to interfere. Lamoreaux seized all recorded video tapes in the vehicle--five altogether. He did not seize the camera, blank tapes or any other equipment. After the video tapes were taken, the crew was told that they were free to go.

Campbell was taken in handcuffs to the Lincoln County Sheriff's Substation in Alamo for booking. He was charged with Obstructing a Public Officer (NRS 197.190). This is the first time Campbell has been charged with any crime in Lincoln County. He posted \$600 bail and was released. Arraignment will be Wednesday, Aug. 3, 1:30 pm, in Alamo Justice Court.

Prior to the ABC and KNBC seizures, Campbell has been involved in three incidents in which film was taken by the Sheriff's Dept., turned over to the Air Force and never returned. In separate incidents on June 16, 1993, and June 30, 1993, Campbell was seen photographing a helicopter over public land near the military border--but not near any locations where the Groom Lake base is visible. Campbell voluntarily gave his film to Sgt. Lamoreaux upon request, with the explicit understanding that it would be developed and returned. Campbell saw this as an opportunity to prove that he had taken no illegal pictures, but his film was never returned; no charges were filed against him and no notice was given that the film was being formally seized.

In a third incident, on March 23, 1994, Campbell escorted a reporter and a photographer for the New York Times to Freedom Ridge. The photographer was asked by Lamoreaux to turn over his film, and he voluntarily relinquished two rolls. However, that film is widely assumed to be blank.

Campbell's previous experiences of having his film effectively confiscated without a warrant may have prompted his actions in the most recent incident. It is unclear why the Sheriff's Dept. did not seek a search warrant for KNBC as they did for ABC News or whether such a warrantless search is legal.

Notes

The Nevada statute under which Campbell was charged reads as follows:

197.190 OBSTRUCTING PUBLIC OFFICER. Every person who, after due notice, shall refuse or neglect to make or furnish any statement, report or information lawfully required of him by any public officer, or who, in such statement, report or information shall make any willfully untrue, misleading or exaggerated statement, or who shall willfully hinder, delay or obstruct any public officer in the discharge of his official powers or duties, shall, where no other provision of law applies, be guilty of a misdemeanor."

The Supreme Court ruling Sgt. Lamoreaux cited to justify the seizure--the name of which he could not recall--was later revealed by Deputy Bryant to be the case of "Ross vs. U.S." No details of this ruling were available at press time.

The Lincoln County Sheriff's Dept. is under contract with the U.S. Air Force to investigate, on demand, suspected violations of law along the military border. According to a recent county invoice, the Air Force pays the Sheriff's Dept. approximately \$50,000 per year for this service.

[Federal photography statute: [18 USC 795](#)]

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Direct from the "UFO Capital," Rachel, Nevada.

Issue #13. May 21, 1994

In this issue...

- [Media Communications 102](#)
- [Freedom Ridge Closure Looms](#)
- [Proposed Outing](#)
- [Lazar Timeline Released](#)
- [Mysterious Larry King Stopover](#)
- [Intel Bitties](#)

Media Communications 102

Commonsense Rules For The Defense Manager

We know that the Rat is read by leaders in the Pentagon, and we like to think that they look to us for the sort of impartial reporting and down-to-earth advice they can't get from their own people. We see our role as one of education. We do not seek to destroy the military or damage national defense; instead, we are trying to make the military stronger by introducing defense managers to important concepts in psychology, philosophy, politics and American society.

One of these is public relations. We know what you generals are thinking: that the news media are the slime of the earth and would be an even better target for the Sons and Daughters of Liberty than Las Vegas. Nonetheless, the presence of a bloodthirsty press will always be a fact of life in our democracy. They represent, in fact, one of those unalienable rights that we go to war in distant lands to defend. Like the unpleasant, humiliating process of wringing funds from Congress, dealing with the press is just something the military has to live with. The tone of press coverage, especially in peacetime, plays a major role in funding decisions and the degree of autonomy the military is accorded. The military can either take charge of the process and use the press to its advantage, or it can ignore the wolves, plead "no comment" and be eaten alive.

Starting at a very basic level, there are certain things you just shouldn't do if you want to maintain the respect of the press and your ultimate liberty and funding. One of these points is summed up in a song we once heard....

You don't tug on Superman's cape.

You don't spit into the wind.

You don't pull on the mask of the old Lone Ranger....

AND YOU DON'T TAKE THE CAMERAS OR VIDEO TAPE OF A MAJOR MEDIA ORGANIZATION!

Open your textbooks to page 15 for a further restatement of this principle. (We are referring, of course, to *Meeting the*

Press: A Media Survival Guide for the Defense Manager [[DR#11](#)].)

"Because of competitive pressures of the trade, the fraternity of reporters is not exactly a brotherhood of congeniality. In actual fact, rival reporters find it easy to build up an abiding dislike for one another, although they normally take great pains to hide their animosities from outsiders. But in spite of their differences, there is one time when all media representatives will lay their dislikes aside and join forces, place their wagons in a circle, and stand shoulder to shoulder fighting as one. That occasion is whenever they perceive a threat to the freedom of the press and their right to publish or broadcast whatever they choose."

The ongoing Groom Lake conflict has turned into a classic example of how not to respond to the press. We were especially surprised and amused to see the authorities seize the video tapes of yet another TV crew, KNBC of Los Angeles [[DR#12](#)]. The Secret Police never learn! Nothing guarantees that your story will get top play in the evening newscast like trying in some way to suppress it. Even returning the confiscated tape won't end the story. Instead of making the reporter quake in his boots, such an encounter almost assures his eternal devotion to the story. Every reporter is quick to express his outrage at any such obstruction, but you know, deep down, that this is just the sort of challenge he lives for.

At last report, the video tape seized on July 19 has still not been returned. Of the five tapes taken by force and without a warrant, the Air Force is prepared to release only one. The rest, evidently, are a threat to national security. The crew says they did not photograph the unacknowledged Groom Lake base, since they did not want to provoke the authorities, and there was already plenty of stock footage available. They used only a wide angle lens, pointed away from the base, to interview activist Campbell on Freedom Ridge, in plain sight of the anonymous guards. Unfortunately, a wide angle lens means that some area of empty military land adjoining the border is bound to appear somewhere in the frame. Everyone in the class knows about those anal-retentive OSI guys (Office of Special Investigations) who adhere without question to their given rules no matter how objectively absurd. If a photo was taken in downtown Las Vegas and happened to show restricted mountains in the background, that film has to be impounded and stamped "Top Secret," even if no detail is shown, no installations are visible and 10,000 better pictures are already in circulation.

Lawyers from the NBC network are said to be pursuing the matter, but the absence of the video tapes has not prevented the show from going on. KNBC will supposedly run a story on Groom tonight (8/1, 5:00pm, L.A. ch. 4. Maybe also sat.K2/tr.3). They do have choice shots of activist Campbell being hauled away in handcuffs after he tried to interfere with the seizure, and the rest of the story can be adequately reconstructed using footage taken by other stations.

Seeing the AF humiliate itself in front of yet another TV network, we are reminded of the poor stooge in the vaudeville act who always falls for the same gag again and again--the banana peel on the floor, the pie in the face. After the laughter dies down, we feel only sadness. The military's wisdom and flexibility in dealing with domestic opponents are a reflection on how it will respond to the rapidly changing enemy it is bound to face in the future. The threats of the tomorrow will not be ponderous Soviets or ego-bound Saddams. They are going to be swift-moving, opportunistic terrorist groups resembling more sophisticated versions of the Sons and Daughters of Liberty and not unlike Psychospy himself. Having superior weaponry does not count as much as having some subtlety and brains and a leadership that is responsive enough to recognize a problem at its early stages and deal with it decisively before it becomes intractable.

Protecting Classified Information

To future students of military public relations, the Groom Lake debacle of the mid-1990s will serve as a textbook example of how not to preserve classified information. The old Cold War strategy for protecting a sensitive program was to classify EVERYTHING associated with it, including its funding, the fact of its existence and anything nominally trivial which might imply such a project. Public relations, in those days, consisted only of various forms of "no comment," enhanced by patriotic sermons about those who died in previous wars. If you acknowledged even the most tactically useless information, the theory went, it would start the ball rolling and soon the whole program would be compromised.

What was not recognized is that in attempting to classify every nut and bolt, every meal served in the commissary and every trivial fact the rest of the world knew already, the entire security apparatus became devalued and unenforceable. The very reason the public was attracted to Groom was its surreal nonexistence. Properly classified information was lumped together with the top-secret bar, tennis courts, prime rib dinners and decades of accumulated failures and abuses that were of no value to any foreign enemy. When the trash finally got thrown out, unfortunately so did some valuable resources.

In the end, what broke the base was not Campbell and the TV crews, but the disenchantment of its own workers. The key to keeping secrets, it was found, was not rules and enforcement but trust and cooperation. Once the workers lost their faith that the government was on their side, and once they felt, rightly or wrongly, that their secrecy oath was working more against the interests of the country than for it, then no amount of threats, sermons or OSI thugs could keep them from speaking out about what they felt was wrong. For a time, it was easy to bury embarrassments and human problems under the claim of national security, but all those skeletons accumulated in the closet, and when the door was opened just a crack, they fell out all at once.

Freedom Ridge Closure Looms

It now looks increasingly likely that Freedom Ridge and White Sides will be closed to the public sometime in October. There is still opportunity for comments, protests and appeals, and it is remotely possible that BLM could turn down or delay the AF request. Realistically, though, visitors should not plan on these near-in viewpoints remaining open past October 15.

There will be a 30 day "protest" period between an affirmative BLM decision and the actual closing of the land, and we will certainly report this warning in the Rat. Of course, we'll schedule a party at the very end and make sure the world doesn't overlook the passage.

Through Aug. 26, the BLM is offering the public the opportunity to comment on the transfer of the land from the Caliente Management Plan to the Nellis Range Management Plan--an obscure bureaucratic step in the withdrawal. Acting District Manager Gary Ryan says that since most people do not understand how this comment period differs from the previous one, he will continue to accept comments on the withdrawal itself. If you so choose, you can send your harangues to him at:

Gary Ryan, Acting District Manager
Bureau of Land Management
P.O. Box 26569
Las Vegas, Nevada 89126

It seems to us, though, that almost everything worthwhile has already been said. Recently, we had a chance to examine the application case file packed with clippings, transcripts, back issues of the Rat, hundreds letters of protest and even a couple letters of AF support. The file is almost a foot high now--a fascinating cultural and anthropological record that captures a slice of our human history. The vast majority of the comments are wonderfully, magically irrelevant to the withdrawal process and entirely beyond the scope of BLM's mandate. There are eloquent warnings about the dangers of government secrecy and impassioned pleas on behalf of the captive aliens. Angry demands written in pseudo-legalese assert that the AF and BLM have no authority in Nevada to begin with and that everything must be given back to the state or the Indians. Throughout the file, we are impressed by the passion and patriotism of the authors. Clearly, this withdrawal has touched a public nerve, but unfortunately most of the vented emotion does not have much bearing on the land transfer process.

If the withdrawal is delayed or derailed, it will be on obscure procedural grounds. Should an Environmental Impact Statement have been required instead of an Environmental Assessment? Were the application requirements outlined in federal regulations properly followed? The BLM district office does not have the facilities to evaluate UFO claims, social priorities or defense policies. It can only process the application according to defined environmental and land-

use procedures, then pass it upstairs to the State Director in Reno. He, in turn, will probably refer it to the secretarial level in Washington, and there the final decision could be made by voodoo and sorcery, by studying the entrails of sacrificed animals and maybe not looking at the case file at all.

Sometime before the close of the comment period, Psychospy will make our own final argument against the withdrawal, which we will print in the Rat. BLM expects to issue a decision about 2-3 weeks later, or mid-September. If the withdrawal is supported, there will then be a 30-day protest period before the land is closed. This is the "last call" to visit Freedom Ridge. After the land is closed, the decision can still be appealed.

If the withdrawal goes through, it is hard to call this a "victory" for the AF. The application itself created a powerful opposition movement that won't go away when Freedom Ridge is taken. In a way, the loss of the land may be the best thing that could happen to the movement, because it shifts the debate to a higher political and philosophic level.

And remember the punch line: The Groom Lake base can still be seen from several mountains that are higher and further back. tmahood@netcom.com and spouse have surveyed a trail to the top of the Tikaboo Peak viewpoint, 13 miles east of F.R. His concise "Tikaboo Peak Guide" is included in the current edition (2.04) of the *Area 51 Viewer's Guide*. (Owners of previous editions can send us an SASE for a free Tikaboo Guide.) When F.R. is closed, we expect to publish edition 3.0 of the Viewer's Guide, with new advice and viewpoints.

Proposed Outing

We will organize a final camp-out and End-of-the-World get-together on F.R. when we learn the date of its closure. In the meantime, many people have expressed an interest in holding another gathering before the end of the summer.

We propose that this summer event be called the FREEDOM RIDGE/TIKABOO PEAK FREE-SPEECH ENCAMPMENT, with the nominal purpose of loudly protesting the NBC tape seizure but the real aim of having a good time. We suggest that this event could be held either Labor Day weekend (Sept. 3-5) or the weekend before (Aug. 27-28). Saturday night could be spent around the campfire at Freedom Ridge, while on Sunday interested hikers could head to Tikaboo Peak for the official grand opening of the Summit Trail. (That hike is a strenuous 1-1/2 hours each way through forested alpine terrain from Badger Spring, accessible by dirt roads from US-93.)

The protest part of the outing (merely an idea at this point) is to suggest that everyone who objects to warrantless film and video seizures bring a camera of their own. Cameras can either be real or convincing fake ones, and it is not necessary that they be loaded with film. In addition, illegal photos of the base, as published by the Russians and in major periodicals, would be both sold and given away among participants. Imagine 50 or 100 people with "cameras" all pointed at the base. The Sheriff would be informed (He gets the Rat.) and would be invited to investigate and haul away as many of the perpetrators as he could. (Unfortunately, the Sheriff's Dept. no longer occupies the now-abandoned Detention Center and has capacity for only a handful of prisoners at the Court House.) Fond memories would be evoked of "Peace Camp" and the anti-nuclear protests at Mercury in the 80s.

Of course, this is all merely a suggestion at this point--an idle dream that we set forward here for public comment. Psychospy would never recommend, at least on his own, that people bring cameras to a Groom Lake viewpoint. Any recommendation like this would have to be made by consensus of the White Sides Defense Committee.

Anyone with thoughts to offer can drop us a line. Which weekend is best? Should we or should we not bring "cameras"? If we go ahead with the encampment, dates and details will be printed in the next Rat.

[\[Later report on event in DR#15\]](#)

Lazar Timeline Released

"UFO mechanic" Bob Lazar, who claims to have reverse engineered alien spacecraft at Papoose Lake, also claims to have degrees from both MIT and Cal-Tech. He explains the absence of any academic records by suggesting that the government has made them "disappear." Lazar is a man without a past, the story goes, and not even his birth certificate can be found.

It turns out now that no records could be found because no one has looked very hard. By digging through the archives of county clerks and city recorders offices, our colleague tmahood@netcom.com and his internet buddies have assembled a wealth of public records on Lazar. His birth certificate still has not been located (perhaps because this requires more information and his permission), but other records available to anyone show Lazar's marriages, real estate transactions, a bankruptcy, a pandering charge and the death of a spouse. tmahood has condensed this information into a chronological timeline of Lazar's life, a 10-page document now circulating on the net.

For the sake of decency, Lazar's social security number and other current identifying data have been deleted from the timeline. Publishing the dates of Lazar's other lifetime events may also strike some people as an invasion of privacy, but Lazar's dramatic UFO claims and the known inconsistencies of his personal life beg a chronological analysis. The timeline pretty much extinguishes the notion that Lazar earned any degree from MIT or Cal-Tech: There just wasn't enough time. It seems certain he worked for Los Alamos Laboratories, as he claims, but it is still not clear in what capacity. The rest of the timeline, while nailing down Lazar's general whereabouts, seems to raise more questions than it answers. In one curious three-day period, Lazar appears to have been married to two different women until one of them committed suicide. No autopsy was performed. Lazar then married the other woman AGAIN a few months later, she using a different name. Lazar was going through bankruptcy proceedings at the time, which may explain some of the strange maneuvers.

Many readers may call Lazar a fraud, but that doesn't answer much. His motivation remains unknown, and the man himself is still a fascinating cipher. Needless to say, he has not approved this document and his cooperation was not sought. Nonetheless, tmahood says that he is willing to conduct further research if Lazar can point out any specific errors in the document. The timeline should be available at the FTP site below. If you are unable to obtain it there, you may request it by email from tmahood@netcom.com. The internet-impaired may obtain a hard copy from Psychospy for \$2 (to cover copying and postage).

Mysterious Larry King Stopover

Here's fodder for your conspiracy theories. According to an article in the July 27 *Las Vegas Review-Journal*...

An airliner carrying talk show host Larry King was running on empty when it made an emergency landing at Nellis Air Force Base.

[American Airlines] Flight 1374 from Dallas landed at the base runway about 1:50 pm Saturday because of 'critical fuel,' said Air Force Maj. George Sillia, a base spokesman....

All of the passengers -- except King, who received a military escort to the convention -- had to stay on the plane for about 90 minutes, Sillia said.

As reported in the *Washington Post* [\[DR#11\]](#), King will be doing a TV special on Area 51, broadcast live from Rachel on Oct. 1. ("Has Larry King been reduced to this?") Is it a coincidence that King's jet HAPPENS to be diverted to Nellis two months before the show? Nellis manages at least the land surrounding Area 51, and Major Sillia is the man who journalists go to for an authoritative "no comment" about the base. Nellis AFB is only ten miles from McCarran Airport, the plane's intended destination. Strange it should be diverted here, isn't it?

What we want to know is, WHAT HAPPENED DURING THAT MILITARY ESCORT? We are reminded of Eisenhower's mysterious "dental appointment," when he disappeared for a few hours and could have been engaged in some sort of extraterrestrial contact. Was it really "critical fuel" that forced King's plane to land, or was this just an excuse to brief him on the alien presence? Or maybe the military created this charade to replace him with a LARRY

KING CLONE, identical to the talk show host in every way except that when Oct. 1 comes along, he'll follow the script of the ruling elite.

ANYTHING could have happened during that military escort, and only one thing is certain: The plane's diversion to Nellis "couldn't possibly be coincidence."

Intel Bitties

CAMPBELL ARRAIGNMENT. As reported in [DR#12](#), Glenn Campbell's arraignment on obstruction charges will be held this Weds., Aug. 3, at 1:30 pm in Alamo Justice Court. An arraignment is a brief and usually uninteresting hearing in which formal charges are filed and a trial date set. Campbell, like O.J. Simpson, is expected to plead "absolutely, 100 percent not guilty." He has reserved comment on his defense until after the arraignment, but knowing Mr. Campbell we think he'll have fun. The worst penalty is probably a fine, and being accused of a crime usually increases ones legal powers of investigation and advocacy.

TRESPASSER CASE LINGERS ON. In [DR#11](#), we reported that the case of the January trespassers had finally been resolved. Not so. The equipment confiscated by the Cammo Dudes from their impounded cars has still not been returned: binoculars, telescope and a camera (with no film). We consider the delay yet another example of military P.R. bungling. The equipment is of no value to AF and not returning it simply assures that this irritating case, like the little Energizer bunny, will keep on going and going and going...

"STUPID FAGGOT" VANISHES. The graffiti on a remote Restricted Area sign reported in [DR#11](#) ("Glenn Campbell is a stupid faggot and so are his loyal followers!") has disappeared as mysteriously as it came. It looks like someone washed it off neatly with a spray cleaner without touching our "Misplaced Sign" marking or the big "X". Did an officer read about it in the Rat, and pass down a clean-up order? Did we get someone in trouble? (Sorry, guys.)

HAT, BOOK AVAILABLE IN PENTAGON. The Groom Lake patch has been selling like gangbusters at Fort America, the military memorabilia shop in the Outer Concourse at the Pentagon. Now, two more of our products are available there: the Groom Lake hat and the *Area 51 Viewer's Guide*. We hope our local readers will check out the merchandise. (Either that or suppress it, which would be far more newsworthy.)

Reader Responses: [Glenn Campbell Death Pool](#)

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Issue #14. August 10, 1994

In this issue...

- [A Land Grab Argument](#)
- [Where To Write](#)
- [Intel Bitties](#)

A Land Grab Argument

The Battle for Freedom Ridge will be coming to a head in the next few weeks when the local BLM office completes processing of the Air Force withdrawal application and submits it to Washington for a decision. A letter writing campaign could be effective now, but only if the letters focus on technical weak points in the application, not on the broader social implications of the withdrawal.

When we recently reviewed the application case file at the Las Vegas BLM office, we found it packed with passionate letters denouncing the withdrawal. The bulk of these made a government accountability argument: If the military closes the land, citizen oversight will be lost over the "nonexistent" Groom facility. Essentially, these letters are asking BLM and the Dept. of Interior to evaluate social priorities and defense needs and make a value judgment about what is most important.

No matter how compelling this kind of argument may seem to an average citizen, it probably won't go very far in the bureaucratic world. The Dept. of Interior isn't qualified to make judgments outside the realms of land use and environment impact. It cannot, for example, evaluate national security needs; it simply does not have the qualifications or resources in this area. If forced to make a value judgment about defense priorities, it will simply follow the recommendation of the only government entity that does have the resources and expertise--the Department of Defense.

More effective challenges are subtle procedural ones, which only a few people have presented so far. These require an understanding of how the system works and the sort of things that the Dept. of Interior is qualified to deal with. The most promising kind of challenge is to find a flaw in the application itself or the way it was processed. One could challenge the Environmental Assessment and show that it is somehow incomplete or inappropriate. One could look for inconsistencies between this land action and some obscure planning document. One could gum up the proceedings with FOIAs, appeals and nuisance lawsuits.

There are many possible procedural challenges, but the one that we find most appealing is elegantly simple. It appeals to common sense and does not stray far from the government-accountability issues that are our true motivation. To appreciate this argument, we must first understand the basic structure of our government and how this withdrawal fits in.

Fundamentals Of Government

There could be no more inept form of government than a pure democracy. Imagine a country where every national decision was put to a popular vote and every citizen was entitled to an equal say in everything their government did. Nothing would get done! There are too many decisions to be made, and no citizen has the time or interest to remain informed on all of them. In an ideal nation run by talk show hosts where each day's government policy was wired directly to public opinion polls, the mercurial whining, sentiment and hysteria of the audience would soon cripple every institution and bring to a halt all public services.

Thank God in our own semi-democratic society the people are kept at bay. Aside from occasional state referenda on isolated issues, the citizenry has the ultimate say in only a single kind of decision: that of who to elect to represent them for a given period of time. The people do not participate in every new law drafted by Congress; they are only empowered to choose senators and representatives who, once in office, are allowed to exercise their own personal judgment.

The people delegate to their congressional representatives the authority to make major decisions about their country's future, but Congress does not have the time to oversee every decision the government makes. Instead, it drafts the broad outline of what must be done, and then delegates to the Executive Branch the power to fill in the missing regulations and decide on specific actions within the law.

The Executive Branch of government is the massive bureaucracy that is charged with carrying out the laws and programs authorized by Congress. All the "public services" the government provides, including national defense and public land management, fall within this hierarchical structure. At the top of the organizational tree is the President. He is the manager we hire every four years to oversee the bureaucracy and make the thousands of day-to-day operating decisions that Congress couldn't be bothered with. The sheer volume of these decisions would overwhelm the man himself, so he hires a staff of specialized managers to handle specific areas. This is his Cabinet and the politically appointed cadre of undersecretaries, diplomats, federal attorneys and miscellaneous high-level bureaucrats. They all represent, in essence, the arms of the President. They are appointed by him, and he is ultimately accountable for their performance as they carry out the instructions of Congress.

Various laws and standards have evolved over the years to define which actions Congress must approve and which others can be left to Executive discretion. In the case of transfers of public land between government agencies, the boundary is specific: The Engle Act of 1958 decrees that congressional approval is required for new defense-related withdrawals of 5000 acres or more. Since the Freedom Ridge withdrawal is only 4000 acres, the decision about whether to approve it need not be referred to Congress.

The lingering question is, if Congress does not make the decision on this withdrawal, then who does? And on what basis do they make it? Is it possible that the decision HAS ALREADY BEEN MADE by the Executive Branch and that the application process is only a formality? Maybe NO ONE makes a decision: Is the mere fact that the Air Force has asked for the land sufficient reason for it to be granted?

Executive Power

BLM does not decide. It seems primarily concerned with processing the application itself. BLM is like the secretary in a college admissions office who receives applications in the mail, creates folders for them, verifies transcripts and collates SAT scores. The steps that BLM must follow are defined in excruciating detail in federal regulations and its own established procedures. It must require the completion of certain environmental reports--and officials agonize over which ones. It must collect public comments, and search through these for any possible environmental or land use implications. It must verify that the proposed action is consistent with land management framework plans and other obscure bureaucratic documents. Like the secretary in the admissions office, BLM can sideline the application if certain paperwork is not properly completed, but it does not make any judgment about the material it is processing. BLM's job is to prepare the case file for submission to a higher deciding authority.

According to Federal Code, "The Federal Land Policy and Management Act of 1976 (43 USC 1714) gives the Secretary of the Interior general authority to make, modify, extend or revoke withdrawals." In short, Secretary Bruce

Babbitt is responsible for the final decision on the Freedom Ridge withdrawal. Babbitt is a political appointee of the President. He exercises some of the President's discretion to make day-to-day operating decisions without referral to Congress.

Babbitt, it might appear, can do anything he wants. He does not have to obtain the approval of the American people or even the President before granting the withdrawal. It does not matter if his decision is unpopular. He is a manager who has been entrusted with the power to do these things, and managers have to upset people sometimes. He can weigh the pros and cons of an action and use his own judgment to decide what is best. His word is the final say.

In reality, though, Babbitt's discretion is much more constrained than it seems. He cannot make a decision, as we suggested in [DR#13](#), "by voodoo and sorcery, by studying the entrails of sacrificed animals." Only Congress can do that. As the nation's highest lawmaking body, Congress can make a decision for any reason it chooses, a prerogative it exercised in 1987 when it approved the 89,000 acre Groom Range withdrawal. Just because Congress accepted the vague reasons given by the AF back then does not mean that the same reasons are sufficient for the Secretary of the Interior now.

Unlike Congress, every Executive agency is constrained by a million different laws, rules and ethical guidelines. Because the Executive Branch has so much power that could be easily abused, enormous rule-making effort has been expended over the years in assuring that every decision made by an Executive agency at least APPEARS to be fair and objective. Hence all the explicit rules that BLM must follow when processing the withdrawal application. The aim is to assure that all the relevant evidence has been collected before the Secretary makes his decision. When he does make a decision, a lot of people are bound to be unhappy, and having followed the established guidelines allows the Secretary to claim that he was at least working from a solid base of data.

The Secretary is allowed to make unpopular decisions, but he cannot make ones that are "arbitrary and capricious"--that is, which are made without a basis in some sort of data. Fundamental to government ethics is the openness of that data. In accordance with this country's open records laws, any citizen should be able to inspect the same files and evidence that the Secretary bases his decision upon, at least to assure that there isn't some obvious conflict of interest or an error in the data. The Secretary has a right to make bad decisions or decisions that favor his political philosophy, but he cannot make decisions from a secret pool of information that is not available to the general public. If he does, he and his decision will be legally and politically vulnerable.

There are only a few exceptions to the openness requirement, and one of these is "national security." The Executive Branch regularly makes decisions based on classified information. If the U.S. invades Haiti, for example, how and when the invasion occurs will depend to a large extent on secret intelligence about defenses there. Because revealing the details of this data might jeopardize its source, the military need not make it public.

At first glance, the Freedom Ridge withdrawal might seem to fall into the same category. The existence of the Groom base is classified and its continued secrecy is--in the minds of the military--essential to national security. If the public release of any information about the base would, in military eyes, compromise the safety of the nation, it is possible that this information can be presented to the Secretary of the Interior in secret. Even though the public does not have access to this data, the Secretary can still use it as the basis for his decision.

Such a provision does indeed exist in the law governing withdrawals. According to 43 CFR 2300.1-2, the withdrawal application must specify....

"(7) The public purpose or statutory program for which the lands must be withdrawn. If the purpose or program for which the lands would be withdrawn is classified for national security reasons, a statement to that effect shall be included..."

Unfortunately, the Air Force failed to include that statement in its application. Their full and only written response to Item #7 is...

"(7) The purpose of the withdrawal is to ensure the public safety and the safe and secure operation of activities in the Nellis Range Complex."

If the Air Force had made the statement that the purpose was classified, then the Secretary could presumably make use of classified information in his decision. The Air Force could present its case to Babbitt in secret; Babbitt could make his decision based upon it, and citizens who objected might be powerless to appeal.

However, as it stands, there is no hint in the application that there is any classified information or facilities involved. The Air Force can't have it both ways. It can't choose to pursue an open process and still expect the Secretary to consider classified information. The Air Force's position presented in the application is the same as it is in public: They know nothing about any classified facility, and even if it exists it has nothing to do with this withdrawal. Bound by ethical constraints to act only the data actually found in the application, the Secretary must respect the Air Force's public position and cannot consider the Groom Lake base at all.

The Burden Of Proof

This land, along with all other public lands in this country, has been designated by Congress for the purpose of "public multiple use." The public is ENTITLED to access to this land unless a solid case can be presented that some other purpose is more important. The decision of whether a certain military purpose is more important than public use is a discretionary judgment by the Secretary, but there still has to be a well-defined purpose, supported by some kind of data. The Secretary cannot simply rubber-stamp whatever request the Air Force makes; that would be "arbitrary and capricious." He has to make a real, active decision about whether this withdrawal makes sense, and he has to make it based on the public information actually presented in the application.

Has the Air Force presented a strong case to justify its need for this land? Has it presented a compelling set of data?

What evidence has the Air Force presented that the "public safety" is currently at risk? The Air Force has not presented even a SINGLE INCIDENT where a person's safety has been placed in danger by visiting those hills. If the Air Force has other definitions of "public safety" in mind, it has not presented any data in support of these either.

What evidence has the Air Force presented that leaving the land public jeopardizes the "safe and secure operation of activities in the Nellis Range Complex"? The most informative statement in this regard was made by Col. Bennett at the Caliente hearing:

"When someone is on White Sides and other nearby areas, altitude and route changes have to be made by aircraft to avoid harming people and to prevent disclosure of operational matters. Some missions have to be delayed or canceled. This impacts the effective use of the Nellis Range Complex."

This could indeed be a valid argument for the withdrawal if it was backed up by concrete examples. Unfortunately, the Air Force has not been able to produce even a SINGLE CASE where some flight was delayed or rerouted due to visitors being on the ridge. It has not even presented a POSSIBLE case where a flight might be so affected in the future.

In short, the Air Force has presented no data whatsoever. In support of its application, the AF has submitted only some vague and general arguments about the importance of a strong national defense and the value of the Nellis Range in training pilots. It has presented only empty words, expressing noble emotions but conveying no information. It seems to have assumed the role of defendant who is "innocent until proven guilty," who need present no argument in his defense as long as the prosecution can't prove its case against him "beyond a reasonable doubt." No opponent has been able to prove that the withdrawal will have a significant environmental impact. It won't. No opponent has been able to prove that the Air Force's reason for withdrawing the land is NOT valid--but that's because the AF has presented no specific argument that could be refuted. The Air Force is playing coy and pretending that the responsibility is on the citizen to prove it wrong, when, in fact, the burden is the other way around.

Is the Air Force entitled to any block of public land simply because it asks for it? The logical answer has to be no. If it can take the Freedom Ridge parcel without a supported reason, THEN IT CAN TAKE ANY 5000 ACRE PARCEL ANYWHERE IN THE COUNTRY. If the military takes only one or two blocks of land in each Western state, the total could amount to over 100,000 acres in aggregate, and the taking doesn't have to stop there. By attaching a variety of

different nonsense reasons to Item #7 of the applications, the Air Force could conceivably withdraw ALL PUBLIC LANDS IN THE COUNTRY, without the approval of Congress and without being required to provide any evidence of need.

Why the AF wants the land is no mystery to the world: It wants to keep visitors off the viewpoints that overlook its unacknowledged Groom Lake base. It feels that sensitive operations at the base would be jeopardized if their existence is made public. This may indeed be a valid and supportable reason, but it has never been presented. The Secretary of the Interior and his staff have probably read the many news reports about Groom Lake and from this have a good idea why the military wants the land, but as far as the application is concerned, this is only unconfirmed rumor and hearsay--no more admissible here than in a court of law. If the AF wants the problems of the Groom Lake base to be considered in the Secretary's decision, it must present this data explicitly. The Secretary of the Interior cannot be required to "read minds," and his ethics are suspect if he does. If he chooses to rely, without public notice, on secret data the public cannot challenge, he has stepped outside the boundaries of his authorized discretion.

If the Air Force had presented almost ANY plausible data in support of the application, then the Secretary could cite it as a basis for his decision, and the withdrawal could go through. With no evidence at all presented, the Secretary cannot possibly approve the withdrawal without seeming "arbitrary and capricious"- -doing it only because the Air Force asked. Logically, he has no choice in the matter, and no value judgment is involved: The withdrawal application cannot be approved as it stands now.

What Now?

About a month from now, in mid-Sept., the Las Vegas BLM office is expected to issue its findings in the limited areas it is qualified to evaluate. It will probably conclude that this withdrawal presents no significant environmental or land use impacts. If this were a less contested action, we sense that the "No Significant Impact" finding would have been the equivalent of an approval recommendation. The state and national BLM directors would have rubber-stamped the application, and Babbitt would have authorized the withdrawal with little more than a cursory examination of what he was signing.

We don't want that to happen in this case. "No Significant Impact" does not imply that the decision-making process is over. It has, in fact, only just begun. We want to make it clear to Babbitt that a real decision now rests on his shoulders. Normally, the application would likely be approved, because that's the easiest thing for the Secretary to do. Not approving it could create inter-agency tensions and internal dissent within the Cabinet. To counteract this natural tendency toward approval, we must make sure there is equivalent pressure from the outside to hold back. We want Babbitt to understand that approving the application as it is will create political tensions and legal burdens from outside the Executive Branch that will fall squarely on Interior, not on the Air Force where they belong.

Through its own bad decisions about how to handle Area 51, the Air Force has painted itself into a corner. Scandals are brewing here that could drag on for years, and the AF has placed itself in a position where it cannot adequately defend itself. It has trapped itself into supporting an absurdity, and its public relations and congressional rapport may suffer as a result. If Interior approves the application, it will, in effect, be volunteering to share the Air Force's burdens. It, too, must defend the absurdity, and it could be vulnerable for its decision in ways that the Air Force isn't. Handling the inevitable protests and appeals and justifying its action to the press and members of Congress could soak up valuable resources that are needed to fight Interior's own battles. Interior has no interest in secret bases. It is preoccupied with contentious land reform battles in the West, and this tiny but highly publicized withdrawal only fans the flames and makes it harder to get things done.

Where To Write

There's no sense wasting any more of your toner cartridge on BLM. The most effective pressures on Babbitt cannot come from below, they have to come laterally, from the only people who can make the Secretary sweat. Now is the time to write to some key senators and congressmen.

Maybe you've written to them before. Each member of Congress must receive dozens or hundreds of letters a day, most of which probably generate a courteous reply and then are promptly filed in the "Wacko" bin. Most letters are ignored because most people don't make realistic requests. If the letters received by BLM are any gauge, most are rambling, impassioned harangues without a clear goal and with little understanding about the political process and what it is the recipient can act upon.

The most effective letters to Congress focus on a simple, well- defined problem and request a specific action from the congressman that he can reasonably carry out. In this case, it is probably not productive to dwell on government accountability, defense priorities or other complicated issues. Don't ask the congressman to try to reform the military; that is unrealistic. Keep your letter short, courteous and very limited in scope, something like this...

"Dear Representative Smith,

"I am concerned about the pending Air Force land withdrawal at Groom Lake, Nevada, and its implications for military land use in our own state. The military may indeed be justified in taking this land, which overlooks their secret air base. My main concern is the vague and unsubstantiated purpose they have given for this withdrawal: 'For the public safety and the safe and secure operation of activities.' I am worried that if the military is granted this land for this vague reason, then it could easily expand its bases in our state in the same manner, without having to demonstrate need.

"Interior Secretary Babbitt will be making a decision on the withdrawal within the next few weeks. The military is pressuring the Dept. of Interior to approve the current application without change. I hope that you can contact Babbitt's office as soon as possible to apprise yourself of the situation. We must be sure that this withdrawal is approved only within the bounds of established ethical guidelines and reasonable expectations of proof."

If you live in a Western state, where most public lands are located, the dangers of unsubstantiated military withdrawals should be of direct interest to your congressman. If you live in an Eastern state, your congressman will probably be indifferent. In that case, it is better to write to the members of congressional land use committees.

The addresses for senators and representatives are...

The Honorable John Q. Smith
U.S. Senate
Washington, DC 20510

("Dear Senator Smith...")

The Honorable Jane R. Smith
U.S. House of Representatives
Washington, DC 20515

("Dear Representative Smith...")

Most members of Congress also maintain offices in the major cities of your state. Look up their name in the phone book for that address, then send your letter to both.

The address for the land use committees and the person to address are...

Subcommittee on Public Lands,
National Parks and Forests
SD-308 Dirksen Senate Office Building
Washington DC 20510

Chairman: Senator Dale Bumpers

Subcommittee on National Parks,
Forests and Public Lands
812 O'Neill House Office Bldg.
Washington, DC 20515

Chairman: Representative Bruce F. Vento

Here are some guidelines for an effective letter:

- Write to your OWN senators and congressman first, at least if you live in a Western state. Letters to out-of-state representatives are less effective, since they don't need your vote.
- Be courteous and observe the polite forms of address.
- Remember that your letter will be read by a tortured aide who is required to read dozens of others. To be noticed among all that rambling verbiage, the letter must be short and concise. IT SHOULD NOT EXCEED ONE PAGE.
- Do not express anger or outrage; it won't get you anywhere. Stick to the facts, and don't offer anything more than "concern."
- Make your comments specific to the person you are writing to. Point out how this land use case will directly affect his state. If you live in a Western state, you could mention a specific base within your state that might be expanded if the military is given carte blanche.
- Do not attack the military. Members of Congress generally support the military and tend to tremble and fold whenever the term "national security" is used. Don't bother with government accountability arguments either; they will only clog up your letter and dilute your message. Stick with this one specific land use problem.
- Do not ask your representative to tell Babbitt what to do. You are asking only that he "look into" the situation to be sure the proper procedures are followed. The withdrawal application is naturally weak and could fall apart on its own if only we can get enough eyes looking at it. If we draw enough congressional attention to this one simple issue, then they could catch on to the more complex accountability problems as well.

After you write to your own congressional delegation or the subcommittee chairman (or both), it doesn't hurt to write directly to Babbitt...

The Honorable Bruce Babbitt
Secretary of the Interior
Dept. of the Interior
1800 "C" St., NW
Washington, DC 20240

(Dear Secretary Babbitt...)

If you wish, you can contact us for a list of the individual members of the land use committees, who might also warrant a letter.

Intel Bitties

CAMPBELL ARRAIGNMENT DELAYED. Glenn Campbell's arraignment on obstruction charges has been postponed by the county District Attorney from Aug. 3 to Aug. 24. Campbell was arrested on July 19 for interfering in the warrantless seizure of a news crew's videotapes. KNBC-TV of Los Angeles still has not received their tapes back,

although they insist they did not photograph the secret base. Campbell says he will plead "absolutely one hundred percent not guilty," and he has already requested a jury trial.

AUG. 27-28 OUTING. The FREEDOM RIDGE/TIKABOO PEAK FREE- SPEECH ENCAMPMENT, as mentioned in [DR#13](#), is going ahead as proposed. It will be held Sat. and Sun., Aug. 27-28. (For those who cannot make it on this date, a similar event may also be held Sept. 3-4.) A notice about the camp-out has already been sent to DR subscribers, and detailed instructions will be sent out by email in a day or two. (Others may request this document by fax or mail.) The general plan is to meet at the Freedom Ridge trailhead at noon on Saturday, then spend the night on Freedom Ridge. On Sunday, there will be a optional hike to Tikaboo Peak, the more distant viewpoint that the AF isn't touching. An optional protest will also take place: Participants are invited to bring "cameras" to point at the base, although film is optional. The camp-out on Freedom Ridge does not require a lot of gear. All you really need is a sleeping bag, a ground cover and enough food and drink to last a day. More details will be provided in the instruction document.

[[Later report on event in DR#15](#)]

A GROOM PLAGUE? According to an article in the Aug. 9 Las Vegas Review-Journal, a sheet metal worker for the EG&G subsidiary REECo recently contracted hantavirus syndrome at an unspecified AF facility within the "Nellis Air Force Range Complex" in Lincoln County. It is apparently the first such case in Southern Nevada. Not to be confused with the popular FLESH EATING BACTERIA, hantavirus is the deadlier but less colorful disease that was first recognized on Indian reservations and that has killed 42 people so far. The virus is transmitted by contact with the saliva, urine or droppings of infected rodents. Makes you wonder: Could we have a bit of a SANITATION PROBLEM down there at the unspecified facility?

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[Supplement to "The Groom Lake Desert Rat," Sept. 3, 1994.]

TITLE: SPECTATORS GATHER AROUND FOR PEEK AT SECRET AIR BASE

SUBTITLE: 'Groomstock' takes place to protest the Air Force's larger restriction zone keeping folks away.

PUBLICATION: Las Vegas Review-Journal

DATE: Aug. 29, 1994

AUTHOR: Susan Greene

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More than 60 campers gathered on a Lincoln County mountaintop this past weekend for a typical tent-fumbling, fire building, weenie roasting kind of campout.

Except for a few minor details.

Like the view 12 miles to the west of a secret air base that doesn't officially exist. And the camouflaged security police monitoring the group from nearby ridges with high-tech telescopes and night vision cameras. There were also signs, just 1,000 feet from the campsite, warning "use of deadly force authorized" should one of the campers have accidentally wandered across the base's border while searching for some firewood.

Faced with such obstacles, where else but on a ridge overlooking the military's secret Groom Lake, Area 51, or "Dreamland" testing facility would aviation buffs, government watchdogs, alien abductees, conspiracy theorists, filmmakers, reporters, marijuana-smoking slackers, card-carrying anarchists, socialists and libertarians, a Lincoln County commissioner and a conch-blowing religious zealot and his second cousin so peacefully come together on a craggy peak for a weekend in the great outdoors?

"Only on Freedom Ridge," said Groom Lake gadfly Glenn Campbell of the public high ground he christened two years ago that offers the best vantage point of the secret base.

Campbell, the author of "The Area 51 Visitor's Guide" and publisher of "The Groom Lake Desert Rat" newsletter, organized the weekend-long "Groomstock" as a protest and last hurrah before the Air Force extends the base's restricted zone by 3972 acres to prevent gawkers like himself from stealing glimpses of its seven mile runway and haze of buildings and hangars.

Last September, Air Force officials filed to withdraw Freedom Ridge and nearby White Sides Mountain from public lands, citing a need to protect the safe and secure operation of the 3.5 million acre Nellis Air Force Range complex. The range includes the

secret base, which the federal government has never acknowledged exists.

A decision by Interior Secretary Bruce Babbitt on whether to lock up the additional land is at least six months away, Bureau of Land Management officials said Friday.

During this weekend's campout, opinions about the withdrawal varied as much as reasons that led campers to the mountain ridge in the first place.

A few who believe the military uses the secret base to hide alien spacecraft or conduct genetic tests on abducted children opposed the withdrawal on grounds that it would keep them from monitoring clandestine activities.

For most, however, viewing the base is less important than answering questions about it. Although Campbell and his minions have resigned themselves to the likelihood of the withdrawal, they question the government's need for absolute secrecy in this post Cold War era.

"If they would just act like responsible adults and fess up to what they're doing out there, that would satisfy most of the curiosity," said Tom Mahood, a civil engineer from Irvine, Calif. "The military doesn't have to treat civilians like we're the enemy, especially when it's our tax dollars paying for it."

Originally built in the early 1950's to test the Lockheed U-2, the Groom Lake base has been used to test high-altitude, high-speed spy planes and other military aircraft, including the F-117A Stealth fighter, according to aviation industry sources and witnesses who have observed the installation.

The base has sparked particular controversy this year, including two citizen action lawsuits filed earlier this month on behalf of workers who allegedly suffered from illegal and unregulated open-air burning of toxic materials. Also in three incidents since March, Lincoln County sheriff's deputies have detained news crews suspected of illegally filming the installation.

In snubs to base officials, the campers directed phony cameras at the base, organized a stadium-style wave for the military police observing them from opposite ridges and posted signs along the road to Freedom Ridge where guards placed covert road sensors.

Then, on Saturday evening, when the sun went down and their protests were over, the campers kicked back around the campfire to toast marshmallows, gab about "black world" spy planes and UFO abductions and gaze into the clear night sky, transfixed, searching for a glimpse of something, anything inexplicable.

[End of text]

PHOTO CAPTIONS:

#1: A woman who did not want to be identified looks at the secret Groom Lake base through a telescope. The Air Force is extending the base's restricted zone to prevent gawkers from stealing glimpses of its 7-mile runway.

#2: Glenn Campbell's camper has a special sign that indicates his interest in the secret base. [Bumper sticker in photo says, "AREA 51 VISITORS PERMIT."] Camouflaged security police monitor the group from nearby.

#3: A sign warns visitors that the area is not open to the public.

#4: Glen Campbell aims his phony camera at the secret facility. Campbell, the publisher of "The Groom Lake Desert Rat" newsletter, organized the weekend-long "Groomstock."

###

The Groom Lake Desert Rat

"The Naked Truth from Open Sources."

Area 51/Nellis Range/TTR/NTS/S-4?/Weird Stuff/Desert Lore

An on-line newsletter.

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Direct from the "UFO Capital," Rachel, Nevada.

Issue #15. September 2, 1994

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Media Communications 103A

Subtleties of the Television Talk Show, Part I

In [DR #10](#), we reviewed the major news media--print, radio and television--and showed how each could twist reality in their own special way. Strictly for the sake of science, Psychospy allowed himself to be turned into a minor media celebrity so we could report to our readers the sometimes dubious processes behind the scenes. There was a limit, however, to how low we would sink in the pursuit of knowledge. We would not take off our clothes for the camera, and we would not place ourselves in any situation where our credibility, reputation or dignity could be seriously trashed.

Now we can report that this barrier has been broken. In the next two issues of the Rat we will recount our first-hand experiences with the lowest form of mass media, the television talk show.

The Medium of Talk

Talk shows come in three basic formats. The rarest but most respectable is the SERIOUS ISSUES talk show exemplified by "Meet the Press," "Nightline" and the roundtable discussions on PBS-- maybe even "Larry King Live." They are dignified and serious, explore meaningful political and societal issues, and hardly anyone watches them.

The next rung down the ladder--vapid but benign--is the CELEBRITY CHAT talk show, like the "The Tonight Show," "Late Show with David Letterman" and "Arsenio Hall." Movie stars and Big Money authors pump their latest work in a non-confrontational environment designed only to promote laughs.

The last and lowest form of the genre is the HUMAN CONFLICT talk show. These syndicated programs always bear the name of the host, like "Oprah," "Geraldo," "Vicky" or "Leeza." He or she is a charismatic and camera-loving character, no doubt ruthless in real life, but blessed with the ability to convey warmth and sincerity on TV. The fodder for these shows is a steady diet of human suffering, crises, angst and tragedy. Former spouses and estranged friends face off against each other; grown men and women reveal to the parents their until-now-hidden perversities, and human oddities of all shapes and sizes present themselves for humiliation before a nationwide audience. The ultimate goal of these shows is the public expression of private feelings. They seek tears, anger, jealousy and graphic self-immolation recorded by the camera on a tight close-up. With a dozen such shows now in syndication, the competition is intense to seek out new forms of conflict and expose the latest narcissistic trends.

Talk shows are produced "live on tape" with minimal editing, and this presents special problems for a guest. In other forms of television, sound bites rule the show. It may seem artificial, but tight editing at least assures that each party has their say and only their finest bon mot will be used. The courteous speaker with a few good ideas can confidently compete with any extravagant, microphone-hogging blowhard, because most of what the blowhard says will be cut. In the almost-live talk show, the more reasonable speaker has to compete with the blowhard head on. There is no time for an orderly presentation of evidence; he who makes the most outrageous, confident and colorful claims, groundless or not, gains the camera's eye and controls the game.

If you have any shred of personal dignity and are asked to be a guest on a Human Conflict show, the best response is obvious: "Just Say No." Unless you are a masochist or a natural born actor, there is no way you can win in this format. We know it now; we knew it then, but sometimes, like Oedipus, you just can't stop the inevitable march of Fate....

Onward To Humiliation

The path to our own downfall was indirect. For several months, a number of journalists have been making the pilgrimage to Freedom Ridge, and we generally escort them as a sort of local public relations representative. We do not charge for this service, and we do not discriminate between journalists. If TASS or Penthouse or the Podunk Review came to call, we would treat them no differently than the New York Times.

In May, we got a call from a producer from the Montel Williams Show, one of the Human Conflict shows that we had never seen. It seems that "Montel," as he is known to the world, had promised on an earlier talk show that he would visit the border of Area 51. We told the producer that we would be willing to escort Montel and his crew to Freedom Ridge to tape a segment, but we declined an offer to come to New York to appear on the studio show. Montel's visit was originally scheduled for May 5 but was canceled at the last minute, and we breathed a sign of relief.

In August, the project was reactivated, we suspect as the result of the June 22 article in the New York Times. Montel's visit was scheduled for Aug. 16, and we were again asked if we would go to New York to appear on the later show. Again, we declined.

When Montel came to Rachel, he brought a Humvee, his producers and a film crew. We went through the usual script for the camera: Montel drives up to our Research Center, and we meet him in the driveway. Inside, we show him where we are going on the map, then we get in the car and drive the rugged road to Freedom Ridge. We had done it before with countless crews, but never so quickly and in so few "takes." When Montel arrived, there was no question that he was in charge. He asked no significant questions, and showed no particular interest in the secret base itself. We sensed that he came only because he said he would and that his primary aim was to film a sound bite on the ridge that said, "You see, I did what I promised."

As we rode down from Freedom Ridge in the Humvee with Montel and the producer, we were again asked if we would come to New York to appear on the talk show the following week, Aug. 23. We hesitated and were about to turn down the offer cold, when the producer uttered the only horrible words that could force us to comply.

Sean David Morton.

The Embodiment Of Evil

We first learned of Sean Morton over two years ago, before we came to Rachel. We had heard his enthusiastic endorsement of the Black Mailbox on a UFO video:

"Probably the most amazing thing about Area 51 is the fact that this is literally the only place in the world where you can go out and actually see flying saucers on a timetable basis. You can literally go out there on a Wednesday night between about seven and one a.m. and you'll see these things flying up and down the valley. It's absolutely amazing. On even a bad night you'll have ten, eleven, twelve sightings. On a good night--and I've been out there with friends of mine camping--on a good night the sky will just rip open with these things. You'll see anywhere between twenty to forty objects in a night testing over the base for anywhere from fifteen and forty minutes at a time."

We've lived near the border for over a year and a half now, are genuinely interested in UFOs and have spent countless days and nights in the desert; yet we haven't seen even ONE flying saucer, let alone scores. The logical explanation is that we arrived too late, after the saucers had been packed up and moved elsewhere. The trouble with this theory is that during the early part of our tenure, Sean Morton continued to bring tours to the area--at \$99 a head--and reported UFOs everywhere.

In one celebrated incident in March 1993, Psychospy spent the night on White Sides, overlooking Groom Lake, with some aviation watchers and a writer from Popular Science. We were looking for the alleged Aurora spyplane--almost as ephemeral as flying saucers--but we saw nothing more than a few satellites, some distant aircraft strobes and an occasional meteor. The following was reported in the March 1994 Popular Science....

"Last March, three chilly airplane watchers with binoculars atop White Sides Mountain at this magic hour [4:45am] were tracking a 737 airliner approaching Groom Lake, as a fourth member of their group thawed out in his truck below. Parked on a knoll, he was next to a vanload of UFO seekers. They were lead by tour operator Sean Morton, whose leaflet described him as 'the world's foremost UFO researcher.'

"Morton donned a horned Viking helmet and from time to time pointed to the sky, exclaiming: 'Look at that one!' The airplane watcher trained his binoculars in the same direction but saw nothing out of the ordinary. Later, Morton's group became excited by what they perceived as an entire formation of UFOs; the airplane watcher's lenses revealed only stars. Finally, as the morning's first 737 made its gentle approach toward Groom Lake at 4:45, the UFO enthusiasts rejoiced at Old Faithful's appearance. Everyone had seen exactly what they hoped for."

In the beginning, when we were new to the area, we were generous to Sean and called him "fantasy prone." As we got to know him better and gained confidence in our own knowledge base, we came to mince no words. Sean is a deliberate con man. He recognizes as well as us the landing lights of a 737, but he knows that others can be fooled and taken for a \$99 ride to see them. If anyone is spreading disinformation about Area 51, filling the air with noise to make the truth harder to grasp, it isn't sinister government agents; it's Sean David Morton pursuing only his own greed and self-aggrandizement.

We have worked hard over the past 18 months to undo the damage Sean has done and displace him from the Area 51 scene. Discrediting Sean isn't complicated: We simply quote his own words whenever we can. Sean is a broadly diversified charlatan, a self-proclaimed expert in faith healing, earthquake prediction, psychic prophesy and virtually every other New Age fad. We have no problem at all with him plying his trade within the confines of the state of California where he justly belongs, but when he proclaims himself the foremost authority on Area 51, we get territorial. We hope that our "Area 51 Viewers Guide" has reduced the gullibility of newcomers and made the environment less attractive for leeches like him. In fact, we haven't had a confirmed Morton sighting near the border in over a year. We heard from sources in California that he no longer gave tours to Area 51 because the saucers had been moved elsewhere--which was fine by us.

The saucers must have returned, however. As the recent Groom Lake publicity reached its peak, "The World's Foremost UFO Researcher" could not help but resurface to suck energy from it. In recent months, reports began to reach us that he had appeared as an Area 51 expert at UFO conferences, on radio talk shows and on the Montel Williams Show.

In the latter appearance, which was first broadcast in December 1993, Sean showed video footage of nighttime "UFOs" that he said he photographed "at great risk to my own life." As we viewed them later, one clip showed an isolated circle of light jumping around within the frame. It could have been any stationary out-of-focus light shot through a hand-held video camera. Notches seen on the top and bottom of the "disk" correspond to protrusions inside the lens assembly. In the other clip, only slightly out of focus, we saw the lights of a 737 landing on the Groom Lake airstrip. To Sean, it was "an object actually coming in from space." The time stamp in the corner said "4:49 am."

It was on this show that Montel promised to visit Area 51 escorted by Sean; yet when Montel finally made the trip eight months later, Sean was not invited. The producer told us that word had reached him from many sources that Sean was considered a fraud, that in addition to UFOs he also did psychic prophesies and that his claimed credentials were highly dubious. He and Montel felt that Sean had taken advantage of them and that by having him on the show they had inadvertently legitimized him.

But none of that prevented them from inviting him back as a guest the second studio show.

As we rode down in the Humvee from Freedom Ridge with Montel and the producer, the reality to us became crystal clear: If we did not appear on the Montel Williams Show, then Sean would have the stage all to himself and could continue to spread any sort of nonsense about Area 51. We felt that we had no choice. Either we did battle with this guy now, before he grew bigger, or we would be cleaning up his mess for many months to come.

Our Rapid Education

We had less than a week to prepare for the big show--nowhere near enough time to do all the research we needed. The first item of business was to actually watch the Montel Williams Show and familiarize ourselves with the format. We cranked up our satellite dish and surfed through the channels. On "Donahue": "Six Year Olds Who Sexually Harass Other Six Year Olds." On "Rolanda, a related topic: "Will Your Child Grow Up To Be A Serial Killer?" On "The Vicky Show," we heard that Sean Morton had just appeared as an expert on the prophesies of Nostradamus, but we were unable to catch that one.

The first Montel Williams Show we saw was, "Mistresses Who Want To End The Affair." On the stage, three women disguised by dark sunglasses explained why they had been attracted to married men. We could only tolerate about ten seconds at a time of this show, but when we tuned back, we found that the women had shed their sunglasses and revealed their true identities. Presumably, they had also revealed, or at least seriously compromised, the identities of the men they had been having the affairs with. When we tuned in again later, one of the three was having an angry argument with a fourth female guest. We guessed that this was the wife of one of the married men.

A friend sent us a tape of Montel's original UFO show in which Sean appeared as a "UFO Investigator" and Montel promised to visit. The show included an abductee, a witness to the "Kecksburg Incident," a former actress, WFUFOR Sean David Morton, a requisite skeptic, a pro-UFO filmmaker and--as if you hadn't guessed--that talk show regular Travis Walton. The show was conducted in the "expanding chairs" format. It started out with two guests alone on the stage, then more guests and chairs were added during each commercial break until there were seven chairs and seven squabbling speakers vying for attention on the platform. In this format, attention is diluted with each new chair, so the people who appear last, typically the skeptics, usually get only a few seconds of airtime. During the free-for-all of a seven-person debate, the camera always focuses on the most aggressive and charismatic guest--i.e. Sean David Morton.

The last chair to be filled was occupied by filmmaker Russ Estes, who the on-screen caption said, "Does Not Believe In UFOs." This is false. He is a disciplined UFO investigator who has devoted his career to making films on the subject, as well as exposing obvious frauds. What is true is that he "Does Not Believe In Sean Morton." In his few seconds of air time, he raised doubts about one of Morton's many fake credentials, his claimed "Doctor of Divinity" degree.

RUSS ESTES: "Montel, my biggest problem, and this is what I've run into over and over again, is the quality of the

individual who is bringing me the message. You know, the-boy-that-cried-wolf syndrome is phenomenal in this field. You get people out there who are saying, I'm this, I'm that, and I hate to do this to you, Sean, but here's a guy right here who claims to be the Doctor, Reverend Sean David Morton. In his own biography, he claims to have gotten his Doctor of Divinity at--excuse me, it will take me one second...."

SEAN MORTON: "Berachah University."

RUSS ESTES: "Berachah University, Houston, Texas--the Berachah Church. I called them. They don't have any type of degrees that they give. They have Bible study at the best. He claims to have attended University of Southern California...."

MONTEL WILLIAMS: "So the point that you are making, Russ, is that there's a problem with the messenger, so therefore the message is not real."

RUSS ESTES: "How can you believe the message if the people lie to you from the start."

SEAN MORTON: "The thing I'd like to point out about Mr. Estes here is that if you don't like the message, you can shoot the messenger, and it's obvious to me that in the UFO field, we do this for free, we do this because we want to know the truth, because we have seen something...."

RUSS ESTES: "But does that mean you bogey up your credentials?"

SEAN MORTON (angry): "That is not true. You are flat-out lying to these people. I went to USC for four years."

Just then, the debate was cut off by a sloppy edit, and Sean's USC diploma appeared on the screen.

After watching the tape, we contacted Russ Estes. He said that the debate between he and Sean went on much longer than was shown on the screen. "Live on tape" does not mean totally unedited. This show went on for over two hours to obtain a one hour's worth of material. Sometimes, whole shows are thrown out when they don't work. Unfortunately, Estes made a misstep on the USC degree. As it turns out, this is just about the only authentic credential he has: a B.A. in Drama and Political Science. We certainly believe the Drama part: It's the last degree he ever needed.

The Doctor of Divinity degree is still phony, but in the talk show world, evidence counts for nothing; only emotions and presentation matter. Sean walked away from the show as a brave and knowledgeable crusader, legitimized by a promise from Montel to take his tour, and with the implied invitation to reappear on the show. Estes walked away alone, wasn't invited to return, and has since had to live down the "Does Not Believe in UFOs" moniker. Sean even had the delightful gall to send Estes a letter, through the producers...

Mr. Russ Estes
c/o Alex Williams [sic]
The Montel Williams Show
1500 Broadway Suite 700
New York, New York, 10036

Dear Russ:

I am going to assume that you are not a bold faced liar who is out for some kind of warped revenge, or a person who is just trying to make a buck off baseless slander.

Let's try to solve this like gentlemen - enclosed is a copy of my U.S.C. diploma. I have also called the school and my records are intact. The rest of your "research" on me is equally faulty.

I hope this solves out problem. If not, I have consulted my attorney and any further slander directed toward me through your video series or elsewhere, will result in action taken against you.

Yours Truly,
[BIG signature]
Sean Morton

Things were beginning to look grim for Psychospy. With the time of the taping drawing near, we hadn't even begun to scratch the surface of Sean David Morton and his path of destruction. Talking to our contacts, we saw that Sean had accumulated a vast audience of intimate enemies, more than we could possibly contact. If Sean sounds knowledgeable and occasionally has some meaningful information, it is because he has ripped it off from others. We were amused to find that there was even an reputable astrologer who hated Sean, who felt that Sean had stolen his predictions and passed them off as his own.

It seemed a futile exercise anyway. We knew all the evidence in the world wasn't going to matter when we actually faced off against Sean on camera. We were leaving behind our own comfortable medium of logic and data and stepping into his home turf--the talk show--where presentation counts more than content. We were obligated by our own ethics to speak only the simplest truths and the cautious assertions supported by data. Sean David Morton, bold faced liar that he is, faced no such constraints. He could spout any lie he wanted to sound important and get himself off the hook, and the only thing that mattered here was that he said it with apparent sincerity and that it held up for television's thirty second attention span. We knew that if we started to make an accusation about him, he would instantly sense the winds and make the same one against us with greater force. The ensuing argument would make he and us appear to be equals.

Sean knew all the buzzwords and cliches of the UFO movement and could spout the conventional wisdom much faster than we could. He knew how to sound sincere and reasonable and adapt instantly to the sentiments of any social circumstance. He was well-practiced at responding to inquisitions and had emerged from many without a scratch. Opposing him, all we had was a body of mundane knowledge about a very limited area of the desert. Sean was smooth and well- honed in his talk show delivery, and we were stumbling in for the first time to a medium where we really didn't want to be.

It was with these reservations and a sense of dark foreboding that we packed our bags and headed for New York City. There, in Times Square, we expected a titanic battle between Good and Evil, and things didn't look good for Good.

[To be continued in [Desert Rat #16](#)....]

New Air Force Statement on Groom

The following statement was recently released to inquiring journalists by the Nellis AFB public affairs office. (We requested our own copy from Major George Sillia on Aug. 26.) It represents a significant shift from the previous "We know nothing about Groom Lake" response.

"There are a variety of facilities throughout the Nellis Range Complex. We do have facilities within the complex near the dry lake bed of Groom Lake. The facilities of the Nellis Range Complex are used for testing and training technologies, operations, and systems critical to the effectiveness of U.S. military forces. Specific activities conducted at Nellis cannot be discussed any further than that."

That's a step in the right direction. What the base needs now is a name and a history. For example, tell us about the U-2 and A-12 programs at Groom in the 1950s and 1960s. That's not very secret or critical to our current defense, so what's the point in pretending it is? Will the Air Force take control of the situation and provide this information itself, or will the void be filled by a dozen aggressive entrepreneurs? We'd bet our money on the entrepreneurs.

EG&G to Abandon Test Site

According to an 8/26 article in the Las Vegas Review-Journal, EG&G and its REECo subsidiary will not seek renewal of their Nevada Test Site contract when it expires in 1995. These are two of the three companies that have managed the nuclear testing ground since its inception. It is unclear whether this action will have any affect on operations at the adjoining Groom Lake base, where EG&G and REECo are also assumed to be major contractors.

Recent rumors say that EG&G no longer operates the "Janet" 737 jets that shuttle workers to Groom and Tonopah. That operation has supposedly been taken over by the Air Force, using the same aircraft and possibly the same staff.

Janet "N" Numbers

For aircraft watchers, here are the registration and serial numbers of Janet 737s and Gulfstream commuter planes spotted at the Janet terminal at McCarran airport. Based on observations in 5/94 and the 4/30/94 FAA registry. One or more of the Janet aircraft are probably missing from this list. (We ask our readers to find them.)

Boeing 737...

Reg. #/Serial	#/Owner
N4508W 19605	Great Western Capital Corp, Beverly Hills
N4510W 19607	Great Western Capital Corp, Beverly Hills
N4515W 19612	Great Western Capital Corp, Beverly Hills
N4529W 20785	First Security Bank of Utah, Salt Lake City
N5175U 20689	Dept. of the Air Force, Clearfield UT
N5176Y 20692	Dept. of the Air Force, Clearfield UT
N5177C 20693	Dept. of the Air Force, Clearfield UT

Gulfstream C-12...		
N20RA UB-42	Dept. of the Air Force,	Clearfield UT
N654BA BL-54	Dept. of the Air Force,	Clearfield UT
N661BA BL-61	Dept. of the Air Force,	Clearfield UT
N662BA BL-62	Dept. of the Air Force,	Clearfield UT

Janet Handoff Frequencies

A DESERT RAT EXCLUSIVE! Published here for the first time are the air traffic control frequencies for the "Janet" 737 crew flights from Las Vegas McCarran Airport to Groom. The McCarran freqs are public, but the Groom ones have not been revealed until now. Air traffic control broadcasts are "in the clear" and any scanner radio should be able to pick them up. Each of these freqs has been personally confirmed by Psychospo or a close associate.

121.9	McCarran Ground Control
119.9	McCarran Tower
133.95	Departure Control
119.35	Nellis Control
120.35	Groom Approach
127.65	Groom Tower
118.45	Groom Ground

[The Groom tower frequencies were later changed. See [DR#23](#).] Here are some other Groom freqs (some of which were previously reported in [DR #8](#)). The security frequencies are usually scrambled, but not always.

418.05	Cammo Dudes (primary)
408.4	Cammo Dudes (repeat of 418.05)
142.2	Cammo Dudes
170.5	Cammo Dudes (Channel 3)
138.3	"Adjustment Net" (seems related to security)
261.1	Dreamland Control (published)
255.5	Groom Tower (repeat of 127.65)
154.86	Lincoln County Sheriff
496.25	Road sensors on public land
410.8	Pager (apparently from Groom but unconfirmed)

The most accurate way to detect a road sensor (AFTER you have tripped it), is to program 496.25 into several channels of your scanner, then scan those channels exclusively as you are driving. When the scanner stops on one

channel, you have just passed a sensor.

Groomstock '94

The "Freedom Ridge Free Speech Encampment" went pretty much as planned, with at least sixty people in attendance but not all of them staying for the night. There were no surprises and, sadly, no confrontations with the authorities when we whipped out our cameras and pseudo-cameras to point at the secret base. The Cammo Dudes were visible but kept their distance, and the only authority figure to show up on the ridge was a BLM Ranger in a Smoky-the- Bear hat. He was concerned only that we clean up our trash, and he warned us, by his very presence, that "Only You Can Prevent Forest Fires."

The event was recorded in an [8/29 article in the Las Vegas Review-Journal](#), which dubbed it "Groomstock." We were disturbed to read in the paper that the attendees included some "marijuana-smoking slackers." We called around and found out it was true and that it happened after Psychospy went to bed. Had we known, we would have quashed it immediately. This sort of thing discredits our ability to police ourselves and hurts the reputation of the land grab opponents.

The hot gossip around the campfire was about the *Review- Journal* reporter and the loony in the tie-died shirt. The loony had spent about an hour moving rocks and dirt around to make himself a comfortable bed, then he blew a conk-shell horn and banged cymbals together to bless it. When the reporter arrived, he volunteered to make a bed for her, too, not far from his own, and he proceeded with the project without any encouragement. It is unknown why he singled her out for this special honor, but evidently she was "chosen." It should be noted, however, that while blessing the reporter's bed, the loony accidentally dropped one of the cymbals. We forget to check with the reporter in the morning to see if that omen affected the quality of her nighttime experience.

Sound Familiar?

From an AP news story printed in the 8/5 *Review- Journal*...

PORT-AU-PRINCE, Haiti -- Authorities deported an American TV crew Thursday, putting the three journalists in an open pickup truck, parading them through the capital and then dumping them at the Dominican border....

Soldiers detained the freelance journalists for PBS's "The MacNeil/Lehrer Newshour" on Sunday while they were filming at Port-au-Prince's airport. Three of their videotapes were seized....

The military-backed government has urged journalists not to report 'alarmist' news and has attempted to restrict news coverage....

"I think it's deplorable, and it's obviously an attempt to embarrass them," [U.S.] Embassy spokesman Stanley Schrager told The Associated Press. "This treatment was not necessary; neither was the deportation.... It's a transparent attempt by this illegal regime to interfere with the free flow of information."

In related news, the four of the five video tapes seized on July 19 from KNBC-TV have still not been returned. The tapes were taken without a warrant after the crew filmed an interview on Freedom Ridge but not the Groom base itself. Activist Glenn Campbell, who accompanied the crew, was arrested when he attempted to interfere with this seizure.

Campbell Arraigned

Activist Glenn Campbell reports that his Aug. 24 arraignment on obstruction charges was "amicable." Charges were presented, but the District Attorney did not appear. The complete text of the charges, stemming from the [NRS 197.190](#) and LCC 1.12.010, a MISDEMEANOR, in the following manner:

The Defendant did, then and there, after due notice, willfully, hinder, delay or obstruct a public officer in the discharge of his officer powers or duties. Specifically, the Defendant did, then and there, after due notice, willfully hinder Sergeant Doug Lamoreaux in the discharge of his official duties by locking the doors of the vehicle which Sergeant Lamoreaux was retrieving certain items from and further refused to unlock the doors after being requested to do so by Sergeant Lamoreaux.

All of which is contrary to the form of Statute in such cases made and provided and against the peace and dignity of the State of Nevada. The complainant, therefore, prays that a Warrant be issued for the arrest of the Defendant, if not already arrested, so that he may be dealt with according to law.

[Signed]
DOUG LAMOREAUX
Sergeant
Lincoln County Sheriff's Department

SUBSCRIBED and SWORN to before me
this 24th day of August, 1994
[Signed] NOLA HOLTON
NOTARY PUBLIC/JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

The only surprise in these charges is the line "and further refused to unlock the doors after being requested to do so by Sergeant Lamoreaux." That is not how Campbell recalls the incident. [DR#12](#), published less than 12 hours after the incident, reported it as follows...

At this point Campbell, who had been standing on the opposite side of the vehicle, reached in and pushed down the door locks on the side that Lamoreaux was approaching.

Lamoreaux said, 'You're under arrest.' Campbell was immediately handcuffed and placed in Deputy Bryant's vehicle.

Campbell claims that Lamoreaux said, "You're under arrest," IMMEDIATELY after he pushed down the door locks, with no request being made to unlock them. Campbell says he has two other witnesses, the KNBC crew, who can verify his story. In this case, where the basic recollection of facts is in conflict, it will be interesting to see what the second officer, Deputy Kelly Bryant, will say under oath.

However, the core of Campbell's defense rests on Constitutional issues. He is guilty of obstruction only if the officer was indeed engaged in the "lawful" execution of his duties. Lamoreaux justified his warrantless search by citing, in vague terms, a certain Supreme Court ruling, the name of which he could not recall at the time. That ruling is apparently in the case "Ross vs. U.S." which allows the warrantless seizure of "contraband" from a vehicle when there is a danger of flight. It is unclear at this point whether the video tapes of a news crew constitute contraband in the same manner as a shipment of marijuana or stolen merchandise. Complex First Amendment issues may be invoked. The case may be further complicated by the repeated offer by the TV reporter to allow Lamoreaux to view the video tapes himself.

Campbell has requested, and has been granted, a jury trial. According to the Justice, this will be the first jury trial held in this court since about 1987. Campbell announced his intention to represent himself at the trial, with possible legal co-council. A tentative trial date of Oct. 25 has been set, but it is likely to be postponed. Campbell indicated that he will waive his right to a trial within 60 days to allow more time to conduct legal research.

Larry King Not Cloned?

Our report in [DR#13](#) about the diversion of Larry King's plane to Nellis AFB continues to disturb many of our readers. It raises the specter of secret contacts between King and the military or even a surreptitious replacement of the talk show host by a look- alike clone. Now, we wonder if our panic was only a false alarm.

A producer from a Las Vegas TV station tells us: "I checked into it and think it is legit. According to the FAA, McCarran Airport was never really closed, but they did have pilots choose not to land on that Saturday afternoon because of inclement weather. They also confirm that there is an agreement with Nellis to allow planes in trouble to land there. I spoke to the control tower at McCarran. They checked their records, and they indicate that on that Saturday a nasty thunderstorm was noted by the tower at 1:45- 2:05. In fact, four takeoffs were delayed during that time due to weather. Planes in the air just flew holding patterns until the weather cleared."

Presumably, King's plane didn't have enough fuel to maintain the holding pattern. Thunderstorms can be very localized, and perhaps Nellis was clear. A producer at Larry King Live says that, in her opinion, he is definitely the same Larry King. She says he got the military escort because he was late for a speaking engagement and made his wants known on the plane.

So what can we say? Obviously, the FAA, the TV station and the King producer ARE PARTIES TO THE CONSPIRACY. This story is deeper than it seems, and the Rat will pursue the investigation for as long as it takes. THE TRUTH IS OUT THERE.

Mysterious Sign Disappearance

The big "No Photography" signs on the Groom Lake Road have disappeared. For over a year, they were installed on public land about two miles from the military border, but sometime in the first week of August they were cleanly removed, posts and all, apparently by the Air Force. (A civilian thief--like SDM, who has a number of these signs in his possession--would have simply unscrewed the signs, not uprooted the heavy posts and carefully filled up the holes.) The two signs on either side of the road were each about 3 feet by 4 feet and bore the following text:

WARNING: THERE IS A RESTRICTED MILITARY INSTALLATION TO THE WEST. IT IS UNLAWFUL TO MAKE ANY PHOTOGRAPH, FILM, MAP, SKETCH, PICTURE, DRAWING, GRAPHIC REPRESENTATION OF THIS AREA, OR EQUIPMENT AT OR FLYING OVER THIS INSTALLATION. IT IS UNLAWFUL TO REPRODUCE, PUBLISH, SELL, OR GIVE AWAY ANY PHOTOGRAPH, FILM, MAP, SKETCH, PICTURE, DRAWING, GRAPHIC REPRESENTATION OF THIS AREA, OR EQUIPMENT AT OR FLYING OVER THIS INSTALLATION. VIOLATION OF EITHER OFFENSE IS PUNISHABLE WITH UP TO A \$1000 FINE AND/OR IMPRISONMENT FOR UP TO ONE YEAR. 18 U.S. CODE SEC. 795/797 AND EXECUTIVE ORDER 10104. FOR INFORMATION CONTACT:

USAF/DOE LIAISON OFFICE
PO BOX 98518
LAS VEGAS, NV 89193-8518

The signs first appeared in May 1993 shortly after WFAA-TV from Dallas took video of the base from White Sides. (When challenged by the Sheriff, they admitted photographing the base but managed to retain their tape.) The signs were removed in Aug. 1994 shortly after KNBC-TV from Los Angeles lost their video tape after NOT photographing the base. It is unclear why the AF removed the signs. Perhaps they have become a little smarter and are adopting a "don't ask, don't tell" policy toward photography (but we wouldn't want to be the ones to test that theory). The signs themselves had become a tourist attraction, and no visitor could resist having their picture taken beside them. At the same time the "No Photography" signs vanished, the misplaced "Restricted Area" sign also went away. This is the crossed out sign seen in the NYT article, where the "stupid faggot" comment had later been written and then erased

([DR#11](#), [DR#13](#)). God, we'll miss that sign! It was as illegal as hell--being on public land--but an old friend to us nonetheless.

At least now we can assure the public: If you see a Restricted Area sign, it's real and they mean it.

Intel Bitties

ENCOUNTERS TRANSCRIPT. Complete, unedited transcripts (not just the sound bites) of the interviews in the 7/22 *Encounters* show ([DR#10](#)) are available to Compuserve users. Type **GO ENCOUNTERS**, and look under "Browse Libraries" and "Interview Transcripts." Interviews include Rep. James Bilbray (file FREED2.105), Agent X (FREED1.105) and Glenn Campbell (FREED3A.105, FREED3B.105). This is a transcript for video editing, so every "Um" and "Ah" is recorded.

NEW GUARD FACILITY. We send our congrats to the Dudes on their newly constructed prefab building next to the guard house on Groom Lake Road (about a half mile inside the border). Apparently, they are expecting more business along this part of the border and need a new substation. Interested taxpayers can view the new building from the first hill on the hiking trail to F.R. ("Hawkeye Hill"), a location that will continue to be public even if F.R. is taken.

UPCOMING TV SEGMENTS. *Unsolved Mysteries* will broadcast a show on UFOs with a segment on Area 51 on Sunday, Sept. 18 at 8pm. The broadcast will include a new interview with Bob Lazar. *The Crusaders* will broadcast a segment on UFOs, including a visit to F.R., on Sept. 10 or 11 (date and time vary by city). Air date for *The Montel Williams Show* taped on Aug. 23 has not been confirmed, but it could be the week of Sept. 12.

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The Groom Lake Desert Rat

"The Naked Truth from Open Sources."

Area 51/Nellis Range/TTR/NTS/S-4?/Weird Stuff/Desert Lore

An on-line newsletter.

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Direct from the "UFO Capital," Rachel, Nevada.

Issue #16. September 16, 1994

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Media Communications 103B

Subtleties Of The Television Talk Show, Part II

[Continued from [DR#15](#)]

We feel guilty and owe our local readers an apology for suggesting in [DR#11](#) that if a major U.S. city had to be nuked by a terrorist group, Las Vegas wouldn't make a bad target. That's not the way we really feel. We only pretend to hate Las Vegas because it is fashionable to do so; in truth it's quite a livable city once you get to know it. Beyond the Strip, Vegas is a modern, efficient metropolis in the Orange County, Calif., mold where it is easy to get things done. The neon jungle can be easily avoided, but when we choose to go there, it offers some of our favorite free entertainment. Although we do not gamble, drink or go to shows, we have always enjoyed the casinos for the insights they offer into human nature. We find it endlessly amusing to wander through the acres of slot machines observing small-brained visitors blow away their hard earned savings on odds that are never in their favor. Nowhere else in the world are the flaws of human perception so obvious and easily studied.

Our warm sentiments for Las Vegas, and subsequent guilt for maligning it, were reawakened by our recent visit to New York City, where we took part in an episode of the Montel Williams talk show. We REALLY hate New York and really wouldn't mind if the Sons and Daughters of Liberty took out Manhattan first. New York illustrates what those small-brained Vegas visitors do with their lives when they go back home. Packed by the millions into an area about the size of the Tikaboo Valley, all personal space and human dignity are taken away and then sold back to people at exorbitant prices. Almost anywhere in the country would be a healthier, more productive place to live; all it takes is a little initiative to get up and go. Like the dumb clucks in front of the slot machines, New Yorkers just sit there and keep dropping in quarters.

Haunting memories of humility and futility came flooding back to us as our plane circled La Guardia airport in the rain waiting for clearance to land. In a previous life we had made this trip many times before, wearing a business suit (We break out in hives just thinking about it.) and carrying a briefcase and umbrella (which, dammit, we had forgotten this time). We were returning now like Crocodile Dundee from the outback, carrying no coat and tie, only our jolly swag. We didn't want to be here, but we had a job to do. A mission. In Times Square, we were scheduled to face the

forces of evil--Sean David Morton--in what we expected to be a talk show about Area 51. Sean was the con artist who conducted tours of public land for \$99, who passed off 737s as UFOs and who had recently reemerged on the talk show circuit as a Groom Lake expert. We felt that we had to engage the Doctor Reverend Morton now, before he grew bigger and further muddled the waters that we had worked so hard to clear.

The producers of the talk show understood Sean as well as we did, but chose to invite him back anyway. Sean could speak with certainty about UFOs at Area 51, while we were still groping for data and could only ask questions. Sean was there to make extravagant claims, and we were there to shoot him down. The conflict between us would create Entertainment, which is the ultimate aim of the talk show format.

Arrival

Our misgivings and painful memories aside, we felt like a Somewhat Important Person when we arrived at the airport. Although we were not paid for our appearance, airfare was provided by the show, with a free stopover in Boston. As arranged a few days before, we would be met by a driver who would take us to the posh Embassy Suites Hotel in Times Square. The next morning, an escort would meet us at our hotel and take us to the nearby studio. Upon completion of the taping, we would receive our \$50 per diem for food and miscellaneous expenses, then a private car would whisk us back to the airport. We would be in and out of lovable old New York in less than 24 hours.

We felt like Donald Trump as we exited the airplane and were met by our driver, holding up a sign with our name on it. He seemed unclear about our destination, however, so we directed him to the Embassy Suites. This was located in one of America's most expensive blocks of real estate, directly fronting Times Square. As we rode the elevator up to the spacious second floor lobby, we tried to estimate the cost of a room here. In Vegas, a bed in a classy joint like this could be had for \$45 a night; here, we suspected it was more like \$250. We tried not to sound arrogant and Grey Poupon-ish as we introduced ourselves to the desk clerk as a guest of the Montel Williams Show.

Alas, the clerk could find no reservation in our name, and some embarrassed phone calls to the show determined that we were staying not here, but at the Salisbury Hotel, an old "keyhole" establishment wedged between clothing stores about 15 blocks uptown and a corresponding number of notches downscale. Now don't get us wrong: The Salisbury is very "nice." There's no lobby, but comfortable rooms are offered at the reasonable rate of only \$110 per night. As Tom Bodett of Motel 6 says on the radio ads, every motel's the same when you're sleep'n. The amenities mattered even less to us on this trip since, in the Crocodile Dundee spirit, we intended only to lay out our swag on the floor and not muss up the pretty bed. Still, the Salisbury was not the Embassy Suites, and the unannounced downgrading of our accommodations could not help but start the wheels of paranoia turning.

From our room, we called Russ Estes in California, who had challenged Sean Morton's credentials in the previous Montel Williams show and was not invited back. He said that the same thing had happened to him: He arrived at the Embassy Suites only to find he had been downgraded to the Edison. "Looks like you're being set up like I was," said Estes. He said that for his show, they put Morton and the pro-UFO crowd in the Embassy Suites, and without notice moved the skeptics and him into the downscale Edison. "You know darn well where Sean is staying tonight," said Estes.

The walls of our room started closing in on us as we practiced our lines. We knew we would have limited time on the air and would have to get out our message early and with no mincing of words. "I've lived near Area 51 for a year and a half and have known Sean Morton and his work even longer, and I can tell you, without reservation, Sean is a charlatan, a fraud and a phony. He'll tell any sort of lie to make himself sound important." But wait, maybe "charlatan" was too big a word for this audience. We had previously considered and rejected "sociopath" as being too upscale, while "victim of Munchausen syndrome" wasn't the proper clinical term. (In diagnostic manuals, this disorder, named after the tall-tale-telling baron, refers to the faking of medical symptoms, not the broader compulsive lying we sought to convey.) How about "a fraud, a phony, a liar and a con man"? That was simple and direct enough for television, but was it too many words?

In a night of fitful sleep, we saw a stream of fevered images. In one scene we are shirtless and bulked up to 250 pounds from years of illegal steroid use. We point our beefy finger directly at the camera and explode in anger: "Sean

David Morton, I've taken enough of your lies! You're a fake, a fraud and a phony. This is the grudge match of the century, Sean David Morton, and when you meet Psychospy in the ring, Saturday night, Madison Square Garden, only one of us is going to come out of it alive!"

In other scenes our bravado collapses. The Montel Williams Show has prepared an ambush for us consisting of all our present and former UFO enemies. In addition to Sean, they have flown in conspiracy nutcase and "Old Faithful" promoter Gary Schultz, who, after we challenged his takeover of a Rachel UFO conference, accused us vaguely of child molestation--nonspecific as to time or place. He would no doubt repeat those charges again on the air. Next to him is competing nutcase and "Old Faithful" promoter Erik Beckjord, who shows the audience dramatically enlarged photos of "Old Faithful"--aircraft landing lights to us mortals--and points out hidden alien messages in the big white blob. Fortunately, Beckjord's hatred for Psychospy is tempered only by his violent feuds with Mr. Schultz. Lastly, Montel is sure to welcome Lazar's moronic gatekeeper, "Mr. Nasty" Gene Huff, who will sling his usual creative epithets in our direction: "Prick! Dickhead! Sicko-Spy! Goober! Leach!" (the latter being misspelled as given). Not that we couldn't take on all these dim-wits at once in any arena, but in the resulting fray, Sean Morton would pretend to be the reasonable one and get away scot-free.

The Studio

When we awoke in the morning, we found ourselves, alas, still in New York, seventeen stories above street level in a non-suicide-protected room with Zero Hour rapidly approaching. No longer trusting the staff of the show and unable to confirm that any escort was coming for us, we took the subway to Times Square. The studio was on the fourth floor above an older block of storefronts in the corner of the square where religious zealots harangue passers-by.

We arrived, as requested, about three hours before the 11 am taping. An associate producer briefly showed us the studio and the audience warm-up room, then escorted us to "Green Room Number One," which would be our home until we went on stage. The floorplan reminded us of a miniature Roman Coliseum before a big gladiatorial battle. In the middle was the studio, which is much smaller than it appears on television. Arranged in a sloping, arena-style format are chairs for a small audience--made to look big by camera angle--facing a platform where the guests sit in padded armchairs. Arrayed around the outside of the studio and separated from it by soundproof walls, are a series of "Green Rooms" where the guests are warehoused until they appear. Each Green Room resembles a small living room with green carpeting on the floor and walls and with a sofa and comfortable chairs facing a television set. Our Green Room also contained an impressive assortment of Pepperidge Farm cookies. We were not relaxed enough to eat anything at the time, but we remembered to stuff our traveling bag full of them for later consumption.

Once you enter a Green Room, you are a prisoner there and cannot leave without an escort. If you must go to the bathroom, you have to inform a production assistant carrying a walkie-talkie. After he gets clearance over the radio, he steps into the hallway and furtively looks both ways before beckoning you to follow. He waits for you outside the bathroom, then escorts you back, keeping a constant eye on you to make sure you keep up and do not stray.

In a program that actively seeks on-air conflict, careful management of the Green Rooms is clearly a high priority. Guests who are about to go to war with each other on the show shouldn't be allowed to run into one another in the hallways. In many shows, there will be surprise guests who the others won't be aware of until they are revealed on the air, so the cat mustn't be let out of the bag. In fact, Sean Morton didn't know that we were going to be on the show until we suggested, foolishly, that someone tell him. (Those impulsive ethics are always getting in our way.)

All of this plotting behind the scenes might have heightened our own paranoia had we not been joined in our Green Room by two representatives of sanity, the requisite UFO skeptic and his coach from the New York Area Skeptics. The on-air skeptic was a first-timer like us, but his coach was a veteran of several talk shows and was refreshingly cynical about what we could hope to accomplish. According to him, the skeptics--who Psychospy was clearly classed among--are usually brought on last and are allowed the least amount of airtime. If their arguments are too good and they manage to demolish the principal guests, then the episode can simply be thrown out and never aired. Even when a show airs, it may still be edited, and when time is limited, the skeptic's words are the first to go.

As show time approached, we were visited in our Green Room by a series of specialists. First came the make-up man,

who kindly took the sheen off our balding heads. Then came a woman with a clipboard and a man with a video camera. On the clipboard was a form we were asked to sign which said that we wouldn't sue the producers no matter what happened on the show. After signing, we were asked to state our names into the camera and say that we agreed to the terms on the form. Montel himself also stopped in briefly to greet us, and the head producer visited several times to tell us what was happening.

Soon, even in our sound-proofed Green Room, we began to hear the roar of the crowd. Next door, the audience was being "warmed up" for the show, with instructions on when and how to applaud and when to keep quiet. Practicing their loudest and most enthusiastic response, their thunder shook the coliseum walls. The show was about to begin.

Freak Show

Sitting on a comfortable sofa, drinking Pepsi and watching TV in our Green Room, what we saw on the screen could have been any midday talk show. We would have changed the channel if we could, but we had to pay attention to this one because it was actually taking place next door and we would be on it in a few minutes. Montel Williams stood in the audience, and after the initial enthusiastic applause, he announced that he had been to Area 51 just as he promised. Then, after a commercial break, a clip was shown from the previous broadcast: Montel promising Sean that he would visit. When the clip was over, Montel said he would show the tape from his recent trip later in the show, but first he had guests to introduce.

On the stage were two women: A young, attractive one, and an older one with dark circles around her eyes that even makeup couldn't hide. They were the abductees, the standard starting point whenever a talk show does UFOs. As far as we were concerned, these two could have come from Central Casting. We had never seen them before, but we had seen people like them on other shows, and we knew most of what they would say before they opened their mouths. The attractive woman recounted how the aliens had paralyzed her in her bed while her boyfriend slept undisturbed beside her. Without her permission, the aliens touched and prodded her naked body, first in gentle, caring ways and then in ways that were not at all pleasant. She felt betrayed by the ruder touches and would never trust the aliens again.

The second woman, with the sunken eyes, said that she had been abducted all of her life by many different kinds of aliens. She had, in fact, killed a number of them. The aliens had implanted tiny fetuses in her body and removed them three weeks later, remarkably developed to the stage of three to four months. The woman knew the fetuses weren't hers, because she previously had a hysterectomy. (This raised snickers among our fellow skeptics, who asked themselves, Where did the woman carry these infants--in her bladder?)

A tape was then shown of Montel's tour of the woman's house in Las Vegas, where he and his crew had visited just before they came to Rachel. The house was filled with geodesic shapes and magical crystals designed to ward off the aliens. The woman slept under a six-foot pyramid with a crystal hanging from the center. To us, it looked like the same contraption Sean Morton is seen meditating under in one of his publicity photographs. We wondered if he had sold it to her.

By the time of the second commercial break, the theme had been set. Watching TV in our Green Room, we knew that this woman would be the star of the show, and Area 51 could be no more than brief diversion.

The Aliens

Upon return from the break, two more chairs had been added. The new guests were a clean-cut looking couple who publish Unicus, "the magazine for earthbound extraterrestrials." These people haven't been abducted by aliens; they ARE aliens.

Again, although we had never met this couple, we knew their basic story before they spoke. We have run into many aliens here in Rachel, like the Ambassador Merlyn Merlin II from Draconis [[DR#2](#)] and the very attractive Venus From Venus, whose business card says she does "weddings, exorcisms and alignment healings." Although these beings appear in human form, you know they are aliens because they immediately introduce themselves as such. One young, spacy-eyed woman we once met opened the conversation by asking us where we were from. We said, "Boston," and

she said, "No, where are you from Out There?" We had to confess that we didn't know. She said that her name was Willow--just Willow--and that she was from the Pleiades. Pleiadians, she explained, are very peace/love/60s sort of aliens, in contrast to the evil, gray, rectum-coring Reticulans, which Ambassador Merlin claims to represent.

Like the aliens we have known, the couple on the Montel show grew up thinking they were human and did not know the truth until experiencing a revelation. As the woman explained it, a similar mystical event lead her to found the magazine. She said that she saw a holographic vision of Unicus before her. On the show, someone asked, What is Unicus? Unicus, she said, was the magazine. She saw a 3-D vision of the magazine in front of her, so all she had to do was look through the pages to know how to write and design it.

Still sitting in our Green Room, our mind preoccupied with other things, we may have lost touch with the woman's narrative sequence, so we apologize if we don't get her story exactly right. Sometime after the vision, the woman felt an unexplained calling to go to Peru. The next day, it so happened, a brochure arrived in the mail for a tour to Peru, and seeing how this could not be coincidence, she signed up. Through her hotel room window at Lake Titicaca, she saw several alien spacecraft emerge from a cave in a cliff. They split into many craft and then vanished. Somehow, this confirmed her vision and convictions about Unicus.

The man had nothing memorable to add, except that he was also an alien. The two had met at a UFO conference and were immediately drawn to each other by their alienness, but we forget the details.

Then there was another commercial break. The show was now half over. Nothing introduced so far had any stated connection with Area 51. This was a show about aliens and abductees. We remain neutral and do not feel qualified to pass judgment on their claims, no matter how Loony Tunes. Perhaps some abductions are real, but we have often experienced another kind of UFO abuse that is rarely reported to the public: abducted by abductees, which this show clearly was. We realized, now, that our role would be only that of a token skeptic to be brought on at the very end to give the production a thin veneer of respectability.

Sean Morton

When Sean finally appeared in the fifth chair, he was almost irrelevant. Because he knew we were here and would be on next, he made no extravagant claims about Groom Lake. What he said was a totally forgettable rehash of generic UFO cliches. We heard him say something about "Roswell," but can't remember anything else. He provided nothing substantial enough to challenge.

During Sean's segment, Montel showed the tape of his superficial visit to Rachel and Freedom Ridge, without Sean. Pat and Joe Travis of the Little A-Le-Inn were interviewed outside their establishment, offering their usual unconditional support for everything anyone ever claimed to have seen or experienced. Psychospy, looking hokey in our camouflage fatigues, met Montel in our driveway and showed him the big map on the ceiling of our Research Center. There were some driving scenes, then Montel appeared on Freedom Ridge saying that he had come as promised. Finally, through the window of the Humvee we saw some daring footage of the secret base in the distance.

There was a break for another commercial. The program was winding down now and at last it was our turn. We were escorted from our Green Room and joined the stage with TV newsman George Knapp, meaning that we would each have only microseconds of air time.

When the lights came up again, the camera was still on Sean. Commenting on the tape, he said that he had personally discovered the location Montel had just visited. A lie! He had never even been to Freedom Ridge, let alone discovered it. We wanted to shout, "Liar!" but unfortunately we had not yet been introduced and did not exist as far as the camera was concerned.

Time was running out, and there were still three guests left. George Knapp was introduced first. He had come expecting to talk about Area 51 and the Bob Lazar story, which he had introduced to the world with his KLAS-TV report in 1989. Unfortunately, he had time only for a few short lines. George said something about the charlatans taking over the field, but unfortunately he did not name Sean directly.

Then, at last, Psychospy was introduced. We were asked what brought us to Area 51. We said that we had seen a UFO video tape in which Sean Morton claimed that you could see a dozen UFOs from the Black Mailbox on even a bad night. We said that we came here first to check out this claim but saw only military exercises.

Sean replied immediately, "Unfortunately, Glenn arrived too late," and then he seamlessly took control of the camera. We still feel dazed and aren't sure how it happened, but somehow we dropped the ball and didn't have a chance to respond. With the show drawing to a close, any disagreements between Sean and us seemed futile. Although Sean got more air time than we did, even he wasn't really a player here.

Members of the audience had questions, but only for the sunken- eyed abductee. Someone asked, "You say you killed some aliens. If so, then what happened to the bodies?"

The abductee replied that they had disintegrated instantly.

Someone else asked (off-camera): "How did you kill the aliens?"

The abductee replied, "With a crystal pistol."

We wondered, silently, whether Sean had sold her the crystal pistol.

After a final commercial break, the skeptic came on, making it eight chairs. He was allowed a few token words of objection. There was another question or two from the audience for the abductees and aliens, then Montel proceeded to close the show.

The last thing he did before ending the show was poll each of the guests to ask if they had seen UFOs. We recognized this as our set-up. When the question came to Sean, he said that he had seen UFOs at two locations, including Area 51. When it came to us, we said that we had never seen any UFOs, even when we were on the next ridge over from where Sean was seeing UFOs galore.

We got an applause for that. Our only minor triumph.

Epilogue

Upon return to our Green Room, we found it occupied by two guests for the next show, taping in the afternoon: "Interracial Couples Who Haven't Told Their Parents". In our Green Room was the interracial couple, looking tense. In another Green Room, we heard, was the white man's conservative mother. Since the mother hadn't seen her son in three years, she thought she was doing the show, "Parents Reunited With Their Children."

Isn't America a wonderful country!

In retrospect, maybe we didn't do so badly. At least we survived with a few shreds of dignity intact. Even if we did not achieve the definitive victory we had hoped for, at least Mr. Morton was kept in check and, aside from his Freedom Ridge discovery, didn't have a chance to spread any new nonsense. In a crunch, we were forced to meet Sean Morton on his own turf. Now, with that encounter ended in a draw, we can bide our time and move the battle to a venue where we feel more comfortable. Slowly, methodically, we'll data him to death.

"You may have gotten away this time, Sean David Morton, but we'll meet again!"

Ben Rich Skunk Works Book

Former Lockheed Skunk Works president Ben Rich, who directed the development of the F-117 stealth fighter, will be publishing his memoirs next month. *Skunk Works: A Personal Memoir of My Years at Lockheed* is a tell-almost-all book with many nameless references to Groom Lake. Rich shows an obvious disdain for the "blue suiters" of the Air

Force and expresses his frustrations with excessive secrecy and the caprices of the military procurement process. *Popular Science* is excerpting some of Rich's book in their October 1994 issue, which should be hitting newsstands and mailboxes within the next few days.

Our mail order arm, Secrecy Oversight Council, will be selling the Ben Rich book as soon as it is available. The price is \$24.95 plus \$3.50 priority mail postage. Scheduled publication date is Oct. 4, but we are accepting orders now. (Little, Brown, 350 pages, hardcover.)

Land Grab Update

Like a soap opera, the land withdrawal process for Freedom Ridge goes on and on. In [DR#13](#), we said that Oct. 15 would be the soonest the land could be closed. Now, Jan. 1 looks like a more reasonable minimum, but we wouldn't place any bets on that date either. The process could conceivably drag on much longer--up to a deadline of Oct. 95--and we still don't know for certain that the withdrawal will be approved.

We have never claimed to fully understand the withdrawal process, owing to its many bureaucratic subprocesses, but after talking with the BLM case officer, here is our understanding of the future steps. Dates are our earliest guess, and further delays are possible anywhere in the process.

Step 1: Release of Environmental Assessment and proposed land use plan amendment (prerequisites for the withdrawal). Notice of proposed amendment published in Federal Register. (Maybe 10/15.)

Step 2: Public is offered a 30-day protest period on land use plan amendment. (Maybe 10/15 through 11/15.)

Step 3: Las Vegas BLM addresses amendment protests.

Step 4: Las Vegas BLM issues record of decision on land use plan amendment, clearing the way for the withdrawal application to proceed. (Maybe December.) Presumably, that decision can be appealed.

Step 5: Las Vegas passes the withdrawal application to the BLM state headquarters in Reno. Reno takes an unknown length of time reviewing application and making a recommendation.

Step 6: Reno passes application to the national BLM director in Washington. National director takes an unknown length of time reviewing application and making a recommendation.

Step 7: National BLM director passes application to Secretary of the Interior, along with a recommendation. Secretary makes decision to approve, reject, delay or consult entrails of sacrificed animals. In the event of an approval, we assume (but are not certain) that the public will be given due warning that the land will be closed, presumably with a notice in the Federal Register.

Judging from the many hurdles still to be crossed, we are not yet making any plans for our Freedom Ridge End-of-the-World Party.

Our Readers Respond

The following items of correspondence were recently received at our Rachel headquarters.

Cloning Not Impossible

"HI! Just wanted to introduce myself. I am the guy who pulled the toy gun on TV Consumer Advocate David Horowitz in 1987 on live TV at KNBC in Los Angeles. I wanted to get my message out about my family having been cloned by

the government and the subsequent events in my shattered life as a result of this action. I assure you I am of the most sincere nature, and can verify all of what I believe in. I am currently writing a book titled "The Invasion of the Human Race", which I hope to complete in the next few weeks.... I was interested in your comments about Larry King being cloned. I can tell you that this is quite possible."

-- G.S. (via email)

Goodbye California

"I am interested in getting a copy of the map of the US after the coast of California supposedly falls into the ocean. If you do not have them, do you know where I can get one?"

-- S.G., Mt. Carmel, PA (via letter)

Intel Bitties

ST. PAUL UFO CONFERENCE. On Nov. 5 & 6, 1994, the Science Museum of Minnesota will be offering a two-day symposium entitled, "The Science and Politics of UFO Research," which promises to be a significant cut above the usual UFO loonfest. Only credentialed scientists will be speaking--no aliens, New Age channelers or SDMs. Speakers will include Stanton Friedman, Kevin Randle, John Mack, Thomas Bullard (folklorist), James McCampbell (physicist), Dr. Richard Haines (psychologist), Dr. Ron Westrum (sociologist), Jack Kasher (physicist and astronomer), Michael Zimmerman (philosopher) and others. The topic is less about UFOs themselves than how human science and society can deal with such investigations. Psychospy will be discreetly in attendance. The price for the symposium is \$130. For more details, email person@geom.umn.edu or contact the Museum at 30 East 10th St., St. Paul, MN 55101. (612) 221-4511.

LAZAR SAUCER. A shipment of the new Lazar Spacecraft plastic model from the Testor Corporation is supposed to arrive at our Research Center by next Thursday. Although we still do not have it in our hands, we can assure our readers, IT EXISTS. The model, that is. You can debate endlessly the veracity of the Lazar story, but at least it is rich enough in technical details to make this model possible. Designer John Andrews, best known for producing the first F-117 model before it was made public, spent many hours with "The Bob" getting the details right. The plastic saucer is 13" in diameter, and the price from us is \$25.00 plus \$5.50 priority mail postage.

SKEPTIC HISTORY BOOK. Now in stock: *Watch the Skies: A Chronicle of the Flying Saucer Myth*, by Curtis Peebles. This is a skeptic's history of the UFO movement, offering a plausible, although often superficial, explanation for most of the major publicized UFO events since the 1947 Kenneth Arnold sighting. Anyone who has pursued any of these stories, like Roswell or the Travis Walton case, is bound to find grounds for argument, but it is still interesting to see the flying saucer phenomenon placed into an historical perspective. For example, the Roswell flying saucer announcement came only a few weeks after the widely publicized Arnold "saucer" sighting near Mt. Rainier, strengthening the suggestion that the Roswell officers may have been influenced by that publicity. Anyone seriously interested in UFOs needs to read this sobering book. Available from us for \$24.95 plus \$3.50 priority mail postage. (Smithsonian Institution Press, 1994, 342 pages, hardcover.)

UPCOMING TV SEGMENTS. An *Unsolved Mysteries* show on UFOs with a segment on Area 51 will air Sunday, Sept. 18 at 8pm. The *Montel Williams* talk show taped on Aug. 23 will probably be shown Monday, Sept. 19 (time varies by city). (In a demonstration of talk show incest, Montel recently appeared as a guest on the Conan O'Brian talk show, where he promoted his Area 51 show.) The live *Larry King* special on UFOs, direct from Rachel, Nevada, will air Saturday, Oct. 1 at 8pm ET (5pm PT) on the TNT cable network.

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[Supplement to the Groom Lake Desert Rat.]

Through his kitchen window, even as we speak, Psychospy can see the Larry King circus setting up their stage in the barren desert outside Rachel, Nevada. The compound consists of a half-dozen tractor trailer trucks and about 50 workers moving equipment around. All that is lacking are the clowns and elephants.

The two hour show will be broadcast LIVE FROM RACHEL on the TNT cable TV network at 5 pm Pacific Time (8 pm Eastern, 7 pm Central, 6 pm Mountain) on Saturday, Oct. 1, 1994. Entitled "The UFO Cover-Up: Live from Area 51," this groundbreaking show will finally reveal ALL OF THE GOVERNMENT'S UFO SECRETS.

Not!

We don't really expect any surprises. The show will be part live and part on tape. On tape will be interviews with William Shatner (You have to believe it when Capt. Kirk talks about UFOs!), Carl Sagan (skeptic), Robert Dean (a moderately interesting ex-gov't witness) and most of the usual suspects seen on other UFO shows. Appearing live in the desert, and also taking YOUR phone calls, will be Stanton Friedman, Kevin Randle, Glenn Campbell and Steven Grier. Larry King (or his clone) will preside.

Psychospy

The Groom Lake Desert Rat

"The Naked Truth from Open Sources."

Area 51/Nellis Range/TTR/NTS/S-4?/Weird Stuff/Desert Lore

An on-line newsletter.

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Direct from the "UFO Capital," Rachel, Nevada.

Issue #17. October 13, 1994

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Sensor Wars

In [DR#3](#), we reported the existence of a number of road sensors on public land near the outer perimeter of the Groom Lake base. Each apparatus consists of two canisters about the size of soft drink cans buried about fifteen feet apart beside the road (magnetic detectors). These are wired to a transmitter about the size of a gallon paint can half-buried behind a bush. The unit is powered by batteries housed an ammo can sitting beside the transmitter. At one point, we counted twenty of these on public land, extending up to seven miles from the border.

The sensors upset us because they suggest that the military, not BLM, is in practical control of this land. If you trip a sensor, within a few minutes an anonymous security patrol will appear. Your license plates will be recorded and relayed to the nonexistent base. If you deviate from the expected path to Freedom Ridge, a patrol will actively shadow you and won't let you out of it's sight until you return to the paved highway. If you happen to show up at an inconvenient time, the non-accountable patrols may even block your access to this public land, as reported in [DR#9](#).

At the least, the sensors represent bad public relations. They convey the message that no matter how much land the military has, they will always seek to control even more. Every military perimeter needs a buffer zone to protect it, then another buffer zone to protect THAT perimeter, and so on. In fact, the Groom Mountain Range was taken in the 1980s for no other purpose than to provide an unused buffer zone. If you cross the border in the vicinity of Freedom Ridge, you still have to traverse at least seven miles of empty sagebrush before you come to the border of "Area 51." The sensor network essentially turns public land into a buffer zone for that buffer zone.

No one objects to the military installing sensors within the areas they legally control. The military has a right to detect when people actually intrude onto their land, but collecting information on the whereabouts and identity people who have NOT intruded is different. That is purely an intelligence function. Is domestic surveillance part of the military's charter? When the entity collecting the intelligence is in itself unacknowledged, the potentials for abuse are great. Where is this intelligence being sent? Will it be passed to the FBI, NSA or some other intelligence agency? Will people whose vehicles are seen near the border be flagged as "suspect citizens" and watched more closely for un-American activities? It may sound far-fetched, but when the data collecting apparatus is entirely anonymous and no one can be held accountable for abuses, then there is no telling how the information may be used.

Such a discussion about whether the sensors are legal and proper has been largely academic until now. Although we

are opposed to them on philosophical grounds, as a practical matter we know where they are and how to disable them. You can pull the power plug before you pass and reconnect it after you leave. When television crews visit, the sensors provide an irresistible visual illustration of Big Brother at work. We express our theatrical outrage into the camera as we point out the transmitter hiding behind the bush. Until now, we've been happy with the status quo. We wouldn't want to remove a sensor because, for one thing, we have already carefully mapped them, and removing one would mean that a new one would show up somewhere else and we would have to change our maps accordingly.

Mysterious Disappearances

A few days ago, on Oct. 5, we were out in the field with a crew from yet another TV affiliate. Part of our shtick as we are driving the press to Freedom Ridge is to use our radio equipment to detect a sensor, then get out of the car with camera in tow to look for it. On cue, we convey our sentiments: Look, it's a sensor ON PUBLIC LAND! It means THEY KNOW WE ARE COMING and we're going to be shadowed by ANONYMOUS SECURITY GUARDS IN WHITE JEEP CHEROKEES. This sensor is an offense to our FREEDOM, PRIVACY AND PEACE OF MIND. It makes us feel so... so... VIOLATED!

Of course the exercise is totally staged, because we already know where the sensors are and when to tell the cameraman to start rolling. Often we give our radio equipment to the reporter sitting beside us so that he'll have the satisfaction of saying, "There it is!"

....So we're cruising down the dirt road toward Roadblock Canyon with the TV cameraman in the back seat and the reporter in the front. Suddenly, we stop the car, close our eyes, open them again and announce our remarkable clairvoyant intuition: "Sensor ahead." We give the scanner to the reporter and tell him to yell out when "496.25" shows up on the screen. With the camera rolling, we start driving again, past a sensor we have already mapped and identified as number 810.

Nothing happens.

We back up, drive forward again. Still nothing. Okay, so clairvoyance is never perfect. If we were alone, we would get out and check the bushes, but the crew has a deadline to meet. We tell the cameraman to stand by because we know there are other sensors on this road: five altogether. About a mile further down the road we pass the prior location of sensor 811. The camera is running, but still no response on the scanner. Now we are beginning to sweat and wonder if we will ever have a chance to express our outrage. We have the reporter look at the frequency counter instead of the scanner as we back up and pass over the site again. Nada.

We drive ahead, and get no response at the presumed locations of 812 and 813. By this time, the exercise is getting tired. Psychospy has cried wolf once too often, and the camera doesn't roll when we announce a possible sensor. We start feeling a bit depressed and wonder if maybe the military had taken them all away, just like the very photogenic "No Photography" signs they removed after the KNBC fiasco [[DR#15](#)]. The sensors are part of our dog and pony show. Since the base itself is relatively static, most crews decline even to shoot it. (Most now rely on still photos or stock footage borrowed from other stations.) The only reason to go into the field now is to catch shots of the ominous Cammo Dudes sitting on a hill, the sinister "Use of Deadly Force Authorized" signs, the mysterious "black" helicopter and the ubiquitous sensors hiding behind bushes miles from the border. Take away these things, and for a visual medium like television THERE IS NO STORY.

Could the military have suddenly gotten smart?

What Happened?

After passing through the infamous "Sensor Alley" to Freedom Ridge with nary a blip on the screen, we theorized that someone at a high level in the Air Force saw the Larry King TV special on Oct. 1. In it, the sensors were mentioned, and we figured that a member of the brass with some P.R. sense had seen it and conveyed a message down the chain of command that sensors on public land aren't terribly prudent. Even without the sensors, there are so many patrols in the field now that it seems highly unlikely that a vehicle could slip into the area undetected. Instead of protecting the

border, the sensors were drawing people to it. They were among the props that made Freedom Ridge the sort of irresistible adventure destination that cannot help but attract already-seen-it-all tourists.

We surmised that the orders had to come from a high level because the local command structure has always seemed crippled and incapable of changing with the times. The local Dudes seem trapped by their own antiquated rules, still fighting a heavy-handed battle with Soviet spies and not the subtle P.R. challenges of the 90's. Change, if it happens, has to come from above; otherwise, the organization marches ahead in robot mode and repeatedly shoots itself in the foot whenever given the opportunity.

Although we felt depressed about losing our props, removing the sensors was the right thing for the military to do. We thought it indicated a glimmer of intelligence and hope at the top of the command structure.

But we were wrong.

A Visit From The Law

The day after the TV crew visited, two sheriff's deputies dropped in to see us at our Research Center. They were Undersheriff Gary Davis and Lieutenant Richard Triplett. They said they were investigating the disappearance of eight road sensors reported AWOL by the Air Force.

They wanted to know if we knew who had taken them. We said we didn't, and that's the truth.

The deputies mentioned that Sergeant Lamoreaux had visited our office on an earlier occasion, seeking information on who might have run down a cow near the Black Mailbox. In the course of his visit, we might have shown Sergeant Lamoreaux the detector unit we had found in the middle of a road over a year ago. This was one of the soft-drink-sized canisters, made from standard PVC pipe, containing a coil and some primitive electronics. The wires leading out of the unit were frayed and chewed up, as though a coyote had gnawed on it and maybe pulled it from the ground. At the time we discovered the unit, we weren't sure what it was. There was a manufacturer's name on it, but no indication that it was government property. Subsequent examination of the inner electronics gave us the clues we needed to find a complete apparatus. A friend of ours stumbled upon the first one. By driving past it repeatedly and analyzing the output, we found the radio techniques we needed to discover the rest.

The two officers asked us if they could see the detector unit we showed to Sergeant Lamoreaux. We pointed to it sitting on the table beside them. It was a popular item at our Research Center, and we did not hesitate to show it to visitors. As reported in our Viewer's Guide, we considered it abandoned property and would be happy to return it to anyone who can prove ownership.

We opened the unit and explained to the officers how it worked. The officers said that the detector unit we held in our hands was worth \$1000. We laughed at that one. We said that it was possible that the entire apparatus, including transmitter and battery, might have cost the military \$1000 at very inflated contractor prices. We were not talking high tech. The detector unit was composed of off-the-shelf electronic components performing a very simple function: to receive the electric current produced by a big piece of metal--a car--passing by a coil, amplify the signal and pass an impulse along to the equally rudimentary transmitter. Any knowledgeable hobbyist should be able to reproduce the functions of the detector with about \$20 worth of overpriced parts from Radio Shack.

The officers insisted that the sensor unit alone cost the government \$1000, while the transmitter was valued at \$4000. That's a total cost to the taxpayer of \$6000, batteries not included. The officers told us, very politely, that any theft of government property worth more than \$250 was a felony. For example, theft or possession of one of these detector units that we now held in our hands was punishable by one to four years in prison.

Just then we felt something go "clunk" in our digestive tract. In an instantaneous clairvoyant revelation, we saw where things were leading.

They were out to nail Psychospy.

How To Neutralize An Irritant

People have often asked us if, as the military's chief irritant here, we have ever suffered any threats or retribution for our activism. Alas, we have had nothing sinister to report. Once, our home was visited by mysterious Men in Black [DR#1], but they turned out to be Jehovah's Witnesses. On many occasions near the border, we have been deliberately buzzed at very close range by the big Blackhawk helicopter, no identifying numbers, in direct violation of the Air Force's own regulations on clearance distances. We were outraged, of course, but wouldn't miss it for the world. Recently, we were arrested for apparently interfering with the warrantless seizure of a news crew's video tape. We'll fight it all the way to the Supreme Court if necessary, but even if we lose the fine probably won't be more than a couple hundred dollars--well worth the price in entertainment and political value, we'd say.

People warn us, "Be careful. If they want to get you, they will." We have always taken these warnings lightly. All we need to do to protect ourselves, we reply to our advisors, is remain pure of heart and clean of spirit, be honest, open and honorable at all times and the goons can't touch us. Oh, naivete! As we talked to the officers with a thousand dollar piece of junk in our hands, we were feeling a wee bit vulnerable. We saw, in our clairvoyant vision, that if "they" ever wanted to get us, this is how they'd do it. They'd look around for opportunities and strike us wherever we were exposed.

Officer Triplett said that he was not going to read us our Miranda rights because we were not under arrest. We were just having a friendly conversation. Nonetheless, he wanted us to know that what we said could be used against us in court. He was going to ask us a series of questions, and we had the right not to answer if we so chose. However, if we did choose to respond, and that answer turned out to be a lie, it could be a bad for us in the future. Officer Triplett asked us if we understood what he had just said, and we replied that we did.

What followed was a game of "I've Got a Secret." The officers asked us questions, and we replied with "Yes," "No" or "I'm sorry, but I'd really rather not answer that." The tone was cordial throughout our chat, and we had a chance to give each question careful thought before replying. We do not recall the exact sequence of the questions, but what follows is the gist....

The officers asked us if we had any sensors in our possession, other than the piece we held in our hands.

We said, "No."

They asked us if we knew who had taken the sensors.

We voiced our theory that the sensors were stolen by mice. We explained to the officers that when the mice come to see Groom Lake, they often want to take a souvenir back home with them. The sensors are convenient and easy to find now that we have published the frequency and told the world how to locate them with any off- the-shelf scanner [DR#15]. The sensors are a compelling symbol of authority, as irresistible to purloin as the Restricted Area signs. Because they are farther from the border than the signs, sitting all by their lonesomes in the desert, the mice find them easier to snag.

The officers asked us if we knew any of these mice personally.

We said that we knew a few adventurous rodents who might do that sort of thing. We said that we had no specific evidence, however. We suggested that the sensors were probably taken independently by a number of different mice rather than in a concerted effort by one or two.

The officers asked us if we had ever HAD a detector unit in our possession, other than the one we held in our hands.

We thought about it carefully and replied that we preferred not to answer that question.

The officers asked us if we had ever had one of those \$4000 transmitters in our possession.

Again, we replied, thoughtfully, that we preferred not to answer the question.

The officers asked us if we had ever had a battery in our possession.

We replied proudly and unequivocally, "No." We have never had a battery in our possession.

In very hypothetical terms, we recounted for the officers a bit of history. There was a time, many moons ago, when the Air Force refused to acknowledge that it had any sensors on public land. The nonexistent secret base guarded by nonexistent Cammo Dudes was also protected by nonexistent road sensors. BLM, the custodian of the lands on which the sensors are buried, had no knowledge of them either until a reporter we talked to inquired. A BLM ranger had to dig one up himself and present it to the Air Force before the AF admitted anything.

We explained to the officers, strictly hypothetically, that prior to the AF admission, the status of the sensors was very vague. If one happened to stumble upon one of these orphaned items in the desert, it would peak one's curiosity, would it not? If no one admitted to owning them, they would seem like abandoned property, like any of the dozen crashed jets or practice bombs found littering the area. Unable to obtain any official information about what this strange apparatus was or who might have left it behind, a curious individual might be tempted to take one home to examine. Hypothetically, one might want to dissect it to find out how it works. That sort of information might help lead one to the owner, to whom, of course, one would want to return it immediately if they could prove it is theirs.

We explained to the officers that after the Air Force conceded that it did have sensors on public land, the situation would have changed. One would not want to have any such apparatus in one's possession. To any person or organization who had become a painful thorn in the side of both the military and the Sheriff's Dept., possessing any such hardware could be a very dangerous liability, could it not?

In an embarrassing breach of etiquette in our otherwise polite and hypothetical conversation, Undersheriff Davis blurted out, "So who did you give the sensor to?"

We looked mystified. "Sensor? What sensor?"

We reiterated that we had no sensors in our possession and did not know which rodent was responsible for the current wave of sensor-nappings. We liked the sensors just the way they were. They were part of our act for the TV cameras. Why would we want to mess up a good thing?

Undersheriff Davis, in another faux pas, asked if they could search our Research Center for sensors. We thought about it a moment then politely declined. We said that it was a matter of principal. Although we did not have any sensors or other contraband in our possession, we did not know if there was anything else in our Research Center that might be construed against us. We could not think of anything specifically, but we liked our privacy and would feel more comfortable if the premises were not searched.

The officers said that they would have to confiscate the one detector unit we had found in the road. We expressed our dismay, since it had no government markings, was found abandoned in the road where any passing patrol could have picked it up and was discovered before we had any idea what it was. Nonetheless, the officers insisted that we knew that it belonged to the government. They said that the responsibility would be the government's to prove it was theirs, and if they could not do so, then it was possible it would be returned to us. (Fat chance, we thought.... Just like those dozens of rolls of film taken from visitors with the promise of "free developing.")

The officers gave us a receipt for the detector. They agreed that we had been courteous and helpful. They said that they would go to their Rachel substation (a rarely-used building a block away) to talk it over and would come back to us if they had any further questions.

Cutting A Deal

The officers returned about fifteen minutes later. They said they had been talking on the phone to the Sheriff but that they had not yet contacted the Air Force, who they had been cooperating with in this investigation. The information and offer that Officer Triplett subsequently made to us we assume had the direct approval of the Sheriff himself.

First, Officer Triplett showed us a snapshot of a sensor and transmitter, apparently given to them by the Air Force. He said that he wanted to let us know, in a friendly sort of way, that they would be going door to door to all of our neighbors in Rachel to show them the picture and ask if anyone had ever seen us with such an apparatus or heard us talking about having one. They were not going to make any accusations, mind you, just have a friendly chat about us with every person in town.

Then Deputy Triplett made us an offer. It was a friendly offer, based on the kind of deal, he said, that is often cut in drug cases. Triplett said that they already had "two or three good suspects" in the disappearance of the sensors. If these suspects were confronted with their crimes, there was a risk that they might "roll over" in exchange for more lenient treatment. In a drug case, this means that the addicts turn in the pushers; the pushers turn in the distributors, and the distributors turn in the Mafia dons that can't be convicted by any other means. Triplett said that, unfortunately, due to our prominent position, we were the party who the authorities would most want to convict. If the other suspects could implicate us in any way, then there would be no protection for us; we would have to suffer the full force of the law.

On the other hand, if we chose to turn in those two or three suspects before they could turn in us, Officer Triplett could assure us that would not be prosecuted for any involvement in the crime.

We politely declined this generous officer. We told the officers that we doubted anyone would implicate us because we were innocent of any involvement in the crime. It would also seem difficult for us to turn in the other suspects if we did not know who they were. Any possible mice we knew of were already far outside the jurisdiction of the Lincoln County Sheriff's Department.

Our friendly conversation concluded, the officers proceeded to the door. We thanked Undersheriff Davis for his purchase: He bought a topographic map on which we had marked, at his request, the location where we had found the detector unit in the road. We suggested to the officers that the best way to prevent theft of sensors in the future was for us to publish an account of the officers' visit in our Desert Rat. We would warn the mice of the potential penalties--one to four years in mouse prison--and perhaps this would dissuade them. The officers agreed that this was a good idea.

We walked the officers to the door and bid them a warm good- bye.

Hulk Reborn

At the time the officers parted, we felt nothing but respect and sympathy for these noble defenders of the law. The Air Force had made a complaint, and the Sheriff's Dept. felt obligated to investigate it. It can be difficult being stuck in the middle like that, but justice is blind, and these officers were doing their job as best they could.

Psychospy is naturally a mild-mannered character. He is not given to anger or rash outbursts. He prides himself in being able to see both sides of every issue and in understanding the complex human motivations in every social interaction. There are no "good" or "bad" people, just people with different points of view.

But even as we recited to ourselves these good and proper thoughts, we couldn't help but sense that something wasn't quite right. Inside, we felt a churning. A transformation. Our clothing felt too tight. There was a heaving in the chest. A change in skin tone. From deep within our gut, a horrible, wrenching impulse started making its way to the surface.

We were getting pissed.

The more we thought about what the officers said the more furious we became. We hadn't felt this way since we spent a January night outside the Lincoln County Detention Center waiting for the release of the seven accused trespassers [DR#1]. No one in the Sheriff's Dept. would even confirm that the prisoners were being held, never mind their status, so we had no choice but to spend the night in our car in the parking lot, in sub-freezing temperatures, awaiting their release. When they were finally bailed out, at about 4 am, we were asleep and missed them.

That's when the beast first emerged. A mild-mannered Bill Bixby was transformed, in a metaphysical sense, into a

raging green Incredible Hulk. We were possessed by the irrational and uncontrollable urge to do grievous damage to the Lincoln County Sheriff's Dept.

Nothing in the first part of our conversation with the two deputies bothered us. The officers had a job to do and conducted themselves professionally. What gnawed at us was what they said after coming back from talking to the Big Guy. Psychospy does not "roll over." We stand proud for our crimes and do not rat on others to reduce our own sentence. We remain pure of heart and honest and honorable in all of our actions, so if we are accused of anything, we will stand trial and exercise every one of the legal rights available to us. Psychospy is not your run-of-the-mill, sell-out-your-neighbor drug dealer. We do not cut deals.

We're mad as hell and getting more livid as we speak. We recognize that there are a couple of issues that need to be addressed right away. One is the future of the Sheriff himself. He is up for reelection on Nov. 8, so now is the time to declare our allegiances. Another issue is the lingering problem of the road sensors, which we want to see removed from public land once and for all. If the military will not remove them willingly, then we predict no sensor will be safe from the mice.

A Desert Rat Political Endorsement

In the upcoming elections, the current Sheriff, Dahl Bradfield, is facing a credible outside challenger, Don Brown. Brown appears to be an experienced law enforcement officer, including two terms as a Sheriff in Washington State. We have met Mr. Brown and are impressed. We can't say that we know him very well, but two advantages overrule our unfamiliarity: (1) Brown has vowed to sever all ties with the Air Force, and (2) he is not Dahl Bradfield.

After the KNBC video tape seizure, the Las Vegas Review-Journal printed an editorial cartoon (7/26) showing the stereotypical pot-bellied Sheriff with reflective glasses standing beside his squad car at the side of the highway. A road sign in front of him reads:

Now Entering LINCOLN COUNTY, Nevada...
NO Videotaping
NO Trespassing
NO Bill of Rights

The more we know about Dahl, the more he seems to fit the stereotype.

One misjudgment that continues to sour many voters is his orchestration of a removal campaign for a Lincoln County Commissioner, Floyd Lamb. Floyd is a cagey old politician and certainly no angel, but he was a strong leader who was willing to stand up to Dahl. Floyd was once a powerful state senator whose career ended when he was convicted in a bribery case; the voter's knew about his past when they elected him to the County Commission. Floyd's worst crime as commissioner, as far as we can fathom, is that he called Dahl a "liar" at a Commissioner's meeting and threatened to cut the Sheriff's Dept. budget. In a county with one of the largest per-capita police force in the country, the Sheriff's Dept. is entity to be feared. The age-old dilemma applies: When you live in a police state, who will protect you from the police? Signatures for Floyd's recall were collected chiefly by Sheriff's deputies and their spouses--the sort of obvious conflict of interest that never would have been tolerated in the big city. In the recall election, Floyd was defeated by a slim margin (making us feel guilty that we didn't get out and stump for him).

We have met the Sheriff himself only in passing. We have never encountered him near the border of Area 51, only his deputies, but we see in their actions an absence of critical judgment from above. The compensation the Sheriff's Dept. receives from the Air Force is minor: They pay for one deputy and one car. Yet, when the Air Force calls, the Sheriff's Dept. always seems to jump-to. Contacts and agreements between the feds and the Dept. are secret, and until recently, the Dept. was deputizing members of the anonymous security force. When the military, through its own unwise decisions, places itself in an absurd and untenable position, the Sheriff seems willing to share those problems upon request, no matter how damaging to the department's credibility.

Only now, as the election approaches, is the Dept. backing off. It may be too late! The worst political gaff you can

commit in this county is to be seen as a stooge of the federal government.

While we normally remain agnostic in political matters, we have seen enough questionable decisions by Sheriff Bradfield to draw us out of the closet. THE GROOM LAKE DESERT RAT ENDORSES DON F. BROWN FOR THE NEXT SHERIFF OF LINCOLN COUNTY.

(Whoa! Bradfield must be quaking in his boots now!)

[[Campbell's political ad opposing Bradfield.](#)]

The Sensors Must Go!

The sensors themselves have become a symbol of paranoia, security overkill and government inefficiency. At \$6000 per assembly, they could easily be equated with the \$500 screwdrivers and \$1000 toilet seats the military is known for. Anyone who seriously wants to evade the sensors can do it; the only people who trip them are casual tourists and those who deliberately WANT to find them to take pictures or souvenirs.

We do not recommend that anyone steal the sensors. As the deputies pointed out, it could be a felony if you are caught. However, we see nothing wrong with disabling the sensors simply to assure your own privacy. If the military asserts the right to monitor citizens on public lands, citizens should also be able to refuse participation in this surveillance program if they so chose. The proper method to disable a sensor is to gently disconnect the power cord. Don't get caught doing it, because Sheriff Bradfield may initiate a "tampering with government property" charge against you. Given that the sensors have not been sanctioned by BLM and you have done no permanent damage to them, we believe that the charge would be untenable in court, but you don't want to endure the hassles of hiring a lawyer and going to court either.

Following is some additional embarrassing information on the road sensors.

Sensor Addressing

All road sensors we have found in this area broadcast on the same frequency: 496.25 MHz. When tripped, a transmitter emits a burst of digits indicating the unit's ID code and the direction the vehicle is traveling. The ID code is set by easily-changed dip switches inside the transmitter. For example, the first sensor on the road to Freedom Ridge is number 810, the second is 811, and so on. We collected many of the ID numbers back in the good old days when security broadcasted "in the clear" and the patrols would call them out when passing. Now, the ID's can (hypothetically) be confirmed by a five minute examination of each sensor.

We do not recommend that anyone remove or disassemble a sensor, but if anyone DID engage in such evil acts, this is what they could do for fun: "Borrow" a sensor, sit on a hill and systematically change the dip switches in one sensor unit to the numbers of different units. One unscrupulous person could repeatedly trip a single sensor using different ID numbers and thereby orchestrate an invasion! First, you could send the codes for 810, 811, 812, etc. (assuming these sensors are eventually replaced). Then, you could trip a series of sensors from the north, maybe on several different roads simultaneously. The Cammo Dudes would be frantic, and helicopters would be everywhere looking for the imaginary visitors.

Not that we would EVER do such a devilish thing, but it would be easy to carry out and is certainly fun to contemplate. And now that the Dudes know what we know they know we know, they'll have to ask themselves every time: "Is it live, or is it Memorex?"

Illegal Repeater Station?

After the AF was forced to admit that they had the sensors, they sent BLM a letter announcing their intention to keep them on public land within the scope of "casual use." Casual use means that you can use public lands for almost anything you want as long as there is no significant impact on the land or wildlife. You can, for example, pitch a tent

or build a campfire almost anywhere, as long as you return the site to its natural state when you leave.

The Air Force argues the road sensors are discreet and present no significant environmental impact. Looking at a single sensor as an inert object, we agree that it probably would fall within the scope of casual use. We object only to the surveillance function, as well as the fact that there is not just one, but an big organized network of devices. It is like building a dozen campfires simultaneously within a limited area of public land.

Anyway, if one sensor apparatus--no more than two feet high including antenna--does not violate casual use, how big does it have to be before it does? Four feet? Eight feet? Can the AF park a ten-foot microwave relay station on public land without applying to BLM for a right-of-way? What about a 16 foot radio repeater station?

It so happens that there is a 16-foot solar-powered repeater on public land about two miles outside the border. It is used in connection with the sensor network, relaying the signal of certain isolated transmitters back to the main receiver. Since BLM wasn't informed of the sensors until the issue was forced, we assume the AF never bothered to apply for a right of way for the repeater station either.

The repeater is located in Township 5 S, Range 55 E, Section 28. To get to it, take Valley Rd. from SR-375 (LN 11.4) for 5.3 miles, turn left on the side road and go 3.4 miles. Stop the car and look at the top of the hills to the left.

Could it be illegal?

Felony Charges

If you are caught stealing or dismembering a road sensor, you must be prepared to suffer your own fate. However, you should let us know about your predicament, and we'll do what we can to assist your defense. A felony charge is not pleasant to face, but unlike the misdemeanor obstruction count Mr. Campbell is currently playing with, a felony offers full rights of "discovery." That means we can put the AF through the ringer as to who, exactly, placed the sensors on public land, when and under what authority, how they were purchased and how their valuation was determined. If \$20 detectors are indeed being sold to the government for \$1000, discovery would yield the documents to prove it. At the trial--a jury trial, of course--BLM officers could be subpoenaed to determine their policy toward military sensors on public land. (At present, they have issued no opinion.) Carefully handled, a felony proceeding can be turned around to put the accuser on trial. Could be deep woo-woo for the AF.

Bounty Offered For New Sensors

There have long been rumors that the Dudes have road sensors that cannot be easily detected. Presumably, these would be smaller units that need less maintenance. They may be totally buried and use a transmission system that cannot be detected with a frequency counter. No doubt, these would cost the taxpayer \$10,000 a piece instead of \$6000. We don't know for certain that these sensors exist, but if they do Psychospy is offering \$100 for information leading to the first one found on public land. (Do not remove it; just tell us how to find it so we can photograph it and tell the world.)

In summary, we fear that any road sensors left on public land will be both useless and vulnerable to theft. With so many tourists now flocking to the area, there is also a risk of accidental damage to the sensors if they are not explicitly marked with fluorescent "Sensor Here" warning signs. (We've tried doing this ourselves, but somebody keeps taking them down.) For example, people might innocently run over the transmitters when driving off-road or accidentally shoot a hole in one when hunting for rabbits. The obvious AF solution: They'll install sensors to protect the sensors. Maybe they'll train TV cameras on each, but then how will they protect the cameras? You gotta love those security dudes because they'll never go down easy.

A Journalist's Opinion

After we told an acquaintance of ours, a reporter on a big city crime beat, about our visit from the deputies, he

replied....

Interesting development on the road sensors. You said eight (8) were missing? That's a lot of sensors. And a lot of money (\$32,000, or thereabouts?). I wonder who is taking them, and why, other than general disruption of Groom security activities.

Oh, by the way: Police ALWAYS use that tired old line that they have other suspects and they might talk as a way of getting information. As you probably know, it is NOT illegal for police to lie to get a confession. I once went to a seminar at which interrogation tactics of police were detailed. It was interesting. I came away with one guiding principle: If I am ever accosted by police in an interrogation setting (they're only supposed to interrogate if they believe you're guilty of the crime.) SAY NOTHING and CALL MY ATTORNEY. Their little tricks are very clever, but any reasonably smart person can see where things are going and avoid the trap.

In your case, it doesn't sound like it got heavy at all. They're probably just trying to see if you would easily confess. Their promise to interview everyone in Rachel sounds like just another tactic to shake loose a confession. These cops are SO predictable.

Rumor: Groom Lake "Fan Man" Sails Toward Base

The following information came from a witness who prefers to remain anonymous. Owing to lack of confirmation, we print it here as "rumor."

In the early morning hours of Sept. 22 (or thereabouts), a man in his 40s attempted to "paraglide" into Area 51. He was with a group of ex-Vietnam buddies from Southern California who had decided, at the spur of the moment, that they were going to intrude into the secret base. You know: capture an alien, bring it back and put it on display during the Larry King extravaganza. The group did not have the "Area 51 Viewer's Guide" and had only a vague notion of where they were going. The source's description suggests that they were way off target. They climbed a ridge, which could have been the north end of the Groom Range, and saw some lights in the distance, which probably weren't the main base.

The intruder apparently took off from the top of the ridge using an unpowered, airfoil-shaped parachute (a paraglider). The other members of the group didn't know the intruder was planning his stunt until he passed over them. The intruder is described by our source as a gung-ho, off-the-wall type who would try anything. He apparently did sail across the line into the Nellis Range buffer zone surrounding Groom, but he didn't get very far. He was chased down by security; a scuffle ensued, and he was hauled off to Nellis Air Force Base. A second member of the group followed him in on foot and was also detained by the Dudes.

Both of the intruders happened to be in the Marine Reserve, so their case has been handled by military justice. According to the source, the parachutist was supposedly held at Nellis AFB for almost a week, then released. He will go on trial in a military court, which can apparently be kept secret. The member of the party who followed on foot paid a fine of about \$1100 and agreed to sign some security forms.

Inquiries to Nellis have yielded, "No comment." (Does this mean the incident DID take place?) Inquiries to the Sheriff's Dept. yielded only ANOTHER pair of intruders--two men from Utah who drove past the Keep Out signs on Groom Lake Road later the same day.

Members of the original group do not want publicity. The source has allowed us to publish only the above general outline. Although we can't confirm any of it, we feel that the account is credible--because the intruders sounded so naive and ill-prepared. We wish we could have been there.

Intel Bitties

KING SHOW WENT WELL. We were pleased overall with the Oct. 1 Larry King UFO extravaganza, broadcasting live from Rachel. King was great. The producers were great. The crew was great. The panel was great. The people of Rachel were great. We want to thank them all for making it a great show. Perhaps in the next issue of the Rat we will be able to comment in more detail on the circus, including the still-unanswered questions about King's possible cloning. (He did seem a little older and thinner than he appears on TV.)

SEMI TRUCK AT WHITE SIDES. Sighted at the White Sides trailhead on Sept. 19: A North American Van Lines tractor-trailer truck. The drivers had some time to kill and came to take the hike. (Note: The White Sides trailhead offers a convenient turnaround for truckers, while the Freedom Ridge trailhead does not.) C'mon down, good buddies!

ADVICE REPEATED. Naive tourists have been driving across the border lately at the rate of about one car per week. Immediate arrest, the towing of your car and a fine of up to \$600 are guaranteed. It may seem obvious but is worth repeating: If the big signs say "Restricted Area," "No Trespassing," "Keep Out," and "Use of Deadly Force Authorized," it means you shouldn't drive past them.

RUNWAY EXPANSION? Unsubstantiated third-hand rumor: One of the runways at Groom will be extended by about a mile. The contractor is Bechtel and the work will begin after the first of the year. [Thanks to a reader.]

AURORA SIGHTING. You can find Bill Sweetman's version of the alleged Aurora spyplane (different from the Testor's version) in the toy section at Wal-Mart stores. It is a two-inch model packaged in a Micro-Machines set of three aircraft, including the SR-71 and alleged TR-3A. Also found in the package are a couple of tiny Cammo Dudes--all for less than \$5. [Thanks to a reader.]

NEW CATALOG ITEMS. The following items are now in stock and available for immediate shipment from our mail order arm, Secrecy Oversight Council: Ben Rich's *Skunkworks* book, Lazar saucer model, book on Edward Teller (*Teller's War*), book on NSA (*The Puzzle Palace*), *Comprehensive Guide to Military Monitoring*, Tonopah Test Range satellite image (Cactus Flat), Nevada Test Site satellite image (Pahute Mesa), *UFOs And The Alien Presence: Six Viewpoints* and *Watch the Skies*. A bound copy of all Desert Rat back issues is available for \$1 per issue (\$17 plus postage). Ask for our latest catalog for ordering information.

REMEMBER THE SEVEN TRESPASSERS? [[DR#1](#)] Well, their charges have been settled [[DR#11](#)], but they still haven't got their equipment back from the AF. This includes binoculars, a telescope and a camera--worthless to the military but a significant loss to the owners. **WHAT IS GOING ON HERE?** Is the equipment contributing the national defense, or is the Air Force being PETTY AND VINDICTIVE? Let's resolve this case.

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The Groom Lake Desert Rat

"The Naked Truth from Open Sources."

Area 51/Nellis Range/TTR/NTS/S-4?/Weird Stuff/Desert Lore

An on-line newsletter.

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Direct from the "UFO Capital," Rachel, Nevada.

Issue #18. November 16, 1994

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Incumbent Sheriff Prevails In Local Election

On Nov. 8, incumbent Lincoln County Sheriff Dahl Bradfield handily defeated his challenger Don Brown. That could mean four more years of secret Air Force "rent-a-cop" agreements, deputies harassing journalists and confiscating film without due process, as well as dismal confidence in law enforcement throughout the county. But, hey, we're sanguine. The people have spoken, 58 to 42 percent. An election is the purest expression of the public will, and there's no arguing with those numbers.

We can't claim that the electorate was ill-informed. During his six years in office, Bradfield seemed to have committed every lapse of professional judgment in the book, and his heavy-handed "God Squad" of unsupervised deputies had pissed off a large portion of the county. We and some allies took out an ad in the Lincoln County Record to remind voters of his biggest gaffs and their enormous cost to the county [may be available at the FTP or WWW sites], and we thought our logic was flawless. All the Sheriff could offer in his ads were a few trumped-up endorsements from law enforcement organizations, one of which, the Las Vegas Sun reported, hardly knew he existed. The challenger, who was formerly a Nevada State Police chief and well-regarded Sheriff in Washington State, seemed like a breath of fresh air who could restore faith in local law enforcement. In the weeks approaching the election, we worked hard behind the scenes to support his campaign, and we were almost ready to count our chickens before they hatched until receiving a call late on election night shattering our faith in humanity.

We considered this election an important one. The big Groom Lake base is wholly within Lincoln County, yet returns only trivial economic benefits to the community. A nonexistent base doesn't have to pay its taxes and doesn't have to engage in any form of community relations. Being directly downwind of both the Groom Lake base and the adjoining Nevada Test Site, county residents have been dumped on for years by the federal government. In the days of above ground atomic testing, this meant dangerous levels of fallout and a predictable rise in devastating cancers. Given the raw treatment the county has received over the years, this place ought to be a hotbed of anti-government rhetoric, and it is, but that sentiment is rarely translated into action.

For a piddling contract fee of \$50,000, the Sheriff's Dept. has essentially taken orders from the Cammo Dudes, seizing film, arresting naive trespassers and investigating law-biding tourists whenever the anonymous authorities called. This public police department, nominally an open entity responsible to the people, has seen no conflict in representing a government agency that refuses to acknowledge its own existence. The Sheriff pulled back from film seizures, perhaps temporarily, only when the election loomed and negative publicity began to build up in the Las Vegas press.

Similarly, the county tax assessor, an ossified 26-year veteran, has shown no interest in pursuing the base for the value of contractor facilities. Although the AF itself is not liable for local property taxes, the same does not hold for the private contractors that largely operate the base. [See [DR#5](#).] If they occupy a government building, property taxes must be paid on it as if it were private land (NRS 361.157). As it stands, the AF gives the county an imaginary assessment, most recently \$3.2 million, and the county blindly accepts it, billing the AF for the insignificant taxes implied, recently \$80,000. Of course, \$3.2 million wouldn't buy a latrine at a place like Groom, but the current assessor's attitude is that if county pushes the AF too hard, they might sue or pack up the base and move it elsewhere. Legal guidance, which should be provided by the county District Attorney, is lackluster at best. He seems more concerned with pursuing Campbell on the obstruction charge [See trial invitation below.] than in making the secret base pay its due.

Since the officials who were up for election had also offended the electorate in other ways, the prevailing sentiment ought to have been "Throw the Bums Out!" Indeed, that is what we thought we heard on the street in the weeks prior to Nov. 8. What happened, in fact, was the opposite: Every incumbent in major county offices was reelected. The District Attorney ran unopposed, apparently because there are not many lawyers willing to come to this area. The Sheriff topped his opponent easily, as did the Assessor, Clerk, Treasurer, an incumbent Commissioner and the Justices of the Peace (including Nola Holton, who will be trying the Campbell case).

Philosophically, we cannot argue with the results. As an activist nipping at the heels of the Air Force, Psychospy is arguing in favor of democratic processes--that the secret base should be subject to the same public accountability as any other government agency. We cannot suddenly change our tune when the democratic processes let us down. We believe that every community, like every individual, has the right to self-determination. The liberties American society holds dear include the right to totally screw yourself up if you so choose. People and communities that make good decisions prosper, while those that make poor ones fail, and it is not the place of government or us aliens to intervene. As it stands, Lincoln County is a dirt-poor backwater, chasing away industry with its high taxes and bloated local government and showing little interest in changing. Like a person who drinks himself into a stupor, we can only conclude that this is the way the community wants to be.

Still, after expending significant energy on this election, we are disappointed in the results and annoyed that we misjudged them so badly. Removing the Sheriff and Assessor from office would have been a major blow to the legal and tax immunity of the secret base. The AF would suddenly find itself in a much less friendly environment and might have to start paying its due. We hoped that Lincoln County would become a "mouse that roared," demanding proper compensation from the feds for hosting this huge and potentially dangerous facility. Now, we expect no more than a squeak, and we have been trying our best to figure out what went wrong.

The incumbents were of all political affiliations--Democrat, Republican and Independent--so the national pro-Republican sweep did not explain the results. If local sentiments seemed overwhelmingly anti-incumbent before the election, why did the incumbents win? In Rachel, Bradfield was voted down almost two- to-one. Why didn't the same happen in the rest of the county? To understand the results, we must understand the society here.

Lincoln County Demographics

. The remote town of Rachel, with 71 voters, is on the border of Nye County, to which it is closely related in culture and attitudes. Nye is a place of rugged individualism, where brothels are legal and the prevailing philosophy is libertarian--meaning that people should be free to conduct themselves however they choose without interference from the government. With Psychospy's liberal eastern roots, we used to be annoyed by the blustering I'll-Take- Out-Fifty-Federal-Agents-Before-They-Take-Away-My-Guns rhetoric found in Nye and Rachel, but now we find it refreshing

and even a tad appealing. Nye has been especially aggressive in pursuing its own secret base, the Tonopah Test Range, as well as other federal facilities within its borders, for taxes and law enforcement respect. During the Cold War, when anti-nuclear protesters starting marching en masse across the cattle guard at the entrance to the Nevada Test Site, the Nye County Sheriff and D.A. refused to handle them, so the feds had to construct tennis court-sized cages at Mercury to temporarily house the trespassers. Because the Nye county government actively asserts its rights and defends its independence, it doesn't get dumped on the way compliant Lincoln County does.

Rachel, we have discovered, is not representative of the rest of Lincoln County. Rachel is a relatively new town, existing for only about 30 years and thus composed mostly of "outsiders." The rest of the county has been frozen in time for generations. The main streets of the four major towns, Caliente, Panaca, Alamo and Pioche, have changed little in the past fifty years ago. The absence of economic development has helped preserved the county's historical sites, but it has also meant no significant influx of new ideas or new blood.

Culturally, Lincoln County is not part of Nevada but of Utah. Except for Rachel, the county is overwhelmingly Mormon. Mormonism, or Latter Day Saints, is a religion of great mystery to the outside world, known for its secret rites and a colorful history intertwined with the American West. Although Psychospy is agnostic, we regard religion as one of the unalienable liberties that an outsider has no right to interfere in. What concerns us about Mormonism is not its belief structure but how it interacts with rest of the world. Even then, we are not seeking to criticize, only to explain and understand.

LDS culture is very close-knit and upholds a firm respect for authority. "Family values" are paramount, and to help preserve these ideals, the church does not shy away from active involvement in all aspects of society, including business and politics. Perhaps because the group was persecuted in its early days, Mormons tend toward an "us-against-them" attitude similar to that of Judaism. LDS is a society that pulls together against real and perceived threats. In practical terms, this means that when the church's interests are seen as at risk in an election, Mormons tend to vote as a block under the guidance of church authorities.

In the Nov. 8 election, the incumbents had nothing in common except that they were mostly Mormon, while the challengers were mostly non-Mormons. Had the nascent anti-incumbent sentiment been allowed to express itself, the church might have lost political power in the county, resulting, it might be perceived, in the degeneration of public morality. Was the election in fact pre-ordained? From secondhand sources we have heard of local Mormons quietly expressing their displeasure at being told by their bishops how to vote but who obeyed the orders anyway. Evidently, God is omniscient and has many human spies. We have not spoken to any of these Mormon's directly, so the claim is unproven. Generally, Mormons don't talk to non-Mormons about the affairs of their church any more than workers talk about Area 51.

We were unimpressed, however, by a candidate's night we attended at a high school shortly before the election. It was presided over by the bishop of the local LDS ward. We knew he was a bishop even before being told because he had that air of moral rectitude. In his introduction, the bishop said, in effect, that there were no conflicts in Lincoln County, and as if to prove the point no debate between candidates or questions from the audience were permitted. This meant, of course, that no embarrassing questions could be posed to the incumbents regarding their past performance and newcomers couldn't show their strengths in a direct exchange. Candidates were reduced to bland three minute statements at the podium. Given that the candidates had already visited most voters door-to-door, we didn't see the purpose of a candidate's night if the candidates couldn't challenge each other.

The Sheriff, an overweight, young-looking man, seemed to have nothing to offer in his three minutes except that he had taken some law enforcement courses and had instituted a 911 telephone system. Like many of the other candidates, he had grown up in Lincoln County and attended Southern Utah College in nearby Cedar City. In comparison, his opponent, tall, thin and in his 60s, seemed a paragon of worldliness and maturity. He recounted his experience as a law enforcement administrator in a series of prestigious posts outside the county. "Good show!" we thought to ourselves as he passed the two minute mark. The challenger then went on to explain that recently he had dedicated himself to "Vampire 2000," an organization of law enforcement officers fighting the "new order" and the encroachment of federal control. We began sinking slowly into our seat as the challenger proclaimed that he would tolerate no restrictions on assault rifles in this county, but murmurs of approval from the audience picked us up again.

The strangest appearance of the evening was that of the District Attorney, who although he was running unopposed, was game enough to offer his three minute resume. Given that a part of the DA's job is to argue cases in court, he seemed surprisingly weak as a public speaker. He is apparently no intellectual slouch, however, having attended Stanford University followed by a law degree at the University of Florida and a stint in corporate law in Miami. A non-Mormon in his mid-30s who ought to have a better grasp of democratic principals than most natives, he seemed to us to be misplaced soul, and we wondered what made him tick. The one-man DA's office both prosecutes criminal cases and serves as legal counsel to county government. As an elected official, his office is independent and responsible only to the voters, but you wouldn't know it from his past performance, in which he has pretty much toed the line of the Sheriff's Dept. Since his position is secure, he ought to be beholden to no one and free to do what is right for the county, but so far he has not lived up to that promise.

As stated, we cannot prove that the incumbent landslide was the result of the Mormon majority voting as a block. There were certainly other factors at work. In a long-established county with little population turnover and only 2300 voters, it is nearly possible for everyone to be related to everyone else. Indeed, a glance at the tiny Lincoln County phone book (18 pages) reveals a disproportionate number of repeated last names. If you take the Sheriff and his extended family and personal allies, add those of the Undersheriff, whose position is also threatened, and the families and cliques of all the various deputies who fear a loss of their current freedom or job security.... Given that this is one of the largest per-capita police forces in the country in one of the poorest counties, you could have a majority right there. One fact is certain: In the Sheriff's hometown of Panaca, where his family ties are deepest and, coincidentally, the Mormon Church is strongest, he was also reelected by the biggest margin, almost three-to-one.

Panaca was also the source, according to the postmark, of the only hate mail we received as result of the election. (We've received more from UFO buffs who believe we work for the government.) The anonymous scrawlings from Panaca said, "If you don't like the way Lincoln County is run--LEAVE!" Indeed, that is exactly how democracy and free enterprise work. Every community has the right to choose its own destiny, to uphold its own values and present its own chosen face to the world. Individuals and businesses, in turn, have the right to move to wherever the opportunities are the best for them. If, for example, the Mormon majority makes the environment uncomfortable for all non-Mormons, deprives them of political power and enforces upon them their own religious values, then indeed the others will move out and none will move in. The only downside is that most industry beyond the walls of this tiny kingdom is not controlled by Mormons, and businesses would be foolish to invest where they have no power. The moral purity of the community may be preserved, but not its jobs.

Is it legal to vote on behalf of your religion or your family. Certainly. Is it right? No. The root of democracy is individuals making their own decisions, in private and without fear of retribution and through their own independent conscience. Otherwise, the system is as totalitarian as any Communist regime. We recall, with bittersweet amusement, the caption on the Review- Journal cartoon....

"Entering Lincoln County.... Now Leaving America."

Larry King Feedback

The following postings on internet newsgroups were passed on to us by our network of cyberspace spies following the Oct. 1 [Larry King](#) Special on TNT, *UFO Cover-Up: Live from Area 51*. In addition to taped segments, there were four live panelists: Stanton Friedman and Kevin Randle, representing the Roswell Incident; Dr. Steven Greer, founder of the CSETI UFO group; and Rachel resident Glenn Campbell, classified as an "activist." Only Campbell did not wear a suit and tie.

"The show is off the air 10 minutes and I am left with the feeling that Glen Campbell works for the government. I have no evidence to that fact, I am new to this whole line of information, but Mr. Campbell in my opinion seemed to soft-peddle the entire affair in a much to uncomfortable way for me to give him any credibility. Friedman on the other hand, pending further information, seems very credible and quite likable, if not eccentric."

-- buddhatek@aol.com

"Okay, the show is off the air 28 minutes now, and you've got an interesting theory. What better place to plant a disinformation artist than as a crusader? Campbell, you're correct, was very soft-shoe about the whole affair, even though he moved his entire life from Boston to live in a trailer in the desert. Oops, I forgot... that trailer is actually The Area 51 Research Center.

"Whether or not he's actually a disinformant remains to be seen. What was evident, however, is that Glenn Campbell couldn't hold his own against the scientists and researchers on the panel. Let's face it, Campbell is not a scientist, a physicist, even a serious author. He's simply like one of us, an 'enthusiast' (I hate that term) who's taken it to an extreme. He seems very uninformed on the UFO phenomenon, which strikes me as remarkable. How can you claim to be the Area 51 researcher extraordinaire and not give a hoot about UFO's? The two subjects are so intimately linked.

"I'm not sure he's a government agent. He may just be a boob."

-- sharvey@interaccess.com

"The guests on Larry King had mixed beliefs and ideas... much of what is a cross section of the people who are interested in UFO study. Stanton was correct in pointing out that there has been no serious study of the phenomenon. Glenn Campbell is a better writer than interview guest, he really doesn't have a UFO position, he just wants the military to stop acting like Area 51 isn't sitting out there. Greer is pushing the envelope with the CE5 stuff. Hey, if he gets out in the fresh air and gets some exercise waving a spotlight around the sky, more power to him. Maybe they'll take him to their leader, who knows."

--d.beaty2@genie.geis.com

"Steven Greer spent some time in Gulf Breeze, FL. I was there at the same time. He was received warmly and with healthy open- mindedness. Then, it became PAINFULLY obvious that his claims were completely exaggerated. For instance, on March 14th, 1993 (I think it was '93.), three of the Gulf Breeze 'red light' UFOs appeared AND WERE VIDEOTAPED. He immediately claimed that he was 'telepathically' in contact with them, and invited them to 'land on the beach behind us.' He asked all present to 'send out your awareness to them.' He was heard to say (to the UFOs), 'We welcome you, we love you, we invite you to land,' etc. When the UFO disappeared, he claimed it was 'A MAJOR CE-5'.

"Later that year (in June), he tried his tricks again (calling them in). He was in a parking lot on Santarosa Island, about seven miles from the other watchers at Shoreline Park. The UFO did appear that night--about a mile from Shoreline, and about eight from Greer.

"Later, he claimed that the craft 'appeared overhead' at a very close range. Other witnesses deny this, as do their videotapes. Perhaps he saw something all the others didn't?"

-- dxr41@po.cwru.edu

Dr. Greer On "48 Hours"

Larry King panelist Dr. Steven Greer is an M.D. from North Carolina and the founder of CSETI, a group that seeks direct communications with extraterrestrials. We know little about him except for his prior appearance on "48 Hours" in which he and his group journey to Mexico where they hope to be taken aboard a UFO.

Greer: "I'm serious enough about this that I have transferred every asset I have into my wife's name."

The group sets up an observation post and their array of cameras, communicators and signaling equipment near the

small town of Metepec, which happens to be about 50 miles from the busy Mexico City airport. Sure enough, the group has seven sightings in six nights--bright lights hovering above the distant horizon that are captured on video tape. (Later, two film analysis experts say there is nothing to distinguish these lights from ordinary aircraft.) The group even claims communications with one of the UFOs through light signals.

Greer: "It interacted beautifully, though, in terms of the off and on. I mean, that was incredibly good CE-5. In no way could a conventional craft move in a way where it could signal back and forth like that with the lights on and off."

Our Readers Respond To Previous Rats

Nuking Vegas [[DR#11](#)]

"I thought your views on Las Vegas were disgusting. Yes I agree there is little cultural worth there, but there are still humans that live there. I hope someone wants to destroy you and where you live. No I do not live in LV, but feel destruction of life through terrorist action is absolutely stupid. I hope there are no further commentaries like this one in your newsletter."

-- 74541.1743@compuserve.com

"It's obvious that the only reason that you've ever been to LV is to shop and immediately head out of town. I've lived here for 24 years, my family has been here since 1943, and I find that it is a very reasonable place. There are actual neighborhoods with children, schools, parks, and other "normal" activities.... Most of our problems are caused by people that have come to town in the last 10 years or so which has caused a lot of growth which has pretty much ruined any chance of a pleasant life. East Coast people (and I use the term "people" loosely) are usually morons who are going to rough it out West and end up destroying or over-regulating things and generally making a mess.... One can only hope that the exhaust from a UFO completely fries the top of Freedom Ridge the next time you clowns are up there."

--john@cephas.isri.unlv.edu

Ed.: We admitted we were wrong about Vegas, and we still feel guilty and ashamed. We repented in [DR#16](#), suggesting a different target....

Nuking New York [[DR#16](#)]

"...But really, how closed minded can you be to condemn an entire city based on your limited experience. Maybe everyone doesn't want to live in the woods or the desert. Being a NYC resident myself, I find your comments very ignorant and scary. I enjoy the culture here and the sensory overload experience of working and living in this metropolis. When I want to get away from the crowded spaces I get in my car and drive to the Adirondack State Park which has over 5 million acres of some of the most beautiful high peak woodlands in the country. During the summer months we NYC people who appreciate natural beauty get in our cars or buses and spend weekends out in the Hamptons where we have clean and uncrowded beaches surrounded by sandy dunes and farmlands. Perhaps you should limit your coverage to topics that you know something about. Your reckless comments certainly don't help your credibility on matters that you are trying to shed light on."

-- macinwi@ffhsj.com

Ed.: Nuke it!

California Falling Into Ocean [[DR#16](#)]

"Kindly inform the person wanting the map of the western US after the coast falls into the ocean, that he's got it all wrong. After the big one hits, we on the Left Coast expect to watch the entire eastern portion of the US slide into the Atlantic."

-- dhomuth@ednet1.osl.or.gov

Ed.: Please note that on NO OCCASION has Psychospay advocated the nuking of California. (But now that we think about it....)

Cloning Update

The letter by the cloning activist G.S. in [\[DR#16\]](#) prompted one of our readers, Andy S., to do some research and confirm that indeed his claims were true. According to contemporary news accounts, a live KNBC-TV news broadcast was interrupted on Aug. 9, 1987, when a station visitor placed a toy gun to the head of consumer reporter David Horowitz and demanded that he read a statement on the air. The visitor, Gary Stollman, the son of the KNBC pharmaceutical reporter Max Stollman, had gained entry to the studio by mentioning his father. Only a few seconds of the statement were actually broadcast before being cut off, but the Desert Rat has obtained the full text. It begins...

"The man who has appeared on KNBC for the last 3 years is not my biological father. He is a clone, a double created by the Central Intelligence Agency and alien forces. It is only a small part of a greater plot, to over throw the United States Government, and possibly the human race itself. The CIA has replaced and tried to destroy my family, and those of my friends.

"Although I have known about this since 1981, I have not taken any action about it for fear of the lives of my family. I have been forced into CIA-run mental hospitals, such as Cedars-Sinai Thaliens, where I am shown being interviewed by many different doctors, although I spoke to nobody there for two weeks. At UCLA- NPI, I attempted to have myself released by a court several times, but was asked by a Dr. Martin Zsuba to keep removing my requests for a writ-hearing. I have been unable to obtain records from several other hospitals, including Ben Taub Hospital in Cincinnati, where all the phones were turned off for 48 hours after I arrived.

"I do not know where my real family or others are being held, but I believe it is somewhere in California...."

Ed.: See what we mean about California?

[Later Stollman reference in [DR#31](#)]

A New Type Of Sensor? [\[DR#17\]](#)

"I was in the Air Force during Vietnam. We used "dog do-do" sensors to monitor an area. It looked just like a piece of you- know-what with a little wire antenna on one side. It was activated by a small pin you removed. It had a life of two or three days and if anyone walked near it a signal was sent out. They came packaged in shrink wrap packages 6 to a pack.

"Keep an eye out for devices like that."

-- Jcarter@orl.mmc.com

BLM Environmental Assessment Released

People who made comments to BLM on the proposed White Sides/Freedom Ridge withdrawal should have received by now their copy of the proposed Withdrawal Amendment and Environmental Assessment for the Freedom Ridge/White Sides land withdrawal. A 30-day protest period on the document is now in effect (ending Dec. 9), but it is open only to those who made comments during the previous planning process. (Apparently you qualify if BLM sent you a copy of the document.)

To file an effective protest, you must show that the environmental and land use issues raised during the previous comment periods were not adequately addressed in the current document. There is no sense in ragging about the UFO cover-up, black budget accountability or defense priorities. Your protest must directly relate to the document at hand.

We note with interest that the stated purpose of the withdrawal has changed since the public comment period. The only initial official Air Force explanation in the Federal Register and at the hearings was: "The purpose of the withdrawal is to ensure the public safety and the safe and secure operation of activities in the Nellis Air Force Range Complex."

The new document says: "The purpose of the withdrawal is to provide a security and safety buffer to prevent a compromise of national security interests and to protect assets of the adjacent withdrawn Nellis Air Force Range."

The document also provides the following significant admission: "In 1988 the U.S. Congress withdraw the Groom Range Addition to the Nellis Air Force Range as a security and safety buffer zone between public lands administered by the BLM and the NAFR complex. The USAF subsequently discovered that two areas adjacent to this buffer zone provide viewing of military activities on this portion of the NAFR. Public viewing of military activities (which has often included illegal photography of range activities) has increased during the past few years, necessitating the diversion, postponement, or cancellation of missions to prevent a compromise of national security."

There is nothing remarkable in the content of these statements, and the purpose may even be justified (if they can also neutralize the OTHER viewpoints like Tikaboo Peak that haven't been touched). What is disturbing about these statements is that this is the first time we have ever heard them from the Air Force (if, indeed, this document conveys the Air Force position). For example, we have never heard the Air Force admit that it erred in 1988.

Here's the scenario we see: The AF applies for a land withdrawal, but gives only vague reasons--"public safety," "secure operation of activities," etc. The public is allowed to comment on the action based only on this vague explanation--which makes meaningful comment very difficult. After the comment period is over, the AF starts fleshing out its reasons for the withdrawal, providing more specifics and admitting its mistake in 1988. By the time the application reaches the Secretary of the Interior, maybe the AF even admits that there IS a base at Groom Lake and that they want the land specifically to keep people from looking down on it. That admission appears to be what we were seeking from the beginning. The only problem is, the information was presented only AFTER the public comment period was over, so obviously the public had no access to it. In essence, the withdrawal becomes a closed process with only the theatrical appearance of public input.

Campbell Trial Invitation

All members of the press and public are hereby invited to attend the trial of political activist GLENN CAMPBELL of Rachel, Nevada, on the charge of Obstructing a Public Officer (NRS 197.190) for pushing down the car door locks during the seizure, without a warrant, of the news video tapes of KNBC-TV of Los Angeles near Freedom Ridge, July 19, 1994. (The tapes have still not been returned.)

Charges to be presented by Lincoln County District Attorney Thomas A. Dill before Justice Nola Holton of the Pahrnagat Valley Justice Court in the County Annex Building, Alamo, Nevada (on US- 93, 90 miles north of Las Vegas and 50 miles east of Rachel).

The trial will begin with jury selection on WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1994, at 10:00 a.m. and may take one or two days.

It is advised that those who wish to attend confirm the date and time just before the trial. Local lodging is available at the Meadow Lane Motel and Alamo Motel, both at (702)725-3371.

COMMENTS. This will be a jury trial, so the judgment on Campbell will be rendered by the same body of local voters that re-elected Bradfield. (Keep this in mind when placing your bets.) In any case, we regard the process as more important than the outcome. If found guilty, Campbell will be subject to a fine but no jail time. At one point, the DA offered to seek only a \$50 fine if Campbell pleaded "no contest," but the defendant declined.

REFERENCES. The incident for which Campbell was arrested was recorded in the Las Vegas Review-Journal, July 21 (with an editorial July 22 and an editorial cartoon July 26); Las Vegas Sun, July 21; wire service reports and Publisher's Auxiliary (organ of the Reporter's Committee on Freedom of the Press), Aug. 1. [Also [DR#12](#).] For general information on Campbell and his goals, consult feature articles in the New York Times Magazine, June 26, 1994; Omni Magazine, Sept. 1994; Popular Science, March 1994; Reno Gazette-Journal, July 24, 1994; and Dayton Daily News, March 20, 1994.

[Complete Area 51 articles: [1992](#) | [1993](#) | [1994](#) | [1995](#) | [1996](#)]

Hazardous Waste Pre-Trial Hearings

On Nov. 10, we attended a brief pre-trial heading on the lawsuit filed by a widow and several "John Doe" plaintiffs charging injuries at Groom Lake stemming from illegal hazardous waste disposal. When we walked into the courtroom, there were children everywhere. Twelve kids in the jury box, a girl in the judge's chair, a boy on the witness stand and a sniffing wimp at the defense table represented, evidently, by two young gentlemen making rude sounds into their microphone. Across the aisle was a gangly, blond-haired DA who clearly hadn't had an opportunity to go to Stanford yet.

It was a field day to Las Vegas Federal Court by a local grade school. The youths, we guessed, were about 12 years of age. Earlier in the day, they had witnessed the sentencing of a real drug dealer, a pregnant woman condemned to a couple of years in a non-fictional slammer. From their places in the courtroom, the students fired questions at the real judge, who towered above the melee in his judicial robes. Would the woman do to jail for having the baby? Would she be able to keep the baby? Why was she crying?

Someone in the jury box asked U.S. District Judge Philip Pro what his salary was. He said he made \$135,000 a year.

Then the children filed out and grownups filed in. Three gentlemen in dark business suits represented the government: Two from the Justice Dept. and one from the EPA. The lead lawyer was Richard Sarver, who we understand is a former Air Force officer and possesses a security clearance. Lawyer Jonathan Turley, representing the workers, sat alone at the other table. In the pews were the widow and her family and a handful of reporters scribbling notes on steno pads.

The hearing was conducted in legalese, much of which was beyond the grasp of our own tiny brain. We did pick out a few tidbits, though. The judge asked if there were any ongoing negotiations to reach a settlement, and Sarver said they were "almost DOA"--dead on arrival. The judge also asked Sarver repeatedly whether the government would "stipulate that the base exists." The government lawyer declined the opportunity--meaning that the government still does not acknowledge any base at Groom. However, Sarver did repeat the official line that there are "facilities at Groom Dry Lake." It's a subtle distinction lost to meager minds.

We noted that six months would be allowed for the discovery process, during which each side of the case will be seeking information from the other. The content of the rest of the hearing was beyond our comprehension. At one point, some angry- sounding words were exchanged between Turley and Sarver, but the subtext was not apparent to us. The hearing ended after 45 minutes, and the lawyers dispersed.

Whatever it was that happened, Turley walked out of the courtroom looking like the cat that ate the bird. Apparently,

the government had overplayed its hand. It had attempted to suppress the entire case on national security grounds, and that gambit had failed in a manner that still escapes us. All we know is that Turley was bubbling. "Sex" and "law" were used in the same sentence, with law being rated as superior.

Enemy Update

-- In [DR#16](#), we reported that our intimate enemy list included Lazar's gatekeeper [GENE HUFF](#). We are now as surprised as anyone to report a change in status: Huff and Psycho have kissed and made up, and all those harsh words of the past have been forgotten.

Huff has even sold us a shipment of the handsome Lazar saucer posters, which are now available from us for \$15 (plus \$3.50 postage in the US). This 22" x 34" poster features three schematic views of the "Sport Model" flying saucer that Lazar says he worked on at "Area S-4." In the background is a Russian satellite image of the Papoose Lake area. It happens that in the mountains north of the lake bed, a tiny saucer shape appears, but we suspect that it is a photo artifact. (Huff says that the "saucer" did not appear on other frames taken at the same time by other cameras on the satellite.) The poster was produced by Lazar and Huff to coincide with the release of the Testor's S4 saucer model.

-- Replacing Mr. Huff on our mortal enemies list is German UFO filmmaker [Michael Hesemann](#). (Big round of applause, ladies and gentlemen.) We met him on only one occasion, when he came to Rachel to videotape part of a UFO documentary. He struck us as narcissistic and highly unprofessional. He was abusive of his crew (or so we gathered from his tone of voice, as we do not speak German), and he insisted in appearing in every shot of his interview with us. When a German journalist later asked us what we thought of Hesemann, we summed up succinctly: "He's an asshole." That translates into German as "Arschloch," a sentiment apparently shared by many in the German UFO field. Eventually, our analysis made it back to Hesemann himself, who called us from Dusseldorf to leave a long and unhappy message on our answering machine. Listening to it, we were reminded of Col. Klink threatening Col. Hogan. Hesemann said he was going to cut us out of his documentary, but he was kind enough to give us one last chance to regain favor: If we wrote him a letter of unconditional apology, which he would publish all over Europe, then he would not sue us. We were trembling, of course, especially in light Hesemann's written comments to the journalist, the ominous tone of which is best experienced without translation....

"Wie Herr Campbell, den ich in der Tat WIE JEDEN interviewte, der in der Area 51 forschte, mein Video beurteilen kann, das derzeit überhaupt erst im Schnitt ist ist vielleicht das grosste Ratsel der Wüste von Nevada. Ist er ein Medium? Oder hat er selbst so einen Scheiss gesagt, dass der Film schon wegen seines Interviews (von den anderen Interviews weiss er ja nichts) schlecht sein MUSS? Was, bitteschon, soll er über mich gesagt haben? Nun, Campbell hat ein Manko. Als er in Rachel eintraf, sind die 9 Scheiben--zumindest laut John Lear--langst nach White Sands verfrachtet worden. Darum hat er nie selbst was gesehen. Ich war das achte Mal in Rachel, als ich ihn interviewte. Ich hatter bereits, zusammen mit einem ABC-TV-Team, eine sehr beeindruckende Sichtung. Er nicht. Pech. So what? Neid???"

[[Translation](#) and "Col. Klink" cartoon, by a reader.]

-- Conspiracy nutcase [Gary Schultz](#) is still our treasured enemy. He showed up in Rachel during the Larry King show and afterwards had the gall to visit our Research Center and try to strike up a conversation. Since this is the twerp who once phoned our neighbor to spread vague rumors of child molestation against us (false, we must emphasize), we regard our differences as irreconcilable. No kissing and making up here. We ordered the little dip from the premises and told him never to come back.

-- The enemy status of [Sean David Morton](#) remains unchanged. At a Nov. 5-6 UFO conference in the Bay Area, Sean described his relationship to us as being like Michael Jackson to Weird Al Yankovich. (This is fine by us, as we have already proclaimed that we are not a child molester.) In our continuing campaign to "data him to death," we are thinking of setting up a World Wide Web page devoted entirely to the bigger- than-life exploits of this modern Munchhausen. Another neat idea would be to establish an internet newsgroup, alt.fan.sean.morton, where Sean's growing legion of "fans" can exchange information and insights about their hero. We don't currently have newsgroup

host capabilities, however. Is there a sysop out there interested in sponsoring this?

Intel Bitties

BILBRAY DEFEATED. One bright spot in the Nov. 8 election was the defeat of Democratic Representative James Bilbray, Congress's most vocal defender of the secret base and Air Force interests in Nevada. Bilbray came closer than any other government official to admitting that the base was there, but he seemed 100 percent in support of its continued official nonexistence. In an interview on the Fox *Encounters* segment on Area 51 [7/22, [DR#10](#), [15](#)], Bilbray said that he had been all over the Nellis complex but had seen no evidence of alien craft. Critics counter that Bilbray would have only gone where the military wanted him to.

THE CAMPING SEASON IS NOW OVER in the Rachel area, as nighttime temperatures drop through the 20s enroute to a winter low approaching minus 10 F around the first of the year. Daytime weather can still be pleasant (or horrible), but you'll need a warm jacket. Light snow is common here in December and January, and snow on the ground brings impenetrable fog to the valleys. The normally clear desert skies are often heavily overcast in the winter.

GROOM LAKE VOR. The frequency for the Groom Lake VOR (navigation beacon) is 117.5 MHz. [For other frequencies see [DR#15](#)]

WWW UFO PAGE. A new World Wide Web page on UFOs, pointing to back issues of the Desert Rat as well as a variety of UFO files, is available at "<http://www.bgsu.edu/~jzawodn/ufo/>".

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The Groom Lake Desert Rat

"The Naked Truth from Open Sources."

Area 51/Nellis Range/TTR/NTS/S-4?/Weird Stuff/Desert Lore

An on-line newsletter.

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Direct from the "UFO Capital," Rachel, Nevada.

Issue #20. December 19, 1994

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Ufo Release: Ten Times O.J.?

One statement made by Glenn Campbell on the Larry King "Live from Area 51" special on Oct. 1 seems to have upset a lot of UFO buffs (confirming to some that Campbell must be a government agent).

Here is a transcript of the last few minutes of the two-hour show, pretty much summing up the position of each guest.

LARRY KING: "Glenn, do you think they'll come to Washington and say 'Hello'?"

GLENN CAMPBELL: "I have the feeling, personal[ly], that they probably obey the Prime Directive-- That's from Star Trek.--that they should leave us alone and let us conduct our own lives. They seem to not want a lot of attention."

DR. STEVEN GREER: "Let me say, though, that I do think that within the decade that it is likely that an undeniable event will transpire. There [is] the proliferation of video cameras and other technologies such that some of the events that have happened in the past decades, if they were to happen now in 1994, there is a higher and higher chance that this would result in undeniable evidence."

KING: "Are you encouraged that this administration would help?"

DR. GREER: "Yes."

KING: "Therefore you think that President Clinton does not now know what you may know."

DR. GREER: "I really shouldn't comment on that."

[Awkward pause.]

STANTON FRIEDMAN: "That's a mysterious comment."

DR. GREER: "What I think is that the current administration, the cabinet level people are probably not informed to the level that they should be. And to the extent that they have been informed, it is probably disinformation not information."

KING: "Kevin, optimistic or pessimistic?"

KEVIN RANDLE: "Looking at the history of the government, I'm fairly pessimistic. I think it will take some kind of outside event to make us learn what is really going on."

KING: "Glenn?"

CAMPBELL: "I'm neither optimistic or pessimistic. If the story hits, it will cause a big stir in the media for a while, but we'll go back to our regular lives."

KING: "Just for a while? Come on. Hard Copy would be there tomorrow morning up in Pluto."

CAMPBELL: "Picture the O.J. Simpson brouhaha and multiply that by ten, and maybe you might have the UFO thing."

KING: "Sex in space."

DR. GREER: "I think it will be bigger than that, and I think that what you'll see is a transformation in the way we look at ourselves as a people. People will evolve into a global society instead of national ones."

KING: "Are you optimistic?"

DR. GREER: "Yes, I'm very optimistic in fact."

KING: "And you, Stanton?"

FRIEDMAN: "I'm optimistic. I am concerned that the American people are nowhere near aware enough of how much stuff is being covered up as we speak--the huge black budgets, all the documents, that scares me."

KING: "Thank you all very much for being a terrific panel and for participating on this show that started in daylight and ended in darkness. [...] We also want to thank everyone associated in this wonderful little spot on this treasured earth called Rachel, Nevada, for their wonderful cooperation, and this great crew as well, our producers and the entire staff. Thanks for joining us; have a great time and.... [looking heavenward] bye.

Through the pulling of strings, Psychospy had obtained a pass to the Larry King set, erected in the desert across the street from the Little A'Le'Inn in Rachel. We lurked in the shadows during the rehearsal and show, monitoring the radio traffic of the control room and camera operators. There were a half-dozen cameras: A camera on a moving dolly, a camera on a 20 foot boom, a camera behind Larry, three cameras facing the stage, and a camera on a hilltop a half-mile away. From the outside, it looked like a graceful ballet of cameras dancing hither and yon, but we pitied the guests: You couldn't pick your nose without the world watching.

Anyway, upon return to our Research Center, we found some forty messages on our answering machine, and the phone continued to ring all night. Most of the callers were very angry and said: "I've tried the 800 number and can't get through. Why won't you people take my call? I've got important information about the government cover-up that must get on the air."

One message on our machine came from a Lieutenant Colonel at Fort Dix Air Force Base in New Jersey asking us to

return his call. We didn't bother, since we knew Fort Dix was an Army base.

The next most common kind of call were anonymous voices accusing Campbell of being a government agent. These were deep breathers mostly, who left epithets and cryptic threats on the tape and then hung up. The most coherent were similar to the email message quoted in DR #18:

"The show is off the air 10 minutes and I am left with the feeling that Glenn Campbell works for the government. I have no evidence to that fact, I am new to this whole line of information, but Mr. Campbell in my opinion seemed to soft-peddle the entire affair in a much too uncomfortable way for me to give him any credibility."

Other messages, faxed or mailed to us from supporters and detractors alike, seemed to focus on Campbell's "O.J." comments. "Only ten times O.J.?" they said. We're talking about the BIGGEST NEWS EVENT IN HISTORY. If the government releases info about UFOs, it could SHATTER OUR INSTITUTIONS. World religions will CRUMBLE--or, alternatively, church attendance will skyrocket as humanity tries to come to grips with the fact that IT IS NO LONGER THE CENTER OF THE UNIVERSE. World financial markets will fall into VIOLENT TURMOIL and may even COLLAPSE when investors realize that alien technology instantly makes ours obsolete. There will be RIOTS AND LOOTING in the streets as humans see the meaninglessness of our earthly laws. Millions of people will COMMIT SUICIDE, while others will refuse to go to work when they realize just how small and meaningless their lives really are in scheme of the universe.

Other correspondents sent us la-dee-da predictions, not unlike Dr. Greer's, suggesting that knowledge of the alien presence would draw all of humanity together into one loving, cooperative entity singing "Kumbaya."

"Balderdash!" we reply. We may disagree with Campbell from time to time, and we are not ready to announce that any aliens actually exist, but we think his nonchalance, at least on a philosophical level, deserves our defense.

The Real Effect

Human history has always been filled with major disruptions and uncertainty, and still we have bounced back to at least an adequate level of functioning. Any alien presence or agenda, no matter how sinister, must pale in comparison to the truly evil things that humanity had afflicted upon itself over the centuries. Take the Second World War, or any war for that matter: How could the aliens, who seem clinical and disinterested at best, possibly cause as much disruption to society as people systematically blowing each other's heads off?

Most people's lives are irrational and meaningless enough anyway that it is hard to imagine that any release of information will push them over the brink. Some people, already unstable, may indeed commit suicide, just like during every big snowstorm a few precarious senior citizens pass away; the notion of them jumping off cliffs like lemmings is ridiculous. Humans are creatures of habit and convention. They will continue to do what they are doing now unless they are physically prevented from it. All the profound philosophical and technological implications of alien life would be absorbed only over time, at the rate that individuals and society are prepared to change.

Religions seem like the least likely institutions to be affected. Religious beliefs are based on faith and often fly in the face of reason anyway, so no amount of data is likely to change them. We can expect only a temporary instability as leaders of the major faiths race around to find the alien references in their scriptures to prove that they had the idea first. (We'd place our money on the adaptive and media savvy Mormons to easily win this P.R. race.)

The aliens have been variously described as centuries or even millennia ahead of us in technology. As such, we can't expect that much of their gadgetry will be immediately useful or reproducible by us. It is like giving a transistor radio to a cannibal on a remote desert island. First of all, he's got no stations to listen to. If he is very clever, he might be able to figure out how the radio works, but he certainly doesn't have the ability to reproduce it with the tools or materials at hand. In all, the technology is so advanced as to be almost meaningless to the cannibal, who would much prefer a new spear or juicy missionary.

Thus, the earthly economy and financial markets would probably remain stable for many years. People will still need to feed, clothe and house themselves in the traditional manner. Alien technology will not immediately bring down the price of the Pentium chip or obviate the human need for air travel to sunny but meaningless tourist destinations. Money will retain its perceived value, and Las Vegas, like other religious sites, will continue to prosper as a place for people to trade their money for the slim hope of salvation.

The only guaranteed effect of any alien revelations would be an increase in television viewership. Television is our society's guiding light in any time of crisis or change. People will want to know what Dan Rather and Peter Jennings have to say about the aliens, although they will probably produce only the obvious platitudes: Yes, they could blow us out of the solar system if they wanted, but they haven't done it yet, so they probably aren't a major threat. Dan and Peter will only be killing time before cutting to Washington for the long-awaited Big Announcement by the President of the United States. Of course, by the time the President announces something, you know it will be old news, having already circulated on the tube for some time. Still, the people need a leadership figure to offer them the same platitudes as Rather and Jennings, but with the strength and authority of the Man in Charge. The President's popularity rating will soar that night as people cling to their leader, although it will probably fall again to its original level before the next election.

Ufological Conflict

Most ufologists seem to be basically schizoid about the release of UFO information. On the one hand, they say that the government MUST tell what it knows and that the people have a fundamental right to the data. On the other, they say the news will probably send society spiraling into anarchy, destroy our economy, religion and government and drive people to mass suicide. That is not the message to send to encourage the government to comply.

What we are talking about is only information, no more dangerous or destructive than how we choose to interpret it. If prominent UFO researchers run through the streets yelling, "It's the end of our society!" naturally the rest of the populous is going to become upset at any mention of aliens, and the government will be all the more reluctant to release any info. The duty of responsible ufologists is to help prepare society for the Big News by issuing only calm, reasonable statements and speaking about UFO information as though it were routine.

Noisy outrage at the government doesn't advance the movement any. Ufologists say: The government MUST tell us what it knows, and when it does, heads are going to roll in Washington for keeping it from us for so long. No bureaucrat or government department wants to come forward with previously withheld information if they know they are going to be condemned for it in the end. It is more useful to recognize the government for what it is: neither good or evil, but a necessary part of our society composed of individuals who don't all hold the same views. To get what you want from any organization, you have to understand its needs and the concerns of the people who run it. Instead of railing against the government as a whole, it may be more useful to support the elements within it that share our goals.

The disruption of society would seem to be a major concern of the people in charge; perhaps it is the whole *raison d'être* of the secrecy. Politically, it should be the goal of ufologists to allay that fear. We want to send the message: "We can handle it, now." Instead of blasting the keepers of the knowledge, we ought to pin a medal on them, tell them how proud we are of their accomplishments and let them turn over the reins to us in a dignified ceremony before we pack them off to the retirement home. These people, no doubt, have been pursuing what they have felt is best for the country, and because we do not yet understand the big picture, we cannot say that they were wrong. There could be a lot of frightening aspects to the alien info. In real impact, it may not be another World War Two, but the truth could still be disturbing enough, emotionally, to require some courage and maturity to face. That it has taken so long to come out may have been justified, in which case we don't have to blame anyone for what has happened in the past, just proceed from the present.

Of course, Psychospy is not claiming that aliens, UFOs or any government cover-up of them are real. We will not be pinned down on this point. But if they ARE real, we believe the secrecy will collapse very quickly when a certain critical mass of social, economic and philosophical factors is achieved. Like the fall of the Berlin Wall, it could happen almost overnight. In fact, the collapse of the Soviet Union itself could be the most important contributing factor to the

fall of the Alien Wall. It means there are fewer bureaucratic niches in which to hide your crashed saucers and little gray bodies. With the moral underpinnings of secrecy eroding, and a million internet users now collecting data and making it instantly available to the world, never in history has it been harder to keep a Really Big Secret.

Perhaps it is time for Psychospy to come out of the closet. In 1995, we hope to explore UFOs and alien issues more deeply here in the Desert Rat. We will, of course, remain seated squarely on the fence (ouch!) and let the data speak for itself. Even if there are no aliens, the philosophical topic is fascinating: How do we approach a field of knowledge that seems way beyond our current understanding?

The solution? Just panic. Throw up your hands and run hysterically through the streets yelling, "Aggggghhhhhh!"

Always works for us.

Campbell Gets Special Prosecutor

Trial Delayed To Feb. 8

Who do you know who gets a Special Prosecutor? Richard Nixon, Ollie North, maybe Clinton if he is lucky. Campbell feels similarly honored to have a Special Prosecutor appointed for him. The new S.P. is Steve Dobrescu, a lawyer in private practice in Ely, Nevada, hired especially by Lincoln County to handle the Campbell obstruction case. The District Attorney, Tom Dill, says that he appointed the S.P. because Campbell's political activities were creating a conflict, but we wonder if the D.A. isn't just passing the buck because he doesn't like to make difficult decisions or appear in court. This sure must be costing the county a bundle.

Now that the D.A. has excused himself from the case, it is interesting to note that he can be subpoenaed as a witness should it prove necessary.

In any case, Campbell has talked with his Special Prosecutor on the phone, sent him his "press packet" and files on the case, and declares himself pleased with the choice. "It is a pleasant change to deal with someone who understands both the letter and spirit of the law," said Campbell. "From what I know of him, I think he is a straight shooter who will make his own independent judgment about the evidence."

Since the D.A. did nothing for five months, and waited until only two weeks before the scheduled trial to appoint the S.P., Dobrescu requested a further delay of the trial to give him time to review the case. Campbell, acting as his own attorney, has agreed, so a new trial date has been set for Feb. 8. The world is still invited.

Some readers have questioned why Campbell has not hired a lawyer to defend him in such an important case, given that Campbell does not even know how to format a motion [[DR#19](#)]. Campbell replies that he "wouldn't miss this opportunity for the world," especially the chance to strut and bluster before the captive jury. "I'm learning how to be a lawyer by doing it," said Campbell. "Essentially, the county is providing my law school. I may make mistakes, but regardless of the outcome, I will emerge as a more dangerous legal force in the end."

Two New Accused Trespassers Plead Not Guilty

....And Ask For A Jury Trial

It may be just coincidence, but two visitors recently accused of misdemeanor trespass near Freedom Ridge have pleaded NOT GUILTY in Pahrangat Valley Justice Court and have asked for a JURY TRIAL. Ryan Chivers and Jason Winget of Salt Lake City were intercepted by anonymous Cammo Dudes on the evening of Dec. 1, not far from the "Restricted Area" signs on Groom Lake Road. The two admit to getting lost briefly in the dark while trying to find Freedom Ridge and that they may have unwittingly wandered across the line at some point. The key question is

whether they were on public or military land at the time of their capture. According to their account, the anonymous Dudes intercepted them outside the "Restricted Area" signs and then marched them back inside the border, where they were later taken into custody by Deputy Lamoreaux of the Sheriff's Dept.

Unless the Cammo Dudes who captured them show up in court to testify that the accused were on military, not public land at the time of their capture, the two are simply not guilty of the trespassing statute they are charged with (NRS 207.200): (A) They did not WILLFULLY cross the line, and (B) they were not FOUND across the line, except after the Dudes kidnapped them back there.

In any real world justice system, the case would be thrown out instantly, but this is Lincoln County ("...now leaving America") so we can't expect the D.A. or judge to catch on. That's why it is essential to request a jury trial, where at least there is a hope of justice.

This trial is scheduled for Feb. 15, one week after Campbell's.

Legal Fund Established

We find a jury trial to be a compelling concept. It is a guaranteed right under Nevada law for any misdemeanor, but it won't be offered; you have to ask for it. We are grateful to T. Lindeman for putting us on to this concept. We regret only that we did not know about it in time to help the six defendants accused last January [DR#1, etc.].

Imagine what would happen if EVERYONE accused of trespassing opted for a jury trial. This would be the best guarantee of fairness for each, especially when local justice and law enforcement officials seem so entangled in dubious alliances. Imagine a full jury trial, with all the trimm'ns, happening every other week in Pahrnagat Valley Justice Court. The tiny system might be swamped, but if this is the price of justice, so be it. Perhaps, in the process, Lincoln County might be encouraged to loosen it's secret ties with the Cammo Dudes.

To help encourage justice here, the Area 51 Research Center has just established a legal aid fund. The Research Center will pay all or part of the fines of any accused trespasser, provided they opt for a jury trial and go through the full legal process. Going to trial is a pain, especially for those who live out of state and must come back, but we also find it a excellent form of education, an opportunity to learn the legal system by doing it.

This offer applies only to INNOCENT accused trespassers, those who did not intentionally cross the line. We cannot defend those who DELIBERATELY intrude into the Restricted Zone and happen to get caught. (What if you get so "lost" that you wander 10 miles inside the Zone? We would have to approach that on a case-by-case basis.) The fund may also be used for other legal pursuits relating to the dubious cooperation between the Sheriff's Dept. and Cammo Dudes, like securing the release of lost film taken by deputies for "processing" and never returned.

Contributions already made by our generous readers to the Campbell Defense Fund will be transferred into the new Accused Trespassers Defense Fund. New contributions may be sent to us at the Area 51 Research Center. (Please tell us your email address or Secret Agent Code Name and let us know whether we can print an acknowledgment of your contribution here in the Rat.)

Land Grab Status / Outing Proposed

It isn't yet time to schedule our "End of the World Party" on Freedom Ridge. The wheels of government turn slowly and there are still more steps in the withdrawal process. We talked to Neil Talbot at the BLM Reno Office for the latest update. First the BLM has to respond to the ten protests raised to the "Proposed Land Use Amendment" (which had to be filed by Dec. 9). How long this takes will depend on the quality of the protests, but it seems likely to extend into the new year. When all the protests are settled, BLM could issue a "final record of decision" approving the withdrawal. However, the implementation of that decision can then be appealed to the Interior Board of Land Appeals--while the

land, presumably, remains open.

We think it's a riot that this action, supposedly a shoo-in for the military, has stretched out for so long, mirroring one part of the government in the bureaucracy of another. No matter what the end result may be, the military has lost this battle badly because it fought the **WRONG** battle: It fought for the land instead of for the hearts and minds of the people. The last laugh is, Freedom Ridge doesn't exist. It is an artificial public relations concept created here in the laboratories of our Research Center. It has done its job well--like a car that was supposed to last 100,000 miles but you manage to squeeze 300,000 out of it. No matter what happens now we can't complain.

We won't schedule our "End of the World" event until we have a solid closure date. In the meantime, however, some readers have expressed an interest in holding another casual get-together on Freedom Ridge in January. This could turn into the "End of the World Party" if the withdrawal process moves more quickly than anticipated, but for now we'll just call it an anniversary event. It will be a year ago in January that we unveiled the four wheel drive "Freedom Ridge Expressway." At the ribbon-cutting ceremonies--reported way back in [DR#1](#)--we welcomed aviation writers and buffs for a "last glimpse" of the secret base before the land might be closed. Hundreds have visited the ridge since then, including respectable journalists from all over the world, as well as the entire editorial staff of **THE NOSE Magazine** on one of their mindless drink-and-drive sex-house road trips out of San Francisco.

The dates proposed for this anniversary event are Jan. 14, 21 or 28. We encourage input from those interested as to which date is best. We'll call this our Second-Annual-Could-Be-Closed-Any-Day- Now-Freedom-Ridge-Inspection-Visit. In January, the weather can be pleasant (or horrible) during the day, but it is too cold to camp at night. (Last year, the wind was calm with daytime highs around 50 and nighttime lows in the teens.)

[\[Picnic promo\]](#)

Meanwhile, the out-of-touch Cammo Dudes thought they were going to get the land Dec. 9. In anticipation, we hear that they took down the yellow ribbons marking the public hiking trail to Freedom Ridge, which is not yet their authority to do. Time to send another strong letter to the Air Force.

More Larry King Comments

"Now, I might have been temporally insane, but by any chance did you see those lights that started to appear around the end of the show? A couple of them seemed to get brighter and dimmer as they hovered behind those 'expert's' heads and I saw at least one that zigzagged across the screen. I counted around four that just hovered. Were those search lights from Area 51? or something else?"

-- OutKast00@aol.com

We offer two theories: (1) Headlights of cars in the distance and (2) moths attracted to the bright stage lights after dark. In any case, to avoid conflicts with the setting sun, the cameras were pointed to the north, away from Area 51. When Larry King pointed to secret base "just over those hills," it was the wrong direction!

Corrections And Updates

The **ILLEGAL REPEATER STATION** on public land reported in [DR#18](#) has been removed to inside the military border. (We are not sure whether it happened before or after the publication of [DR#18](#).)

Several **MORMONS** on our subscription list sent us email about our suggestion in [DR#18](#) that Lincoln County elections were dominated by local Mormons voting as a block. These big-city Mormons say that any political lobbying from the pulpit is strictly forbidden by the church. They say that it is unfair to blame the whole church for small-town attitudes, which might be the same in the rural South, where Southern Baptists rule, or in remote Appalachia, where

folks just can't read. We agree that there are other theories to account for the unhappy election results apart from the easy Mormon one: The most prominent we overlooked is that, because the county lacks industry and is rich in family ties, almost everyone here seems to either work for the county government or be related to someone who does. Naturally, these people aren't going to vote for anyone who promises "change" because that could mean that Uncle Fred will be out of a job.

Intel Bitties

PHOTOGRAPHY APPEAL. If you have visited the Rachel area and lost film to the Lincoln County Sheriff's Dept. (for "processing"), please get in touch with us. (If you have already talked to us, then reaffirm your presence.) This information could be important in upcoming court cases.

PAPOOSE VIEWPOINT DISCOVERED. Papoose Lake, the mysterious and inaccessible area 15 miles south of Groom where Bob Lazar says he worked with alien craft, isn't as invisible as previously supposed. You can see the Papoose lake bed from at least one mountain far to the south, near US-95. Unfortunately, the distance from the viewpoint to the lakebed is about 45 miles, so you won't make out much without a good telescope--but at least you can say you've seen it. tmahood@netcom.com and spouse were the first to visit the viewpoint, discovered with the help of a mystery source we shall call "C". For a free copy of tmahood's "Mt. Sterling Guide" describing the area, send him an email message. (The internet impaired can send us \$1 for a copy by regular mail, anywhere in the world.)

MONTEL ROASTED ON 20/20. *THE MONTEL WILLIAMS SHOW* [[DR#15](#) & [#16](#)] got its just desserts on a 9/16 report on *ABC's 20/20*. In a story on talk-show ethics (or lack thereof), *20/20* recounted the story of a woman lured onto the Montel show under false pretenses, who was then told, on the air, that her sister had had "mercy sex" with her former boyfriend. Pure sleaze, but we knew that already.

WWW SITE NEEDED. The "World Wide Web" is quickly becoming the hottest thing on the internet. (America On-Line promises to offer it soon.) You type in a starting address, and a document is displayed on the screen. Click on a highlighted word in the text, and another document is displayed, providing more details. It's one of the best ways we've seen to organize complex information and make it available to the public.

Roland@cac.washington.edu has set up a WWW structure for back issues of the Desert Rat but the Research Center has been working on a more elaborate structure pulling together a lot of diverse info on Area 51 and related topics (for example: a special section devoted entirely to "Modern Munchausen" Sean David Morton). Our only problem is that we need a reliable, low cost Web server to keep our files on. We've tried some commercial internet providers but haven't found what we need. We welcome advice from other users in finding a "home" for this material. (We would need direct FTP write access and require 5mg to start. Also, we want to be totally "above board"--paying by the mg if we have to--so we can stay at this server permanently.)

NAME CHANGE. To reduce the confusion of our many names and aliases, our mail order arm, formerly "Secrecy Oversight Council," has changed its name to "Area 51 Research Center." Frankly, the entire "Council" could eat from the same bowl, so we thought it would be more direct to call ourselves by the simpler moniker. "Secrecy Oversight" is still our game, but it seems that Area 51 will remain our focus for some time to come.

Ask Psychospy

Dear Psycho:

"Are there any female 'Cammo Dudes'? If not, why not, and does affirmative action apply?"

--stephenh@netcom.com

Dear Stephenh:

The C.D. force would never allow no bitches. Mostly solid white males, the pride of our country. You can see the Dudes' point of view, can't you? It is doubtful that women could keep up with the rigorous physical demands of the job (sitting around in Jeep Cherokees all day) or that they have the brainpower to outwit those clever tourists. Remember Tailhook? That's EXACTLY what happens when you let women in. We can't compromise national security or the integrity of the force. (Now don't get us wrong, we don't mind a piece of "A" now and then, but sometimes it's just too close for comfort.)

Psycho

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The Groom Lake Desert Rat

"The Naked Truth from Open Sources."

Area 51/Nellis Range/TTR/NTS/S-4?/Weird Stuff/Desert Lore

An on-line newsletter.

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Direct from the "UFO Capital," Rachel, Nevada.

Issue #21. January 25, 1995

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Fun With Law

Judge Holton Bows Out Of Campbell Trial

The saying goes: "He who defends himself in court has a fool for a client." Maybe so, but Glenn Campbell is a happy fool as circumstances seem to turn his way in his long-running obstruction case. Campbell was arrested for pushing down the car door locks during the warrantless seizure of KNBC's video tape on July 19. In the latest turn of events, Justice of the Peace Nola Holton abruptly excused herself from the case, without explanation and only one day before the Jan. 18 pre-trial hearing. The case has been transferred to a Justice of the Peace in Ely, Nevada, Ronald Niman. This means Campbell now has both his own Special Prosecutor AND a Special Judge. Since Niman apparently had no time in his schedule for the Jan. 18 hearing, it and the trial have again been postponed. The pre-trial hearing will now be held on the previously scheduled trial date, Feb. 8 at 10 am, so visitors who had made arrangements to attend the trial can still attend the hearing. No new trial date has been set.

Although Campbell expressed dismay that the Court canceled the hearing and reassigned jurists without notice to him, he says he is pleased with the change of judges. "Holton is too close to the police," Campbell said. "A new judge may bring some perspective to this case." Campbell says he asked his Special Prosecutor, Steve Dobrescu, his opinion of Judge Niman, and Dobrescu evaluated Niman as one of the most competent J.P.'s he had practiced before. "That's good enough for me," said Campbell. "Whatever pleases my Special Prosecutor pleases me."

Although their relationship has been cordial, Campbell and Dobrescu have had their differences. For example, they have disagreed on whether or not a jury trial is warranted in this misdemeanor case. In a recent exchange of motions, Dobrescu says no, and Campbell says yes. "Steve's skating on thin ice on this one," says Campbell. "I can see the cracks forming around his blades." Still no response has been issued by Dobrescu on Campbell's new 13-page Motion for Discovery, which asks, among other things, for the names of the Cammo Dudes who reported the incident for which the Sheriff's deputy was called to the scene of the arrest [See [DR#12](#)].

Unlike the motions reported in [\[DR#19\]](#), Campbell's latest were printed on numbered paper with the proper header format and fully annotated "Points and Authorities" at the end. "I've outgrown my training wheels," says Campbell. "I can fly! I can fly!"

Fundamentals Of Legal Research

Psychospy has been trying to assist the pea-brained defendant wherever possible. We've spent many days at the Clark County Law Library trying to understand the law and how it works. We started from zero to build a good understanding of the philosophy of law and the basic techniques of legal research. We suffer no lack of legal advice if we need it. We are grateful to our sleazebag lawyer friends AP, SH, JT, TL, FH, SD, RS, RO and LJ for the words of wisdom that got us started, but most of what we have accomplished we did ourselves. The field of law is not as intimidating as it seems; it is easily accessible to anyone with initiative and access to the law books.

The law is, above all, a logical enterprise where everything is written down and all the rules and procedures are easily decoded if you know a few simple rules about where to look. What the lawyers have given us are some entry points into the world of legal knowledge. They have dropped us some hints, and we have tracked them down. Usually, their advice is no more than a sentence or two. One source, who we shall call "The Angel," imparted her greatest wisdom to us in only a single word whispered from the shadows.

"Shepardize."

To understand what she meant, we had to delve into the mysteries of the Clark County Law Library. On the surface, a law library is an intimidating place. Row after row of musty, anonymous volumes line the walls. One can walk down a corridor in the stacks and not see a single difference in the hundreds of books on either side except for the volume number printed on the spine. These endless books are a database of laws and legal cases. Somewhere among those millions of pages are the gems of information that might be relevant to an obstruction case; the question is how to find them.

Fortunately, most legal volumes are indexed by a very simple method, called the "key system." In any legal document or treatise, if you see a reference to a certain case, like Rowe vs. Wade or Psychospy vs. Cammo Dudes, it is always followed by a code, like 418 US 512. The code may look intimidating, but finding the text of the case couldn't be easier: "418 US 512" means go to Volume 418 of the "U.S. Supreme Court Reports" and turn to page 512. All cases are coded in this way, and one case will probably make reference to still others, along with their codes, which you can look up in the same manner.

All you need is a starting point, and in criminal cases this is provided whenever you are issued a traffic ticket or arraigned for an alleged offense. If you are skateboarding on the sidewalk and a police officer gives you a citation for it, the ticket will specify the number of the statute you allegedly violated--let's say NRS 123.45. You can go to your public library or city hall and ask to see the statutes. In the case of state laws, this is a set of volumes about the size of an encyclopedia. "NRS" in this case means Nevada Revised Statutes, but every state and local jurisdiction has its own set of printed laws, as does the U.S. Government. Fundamental to democracy is the fact that the printed laws are easily accessible to anyone who wants to see them.

Laws or statutes are usually written in relatively simple language. Looking up NRS 123.45, you might find that it says, "Any person found skating on the sidewalk after due notice shall be guilty of a misdemeanor." Trouble is, you weren't "skating" on the sidewalk; you were "skateboarding." Every word is significant in the law. The law is an explicit written description of what you must and cannot do. If you did not violate the letter of the law, then you are not guilty, simple as that.

Still, the difference between "skating" and "skateboarding" is ambiguous. It is matter of definition, and people are going to have different interpretations about whether they are substantially the same thing. That's when you have to go to "case law." Because the world is a complex place, every statute is bound to face questions of application sooner or later. These gray areas are resolved by the previous ruling of appeals courts in actual cases. Perhaps in the case Nevada

vs. Gator (101 Nev 431) an appeals court determined that skateboarding and skating were different activities and therefore overturned Gator's conviction under NRS 123.45. If you could locate this ruling, you could show it to the judge, and unless valid opposing cases could be presented by the prosecutor, the judge would be bound by the Gator ruling and would have to let you go. The only challenge is, how do you find the Gator case among those hundreds of anonymous volumes in the law library?

You Shepardize!

In the law library, there is a compact series of books called "Shepard's Citations." In "Shepard's Nevada Citations", you can look up any Nevada statute, and it will give you the code numbers for the all the rulings that have made reference to that statute. Nevada vs. Gator will be listed under NRS 123.45, as will any later cases in which higher courts overturned or affirmed that ruling. There are also Shepard's Citations for cases themselves in which you can look up the code for Nevada vs. Gator and find references to all later rulings that are somehow related.

The first key to a successful court case is to Shepardize the hell out of everything. First, you use Shepard's Citations to find every case that might have any bearing on the current one. Then you study the steps of the trial as defined in the state statutes and Shepardize the hell out of them, too. When in doubt, Shepardize, then Shepardize the results of what you just Shepardized, and don't stop Shepardizing until they shut off the lights and pry the Shepard's Citations from your cold, clammy hands. What you'll have in the end, after studying all these related cases, is a good idea of what motions and strategies the opposition is likely to use and how you can counter them before they even take place.

Trial Strategy

In a trial, the verdict is returned by either a jury or a judge, but there is a lot of legal maneuvering that goes on before the case is even presented. We've all seen it on television in the O.J. Simpson case: months of courtroom drama before the trial even begins. The pre-trial phase is the arbitrated negotiation in which the parties determine the rules of the game like what arguments and evidence will be admissible, who the jurors will be and what instructions will be given to the jury before deliberation. The judge's ruling on these matters depends primarily on case law. Each side tells the judge what they want, and then presents appellate cases to support it. The opposition then might present an opposing argument and its own set of supporting cases, and the judge must make a reasoned choice between them. The pressure is on the judge to make the right decision, because if he doesn't the case could be overturned by a higher court on appeal.

In the Campbell case, the Defense has submitted one primary pre- trial motion (not including those previously rejected--See [\[DR#19\]](#)), and the "State" (which is the actually the county, represented by the Special Prosecutor) has also submitted one. Campbell's motion is a request for discovery materials: information from the State that he says is essential to preparing his defense. For example, the defense wants copies of the video tapes seized from the KNBC crew, because these record the events leading up to the arrest.

After a previous discovery request, the District Attorney did produce, after his customary month of delay, a copy of the single video tape that was returned by the Air Force to the KNBC crew. However, the tape delivered to the Defense contained only the video, no audio, mostly showing the seat of a car. We later learned that the audio was in fact potentially vital to Campbell's defense, because when the camera was sitting on the seat of the car it was recording the sounds of the arrest. Did the District Attorney deliberately provide only the video portion to Campbell, knowing that the audio provided exculpatory evidence? Personally, we have copied hundreds of video tapes (not admitting to piracy), yet have never failed to copy the audio along with the video. We cannot prove bad faith on the part of the District Attorney, but from our prior experience with him and knowledge of some of his actions elsewhere, we wouldn't discount it.

In our two years in Rachel we have been very patient with the local District Attorney and Sheriff. We have done our best to explain our political position to them and give them warning of upcoming events. We have never cried "Conspiracy!" like many visitors are quick to do. We form our opinions only slowly, always giving others the benefit of the doubt, but sooner or later we have to acknowledge the obvious: These are not nice people.

The motion submitted by our Special Prosecutor, who is a nice person, sought to have the Court overturn its decision to grant a jury trial. The stakes are high. The State is worried that if a jury trial is granted here, then everyone accused with a crime relating to Groom Lake will also opt for a jury trial, freaking out the J.P., provoking the ire of county residents who must serve on the jury and drawing the unfavorable attention of the outside world. The Defense counters that jury trials are the only assurance of a fair process in this remote location where the J.P. is close to the police and there aren't any lawyers for miles.

The prosecution's motion was not unexpected. In fact, a nearly identical argument was made about a week before, when Justice Holton issued an order denying a jury trial to the two accused trespassers--the ones who say they were captured by the Cammo Dudes on public land and then marched across the border. Both Holton and Dobrescu based their arguments on the case Nevada vs. Smith (99 Nev 806), which appears at casual reading to disallow the right to a jury trial in "petty" cases where the maximum possible sentence is six months or less. However, a careful word- by- word reading of both the case and the statute, which we had done in our "Shepardizing" phase, reveals that the Smith case applies only to a previous version of the jury trial statute, not the current revised one. "Bet the D.A.'s gonna fall for that one," we said to ourselves.

Sure enough, it happened. Holton issued her order, followed shortly thereafter by Dobrescu's motion. The close timing and nearly identical flawed reasoning leads the observer to an almost inescapable conclusion: that there was secret communication between the State and the Court on this issue. This is known as "ex-parte communication" and it is a big no-no in legal proceedings. Except for certain limited situations like arranging schedules, the judge is not supposed to discuss a case with either party outside of the hearing of the other. In this case, it seems that the flawed Nevada vs. Smith argument originated with the D.A.'s office and was passed to the J.P., then the J.P. issued her ruling without further research and without informing the defendants that the communication had taken place. This appears, in essence, to be a single-sided motion filed and ruled upon in secret. Other evidence that we cannot now reveal supports the ex- parte contention, making the "Kidnapped Trespassers" case a lot more interesting.

In the Campbell case, however, the motion was not improper in its origin, merely flawed in its logic. Campbell fired off a response to the Court noting the change in the law. In NRS 175.011 authorizing jury trials, the wording in effect at the time of the original Smith case was....

"In a justice's court a case shall be tried by jury only if the defendant so demands in writing not less than 5 days prior to trial."

In the Smith case, the Nevada Supreme Court ruled that the word "shall" was procedural and did not convey a right. However, in 1983, the law was amended to...

"In a justice's court a case must be tried by jury only if the defendant so demands in writing not less than 30 days before trial."

Dobrescu responded to Campbell's response with another motion, this time based on the wafer-thin argument that "shall" meant exactly the same thing as "must," leading to the implausible implication that the legislature changed the wording for no reason whatsoever. (Dobrescu also cited a case State vs. District Court (104 Nev 91), which we had also researched previously. It was an ambiguous ruling, issued without explanation, concerning the constitutional right to jury trials in DUI cases.) Nevada, like Alaska and other states with a libertarian bent, has traditionally taken a strong stand on the right of jury trials, perceiving them as an essential protection of the citizen against the encroachment of government power.

In any older or more populous state, there would be reams of case law clarifying the issue, but this is Nevada, an empty backwater until only a few decades ago, where much of the law hasn't had a chance to mature. California is a state with "real law," as one of our sleazebag associates puts it; Nevada has only "baby law." This makes Nevada an ideal kindergarten in which to learn the law and where we might even participate in defining it. Feb. 8 may be only a pre-trial hearing, but it is also the chance for student lawyer Campbell, on his very first case, to present a legal argument that may affect Nevada law for years to come. State vs. Campbell (? Nev ?) could be the case that clearly determines whether or not there is a statutory right to a jury trial in misdemeanor cases in Nevada justice courts.

Realistically, though, the jury trial issue is only an entertaining diversion that probably won't go anyplace because the obstruction charges can't be sustained. We have found the citations which show explicitly what common sense already dictates: "The existence of a valid process is a necessity in order to sustain a conviction for resisting an officer in the execution of his duties." (10 ALR3d 1146) Combining this with the constitutional and statutory guarantee that the defendant is "innocent until proven guilty," the State must prove "beyond a reasonable doubt" that its seizure of the KNBC video tapes without a warrant was legal and proper. The D.A. might be able to convince the captive Nola Holton of this but probably not any other judge or jury.

Nevada vs. Smith was the turning point for Campbell. The greatest "high" in law is to accurately predict what the opposition will do and be ready with a countermove before they make theirs. Suddenly, the law is fun! To beat these local authorities at their own game, all we have to do is conduct careful legal research, actively prepare for all scenarios, then sit back and watch the State impale itself on its own weak case.

Law And Morality

Aside from Shepard's Citations, the most powerful tool a lawyer can have is a strong internal sense of right and wrong. This may seem surprising in a society that often regards lawyers as the lowest scum on the earth, but the lawyers that represent this underside are also the ones that lose more often than win. The law is, at base, a codification of social ethics. Anyone can memorize written rules and learn to find ways around them, but that doesn't mean they have learned the motivation behind the rules or can make decisions about rules they have not yet memorized. A lawyer with a strong sense of the spirit of the law can predict the statutes before he reads them and know that case law probably exists to support his position even before Shepardizing.

The best advantage you can have in any legal proceeding is to be on the side that is morally right. Then you are likely to find a rich trove of case law in your favor. Over time, case law evolves to support a position which is thoughtful and rational and adheres to the rules of courtesy and fairness we learned as children. The lawyer on the side that is morally wrong can still score points by exploiting legal technicalities and temporary inequities in the law, but these tools are generally weak and isolated, and if they collapse there is usually little else to fall back on.

The advantage is also psychological: Lawyers for the side that is right are more likely to be fired up by their work, devoting their full personal passion to it and conducting more thorough research. Lawyers for the side that is morally questionable tend to do little more than go through the motions because they are being paid to. Their research is superficial and tends to focus on the few technicalities they think might get them off the hook. They do not feel comfortable digging any deeper because they suspect that what they will find can only damage their case.

The position of the D.A. and Sheriff in defending an anonymous federal authority is morally wrong and thus legally vulnerable. Here is a publicly accountable police force choosing to represent a secret, non-accountable federal entity that refuses to stand up itself. There are more than enough federal laws to handle trespassers, espionage and any other problems the Groom Lake authorities might have with civilians, but no federal law enforcement agency--like the FBI or Federal Marshall's Service-- would touch this place with a ten-foot pole. They know the inconsistencies of a non-existent base won't hold up in federal court, and no agency wants to be the public fall guy for the Air Force's bad decisions. Only these local patsies are dumb enough to do the Air Force's bidding.

The county is like a wife who is beaten up regularly by her brutish husband yet who continues to rush to his defense for whatever mess he has gotten himself into. The military has cheated the county out of millions of dollars of taxes over the years, dumped hazardous fumes into the local air, doused residents with deadly radiation and returned only trivial economic benefits to the community. Yet, for a tiny fee and junior membership in the secrets club, the Sheriff and D.A. seem willing to sacrifice any amount of personal and professional dignity to defend the invisible military. It takes simple rewards to satisfy small minds.

The local authorities seem to like to be beaten up. Placing themselves between the secret base and the public as the only targetable entity in sight, they have volunteered themselves as the Air Force's lightning rod. After our own trumped-up obstruction case, our desire to protect these local officials is nil. Now that we have mastered the basics of criminal law, an exciting new horizon awaits: civil law. There are so many people we've been meaning to sue, but life

is short and you never seem to have the time to do everything you want. On the other hand, if we don't sue, we'll continue to be like that Rodney Dangerfield character that doesn't get any respect.

Legal Fund Grows

We wish to thank the following recent donors to our Area 51 legal fund:

- \$400 from Trader@cup.portal.com
- \$200 from "EA"
- \$110 from "The Swiss Mountain Bat"
- \$50 from "NH"
- \$25 from "SA"
- \$30 from "RG"
- \$15 from "AC"

(We also wish to thank Trader for the numbered legal paper which we have used so liberally.)

Here are our policies regarding this fund...

Donations will be kept in a separate, non-interest-bearing account. For tactical reasons, we will not publish the balance in the account nor will we publish all donations, but we will provide an accounting of how the money has been spent to any donor upon request.

Funds in the account will be used to support legal pursuits relating to Area 51. These items may include fines, filing fees, computer research costs, copying costs, travel and lodging for witnesses and other ancillary costs for legal action. Since the hiring of real lawyers at their going rate would eat up the fund in no time, we will rely on whatever self-help and pro bono advice we can put together. (This might mean we'll have to stop calling our lawyer friends "sleazebags.")

All disbursements from the fund are at the discretion of the fund manager, Glenn Campbell. If you do not trust Mr. Campbell, then do not send money. The fund will NOT be used for any expense related to Campbell's current obstruction case, however. We cannot say now what our future cases will be, but they may include both criminal and civil matters. We make no public offers and do not promise to help every tourist who crosses the line, but if anyone is charged with a crime near the border who we feel is not guilty, we will provide assistance however we can.

Case Of The Kidnapped Trespassers

The case of the two accused trespassers who say they were captured on public land and taken inside the line by the Cammo Dudes is still scheduled for trial on Feb. 15. This date cannot be postponed, because the defendants have not waived their right to a trial within 60 days.

The status of their request for a jury trial is unresolved. Although Judge Holton has denied their request based on the flawed Nevada vs. Smith case, the defendants have resubmitted their request, noting the court's mistakes. It will be interesting to see how the court responds.

The defendants also submitted a written discovery request to the District Attorney asking for the pre-trial information they are entitled to. Although the request was submitted over a month ago, the D.A., in his usual form, has not responded, forcing the defendants to submit a formal discovery motion--on numbered paper no less. The Court and D.A. will no doubt find additional excuses for ignoring the request, but that's what we have come to expect. If no justice can be found here, the job of the Defense is to prepare the case for appeal.

For those who doubt that the Cammo Dudes would capture citizens on public land, we have another witness who

claims otherwise. On Jan. 2 at about 1:00 pm, visitor Bruce Hedquist of Yucaipa, CA, drove down the Groom Lake Road from Highway 375. When he reached the Restricted Area signs, he heeded the warning and immediately turned around. Unfortunately, he did so just after the signs--no more than 20 feet inside the border he says. Shortly thereafter, one of the anonymous Cammo Dude patrols pulled him over. The Dudes demanded ID, threatened Hedquist with arrest and held him outside his vehicle for 15 to 20 minutes--all on public land where the Air Force is not supposed to have any jurisdiction. Although Hedquist was eventually released, he says that he thought the Dudes would have transported him back inside the line if they did not have the car to worry about.

With this kind of evidence, as well as that of other incidents we have collected [See Texans in [DR#9](#)], the defendants seem to have a strong case. It is not trespassing if the Dudes kidnap you! Still, we can't make any predictions about how the case will turn out because this is Lincoln County, with a law unto itself.

New Product: Vehicle Pass

For visitors who would like to enter the base without any of these hassles, the Area 51 Research Center now offers a new product that may help. It is the GROOM LAKE/AREA 51 MILITARY VEHICLE PASS. Unlike the "Area 51 Visitors Permit" with a flying saucer on it, this 4"x5" self-stick decal looks official and just might get you in. Issued by the non-existent "USAF Office of Strategic Investigations" and citing imaginary Air Force regulations, this decal contains all the intimidating fine print the military would want. "This vehicle subject to search and seizure per USAF," it says, which is apparently true even outside the military border.

This military vehicle pass, printed in red and black ink on a white background, was designed for the Research Center by Laseright Services. It is available exclusively from us for \$2.50 each, plus \$1 postage per order sent anywhere in the world.

Freebie: Nellis Range Chart

In response to numerous requests, the Research Center has long been trying to obtain the Air Force's official Nellis Range Air Chart for sale to interested aviation watchers. This big map, used by military pilots on exercise, is unclassified and shows no airstrip or facilities at Groom Lake. Still, it does provide a lot of useful information on the Nellis Complex, and it makes a very colorful and attractive wall display (40" x 56").

We have made repeated requests to the Defense Mapping Agency to purchase copies of the map, but it is apparently not for sale, so the only reliable way to get it is to file a Freedom of Information request. This is easy to do, and we encourage anyone who wants the free Nellis Chart to drop the DMA a letter. The letter should go like this...

Information and Privacy Office
Defense Mapping Agency
8613 Lee Highway
Fairfax, VA 22031-2137

Dear DMA:

Under the Freedom of Information Act, 5 USC 552, I hereby request the following document: Nellis AFB Range Chart, stock number NRCXX01.

[Your signature and address]

Cellular Interference

The Cammo Dudes were thick as molasses as Dan Montoya of Las Vegas maneuvered his "Bigfoot" four wheel drive 4-Runner with 4-foot tires to the top of Freedom Ridge in the late afternoon of Jan. 2. He was so impressed with the view and with the attention he was receiving from the security force that he picked up his cellular phone and called a friend in Vegas. Cellular One, it seems, provides service the top of Freedom Ridge, probably through a transmitter on Angel Peak about 80 miles south.

The friend was out, so Montoya talked to the answering machine. "You won't believe where we are right now," he said. "We're up on top of the ridge looking at the base and we've got about six Cammo Dudes checking us out, watching everything we do."

A sinister voice then cut in on the line: "That's right, we're watching everything you do."

Montoya says he "freaked" and hung up the phone. However, the exchange was recorded on the friend's answering machine.

From this incident, we can conclude that the Dudes have the ability to home in on and intercept any radio transmission in the area and return fire on the same frequency. We can also conclude that the Dudes are pretty dumb. This is a blatantly illegal act and a direct tip-off of their abilities. Now visitors will know that all radio traffic is vulnerable in this area and will take the obvious precautions.

[\[Reader says it is possible\]](#)

Triangular Aircraft Sighting

An experienced aviation watcher says that he and his companions saw an unacknowledged delta winged aircraft about 35 miles east of Groom on Nov. 23. This was a triangular craft with rounded corners, as has been described in the press as the "TR-3A."

The witness works for a major aircraft developer in California and says that he knows aircraft well. He says the sighting took place around 7 or 8 in the evening (long after dark) as he and several companions were traveling north on US-93 for a visit to the Tikaboo Valley. South of Alamo, they stopped to watch some orange flares being dropped by jets on maneuver. These flares, intended to distract heat-seeking missiles, are a common sight in the area, but the jets themselves were not. The witness was drawn by the unusual lighting of the jets: Four had only a single red strobe on the bottom about midway down the fuselage. About four others had only three steady lights: red lights in the front and rear and a white light at mid-fuselage.

The witness says that the moon had just risen, so he was able to see the outline of the aircraft from below, using low-power binoculars and looking almost directly upward from their location near the Pahrnagat Lakes. The planes with the single red strobes he recognized as F-117A Stealth fighters. The other four aircraft had a distinctive triangular shape with rounded corners. Both the witness and his companion, also an aviation worker, insist that these aircraft were not B-2s, the only acknowledged craft in the U.S. arsenal that resembles that shape.

Picnic Report

In spite of threatening weather, the Second Annual Could-Be- Closed-Any-Day-Now Freedom Ridge Picnic went off without a hitch this past Saturday (1/21). There were 60 people in attendance, not including Cammo Dudes, and although the skies were overcast, they cleared up enough for a good look at the base. Like Madonna and Schwarzenegger, Psychospys has major media attending all our affairs--weddings, bar mitzvahs, picnics, etc.--and this time it was CNN that covered the event. Their story, focusing on the hazardous waste suit, will run sometime in mid-to late-February on *Network Earth* (TBS, Sundays 11pm ET) and "*Earth Matters*" (CNN, Sundays 2:30 pm ET, and on CNN Intl.). (We will post the dates on the alt.conspiracy.area51 newsgroup when known.)

At a briefing before the hike, we introduced the CNN crew to the hikers, expressing our regrets that Ted Turner himself could not be present. We informed the participants that they did not have to be seen on television if they did not want to. We explained to them a technique we had learned for controlling the editing process: Simply raising the middle finger of either hand in view of the camera is sufficient to assure that the shot will not be used.

The picnic was marred only by a Wiener Crisis, which has caused us the deepest embarrassment. There were sixty people on the ridge and sixty hot dogs available for roasting over the fire, SO THERE SHOULD HAVE BEEN ENOUGH HOT DOGS FOR EVERYONE, but there wasn't. This means that somebody took more than one wiener without even considering the consequences. It may seem trivial, but the watchers have an image to protect. Especially when we have a major network present, it is important to convey to the world that we are not a bunch of wiener grabbing opportunists. Ethics are very important in this battle for government accountability, and the Wiener Crisis is something that our enemies are bound to use against us.

Watch the correspondent on the CNN report. He's got a wiener in his hand--but is it one dog or two?

[[Picnic promo](#)]

Intel Bitties

A CAMERA WAS LEFT BEHIND at Freedom Ridge following the Jan. 21 picnic. (Heaven forbid, photography on Freedom Ridge?!) Any participant who lost one should contact our Lost and Found Dept.

THE JANET 737 FLIGHT NUMBERS appear to have changed. This will necessitate a re-analysis of flight patterns. Scanner buffs visiting Las Vegas are encouraged to monitor the FAA and AF frequencies to assemble a new schedule. [See [DR#15](#) for freqs.] We are still looking for conclusive evidence of scheduled flights to Groom from places other than McCarran Airport.

OUR ADOPTED INTERNET NEWSGROUP is alt.conspiracy.area51. This is the place for discussion of related topics, both earthly and extraterrestrial. We will also post notice of breaking events here, including press alerts and notable sighting reports.

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Circulation: 2068 copies direct to subscribers, plus unknown postings and redistributions.

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The Groom Lake Desert Rat

"The Naked Truth from Open Sources."

Area 51/Nellis Range/TTR/NTS/S-4?/Weird Stuff/Desert Lore

An on-line newsletter.

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Direct from the "UFO Capital," Rachel, Nevada.

Issue #22. February 23, 1995

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Tales Of The Test Site, Part 1

Having resided near the border of Area 51 for over two years now, we have collected our share of UFO stories. The bulk are reports of lights in the sky which we can't do much with. We have seen many interesting lights ourselves, but we know what they are-- usually military flares associated with the frequent combat exercises here. Even when we hear a light-in-the-sky story that seems unworldly, we are still at a loss for how to proceed. How can we investigate something anomalous when there is nothing in our known world to correlate it with?

The universe will always be filled with unexplained phenomena. The perpetual nature of life is that we are playing at the shore of an ocean of the unknown. We'll die long before we figure out most of life's mysteries, so the challenge is to focus on the ones that are reasonably accessible. With a million different questions to answer, we can only devote our time to the few that we have a handle on, that we can connect in some way with the knowledge base we already have.

Lights in the sky don't do it for us. Even aliens landing on earth are hard to investigate if they don't bother to sign the guest register. UFO researchers have been collecting such isolated sighting reports for nearly fifty years now, and where has it gotten them? About all we can conclude (if we were inclined to conclusion) is, "Yes, they're here." The exact nature of the phenomenon and what it means to humanity remains lost in noise and confusion.

That is why we came here. Area 51 is the intersection of UFOs and humanity. It doesn't really matter to us if UFOs are real: We'll accept things either way as long as it is the truth. The important thing is, the human response is real. This is the place to understand how people deal with UFOs, real or imagined, teaching us what we can trust about human witnesses. Just to watch people respond to the flares is an education. The walls of the Little A'Le'Inn--where all the UFOs are real--are covered with photos of flares, lens reflections and aircraft lights, and hundreds of "UFO-tourists" have seen these phenomena and come away satisfied. We have seen aircraft lights shown as UFOs on national television, edited together so slickly that we'd be inclined to believe it ourselves if we hadn't been there at the filming. We have seen people attribute complex motivations and communication to ambiguous lights with an uncritical

reverence that can only be described as religious. All of this has made us profoundly more skeptical about human perception and the reliability of publicized and televised UFO reports.

At the same time, Area 51 has turned us into a true believer in another aspect of the UFO phenomenon: The notion that the U.S. government could keep UFO information secret for close to fifty years. We used to say that this was the least credible aspect of ufology: If UFOs are real, then the military with all its advanced aerial surveillance equipment is bound to know more than the general public, and such an explosive secret could not remain secret for very long.

Now, we don't think it so far-fetched. Security here remains formidable. The most effective measure: Former workers in sensitive positions can be required to take lie detector tests for years after their employment. It would also be easier to keep such a fantastic secret than something more earthly, like the illicit affairs of the President. Something unbelievable can almost be hidden in plain sight without anyone noticing, since people have nothing to relate it to. It is our conviction that if the government is trucking with aliens, then the truth has already been printed in "The Weekly World News" but no one noticed. For a fantastic secret, security does not have to be perfect, because even if bits of it leak out they will not be taken seriously, and they will quickly be buried in our cultural noise.

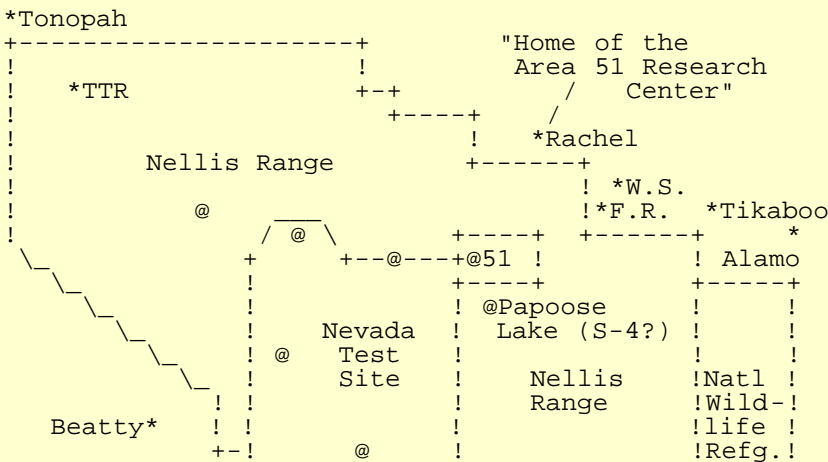
Why Here?

This we believe without reservation: If the government has ever possessed alien spacecraft, whole or in pieces, it would have at some point brought the hardware here to the Nevada Test Site, Area 51 or the surrounding Nellis Air Force Range. This vast restricted area, known collectively as the "Test Site" to locals, has certain unique advantages unmatched anywhere else in the country...

- A vast government-controlled reservation, larger than Connecticut and Rhode Island combined, with many isolated valleys and canyons in which to hide and operate anything you want. The expanse of empty land would also provide a safety buffer when you are playing with something unknown and are not sure if it is going to blow up.
- Intense pre-existing secrecy and physical security for nuclear testing, aircraft development and military exercises.
- Access to an exceptional labor pool. In the years of post-war atomic testing, the country's greatest minds were focused on the Nevada Test Site. Most of them held top-secret clearances and could easily be diverted to programs other than atomic development.

If you believe in Roswell or any other saucer crash scenario, then you have to believe that the Test Site played a role afterwards.

Perhaps it is time the Desert Rat got graphical at last....



Approaching The Claims

Here at our Research Center, we approach the aliens-at-the-Test-Site stories as "folklore." We are not saying they are fiction. We only mean that our approach is different from, say, an investigative journalist who wants to know right away whether a specific claim is true or false. When a fantastic claim reaches us, we do not expend as much effort verifying it as we do in simply understanding the story itself. Rather than assuming a story is false until proven true, we proceed as though it were true, collecting information about it until we reach an insurmountable roadblock or inconsistency.

As long as a story remains interesting in itself, like a well-constructed novel, we are willing to set aside the issue of truth and go along for the ride. Truth, we figure, will resolve itself, and a well-crafted story can usually teach us something even if it turns out to be fiction. Still, there are a lot of fantastic claims floating around, more than we can possibly pursue, so how do we choose which one to look into? We have several criteria....

- <http://aliensonearth.com/area51/desertrat/1995/dr22/> [12/09/2012 15:18:35]

Can we identify with him personally? All of these questions boil down to the affinity we feel for that person. If we dislike someone, then we feel unmotivated to pursue his story no matter how compelling it may seem in itself.

3. The story must be connected to our areas of expertise. We cannot investigate Roswell or Gulf Breeze; we are not there and do not have the necessary background information to know the good stories from the bad. Only here, close to home, do we know the local language well enough to process the story and make conclusions from it.
4. The storyteller must be accessible to us directly, if not in person then through unedited transcripts and correspondence. We do not trust what we see on television, videos or most magazine articles. We can't work with sound bites; we need access to the whole testimony, from as close to the firsthand source as possible.

A number of stories have come to us which fulfill these criteria. Of course, Bob Lazar is the catalyst who created this frenzy, but there are other witnesses who seem to confirm at least parts of Lazar's claims. These stories remain unverified and don't prove anything, but they do seem to fit together into a coherent whole. At least they flesh out the plot of the prominent "folklore" at the Test Site: the housing of alien craft.

For readers who are new to this field, Bob Lazar is the Las Vegas who appeared on a local TV station in 1989 to claim that he had worked with alien spacecraft at Papoose Lake, just south of Area 51. His story was coherent and well-crafted, with an internal consistency that is rare in fiction. Unfortunately, problems in verifying his background have shot down Lazar's credibility in the eyes of most. (His claim of having attended MIT and Cal-Tech seems dubious.) Still, the story is superior in itself, and we have not let go of it. Lazar has picked the perfect location for his saucer base, real or imagined. We know two former workers at Groom who confirm that Papoose Lake was off-limits and that there was indeed some sort of highly secret project going on there.

[See Campbell's Feb. 1994 *MUFON UFO Journal* article: ["Lazar as a Fictional Character."](#)]

Summary Of The Plot

We shall discuss some of our non-Lazar sources in future Rats. Taken as a whole, here is the scenario they support. We don't have proof for any of this, but it would at least make a good script for "X-Files."

1. Alien spacecraft indeed crashed in the southwestern U.S. in the late 1940s and 1950s. There were multiple crashes.
2. Along with craft and bodies, there was at least one live alien recovered. That recovery took place in 1953.
3. The captured craft were taken to the most secure and isolated location the government had at the time: the Nevada Test Site. At some point, the live alien or aliens ended up here, too.
4. The intellectual center of alien research was the nation's premiere brain trust: Los Alamos National Laboratories in New Mexico.
5. In the 1950s, a government program was set up to deal with all the UFO and alien information the government was collecting. It was modeled after the Manhattan Project. This program was given wide autonomy and was separated from every other government agency. All the UFO information held by other agencies, including the military, was turned over to it. Most officials in public government today are unaware of the alien program. For forty years, the project was successfully hidden behind the cloak of Cold War security, as a secret world within a secret world.
6. Eventually, communication was established with the aliens. Over the years, aliens and the government agency have engaged in varying levels of cooperation and trade. Relations have frequently been strained, however, mainly as a result of the humans not living up to whatever agreement they made.
7. As part of the trade, the aliens have given the government agency some of their less sophisticated spacecraft. It is not clear what the aliens get in return, but they do have a need for certain minerals.

8. The government agency has long been engaged in a program to reproduce the alien craft. Sources conflict as to whether the program has actually been successful.
9. Flying saucers have been regularly flown from the "Test Site," but it is unclear whether the craft are "ours" or "theirs." It is also not clear whether any saucers are housed there now.
10. The aliens known to the government agency are classic Grays, but there may be more than one sub-species of Gray, each with different agendas.
11. There is no reason to suppose that the aliens known to the government agency are in any way threatening to us. They are described as distant and businesslike. There is no indication that they are manipulating our society, media or government, but they do exert their influence on the secret agency, cooperating with it only as it suits them.
12. The secret agency is currently suffering from a critical shortage of skilled labor, as people retire who were with the program from the early days. Younger candidates seem unwilling to tolerate the rigorous security regulations, which require that workers surrender much of their personal privacy and civil rights.

...So that's all it is. Just your run-of-the-mill secret saucer program, nothing to get excited about. Again, we emphasize that we are not out to verify anything. The important thing about this story, at least as a mind game, is that it doesn't present any major inconsistencies with what we know is true. As long as one can tolerate the premise that aliens might visit earth and have something to trade, the rest seems plausible. The idea that the government could keep such a secret for fifty years becomes easier to swallow if you suppose that the research program that held all UFO information was segregated from the rest of the government from the beginning.

So what do we intend to do with this folklore? Nothing really. We'll proceed "as if" the story is true and look for new information that will tell us more about it. If the story is true, isn't it the biggest news event in the history of mankind? Don't the people have a right to know? Yeah, yeah, we've been through all that in [DR#20](#). We believe that if the story is true, it will come out only when it "wants" to come out, when society has reached a level of maturity where it can take such an event in stride. It doesn't help to get outraged and try to force the disclosure. It will happen when it happens, and given the labor crunch and fall of the Soviets, it might be soon.

More in the next Rat.

Knapp Speaks In Las Vegas

On Feb. 1, George Knapp gave a UFO lecture Feb. 1 at the Charleston Community School in Las Vegas. (Knapp is the former TV newsman who first reported the Bob Lazar story on a Las Vegas TV station in 1989.) There were about 50 people at this free 2-hour talk. It was not recorded, but following are some minutes, as recalled by Campbell....

In the first hour, George discussed his findings from his trip to Russia about a year and a half ago. He and Brian Gresh arrived there just as Yeltsin was beginning his showdown with parliament. Knapp describes this as a one-time "window" in which Russian UFO files could be obtained. Knapp thinks that the window has since closed due to the country's new ultranationalist leanings. [Note: An article on Knapp's visit appears in MUFON Journal, Oct. 93] Overall, this information seems to pretty much parallel the UFO story in the U.S.--and is no less murky and inconclusive.

Some remembered highlights...

- Knapp purchased all of the UFO files of the country's most prominent UFO researcher, who had collected these reports officially for the government for many years. Knapp says this official probably had access to more UFO reports than anyone else in the U.S.S.R., but Knapp also noted that reports this researcher received were first

cleared by KGB agents, so it is possible that some cases were filtered out and handled differently (perhaps like Bluebook supposedly handled only the tamer UFO reports in the U.S.--Ed.). These files purchased by Knapp were all unclassified.

- Knapp also obtained some classified reports, including....
 - Reports on the alleged Roswell crash from Soviet agents in New Mexico at the time. The reliability of the sources is unclear.
 - Reports on UFOs seen by cosmonauts, and extensive reports of encounters with UFOs by military jets. Several jets crashed as a result. During one UFO incident in 1983, the launch codes were entered into the computers at an ICBM missile site, much like the incidents reports at bases along the US-Canadian border in 1978.
 - Reports on official scientific analyses of crash sites and crop circles. At landing sites, all single-celled micro-organisms in the soil were found to be "missing"--not just dead, but missing altogether. Plants were found to suffer measurable physical changes. At one site, tiny (almost microscopic) glass-like beads were found. Knapp brought some back to the U.S. and has been trying to have them analyzed. Results have been inconclusive so far.
- One scientist in the Ministry of Defense demonstrated for Knapp (and his TV camera) a device he called "the weapon of the aliens," the "plasma beam." On the tape that Knapp showed at his talk, the scientist sets a razor blade on a device the size of a shoebox and that supposedly has no power supply. There is a "pop" and suddenly there is a hole in the razor blade. (What the box contains and what caused the hole is unexplained. It is probably within human technology to do this if the box contained a charged battery or capacitor.)
- Remote viewing (ESP) research has been officially sponsored by the government, and the subject came up numerous times on Knapp's visit. Knapp helped connect a Russian official in this field with a U.S. one, and he said they are now cooperating on some kind of joint venture. The Russians seem to be ahead of the U.S. in this area. Knapp's says he saw part of a training film on remote viewing, but didn't understand it due to the language problem.
- Knapp said he heard nothing about cattle mutilations while in Russia, but did hear of abductions and crop circles. Knapp says he had heard about alleged alien hardware in Russian possession-- pieces of saucer wreckage, etc.--but never saw any.
- UFO studies continue in Russia today.

The remainder of Knapp's talk was a question and answer period, including....

- A questioner recalled Bob Lazar's claim that (according to briefing papers) the Russians had been engaged in a joint saucer research program with the Americans, but the Russians got kicked out. The questioner asked if Knapp had any new info on this from his Russian trip. Knapp said he didn't.
- Knapp said he continues to believe Lazar, but acknowledges that most people do not.
- A questioner recalled that in Knapp's TV broadcasts on Lazar, Knapp said he had other witnesses that essentially confirmed Lazar's story but that wouldn't go on camera. Could Knapp give any more info on these sources?

Knapp said that his primary witness in this regard was "a member of a prominent Nevada family" (NOT the Lear family) who had retired from a management position for a major contractor at the Nevada Test Site. (Note: Our first guesses would be EG&G or REEC Co.--Ed.) Over many months, Knapp dragged only a few bits of information out of this source. The source confirmed that the U.S. had housed downed alien flying saucers at the Nevada Test Site since 1953--a couple of years before the founding of Area 51. The source also said the U.S. had held a single live alien at the Test Site. When asked for a description, the source would say only that the

alien bore a physical resemblance to a prominent human political figure.

Knapp was forced to guess. Richard Nixon? Spiro Agnew?

No, Ross Perot!

From Knapp's description, the source seemed to be indicating that the "Ross Perot" alien had been held against its will. Knapp was told that the source had videotaped a deposition concerning the cover-up to be released upon his death, and a family member had confirmed this.

- George says he has communicated with a senior congressional aid with clearance to handle nearly all black projects that pass through Congress. This aide believes the government UFO program is real, but doesn't have proof. The aide wants heads to roll when the truth is known. (Which is not the best inducement to bring the information forward. --Ed.)
- Knapp agreed that the more he gets involved in UFO research, the more confused he is about what is really going on.
- Knapp says that he is no longer working for Alta Mira Communications, which produced his latest video series, but he does do commentary pieces for KLAS-TV in Las Vegas on a part-time basis.
- Knapp says that sales of his new UFO video tape series have been disappointing and will not come close to recouping the enormous costs of the project. [For info on purchasing the tapes, write to UFOs: The Best Evidence, P.O. Box 2249, Livonia, MI 45151, 800-575-5525. --ed.] Knapp says he is working on a book compiling some of the Russian material.

[Editor's note: Although the captured alien did not look like Richard Nixon, Nixon's name has come up in another regard. Perhaps in a future Rat...]

Nellis "UFO" On Hard Copy

On 2/17, Hard Copy broadcast some video clips of a hovering "UFO" over the Nellis Range taken by tracking cameras attached to ground-based targeting radars used in Red Flag exercises. The object seen in the clip was as ambiguous as most UFO photos and videos: a black, blimp-like object moving smoothly across the sky. Clips from more than one camera were shown. The object seemed to have some structure to it, but the definition was poor and it was difficult to conclude anything from the clips. Interviewed on the segment was a source in shadow, referred to as "Steve," who had supposedly worked with F-117A's on the Nellis Range. Steve said that the tapes confirmed what he had already known about UFOs. It was not clear whether he was the source who had provided the tapes.

What distinguished these videos from the endless parade of blurry home videos shown on tabloid TV was the display, superimposed on the picture, giving direction, time, distance and radar return of the object, as well as voices, apparently of the crew operating the radar. We were particularly intrigued with a scene that included two radar domes on a mountaintop. These should be easily identifiable. A correspondent of ours who is familiar with the west side of the range thinks they may be on Tolicha Peak, Quartz Mountain or Black Mountain.

Following the broadcast, we contacted the analyst interviewed on the segment, Chuck de Caro, a defense journalist who had produced a CNN program on the Bentwaters UFO incident. He said Hard Copy had hired him as a consultant to check the validity of the tape and source who delivered it.

He said the source seemed legitimate--a former AF employee motivated more by cash than idealism. The source had not actually seen the UFO himself. The tapes delivered to Hard Copy (on VHS) were re-recorded and were probably a couple of generations down. They came from tapes that are taken routinely during air combat exercises. The video cameras are attached to the threat radars ("enemy" radar sites that our pilots seek to destroy or evade) to provide

feedback on pilot and radar effectiveness. The camera always points where the radar is pointing. De Caro thinks the incident took place several years ago, perhaps around 1990 or 1991.

De Caro suggested that the tapes got into circulation because the radar crews failed to report the incident. The tapes were treated as "outtakes", as most are, and were recopied and passed around quietly among the workers. The tapes sold to Hard Copy included several segments taken at different sites. Each segment was about a minute long--clearly not the whole thing--so de Caro did not have the benefit of seeing the objects appear or disappear.

De Caro suggested that the cameras were infrared. (Confirmed by the time shown on the screen, which was night, although the picture appeared like day.) He noted that since an infrared photo records different phenomena than visible-light photography, the apparent flaring of the object when seen from below could be the outflow of heat sources on the craft.

De Caro said there could be many different earthly explanation for the object, but he still regards them as interesting: At least they might reveal some new kind of aircraft. We remain skeptical of the object ourselves but are interested in what it tells us about range operations.

Another Source Comes Forward

We just received this message by email from an anonymous source. For accuracy, we reprint it without editing:

the big wow!!! happened the signal was received & area 51 & groom & s4, the pentagon's covering it up!! & semi-recently at a crop circle formation they found a pure gold object with an ancient version of writing on it. when translated it says the gods are coming back. experts said it couldn't have been made by our species cause it's too perfect. you'll be interested to know there is a gentleman at ucsd in san diego that's been able to translate those crop circle formations into music. the whole j.f.k thing's a cover-up i'll tell you who really killed kennedy it was area 51 & groom lake & s4 and a whole number of other parties due to the fact he was gonna tell the world of what's really going on in area 51 & groom & s4 & kennedy also told marilyn monroe & that's why she wound up dead. the reason the 18 minutes of the watergate tapes dissappeared is cause they were discussing area 51 & groom & s4 & all their other black programs. re: the pyramids in egypt & everywhere except vegas's luxor were built with the help of the aliens think about it we didn't have the technology back then to build them. it wasn't til present day that we evolved enough to build luxor. more later

[There it is in a nutshell--and Nixon, too! --Ed.]

Accused Trespassers Found Guilty

[Press release issued by the Area 51 Research Center, 2/15/95]

Two Utah residents, accused of crossing the military border near the popular Freedom Ridge viewpoint in Lincoln County, were found guilty of trespassing Feb. 15 in Pahrangat Valley Justice Court. Ryan Chivers and Jason Winget of Salt Lake City had been arrested on Dec. 1 by a Lincoln County Sheriff's Deputy on Groom Lake Road several yards inside the Nellis Range military border, about 12 miles east of the secret Groom Lake military base. [[DR#20](#)]

The defendants, representing themselves, argued in court that the place where the deputy arrested them was not where anonymous Nellis Range security officers first detained them. The defendants said they believe they did not cross the border until Nellis security officers marched them there.

The prosecution, represented by Asst. District Attorney Scott Waite, presented no evidence or witnesses to

pinpoint the location where the two were detained or to show that it was on military land. None of the anonymous security guards who originally captured the two appeared in court. Only the arresting officer, Sgt. Douglas Lamoreaux, appeared as a witness for the prosecution. Sgt. Lamoreaux arrived at the scene of the arrest only after the two were detained by security forces and brought to the road.

The anonymous security guards wear camouflage fatigues without insignia. Although they have no apparent authority on public land, they have been known to detain citizens there. Most recently, on Jan. 2, a Yucaipa, CA, resident, Bruce Hedquist, says he was detained on public land for 20 minutes by security personnel. The security patrols threatened to arrest Hedquist for turning his car around just inside the Keep Out signs, but he says he was on public land when detained.

In trial testimony, Chivers and Winget admitted approaching a tripod on a hill near the border, but testimony at the trial established that there were several in the area and that they are frequently moved. The defendants acknowledged that they did not know exactly where they were at the time they were detained by the security guards, but since they remained well behind the keep out signs, they felt it was on public land.

Chivers and Winget said that they had intended to hike to Freedom Ridge, a popular viewpoint on public land beside the border, and had no intention of crossing the border. This was not refuted by the prosecution. Winget also acknowledged, upon cross-examination by Waite, that they were both fully aware that crossing the border could be punishable by "use of deadly force," and that they therefore had no intention of doing so.

Both the arresting officer and the defendants acknowledged that the night was dark and that it was virtually impossible to see the narrow orange posts that mark the border. Testimony at the trial acknowledged that the actual border ran diagonal to the road and not directly perpendicular to the signs, but no evidence was presented to indicate its exact location. Deputy Lamoreaux said that he thought the border ran, "to the southwest," which is incorrect, since the border is shown running north-to-south on USGS maps.

Prosecutor Waite argued that since the defendants could not prove that they were outside the military border, the court should convict them. Justice Nola Holton agreed, and said that the fact that they were hiking at night near the border was sufficient indication that they had indeed crossed the line.

The verdict appears to be contrary to Nevada statute, which states that a defendant is innocent until proven guilty. In this case, the Assistant D.A. presented no direct evidence that the two had crossed the border on their own and argued that they were guilty because they couldn't prove that they hadn't.

The two were fined \$600 each. They say they have not yet decided whether they will appeal.

Analysis

Psychospy was a fly on the wall during the trial. We thought the defense team, headed by Mr. Chivers, did an excellent job of defining the primary issue: that they were moved by the security Dudes from an ambiguous location, and the prosecution had presented no witnesses or evidence to show beyond a reasonable doubt that they had crossed the line on their own.

Our jaw dropped when we heard Asst. D.A. Waite tell the judge that the two were guilty because they could not prove that they were on public land. The newly hired assistant doesn't grasp the single most fundamental concept of law: That the burden is on the prosecution to prove guilt and not on the defendant to prove innocence. We are disappointed. Unlike Judge Holton, this guy is supposed to have gone to law school and passed the bar. It is like someone having been ordained as a Christian minister without ever learning the Ten Commandments. Of course, Judge Holton missed the boat, too--inferring guilt without evidence--but that was expected.

Following the trial, nine members of the Sheriff's Dept., D.A.'s office and Justice Court gathered at Del Pueblo Cafe in Alamo for a celebratory luncheon. Our work in the November election has helped us build an elaborate intelligence network within the county, and multiple spies were there at Del Pueblo taking notes. The diners were, as usual, loud and indiscreet, and our sources were amazed at the bile heaped upon Glenn Campbell, who happened to be present at the trial and who was perceived as being behind it all. Someone said the deputies should take Judge Holton out for another tour of the border area. This supports our conviction that the Court here is only an extension of the Sheriff's Dept., expected to take direction from them and rubber stamp their arrests. The consensus of the diners was that the verdict in the trespasser case would probably be appealed but that the guilt of the two would be upheld.

We can see now that we have a long road to travel.

Campbell Trial March 3rd

Glenn Campbell's oft-delayed trial on obstruction charges is now scheduled for Friday, March. 3rd, at 10:00 am in the Annex Building, Alamo, Nevada (90 miles north of Las Vegas). Everyone is invited.

Previous trials have been postponed three times: (1) When the D.A. failed to deliver discovery materials in a reasonable time, (2) when the D.A. excused himself without explanation and hired a special prosecutor, and (3) when the judge excused herself without explanation and brought in another judge. [\[DR#21\]](#) It is unknown at present what the cost has been to the county so far in the Campbell case. We guess \$5000 at least, not including the bad press. It ain't like the millions spent on O.J., but it is a lot for Lincoln County given that the D.A. once suggested a \$50 fine to Campbell if he pleaded "no contest."

Campbell says he is ready for the March 3rd trial and that no delay will come from him.

Series Of Hikes Planned

The Friday date makes it convenient for visitors to include the trial in a weekend visit to the area. The local weather is now becoming very pleasant, in the 60s during the day, although still below freezing at night. (Fine for camping, but you'll need two sleeping bags.)

To complement the trial, we will be organizing a public hiking expedition on Saturday, March 4th. The destination has not been decided upon, and perhaps we will choose it only after we poll the people who actually show up. Possibilities include White Sides Mountain, Tikaboo Peak or Leviathan Cave (an extensive cavern near the top of Meeker Peak north of Rachel). The hike will proceed regardless of whether the trial does.

Now that the weather is improving, the Research Center is planning to sponsor a free hike every month or two, each to a different mountain surrounding the Test Site. These full-day hikes will range from moderate to strenuous, and participants will need to be in good shape and properly attired. Each hike will give us a different view of the Nellis Range or Nevada Test Site from on high. Good candidates might be Tikaboo Peak (alternate view of Groom, [DR#1](#)), Mt. Sterling (distant view of Papoose Lake, [DR#20](#)), Hayford Peak, Kawich Peak, Stonewall Mountain and others surrounding the Restricted Zone. All hikes will be on public or Forest Service land, and everyone in the world will be invited. However, because most expeditions will be challenging, we expect only a fairly small group of hard-core hikers and Test Site zealots to attend.

March 4th will be the first of these hikes. It will probably begin early, around 10 am, or just enough time for people to drive to the trailhead from Las Vegas in the morning. There will be no further announcements for the March 4th hike, except as posted on [alt.conspiracy.area51](#), so if you are interested you must get in touch with us for the destination, starting time, meeting place and other particulars. Call 702-729-2648. It would also be wise to call on Friday evening, March 3rd, to confirm (or see us at the trial).

Future hikes will be announced in future Rats.

Intel Bitties

MS FLIGHT SIMULATOR SCENERY FILE. For many months, freema22@student.msu.edu has been developing and fine-tuning a scenery file for Microsoft Flight simulator (4.0) featuring Groom Lake and vicinity. It may offer civilians their first opportunity to "fly" in and out of Area 51. He says the file is now available by FTP from ftp.iup.edu. It is also available on America On-Line, under keyword "PCGAMES," in the "Flight Sim Resource Center" in the "MSFS 4.0" directory.

CORRECTION. We have wrongfully maligned the Cammo Dudes once again. In [DR#20](#), we reported that, according to a report by a visitor, the Dudes had taken down the yellow ribbons marking the hiking trail to Freedom Ridge. The visitor was mistaken. The ribbons were still there, but he was looking in the wrong place.

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The Groom Lake Desert Rat

"The Naked Truth from Open Sources."

Area 51/Nellis Range/TTR/NTS/S-4?/Weird Stuff/Desert Lore

An on-line newsletter.

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Direct from the "UFO Capital," Rachel, Nevada.

Issue #23. March 17, 1995

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Tales Of The Test Site, Part 2

The Story Of "Alfred"

In this and future issues of the Desert Rat, we may withhold the names of former workers at the "Test Site" and refer to them instead by clever pseudonyms. We were thinking of using the names of birds--"Falcon," "Condor," "Hawk," etc.--but that's been done already. Perhaps we could name our sources after fish--"Shark," "Barracuda," "Flounder"--or maybe flowers or baked goods. In the end, we have decided to forget about such themes and let each person choose his own pseudonym or follow the one that has already been used in the press.

You may think we are hiding the identities of these former workers to protect them from retribution by the government. There is some concern in this regard but not much. Most of our sources are either retired or possess only secondhand evidence that isn't much of a threat in itself. None of these sources can supply any "proof" of a government UFO cover-up; they can only contribute pieces to the hypothetical model we are constructing of how a cover-up might work if there was one. Threatening or otherwise suppressing these witnesses would probably be more trouble to the government than it is worth and could backfire if the press found out.

The main reason we are withholding the names of these witnesses is to protect them from ufologists. Credulous UFO believers and the charlatans and tabloid TV shows that pander to them have done more to discredit the UFO field and discourage witnesses than any government threats or disinformation. Once a UFO witness's name becomes widely publicized, the bloodsucking believers descend. Nominally, they come to seek information and "ask questions" of the witness, but most believers are not prepared to listen to the answers. Some show up unannounced on the witness's doorstep, while an unlisted phone number is no barrier to their late-night phone calls. The believers lecture the witness and try to get him to confirm their own view of UFOs. A witness with a really good story can become tabloid fodder overnight. If he refuses to talk to the tabloid shows, they can track him down anyway--like *Encounters* did with mystery source "Guardian" in its premier. "What is he trying to hide?" the correspondent asks, as the witness runs from the camera.

(Here at the Research Center, our phone number is listed, and we get our share of strange late-night calls. Still, we don't have the same problem as the witnesses because we claim no UFO experiences, while our carefully cultivated reputation as a government agent keeps most of the wackos away.)

The media circus that defines ufology today is a shallow melodrama that can deal only in stereotypes and cartoon conspiracies. It cannot handle the subtleties of a really good witness, who is either eaten alive, like Bob Lazar was, or appears on the screen only in shadow and is quickly forgotten. Tabloid TV shows stomp through the witness's story like a ballerina in army boots. That's not to blame the people who make such shows, many of whom are our friends, but it is the nature of television that it can only convey pictures and sound bites. The subtle connections of a complex story are always lost in translation to the tube, and without rigorous adherence to journalistic ethics, good witnesses become indistinguishable from blatant frauds.

"Alfred" In The Shadows

The most credible witnesses don't claim to know the whole story, only a limited piece of it, so they can't compete on TV with the photogenic UFO "experts" like Sean Morton who can offer sweeping conclusions on just about everything. One such limited source, voice and face disguised, was shown on the July 1994 segment of *Encounters* on Area 51 [[DR#10](#)]. Labeled on the screen as "Alfred," he was allocated only two brief sound bites:

On alien craft...

Alfred: "They were saucer shaped, kind of rounded on the bottom. They were pretty prevalent at the Test Site during those years."

On alien bodies...

Narrator: "A physicist who worked at Area 51 allegedly told his former assistant an even more bizarre story."

Alfred: "He said there had been an alien--or he didn't call it an alien, but he said a small bodied creature is the term he used--that had survived the Roswell crash. And I said where is he, what happened to him? He said, well, as far as he knew back then, they took him out to Area 51."

The evil UFO skeptic Phil Klass, who receives this newsletter in exchange for his, would quickly point out that at the time of the alleged Roswell crash, 1947, there was no Area 51. The Nevada Test Site was founded only in 1951, while the Groom Lake Base was established in the mid 1950s as a testing ground for the U-2 spy plane. Klass would thus dismiss Alfred's anonymous testimony as fantasy or fraud, and we wouldn't blame him.

In the shadows, Alfred was forgettable and easily upstaged by the flamboyant "Agent X" and ubiquitous Glenn Campbell. However, we know more about Alfred than the show even hinted at. We consider him the only part of the *Encounters* broadcast that wasn't glossy packaging. He first contacted us after reading our earliest Rats on Compuserve, and we and a colleague interviewed him at length. We mentioned him to George Knapp who then filmed an interview with him for his latest *Best Evidence* series. *Encounters* got the clips from Knapp. Alfred's sound bites, as shown, are indeed meaningless. Learning the story behind Alfred's statements makes them much more interesting.

Alfred At The Test Site

The following is based on Alfred's recollections after three decades. Alfred himself has reviewed this edition of the Rat and finds the account to be accurate.

Alfred came to work at the Atomic Test Site in 1961 and left about 1964. He was a technical photographer for the atomic bomb tests-- or "shots" as they were known. Although he was only in his early 20s at the time, he obtained a "High Q" clearance, and his photography work gave him fairly wide access to the Test Site. However, many areas, like

Groom Lake, were still off limits to him except under special circumstances.

Alfred was assigned to Otto Krause, one of the brilliant German scientists that came to the U.S. after the Second World War. Needless to say, Krause is now deceased and can't be interviewed. Krause worked for Lawrence Livermore Laboratories and was Project Physicist for some of the blasts at the Test Site. Much of both Alfred's job and Krause's involved sitting around and waiting for the shots. Many long nights were spent playing cards, and a range of topics, both shallow and profound, were discussed across the table.

Alfred had grown up in Farmington, in northwestern New Mexico, which was a UFO hotbed in the late 1940s. Around 1949, when he was 8 or 9, Alfred had a daylight sighting from his school yard of a formation of flying disks. Many others in Farmington also saw the disks, and Alfred remembers Air Force officers coming to his house to ask him and his father about what they had seen. Also about this time, there were reports of a UFO crash at nearby Aztec, New Mexico. The *Farmington Daily News* reported the event in one of its issues. There had been a pinhole leak in the craft, the story said, and three small bodies had been recovered, three-to-four feet in stature, charred to a crisp. The craft itself was reported in good condition. The next day, the *News* recanted its report and called the crash a hoax.

Some dozen years later, probably in the summer of 1962, Alfred and two others were playing Hearts with Krause at the Project Physicist's trailer in Area 9. The following is from an interview with Alfred by our colleague...

Alfred: So we got to talking one night at a card game and I was telling Otto about growing up in Farmington and seeing those UFOs when I was a kid and about the one that crashed at Aztec and was in the paper, and he laughed and said 'Yeah,' that he was at White Sands at that time. He had been assigned down there and he was telling us about the one that crashed at Roswell. Now this was in the early 60s that he was telling me this.

Alfred says this was the first time he had heard of Roswell, and he did not hear of it again until Stanton Friedman resurrected the topic in the 1970s.

But anyway, Otto said that one had crashed in Roswell and one had crashed at Aztec. He said they were both brought to White Sands and put in a hangar there. The aliens he never saw. He talked to people that had seen the bodies and evidently one supposedly lived, and they took him out to Area 51. But Otto never saw the alien, at least at the time I was working for him.

Interviewer: But he said they took the guy out to Area 51?

Alfred: Well he said they eventually brought him out to the Test Site, I mean we all knew where... I don't recall he said exactly Area 51, that's the only area they would have brought him, being the military, because the military controls Area 51.

Alfred's *Encounters* sound bite about Area 51 now makes more sense. Krause said only that the aliens were eventually brought to the Test Site; Area 51 was Alfred's assumption. Since Area 51 was a place you didn't talk about, Alfred couldn't have known its history at the time. Krause also didn't say when the alien had been brought to the Test Site; it could have been after 1951.

Otto said it took them a long time to get into the thing and figure out how it worked. That was what was the classified part of the UFO, the mechanism that powered it. That was more classified than the atomic bomb. But the UFO itself was never classified. And I guess that's what Project Bluebook and all that stuff was about, to make a big hoax out of it all so people would be embarrassed to report that stuff or feel like they were nuts if they did.

The propulsion or navigation of the craft was based on magnetic principals, which Krause tried to explain to Alfred in highly simplified terms, apparently because of its highly secret nature. The vessels that crashed were only capable of traveling within the atmosphere, because their operation depended in some way on the earth's magnetic field. Alfred recalls Krause using the word "plasma" in connection with the operation of the craft, but Alfred doesn't recall the exact reference. According to Krause, the human understanding of these alien craft was sufficient that government had, by

1962, been able to reproduce them. The human- built versions were big enough to carry an atomic weapon.

But Otto was laughing. What they had done they had made a flying nuclear warhead out of the UFO technology. The only problem was they couldn't go to outer space with it, because evidently these devices went to and from a mother ship around a planet and therefore had no interplanetary travel capability. They run off of a magnetic energy, the way he explained it, and I asked, "How do they go east and west then?" He said, "Well, you know what happens when you take a magnet and reverse it? It flips sideways." Well, that's how they can control where they go.

What Otto said then made a great impression on Alfred at the time....

Otto laughed and he said, 'You know all these rockets that are in these silos (back in the early 60s), you wait. In a few years, they won't be there.' And we said 'why is that?' And he said, 'Because, we won't need the technology. All we're doing is the public thinks we need the technology for defense, but we only want the technology to go to outer space. As soon as we develop the rocket technology we'll pull them out of [the silos].' Sure enough, the biggest majority of those [have been pulled out]... they still have some, the ICBMs, I guess, but for what reason, I still never understood that. I mean when you have the UFO, why do you need rockets? But maybe they can't always rely on UFOs. There's some problems with them. Some atmospheric type things affect it, there's some magnetic things that affect it in certain parts of the world, stuff like that.

In other words, as Alfred explained it to us (on the phone just now), the whole notion of using rockets for defense was, according to Krause, a sham. We didn't need rockets for defense, because we had human-built flying saucers, capable of fantastic moves, to carry nuclear warheads to any target on earth. However, since the saucers could not leave the earth's atmosphere, we still needed rockets to get into space. Making the public think we needed rockets for defense assured that Congress would continue to fund rocket research.

And if any of our readers are having any trouble with this, we suggest they repeat to themselves, "It's only a model. Myth. Folklore. It's only a model."

West Texas Sightings

While working at the Test Site, around 1963, Alfred said he read articles in the newspapers about UFO sightings and unusual events in West Texas. Alfred's in-laws, who lived near Lubbock, Texas, had sent him an article from a local paper (perhaps the "Avalanche Journal"), and there was also mention of the sightings in the Las Vegas papers.

At another late-night card game with Krause, this time at the test control center "CP-1," Alfred asked him about the West Texas sightings. Krause spoke as though he had some inside information. The events he said, were caused by the testing of a three-person craft.

Alfred: Now they did build [a manned craft] when I was working at the Test Site, because it was a big joke we were all laughing about one night playing cards. Evidently they built one that three guys rode in. They took it down to West Texas because of the magnetic lines being true and accurate over in that West Texas area, and it being so flat. They tested it over there one night, or a couple nights or whatever, and the problem was it couldn't maneuver nearly as well as the other one and the magnetic energy it generated was so great that anything it came close to was temporarily magnetized. All the newspaper reports said that people saw it, their cars stalled, their lights went dim, it knocked out the power of two little towns, and I think they must have abandoned that idea shortly after that, because nothing else was ever said or heard about it. I do know that the one that everybody saw in West Texas was the manned one that couldn't maneuver like the little one could.

Interviewer: Would that have been in the mid 60s or late 60s?

Alfred: It would have been 62 or 63, probably 63, that it was seen over West Texas. I forget the towns...

seems like it was like, oh, southwest of Levelland, in that area. I recognized at the time some of the towns, but I've forgotten now what towns it was they saw it. Even the Sheriff of one town reported seeing it.

Alfred's Own Sightings

Alfred had no trouble believing the stories told by Krause, because he himself had seen flying saucers operating around the Test Site. While on a mesa at the north end of the Atomic Test Site, he could look down and see them flying above the Groom lake bed. Other times, he saw them operating over Yucca Flat, the main nuclear testing area.

Interviewer: Did you ever see more than one at a time?

Alfred: Yes, two or three. I think I saw four one time, maneuvering over Groom Lake. Everytime I ever saw them, there was at least two or three.

Interviewer: Did they have a shape to them or were you too far away to see any shape?

Alfred: No, they had a shape. It was kind of like what you see in the pictures people have taken.

Interviewer: Like a flat saucer? Or a really tall type saucer?

Alfred: No, not real tall. Like a bubble, a little dome thing in the center on the top, it sloped up and made this little dome and then sloped back down. And the bottom kind of came... let's see, what angle would that have been... it would have been about a 65 degree slope....

Interviewer: Coming up from the bottom?

Alfred: Well, 65 if you... let's see... more up towards the bottom of it, so it was about a 65 degree slope for a little ways, then it kind of curved down a little and made kind of an arc type thing at the very bottom of it. At least that's the way it looked in the distance the different times I saw them. I never saw one super, super close. I've seen them in Yucca Flats at night a couple of times, when I was driving back into Mercury....

Interviewer: When you saw these things out there, did you get a good look at them in the air? Or were they just lights at night?

Alfred: Mostly at night. One time I saw some in the afternoon when it was still daylight.

Interviewer: Maneuvering in the air, or on the ground?

Alfred: Above the ground, just out above the lake bed. I mean, they would maneuver in the air, too. You'd see them every once in a while in the air. It was incredible what they could do. They could be out of sight going straight up in about three or four seconds. I mean totally out of sight, where with binoculars you couldn't see them. It was amazing the thrust that thing had.

(Binoculars are normally banned at the Test Site, but Alfred says that the photographers were allowed to carry them.)

Interviewer: Did you ever hear a sonic boom when they were moving around real fast? Any noise off in the distance?

Alfred: Yeah, to a degree. I don't think they ever really ran them in a straight line, like that fast out there. Now I've seen them go out of sight going up. I don't know how fast that was, but it had to be awful damn fast. A lot faster than anything I'd ever seen move. You had to be really quick to keep them in the binoculars.

And then again, I never understood the purpose of that, what they were doing, going up and down. Maybe

those were something else? Who knows? I just don't know. I was a naive, young kid at that time. A lot of things I saw out there overwhelmed me at first, then you get used to it and it's like 'Big deal.'...

Alfred describes the glow of the craft at night as "like a fluorescent light but maybe a touch more green than that."

Alfred: A little green added to it, maybe. Just a touch. There again, colors and things fool you in the desert. Especially in the summer. I don't know that we ever sat up there and watched them or observed them in the winter time.

Interviewer: These were all one color? They didn't have like a color on the top and a color on the bottom?

Alfred: Oh, no... no. I mean, they weren't multiple colors, if that's what you're asking. I mean the ones I saw in the daytime looked kind of like the skin of an airplane.

Interviewer: Kind of a lustrous sheen?

Alfred: Yeah, like a jet, a military jet, an aluminum color. Now I don't know whether they had some lights that shined on that at night and made that glow or if the glow was just a manifestation of friction. I used to assume that's what it was, that it was just a friction thing, but I could have been wrong....

The thing with the UFOs out there, the funny thing about them, is they were never classified. So we got to talking about this one night [with Otto Krause], because even Red badge people, non- cleared people, would see UFOs on the Test Site at times. Especially if you worked at night much out there, you couldn't help but see them....

Interviewer: So the discussion [with Krause] was just a one time discussion?

Alfred: Yes, the one thing about all of what I discussed [about Kraus's description of the craft] happened at one night playing cards.

Interviewer: It made quite an impression though.

Alfred: Oh yeah, I mean because I was already interested in it. There were other times we talked about it, but not to the detail we talked about it that night. It probably was a two hour conversation or longer. It was from one dry run to another, other than a period of time we got something to eat, so it was probably three hours. We had to break the game up to do a dry run. That's when the conversation ended. Then we talked about it a couple times after that, different things about it, but not to the point Otto discussed it that night, because there happened to be another physicist in that card game that was interested in all that, too, that had evidently done some side work or something to do with that.

Alfred said that he had kept his story secret for many years.

Alfred: Once I left the Test Site, for one thing, I had to sign stuff when I left. I couldn't leave the country for ten years. I couldn't go to Mexico or Canada. I couldn't have got a visa or passport to go anywhere for ten years. I eventually did go on a trip to Rome and Israel, but that was like twenty years later.

You know, I would never talk about this, for years and years after I left the Test Site. I told VERY few people. My wife knew about it, of course she knew about it at the time. A couple of really close friends I had shared it with, but to share it with anybody else, no I wouldn't have done that. I wouldn't have done that until after I had seen a couple of those TV things on UFO cover-ups.

The one I saw was amazing. I just sat there amazed because they had two guys on there in disguise...

Interviewer: This was the one a few years ago, *UFO Cover-Up Live*.

Alfred: Condor and someone else... and they were talking about the Roswell thing and Area 51, and I was

amazed that these guys had the guts to come on there and do that. Because what they were saying was basically the same thing Otto had said, only he'd said it twenty years earlier. They had more information... about what the alien had done, making a deal with the aliens to come and go from out there, which wouldn't surprise me.

Alfred said he later tried to contact some of the people he remembered at the card game. Alfred also tried to locate Otto Krause, who he found had died in 1990.

I knew there was another photographer, but I couldn't remember who it was. When I got a hold of Vern [a former co-worker], I asked him, 'Were you at that card game when Otto was telling us all that stuff that night?' He said 'Yeah.' Of course Vern was one of these guys that all the different stuff he saw going on out there, he took it with a grain of salt. He was really into his own thing. He wanted to be a master photographer and all this stuff. His head was in a different area. He told me when I talked to him out in Vegas when I finally found him, that he probably should have paid more attention to a lot of the stuff going out there. Over the years, he just kind of pushed it to the back of his mind, because he was always interested in other stuff. He did his work, went home, and forgot about it.

Interviewer: Do you know if Otto ever went over to Area 51, or was he always at the Test Site?

Alfred: All I ever saw him was at the Test Site, but several of those guys, some of the electronicers I worked for, that set up the traces, they were support from EG&G, some of them were. They would occasionally go to Area 51, but we really never discussed... I mean discussing Area 51 out there, back in those days, was kind of something you didn't discuss. If you had to go over there, you went over there. Other than that, it was like a different world.

Analysis

Prosecutor Phil Klass could make easy work of Alfred's testimony. He would object to Krause's stories: "Hearsay, your honor." And he could come up with his usual repertoire of responses to Alfred's own reported sightings. We don't expect anyone to believe Alfred's tale as reported herein or take it as proof of the UFO cover-up. As we said in [DR#22](#), we are not seeking proof at present. We are only seeking to build a model--to understand the myth, if you prefer-- of what this cover-up is supposed to consist of.

What we get from Alfred's testimony are certain elements of the story which emerge again and again in the folklore: First, there were multiple crashes of alien craft in the late 40s. (Presumably because this was when we first started experimenting with very powerful radar capable of frying birds in mid-air and screwing up delicate machinery.) At least one live alien was recovered. The craft were successfully reproduced by the government (a remarkable feat for the early 1960s). Magnetic principals play a role in the operation of the craft. The "Test Site" was used for saucer testing and was where the alien was eventually housed. UFO technology was highly classified, but in a peculiar way different from other secrets.

Alfred's story is consistent with Knapp's account [[DR#22](#)] of what a "member of a prominent Nevada family" told him: that there was a live "Ross Perot" alien held at the Test Site since 1953. Alfred's story also connects to the alleged Roswell and Aztec crashes, which have been widely reported in the UFO literature.

However, there are some apparent inconsistencies between Alfred's story and Bob Lazar's. (Lazar is the technician who claims to have worked with alien craft at "Area S-4" south of Groom Lake in 1988 and 1989.) Alfred says the propulsion system was magnetic; Lazar's was based on gravity waves. Alfred says he was told that the government had built working reproductions of alien craft before 1962; Lazar believes that the government was nowhere near reproducing the craft that he worked with in 1989. We could reconcile these stories by saying that Alfred and Lazar were talking about two different types of alien craft in government possession--the Model T and the DeLorean--but this greatly complicates our model.

Alas, life itself is complicated, and it is rare that any one model perfectly fits. The story of the blind men and the

elephant applies: One of them grasps the trunk and says the elephant is like a snake; the other feels the leg and says it is like a tree.... If our target model is a rich and interesting one, and we are looking at it only through the few distorted pinholes available to us, then we would expect some apparent inconsistencies at first, but they may evaporate when we see more of the big picture.

There are three UFO propulsion mechanisms we have heard of that are substantial enough to be debated by physicists (i.e. not powered by love or psychic energy): (1) the gravity wave model proposed by Lazar which warps space around the craft; (2) the magnetic model suggested by Alfred, in which the magnetic field of the earth is somehow involved; and (3) microwave energy, which is used to generate a plasma field around the craft, allowing it to slip through the air without friction. It is conceivable that all three systems could be employed in your modern flying saucer, just like in a modern car where it takes more than just the engine to make the vehicle go. Perhaps gravity waves levitate the craft; microwaves eliminate friction and magnetic fields move the craft around.

Anyway, the technical parts of our UFO cover-up model deserve some leniency, because obviously the alien technology is going to be many years in advance of our own and we may not have the tools and prerequisite knowledge to understand it. Many times in our human history, establishment scientists have called something "impossible" only to be proven wrong. A round earth, air flight, space flight and plate tectonics were all dismissed as fraud or fantasy once, and another century or two of scientific development will probably yield even greater surprises.

[To be continued...]

Campbell Convicted... And Appeals

To no one's great surprise, Glenn Campbell was convicted at his trial on March 3 on misdemeanor obstruction charges [[DR#12,19,21](#)]. He was sentenced to a \$315 fine plus five days community service at the Rachel Senior Center. Campbell's neighbor Miss Edith, the Senior Center director and its only active member, was tickled when she heard the news. She plans to put Campbell to work painting the Senior Center building, which doubles as a thrift store and community center. Alas, Campbell has now initiated an appeal, so the work probably won't get done for at least a year, if at all.

Campbell was brilliant in his defense, occupying the court for four hours. He strutted and gesticulated before the judge and empty jury box, looking like a scene out of *L.A. Law* with his laptop computer and smart business suit (purchased at the Mormon thrift store in Vegas, \$38 including shoes). He looked so good in fact that it was fortunate that Justice of the Peace Nola Holton had excused herself from the trial: In a repressed, Freudian sort of way, she would have had to destroy him.

Justice of the Peace Ronald Niman, imported from Ely for the occasion, ruled in favor of the prosecution on nearly all issues of contention and disallowed most of Campbell's defenses, but he acknowledged upon sentencing that Campbell was not a bad person, just that he had done a bad thing. The message conveyed was that if a officer of the law tells you to do something, you have to do it, regardless of the circumstances.

The highlight of the trial was the showing of a thirteen minute video tape of Campbell's arrest and the encounter between the news crew and the deputy leading up to it. One of our legal advisors described the tape as "Rodney King all over again." While the security forces at the Groom Lake base continue to withhold most of KNBC's video tapes, they did release just enough of it to be used against Campbell at his trial. Campbell is proud of those thirteen minutes, and the Research Center will now sell anyone a copy of the tape for \$8 plus the usual postage.

Barred from discussing his prior lost film cases, the use of a warrant in the ABC case or the policy of the Sheriff's Department of turning over tapes and film to the Cammo Dudes without any paper trail, Campbell was limited to arguments concerning obstruction and warrantless search and seizure. He presented several important constitutional case precedents indicating that the test for "willfulness" was much more rigorous in obstruction charges than it was in other crimes. The prosecution had to prove not just that Campbell pushed down the door locks intentionally, but that he did it with "evil intent," an act done in deliberate bad faith and not just an assertion of perceived rights or a

misunderstanding of the law. Prosecutor Steve Dobrescu argued that Campbell had demonstrated evil intent by pushing down the door locks at all.

The Groom Lake base was never mentioned by the prosecution. Deputy Lamoreaux's definition of "probable cause" in seizing the KNBC tapes was that he saw the camera pointed toward the Nellis Bombing and Gunnery Range, which occupies an area the size of Connecticut. Since this area includes many mountain ranges visible for miles, by Lamoreaux's definition nearly any picture taken within a vast swath of Southern Nevada--including several towns and four major highways--would have been subject to warrantless seizure.

Such arguments, of course, were lost to the judge, who has no legal training. The one and only qualification that a Justice of the Peace needs in Nevada is that he be elected by the people--not always the best test of ability. On appeal, the case will be reviewed by a "real judge" with a law degree.

For those who are unfamiliar with the law, an appeal is not a re- trial. The defense and prosecution present no new arguments and generally do not appear again in court. An appeal is based solely on the written record of what was presented at the original trial. Thus, part of Campbell's job in court, even when fighting a losing battle, was to put the issues on the record for the invisible appeals judge who would eventually read the case. Campbell did a fairly good job of that. He overlooked some items, but he left more than enough issues on the record to form the basis for appeal.

An appeal is a long and, for most people, costly process, and few have the resources to pursue it. This is why Lincoln County officials can continue to behave as a law unto themselves. Although Campbell is pursuing an appeal, he is doing it mainly for his own education--because a gadfly like himself is bound to face legal conflicts again and again in his career, and it is important to understand the process. Campbell has no illusions about reforming Lincoln County. Lincoln County government is a reflection of its voters: poor, isolationist and with limited education. Face it, this is not a place where any talented young person or ambitious professional wants to hang around. The D.A., for example, only earns about \$39,000 a year, which in the legal profession is not a salary to attract the best and brightest (hence the D.A. ran unopposed in the latest elections).

Law is a powerful tool, but there are many things it can't do. Success in any legal case, or even a dozen cases, won't create competence or morality where there isn't any. Lincoln County, like any underdeveloped planet in the *Star Trek* universe, needs be left alone to seek its own level.

Campbell Enemy List Grows

Long simmering hostilities between Rachel gadfly Glenn Campbell and Little A'Le'Inn owners Pat and Joe Travis just down the road have finally erupted into the open. Campbell has accused the Travis's of producing a cheap rip-off of the copyrighted Area 51 cloth patch designed by himself and aviation journalist James Goodall. On the Little A'Le'Inn patch, some of the wording has been rearranged and a flying saucer has been added in the sky, but the scene of a plane taking off from the Groom Lake runway is unmistakably identical. The patch is produced on flimsy material and sold for \$4.50, which is at least a \$3.50 profit for the Travis's. Campbell equates it to a small business taking Mickey Mouse, changing his name and selling his likeness for profit. The Disney people wouldn't stand for that, and neither will Campbell.

Real patch (left) and Inn's counterfeit. Left is (c) 1994.

Upon hearing of the infringement, Campbell immediately withdrew the Inn's best-selling item and the last bit of sanity in the place, his *Area 51 Viewer's Guide*. It will now be sold only in Downtown Rachel: at the Research Center and the gas station next door. In the latest edition of the *Viewer's Guide*--version 3.00, just published--Campbell finally released a report about the Little A'Le'Inn that he had previously withheld in the interests of community relations. Following is Campbell's latest review of the Inn, at milepoint LN 9.7 in the "Highway 375 Milepost Log" in the *Viewer's Guide*...

LITTLE A'LE'INN. (Pronounced "Little Alien.") A tiny restaurant/bar/motel featured in the *Weekly World News*: "Space Aliens Hang Out at Nevada Bar" (See appendix.) A special part of the world where all the UFO and conspiracy stories are real and every alien is accepted for who he claims to be. I rarely go there myself, having long ago parted ways with the management, Pat and Joe Travis. It is a fun stop for newcomers, but you wouldn't want to live there. (I did for a few months until thrown out by Joe in a drunken rage.) It is also the only food and lodging on Highway 375, and a good deal on both counts.

SERVICES. The Inn (or "Bar" as it is known locally) is open 7 days from 8 am to 10 pm. Food is "the best in town": Alien Burgers, etc. Breakfasts and full dinners available all day (until the kitchen closes at 9 pm). Full dinners range from \$5.00 to \$8.00. Lodging: about 12 motel rooms in mobile homes out back at \$25 single, \$30 double. Rooms are very simple: Each mobile home contains 2 or 3 rooms sharing a bathroom and a refrigerator. There is a VCR in each room (or building) and the Inn has a collection of entertainment tapes that can be borrowed by guests for free. Also has some RV hookups at \$8 per night. There are pay phones both inside and out. Rest rooms. Laundry facilities. Visa/MasterCard accepted. Phone: (702) 729-2515. Mail Address: HCR Box 45, Rachel, NV 89001. (The "HCR" stands for "Highway Contract Route.")

ON DISPLAY. UFO memorabilia and photos are prominently displayed on the walls, a sort of mini-museum but without much explanation. Includes shots of reported UFOs taken in the vicinity of the Black Mailbox. Most can be explained as military flares, internal lens reflections or routine aerial lights taken with a shaking camera. On one wall are autographed photos of UFO luminaries and hangers-on. (The photos of the hangers-on are usually bigger and prettier.) Bob Lazar, George Knapp and John Lear are represented here alongside TWO publicity photos of a charlatan named Sean Morton, one with him sitting under a pyramid below the caption "World's Foremost UFO Researcher." A few UFO photos on the wall are interesting, but they were not taken in Nevada and do not include sufficient info to find out more.

AMBIANCE. At the Inn, Pat Travis does the work, aided by a growing army of locals. Joe Travis tends bar and provides political commentary and analysis. Any discussion of UFOs eventually turns to the secret "One World Government" that is plotting to take away our guns. The Inn is generally not the place to pick up reliable information about UFOs or the local area. Joe and Pat rarely leave the inn except to go to Vegas and have never visited the viewpoints overlooking Groom Lake. Some visitors, following Joe's instructions, have wandered across the military border and been arrested.

PERSONAL NOTES. Prior to the UFO craze, the place was called the "Rachel Bar and Grill," and it had a series of owners, none of whom could make it work. When the Travis's bought it around 1988, it was a failing establishment in a dying town. The Travis's should have failed, too, but like a miracle from the skies the UFO watchers started arriving. When the Lazar story hit in late 1989, the inn was flooded with city slickers with fat wallets looking for flying saucers, but the boom gradually faded when the Lazar story faltered and the UFO community began to lose interest.

When I first arrived in town in Feb. 1993, the Inn was again dying. I wrote the first editions of the *Viewer's Guide* and began to apply the science of public relations to the secret Groom Lake base, which I felt cried out for attention. Soon, the Inn was booming again, and I felt good about it. For seven months, I lived in a camper in an RV site behind the Inn, paid my rent and got along fine with Pat and Joe, referring to them as "Ma and Pa." I felt that we were serving a mutual interest. Then, on Aug. 28, 1993, at 10:30 pm, I was awakened by someone pounding on the door of my camper. It was Joe, very drunk.

"Glenn Campbell, you get the fuck out of here."

I jumped out of bed, knowing the score immediately. Joe was a man with a lot of guns and was probably carrying one, so he was not to be taken lightly. "I'm going, I'm going," I said through the door. "Any particular reason?"

"Because I hate you, you bald faced fucker."

I couldn't argue with that logic. Joe graciously gave me fifteen minutes to leave the compound. I quickly threw on some clothes and got away from the Inn as quickly as possible. After several days in the desert, making cautious forays to town, I realized that the situation was terminal, and I decided to move into a mobile home at the other end of Rachel. This became the Area 51 Research Center. I knew that Joe's blow-up was a short-lived occurrence, triggered by whatever trivial incident sets drunks off. What sealed my expulsion was the change in Pat. After Joe's explosion, Pat came to Joe's defense and over the next weeks assembled the retroactive reasoning for her husband's actions. "Glenn was trying to take over our business," she said over and over to anyone within earshot. My own explanation is different: I had become part of the family and thus became subject to the self-destructive impulses that some families have.

I very rarely visit the Inn any more, and people often ask me why I don't patch things up with Pat and Joe. I had learned, from prior personal experiences, that the only way to deal with an abusive situation was to remove myself from it, but my absence in turn seemed to generate even more rage from the Inn--about my alleged sexual preferences (running the gamut of children and beasts), alleged employment as a government agent and whatever other insinuations could be offered without proof. These reports, in turn, were passed immediately to me by residents and visitors. The Travis's are simple people who do not understand marketing or diplomacy and have no comprehension that the publicity I have cultivated has played any role in their current success. As reported in the *Weekly World News*--accurately it seems--the Inn is protected by an alien named Archibald who only Pat can sense. Any good fortune the Inn experiences must be the result of Archibald's intervention or the Travis's own native charm and therefore must have nothing to do with Campbell. In this situation, as in any other dysfunctional relationship, I feel that the best thing I can do is get out and stay out.

My separation from the Inn was sealed when the Travis's reproduced, for their own profit, the copyrighted Groom Lake patch that Jim Goodall and myself had designed. (They also pirated the "Area 51 Visitor's Permit" designed by the International UFO Center that I helped them first obtain.) Henceforth, the *Area 51 Viewer's Guide* and any other products of the Research Center will not be available at the Inn.

And Still Another Enemy

Also added to the Campbell enemy list is daffy astronomer Chuck Clark, who now hangs out at the Inn and is presented by the Travis's as their Area 51 expert. At the slightest suggestion, he proudly shows visitors his snapshots

of the secret base, recounts tales of being buzzed by the helicopter and insists that the aliens are time travellers from our future. To his credit, he does know where the border is and does not appear to charge anything to show people around, but we still regard him as the scum of the earth: It was Clark who designed the pirated patch that the Inn is now selling--that is, he rearranged the words, added the saucer and directed the Travis's to a manufacturer. Word around town says that Clark is now working on a rip-off of the *Viewer's Guide* for sale at the Inn. [Promised in [DR#24](#), unveiled in [DR#26](#)]

With the above additions and a couple more, we can now publish a cumulative list of Top Ten Declared Enemies of the Research Center (greatest evil first):

1. Sean Morton [[DR#15,16,18,20](#)]
2. Gary Schultz [[DR#5](#)]
3. Pat & Joe Travis
4. Erik Beckjord [[DR#16](#)]
5. Michael Hesemann [[DR#18](#)]
6. District Attorney Thomas Dill [[DR#19,21](#)]
7. Sheriff Dahl Bradfield [[DR#17,18](#)]
8. Chuck Clark
9. radio talk show host Billy Goodman (who invited Campbell on his show only to abuse him)
10. mp%mpa15c@mpa15ab.mv-oc.unisys.com (a nasty on-line dude).

If we had more space, this could be an opportunity for a philosophical essay on the banality of evil, because these people are no doubt loved by their mothers and might be seen as merely incompetent by many observers. Evil is incompetence imposed upon others and inner insecurity expressed by cutting someone else down. In any case, having open, declared enemies can sometimes be a pleasant release. It means you don't have to pretend to be nice. (And there are still six billion people on earth and probably many other souls off-world who are not our declared enemies... yet.)

Flame Of The Month

Email to Glenn Campbell...

"Glen, you are spreading disinformation freely. You are a pawn of the aliens or a secret government agency, something many have suspected for some time. Your purpose is to keep people from finding out too much about UFOs, the government, and the aliens, while appearing to be interested in finding out the truth."

-- steve@linex.com

Citizen's Intelligence Access BBS

"UFOs, Alternative Science, Free Energy!"

Editor: This is very disturbing news that we have often heard repeated in Rachel (after people visit the Little A'Le'Inn). If anyone else has further information in this regard, please pass it along to us so we can keep track of Campbell's activities.

Mt. Sterling Hike April 8

The second of our free monthly hikes to viewpoints around the "Test Site" will be a side peak of Mt. Sterling, about 15 miles southeast Mercury, where on a clear day you can see Papoose Dry Lake from the south. The distance is nearly 45 miles, so the view may be less than revealing, but at least you can say you've seen it, and the view all around is spectacular.

Papoose Lake is the location where Bob Lazar claims to have worked with alien spacecraft. (Or at least he thinks it was Papoose Lake because he says he traveled in a bus with blacked out windows from Groom Lake and could only determine the location by the clues available to him.) For five years after the Lazar story broke, Papoose Lake was assumed to be unseeable, but tmahood@netcom.com and secret source "C" analyzed maps to locate this exception. tmahood@netcom.com will be present in person to lead the expedition and sign autographs.

The hike will take place on Saturday, April 8, 1995, starting at 11am (PT). The meeting place is about one hour northwest of Las Vegas on US-95 (not US-93). From I-15 in Las Vegas, take the US- 95 freeway west (in the Reno direction). Go about 55 miles west on US-95 to milepost CL 131.1, which is about 1 mile east of the Clark/Nye county line. We will meet here on the highway in the middle of nowhere, at a point where a minor dirt road heads south toward Mt. Sterling. The hike is only moderately difficult and won't be more than two hours of walking total. You'll need to bring a lunch, binoculars or telescope, plenty of liquids and a full tank of gas from Vegas. A four-wheel drive is useful but not essential, since we will ferry people up the road who do not have one. You should be prepared for both hot and cold weather, since we will be hiking near the snow line at about 8000 feet. If you are not at the meeting point at 11am sharp, you are on your own, but we will try to leave notes to tell you where we are. The area where we are hiking is in Forest Service land, well outside any military area, so there is little chance of any conflicts with authorities. We have been told that the April 8 date happens to coincide with the National Association of Broadcasters convention in Las Vegas, which begins April 9, so attendees are welcome to come. On this and any other hike we sponsor or recommend, you are responsible for your own safety, and the organizers accept no liability whatsoever for any injury or loss.

If you plan to come on this hike, it is a good idea to confirm the date and time with us a couple of days prior to the event. Either call the Research Center at 702-729-2648 or consult alt.conspiracy.area51 for confirmation.

A brief guide to Mt. Sterling is available by email from tmahood@netcom.com. (The internet impaired can send an SASE to the Research Center for a copy, and it is also included in the appendix of the *Area 51 Viewer's Guide*.

Aviation Week On Black Projects

A Feb. 6 cover story in *Aviation Week* reports on the current state of the military's black projects. Groom is mentioned numerous times, both by the authors and by official sources speaking on condition of anonymity. The many quotes by official sources appear to indicate a high level of cooperation in this article, as though the military realized that it had to say something to respond to the ongoing media blitz.

The cover story and articles accompanying it focused on two types of secret aircraft: a quiet and stealthy helicopter, which is confirmed to be flying in "the Nellis ranges," and various unmanned aerial vehicles (UAVs), which have also flown at Groom Some interesting quotes....

Defense Dept. and industry officials confirm that there are classified aircraft on the large, restricted Nellis ranges, but they make that assertion with a number of caveats.

"The aircraft being tested are either not manned, not flying or not Air Force," the third [anonymous] official said. "There are one-half and three-quarter scale mockup aircraft that have been loaded in Air Force aircraft and transported that people might have seen."

Of course, that leaves room for many other kinds of craft that are "not Air Force."

"There were numerous private [companies] designing aircraft and they may have flown something," [the source] said.

Another tidbit...

A Pentagon Advanced Concept Technology Demonstrator (ACTD) is flying a manned aircraft at the

classified Groom Lake, Nev., facility. A project, code named "Ivy," involves an aircraft coating that changes hues and brightness when subjected to an electrical charge.

No further explanation is given as to what this means.

[[Further synopsis of Aviation Week article](#)]

A Feb. 26 [article](#) in the *Las Vegas Review-Journal* expands on the stealth helicopter stories by quoting a former Groom Lake worker who claims to have seen the helicopter tested at the base.

Intel Bitties

NELLIS CHARTS EXHAUSTED? Some readers recently making FOIA requests to the Defense Mapping Agency for copies of the Nellis Range chart [[DR#21](#)], have received a letter claiming that the map is out of stock--at least at the FOIA office. Requesters are offered reproductions of the Nellis map for \$15 for color and \$3 for black-and-white. These may be reasonable prices if the reproduction offers the same detail as the maps themselves, but we haven't seen the reproductions. You could also try sending a FOIA to Nellis AFB instead of DMA at: FOIA Office, 554th Support Group, 4430 Grissom Ave., Nellis AFB, NV 89191-6520. (It would be much easier for both the public and the military if this map was offered for sale through NOAA like other military charts. We don't understand why this unclassified map is treated differently.)

LATEST [AREA 51 VIEWER'S GUIDE](#) EDITION is 3.00, published 2/6/95. There have been a lot of incremental changes in the new edition, including new references, new advice and updated info on Tikaboo Peak. Owners of previous editions of the *Viewer's Guide* can upgrade to the new one for \$9 plus \$4 postage. Since there will always be another new edition down the pike, we suggest upgrading only when you actually plan to come here.

The *Viewer's Guide* is the most complete reference book to the publicly known facts about Groom Lake (at least until Chuck Clark releases his version). It is useful to anyone interested in Area 51, even if you don't plan to come here. If you do plan to visit, we urge you to order the guide before you leave home so that you can be adequately prepared. (Remember: Tourists without the Viewer's Guide tend to wander where they shouldn't and suffer a \$600 fine.) The price for new orders is \$15 plus \$4 postage in the USA. (Inquire for overseas postage.)

THE CNN REPORT ON AREA 51 and the hazardous waste case [[DR#21](#)] is now expected to air first on TBS on Apr. 2 at 11pm ET (8pm PT) as part of *Network Earth*. It will air in the subsequent week on *Earth Matters* on CNN and CNN Intl. Dates are subject to change.

GROOM TOWER FREQUENCIES CHANGED. Several visitors to Freedom Ridge have noted that the Groom Lake tower frequencies reported in [DR#15](#) have been changed. The recent publication of these freqs in the March issue of *Popular Communications* magazine may have had something to do with it. Some visitors say they found the new frequencies again without much difficulty. It seems a futile exercise on the AF's part. Think of all the expense involved in changing the freqs, and then the Freedom Fighters collect them again immediately. Voice encryption generally isn't used on air control frequencies, presumably because it would require new radio equipment in every aircraft and might jeopardize the safety of flight control by reducing range and clarity. We have not yet decided whether we should play the game and publish the freqs or call a truce. It has also been reported to us that the name "Dreamland" is no longer being used on the air, at least on the Janet handoff frequencies.

GENE HUFF, LONG-TIME ASSOCIATE OF BOB LAZAR, has appeared on the internet and posted a thoughtful and well-written [synopsis of the Lazar story](#) on alt.conspiracy.area51. The document is highly recommended for anyone who is (or once was) interested in the Lazar story. Most of the information conveyed has been published before, but the perspective is unique and may shed some light on personalities and motives. In particular, Huff's account of Lazar's pandering case is interesting. Of course, it makes him out to be victim rather than a pimp, but the scenario comes across as reasonable. Huff was once on our enemies list [[DR#16](#)], but we later recanted [[DR#18](#)], and his synopsis renews our respect for his intelligence. While Lazar himself remains a cipher, we believe Huff is sincere.

THE NEW PSYCHOSPY WWW STRUCTURE is now available for inspection. (For the internet impaired, World Wide Web is a method for accessing text files. This feature is currently available on Prodigy, and it is promised for the other major on-line services in the near future.) [Psychospys Guide to Knowledge](#) is the sort of web project that will never be finished, and there are many unresolved references in it at present, but we've already collected enough data here to make the visit worthwhile. The present location has been established in conjunction with webster@asu.edu. This may be a temporary location and subject to change as our structure expands.

CAMPBELL INTERVIEW. Glenn Campbell gives us his best in a lengthy interview in the current issue of *Steamshovel Press* (#12), a relatively coherent conspiracy 'zine. That issue is available for \$4 plus \$1 postage from Steamshovel Press, PO Box 23715, St. Louis, MO 63112.

THE EVIL PHIL KLASS'S delightfully dismissive and eminently entertaining *Skeptics UFO Newsletter* can be ordered for \$15/year from:

Philip J. Klass
Nefarious UFO Skeptic (NUFOS)
404 "N" St. SW
Washington, DC 20024

(Sorry, Phil... Looks like Psychospys is being seduced by the dark side of the Force.)

ALIEN HIGHWAY. A Nevada legislator has introduced a draft resolution in the State Assembly to designate State Route 375 "The Extraterrestrial Alien Highway." [See [article](#) and [text of the draft](#).] According to the draft, Ambassador Merlyn Merlin II of the Capitol Embassy Saucerian Consulate was consulted in the preparation of this legislation. [See Merlin in [DR#2](#)]

SOME NEW PRODUCTS now in stock at the Research Center have nothing much to do with Area 51 but suit our eclectic tastes: [Mind Trek](#), a rational book on remote viewing by Joseph Moneagle, \$10.95. [The Holographic Universe](#), a book expressing a theory that might help explain remote viewing, by Michael Talbot, \$12.00. *Curmudgeon's Garden of Love*, a keepsake book of vicious and cynical quotes about romance, \$8.00. A white baseball cap with an imprint on the front--"Antimatter-- Nothing Else Matters Anymore"--\$10.00. The "[Alien Deck](#)," a poker deck with little grays replacing the King, Queen, Jack and Joker, \$5.00. Priority mail postage is \$4 for the first two items and \$1 for each additional item beyond two. [See [Catalog](#).]

ONE OF OUR INTERNET SERVICE PROVIDERS appears to have gone belly up (another roadkill on the information highway). As of Mar. 15, the email address we previously sent the Rat from-- psychospys@ping.com--is no longer valid. We are now looking for another reasonably priced 800 dialup PPP service. Suggestions would be appreciated. We can still be reached at campbell@ufomind.com (messages) or psychoserv@aol.com (subscriptions).

GEORGE KNAPP RETURNS AS NEWS ANCHOR. Las Vegas TV newsman George Knapp [[DR#22](#)], who first reported the Lazar story in a local 1989 broadcast and who later left TV to produce a series of UFO videos, has now returned to KLAS-TV full time as the anchor of the 6:30 pm local news. "George is a nice break from the normal blow-dried meat puppet," said one television industry source.

IT CANNOT BE COINCIDENCE that the TV station's call letters JUST HAPPEN to match the name of that NEFARIOUS UFO SKEPTIC. Note also the KLAS-TV was owned for many years by Howard Hughes, who bought it so he could watch the Westerns he wanted in his stripped-down penthouse of the Desert Inn next door to the station. (Germs, GERMS!) Whatever the government conspiracy may be, Hughes was definitely party to it, so if anything appears on KLAS, it must be a part of the government "plan."

Area 51 Maps Seen On KLAS-TV

Prior to his return to the anchor position last week, Knapp produced an occasional series of commentaries for KLAS called "Street Talk." On his Feb. 23 segment, Knapp showed a set of three highly detailed maps of the not-too-secret Groom Lake base. As seen on the screen, the maps were produced by "Shadowhawk Research Associates" for the Area 51 Research Center. One map was so detailed that it included building numbers and a long list of building functions keyed to those numbers. The maps carry the imprint "UNCLASSIFIED" and a statement, "Assembled from satellite imagery and other available sources."

These maps were published by the Research Center as a public service to assist in future court cases and as an aid to journalists reporting on the base, to whom we have provided copies free of charge. However, the KLAS report has generated many inquiries as to whether these maps might be available to the public. In response to these requests, we have made a limited quantity of these maps available for sale, intending only to defer the enormous costs of producing them. The price is \$20 (plus \$4 postage) for the set of three maps. Each map is 19"x25" in a pseudo-blueline format, printed on high-quality chart stock. Each has the Groom Lake base in the center, but at different scales: 1"=1.6 miles, 1"=0.5 mile and 1"=400'.

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The Groom Lake Desert Rat

"The Naked Truth from Open Sources."

Area 51/Nellis Range/TTR/NTS/S-4?/Weird Stuff/Desert Lore

An on-line newsletter.

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Direct from the "UFO Capital," Rachel, Nevada.

Issue #24. April 4, 1995

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The Story Of "Jarod"

What first brought significant attention to Area 51 was the testimony of Bob Lazar, who went on Las Vegas TV in April and November of 1989 to claim that he had worked with alien spacecraft at Papoose Lake, south of Groom. He saw nine saucer-shaped craft, he claimed, stored in camouflaged hangars built into a hillside. There was a minor blip in the media as *Current Affair* and a few other tabloid shows picked up the story, but for the most part Lazar remained unknown outside Las Vegas and the community of UFO believers. Lazar lost credibility when his educational credentials could not be verified and when he pleaded guilty to a criminal charge relating to an illegal brothel. The Lazar movie, once optioned by New Line Cinema, has not yet come to pass, and Lazar himself has shown little interest in speaking further about his experiences. There's a well-paid niche awaiting him on the UFO lecture circuit--a trusting environment where veracity is rarely questioned--but Lazar has declined most offers with appropriate disdain.

The Lazar story was superior to most other UFO claims because he offered specific technical details about the operation of the craft but claimed to know little about the program as a whole. His experience was limited to a few days on the job, and when recounting it, he was careful to delineate what he did and did not know for sure. Lazar's claims imply a longstanding relationship between the aliens and a secret division of the U.S. government. They suggest that the issue of "Unidentified Flying Objects" is moot, because the government has already identified both the craft and their owners, has been in direct contact with them and has assembled a substantial database of relevant information.

The problem with the Lazar story is that it has come from Lazar alone. A program such as he described would seem to require a large number of employees at multiple sites, but none have come forward in a public forum to confirm any of Lazar's claims.

That is, until now...

Introducing Jarod (1 And 2)

Our source has chosen "Jarod" as his pseudonym. That's pronounced "JAY-rod," which is the name of a certain individual for whom our source has great respect. The original Jarod is an alien, working here on earth as a scientific translator for the secret government research program. We have seen a [sketch](#) of "Jarod 1" drawn by our source, "Jarod 2." Jarod 1 is a handsome looking Gray, like you've probably seen on UFO shows on TV. He has a large, round, hairless head, with an expressionless slit for a mouth, two small holes for a nose and big, black wraparound eyes. He has four long fingers on each hand, ending in very long, Howard Hughes-style nails. Unlike on television, this Gray is dressed in human clothing. He is wearing a button-down shirt and is shown in the sketch in a relaxed, human-like posture as though sitting behind a desk. Our source explains that the street clothes are intended only to put at ease the humans who must interact with the alien. Our source says (with some ambiguity), that when Jarod 1 speaks to you, "you hear it in your own voice."

Jarod 2 (henceforth simply "Jarod") is a human. He is a retired 70-year-old mechanical engineer who grew up in Pennsylvania and who says he worked for the secret government program from the mid- 1950s until his retirement in the late 1980s. We cannot attest to anything about Jarod's claims except that he has made them to us directly and we feel that, according our own private system of evaluation, he is genuine. We have not attempted to verify anything about his background. Our style is to take him at his word, collect the story as "folklore," then look for connections with the body of folklore we are assembling from other sources. What is true or false, we believe, will shake out on its own, because any fiction, carefully explored, will eventually prove inconsistent with itself. In the meantime, a well-crafted story is rare enough that it deserves appreciation on its own merits, independent of how it pans out.

In this case, even more than others, we have used a pseudonym for our source not to hide him from the government, which seems perfectly aware of his activities, but to protect him from an onslaught of UFO believers, tabloid TV shows and, yes, alien ambassadors. The Ambassador Merlyn Merlin II from the planet Draconis, a self-proclaimed alien in human form who preaches his own peculiar religion [[DR#2](#), [#23](#)], is already aware of some of Jarod's claims and has camped out in his car in front of Jarod's house as though it were some sort of temple. As is Merlin's style, he made enough of a pain of himself that he had to be chased away by some firm discourtesy. There are a lot of Ambassador Merlins on earth, maybe not all of alien origin, but still capable of draining the life out of anyone they latch onto. They come to a witness like Jarod to preach to him their UFO gospel and seek confirmation for what they already believe.

Jarod's story is a compelling one, with all the elements necessary to make it the obsession of many a UFO fanatic. It could also become a tabloid extravaganza. *Encounters* [[DR#10](#)] has been calling him, as have been organizers of UFO conventions in California who want to pay him big bucks to speak--no verification required. Jarod has so far declined these offers. Jarod has already spoken, in a low- key way and without pay, at some minor UFO gatherings. He is not a flamboyant speaker, and he is easy to overlook among the extravagant claims and slick sales presentations at many UFO events. Nonetheless, word is starting to get around among the reasonably intelligent that this witness is a cut above the rest. We imagine that his name will be well-known before long, but we do not want to do anything to hasten the process. We are fond of Jarod, and do not want to jeopardize his privacy or the good will of his former employers.

Jarod's Claims

In summary, this is what Jarod claims....

- For over 30 years, Jarod worked on the mechanical design for simulators for human reproductions of alien flying saucers. These simulators are used to train pilots to fly the craft, but they are more than just a cockpit. They reproduce the entire craft, inside and out. Jarod says he knows of three of these simulators now in operation.
- Although he worked only with the human built simulators, some of the technical details he is familiar with reflect on those of the original craft. The simulators closely match the kind of craft Lazar describes, with a reactor in the middle and three gravity amplifiers below deck.
- Jarod's working environment was highly compartmentalized and all information strictly controlled--so much so that routine communications with other groups was severely impeded. Nonetheless, Jarod and his group were

briefed over the years on human contact with the aliens and the secret government program that works with them. Jarod does not claim to know the whole story of what the aliens and secret program are up to but he offers some intriguing hints. (E.g. "Boron")

- On several occasions, Jarod 2 has seen Jarod 1, the Gray, but has never communicated with him.
- Jarod has been speaking to us and to the small UFO groups with the permission of his former employers. He is speaking at his own initiative, but he clears what he says with his former boss first. Some topics have been nixed and others approved, and what he has told us so far appears to be only a small part of what he knows.

We acknowledge that this is a lot to swallow at once. Many similar claims have been made in the UFO literature over the years, not many of them credible. What makes Jarod different for us is that we know him personally. We have talked with him many times over the past six months, and we see in his words and behavior all the nuances of reality. We also know several members of his family, and they all regard him as truthful, although a bit of a mystery even to them. Jarod's brother and son knew that he worked for classified defense-related projects throughout his career but they say he has never discussed his work until recently. We can confirm, by visits to Jarod's workshop behind his house, that he has an exceptional talent with things mechanical. Like Lazar, he can get totally wrapped up in technical projects and lose track of almost everything else.

We do not expect our readers to trust our judgment or accept Jarod's claims as truth. We know what the skeptics' position will be: that Jarod is a distracted "Walter Mitty" merely recycling the standard folklore he read in the UFO literature. Nonetheless, he is adding a few new twists we haven't heard before and presents us with a story of considerable depth. We ask our readers to suspend judgment for now. We should focus first on understanding the story itself and on trying to integrate it into our body of existing folklore.

History Of The Program

Jarod spent most of his career at "Facility X," which he does not identify directly but that appears to be Los Alamos Laboratories in New Mexico. Specific facilities are one of the things he is not supposed to talk about. Curiously, there do not seem to be as many restrictions on his discussion of the aliens or of the early government program that first made contact with them.

Jarod's story, like Lazar's, is rich and complex enough that we cannot recount it all in one Rat issue. We shall focus for now on the history of the secret government program, which has already been alluded to by Alfred [[DR#23](#)], Knapp's source "from a prominent Nevada family" [[DR#22](#)] and many other anonymous sources in the UFO literature. The secret program, it is said, was begun in the late 1940's or early 1950's after a series of UFO crashes in the southwestern U.S. provided the government with undeniable proof of the alien presence. Apart from the famous Roswell incident, there have supposedly been crashes at Aztec, New Mexico; in northwestern Arizona near Kingman and perhaps at other sites. Hardware, bodies and even some live ones were recovered, and government officials were pressed to decide what to do.

We will let Jarod explain the history in his own words. The passage below is reprinted from a recent series of faxes from Jarod to us. We have corrected the spelling and made some minor grammatical changes for clarity. We have also edited the manuscript to limit it to the program history, saving other topics for the future. Otherwise, this is Jarod's own report on the content of the briefings given to his design group. Jarod himself has reviewed this issue of the Rat and finds it to be accurate as far as he knows, and presumably it is also acceptable to his bosses.

This is the way I recall what was explained to the group I was assigned to, and only after we were all cleared for the project that was to be our responsibility (mechanical design for the avionics on the flight deck for the disc simulators).

To protect what was found at the disc crash sites in New Mexico and Arizona, those in charge at the time

scrambled for a position and a decision as to whom in the government would carry the responsibility. This included security, material, personnel, documents and military and civilian intelligence.

It was not decided until the Eisenhower administration in the early part of 1953. A group was formed by the President, and the chairman of the group was Vice President [Richard M. Nixon](#). Around June of 1953, the final decision was made to set up a "satellite government." This separate government would interface with the U.S. Government for support only. Personnel involved in any part of disc retrieval, including first hand knowledge, were reassigned as satellite government entities. Additionally, new security requirements were established and new clearances assigned... Normally, clearances take 2 to 3 years for any responsible positions connected with disc design. (Bob Lazar was an unusual case due to his recommendation by Teller. This gave him an edge without going through a long clearance process. Teller is high up in the satellite government organization.) The rule for disclosure of information is 15 years after retirement in cases like mine... Here is a list of what is classified under their rules: technical data, drawings, photos, sketches, illustrations, procedures, all documents relating to personnel, companies, related associate military groups, code names, types of classifications, names of people, etc. Yes, I have dropped a few names, but only with permission. During my tenure at Facility X, Nixon and another former president made visits. We even got a handshake. What was amusing to us in the group was that most other visitors to our facility did not shake our hands nor did we know their names; they were familiar to us by face only.

The background as told to my group had some very interesting twists regarding craft retrieval and the first visitor encounter. Little did the government know that retrieval operations were monitored by the visitors. They, the visitors, were well aware of the mishap of one of their vessels; however, the military got to the crash site first. No details were provided to us on how contact was made to set up the initial meeting. The reason for contact almost 6 years after the Roswell incident was recalled as follows: The vessel that fell in Arizona in 1953 contained four entities; two were disabled and two were reasonably well but somewhat confused. (The visitors monitoring the retrieval activities noted with much pleasure the humane treatment provided to those involved.) All entities were later taken to Facility X for medical treatment and tests. Additionally, before leaving the scene, the two that were standing upright were allowed to re-enter the vessel. They entered the craft and disappeared from view. Some time had passed before exiting; it was later assumed that they were communicating with the monitoring craft.

A bizarre situation was encountered at the retrieval site. With the entities removed from the area, work proceeded: clean up and loading of the vessel on a trailer used to haul Sherman tanks. While preparations for this were being made, an entry crew was formed. They were dressed in clean-room clothing with medical surgical masks. The size of the crew was not mentioned to us. Communications was set up prior to entry. What happened when the entry crew went inside the vessel was noted as follows: Communications failed. After one hour inside, the crew emerged from the craft confused and with upset stomachs. They removed their masks and threw up. What was astonishing, they could not remember any of the inside details of the craft. The craft was sealed, camouflaged, loaded and shipped to an undisclosed Nevada test facility. The entry crew was sent to Facility X to undergo medical examinations. Results of the tests were not explained to us.

The vessel was exactly 10 meters in diameter and loading it on the tank retriever was simple. However, the overhang raised some concern due to road width. Since the pneuma-grips were still in place, it was decided to raise one end of the vessel to reduce the width. To the astonishment of retrieval crew, the crane located on the tank retriever was unable to raise the vessel. Horizontally raising or lowering was simple with no effort by the crane. Finally, it was decided to use the house-moving method with road blocks secured by military vehicles. Upon arrival in Nevada, two conditions annoyed our best intelligence support: (1) the problem with re-entry and (2) a strange low frequency humming sound still emitting from the lower part of the hull.

A particular item came to light as an anecdote: A member of the initial entry crew happened to be a fighter pilot. When asked if he would like to be part of the crew on the second attempt at reentry, without much hesitation he said, "I would rather take a rocket ship to Hell than to go back inside that craft." So it

was a major item that had to be considered in the plan. It became paramount what the first item was: Establish a communications link with the boys. The boys had their own agenda: They were busily doing their own analysis of items provided in the quarantine area. This included food, facilities and us. It began to appear that we were the captees and they were the captors.

The entities, referred to now as the "boys," were secured in a medical facility that was manned by doctors, bioastronautic physicists, chemists and linguist. Initially, communications were limited to basic sign language. The first significant communication was between the bioastronautic engineer and the tallest entity of the four, who was dubbed 'Smiling Eyes.' This happening pleased the people in charge, but what ensued created a dilemma: The boys wanted to return to their vessel. After much deliberation, it was agreed to take them to the Nevada Test Site where the vessel was now located. They, the boys, were pleased upon inspection of the vessel's condition. The hatch was reopened for their entry. The four filed in. After a few minutes, the hum was silenced. 'Smiling Eyes' came out and went directly to the bioastronautic engineer requesting his presence in the craft. The team leader gave the okay and the two entered. After some time passed, both made their exit. The engineer looked well and smiling. The final outcome of this process was good news for the management. A request was made by the leader of the boys that they be housed at the Test Site, and they made additional requests for material, equipment and literature. So began a new era.

Before proceeding any further, one item has to be understood. All of the information presented here was provided to our group over a number of years, generally in technical briefings, design differences and discussions of classified requirements. The fact that we were young nuts-and-bolts type engineers made us quite skeptical of most information. After each session there was a lot of chuckles and further discussion within the group. Little did we know at the time that we were being monitored. Our comments were aired in following sessions in a very subtle manner; it did take some time to catch on. This made a big difference as time went on as our joking diminished with only serious discussions by the group after meetings.

To provide an illustration on how the structure of the program was decided on, one only has to look at the existing government. Think about what you would do to maintain a level of secrecy of something inherently totally bizarre in nature. Nixon did it right by establishing the satellite government. This provided cover for the visitors plus a totally new concept for protecting all information relating to this subject. The most complicated provisions of this pact was meeting the demands of the boys.

Selection of personnel in the organization was directed by the visitors. The leader was named to be the bioastronomical engineer who first made contact; his name cannot be told at this time. You cannot imagine the situation this caused. It was like putting a private in charge of the generals. Nearly all appointments were selected from the science field. All of the direction did not come from those boys picked up in the Arizona scenario: There is a chain of command. What they asked for is not completely known but some of the items included materials. One item was boron. We use this material for many things such as metals and nuclear processes. Some discord between the us and the boys was identified but it was not necessarily a problem that could not be dealt with.

What is surprising to me after reading many of the UFO books and listening to various speakers on this subject is that they almost have it right. But the information they are looking for is not in the known governmental chain of agencies but only in the exacto facto organization described above. It is believed that release of further information will come from the visitors themselves, but it will be accomplished a piece at a time. If you have understood any of the above it should give one clue. Impatience is not a virtue of the visitors. To shed some light on how it will proceed the example is a recent episode going on in New Mexico. (Reference the recent Midway sightings by a family in New Mexico.) Of course, this is where most all activity began. From what I know, the exacto facto government is again scrambling for a solution; the probable reason is distrust, not us of them, but them of us. These displays are one way for them to show disfavor. From my experience, the boys are very conservative with some emotions and occasionally show a sense of humor. Hard to get used to but nonetheless amusing. Whatever way they decide, I am sure

it will be beneficial to mankind. For me, the sooner the better, some weights will be removed. No, I am not radical, just a practical engineer."

We will probably have more from Jarod in future issues.

All About Boron

"All I know is they sure take a lot of Boron," Jarod remarked cryptically at one of his talks before a small UFO group. When pressed for possible reasons, Jarod then remarked that, among other things, Boron is useful for preserving human bodies--a suggestion that caused some consternation among the abductees in the audience. When pressed, Jarod admitted that this was merely speculation on his part and that he didn't have any information that the aliens were using Boron to ship bodies. He said he knew for a fact only that Boron was being taken, although he could not reveal how he knew.

In any case, Boron is a fascinating element, important to many chemical reactions and as an ingredient in some high-strength fiber composites. As a water softener in laundry detergent, Boron helps get clothes "whiter than white"--which may be important if you are a Gray. Boron is among the hardest substances on earth, second only to diamond, but its brittleness and high melting point make it difficult for us humans to work with; perhaps a more technologically advanced civilization could do more with it. Another interesting property of Boron, according a colleague who has done some research, is that it soaks up neutrons like a sponge, which may be useful in shielding or controlling nuclear reactions.

The vast majority of the world's Boron comes from the United States, and most of that is extracted from a big hole in the ground at--you guessed it--Boron, California, which happens to be adjacent to the most secret part of Edwards Air Force Base. The second largest producer is Searles Dry Lake at Trona, California, which happens to be adjacent to the highly restricted China Lake Naval Weapons Center. The other Boron mines in the U.S. are in those military/UFO hotbeds, Nevada and New Mexico.

Are we beginning to detect a BORON CONSPIRACY??? In any case, our recommendation to investors is BUY.

[[Encyclopedia entry on Boron](#) | [More info from Bureau of Mines](#)]

Groom In *Outbreak*

Groom Lake has a cameo appearance in the current film *Outbreak*, which is basically a helicopter movie with a few deadly viruses thrown in for plot. You'll miss the appearance if you are not looking for it, but the establishing shot for "Dugway Proving Grounds" is actually a nighttime photograph of Groom Lake like the one printed in the March 94 Popular Science. The photo has been severely manipulated to turn it into a moving 3-D shot, but the snow-capped mountains in the background can still be recognized. The producers could not get a photo of Dugway itself because the military was not cooperating with this very anti-military movie, which captures some of the *X-Files*-style paranoia of our age. We were disappointed only in the formula bad guy (Donald Sutherland) and unrealistically happy ending in which--wouldn't you know it--the world population is NOT exterminated by a nasty germ. The Sutherland character does not ring true because in real-life military horror stories, there isn't just one bad guy, there are hundreds, each one a church-going man who is "just following orders."

We have reason to believe that Area 51 will soon graduate from a walk-on part to full Hollywood stardom, which is the next natural step in the evolution of its media identity. Psychospy is sworn to secrecy on most of these projects, but we can print one unconfirmed rumor: Twentieth Century Fox may be working on a movie (market unknown) called *Independence Day*, which ends with the President at Area 51. The plot is said to concern the alien presence, which the President has not been told about.

Campbell Banned From A'Le'Inn

Glenn Campbell has been officially banned from the Little A'Le'Inn for what he wrote about the proprietors in the latest edition of his *Area 51 Viewer's Guide* [DR#23]. He had been invited to dinner at the inn by some Hollywood types who are thinking of making a movie here, but Pat Travis ordered him out of the premises as soon as he entered. Campbell wonders now whether there would be a desert location closer to L.A. that would be better for filming. (You could reconstruct Rachel anywhere with a couple of mobile homes and a few sheets of plywood.)

Campbell says he values his life, so he has every intention of obeying the ban. Campbell said: "I'd rather take a rocket ship to Hell than go back inside that bar."

Our Readers Respond

"Area 51 Reference Guide" Coming Soon

After perusing [DR#23](#) I just couldn't resist placing a call to the Little A'Le'Inn in order to discreetly inquire into the availability of the *Area 51 Viewer's Guide*.

A female answered, and after I voiced my interest in obtaining a copy of "the highly regarded *Area 51 Viewers Guide*" she rather enthusiastically explained that they don't stock it. Nor could she refer me to any source where I could obtain a copy. She did volunteer that in about 3 weeks they would have available the "Area 51 Reference Guide." She described this publication as a very exciting project that would be a comprehensive review of all known data concerning Area 51 including a number of color photos. She described it is a very professional product quite unlike anything available to date.

Sounds like "Ma and Pa" are a couple of real ingrates!

--Derbyguy@aol.com

Response To Alfred

"Alfred" was new to me, so of course I read [Rat 23](#) with eyes wide, and (so to speak) my hand on my wallet. What IS one to think... especially when the story disinters the old tale of a UFO crash at Aztec, dismissed up to now as a 1950 hoax?

But I don't mean to argue the truth or falsehood of the Aztec report, any more than you want to argue the truth or falsehood of saucers at Area 51. (And in fact it's easy to reconcile everything with a scenario like this: Krause knew there was more than one crash. He had good info about Roswell, but didn't know details of the others. He knew of Frank Scully's 1950 book about the Aztec crash. But he wasn't bothered either by its evident silliness or subsequent unmasking as a hoax played, allegedly, on Scully. Scully, after all, was over his head writing about anything but Hollywood, and talk of a hoax, Krause might think, could easily have been disinformation. Crashes HAD occurred, after all; Aztec evidently was one of them.)

I was curious about one detail in Alfred's account: "Also about this time, there were reports of a UFO crash at nearby Aztec, New Mexico. The Farmington Daily News reported the event in one of its issues. There had been a pinhole leak in the craft, the story said, and three small bodies had been recovered, three- to-four feet in stature, charred to a crisp. The craft itself was reported in good condition. The next day, the News recanted its report and called the crash a hoax."

Were these Farmington Daily News reports about the crash itself, or about Scully's book? If they were

about the book, then Alfred may have compressed events in his memory. The book was published in 1950; the magazine article that debunked it came out in 1952. Or did the paper catch up to the story two years late, only to discover the refutation just the next day? But if the reports were about the crash itself, then that's a detail I don't think the world knows about.

-- gsandow@pipeline.com

Range Worker Finds No Evidence

A former Nellis Range employee who apparently worked at either Tonopah or Groom in the late 1980s writes that he saw no evidence of UFOs in his three years there.

There are some areas where some weird stuff is going on, but I believe it has more to do with research, i.e.: biological. I truly feel that the UFO stories are just distractions from the real activities and probably started by gov't agents. Every time I read information that seems to be getting close to the real programs, I see lots of UFO stories start flying.

Me being a UFO buff since I was in junior high, I was excited about getting a job on the range and made every effort to discover any information or physical evidence that may be UFO related. No luck.

Lincoln County In The News

Lincoln County has been in the news lately because of a nuclear waste plan adopted last month by the county commissioners. The number one political hot potato in Nevada is the Yucca Mountain Project, a proposed underground storage site adjoining the Nevada Test Site where the Department of Energy (DOE) wants to permanently stash high-level waste from nuclear power plants. Naturally, the emotional reaction by Nevada residents is Not in My Backyard... never mind that backyards are pretty big out here. Yucca proponents point out that the Nevada Test Site is already profoundly irradiated by years of nuclear testing, so what more damage could a carefully managed storage site do? Opponents, of course, hear the word "nuclear" and go ballistic without further ado. Psychospy, with political allies on both sides of the question, has walked a very careful line on this one, and so have Nevada's politicians. It is considered political suicide for any state official to come out in support of the project, but the rest of the country seems to think Nevada the ideal site and Congress appears close to making it so. [[Official Yucca Project Home Page*](#)]

Politicians are in a bind because they can't open negotiations with the DOE or power companies without appearing to support the project and break the state's unity, thus Nevada may not be appropriately compensated if the project goes through. What the Lincoln County Commission has done is, in essence, open their own negotiations with the nuclear industry. The commissioners have passed a resolution allowing a transfer facility to be built in a remote part of the county where waste casks would be moved from rail to truck and be temporarily stored enroute to Yucca. For this, the county would receive enormous monetary compensation and all the safeguards money can buy.

The Commission's resolution brought the TV crews up from Vegas and resulted in immediate and violent reactions statewide. The state Attorney General filed suit against the two offending commissioners to have them removed from office. This, in turn, allowed members of the State Assembly and Senate to jump into the fray in support of Lincoln County, on the grounds that the commissioners' "free speech" was being violated. Thereby, these politicians can ease into the Yucca negotiations without being seen to support the project itself.

We have no respect for some of our Lincoln County officials, but a several others have some political smarts and seem to have pulled off a significant coup. Naturally, this means that the hysterics of the county, hearing the word "nuclear," have amassed to lynch these officials by means of a recall drive, in addition to the state's suit. Although we are never optimistic about the future of Lincoln County, the Desert Rat wants to voice its support for Commissioners Eve "Don't Mess with Me" Culverwell and Ed "Has a Spine After All" Wright. At least Campbell isn't alone in fighting the morons.

Intel Bitties

THE DESERT RAT IS TOO BIG TO HANDLE, some of our internet readers say. It was over 50K last issue, which can clog up the mail system of subscribers with slow modems. As an alternative, we now offer an abbreviated mailing in which we send only the table of contents. Then you know that a new Rat is out and can download it by FTP or WWW at your convenience. (WWW is actually our most readable version, with hot keys to back issues and to supplemental information.) To switch to the abbreviated mailing, send us a message at Area51rc@aol.com.

GROOM LAKE VOR. As mentioned in [DR#18](#), the frequency of the Groom Lake VOR (navigation beacon) is apparently 117.5 MHz. The identifier is "dash-dash dash-dot-dash-dot dash-dot-dash-dash." Alas, we do not speak that language, but we are told it translates into "MCY." That would seem to imply that Groom is masquerading as Mercury, which has no VOR.

JOHN ANDREWS of the Testers Corp., who is known for designing plastic airplane models before the planes themselves officially exist, points out that the stealth helicopter discussed in the March 5 Aviation Week article [[DR#23](#)], greatly resembles his "Stingbat LHX" stealth helicopter model with scimitar shaped blades and no tail rotor. Alas, Andrews may have been too far ahead of the game, since this 1989 model is no longer available.

BOOKS ON AZTEC CRASH. Two books cover the alleged Aztec UFO crash mentioned by Alfred [[DR#23](#)]. *Behind the Flying Saucers* by Frank Scully was a best seller around 1950, so you will probably find it at your public library. It's a pulp potboiler written in 72 days. More interesting is *UFO Crash at Aztec*, by William Steinman, a fat 1986 book with lots of interesting tidbits, including mention of Area 51 as the repository for alien material (pre-dating Lazar) and the text of the *True Magazine* article that debunked Scully. The book is not widely distributed, but you may be able to get a new copy for \$18.95 from Arcturus Books, (407) 398-0796. Arcturus also sells used copies of the Scully book. (We wonder if Scully is the source for the agent's name in *The X-Files*. [[Not true says reader.](#)])

[*UFO Crash at Aztec* is now available through us. See [DR#26](#).]

UFO CRASH DATES. According to the UFO literature (not necessarily reliable), these are the dates of the three alleged UFO crashes we have mentioned: Roswell: July 2, 1947 (Source: Randle and Schmitt). Aztec: May 25, 1948 (Source: Steinman). Kingman: Around May 20, 1953 (Source: Fowler via Good in *Above Top Secret*, page 399, recommended reading).

CORRECTION. Miss Edith reports that she is NOT the only active member of the Rachel Senior Center, as reported in [DR#23](#). There's also Rita, Fay and Lois. Rita was especially pissed to have been overlooked; we'll probably never hear the end of it.

LEGAL FUND THANKS. We wish to thank PK, PM, CH, CP, RK, RH and DY79FF for recent contributions to the legal fund. Legal pursuits are continuing, but for strategic reasons we will not discuss them in the Rat unless they become a matter of public record.

AN ARTICLE BY GLENN CAMPBELL on Groom Appears in the current issue of *Covert Action Quarterly*, Spring 1995.

THE MOUNT STERLING HIKE, scheduled for the Saturday, April 8, starting at 11am, is proceeding as planned. See [DR#23](#) for details. Snow and mud are likely on at least part of the trail, so dress accordingly. (No tennis shoes!) The meeting point is milepost CL 131.1 on US- 95, about 50 miles NW of Vegas. This is planned as a day trip, but for those who are interested in staying another day, we may camp out in the desert (could be cold) and mount a different expedition on Sunday. The destination will be discussed at the first hike.

THE CNN REPORT ON GROOM [[DR#21](#)] aired on TBS on 4/2, but there is still a chance to see it on CNN's *Earth Matters* this Sunday, April 9, at 2:30 pm ET (11:30 am PT).

OUR SOURCES INSIDE THE AIR FORCE say the Desert Rat is widely read and much appreciated by our men in blue. The Rat lets the AF know which issues are important. If Psychospy introduces a scandal, and it falls flat on the media marketplace, the AF knows it can safely be ignored. If the issue takes off, maybe they should worry. The Desert Rat is said to give the AF their best overall gauge of what is going on in the public sector regarding Area 51, an informative role we are happy to play.

It is Psychospy's sincerest hope that we and the Air Force can be friends again someday. After all, we kissed and made up with Gene Huff after many harsh words were exchanged. Makes you think anything is possible.

Reader Responses: [Gone Nuts](#)



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The Groom Lake Desert Rat

"The Naked Truth from Open Sources."

Area 51/Nellis Range/TTR/NTS/S-4?/Weird Stuff/Desert Lore

An on-line newsletter.

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Direct from the "UFO Capital," Rachel, Nevada.

Issue #25. April 15, 1995

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End Of An Era

The Freedom Ridge and White Sides viewpoints have finally been closed by the Air Force, ending the opportunity for tourists to view the "nonexistent" Groom facility from the comfort of their four wheel drives. Now, anyone who wants to see the secret base is going to have to work at it. Tikaboo Peak and other distant mountain viewpoints remain open, but because a rigorous hike is required they are likely to attract far fewer visitors.

Restricted area signs and orange marker posts appeared along the new border on April 10, the same day that the public land order authorizing the withdrawal was published in the Federal Register (60 FR 18030). We had hoped to hold an "End of the World Party" on Freedom Ridge before it was closed, but we didn't have sufficient warning and, frankly, we were growing a bit weary of "could be closed any day now" events. The saga of Freedom Ridge had run its course, and its final closure was appropriately timed to shift the story to a higher level.

White Sides Mountain appears on maps and was known to UFO watchers since shortly after the Lazar story broke, but Freedom Ridge was more subtle on the landscape and was discovered only shortly before the withdrawal process began. Glenn Campbell stumbled across the viewpoint on June 30, 1993, while hiking along the border south of Groom Lake Road. He says he had little interest in the base itself, only in the fact that this site made the view accessible to everyone. "I looked at this ridge and saw families and grandmothers coming here," says Campbell. "It was an easy hike, and there was the potential for a road all the way to the top. This made a great difference for publicizing the base."

As the first known visitor to the hill, Campbell chose its name. "It was common knowledge at the time that a land seizure was coming, and I knew that the name was important to help define the battle. I tried putting a lot of different words together, and Freedom Ridge is the one that stuck. We would fight to the death to save it! The real victory for me was when I heard the Cammo Dudes call it Freedom Ridge on the radio."

What was lost by the public? Objectively not much--only two relatively small parcels of land that few people had ever heard of until the military decided to take them. The hills were closely monitored by the Cammo Dudes, and whenever a visitor was spotted, word was radioed back to the base that "Watchdog is in effect," presumably suppressing secret operations. It was like the light inside the refrigerator but the other way around: Whenever you were on the hill, nothing secret seemed to be going on at the base below.

The significance of Freedom Ridge was mostly political. The withdrawal became a symbol of the old Cold War way of doing things. The Air Force ignored the public, answered no questions and hid behind the tired "National Security" label. Whichever side you may be on, the withdrawal cannot be called a triumph of Air Force public relations. The land application itself became a "hook" that made Area 51 a legitimate news story, reinforcing the claim of hazardous waste abuses which happened to hit the press at about the same time. The suit by workers exposed to toxic fumes was certainly a more important story, but it was difficult to report in the popular media. Freedom Ridge, on the other hand, was made for TV. Where once there were only a handful of UFO buffs and the fringe publications that follow them, suddenly the big time media was turning up in droves.

Noisy public hearings were held, and citizens flocked to the viewpoints for a "last glimpse" of the forbidden. News crews were detained and video tapes seized by a sinister security force and its local stooges who could have all been provided by Central Casting. The withdrawal process gave birth to a unified and broadly-based public movement to expose the base that would probably have never existed had the Air Force not attempted such a poorly explained and devious appearing action. "For the public safety and the safe and secure operation of activities" was the vague explanation that will tag this action in the history books. In this paranoid age when more people than ever suspect they will be screwed by the government, the bumbling brass played into those fears precisely. "This issue is the withdrawal of freedom, not just Freedom Ridge, but freedom," intoned one conspiracy proponent at the Las Vegas hearing [DR#4], and many previously disinterested citizens came to feel that they were being cheated out of something that was their natural right.

The withdrawal helped breath life into Psychospy, the Area 51 Research Center and the Groom Lake Desert Rat. It provided an energy source upon which these entities could feed and grow, like the parasitic alien creature in a bad sci-fi movie. In a minor engagement like the Battle for Freedom Ridge, it is not the outcome that is important but the process. The journey from application to the final closure may have been unstoppable, but some high-quality publicity and a legitimate policy debate was generated in the interim--all of it fueled by the apparent evasiveness of the Air Force. Had the applicant stated the real purpose of the withdrawal--to keep eyes off Groom Lake--and maybe given some journalists a tour of the base cafeteria, there would have been not nearly so much hoopla. The American public is still patriotic enough that it will usually support national defense when offered at least a plausible explanation, but the absurd nonexistence of the Groom base, mitigated only by vague AF press releases about possible "facilities" in that vicinity, made the taxpayer feel he was being ripped off and gave rise to endless perceived conspiracies.

"It is all part of the plan," the conspiracy buffs insist. The Air Force deliberately botched the Freedom Ridge withdrawal to draw attention to Groom Lake when nothing secret was really going on there. The flying saucers, Aurora aircraft and hideous medical experiments have all been moved to other states while Campbell and his government handlers create a diversion here in Nevada. The flaw in this theory is that when one secret base gets a lot of publicity, all the others receive some limelight, too. When one facility becomes as romanticized as Area 51 has, military and UFO enthusiasts in all fifty states start looking for secret bases of their own, and they have less inclination to keep quiet about what they find now that the national enemy is no longer clear.

The closure of Freedom Ridge may discourage casual tourists but it won't defuse the hard-core fanatics who are rapidly hacking away at the secrets of the "Test Site." On Freedom Ridge, the military could at least keep track of where the watchers were. Now, the amateur spies have been forced to spread out; they could be on any of a dozen difficult-to-monitor peaks overlooking the Restricted Zone. The Groom base itself may no longer be easy to see, but there are probably other sites and activities in the Test Site that the government does not want observed. Nothing that flies in the air is secure anymore, and the blanket respect that most people used to have for government secrets is fading fast.

What Went Wrong

In its handling of the Freedom Ridge withdrawal the Air Force has failed Public Relations 101, and the costs in the long run could be significant. In the post-Cold War world, defense has to compete with other government services for limited funds, and keeping in good terms with the public is becoming an essential skill. As a natural result of its rigid, top-down culture, the military is generally ill-prepared to handle this challenge. A soldier's job is to follow orders. If you work for the public relations "directoriate" in a military organization, your function is to read statements prepared

by your superiors. The superiors, in turn, take their orders from the generals, who are usually better skilled at moving hardware around than attending to the subtleties of image.

The military is not a democratic organization, so managing the components of democracy like the media is not its strong point. Career soldiers seem to be of two minds: They praise free speech, liberty, individual rights and all those other buzzwords of democracy, claiming that these principles are what they are fighting to defend. Yet, they have also chosen, as individuals, to live in a closed environment that is not free at all, and they expect the rest of society to support this totalitarian structure without question. The career soldier sees no need to respond to questions about military expenditures or policy on the grounds that it might give away our position to the enemy. He tends to see the world in black and white: His organization is right and its opponents are wrong, and there is no need for negotiation or explanation in between.

Democracy is a mystery to most soldiers, and frankly it is also confusing to us here in the Research Center. We, too, carry the banner of truth, justice and the American Way, but we are using it against the military in this case, trying to make it more accountable. We argue that the military's secret operations would be more efficient and ultimately more effective for defense if stronger democratic controls were in place. We quote this gospel so often that sometimes we forget what democracy really means in practice. Democracy is free citizens voting in fair elections for the candidate who has the best hairdo. Democracy is the O.J. Simpson trial overruling all other news coverage. Democracy is millions of absolute morons each having exactly the same vote as the tiny minority with half a brain and the skills to make an intelligent decision. The more you think about democracy, the more frightening it seems and the more you wonder if the soldier might be right.

As we ponder the loss of our Freedom Ridge--how the land was taken essentially by fiat with only an illusion of democratic input--it is useful to return to the underlying issue. What is democracy, and what good is it?

It is a curious form of social organization. Politicians make speeches and promise the people anything they want. The people then go to the polls and vote for the candidate with the best media management. The winners, in turn, make critical decisions for our society or, more often than not, make no real decisions at all. Society continues to spiral down whatever road to Hell it is already traveling.

We are fortunate, at least, that the majority doesn't get to vote on every national and local decision. Most people make decisions based on superficial emotional cues. Here in Nevada for example, the word "nuclear" has already polarized the electorate in regards to the Yucca Mountain waste storage project [[DR#24](#)]. Ask Nevadans whether they want a HAZARDOUS NUCLEAR WASTE STORAGE FACILITY within their state, and they would certainly vote against it. Yet, the pile-up of nuclear waste, like the problems of drugs, crime and the national deficit, will not go away on its own; somewhere along the line an unpopular decision has to be made.

That is why we hire our leaders for extended terms, elect them on a general platform then let them use their best judgment on specific issues until the next election. The trouble is, politicians worried about reelection still don't like to make unpopular decisions. Although they are not as fickle as the general public on minor issues, they are loathe to go out on a limb on the most contested and memorable ones. To avoid offending the voters, politicians tend to fill the air with rhetoric while putting off as long as possible any controversial action that might raise the ire of a vocal portion of their electorate. Thus, elected leaders rarely make strong, preemptive management decisions; they accomplish only feeble, reactive ones, usually too little, too late to solve our most pressing social problems.

If you thought democratic processes control our society, you are wrong. Our elected leaders don't direct the course of our history any more than the figurehead does on the bow of a ship. If you ask who really controls our society, the conspiracy buffs will tell you it is the secret New World Order, Trilateral Commission or Council on Foreign Relations. Behind all of our world leaders is a sinister association of Rockefellers and Masons who have ensnared the executives of every major corporation, newspaper and TV network in their web of enforced alliances. If any significant event takes place, like the JFK assassination, the AIDS epidemic or Larry King coming to Rachel, it must have had the direct approval of the secret "Committee."

The alternative explanation is even more frightening: Maybe there is NO ONE controlling our society. Maybe shit just happens. The real course of history could be pushed along by random winds that no one on earth has a handle on. For

example, technology is not a democratic process. If someone invents a useful new device, like the light bulb, telephone or World Wide Web, it can spread throughout society almost overnight, and its effects upon our life on earth, both good and bad, can be far more profound than any act ever promulgated by Congress. At best, Congress will only react to the new idea after its effects are already obvious, but by then the process is usually unstoppable.

In a strict hierarchical organization, as under communism, dictatorships or our own honorable military, a measure of real control can be exercised. The leader says jump, and the whole organization does it simultaneously. Democracy, in contrast, offers little more than the illusion of control. It is a form of chaos. Much lip service is paid to the wisdom of the people, but as we learned in the last Lincoln County elections [DR#18], the people are rarely wise and usually do not see anything beyond the buzzwords of an issue. Their election of representatives every couple of years is often cited as the cornerstone of the healthy functioning of our society. In fact, who the citizens elect has very little bearing one where our society goes. Politicians of any party are only responding to events that have already happened. Their hands are usually tied by the superficiality of politics, so one elected leader is pretty much as effective as any other.

What makes democracy work--better than most dictatorships at least--is that it protects and encourages chaos. Democracy renders its leaders mostly ineffective, freeing society to actually be ruled by a marketplace of ideas. In any dictatorship, at least among humans, the powers of control which were granted initially to get the job done inevitably become used instead to suppress the political opponents of the leadership. Smart individuals with useful new inventions that might change the structure of the organization are usually firmly discouraged. In a real-life democracy, the leaders do not have that kind of power. Our "free press" assures that no personal flaw will go unnoticed, and the fickleness of the electorate guarantees a regular turnover of leaders so that no single person or party gains too much control. Chaos prevails, and the society follows by default its own irrational myths and the compelling ideas of a few unelected inventors.

It would be a pleasure to work in an organization where the leaders are chosen based only on their proven ability and not for politics, slavishness or who they are connected to. In real organizations, especially large ones with low turnover like our boys in blue, this ideal is rarely achieved. Promotions are awarded to those who follow orders and don't rock the boat, who would stand proudly with the ship as it is sinking. This is a problem in any mature organization: Selection by superiors tends to promote those employees who support the status quo. People with true leadership ability, who would make preemptive and potentially unpopular decisions instead of responding to crises only after they occur, tend to clash with management early on and are weeded out. The Peter Principal says that in any organization, an employee tends to rise to the level of his incompetence, and the organization grows stale as a result. Democracy deals with this problem by regularly disrupting organizations and enforcing chaos, which eventually gives unelected power to those with ability and allows good ideas to emerge.

Due to its lack of uncontrolled entrepreneurs, a highly disciplined and hierarchical organization usually has difficulty changing with the times. The military, the saying goes, is always fighting the last war, not the next one. It responds to conflicts only after they become intractable, and it can never escape from its own straight-line methods. In the case of the Freedom Ridge withdrawal, a path was plotted from "A" to "B" long before the withdrawal was applied for. The special assault forces of the Air Force Real Estate Directorate marched toward the goal through thick and thin, past bullets and land mines, with unwavering loyalty and disciplined precision for however long it took to capture "B" and plant the flag. Trouble is, by the time the goal was achieved, the war had changed. "B" was already irrelevant and not worth the enormous cost of securing it.

From *The Hollywood Reporter*, April 12, 1995 (courtesy of creepie@ix.netcom.com)...

CARRADINE FILM SIZES UP "AREA" by Kirk Honeycutt

A Japanese-financed, independent film will fictionally examine a real-life mystery that now exists in the Nevada desert. *Area 51*, written by Mike Gray -- Oscar nominated for co-writing a similar muckraking feature, *The China Syndrome* -- and directed by actor Robert Carradine, is slated to start production in June in Rachel, Nev.

The science-fiction thriller will focus on a government facility in Nevada known to UFO groupies as Area 51 or Groom Lake. Until recently, the Air Force denied the very existence of the site.

Thanks to considerable media attention, hundreds of people in recent weeks have converged on the perimeter of the site, located 90 miles northwest of Las Vegas on Nellis Air Force Base. There, they are convinced, the Air Force is reproducing a captured flying saucer.

Last weekend, CNN aired a story on the mysterious Area 51.

International Mondo Entertainment, a subsidiary of Mondo Corp., a major real estate and development company headquartered in Tokyo, will finance and Naofumi Okamoto, president of Apricot Entertainment, will produce the film.

Okamoto said the film's budget will be somewhere between \$5 million and \$8 million "depending on the special effects."

The story concerns a female TV news producer trying to get to the bottom of the mysterious site.

Carradine, who makes his feature directing debut with this film, describes *Area 51* as a "detective story with a documentary sense of reality."

Okamoto said he and Carradine mutually came up with the idea for the film after seeing a half-hour documentary on Fox and reading stories about the site in several publications, including the *The New York Times* and *Popular Science*.

Newsweek then reported in its Feb. 20 issue that five former and current government employees and the widow of a sixth have filed a lawsuit charging they were exposed to burning toxic wastes at the secret Air Force facility.

The widow, Helen Frost, has charged that poisonous fumes from plastics and chemicals thrown into open pits and doused with jet fuel contributed to her husband's death in 1989.

However, the workers' attorney has been stymied by the government's refusal to reveal the name of so-called "operating location" on the base. Without an officially recognized name, the suit cannot proceed.

What is known about the site is that it has been used as a testing ground for the U-2 spy plane and the F-117A Stealth.

Okamoto, who has headed Apricot Entertainment since its inception in 1989, said the company previously produced a film called *Illusion*, which starred Emma Samms, Heather Locklear and Carradine.

The investment by International Mondo marks the company's first foray in the movie business, Okamoto said. International Mondo's Fuminori Hayashid will serve as the film's executive producer.

Writing a female TV producer into the script solves the most awkward problem of any Area 51 movie: How to insert the requisite babe-ola into a male-dominated environment. Writer Mike Gray took a hint from the Desert Rat [#10] in that the babe is the smart producer, while the on-air reporter is your typical blow dried meat puppet.

We also understand that a Campbell-like character may appear in the film, giving advice to the male lead (Carradine) on how he might penetrate the secret base to rescue the heroine. This quirky desert character, the actor for whom has not yet been selected, lives in a mobile home in a nowhere town not unlike Rachel. No word yet as to whether he is feuding with the proprietors of the local bar.

[Nothing has happened on movie as of mid-July.]

The third of our free monthly hikes will be to Tikaboo Peak, which still offers a legal but very distant view of the

Groom Lake base. The tentative meeting time is 9:00 am on Saturday, May 13, 1995, at Milepoint LN 32.2 on US-93, about 86 miles north of Las Vegas. Those who wish to attend should confirm the meeting time a couple days ahead by calling the Research Center (702-729-2648) or consulting alt.conspiracy.area51.

After meeting at the highway, we will drive inland on a good dirt road (suitable for any vehicle if you don't mind a lot of bumps) about 25 miles to Badger Spring. From there we will make the rigorous 1-1/2 hour hike to the summit. You need to be in good shape to attempt this hike. Those who get regular exercise should have no difficulty, but the hike is not recommended for couch potatoes, smokers or those carrying excess poundage. The elevation will be about 7000 feet climbing to 8000. The terrain is pleasantly forested, and the summit offers an impressive 360- degree view of southern Nevada.

If bad weather comes, it will probably take the form of fierce winds, which would limit our stay at the top. Otherwise, we will lounge around and pray to our chosen deities at the summit, where there is a small religious shrine dedicated to "Our Lady of the Black Budget." If you choose, you may bring a votive candle, some incense and any religious figurines you are willing to part with. (Attention all Catholics!)

Hikers need to be prepared for extremes in temperature: Bring both shorts in case it is hot and long pants, a warm jacket and hat in case it is windy. Sturdy hiking shoes are important, and you need to bring at least 2 quarts of liquid for the hike. You also need to bring enough food for however long you wish to stay. Telescopes are essential for viewing the base, but there should be enough of them among the group that not everyone needs to bring one.

To reach the meeting point from Las Vegas, go north on I-15 (Salt Lake City direction) for about 20 miles to the US-93 exit, then go north on US-93 for 66.8 miles to milepoint LN 32.2. (Mileposts are marked every mile by small white signs on the side of the road.) The meeting point is an unmarked dirt road between the Lower and Upper Pahrnagat Lakes in the Pahrnagat National Wildlife Refuge. This location is about 0.3 mile past the well-marked entrance to the refuge headquarters. If you arrive later, we will leave instructions at the meeting point for how to find us, but there is no guarantee you will catch up.

The lady-killer Agent X has announced his tentative plans to attend this hike, as have tmahood@netcom.com, Campbell and another member of the original "Interceptors" featured in the March 1994 Popular Science. Although the Cammo Dudes are invited to attend like everyone else in the world, none are expected since this is far outside their usual territory. The hike will be entirely on public land many miles from the military border.

CAMPING: Although this is intended as a day trip that can easily be done from Las Vegas, some people may wish to camp here on Friday or Saturday night. You need to be prepared for nighttime temperatures in the 40s. There is a free and scenic campground (no services) along the shore of Upper Pahrnagat Lake (a lake with water!) about a half mile north of the meeting point on US- 93. The Tikaboo trailhead near Badger Spring also makes a good camping spot, but unless you have the Area 51 Viewer's Guide, you may want to save this location for Saturday night when you know where it is. This is probably where we will build a campfire on Saturday night and tell scary stories. Oscar Mayer wieners, as well as buns and--but of course--Grey Poupon, will be provided free of charge, although supplies may be limited [[DR#21](#)]. On Sunday we may mount another expedition or work project, to be decided on Saturday.

OTHER ACCOMMODATIONS. The meeting point is 55 miles from Rachel, so a visit there may be difficult. There are two motels in Alamo (both at 702-725-3371) about 5 miles north of the meeting point. Free swimming is available at the BLM (unfenced) portion of Ash Springs (bath-water temperature, about 13 miles north of the meeting point across from R-Place gas station). If you are coming from Southern California, the casino hotels at Stateline are a reasonable place to stay. Rooms on Friday and Saturday nights are about \$32 (including two free tickets on the world's highest roller coaster), but reservations are important (800-367-7383).

As usual, you are responsible for your own safety on this hike, and the organizers accept no liability for any loss or injury.

THREE AREA 51 KITTENS were born underneath the Research Center around April 1. The father was one of those love-'em-and-leave-'em types who remains unidentified at present. One kitten resembles her mother, but the other two are a smoky gray, which is very strange since there are no gray tomcats in Rachel. (Are you thinking what we are?)

We have named one of our grays "Jarod 3."

4/23/95: [Desert Rat Supplement](#)

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[Supplement to the Groom Lake Desert Rat, 4/23/95]

BACKGROUND: This article was published before the recent bombing in Oklahoma City. Aside from being a militia leader, William Cooper is also a claimed Area 51 UFO expert, using the flying saucer claims to bolster his views about the New World Order. The saucers, he says are not alien in origin, but were invented first by the Nazis in WWII. He says the government is stockpiling these craft in preparation for the staging of a mock alien invasion, which will draw humanity together and provide the excuse for abrogating our remaining human rights. Many of Cooper's UFO and New World Order claims are based on secret documents he says he read while in the Navy, which Cooper has reproduced and published in numerous, often revised variations.

The philosophy described below is also that disseminated by Pat and Joe Travis of the Little A'Le'Inn to anyone who visits their Rachel (NV) bar.

-- psychospy@aol.com

<begin forwarded article>

TITLE: ARIZONANS FORMING MILITIAS TO OPPOSE PERCEIVED "INVASION"

DATE: February 18, 1995

PUBLICATION: Las Vegas Review-Journal and Las Vegas Sun (Reprinted from The Arizona Republic)

ST. JOHNS, Ariz.--From this remote, untidy city on eastern Arizona's high desert plains, William Cooper beams his anger to the world.

Five nights a week, at 10 p.m., Cooper, one of the most widely known prophets of the growing "patriot movement," rails at the federal government and talks of doomsday omens on his short wave radio broadcast.

A "New World Order" is building like a thunderhead. Foreign troops under the control of the United Nations are training secretly on American soil. Black helicopters are shadowing patriots to spy on them.

The military, the FBI, the president, the National Guard--almost anyone in uniform, it seems--are plotting to rob Americans of their civil rights and their guns.

The key to fending off the impending assault, Cooper and others like him say, is to form private militias.

And across Arizona and the rest of the nation, thousands of mostly working-class and rural folks are responding.

Many are gathering in home or at conventions, reading patriot newsletters, generating "intelligence" for Cooper's organization and others, communing through shortwave radio and computer.

Some are training with weapons. Others are stockpiling supplies to ensure survival when the battle ignites.

Civil-rights groups and law enforcement agents are nervous. They fear that the patriot movement will goad some extremists into violence against Jews, blacks or lawmen.

Militia leaders scoff at this. But they acknowledge that they think the armed conflict against one-world government for which they're preparing is unavoidable.

"You're cattle, stupid cattle," Cooper told any skeptics among a crowd of 260 at a December patriot convention in Mesa.

While stressing he doesn't endorse violence, Cooper warned "Blood will be spilled in the streets of America. It's inevitable."

Exactly where the militia phenomenon is heading is unclear

Like its 1980s precursors--the Arizona Patriots and Posse Comitatus--the movement may taper off and die in the boredom that overtakes conspiracy causes, especially when the coming apocalypse doesn't come.

But the patriot brushfire to date shows no-sign of burning out, finding kindling for its out rage in every news flash. The events that raked in militia recruits--the siege of Randy Weaver in Idaho, the raid on the Branch Davidians near Waco, Texas, the signing of gun-control laws--stick in their craws. Then there's President Clinton, the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade and the Internal Revenue Service.

"People right now are freaked," said David Espy, who lives near Chino Valley, north of Prescott, and who has taken out newspaper ads advising people to form militias to battle government intrusion.

"They're thinking, 'That (the Waco group) could have been our church, could have been our children.'"

He and neighbors have set up communications networks, including laying underground phone lines and buying flare guns. At one point, they considered acquiring homing pigeons as a bug-proof way to communicate.

They've scouted for unmarked helicopters thought to be spying for authorities or the United Nations. They've discussed what they would do if federal forces invaded their land.

"The standing joke where I live is, When they see smoke coming from my place, that's going to be the beginning of the battle)," said Espy, owner of an excavating company.

"If all else fails, if you got your firearm, you can defend yourself, and you'll have a new government."

Loosely organized militias have sprung up in at least 13 states, according to an October report by the New York City based Anti-Defamation League.

The militias are strongest in Michigan, Montana, Colorado and Florida, and their goal is to lay "the groundwork for massive resistance to the federal government and its law enforcement agencies," the report states.

In Arizona, small militia bands are being organized in every county, Espy says. Some strongholds appear to be areas near Prescott, Snowflake, Kingman and the Four Corners authorities say.

Among the heroes of the militia crowd is former Arizona Gov. Evan Mecham, who has spoken at some national patriot conventions.

###

The Groom Lake Desert Rat

"The Naked Truth from Open Sources."

AREA 51/NELLIS RANGE/TTR/NTS/S-4?/WEIRD STUFF/DESERT LORE

An on-line newsletter. Written, published, [copyrighted](#) and totally disavowed by [Psychospy](#). Direct from the "UFO Capital," Rachel, Nevada.

Issue #26. May 21, 1995

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Research Center Expands

The closure of Freedom Ridge [[DR#25](#)] has prompted a reorganization of the Area 51 Research Center designed to increase efficiency and better serve the public. The most significant of these changes is the opening of a new branch office in Las Vegas. Rachel Area Director Glenn Campbell, in recognition of his tireless efforts on behalf of government accountability, has been promoted to Regional Director and will man the new facility part-time. The Rachel headquarters will continue to serve as administrative center manned by our able local staff, but the Las Vegas office will take over most operational tasks.

The advantages of a location in the Heart of Neon are abundant: access to cheap communications, public libraries, a well-connected airport, fresh produce, video rentals, all-you-can-eat buffets and 24-hour Wal-Marts. The mental health of our Regional Director was also an issue. After two and a half years living exclusively in Rachel--150 miles from the nearest Seven-Eleven--Mr. Campbell was bouncing off the walls and had to be sedated all too frequently. While in Las Vegas, Campbell will be out of reach of drunk bar owners and hillbilly sheriffs and does not have to go to bed every night with an escape route in mind. Much as we love to hate Las Vegas [[DR#11](#)], this city is unquestionably the cultural center of modern human civilization as we know it. It also offers the possibility of decent pizza delivered fresh within 30 minutes.

Our new facility is an apartment in a modern complex aptly named The Oasis. It is an island in a sea of neon, only one block away from the crossroads of the "new" Las Vegas: Tropicana Ave. and the Strip. The hotels here are the largest and silliest in the world. On one corner of this junction is a tropical resort; on another is a Wizard of Oz theme park; on the third corner is a fairytale castle next to a full-scale Egyptian pyramid. The fourth corner is vacant now but will soon contain a casino reproduction of New York City.

By coincidence, our new office happens to overlook yet another fantasy attraction: the secret "Janet" terminal in the northwest corner of [McCarran Airport](#) where most workers at Groom Lake and Tonopah Test Range leave their cars and fly to work aboard unmarked 737s. The parking lot is only about 100 yards from our window across a narrow

vacant lot. Area 51 may not officially exist, but we now have the power to track and identify nearly everyone who works there. It is a power we have no plans to use, however, because we feel that the privacy of individual workers should be protected. We hope that our presence alone may encourage more openness on a voluntary basis.

No car coming in or out of the compound escapes our view, and we can clearly see the workers getting on and off the planes. If we cared to, we could record every license plate and photograph every face. Through our best optics we can almost read the ID cards flashed to the guard at the gate upon entry. The workers seem like ordinary folk who might be employed in any high-tech factory. They are always in civilian clothes, but they may carry a briefcase or sports bag. Cars range from high-end luxury models to low-brow beaters. Judging from the relative emptiness of the parking lot at night, most workers come and go on the same day for a regular eight-hour shift, Monday through Friday, with only a skeleton force staying for the night or weekend. Although identical 737s serve the two different bases, it is pretty easy to tell which workers are going to Groom Lake from the timing of their arrival at the parking lot to coincide with those flights. The Cammo Dudes are easy to spot, too, because those are the beefy ones, paid to work out.

Of course, the surveillance can work both ways. Being across the street from a government facility makes it a lot easier for THEM to keep an eye on US. This doesn't bother us much, since we are an open entity without many secrets.

It will be interesting to see what happens next. The NSA headquarters at Ft. Meade, Maryland [[DR#8](#)] faced a similar problem when Soviet spies took up residence in a motel next door. The NSA simply bought the property and absorbed it into its complex. (The motel later became the NSA public museum, which we lost our film for photographing.) Likewise, the government could purchase the Oasis Apartments, but that wouldn't make much sense unless they also purchased the major hotels that overlook the terminal: the Tropicana, Excalibur, Luxor, San Remo, Hacienda and MGM Grand. Four or five billion dollars ought to cover it. A less expensive alternative would be to abandon the Janet terminal and move the operation to Nellis AFB, at great inconvenience to workers.

On a more personal level, the government could initiate another nuisance legal action against one of our members, like Campbell's obstruction charge which is now in appeal. Even if baseless, such actions could keep us occupied for a while. Alas, this might also encourage some of our more disruptive colleagues to be a lot less discreet with the data that passes by our window every day. A yearbook of Cammo Dudes, with their photos and addresses posted to the World Wide Web, would seem inevitable. (If the secret agencies place our people in jeopardy, the same could happen to theirs.)

[[Later complaint by neighbor](#)]

Several of the legendary Groom Lake Interceptors, including [Agent X](#), The Minister and Tom & Jeri were on hand for the ribbon cutting ceremonies at our new facility. Of course, we have a network news crew at all of our functions, and *CBS Sunday Morning* was the first to visit our new Las Vegas annex. Their report is tentatively scheduled to air this Sunday morning, May 28, on all CBS stations. [[Followup in DR#27](#)]

The visit by the CBS crew, who appeared on our balcony with their big Betacam, provoked the first signs of recognition from the folks across the street. One of the remote controlled cameras on the roof of the secret terminal swung around to look directly at us. A security dude drove up to the vacant lot beside us, got out of his vehicle, put his hands on his hips and shook his head. We could almost hear the local management saying, "Oh, shit," and issuing a flurry of memos all the way to the Pentagon.

The Rachel headquarters will continue to be open to the public (usually on weekends and weekday mornings), while the Las Vegas annex will generally be closed to the public except by prior arrangement (since this is the place where we try to get things done).

Who Owns The Janet Terminal?

The "Janet" jets are Boeing 737s with tail numbers but no insignia [[DR#15](#)] that transport the majority of workers to Groom and Tonopah. "Janet" followed by a flight number is the name used on FAA frequencies. There has been a lot of speculation about what "Janet" might mean, but we have no concrete data.

For the past few years, the red-striped jets and the seven-pad terminal at 5400 Haven Ave. have been operated for the government by the private contractor EG&G. In [DR#15](#), we reported rumors that the Air Force itself was taking over the day-to-day operation of these flights, but recent information now suggests that the changeover never happened. Supposedly, the Air Force was ready to take it over; a date was set, but when the day came the EG & G management somehow remained in place. Meanwhile, the ownership of the jets themselves has been gradually transferred from various holding companies to direct Air Force ownership registered at Hill AFB in Clearfield, Utah.

Here's how to find the top secret terminal: From the giant lion's head at the Emerald City, turn south at the fairytale castle and Easter Island monoliths, go past the full-size Sphinx and Egyptian pyramid; turn left at the Happi Inn, go down two blocks, and there it is: the entrance to "Dreamland."

Guide To Our World

The Las Vegas annex is within a two-block radius of five (5) all- you-can-eat buffets, which we partake of frequently. Our capsule reviews...

- Luxor: Superior food in a spectacular setting.
- Hacienda: Sucks. Don't go.
- Excalibur: A crowded feeding trough. Avoid it.
- MGM: Mediocre and way overpriced.
- San Remo: Very nice. Small buffet in classy surroundings.

For entertainment, the Luxor is a "must see." The pyramid is hollow and contains a city inside. Don't miss the motion sickness ride (Episode 1) and the big screen extravaganza (Episode 3). You can skip the TV talk show (Episode 2) and the boat ride on the indoor Nile. [We'll have an in-depth review of Luxor in a future Rat.]

The MGM casino and theme park, centered on the Wizard of Oz theme, is a major dud in our opinion, designed by corporate Munchkins with no real imagination. Notable only as the largest hotel in the world--5005 rooms--the MGM requires a one-half mile walk, mostly past slot machines, from one end of the complex to the other. The theme park is a pale miniature of Disney. The rides are the saddest we have experienced, but at least entry to the park itself is now free.



Now under construction is "New York, New York," a theme casino reproducing an idealized Manhattan skyline, including Statue of Liberty and Coney Island roller coaster. It will be unrealistically sanitized, no doubt, with no smell of urine on the sidewalks. Under construction at the MGM is a monorail connecting that hotel with Bally's a few blocks north on the Strip. There, a casino reproduction of Paris is planned: half-size Eiffel Tower, Arc de Triomphe, snooty waiters, etc.

We keep predicting that the whole house of cards will soon collapse and that Las Vegas will finally suffer the tragic bust it justly deserves. No sign of it yet, however. For now, the maxim is, "Build it, and they will come."

New Mexico Field Trip

We've just come back from a two-week pilgrimage to New Mexico. Highlights of our journey...

-- A tour of the Very Large Array radio telescope on the Plains of San Augustin, courtesy of one of our subscribers who works there. This is an impressive line-up of 27 big mobile dishes which work together as one giant receiver listening to the cosmos. It is the backdrop for many car commercials, and it will soon be a filming location for the big-budget movie *Contact*. (The story concerns earth's first contact with extraterrestrials, based on the novel written by Carl Sagan before he became an "Arschloch.") Anyone can take a walking tour on the ground, but our contact took us up into one of the dishes, a 25-meter bowl that would be ideal for skateboarding when in the upright position. The VLA claims to do no secret work, only pure science, but we know better. Those same dishes receiving microwaves from the stars could also be used to transmit secret messages to invading aliens. As we toured the facility, we were on the lookout for any clues that might give away the real project. Behind big steel doors was the Brain Room, where all the signals from the dishes converged. Inside this air conditioned, heavily shielded chamber, we saw a lot of blinking lights on consoles and smelled a mysterious odor that immediately put us on alert. It was--sniff, sniff--Szechwan! Our search of the Brain Room revealed no source, but later in the tour we did notice that the array controller in another part of the building was cooking a stir-fry lunch. We left the VLA with none of our suspicions allayed but still no solid proof.

[[Official VLA Home Page*](#)] The Plains of San Augustin, west of Socorro, also happen to be the site of an alleged flying saucer crash. If you believe a certain Roswell scenario, a second craft came down here on the same night in July 1947.

-- A visit to Los Alamos, site of Lazar's prior employment--as physicist or gopher--and the probable quarantine location for the "Boys" in Jarod's story [[DR#24](#)]. Los Alamos National Laboratories is a fascinating "island in the sky," built on high, finger-shaped mesas overlooking the Rio Grande. It was founded for the Manhattan project during WWII and was once a secret "nonexistent" city similar to Groom. Now, it is quite accessible and not the sort of place you could land a UFO or keep anything secret outdoors. The city of Los Alamos was once the central area of the laboratory, but most of that land is now private businesses and residences. It seems like a cross between a small college town and wealthy resort community. Houses cover the mesas to the east of the town center, and the most desirable homes are perched on cliffs overlooking the valley. (By contrast, Bob Lazar's former residence is very humble.) The laboratory covers the mesas to the west. Unlike a military base, the main roads of the reservation are open to the public, with only individual compounds restricted. The security around some complexes is impressive--triple concertina wire and video cameras everywhere--but the handling of nuclear materials could easily account for most of it.

[[Official Los Alamos Home Page*](#)]

-- A drop-in at the International UFO Museum in Roswell, occupying a storefront on Main Street. We are, after all, a "Participating Founder" of that institution (or was it "Founding Participant"?) having paid good money for the distinction. We also stopped by the competing institution, the Outa Limits UFO Museum near the airport. Relations between the two seem distant, but things certainly haven't degenerated to the state in Rachel.

-- A brief visit to Midway, an unincorporated village about 9 miles southeast of Roswell and within view of the former Roswell Army Airfield. Here is the site of the Midway Sightings mentioned by Jarod 2 [[DR#24](#)]. Ambiguous objects videotaped here have made their way onto the tabloid shows: Hard Copy, Sightings, etc. Some objects are blurred "rods" moving rapidly across the frame; others are "beads" hanging in the sky. No skeptic would be convinced, but the tapes remain intriguing to us. There are clearly a lot of different phenomena here, with many possible explanations. Some could be insects flying close to the camera but seeming to be far away; other objects could be airplanes or

weather balloons blurred by the limited resolution of the consumer video camera. At least one scene leaves us without an obvious explanation: A bead hangs in the sky for a while then vanishes, replaced by a long white vortex stretching from the ground to high in the sky.

The Midway Sightings seem to be largely dismissed by the UFO "establishment" in Roswell, which makes them all the more attractive to us. The Midway UFO Museum is on the west side of Highway 2 between Roswell and Dexter, across from the Midway Church. This humble roadside attraction makes the Little A'Le'Inn look palatial. It is a faux Western town, never quite completed, that was restored to life by the Midway Sightings and the publicity that ensued. In one building is the darkened viewing room, where the proprietors showed us some of their video tapes. In another building is a museum under construction and a gift shop full of merchandise imprinted with the Midway Sightings logo. As usual, the possible profit motive and other icky human impulses greatly complicate the problem of evaluation. Nonetheless, we regard the people we met--Becky and Manual Escamilla--as genuine. They believe that what they have captured on tape is extraterrestrial, and we do not think they are engaged in any deliberate fakery.

Alas, there is always a giant gulf between seeing an ambiguous object in the sky and being able to draw any useful conclusions. At best, further analysis of the video might prove what the objects are NOT, but it won't prove what they are. The only thing we can do is turn the story over to Robert Stack so he can say, "It's an unsolved mystery."

-- At the Roswell municipal airport, formerly the famous air base where dead aliens may or may not have been processed, we met up with military monitor Steve Douglass, editor of Intercepts Newsletter. His is a profile that is hard to miss: a big guy with a Radio Shack scanner surgically attached to his left hand. He was, of course, monitoring all of the radio traffic in the nearby area, which lead to an interesting interception....

The Roswell airport, although now a civilian facility, was hosting a team of Bad Guys in the big Roving Sands war game exercise. The military presence at the airport was huge, with countless jets, humvees, tanker trucks and radar vans on site. At the time we arrived, a number of military aircraft were on public display during a lull in the exercise. There were a couple hundred civilians wandering among the hardware in a cordoned-off area of the tarmac, watched by military security along the perimeter. We arrived first at about 4:00pm, located Steve among the jets, then quickly left again to run an errand. We returned to the air show again at 5:00 pm, and as soon as we did, Steve heard this crystal clear radio transmission from the security dudes:

"Psychospy's Back."

These 2.5 words are rich with implications. We told no one we were coming to Roswell except in private telephone conversions. When we arrived at the airport in both instances, we were in a crowd of civilians. The dudes could have identified us by running our plates, but this certainly isn't routine for visitors to an air show. Of course, certain of our membership has previously appeared on television, but we don't regard our appearance in a crowd to be yet distinctive enough to allow a positive identification. Furthermore, the name "Psychospy" has never been mentioned on television, only in print, so it hasn't been linked to a face.

In short, it seems highly unlikely that the security dudes would have been able to get a positive lock on Psychospy in such a short time without some warning that we were coming to Roswell. This, in turn, seems to imply concerted surveillance of some kind. We are flattered by the attention but also curious as to what the mode of surveillance might be. We have no problem with our "friends" keeping an eye on us, as we do for them, as long as they obey the law.

Fiction Meets Reality

The military boundaries surrounding Freedom Ridge and White Sides remain poorly marked. The Air Force has erected only orange posts, widely spaced, that are ambiguous to outsiders and invisible at night. We find these plainly insufficient to warn people off, so with notice to BLM we parked our old camper beside the Groom Lake road with some warning signs attached to the windows. Already, one party arriving at night overlooked the camper and attempted the Freedom Ridge hike. They suffered the usual brutal treatment by the Cammo Dudes--down on their knees, hands over their heads for an hour. They were cited by the Sheriff and given the usual \$600 fine, no leniency.

Naturally, this pisses us off.

Another party that visited later did see our camper and was saved as a result. This was a prominent television actor visiting the area with his son. If our signs had not been there, they would have tried the hike, crossed the new border and suffered the usual rough detention and arrest. That would have been a pretty pickle for the Cammo Dudes. It so happens this actor is known for his role in the series *L.A. Law*, and his was the same character who Campbell tried to emulate at his obstruction trial. It would make an interesting situation: Famous actor crosses line and generates immediate headlines. Lincoln County District Attorney Tom Dill, being totally brainless on matters like this, would have pressed charges regardless, and the actor would be faced with the choice of taking the fine or pleading Not Guilty and sticking up for his rights. On the small screen, this actor portrays a lawyer who always stands for Truth, Justice and the American Way. Would he plead or go to trial? If he went to trial, he would probably bring a competent lawyer, and the case would make it into tabloids everywhere. It would mean still more publicity for the secret base and another black eye for the Air Force and county law enforcement, who seem to never learn a lesson.

Sooner or later, we will have to remove our camper from its parking place. Then there will be no warning before Freedom Ridge, and visitors with outdated information are going to start flooding across the border for the usual unpleasant reception. The anonymous Dudes who intercept the intruders will not identify themselves, so the suspects will never have the opportunity to face their accusers in court--a fundamental Constitutional right. This is when we would be morally and ethically obligated to publish our Big Book of Cammo Dudes, including photographs, license plate numbers and home addresses of each of the security officers who patrol the border and adjoining public lands. (It would be easy to put together: Just compare our photos of Dudes from the border with those leaving the gate.) The defendants (and anyone else) can then browse through this document to identify those who accosted them.

We'd really hate to publish the identities of the Cammo Dudes; it's SO disruptive, but the Air Force would leave us no choice. All they have to do to avoid this painful circumstance is post adequate signs at logical places where naive tourists might cross. Away from roads--which are already clearly marked where they cross the border--we know of only two significant problem areas: One is the former trail to Freedom Ridge, where a tourist with old information could easily cross the new posts. The other danger zone is where the Groom Lake Road crosses the original border, which hasn't changed. Here, the Restricted Area signs on either side suggest a boundary that is perpendicular to the road, when the real line runs diagonal to it. Since outsiders are unlikely to notice the orange posts, especially at night, more signs are needed a few feet on either side to indicate the border's orientation.

We expect the Air Force to do more than the minimum required by Nevada law, which is to place orange posts every 200 feet. We expect them to take every reasonable and intelligent precaution to prevent average tourists from crossing the line. If they don't, and an innocent visitor is nabbed as a result, our great Cammo Dude tome will promptly follow.

Even The Dirt Is Classified

According to a May 5 [article](#) in the *Las Vegas Review-Journal*, the judge in the Groom hazardous waste lawsuit has allowed the case to proceed without requiring the Air Force to provide a name for the Area 51 facility. It will be identified in legal documents only as "an operating location near Groom Lake."

[Secretary of the Air Force Sheila] Widnall, in an unclassified declaration, said that the classified information, if released, "could reasonably be expected to cause exceptionally grave damage to national security."

The base has no actual operating name per se, Widnall stated. But she told Pro that revealing the program names would compromise base missions, military operations, intelligence sources, technological matters, contracting relationships and "security sensitive environmental data."

"Collection of information regarding the air, water and soil is a classic foreign intelligence practice because analysis of these samples can result in the identification of military operations and capabilities," Widnall argued.

She said the presence or absence of certain chemicals could reveal classified operations and that disclosure "increases the risk to the lives of United States personnel and decreases the probability of successful mission accomplishments."

So even the dirt is classified at Groom Lake. That is convenient for the Air Force, because the best way to prove whether or not illegal dumping took place there is to drill a core sample at the alleged site. Widnall seems to be saying that no environmental monitoring will be tolerated at Area 51 unless the results are classified and controlled by the Air Force.

We wonder which of our potential enemies is sophisticated enough to deduce our secrets from our air, water and soil and use that knowledge against us in war. The Soviets might have been interested back when we were engaged in a race for advanced materials, but who can compete with us on those grounds now?

Sounds like a lame excuse to us, and we don't see why the government doesn't just settle the suit anyway. We can tell from Widnall's response that Area 51 is going to be in the news for a long, long time, and the growing band of Groom Lake Interceptors will continue to be energized by the moral righteousness of their inquiry. Is this any way to run a secret base?

News From Lower Rachel

Chuckie's Handbook Available

The Little A'Le'Inn's resident UFO expert Chuck Clark--Rachel's own "Forrest Gump" but without the charm--has finally published his *Area 51 & S-4 Handbook* (aka his rip-off of Glenn Campbell's [Area 51 Viewer's Guide](#)). We've glanced though a copy but haven't yet read it, so we can't pass judgment on its content. It sure looks like the *Viewer's Guide*, though. Same blue spiral binding and clear cover, same price, similar chapter headings, same hand-written copy number in the corner of the cover. (A friend of ours has Copy #1; we tried to buy it from him for an enormous sum, but he won't sell.) On a positive note, we can report that Clark's book is more compact: 58 pages in big print compared to Campbell's 115 densely packed pages. The fewer pages, bigger type and larger photos may be helpful to adults with poor eyesight or children who are learning to read. There are, however, no signs of the color photos promised by Pat Travis [[DR#24](#)].

Clark's book does have something significant that Campbell's lacks: Actual photos of UFOs taken at the Black Mailbox. There is at least one full-page shot of Kathleen Ford's "Space Bubbles," taken with a special camera at the rancher's mailbox 20 miles east of town. Kathleen is the truest of the True Believers, and many of her UFO photos adorn the walls of the Inn. She has taken some great pictures of magnesium flares suspended over the Nellis bombing ranges, but lately she has been focusing on the Space Bubbles, which are much more spiritual. She makes the pilgrimage from Las Vegas to the Black Mailbox on Wednesday nights when there is no moon. The Space Bubbles are peculiar in that they show up only on film when Kathleen takes a flash photo pointed toward the Restricted Zone with her special camera. Because of their ghostly nature, people can't see the bubbles directly, and they won't perform for any camera except the special one. It may seem senseless to take a flash picture of the night sky, but it does provide reference points for size and position by highlighting Joshua trees and other ground objects at the bottom of the frame.

Kathleen once came to our Research Center to show us her full album of Space Bubbles. She pointed out how each bubble had identical structure, like a faint moon that is three quarters full and about one eighth the width of the frame. She tried to show us the door of this alien craft, but we couldn't quite see it. We reviewed her work, then politely suggested that these objects were in fact internal lens reflections of the brightly lit Joshua trees at the bottom of the frame. We offered the theory that the bubbles showed up in these pictures and not those taken during the day only because the dark background allowed them to be seen. Before we could finish, Kathleen closed her album and stormed out of our facility, saying she would show her pictures only to people who were more open-minded.

And so she found Chuck. They have formed an alliance, the exact nature of which we have not yet determined. At Las

Vegas UFO meetings, where she sometimes shows up with Chuckie in tow, Kathleen has denounced us as the vilest form of government agent, a charge we have never denied.

As the Groom Lake "newspaper of record," it is our responsibility to provide ordering information for Chuckie's book. It can be obtained by sending a check for \$15 plus \$3 shipping to Chuck Clark, HCR Box 43, Rachel, NV 89001. (We have no legal objection to the book, but we will NOT provide ordering info for Chuck's cheapo rip-off Area 51 patch [[photo in DR#23](#)], since it is an obvious violation of the Campbell/Goodall copyright.) Alas, Chuckie got rudely flamed when he announced his book on the newsgroups, including a stern [essay on integrity](#) by Agent X. Chuckie came out of his shell to reply to X directly...

Sorry you're so intimidated by a little healthy competition - obviously, you and your lover, Glenn, are not going to be pleased by upcoming events that are currently in the works. You've made a healthy business for yourselves, but now it's time for you to share the stage with other viewpoints and products.

You knock my credibility - but just how good do you think you look leaving petty tirades like the one of May 3, 1995 on the Internet? I certainly won't belittle myself to respond publicly to such immature drivels.

When are all of the play names like Agent X, Container X, Shadowhawk, etc. going to cease? Both you and Glenn are like a couple of 10 year olds playing war - with all the self-glorifying (in your minds) titles.

Get your facts STRAIGHT before you run off at the keyboard --- you haven't yet!

Is that sexual innuendo we detect in the first paragraph? Both Campbell and his lover X, secure in each other's arms, eagerly await those "upcoming events" whatever they may be.

We do admit that all the secret code names are hard to keep track of. Perhaps we can someday publish a glossary, but the definitions are classified for now. We can at least provide this partial list of code names, each corresponding to discrete human entities: Psychospy, Agent X, The Minister of Words, The Great One, Spy One, Shadowhawk, Tom & Jeri, The Cops, The Good Merlin (not to be confused with the Evil Ambassador) and The Swiss Mountain Bat. ("Container X" is the email address for Agent X, the latter being already taken on AOL.)

Since being so harshly treated in the newsgroups, Chuckie has been reluctant to show his face publicly on the net. He now sells his photos of the Groom base through a front: Martha George in Las Vegas. Advertisements by Martha (area51pics@aol.com) on the newsgroups gave no hint that it is Chuckie's photos she was selling, but the ruse was pretty easy to figure out. The \$15 price sounds okay, but we haven't seen the pictures.

If you would like to get in touch with Chuck Clark, to compliment him on his work or to form a strategic alliance, do drop him a line via clarkmon@aol.com.

[Follow-up exchange on alt.conspiracy.area51: [Clark responds](#) > [X answers](#) > [cruel Psychospy retort](#) > [more from X](#) > [reader support for Campbell](#)]

"Friendship Camp-Out" At Inn

In its never-ending effort to exploit the UFO market, the Little A'Le'Inn will be sponsoring another ironically named "UFO Friendship Camp-Out" in Rachel this coming weekend, May 27-29, 1995. Kathleen Ford will be speaking, as well as a couple who were abducted by an alien named Quaylar at Milepoint 26.1 about two years ago. According to the flyer for the event, there will be three other speakers, at least one of whom didn't know he was speaking until he got the mailing. This a common technique on the UFO conference circuit: listing as a confirmed speaker respected figures who have merely been invited and haven't had a chance to decline. These speakers rarely turn up at the event, but in the meantime their good name has been used to sell tickets.

For this conference, the Inn has doubled their previous entry fee to \$100 per person. Perhaps because of their recent publicity on Larry King and elsewhere, the Travis's feel they can get that much, but it is still a lot to pay for a tiny gathering in the middle o' nowhere with no prominent speakers. (For the same price, you could go to a big-time UFO

loonfest in Vegas or L.A. and see Sean Morton.) The \$100 fee includes buffet meals, entrance to the Big Top for however many speakers show up and the right to set up your own tent in a vacant lot across from the Inn that the landowner doesn't know is being used for this purpose.

For tickets or more information, contact the Inn at 702-729-2515. However, if your interest in the event is merely anthropological, we note that security has never been tight at these functions-- usually just Chuckie sitting near the army tent collecting tickets. Although we do not approach this area personally out of fear for our life, our friends have never had any trouble crashing these parties. If you happen to drop by the restaurant while the event is going on, the buffet is usually about \$5, and after that you can probably sneak into the tent when Chuckie lets down his guard. Our mobile-home Research Center at the other end of town will be open that weekend, and visitors are welcome to stop by free of charge.

Regardless of which speakers show up, you can expect a heapin' helpin' of the New World Order/One World Government/BATF/UN conspiracy we have heard so much of since the Oklahoma City bombing. That's the Inn's specialty. According to the plot, the Feds and United Nations are trying to take away our guns; this is why we have to stockpile as many of them as we can while they are still legal. Then, when the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms comes to kill us like they did in Waco, we'll take out plenty of them before they get us. On second thought, maybe we should take out them first.

But what we want to emphasize is the "Friendship" part of the camp-out. Everyone should have a good time.

St. Paul Conference

The only UFO conference endorsed by the Area 51 Research Center is the one sponsored by the Science Museum of Minnesota this coming October. It is called "The Science and Politics of UFO Research." It will focus on scientific methods, and there will be no channeling or past-life regressions. We were impressed with last year's conference. Apart from an appearance by Dr. John Mack, who seems little concerned with physical realities, we found the speakers entirely sane and thoughtful. We made a lot of good contacts there and encountered some interesting ideas, most notably those of James McCampbell, who studies the physical effects of UFOs like sounds and microwave emissions.

Our Regional Director Glenn Campbell will be speaking at the conference this year, along with Dr. Bruce Maccabee, Jeffrey Sainio, Dr. Richard Haines and others. The two-day conference takes place on the weekend of Oct. 28-29, 1995, at the Radisson Hotel in downtown St. Paul. The fee is about \$100; this includes no buffets or tenting rights, but we still regard it as a worthwhile investment. For a brochure, email penson@geom.umn.edu, or call the Science Museum of Minnesota at (612) 221-4742.

Ambassador Merlin Faces Opposition

Regional Director Campbell, who is still officially a Rachel resident, has voiced his opposition to the "Alien Highway" bill now pending before the Nevada Legislature. The bill would designate State Route 375, the public highway through Rachel and closest to Area 51, as the "Extra Terrestrial Alien Highway." Signs to that effect would be posted on the road, but Campbell notes that they would probably be stolen by tourists like the Air Force road sensors [[DR#17](#)]. In [written testimony](#) submitted to the Legislature's Committee on Economic Development and Tourism for a May 19 hearing [See [alt.conspiracy.area51](#)], Campbell said that only a single business was in a position to benefit from this bill, the Little A'Le'Inn in Rachel. Campbell argued that giving the Inn additional free publicity would promote their extreme political views and further disrupt the balance of power in this tiny community. Campbell also said that making this remote highway more "tourist friendly" would encourage the very naive visitors, up for the day from Vegas, who were bound to cross the line or otherwise get themselves in trouble.

The strongest proponent of the bill is Ambassador Merlyn Merlin II from the planet Draconis [[DR#2](#)], who currently resides in human form in northern Nevada. On behalf of this bill, he has been actively lobbying the Legislature with

single-minded intensity. The sourpuss Campbell writes....

Although this bill is sponsored by Assembly members, there is another citizen who feels that this is "his" bill. The Ambassador Merlyn Merlin II of the Saucerian Embassy of Christ probably sits before you at this hearing. Ambassador Merlin believes he is an extraterrestrial who has been sent to this planet to prepare us for the coming alien arrival. While I cannot pass judgment on Merlin's claims, I can attest to the fact that he makes a very poor ambassador. Merlin has no understanding of the privacy or private property of others. He latches onto people who he believes are 'chosen' and he won't leave them alone. A number of citizens in Lincoln County and elsewhere in Nevada have felt that Merlin was stalking them. Some believe that Merlin is not an alien at all but that he is in fact a human with some profound personal problems. If this true, then passage of this bill encourages him in his delusion. He will forever be claiming that *he* pushed this bill through the legislature, and he will take it as proof of his legitimacy.

A couple of years ago, Merlin invited Secretary of State Cheryl Lau to a meeting in California. Ms. Lau wrote Merlin a letter politely declining, but she made the mistake of addressing him by his chosen title of "Ambassador." Since then, Merlin has been showing the letter to people as "proof" that the State of Nevada officially recognizes his ambassadorial status. Passage of this bill, which he has been promoting, can only provide further affirmation and encourage his continued intrusive behavior.

Among Merlin's regular haunts are some of Nevada's fine legal brothels. He only sits at the bar, however; he does not partake of the merchandise. An alien ambassador, he explains, "does not spill his seminal liquor." Nonetheless, Merlin is prepared to imbue women with his sexual energy, which he says has healing power. It is unclear how he does this without spilling any liquor, but evidently he has been trained. Some women must go for this, because we got a call once from one of the working ladies at an establishment up north who had taken a shine to Merlin and wanted his phone number.

Among Merlin's involuntary "chosen ones" are Psychospay, Jarod 2 and Lincoln County Commissioner Eve "Mad as Hell" Culverwell (one of the few local politicians we respect [[DR#2](#)]). The latter first met the Ambassador when she was visiting the Little A'Le'Inn with Agent X during a previous UFO loonfest. Merlin stared at her intensely from across the crowded room then made his move. The Commish was wearing a little Star Trek communicator on her chest that went "beedeep" when you press it--which the Ambassador repeatedly did. This just illustrates how unfamiliar Merlin is with our human cultural protocols: Here on Earth you don't EVER touch a lady's communicator without her permission. The Commish, however, was impervious. She had been ranting on about the evil Feds; she didn't have her sensors on, so when the Ambassador introduced himself and started pressing her communicator, she was merely amused. Merlin told her she was "chosen" (bet he says that to all the girls), and he anointed her on the forehead with a special oil he called "Love Potion #9." Somehow, in a thoughtless moment, the Commish gave Merlin her business card, as X tried valiantly to wave her off: "Don't do it!"

But it was too late. Sure enough, a few days later, the Ambassador turned up at the Commissioner's door. Poor Ambassador! The Commish, you see, is not to be messed with. At 100 pounds of fighting fury, she could rip the liver out of any man, which is what she threatened to do if Merlin ever dropped by again.

The Ambassador made a brief appearance in one of the video clips on the Larry King show, but his big day in the sun will be the upcoming *CBS Sunday Morning* segment on May 28. The crew spent some quality time with the Ambassador along 375 after visiting our Las Vegas annex.

Area 51 Nightclub Coming To Vegas

From a press release posted on the Net on May 16....

Long time rock promoter John Brower's DREAMLAND PRODUCTION GROUP has taken over the Las Vegas, Nevada, nightclub formerly known as The CAVE at 5740 West Charleston. It has been renamed AREA 51, and the adjacent lounge will be known as DREAMLAND.

"The facility was perfectly suited to our purposes as it has a custom designed interior resembling an underground grotto. We can accommodate some 400 persons and will feature both live music and all night dancing. We expect the club to become a mecca for UFO and alien information with regularly scheduled speakers and contactees who are now coming forward with information that shatters the antiquated belief system that we are alone in the universe," said Brower.

The DREAMLAND PRODUCTION GROUP is awaiting final city approval to erect a flying saucer on the club's roof. The saucer is famous for having been used by Michael Jordan and NIKE in last year's "Hare Jordan" commercial shown world-wide on television. Brower adds, "The flying saucer will appear to have crashed on the roof, complete with smoke and flashing lights. We hope Michael will come by and sign the saucer during his next visit to Las Vegas."

The nightclub will feature alien costumed cocktail waitresses and military clad security personnel. Drinks will be given cosmic names and photos of the secret military installation taken by world famous researchers will be on display throughout. The DREAMLAND Lounge will open Thursday, May 18, 1995, while the AREA 51 nightclub is being readied for a June opening. Live music will be featured between 8pm and midnight with dance music thundering from the sound system until 4am.

[It never opened. See [DR#27](#)]

A Disturbing Prophecy

Picked up from an internet newsgroup....

God is coming. Just open the bible. Al through the old Testament is the prophecies we are seeing now and if you look in the new testament you will see that it conciedes with the old. And the new was written centuries after the old was written. Everything is coming to pass. In the year 2005 the planets will all be in a straight line to the sun. Everyone thinks the world will end in a atom bomb. I believe the end is going to come from out in space. Maybe a asteriod colliding with earth. Or weather you believe it or not maybe beings from another world. Supposedly in Area 51 in Nevada there are beings there now. The government has un marked planes that fly into there all the time. Before you could go as far as Rachel Nv now you can't get that close. Why? What are we hiding there. People that get too close tend to disappear off the face of the earth.

-- HXEW52A@prodigy.com

Intel Bitties

LAZAR FLAWS SERIES. The newsgroup alt.conspiracy.area51 has become more active lately. Among other rantings and discussions have been posts by Tmahood@netcom.com of his "Lazar Flaws" series pointing out defects in the S-4 story and Lazar's background. Lazar associate Gufon@ix.netcom.com has responded to these and a lively debate has ensued. We suggest that interested parties look in on a.c.a51 soon before the postings expire. (If you can't find the Lazar Flaws there, they may eventually turn up on the WWW.)

IT HAS BEEN REPORTED TO US that the FOIA office of the Defense Mapping Agency has received over 100 requests for the Nellis Range Chart in response to [DR#21](#), with Campbell's being the first. The color and B/W reproductions now offered for a fee [[DR#23](#)] are reported to be very good. If you want the map, we suggest you still file a FOIA and let them tell you about the fees.

WE ARE NOW AWARE OF FOUR AREA 51 MOVIES in the Hollywood pipeline (which doesn't necessarily mean

they will all be completed). One is the Robert Carradine film [[DR#25](#)], although it certainly won't be filming in June as reported in *Variety*. Another is *Independence Day*, which we now understand is a \$40 million action/adventure film from Twentieth Century Fox and the director of *Stargate* [Roland Emmerich]; it is reportedly now in pre- production. The third Area 51 film was announced by record producer David Trickle and reported in *Variety* on Apr. 24; it may be only in the early talking stage. (*Variety* reports that this *Area 51* is a \$5 million film about extraterrestrials scheduled to shoot in Jan. '96.) Finally, to our surprise, the Lazar movie still appears to be alive at New Line cinema, but we have no idea where it stands. In addition, there seem to be a hundred "Dreamland" scripts now in development, in both private basements and corporate headquarters. Sooner or later, SOMETHING will make it to the big screen, and then the media frenzy will start all over again.

KABC-TV CHANNEL 7 OF LOS ANGELES was the first news crew to visit Tikaboo Peak, huffing with us to the top on the May 13 hike. (Their resulting stories were broadcast on May 15, 19 and 20.) Both the Tikaboo and Mt. Sterling hikes were uneventful, but the weather was cold and partially overcast. Some snow fell on the Tikaboo hike, but the secret base did break through the clouds on occasion. We will probably hold a repeat of the Tikaboo hike in July, when the weather should be ideal. Our June hike, probably at the end of the month, will be to a little-known mountain just northeast of Mercury that offers an unrestricted view of the Nuclear Test Site. More details on that adventure will come in the next Rat.

NEW PRODUCTS: We now carry *UFO Crash at Aztec*, the difficult-to-find bible of the alleged 1948 New Mexico crash mentioned by Alfred [[DR#23](#)]. Its 625 pages are packed with data, rumors and government documents concerning not only the Aztec crash but also Area 51 (this account pre-dating Lazar). The scholarship is weak in places, but there are plenty of clues for any wannabe Sherlock. Published in 1986 by William Steinman with Wendell Stevens. Available from us for \$20 plus \$5.00 priority mail postage (due to weight). [But see negative reviews of Aztec crash in [DR#27](#).]

We now sell official 4" vinyl self-stick emblems from the [White Sands Missile Range](#) for \$2 each. (No postage needed if ordered with another item; \$0.50 otherwise.) We also carry the acclaimed and highly depressing 1993 volume *American Ground Zero*, by Carole Gallagher. This large-format, softcover art book (360 pages) records in words and black-and-white portraits the stories of the nuclear "Downwinders" in Nevada and Utah and their devastating diseases. \$30 plus \$6 postage.

NEW PRINTED CATALOG. The Research Center has just published a new printed catalog in booklet form. It has 15 illustrated pages showing all of our traditional products plus a number of new ones. For a free copy, send your postal address to us at area51rc@aol.com or: Area 51 Research Center, HCR Box 38, Rachel, NV 89001.

THE CURRENT EDITION OF CAMPBELL'S [Area 51 Viewer's Guide](#) has not changed since the land grab, but it does provide an adequate Tikaboo Guide. The sections on Freedom Ridge and White Sides can simply be ignored (as advised by a new warning sheet in front). We expect to come out with a new post-grab edition, but it may take a couple of months.

OUR CURRENT EMAIL ADDRESSES ARE BELOW. We welcome your input, but please be brief and make any requests as simple as possible, since our email load is now enormous.

- webmaster@ufomind.com for World Wide Web corrections.
- area51rc@aol.com for catalogs and info on products for sale.
- campbell@ufomind.com for all other inquiries and comments.

Our other email addresses, like the one the Rat is sent from, are checked infrequently and should not be used for correspondence.

Supplemental Info

- [Aerial View of McCarran Airport](#) (370k) *Janet terminal and Oasis Apartments are near pyramid (below and*

right).

- [Another View of McCarran Airport](#) (294k) *Janet terminal is clearly visible in front of pyramid, with one 737 on tarmac.*

[[Next Issue](#) | [Previous Issue](#) | [Rat Home](#) | [Psychospy Home](#)]

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OPPOSITION TO BILL #533
DESIGNATION OF NEVADA HIGHWAY 375
AS THE "EXTRATERRESTRIAL ALIEN HIGHWAY"

Presented to the Committee on Economic Development and Tourism
May 19, 1995

Dear Honorable Members of the Legislature:

I am a Rachel resident writing to voice my opposition to the proposed bill which would designate the highway through my town, State Route 375, the "Extraterrestrial Alien Highway."

I regret not being able to attend the hearing on this matter held on May 19, but Rachel is 150 miles from Las Vegas and twice that distance from Carson City, and prior commitments prevent me from making this journey. In lieu of my presence, I hope that this letter can be read into the record.

I am the principal activist seeking greater government accountability at "Area 51," the secret military base 25 miles south of Rachel. I have been living in Rachel for two and a half years, and I wrote the book, the "Area 51 Viewer's Guide," which helped bring this story to national prominence. As far as I know, I was the first to refer to 375 as the "Alien Highway," mentioning it on the cover of my book. As a self-appointed "public relations officer" for issues surrounding the secret base, I have hosted reporters from the New York Times, every major TV network, many worldwide magazines as well as our local Nevada press.

Before my arrival in Rachel, Area 51 was a "fringe" story dominated by conspiracy-oriented UFO buffs who made a lot of ridiculous claims. I made the story palatable to the mainstream media by sticking to the facts and concentrating on government accountability and not UFOs themselves.

There are some UFO stories emanating from Area 51 and nearby areas that I do not dismiss. I think some of the reports that the government has been working with alien hardware deserve serious attention. However, I do dismiss most of the UFO sightings made by tourists along 375. A circus of fantastic claims has emerged here, and this is distracting both for serious UFO research and to democratic accountability at the Groom Lake base.

In summary, these are my objections to the bill....

1) Only a single business in Lincoln County is in a position to benefit from this bill--the Little A'Le'Inn in Rachel. This establishment endorses all UFO claims as real and promotes the same extreme anti-Federal philosophy that lead to the Oklahoma City bombing. The U.N., they say, has joined forces with a secret New World Order to first take away our guns and then enslave us,

but the Inn has plenty of guns and is prepared to fight off the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms when it comes. It is not the role of the legislature to promote a single business like this, especially when its views are so inflammatory. There are many people in Rachel who feel that the A'Le'Inn has already become too powerful and that their recent success has disrupted the balance of power in this tiny community. This bill will give them still more economic power.

2) Since most tourists drive here from Las Vegas, they will find gas and lodging there and are unlikely to spend much money in the rest of Lincoln County. These tourists show little interest in stopping before they get to Rachel and the "Black Mailbox."

3) Any "Alien Highway" signs erected on this remote highway would be irresistible to tourists and would be promptly stolen.

4) Highway 375 is adjacent to a highly sensitive and poorly marked military border. Both the anonymous federal guards who patrol it and the local sheriff's department who handles the prisoners have shown no leniency toward tourists who accidentally wander across the unfenced line. Trespassers are routinely made to lay face down in the dirt or to stand with their hands over their heads for up to two hours. They are given the maximum fine and get no breaks from the local Justice of the Peace. This bill and the publicity it creates would encourage just the sort of naive and ill-equipped tourist who would get lost and suffer such a fate.

5) Although this bill is sponsored by Assembly members, there is another citizen who feels that this is "his" bill. The Ambassador Merlyn Merlin II of the Saucerian Embassy of Christ probably sits before you at this hearing. Ambassador Merlin believes he is an extraterrestrial who has been sent to this planet to prepare us for the coming alien arrival. While I cannot pass judgment on Merlin's claims, I can attest to the fact that he makes a very poor ambassador. Merlin has no understanding of the privacy or private property of others. He latches onto people who he believes are "chosen" and he won't leave them alone. A number of people in Lincoln County and elsewhere in Nevada have felt that Merlin was stalking them. Some people believe that Merlin is not an alien at all but that he is in fact a human with some profound personal problems. If this true, than passage of this bill encourages him in this delusion. He will forever be claiming that he pushed this bill through the legislature, and he will take it as proof of his legitimacy.

A couple of years ago, Merlin invited Secretary of State Cheryl Lau to a meeting in California. Ms. Lau wrote Merlin a letter politely declining, but she made the mistake of addressing him by his chosen title of "Ambassador." Since then, Merlin has been showing the letter to people as "proof" that the State of Nevada officially recognizes his ambassadorial status. Passage of this bill, which he had been promoting, can only provide further affirmation and encourage his continued intrusive behavior.

6) Many serious environmental, fiscal and worker rights issues remain unresolved at the Groom Lake base, the existence of which the military still does not fully acknowledge. The secret base has for years dumped toxins onto the land and into the air, and it has avoided payment of millions of dollars in county property taxes. Institutionalizing a "lighthearted" approach to the area distracts from these issues and makes it much more difficult to have them taken seriously.

7) Serious UFO researchers also cringe at the lighthearted approach to their work. They have been dogged for years by the "little green men" jokes, and this bill doesn't help things any.

8) The proposal cannot help but send the message to the public that they can see UFOs here, which I believe is false. Most of the objects people are seeing in the sky now are flares and other manifestations of the frequent war games on the Nellis Range. If there were UFOs here once, they certainly won't perform in this current well-publicized atmosphere.

9) The popular UFO viewing site that this bill will indirectly promote is the "Black Mailbox," a rancher's mailbox on 375. Because this is the only landmark on this lonely stretch of highway, this is where the "true believers" come to see whatever it is they expect. Unfortunately, this is a private mailbox that has already been vandalized. This single ranch family in the Tikaboo Valley, often harassed by watchers, will bear most of the burden of the increased tourist traffic, with no benefit to them.

10) This is a remote and potentially dangerous desert area that is not "visitor friendly." It is a mistake to make it too easy for people to come here. The visitors who come to this area now are fairly sophisticated: They have to do some research at least to find out where this place is. Giving the highway a friendly-sounding name will inevitably attract the very naive kind of tourist, coming up for the day from Las Vegas, who has done no research and taken no precautions and is bound to get in trouble as a result.

In short, most of Lincoln County appears to be indifferent to this bill. Only a single isolated business would significantly benefit, while serious research and activism will be hindered. Someday in the future, when the story here has "matured" and problems at the Groom Lake base have been resolved, this bill might be appropriate. For now, though, I ask that you let it drop.

Sincerely,

Glenn Campbell

TITLE: CLASSIFIED BASE STAYS UNNAMED

SUBTITLE: The military "operating location near Groom Lake" will be identified as such in an environmental lawsuit.

PUBLICATION: Las Vegas Review-Journal

DATE: May 5, 1995 (Page One)

AUTHOR: Warren Bates

[Reproduced without permission.]

A federal judge has ruled that national security would be compromised if the name of the Pentagon's operating location near Groom Lake was disclosed in an environmental lawsuit.

U.S. District Judge Philip Pro, in a ruling made available Friday, said that classified information given to him in court chambers by U.S. Secretary of the Air Force Sheila Widnall justified keeping the facility's name under wraps.

Jonathan Turley, the attorney representing former air base workers suing the government for environmental violations, has referred to the base in court motions several times as Area 51, a designation the government has denied.

Turley argues the name of the base is a central issue in the lawsuits, which claim the government is using secrecy to hide illegal, open-pit burning of hazardous chemicals at the facility, which is on a dry lake bed 35 miles west of Alamo in Lincoln County.

"All I can say is that it's important to keep perspective," Turley said Friday after reading the decision. "This is the first ruling in a series of rulings. While we strongly disagree with the court, we will continue to press Judge Pro to enforce the law against these defendants."

Turley said an appeal of Friday's decision will be pursued.

"The defendants have claimed they can withhold the location of documents under their theory of national security," Turley said. "We're confident that we'll be able to show the use of privilege is excessive in this case."

Widnall, in an unclassified declaration, said that the classified information, if released, "could reasonably be expected to cause exceptionally grave damage to national security."

The base has no actual operating name per se, Widnall stated. But she told Pro that revealing the program names would compromise base missions, military operations, intelligence sources,

technological matters, contracting relationships and "security sensitive environmental data."

"Collection of information regarding the air, water and soil is a classic foreign intelligence practice because analysis of these samples can result in the identification of military operations a capabilities," Widnall argued.

She said the presence or absence of certain chemicals could reveals classified operations and that disclosure "increases the risk to the lives of United States personnel and decreases the probability of successful mission accomplishments."

Thus, Widnall invoked military state's secrets privilege.

Pro rejected the government's argument that Turley's request was "vague and overbroad."

But he said that Turley "simply failed to demonstrate a compelling need" for the name and that the government's reference to the base as "the operating location near Groom Lake" was good enough for the lawsuit's purposes.

"Plaintiffs would like the government to acknowledge that terms such as Area 51 or Dreamland are used," Pro's ruling said.

"Although the use of these names might be common among the general public, possibly because of the so-called "black" nature of the facility in question... these names would not be responsive to (Turley's request)."

Turley had filed a 300-page exhibit with the court asserting the government referred to the base numerous times in public documents such as the Congressional Record, defense trade publications, government contractor correspondence and federal employee publications.

###

Photo: Telephotoe view of Groom base from Freedom Ridge.

Caption: The Air Force's operating location sits on the dry Groom Lake bed at the base of a ridge near the Nevada Test Site, 35 miles west of Alamo in Lincoln County.

Photo credit: Mark Farmer/Special to the Review-Journal.

To: Oasis Management,

June 13, 1995

This is just an informative letter and not a complaint. The attached document was produced by one of your new residents. The residents referred to in this letter is:

Glenn Campbell 1991/2 Toyota 4Runner (TAN)
XXXX-X Bethel Lane Nev XXX-XXX (Uses spot #X)

I have heard of this fellow in the past but as they say, out of site out of mind. It's different now that he is one of our neighbors. I'm sure after you read just one o~his views on life, you will also feel that he is not the type of person that you would want living next to you.

After reading the attached document, you may agree that believing in UFO's is not a crime or a sign of an unstable person. But Spying on the US Government is no different from the Soviet spies that took up residence in a motel next the NSA (National Security Agency). See page 2 for more on this subject.

At this point, I recommend you read the short 3 page document first, then you may understand why I am concerned. I assume you are loyal America citizen as well as an apartment manager

I know it's great to get your complex advertized all over the nation, but this will not attract the quiet normal people you hope for as residents but just the opposite.

It's not bad having him as neighbor but now with him running a business out of his apartment, this will only attract more of these uncertain people.

Also with this increase in visitors, I'm glad that I don't live under him. As you well know, the floors are not very insulated and the footsteps of many people walking around makes it just about unlivable in the lower apartment.

As stated by himself, on page 2, he has legal actions pending against him at the present time. Later in that paragraph he threatens the people that work across the street. After the Oklahoma bombing, doesn't this guy sound a little familiar. He has his own extreme views and is taking matters into his own hands to get his point across. Once again, do you feel safe having him as your neighbor? His own writings speak for themselves.

The bottom line here is that, this individual falls into one of three categories,

1. An over zealous UFO watcher.
2. A terrorist that is unpredictable

3. A Soviet spy using the UFO story as a cover.

I know that your hands are legally tied, but I felt that the management should be aware of this individual before it's too late. I know this is a shocking letter but I thought you should know!

This letter will NOT be circulated to other residents, as it would only create terror, that is something Campbell would do, not me.

Thank you very much,
Concerned Resident

The Groom Lake Desert Rat

"The Naked Truth from Open Sources."

Area 51/Nellis Range/TTR/NTS/S-4?/Weird Stuff/Desert Lore

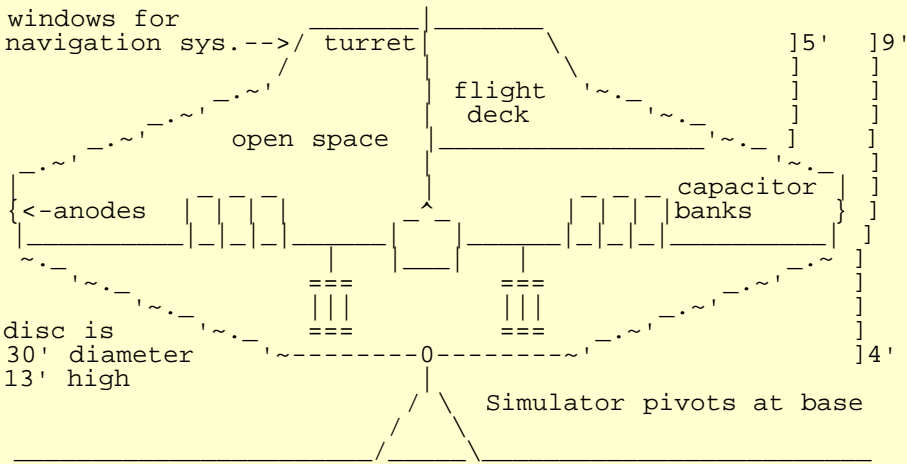
An on-line newsletter.

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Direct from Las Vegas, the Center of Human Civilization.

Issue #27. June 12, 1995

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- [Intel Bitties](#)
- [Little A'Le'Inn On-Line?](#)



Jarod's Simulator

As reported in [DR#24](#), we know a retired engineer who claims to have worked for over 30 years on a project to build flight simulators for human reproductions of alien spacecraft. As he explains it, when any kind of aircraft is in development, a flight simulator is built in parallel with it to train pilots and test systems. Jarod 2 defines a simulator as something that "simulates an actual device or craft to enable the operator to reproduce conditions or phenomena likely to occur in actual performance." The simulator he worked on just happened to be a reproduction of a flying saucer, identical in appearance to the actual craft except that the simulator was attached to the ground through a gimbaled base. Our source believes, without question, that the actual craft, although built by humans, is based on extraterrestrial technology.

The following is our condensation of what Jarod has relayed to us over the course of many conversations. He has reviewed this summary before publication and says it is accurate.

In the 1940s and early 1950s, several flying saucers crashed in the southwestern U.S.--why or how isn't clear. The American military recovered hardware, dead aliens and even a few live ones. Through these first "emissaries," communication was eventually established between us and them. We entered into some form of trade with the aliens. Maybe they had a genuine need for some earthly materials, or maybe this trade was just an excuse to build a relationship--by communicating with the earthlings in their own primitive economic terms. In any case, "The Boys" gave us some of their technology, which we sought to reproduce in a secret saucer program of our own.

This was a very long-term project that started in the mid-50s, shortly before Jarod joined it. The organization was heavily compartmentalized, and Jarod knows only as much as he needed to know to do his job. Working on such an exotic technology, the workers had to know at least the basics of where it came from. Briefings over the years confirmed that the technology was indeed extraterrestrial. Jarod and his co-workers were told about the early contacts between the aliens and our military [[DR#24](#)], but they were not told about the alien agenda or what was happening at present. All of the U.S. government's UFO information had been isolated in an organization that Jarod calls the "Satellite Government." Once employed by this agency, he says, you are employed for life. Jarod worked with the same design team for over 30 years, and apart from death and retirement, there was very little turnover. Security restrictions were oppressive, but Jarod was always happy with his job and worked well within his group, which was concerned with the mechanical design of certain components of the simulator.

Like other engineers, Jarod spent most of his time in a drafting room. This was a typical design office without partitions that he shared with the other members of his group. Unlike other engineers, though, Jarod could not communicate directly with his counterparts in any other discipline, due to security requirements. When he was designing a component for the simulator, he could not talk to the person who was working on the same component in the real craft. If there was a question, it had to be passed first to his boss, who conveyed it to the leader of the other group who passed it down to the appropriate individual. A time delay in the movements of documents and hardware indicated that the design for the operational craft was conducted at a facility elsewhere. Other inferences could be made about the real craft from the feedback received, but Jarod played no role in that craft's design or construction. Nonetheless, Jarod believes that the simulator is an accurate reproduction of the actual craft.

Only occasionally would Jarod and his group visit the simulator, which was housed in a separate building at the same facility. They might spend a couple of hours fitting a component and then leave. It was on these visits to the simulator that Jarod 2, the human engineer, occasionally saw Jarod 1, a gray alien who was serving as a technical advisor to the program. Since the group had already been briefed on the presence of the aliens, the appearance of Jarod 1 in the simulator room seemed almost routine. He had the unmistakable hairless, expressionless head and wraparound eyes we have all seen drawings of, but this alien was dressed in human clothes. The shoes were different and the four-fingered hands were long and almost claw-like, but otherwise this could have been any other technician. Jarod 2 has great respect for Jarod 1, hence his choice of code names, but 1 and 2 never communicated with each other directly.

Jarod 2 has reasonable confidence in Bob Lazar's story of working with alien craft at Papoose Lake, south of Groom Lake. [[More on Lazar.](#)] In his workshop at home Jarod has taken Testor's flying saucer model kit, which is based on Lazar's description, and made some minor modifications to turn it into a model of the simulator he helped design. The main difference is that Jarod's saucer is taller to accommodate humans, while Lazar's was apparently intended only for the little guys. Jarod has increased the height of the Lazar model by separating the top and bottom halves with a cylindrical wall of plexiglas. Instead of the edges of the saucer ending in a sharp point, they now end in a flat vertical wall, which is about three feet high in the actual simulator. Jarod says that certain dimensions of the craft are critical, but the height is not. To reproduce the gimbaled mount which attaches the disc simulator to the ground, Jarod has taken the ball joint from a car's rear-view mirror, glued the mirror side into the bottom of the Testor's model and screwed the ball side into the top of a heavy trophy that he had once received from the Shriners for some volunteer work.

The simulator is entered through a close-fitting hatch in the side wall extending to part of the top shell. The inside is basically a big open space, divided by a floor one-third up from the base. In the middle of this deck is a "reactor" similar to the one Lazar describes, although Jarod does not know what goes on inside. (He suggests that the reactor assembly in the simulator may have been only a facsimile.) A pipe about six inches in diameter runs from the top of the reactor straight up through the center of the craft and through the roof, forming an "antenna" on top. Although it is

out of his field, Jarod thinks that this pipe is important for keeping the craft upright while in flight. The 3-foot-high "turret" on the top of the craft, which Lazar describes as containing a closed deck that he was never allowed to see, is open in Jarod's model and contains some instrumentation which is accessible from the flight deck. Installed here is a celestial navigation system, which (in the operational craft) looks out through windows in the turret to measure positions of stars. This a common navigation system for missiles and aircraft, but it might be useful beyond the bounds of earth.

There is no real "front" or "back" to the craft. It can travel in any direction, and "front," for human convenience, is wherever you chose to put the flight deck. Jarod says that there are horizontal "poles," however, called north and south, and these poles play a role in how the craft makes turns. Inside, sectors of the craft are referred to by 360 degree bearings from north, like a compass rose. Jarod has referred to the craft as a small "planet" of its own with magnetic, electrical and gravity fields much like Earth's.

The flight deck on Jarod's craft occupies about one half (or 180 degrees) of the inner chamber. It is on a secondary deck raised above the main deck about 3 or 4 feet and accessed by a small, curving staircase. On the flight deck are three chairs, two in front as might be suitable for the pilot and co-pilot, and one at a desk in back of them, which might be envisioned as the navigator or observer. There are no windows for the pilot, only control panels resembling those found in a conventional aircraft. Having the flight deck on one side of the craft might seem to make it lopsided, much heavier on one side than the other, but this was of little concern, Jarod says. Center of gravity isn't important when you can control gravity itself.

Below the main deck are three vertical cylinders hanging on gimbaled mounts. Lazar refers to these as "gravity amplifiers," but Jarod does not know their function. Jarod says he designed these assemblies and the mounts that hold them, but on the simulator they are empty dummies needed only for appearances. They are capable of swinging up 60 degrees in any direction, which coincides with the angle that the entire simulator can pivot on its mount. A 60 degree angle is pretty extreme: When the craft dips over that far, one would expect that anyone sitting on the flight deck would not remain seated unless belted in, but Jarod emphasizes that there are no seat belts in this simulator.

In other words, in the simulator--not just in the operational craft--some sort of artificial gravity is maintained to keep the operators in their seats, and this internal gravity has nothing to do with the "gravity amplifiers" below deck. Being involved only in the mechanical design of the control panels, mounts and various housings that things are put into, Jarod does not know how the gravity system works, but he thinks that the floors and walls of the craft are more than just passive supports; they are a sophisticated system. Jarod describes the floor as a "collapsing grid" which repeatedly stores an electrical charge and then releases it. (This confuses us a bit, because Lazar also refers to a "collapsing grid" in his flying saucer poster, but only as a mechanical cover for a hatch on the floor.)

There are also banks of very sophisticated capacitors bolted to the main deck on either side of the reactor. There are six cylindrical capacitors altogether, three on either side of center, capable of storing an enormous electrical charge. Jarod equates them to the starter coil in an automobile, which builds up a high voltage to generate an arc in the spark plugs. It is unclear (to us) whether the capacitors are only in the simulator or in the operational craft as well.

Power for the simulator comes through cables entering the disk near the gimbaled base, where air conditioning ducts and data cables also enter. We have asked Jarod why the capacitors have to be on board the simulator: Why can't they be kept on the ground and their power output brought in through the umbilicals? Jarod thinks that, because of the enormous voltage involved, the capacitors have to be as close as possible to the place where the power is used. The output of the capacitors runs directly into the reactor (or reactor facsimile).

Along the outside perimeter of the craft, in the middle of the three-foot side walls, are a ring of embedded anodes, about 48 altogether. Each is a circle about 3" wide and protruding about 1/2" from the side of the craft. Jarod knows only that these generate some sort of electrical field around the edge of the simulator.

Most of the simulator, and probably also the operating craft, is constructed of a boron composite which is dull metallic in appearance but is both very light and extremely strong. An exception is the reactor assembly, which Jarod says is similar in appearance to iconel steel. The reactor was designed by another group and is bolted into a hole in the middle of the main deck. Otherwise, the simulator is composed of four 90-degree pie-shaped pieces which can be taken apart

for shipping. After the simulator was finished, which took over two decades, it was indeed taken apart and hauled away, most likely to a secret Nevada facility.

Questions

Many of our questions remain unanswered. On most of them, Jarod says he simply does not know, and these gaps seem consistent with his compartmentalized role as a mechanical engineer, not as a propulsion expert or someone in management who needed to know the big picture. He designed only the boxes and shells of various assemblies; he never knew much about what went in them. On a few other questions, Jarod does know the answers, but he is withholding them until he gets the okay from his boss to speak. This idea of Jarod speaking "with permission" is probably the most intriguing element of all.

One question we had is why artificial gravity needs to be asserted in the simulator. If this earthbound disc can pivot up to 60 degrees, but internal gravity counteracts this so no seatbelts are needed and the operator still thinks he is sitting upright, why bother with the exercise at all? What not just keep the simulator horizontal? Jarod offers no insights here, but we have our own theory: The operator of the craft needs to learn to adjust the internal gravity to compensate for external changes in angle and acceleration. If he doesn't do it right, he is going to be slammed into the walls of the craft, which a simulator angle of 60 degrees might give him a feeling for.

We still have difficulty reconciling the many manipulations of gravity and electricity that appear to be involved in the operational craft. There seems to be gravity coming from the floor, gravity emitting from the below-deck amplifiers and gravity shooting through that pipe in the ceiling. There is electricity stored and released from the capacitors, electricity stored and released in the floor, and electricity generating a field around the outside of the craft. Eventually, these effects may turn out to be different aspects of the same unified system, but now we are seeing only disconnected fragments.

Why would the government want to reproduce the craft, and why would the aliens, represented by Jarod 1, want to help us do it? J-2 has no answer, but he had alluded to the fact that in some cases our alien advisors could help us with a technical problem but won't. Like a school teacher withholding the solution to a math problem, they seem to want us to figure things out for ourselves so we gain the skills for future use. Although we are reproducing alien craft, we are doing it within our own technical and social framework. The alien control systems in the original craft, which are unusable to our pilots, have been replaced by the sort of avionics that our engineers already familiar with. For example, Jarod says there are gyros to indicate the tilt of the craft. (We wondered if the gravity system might interfere with a gyroscope, but Jarod says no.)

Apparently the profit motive does not drive these aliens, because if it did they would be selling us fish instead teaching us how to fish. Any self-respecting Ferengi wouldn't let the technology out of his hands; instead, he would sell only finished discs to the humans, along with a hefty service contract. Our own speculation is that the need to build the discs is political: to eventually allay the fears of the public when news of the alien presence finally gets out. Since the aliens can violate our airspace at will and could probably blow us out of the solar system if they chose, it would make humanity feel less vulnerable if our government had the craft, too. Never mind that these discs are probably their old fashioned beaters (in Jarod's words, "their old B-52s") compared to the latest models they are probably keeping to themselves; at least the token achievement of flying something that is round could be enough to defuse the more hysterical of the earthlings.

In that context, the nearly 50-year cover-up of UFO information might be reasonable. It could take half a century to lay the groundwork for an orderly release of the news. Of course, our government has a celebrated inertia about releasing its secrets, especially when they might be self-incriminating. No agency that wants to preserve its funding is eager to tell the public, "We've been lying to you for fifty years." This permanent embrace is often cited by ufologists as the reason why the information will probably be withheld indefinitely, but the motivations of the government may not be as important as they seem. There is another party involved, the aliens themselves, and the cover-up will hold only as long as they cooperate. If they decide that the time has come for the information to get out, it certainly will.

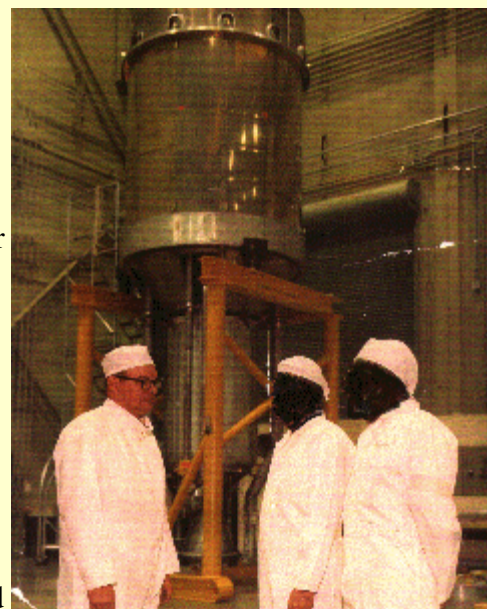
The most peculiar aspect of Jarod's story is the idea that he is speaking with permission of his superiors (who are still

his superiors even though he has retired). After investing so much in secrecy over the years, why would his bosses let him break the silence? In short, it fits the old UFO cliché about the government leaking the information slowly to prepare society for the Big Announcement. In Jarod's claims, and perhaps other ambiguous releases like the alleged MJ-12 papers, the facts could effectively be "leaked" while plausible deniability is maintained. Jarod, for example, has nothing substantial to back up his claims: no documents or physical evidence. He is, to any skeptic, just a retired guy telling a tall tale. He doesn't seem to care if anyone believes him, and indeed his credibility doesn't matter much to the acclimation process. At least he has caught the ear of Psychospy, and here in the Desert Rat, Jarod's scenario is now being distributed to the UFO subculture. Charlatans like Sean Morton and morons like Chuckie will adopt the story as "theirs," add to it their own flourishes and ridiculous folklore and promote it to the world. The loonies will then take over, as they have now in Rachel, and shoot to hell whatever credibility there once was in the original tale. Nonetheless, the basic information will still have embedded itself in the subculture's psyche and might carry the movement just a little bit closer to the truth.

Jarod's Past

Although we have not sought it, we have some evidence that Jarod indeed has a past employment history in government engineering programs. Jarod's son, who is as mystified about his father's disc stories as anyone, says his father did work for government contractors at several sites, including Cape Canaveral. The son says he never knew much about what his father did, perhaps in part because his parents were divorced and he lived with his mother. The son says his father never discussed flying discs until recently, but he also says, "My father has never lied to me." Both father and son happened to work at the same time at the Nevada Test Site for a brief period in the 1970s, when the son was an X-ray technician and Jarod worked on the NERVA nuclear rocket program ("Nuclear Engine for Rocket Vehicle Application"). [See correction in [DR#28](#)]

Jarod has shown us a photo of himself in a clean-room suit with two other technicians standing in front of the NERVA rocket assembly. (In photo at right, reproduced at 50%, Jarod is in the middle. For distribution here, Jarod has blacked out his own face and that of a colleague, but we have seen the original photo and confirm it is him. The unblacked face is a prominent NERVA engineer.) Jarod says that although his main employment was in the disc simulator program, there were many periods when his work there was held up for months at a time due to various technical hang-ups outside his group (presumably glitches in the development of the operational craft). At these times, Jarod was reassigned to other defense or space projects, like NERVA, where his skills would not be idle. NERVA was one of those fun-with-atomic-energy projects the government played with for a while at the Nevada Test Site but that never became practical. This nuclear powered rocket was going to get us to the stars, but it never left the ground due to the enormous radiation it spewed in tests. During his assignment at NERVA, as well as other rocketry projects, Jarod says his specialty was "bootstrapping." Bootstrapping refers to the partial recycling of reactants in a chemical system. In this case, incompletely combusted hydrogen was diverted back into the engine for reuse.



We have asked Jarod what relevance bootstrapping had to his work with the disc simulator. Jarod is not specific, but he confirms that there was some kind of closed chemical system involved. However, it was not a cooling system as we would have thought (like freon in an air conditioner). Jarod says that one of the biggest mysteries to him was the absence of an obvious cooling mechanism to drain heat from the reactor. He points out that with so much energy going into the thing, some of it had to come out as heat, but he saw no evidence of this in the mechanical design.

Of course, we see some irony in Jarod working on a project that might make all other forms of air and space transportation obsolete, then being reassigned to an awkward and dirty human attempt to reach the stars by brute force. Nonetheless, we think the situation is plausible. NERVA was a here-and-now project, at least within our technical grasp, while the saucer program might have been less certain and more long term--"pie in the sky" as it were. Would

the Satellite Government have let other huge space and defense programs proceed, knowing that they were doomed to obsolescence, just to keep its own project secret? We believe it would, and perhaps in a grand historical sense these losses might be justified.

Protests

"I think you've gone nuts!", [writes](#) former Desert Rat subscriber Larry@ichips.intel.com following [DR#24](#). "First, the 'Cammo Dudes' successfully distracted your attention from doing real reporting of the Groom area. Second, somebody has turned you into today's version of the 1950s Contactee with all this crap about UFOs and aliens. In the beginning you did excellent work... but you seem to have lost your way. Please unsubscribe me."

Other readers were more kind in their skepticism. We were scolded by prominent ufologist [Stanton Friedman](#), who found our account of "Jarod 2" to be disturbingly lacking in evidence. (Friedman, incidentally, also says he worked on the NERVA program.) Friedman has been vocal in his opinion that Bob Lazar is a fraud, and he seems to be worried that Jarod may represent more of the same. Indeed, we cannot deny the possibility that Jarod heard about Lazar's story and built his own fiction upon it. As with virtually all UFO cases, we have no "proof." All we have is our own personal instincts about the man--i.e. the sort of acute sixth sense that has lead to the downfall of many a UFO researcher.

Who needs proof, anyway? We are happy with our life here on Earth. The Research Center is humming along just fine, concerned mostly with government accountability, not aliens. The presence or absence of extraterrestrials on earth is a big deal to some but we feel less excited. Any revelations in this regard would certainly change humanity, but not necessarily for better or worse. What the aliens choose to do is their business. We American citizens have a right to control over our government, but we do not control the aliens, and we have no natural right to know what the aliens know or to demand that they reveal themselves.

Here at the Research Center, all we are looking for is a little entertainment--something to challenge our mind while we grow old and die. We have, after all, begun to tire of *Star Trek* in all its many incarnations; it's just too P.C. We still watch *The X-Files* in case we might be on it, but we have already caught on that the Truth will ALWAYS be Out There, just beyond Mulder's reach, with Scully convinced of nothing. Meanwhile, at our satellite facility, the "entertainment" of Las Vegas leaves us with a fashionable ennui: We've seen all the pirate battles and taken all the rides, so what is there to live for?

All we want is an interesting story, which is something so rare in this life that when one comes along we wouldn't want to mess it up with evidence. An intelligently constructed narrative is a thing of beauty in itself, and exploring it can be as educational and worthy of our time as any physical endeavor. If you have wandered a story's many corridors and still it draws you on, it may indeed turn out to be the truth, but this is incidental and not the main purpose of the exercise.

In life, as in *The X-Files*, the truth will always be Out There, and we will die without knowing most of it. All we can expect in our limited tour on Earth is to find a few new facts and slightly expand borders. We may laugh at our parents and their naive ways, but our children will laugh at us, and what has really changed will only be the surface of things. The only education that will significantly improve our lives is not knowledge but "wisdom"--that is, the skills to lead a graceful life in an imperfect world with incomplete information.

Thoughtful stories, be they fiction or real, help us practice these skills without risk to life or limb. In the case of Jarod's claims or any other plausible alien tale, the most important thing we can learn is not whether UFOs are real but how we should approach the unknown in general. Lesson One is don't make judgments until you have a practical reason to. Opinions-- about Bob Lazar for example--are a dime a dozen. People, as a rule, can't stand ambiguity, so they listen for five minutes and then make up their minds based on whatever detail they have in front of them. Lazar could not possibly be a scientist and must be a fraud, we have heard some UFO buffs say, because of the turtleneck shirt he is wearing, the fast car he drives or the beautiful woman on his arm. Other UFO believers announce their full confidence in Lazar for equally inane reasons: They saw a light in the sky in 1963; it wasn't an airplane, so Lazar must be right. Both camps make up their minds first and recognize only the evidence that fits.

The main practical reason for judgment is the allocation of resources. If Lazar or Jarod asked us for money, then we would have to make up our mind--not necessarily about the whole truth but only whether the enterprise was a good investment. Likewise, we must decide at some point whether a particular story is worth our time to explore, but this decision need only be a relative one between the available options. Someday, when the evidence is clear and politics demand it, we may feel compelled to say, "He's a fraud," or "I believe him completely," thus advising others how they should spend their resources. These absolute statements should not be made lightly, however, because they are hard to reverse, and they stand in the way of further inquiry.

An Alternate Scenario

We do not claim to have proof that Jarod and Lazar are telling the truth. Another scenario is also possible: In 1989, Lazar could have concocted his "S-4" story to dupe John Lear, who was telling colorful UFOs-at-51 stories since a couple of years before. After meeting Lear by chance, Lazar sees in him an easy mark, and he "leaks" to him the news that his far-out theories are essentially correct and that Lazar happened to have found work in a similar facility. The story is picked up by local newscaster George Knapp, who falls for Lazar's smooth and sincere-sounding style. Knapp broadcasts the hoax to Las Vegas in his "Best Evidence" series, and it hits the national UFO press in a big way. Eventually, a plastic model is made and a movie deal signed, and Lazar conveniently drops out of sight.

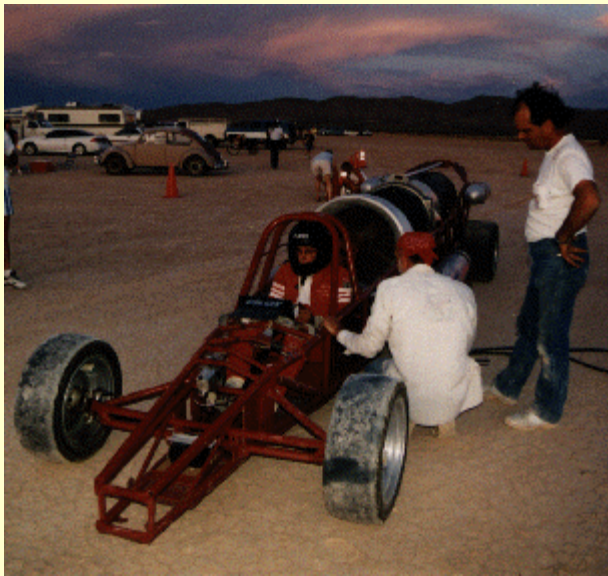
Jarod, the human, listens to Lazar's claims in the media and thinks he can cook up something better. With nothing much to do in his retirement and after five years of mulling the Lazar scenario, he comes forward with his own fiction. He finds a willing dupe in Psychospy, whose star is waning in the UFO scene and who needs to come up with something new to regain his media glory. Jarod recycles Lazar's description of the alien craft but adds some twists, based on his own technical experience, to make it seem more authentic. There is no Jarod 1. There is no real disc simulator. Both Jarod and Lazar get exactly what they crave the most, which is attention.

Okay, so what's the problem? It's still a good story, and we admire their work.

Desert Blast

Lazar, it turns out, is alive and well and living in Las Vegas (far from any buffet, however, which seems to defeat the purpose). Every year, Lazar and his friends put on a top secret, invitation-only fireworks show in the desert. ("If you don't know where it is, you're not invited.") Whatever bad you can say about Lazar, he does make good fire. He and his crew have been blowing things up since long before his "S-4" claims. This year, for some unfathomable reason, Psychospy got an invitation. We were sworn to secrecy about time, place and explosive yields and ordered not to discuss UFOs at the event. This was a serious endeavor to make things go "Boom," and we had to obey the rules. We were allowed one guest, so naturally we invited Jarod.

A previous Desert Blast was reported in the Dec. 1994 issue of *Wired Magazine* [[article with photos](#)]. This year was a more subdued event, however, with everyone on edge since McVeigh and company in Oklahoma City gave homemade explosives a bad name. This year, there was no "Big Bomb," which we understand is usually the equivalent of a Ryder truck packed with fertilizer. There were only lesser bombs, fireworks and displays of various jet-propelled contraptions. Lazar cranked up his jet car and took it for a spin on the lake bed. A potentially faster rocket car was fired up in a static display; this missile-shaped vehicle has no wheels, only runners, because the owners hope to break the land speed record--on ice. There were many miscellaneous explosions all through the night and into the morning. The fireworks were top-rate, and Psychospy helped release a glowing, helium-filled "UFO" into the sky,



which we sincerely hope caused a rash of sightings downwind.

[[Photo of Lazar on motorcycle at event](#) (77K)]

Desert Blast gave us an opportunity to introduce Jarod to Lazar for the first time (or so they claim). Nothing of consequence was discussed, but the meeting still struck us as ironic, especially if you think Lazar has lied. It is like a story from *The Twilight Zone*: A writer invents a fictional character and writes a novel about him, which, to sell it to a publisher, he passes off as a real account. Then one day the doorbell rings, and that character, in the flesh, walks in the door.

There are numerous other possible storylines, of course. Lazar and Jarod could both be employed by the same sinister intelligence agency bent on spreading disinformation. Alternatively, maybe Lazar hired Jarod to "confirm" his story and give his movie deal a boost. Every explanation is fascinating in itself and deserves a novel of its own.

The Loons Are Winning

Meanwhile, back in Rachel, the Area 51 story is rapidly de-evolving as the laws of entropy assert themselves in Psychosp's absence. With the main Research Center in full operation only a couple days a week, Chuckie, Ambassador Merlin and the Little A'Le'Inn are expanding their fantastic claims and asserting their territory. TV crews and journalists are still coming regularly, but they are interested only in this curious roadside attraction and the human oddities that congregate here. Most of the visiting press don't even bother to contact us anymore; they go directly to the Little A'Le'Inn, where the proprietors do not volunteer that there is any other voice in town other than total, unquestioning belief.

The nadir of media coverage was the May 28 *CBS Sunday Morning* segment. We didn't see it, but reviews by DR readers say it was merely a loon report. [[Review by Agent X](#)] The crew shot hours of tape on government accountability, including the first network coverage of our new airport location in Vegas. All this tape went out the window as soon as the crew met Ambassador Merlyn Merlin II from Draconis and Chuck Clark of Earth. Chuckie took the crew to the Black Mailbox to hunt for UFOs, but Ambassador Merlin was the real star of the show. He had his own Star Trek communicator this time, which he used to actually beam himself off the highway at the end of the segment.

Almost simultaneously, at the State Capital in Carson City, the Nevada Assembly unanimously passed the bill to designate State Route 375 the "Extra Terrestrial Alien Highway." Glenn Campbell, who was the first to call it the "Alien Highway" on the cover of his Viewer's Guide over two years ago, had submitted a thoughtful opposition to the Tourism and Economic Development committee prior to an earlier public hearing [[DR#26](#)], but the document was not acknowledged by the committee or read into the record as requested. A democractic process would only spoil the fun. According to a May 28 AP story, the boys in the Legislature had some yucks with the bill....

The fun began at the measure's Las Vegas hearing when proponents donned space alien masks, antennae and pointy ears as they made their pitch.

Backed up by spacy sound effects, [bill sponsor Roy] Neighbors said on the Assembly floor that reported UFO sightings "are part of the fantasy and the excitement of the tourist attraction that is Nevada."

Wearing a Darth Vader mask, Assemblyman Bob Price, D-North Las Vegas, presented a letter supporting the bill from the "intergalactic tourism association."

Saying he couldn't read the letter on account of the earthly pollution's effects on his eyes, "Darth" handed the letter to the "earthling" on his left - a reluctant Assemblyman Wendell Williams, D-Las Vegas.

Up to the challenge, Williams read aloud the note promising that the association would include a stop at "E.T. Highway" as part of its package tour-to-earth offering.

After the floor session, Assembly Co-Speaker Joe Dini, D- Yerington, called Neighbors and Price to the rostrum to present them with gifts from their alien friends, including plaques of recognition and copies of the Klingon Dictionary.

This legislation, which is almost certain to be signed into law by the governor, is a triumph for Ambassador Merlyn Merlin II who was the principal lobbyist in its favor. The Ambassador has been known for years in the state capital, previously lobbying for a return of the U.S. to the gold standard. This, his first legislative success, virtually guarantees that he will be back in Carson City to push for further pro-alien measures.

Merlin was in a celebratory mood at the Little A'Le'Inn's semi-annual Loonfest, held the same weekend the CBS segment aired, but the rest of the loons were more subdued. Estimates from our spies say that no more than 30 paying guests showed up for the \$100-a-head event. One source said there were three interesting speakers but the rest were wackos, each covering the widest possible spectrum of government conspiracies. Oddly, the discussion that we would have regarded as the highlight of the conference never took place: underground base proponent William Hamilton and his wife describing their abduction by an alien named Quaylar two years ago near the Black Mailbox (reported in *MUFON UFO Journal*, August 1993). They were present and spoke on other unsubstantiated topics, but our sources heard not one peep about the abduction. Campbell, though, was a favorite topic of conversation, as participants, including Hamilton, offered theories as to what his government role must be. Interestingly, many of the attendees seem to have read the Desert Rat, but it is not to their liking. "You use a lot of sarcasm and humor in your writing," said one of our sources, "and these people just don't get it. They are only confused and insulted."

...To which we can only reply: "Sarcasm? *Moi?*"

Merlin finally got together with the brothel employee we mentioned in [DR#26](#), and they attended the Loonfest together. They shared a room in one of the trailers out in back of the Inn, and guests in the other rooms, where the walls are paper-thin and everyone shares a bathroom, have voiced their opinion that seminal liquor was spilled. This is disturbing not only because it violates the ambassadorial Prime Directive, but it may get the Ambassador in deep do-do with another alien, Lady Seraphim Isis II, with whom he shares his embassy in "Miracle City, Nevada" (same Zip code as Silver City). No one we know has ever met Lady Isis, but her name appears above his on Merlin's business card and embassy stationery and she co-signs (in Merlin's hand) all of the Ambassador's correspondence. Alien ambassadors are like drunk Republicans when they have a legislative victory under their belts, and we wonder whether Lady Isis is aware of Merlin's carousing. Then again, maybe she doesn't care. Just because Merlin has taken human form doesn't mean Lady Isis has done the same. (We suspect maybe canine, feline or canary form.)

Now that Merlin has reached the pinnacle of his earthly fame and power, it is natural that jealous negativists and rumormongers will try to shoot him down. The latest unsubstantiated rumors circulating in Carson City say that Merlin is not an alien ambassador at all but that he is in fact an ordinary human named David Solomon. The story goes that Merlin--er, Solomon--O.D.'d on LSD at Berkeley. That sounds too pat to us, but Merlin does speak of a "revelation" he experienced in 1986 in which he first realized he was an alien. The rumor goes on to claim that Solomon's family in California is wealthy enough that they have given him a stipend on condition that he stays away. Although we at the Research Center give no credence to these rumors, we do hope Merlin stays away from us as well. Although amusing at first, Merlin quickly turns himself into a celestial pain in the butt with his endless proselytizing and his failure to take a hint about when to leave.

Meanwhile, on the internet newsgroups, Chuck Clark has been joined by a new ally, Al Cutillo, who is now advertising tours to the Black Mailbox...

I have had the incredible experience of being in Rachael, NV, as well as having an even greater experience of being with Mr. Chuck Clark for most of my weekend. Area 51, Rachael, Nv, all offer a stir [?] in everyone's curiosity. Mr. Clark is perhaps one of the most highly educated sources on Area 51.

Through the co-operation of Mr. Clark as well as the now-famous Little A 'LE' INN, I have been authorized to offer week-end research trips up to Area 51. These trips are for those who are SERIOUSLY researching Area 51.

Trips will begin at either Phoenix, Arizona or pick-ups at Las Vegas' airport, and will include the drive up to Rachael. There will be a total of three days and two nights in the Area 51 vicinity, accommodations at the Little A 'LE' INN, and research with Mr. Chuck Clark. This would include daytime Video Tape Reviews, trips to Borders of the RESTRICTED area, and evening watches on 'Mail Box Road', the area just to the other side of Freedom Point, which is area 51 Airspace. The package would also include all meals.

If you are SERIOUS about research, and want to know more about these tours, please E-MAIL me at abcassoc@indirect.com or you may call (602)561-8735 M-Th 9:00-9:00 Mountain Time.

This marks the first time paying tours have been offered near the border since Sean Morton abandoned the franchise in 1993. God, we miss Sean. A total narcissist, true, but he also had panache, style, and the ability to sense the emotional tone of a group and kiss up to it immediately. He is not like these young, graceless upstarts with no social sensitivity who are just plain dumb.

As we write this, an unsolicited image has forced itself into our consciousness. In a vision we see Monty... yes... Monty Hall on "Let's Make A Deal." A contestant has just chosen Door Number Three, which opens to reveal the big prize. "YOU, Mrs. Smith, have won a FABULOUS weekend getaway to Rachel, Nevada, America's 'UFO Capital.' You'll enjoy DE LUX three days, two nights accommodation in the trailers behind the world-famous Little A'LeInn, including all meals, shared bathroom, airport transfers and a guided tour of the Extraterrestrial Alien Highway. You'll meet one of the world's foremost authorities on Area 51 and help him conduct SERIOUS RESEARCH into the UFO phenomenon. You'll photograph SPACE BUBBLES at the mysterious Black Mailbox and see FLYING SAUCERS and TOP-SECRET AIRCRAFT, guaranteed. What do you think of that, Mrs. Smith?"

The housewife replies: "That's very nice, but could I trade it for the toaster?"



A couple days after the Loonfest and the CBS report, an AP story hit newspapers EVERYWHERE: "UFO Buffs find 'Dreamland' in Nevada Desert." *The Washington Post*, *L.A. Times*, *Salt Lake Tribune* and dozens of other nominally respectable newspapers carried it, much to our chagrin. Campbell and Lazar got about a paragraph each, both factually inaccurate. The bulk of the report was dedicated to Chuckie and his visits to the Black Mailbox. There was a cute photo of his round, smiling mug beside a gray alien. Unfortunately, there was also a photo of Campbell looking through a telescope with the caption (in the *Salt Lake Tribune*): "Glenn Campbell, in a 1994 photo, peers toward a secret Air Force base in Nevada, where he believes the government keeps recovered alien spacecraft." We cringe.

Campbell was in the same company in the CBS report. His hours of interviews on the perils of excessive secrecy and his skepticism of the Ambassador and other "Ufoloons" were pared to a few soft-on-saucers sound bites along the vein of what Chuckie and Merlin were presenting. It was the lowest ebb in our Regional Director's media career. He is a has-been now, a was-whiz, and if he doesn't shape up soon and present a better image we might have to eject him from the organization.

We used to believe in the starlet's motto: "There's no such thing as bad publicity." Now, we can see that there is. We don't question the right of the news media to report on the loons; we just don't want to be included in the story. Apart from the long-running hazardous waste suit, there is no significant hard news story pending here right now, so maybe this is the time for us to resign our role as Area 51 publicity agent and turn over the reins to Chuckie. After watching "Forrest Gump" again and witnessing the movie's phenomenal success, we realize that this is what the public wants: amiable idiots telling impossible tales. The Prime Directive applies to us as much as it does to any alien ambassador: The humans must be allowed to seek their own structure and deal with the unknown with whatever rituals and anthropomorphic myths that come naturally to them.

If UFOs are real, this is why the truth has not yet become apparent. It isn't a government disinformation program that keeps the news hidden; it is the ufologists themselves, creating a steady stream of new noise to reverse any inch of

progress that might be made. This is a natural system of social regulation, and we cannot say that it is wrong for this culture. "Truth" has never been significant force in human civilization; only equilibrium.

Clark's Sighting Questioned

British aviation observer Chris Gibson, whose 1989 sighting of a triangular craft over the North Sea is a keystone of the speculation about the alleged hypersonic Aurora, has expressed some doubts about Chuckie's sighting of a similar craft at Groom. Gibson writes...

Chuck Clark, "Astronomer," has turned up in a British scientific magazine called *Focus*. He claims he got a look into one of the hangars at Groom, having walked to a viewpoint "undetected. He says he saw a black, delta-shaped craft, about 130ft long, all in the space of 20 seconds.

I can't see how he could ascertain this information from 12 miles away through a telescope. He makes no mention of tail surfaces, which must have been visible, nor does he explain how he could come up with the length of 130ft AND see that the vehicle was a delta.

If this vehicle was 130ft, that would make it approximately twice the length of the vehicle I saw over the North Sea and at least a third the size of the "Mothership."

Maybe Chuck has observed yet another secret aircraft, adding still more to the embarrassment of riches.

Pop Culture Watch

There Is No Dreamland

The Area 51 Nightclub and Dreamland Lounge [[DR#26](#)], true to their names, do not exist. After reading the press release about the alleged opening of the club in Las Vegas, we went there with a group to check it out. It was a Friday night about two weeks after the announced opening. At the given address, we found only "The Cave," still in its former run-down appearance, locked up tight. No crashed saucer on the roof. No bimbos in space suits. We were crushed.

The bar that was to be Dreamland is now open under the name of the Serene Lounge. Employees there say the club next door will indeed open soon, but not with a UFO theme. Intelligence reports from unnamed sources say that the person who was promoting the Area 51 idea is no longer with the organization. It is unclear who owns the organization and where the promoter departed to, but if Las Vegas had any rivers, we would recommend that they be dredged for a body.

Area 51 In Miami Beach

Area 51, a clothing and New Age music store, has just opened its doors in Miami Beach. We are fairly confident that this one exists, since we spoke on the telephone to the owner, and he said business was doing well. The owner's knowledge of Nevada's Area 51 seemed sketchy, but he did express an interest in expanding the store's UFO offerings and perhaps inviting the Raelians to come there to speak. (The Raelians, lead by a charismatic Frenchman named Rael, are a New Age/UFO religious group often seen in flowing white robes. Their symbol is a swastika inside a Star of David, which represents their infinite love.) The store is located on the city's main drag at 935 Washington Ave. We would appreciate a field report from any of our readers in that vicinity.

Area 51 Computer Game

Below is from the printed program at a recent computer trade show (thanks to OneNose@aol.com). We have seen

indications that several other Area 51 video games are also in the works.

"Novell, Inc. has announced a new adventure game on CD-ROM, code-named Entry Denied (\$30 Win/Mac), that 'involves investigative reporting and government secrets.' Scheduled to ship in Sept., the title is based on the theory of a top-secret government installation in the Nevada desert, known as Area 51, housing info about UFOs. (Novell, 800/451-5151)"

Area 51, The Band

There have been no sightings of Area 51, the band, since they appeared at the Little A'Le'Inn on New Years Eve and thoroughly pissed everyone off by playing the wrong kind of music (i.e. not Country) and behaving poorly. We were interested to learn, however, that the leader had played with Glen Campbell, the singer in Phoenix, and that Glen was perfectly aware of Glenn Campbell, the Rachel UFO nut, and was now required to tell people that he was not the same one. This is a poetic reversal of fortune that Glenn would never have anticipated in his Glen- tortured youth.

Dreamland Effects

Hollywood special effects artist Steve Neill offers a catalog of alien models and paraphernalia, including the authentic looking rubber alien mask (\$85) that is often seen on human heads in Rachel and probably the Nevada Legislature. Nothing in the catalog is specifically connected to our "Dreamland," however. The catalog is available for \$2 from: Dreamland Effects, 16281 San Fernando Mission Blvd., Box 211, Granada Hills, CA 91344.

Aurora Movie

The first Area 51 movie was released right under our nose and we didn't notice. It was "Aurora: Operation Intercept," an HBO made-for-cable movie first broadcast about six months ago. We watched it recently in fast forward, which is probably the best way. It is a male action-adventure melodrama most closely resembling a low-budget James Bond flick. A beautiful chick with a Russian accent fills the Blofeld role of seeking world domination through science. Only our hero and his fast Aurora can save the day. No stars in this one, only forgettables. Contains lots of good computer graphics of a romanticized version of the alleged plane, and there are a couple of nighttime scenes at "Groom Lake Air Force Base, Nevada" (aka some airport in the L.A. area). The only high point was the appearance of the Groom Lake Patch on the flight suits of the two fighter jocks (our patch, not Chuckie's).

Lazar Movie

Lazar's "Communications Director" Gene Huff says that the Lazar movie is still optioned to New Line Cinema. The option expires next month, however, and New Line has asked for an extension. It is unclear at this point whether Lazar will grant it. The proposed budget is now \$23 million, which places it in the medium cost category and could buy some decent special effects (exploding heads, laser battles, villains morphing from one body into another). The assigned director is Chuck Russell and the production designer is Jon Farhat. Both of them worked previously on "The Mask," so they are riding high. Huff says Lazar turned down more lucrative offers and chose New Line because they agreed to adhere to what Lazar claims actually happened.

Mt. Cury Hike June 24

This month's public hike, planned for June 24, is a specialty affair that is mainly of interest to fans of the Nevada Test Site. The destination is Mt. Cury, a peak on public land northeast of Mercury that offers an expansive bird's-eye view of our nation's nuclear testing ground. From this point, there is a high-angle, unobstructed view of Frenchman Flat less than 10 miles away. Here, we can clearly see the remains of a railroad trestle, domed bunkers and materials-testing "motels" that the government built to blow up in the early open-air tests. In the distance, we see part of Yucca Flat, where the U.S. conducted most of its later underground testing. CP1, the test control center where the "button" is

theoretically pushed ("Control Point 1"), is clearly visible, as are various weapons and nuclear waste facilities. In the other direction, we can look down on Mercury, the "company town" that is the heart of support operations. We hike within a mile of Mercury on the way to the peak, close enough almost to see what is playing at the worker's cinema. To the east of Mt. Cury--if this were a weekday--we could directly observe bombing runs in the Air Force ranges north of Indian Springs. (We saw A-10s dropping bombs when we were there--but we now regard the show as pretty weak compared to Desert Blast.)

This has to be a location of major irritation to the Dept. of Energy because they have no control over it. By reservation with DOE (702-295-0944), you can take a free bus tour of the Test Site--a tourist attraction we highly recommend after the Luxor-- but all the bureaucratic restrictions can put a damper on the fun. You can't take binoculars, cameras or even tape recorders on the tour. The first time we went, we smuggled in a pen and started taking notes. When the tour guide found out about it, he snatched away our notebook and scratched out portions of what we had recorded from his presentation. Naturally, we remember those sections better than any other. They concerned a pig farm that the government had placed near Ground Zero of an early above- ground atomic blast to see what the effect would be on human-like flesh. Obviously, the image of scorched and squealing porkers, bacon before its time, is not one that DOE would like to spread around in this kinder, gentler age.

On the tour, you go only where DOE want you and on their schedule, and some visitors have been sequestered in C.P.1 or the Mercury cafeteria while an unexplained secret caravan goes by. Mt. Cury dispenses with all these formalities. It is public land so you can do what you want. It is Freedom Ridge for the Nevada Test Site!

Psychospy climbed Cury for the first time a few months ago and encountered no opposition. We were watched from behind the line by Cammo Dudes of the milder Wackenhut species, but they got bored and left after a while. Although the nuclear protesters of years past must have known about this vantage point, we saw no evidence of prior visitation except for some USGS survey markers. We have consulted with both BLM and DOE to make sure the land is public.

The hike is long: at least 3 hours in each direction, but most of that is across a flat wash. You need to be in good physical condition and be prepared for hot desert temperatures. You need to carry a lot of liquids, perhaps a gallon per person. The meeting point is on US-95 about 60 miles northwest of Las Vegas, at milepoint NY 4.5. From there we will drive north as far as we can along the border of the Test Site, to the base of the Radio Hills (site of a microwave tower), then continue north on foot. If you want to join us on this hike, you must contact us for more details and the meeting time, since everything is subject to change. Email campbell@ufomind.com or call the Research Center at 702-729-2648.

If you are an experienced hiker and map navigator, you can try the hike on your own, but you must first have the Mercury and Niavi Wash 7-1/2 minute USGS maps, and the 1:100,000 Indian Springs surface management map. (Frenchman Flat 7-1/2 is also useful.) Since you are hiking next to the border, you need to remain conscious of where it is. When we first made this hike, there were very few border markers, but since then the DOE has been kind enough to put up signs at regular intervals. Unlike the Air Force, whose attitude is "to hell with the public," we get along fine with the guys at DOE. We trust that this "Freedom Ridge" will remain largely ignored and will never turn into the public relations debacle of the last, because the local DOE management seems to have an ability to respond to the real world and learn from experience.

[[Official Nevada Test Site page*](#) | [Scorcher porkers seen on documentary](#)]

Intel Bitties

THE DESERT RAT NOW HAS PHOTOS IN ITS WWW VERSION. In this issue, we have added our photo of Lazar in his jet car, a portrait of Chuckie from the AP article and perhaps a couple of others. We may eventually get ambitious and add pictures to previous issues. For now we have added only one, to [DR#23](#): a [photo](#) of Chuckie's Area 51 patch alongside ours (to illustrate his claim that they are "totally different"). Our enhanced WWW site for the Rat, now at a new location, has a number of hot-key references to supporting documents (like the various articles mention in this issue). Current email subscribers who prefer to get their issue from the WWW can asked for the abbreviated Rat

mailing which includes only the table of contents. Send request to Area51rc@aol.com.

HANG GLIDER ON BALD MOUNTAIN? A visitor traveling on 375 on May 22 (Wseiber@metgem.gcn.uoknor.edu) thinks he may have seen someone hang glide off Bald Mtn., similar to the report in DR#17. Bald Mtn. is the most prominent peak in the Groom Range, and it overlooks the Groom base. Although the peak is well within the off-limits area, it is easy to reach by any strong hiker willing to take the risks. Our informant writes...

While I was driving [at 12:20pm] I was looking at the top of Bald Mtn. just to check it out. I noticed that there was something new next to the usual structures [radar dome and solar panels]. When I looked again about 2 seconds later I noticed it was gone and there was something flying to the south of the mountaintop. I pulled over about two miles north of the Black Mailbox and looked through binoculars. I guess it is possible it could have been a paraglider but the wing surface on top appeared to be very long even from a side view. I am sure, if this was a hang glider, that this person was caught if he tried to sail toward the base. I hope it was worth it.

AZTEC CRASH DOUBTS. An article in *International UFO Reporter* [[full text here](#)], Sept./Oct. 1991 (sent to us by one of the authors), expresses serious doubts about the alleged Aztec crash [[DR#23](#)]--or at least about the credibility of the crash's two main proponents. The article concludes: "Neither the Scully book nor the Steinman book is persuasive. The critical information each presents is questionable. Everyone we contacted in Aztec, especially the older people who were adults in March of 1948, is certain that no crash ever took place. It is clear that the flying-saucer-crash story is part of Aztec's folklore but not its history."

LANL ANECDOTES. Rjhuff@ibm.net writes: "An associate of mine had worked the Western Range for 12 years while selling a variety of high tech goods. He recently related to me - without any prior knowledge of DR#23 - that he had read gov't docs at Los Alamos National Laboratory that described the manned flights of disc-shaped, magnetically-powered craft. He read these documents in the mid-to-late 70's. He also told me two other interesting items: (1) He once saw metallic debris in a LANL shop and was told the debris was from a crashed disc recovered from the desert. This was also in the 70's. (2) An AF facility in Sunspot, NM was involved in the Roswell recovery. I place very high confidence in this individual."

[[Los Alamos Home Page*](#) | [Sunspot Observatory Home Page*](#) | [Sunspot History](#)]

NEW PRODUCT: We now offer decent binoculars at a Wal-Mart price. These are a Simmons 10x50 focus-free model now in stock at the Research Center for \$40 plus \$6 priority mail postage (that's "4books" postage in the system used by our catalog). We were skeptical of the "focus free" feature, figuring that all respectable binoculars must have knobs to turn. Now, after trying these, we think the opposite: Knobs are a useless annoyance. You could pay \$80-200 for other focus-free brands, many of which we have looked through in our Freedom Ridge days; there may be some technical improvement in the higher priced models but nothing we can detect. Our binocs come with a carrying case, lens caps and straps. All lenses are coated and the casing is rubberized. Field of view is 367 feet at 1000 yards (which is standard for 10x50s). As usual, the Little A'Le'Inn is expected to steal this idea promptly, but let's see them offer them for this low price! (Price may be subject to change when our initial supplies are exhausted and we have to cut another deal with the shadowy figure we bought them from.)

UNITED IN THE PURITY OF ESSENCE? Crm114@aol.com points out an interesting parallel between Ambassador Merlyn Merlin II [[DR#26](#)] and General Jack D. Ripper [[DR#3](#)]: "Did Merlin really say that he 'does not spill his seminal liquor'? Reminds me of *Dr. Strangelove* where General Ripper says that he likes women but 'I deny them my essence.' What a scream! Is Merlin a Strangelove fan, or is this a case of great minds thinking alike?"

THE SECOND ORGANIZED TIKABOO HIKE will take place Saturday, July 22, 1995. The parameters will be the same as the May hike [[DR#25](#)]: Meet at 9:00 am at Milepoint LN 32.2 on US-93, about 86 miles north of Las Vegas. Everyone in the world is invited (with the warnings below), and several of the Interceptors, including that stylish Agent X in just the right cammo, are expected to attend. As before, this is intended as a possible day trip from Vegas, but some us will probably be spending Saturday night there. Since July probably offers the best weather for that elevation, we may camp on the summit. Bring your cell phones, radios and portable TVs so we don't suffer too much withdrawal. [[More details on outing](#)]

TIKABOO WARNINGS. As more people attempt the hike Tikaboo Peak to see that tired old nonexistent base, we need to issue some public service warnings that may not be adequately emphasized in the Tikaboo section of the current "Area 51 Viewer's Guide." The current Viewer's Guide was written before Freedom Ridge was closed, and therefore only experienced hikers were expected to try Tikaboo. A new edition should be available within a month, but in the meantime please note that this is NOT a hike for the inexperienced or out-of-shape. If you are a couch potato who doesn't engage in aerobic exercise twice a week, you will die on this hike. If you try to hike at night, you will also die. In the winter, your car will get stuck in snow or mud before you reach the trailhead and you will die right there, miles from help. You could die if you miss the trail markers and get lost, and you could die from a lightning strike at the exposed summit. At 8000 feet, you could die from cold, wind and exposure even in the summer. If you have never hiked a similar peak, do not attempt this one unless you are with a group. Any experienced alpine hiker should have no trouble with Tikaboo, but now that the Nevada Legislature has given us an "Alien Highway" nearby, there are going to be a lot of pea-brained visitors coming here who really shouldn't leave the paved highway or the comfortable certainties of the Little A'Le'Inn. Freedom Ridge was enough of a danger to the ill-prepared; Tikaboo could actually kill a few.

THE EMAIL LOAD sent to campbell@ufomind.com now far exceeds our ability to absorb and respond to it all. Please keep any messages short and specific, and be sure the title indicates the topic. If a message is longer than a couple of sentences and a response requires thought, we often set it aside for a "later" that never comes. Notes of support are not necessary, but we appreciate corrections and leads to other info relating to DR stories. If your inquiry is routine business, direct it to psychoserv@aol.com for subscriptions or area51rc@aol.com for catalog and product inquiries; these are handled by our staff. Before asking us for any info, please try to find it yourself on the net.

Little A'Le'Inn On-Line?

LATE FLASH! Saturday Evening, June 10: We are manning our Rachel headquarters and are just about to send the Desert Rat to press when a large-framed man in his 40s walks in the door and introduces himself. It is Al Cutillo! Al is Chuckie's new ally and the guy advertizing the tours. Until now, he has appeared to us only as a series of strange, disembodied messages on the alt.conspiracy.area51 newsgroup. The extraordinary inaccuracy and pompous naivete of his posts, as well as his unwavering support for Chuckie, got him roundly flamed by the regulars there. (Cutillo announced with great fanfare that there IS a base at Groom Lake because Chuckie's pictures prove it.)

Now, Al walks in and shakes our hand firmly. He says there is no reason we have to be enemies. We smile through our teeth and say, "Yes, there is." We begin to feel guilty about this, though. There is no sense in acting badly if someone has the magnanimity to make such an overture. We hold back our bile and pick up the conversation.

Al says he has some serious investigations planned. He will be buying land here in Rachel as a weekend retreat, and he thinks he can get some important UFO investigators from the East to come out here to join him. He is a computer and security consultant out of Phoenix, and he says has done some graphics work for the movie industry. He says he has just sent an email message to Steven Spielberg to get the real story behind *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*. He says he is an experienced investigator who has been looking into UFOs for over 20 years.

Then Al drops the bombshell. He is setting up a computer system for the Little A'Le'Inn with a direct internet connection.

It is all we can do to suppress the hideous, horrible, gurgling laughter that we now feel rising up in our throat. Al says he is setting Pat and Joe up with a computer accounting system and a SLIP connection for access to email, newsgroups and World Wide Web. As he speaks, the room starts spinning around us. We feel our consciousness separate from our body and drift upward toward the ceiling. We are now looking down on ourselves, sitting at our own computer and talking to Al, but we can no longer hear the words. We are enveloped in the same unreal, lighter-than-air sensation we reported back in [DR#3](#) when we first saw the May 1993 "Popular Science" with Groom Lake on the cover.

Just imagine... Pat... and... Joe@little.a-le-inn.com.

NOW Psychospy's going to get a run for his money!

Reader Responses: [Encouragement from Montreal](#) | [Enough UFO Crap](#)

[[Next Issue](#) | [Previous Issue](#) | [Rat Home](#) | [Area 51 Page](#) | [Psychospy Home](#)]

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Ka-Booom!!

The only thing that separates the men from the boys is the amount of dynamite in their toys.

Wired Magazine, Dec. 1994

By A.J.S. Rayl



"All clear and ready." Bob Lazar's voice echoes through several hand-held radios.

A hush falls on the crowd of people gathered on one side of this barren, dry lake bed in the middle of Absolutely Nowhere, Nevada. The sun slides behind the mountains and all eyes train on a smoldering pile way out in the distance. Feathers of gray smoke silently snake their way up into the sky.

"She's goin'!" Jim Tagliani bellows.

"Awe-some!"

"Holy shit!"

Seconds later, a deafening explosion cracks the silence of the desert at dusk. Tiny plumes mushroom into a massive furling cloud of black smoke. Red hot flames seethe at the cloud's core. From the outer edges, minute, strobe-like particles fly out and die down on the parched mud floor.

Thummmmbpff! From a launching tube on another part of the lake crater, a shell soars high up into the air and bursts into an array of magenta and glitter that sparkles up the sky. "Whoooo-hoooo!" Laura Godel is exuberant. "That's beautiful," chimes in Linda Wilson.

Meanwhile, Jim Tagliani has strapped a moaning, flame-throwing static Ramjet to his back and is zipping by the crowd on roller skates. In another part of this parched mud arena, Lew Godel takes his position, belly down, face to the dirt, and hits a launch button. A stealth black rocket emblazoned with the letters D-E-S-E-R-T B-L-A-S-T lifts off and soars up to Mach 1. It may be soaring still.

There's a time and place for everything in this petrochemical world in which we live. There's a time to reap and a time to sow. A time to take massive amounts of bullshit, and a time to vent it all and party down in a gaseous, dynamite celebration of independence. On this particular evening in May, it's time to vent.

Every year since 1987, on a secret date and at a secret location, a group of pyrotechnics wizards stage an annual outlaw gathering out in the desert outback of Nevada. In 1991, patriotically inspired by Desert Storm, the organizers dubbed the event Desert Blast. The group's unwritten code: Bigger and Better Fun through Chemistry and Physics.

"Desert Blast is a celebration of the things an American should be able to do," explains one veteran, who requested anonymity. "And it's about forgetting and having fun, kind of like, Let's be a kid again."

"Yeah," echoes another attendee, "and not have *anyone* tell you to shut up!"

Humbly billed as "the largest outlaw fireworks show in the West," Desert Blast is probably the largest outlaw fireworks show in the world. The actual detonation date changes from year to year, as does the location. It's an exclusive affair. As the video invites proclaim: "If you don't know where it is, you're not invited." But for those who

are honored with an invitation or those who know somebody who knows somebody who has directions, Desert Blast - or DB, as regulars call it - is the party to end all parties, a party that gives you a place to rant and something to really rave about. In essence it's a night of contained anarchy. The Woodstock of Pyrotechnics.

Desert Blast is the brainchild of Bob Lazar - by day a freelance scientist and businessman - and Jim Tagliani, who pays the bills by installing and programming computers for Indian bingo parlors. As one DB adage goes: Bob builds it; Jim tries it out.

For Lazar, the flame for fireworks was kindled during his youth on Long Island, New York. He spent his summers hanging around several local families who made professional fireworks. "Because I was young, they wouldn't let me touch anything flammable," he remembers. "But I would help tie strings and stuff." Years later, Lazar decided to figure it out for himself.

Lazar's affinity for things pyro slept, latent for nearly two decades of school and work, but in the early '80s, he hooked up with Tagliani, a natural-horn daredevil and neighbor in Woodland Hills, California. It was an instant affinity: both were blinded by science. Lazar was working at Fairchild Xicom, he says, a now-defunct electronics firm, where he recommended Tagliani for a technician position there, and the friendship grew. Later, driving through LA one day, the two passed an acquaintance waving a pyrotechnics device. The guy invited them to a gathering of motorcycle freaks being held in a dry lake bed out near El Mirage, California. There, says Lazar, biker pyrotechnicians hosted an explosive fire fest, until their fun was eventually quashed by Bureau of Land Management officers.



According to Lazar's account, he later moved on to Los Alamos National Laboratories in New Mexico, but like many a bomb crazed scientist, he felt stifled there. So in 1985, he headed for Las Vegas, Nevada. Not long after, Tagliani joined him in the City of Sin. The fireworks flame re-ignited in Lazar and Tagliani, and so they decided to uncover the secrets of pyrotechnics, and put one of Nevada's numerous dry lake beds to use. Their first two desert shows were small, drawing 50 to 75 friends. Lazar personally manufactured all of the fireworks.

But as the two attempted to outdo their work each successive year, planning and executing their private parties became a time-consuming task. In 1988, Lazar enlisted a troop of capable friends. United by chemistry, physics, and electronics, they came from all walks of life and all kinds of day jobs. NASA controllers and electronics specialists. Computer programmers and technicians. Propulsion systems experts and car mechanics. Even real estate appraisers and contractors. Together, they formed the core creation team of Desert Blast.

It takes at least three months and close to US\$6,000 to manufacture all of the festive accouterments for the one-night show. "It really is a team effort," says Lazar. "And now there are pyrotechnics conventions that we attend." During the year, the pyro-cohorts meet in their off-hours in a nondescript, concrete reinforced building on private land well outside the city limits of Las Vegas. There, they mix chemicals, roll stars, build rockets, design Sky Cams, and do whatever else seems appropriate and necessary.

As the time nears each year, Linda (aka Crouton) Wilson, Lazar's girlfriend of four years, serves as Desert Blast's assistant coordinator. Laura Godel helps Lazar finesse the electronic devices, while her husband, Lew Godel joins Lazar in the creation and supervision of all rocketry. Dan Stegemann serves as general device assembler, while Shelly Ball, Tagliani's girlfriend, manufactures Teddy, the sacrificial bear whose destruction marks the event's climax.

Word about Desert Blast spread quickly. By 1990, Lazar and Tagliani had learned one thing: if you launch it, fire it, or blow it up, they will come. Hundreds of uninvited spectators appeared from far and wide to witness the show. In 1992, the assemblage swelled to more than 450 people. "And sometimes they'd review the show; give us *shit* if something wasn't exactly perfect," recalls Gene Huff, who appraises real estate when he's not mixing chemicals and rolling stars.

"It was starting to get out of hand," Lazar sighs.

Lazar's notoriety in the UFO underground no doubt had a lot to do with that. In March 1989, Lazar, fearing for his life, publicly claimed, on KLAS-TV, the Las Vegas CBS affiliate, that he had just been released from a top-secret program, Project Galileo, in which he helped back-engineer the propulsion system of one of nine extraterrestrial craft being stored on the Nellis Gunnery and Bombing Range in Nevada. Overwhelmed with requests for interviews, which he "loathes," plagued with "tons of mail," and adamant about not joining the "crazies" on the UFO or talk-show circuit, Lazar quelled the deluge by producing, with Huff, a videotape about his alleged experience, something that has made him a veritable icon in the UFO haunts of cyberspace.

But that is another story. Commandment Number One at Desert Blast: Thou shalt not talk of UFOs. Nevertheless, "Excerpts From The Government Bible" (otherwise known as the Lazar Tape) has made Lazar a popular guy and someone a whole lot of people want to hang with.

For the last two years, Lazar has diligently faxed out wrong directions and dates to lose a few of the uninvited guests and general pains in the ass, not to mention unwanted law-enforcement types. Desert Blast does not exactly conform to federal regulations.

"Actually, while we were out testing some shells one day, a cop did show up," says Lazar. "He saw what we were doing and just said, 'Cool. Mind if I watch?'"

On Saturday, May 21, the Desert Blast countdown digital clock ticks down to 0:00 at the secret rendezvous location, and final loading begins. Everything has already been packed for transport: More than 400 shells; a single display cart of 100 2-1/2-inch star shells and reports; the giant, double-pinwheel display; bunches of small black-powder rockets with titanium and reports; strobe rockets; various sizes of salutes (including several M-800s); six stealth-black rockets, complete with nose cones and tails; four large barrels of magnesium; 20 gallons of fuel for the gas bombs; propane torches; launching tubes; boxes of extra fuse and wiring; five weather balloons; hardware; a viewing tower made from steel scaffolding; a sound system; boxes of Day-Glo Cyalume sticks and rope; coolers packed with food and water; cameras; and various other items. At around 2:30 p.m., a caravan of some 20 cars, trucks, trailers, and recreation vehicles leaves the highway and begins winding its way through desert terrain down an unmarked dirt road and onto this year's chosen dry lake bed. There, they stagger into a parking line that stretches out along one side, and everyone begins to set up camp.

At center stage, on the lake crater, the first mortar is launched. It soars more than 800 feet into the sky. As it bursts, an American flag on a tiny parachute patriotically unfurls and flaps across the desert on the air currents. DB VIII has begun.

At around 4:30 p.m., Lazar fuels up the Jet car, dons his fire-retardant jacket and crash helmet, and climbs in. The Jetcar, like your basic dragsters, is comprised of a chromoly steel frame. It's about 32-feet long and its jet engine - originally designed for the Navy's first supersonic fighter - makes the car look not so much futuristic as absurd. A 30-foot flame shoots out the back and the shrill, decibel-defying noise makes you feel as if you've been stranded out on an Air Force tarmac facing the wrong direction. As he rolls in for a pit stop, the afterburner flame swells and shoots out. "Hey! He's on *fire*!" shouts an uninitiated spectator.

Not to worry. Onto bigger things. It's Super Bomb time. Materials are placed, and the announcement is made. Within seconds, another deafening explosion shatters the earth, this one erupting into an ominous, deep-black, almost-mushroom cloud, and has the crowd on its feet, cheering maniacally. Over on the highway, several miles away, traffic has stopped, and spectators watch in a state of awe or disbelief. Maybe they think they're watching some sort of weird military experiment. But the Desert Blast participants aren't self-conscious. "There is just nothing more exciting than totally blowing something up - and then feeling the shock wave go through you," says Farhat. "You can just stand and watch... and you feel like you've *screamed*. It's weird. Really weird. But it feels so *good*."

Out on the rocket pad, Lazar and Lew (aka The Viking) Godel are preparing the test launch. Godel is the sort who enjoys living wildly. "This *is* a unique guy," Lazar explains, as Godel hunkers down on the ground near the 5-foot-tall stealth-black rocket that stands majestically against the backdrop of the desert. "He killed a deer once, and then spread the blood all over himself, or whatever it is the Vikings do. Then he took the heart out and *ate* it."

As night falls, an intermittent stream of cars makes its way down the unmarked road to witness the show, and soon onlookers drape themselves in Day-Glo. It's time for the day's peak, the ultimate fireworks display.

Out at the launching area, youthful newcomer, Jeff Carbary, assumes the task of overseeing the mortars and the main fireworks begin. Before launch, Carbary details the make of each shell for the benefit of the pyro connoisseurs, the gathered crowd of Those Fascinated by Fire. One after another, the fireworks burst in full radiance against the sky, and the audience murmurs its appreciation in hushed and almost reverent uuuhhhs and aaahhhs.

Finally, it's time to blow up Teddy, a tradition at Desert Blast. Teddy originally came from Tagliani's home Halloween yard art. He and Ball initially decided to take Teddy to DB as a sort of mascot. "At first, we used to let him just hang around," recalls Shelly Ball. "But, we needed a goal - something to destroy, and we realized, 'Hey, we can shoot Teddy.'" So, Teddy quickly became a target, replacing the Saddam Hussein paper targets on the shooting range. "We'd put beer bottles or Coke cans in his pockets; then we graduated to M-80s, then M-800s," says Ball. "It was a challenge to see who could shoot his pockets first. Ultimately, we'd blow his arms off, then maybe a leg or two. But Teddy was still left, more or less."

The next year, they decided instead to just put Teddy on a Coors Party Ball gas bomb and blow him to bits. That approach, or a similar concept, has stuck.

As the sun rises over the mountains, it's cleanup time for Lazar and Tagliani and the rest of the core DB team. They rise, scouring the desert for any remaining debris, bagging it for disposal. All the escaped dirt is shoveled back into the holes, and the dry lake bed is restored to its original condition. By 10 a.m., all tents have been dismantled and all waste discreetly stored in the back of trucks or car trunks. There are virtually no signs that any thing unusual took place here - no signs that just hours before, nearly 200 people had gathered for a night of living dangerously. As the sun begins to bake the valley, the DB caravan heads out, back to civilization for another year.

A.J.S. Rayl (ajsrayl@aol.com) is currently finishing work on a CD-ROM about the search for extraterrestrial intelligence for the Voyager Company. She has also written for *Omni*, *People*, and *Rolling Stone*.

THE GROOM LAKE DESERT RAT. An On-Line Newsletter.

Interim Update. Issue #27A. July 17, 1995.

-----> "The Naked Truth from Open Sources." <-----

AREA 51/NELLIS RANGE/TTR/NTS/S-4?/WEIRD STUFF/DESERT LORE

Update from Psychospy@aol.com, Las Vegas, Nevada.

----- DESERT RAT UPDATE -----

Issue #28 will be published in a few days (probably by July 27).

In the meantime, here are some minor items you might want to know about:

-- The Groom Lake Security Manual is now available on the World Wide Web. This is an official booklet of general information for Cammo Dudes containing lots of tidbits about the nonexistent Groom Lake base. You can access it from our Area 51 page at <http://www.cris.com/~psyspy/area51> .

-- The hike to Tikaboo Peak this Saturday (July 22) is proceeding as planned. See the info sheet on our Area 51 Page or posted to alt.conspiracy.area51 . (If you don't have either and are thinking of coming, send us a message at psychospy@aol.com for a copy.) Parameters are the same as for the May hike [DR#25].

-- Glenn Campbell has been arrested for espionage... according to the proprietors of the Little A'Le'Inn. The story has been distributed as follows: The government went to the management of Campbell's apartment complex in Las Vegas [DR#26] and told them Campbell was engaged in espionage and if they didn't kick him out they would be accessories to espionage. Of course, they immediately kicked Campbell out, and THREE DAYS LATER he was arrested for espionage, apparently as a Soviet spy. Once again, Psychospy is the last to know, and Campbell denies all. Previous word from the Inn said that Campbell had been seen driving a government vehicle. Indeed, he has now confessed to being an agent--of the U.S. Geological Survey. We'll get on top of both these stories and offer a full report on the next Rat.

With so much news a-brew'n, the next DR will be another big one, which is awkward to receive by email. We urge our subscribers to read the World Wide Web version of the Rat instead. (Accessible from the http address above.) The Web version includes attractive formatting and PHOTOS. It also offers dozens of links to supporting information, including articles, back issues and other Web pages. See DR#27 for lots of goodies (recently upgraded with more photos and links).

The Web is the latest rage, bigger than both Disco dancing AND the Rubik's cube. If you're not cruisin' the Web, you ain't cool. If you ARE Web capable, we suggest you change your Desert Rat subscription to our abbreviated version (sending only the table of contents) to let you know when new issues have been posted. This will reduce both your email load and ours. To switch to the

abbreviated version, send an email message to that effect to
psychoserv@aol.com.

America On-Line now offers the Web: See the Internet Center. For others with PPP or SLIP connections, we recommend the Netscape browser (not that creaky Mosaic dinosaur) for the full effect of our page formatting.

Earlier technical problems with our Web area have been worked out, and our Area 51 page has been recently upgraded with lots of new information. For example, you can now find a rare photo of our favorite alien, Ambassador Merlyn Merlin II of Draconis, in our Web area. See Ambassador Merlin's entry on our main Area 51 page.

###

The Groom Lake Desert Rat

"The Naked Truth from Open Sources."

Area 51/Nellis Range/TTR/NTS/S-4?/Weird Stuff/Desert Lore

An on-line newsletter.

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Direct from Las Vegas, the Center of Human Civilization.

Issue #28. July 28, 1995

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-

Reality Defined

These are confusing times at the Research Center. All around us people are making fantastic claims. [Bob Lazar](#) and [Jarod 2](#) say that flying saucers are real and are of alien origin. They each claim to have participated, in some limited way, in a U.S. government program to understand and reproduce these extraterrestrial craft. That's enough to chew on, but there's more! [Ambassador Merlyn Merlin II](#) from Draconis claims he is an alien himself and that the spaceships are powered by love. [New World Order](#), "a conspiracy backed by the [United Nations](#) that is scheming to take away our guns and then enslave us. Each UFO proponent brings us a piece of the puzzle, but most of them don't fit, leaving us with as many questions as when we started.

We are like children playing along the shore of the great unknown. What is reality anyway? And while we are at it, What is the meaning of life? Psychospy has pondered these questions at length, and we can finally reveal the results of our research: Life just is, and reality is whatever it seems to be. This truth is self-evident to us, but you earthlings are always trying to make things more complicated than they need to be; therefore, it might be a good idea to digress for a while to explain to our readers, in simplest terms, the nature of life on earth and what we can expect the aliens to do for us. This might help us put Lazar, Jarod, Merlin and Travis into perspective and keep us all from going bonkers as we further contemplate the Outer Limits.

The Nature Of Life

The unknown is an integral element of life. Some people may laugh at Ambassador Merlin, a outwardly human fool driving a beat-up sedan who claims to come from a distant star system, but do any of us know where we really came from? Sure, we know how our bodies emerged. It was the indiscreet spilling of seminal liquor that put our shell of flesh on earth. We are no longer embarrassed to talk about that, but biology alone does not explain very much about us. Even if we can figure out how our human machine was built, that does not account for how each of us got stuck in the middle of it.

Psychospy came into this world in a most peculiar manner, and we can only assume that it happened about the same for our readers. Through no will of our own, we just appeared. Our consciousness was sporadic at first. We can recall

isolated images of the bars of our crib and of crawling on hands and knees on the floor of the house where we grew up. Eventually, these disconnected scenes seemed to merge together into one continuous stream, like a long-running British drama on [PBS](#), lacking ads or background music, about lords, ladies and the domestic staff suffering quiet angst and subtle conflict without any car chases or significant bloodshed. To say that we are confused by the process is an understatement. We haven't a clue as to how we got here or who is running the show, but we are forced to live out the drama anyway.

There does not have to be any "meaning of life" for us to live it. Life just is, and like it or not we are caught up in it. From the moment we appeared on earth, we were faced with problems--how to feed ourselves, for example, or how to stave off boredom or depression. The only obvious purpose of life is to solve the challenges that have befallen us. We didn't ask for our problems, just like we didn't choose our parents or the less-than-perfect bodies we occupy. If born in America, we are forced to learn English, drive cars, eat hamburgers and support ourselves in U.S. dollars. We can do these things well or do them poorly. There is no excuse for incompetence in the tasks of life because they are all we are certain of and all we have reasonable control over.

It makes little difference to the problems at hand whether aliens are circulating in our atmosphere. Until they blow us out of the Solar System, we have to live on this planet by this planet's rules. This is one of our difficulties with Ambassador Merlin. We can only take him at his word that he is a Being of Light, residing simultaneously on Draconis and [Venus](#) as well as [Earth](#). What bothers us is that he makes a lousy ambassador. He does not grasp the human niceties like regular bathing and respect for the privacy of others. Any member of the diplomatic corps--we don't care from which planet--has the obligation to understand and adapt to the protocols and sensitivities of the culture in which he is serving. This is something we all have to learn: While on Earth in human form we have to adapt to our circumstances as they are. Nothing in the skies absolves us from doing our best in the mortal realm.

Aliens are probably not going to rescue us from our own personal and social messes. Don't get excited, for example, about driving a flying saucer to work as a product of Lazar's and Jarod's reverse engineering program. It might happen someday, but history has shown that every technological advance has a human cost, sometimes equal or greater than the benefit. Do the aliens have the technology to solve our energy needs, wipe out human disease, let us live forever and give us the means to roam the universe without bounds? If so, they should probably keep these sciences to themselves because we humans are bound to take these gifts and screw them up. Everything golden we touch becomes "humanized"--that is, beat-up and barely functional, used for evil as well as good and so comfortable in our hands that we hardly know it is there.

To us humans, the aliens are bound to be, well, alien, something far outside our needs and experience. We do not know how to deal with them, except maybe to exploit their technology to make better video games and microwave ovens. Because they reside outside our laws, we have no right to demand that the aliens reveal themselves or cooperate in our earthly undertakings. It is not their role to educate us, save us from ourselves or tell us what we are doing wrong--even if, perchance, they created us. If there are any aliens not in human form currently visiting this planet, it seems self-evident they are keeping a low profile and are pursuing their own agenda with little interest in our daily affairs. This is probably the way things should be.

Aliens are relevant and understandable to us only in how they reflect on human issues. As the only known intelligent life on Earth we have long lacked a mirror, some channel by which we can see ourselves in perspective. This is perhaps what is most frightening to mankind about the alien presence--not that the aliens are any threat in themselves, but that they might reveal upsetting aspects of our own psyche. They could expose us, for example, to our greatest human fear: that we are indeed mortal and alone and have wasted most of our lives pursuing futile goals. No one wants to hear that message, and some people may be willing to annihilate the aliens to avoid it.

Psychospy's Goals

Regardless of what we learn in our lifetime, the truth will always be Out There, and we know we will never have more than a sliver of it. Psychospy is comfortable with this inevitable state of ignorance, and we will continue to march ahead based on what little we know for sure. Apparently this attitude has lead to some confusion among our readers as to what our goals are, as expressed by one of our email clients....

OK, that's it, I've had enough. I was getting pretty sick of all the UFO crap anyway, but your admission in GLDR 27 that you're only interested in entertaining stories and couldn't give a flying fuck about accuracy was the last straw. I'd be obliged if you'd forget I exist.

-- Alien@meanmach.actrix.gen.nz [[Original Msg](#) | [More Sweetness](#)]

We assume he means, in his peculiar [New Zealand](#) dialect, "Would you kindly unsubscribe me from the Desert Rat mailing list." Mr. Alien may have misinterpreted our statements in [DR#27](#). Nowhere did we say we "couldn't give a flying fuck about accuracy." (We know so because we did a text search for "flying fuck" and did not find it in any back issue.) We do care about accuracy, we just define it differently--in terms of internal and external consistency. We also tend to let a story unfold on its own; we assume the inconsistencies will shake out on their own if a story is carefully recorded and cataloged.

In a world of unknowns like ours, there is no such thing as absolute accuracy. What we have instead are theories. Any quest for "truth" is really just an effort to find the most consistent theory to explain a phenomenon based on the data currently available. No theory is permanent. Sooner or later, each will be replaced by another, but for now we have to build the best theory we can with the data we have, then conduct our lives accordingly.

In [DR#27](#), we offered some skeptical theories to explain the stories told by Lazar and Jarod 2. Perhaps Lazar invented his S-4 saucer tale first, based on the aliens-eating-humans-at-Area-51 stories told by [John Lear](#); Jarod then concocted his own scenario based on Lazar's. We would be happy to accept this theory as pragmatic truth if it is the best way to explain the data. On the other hand, we are not going to shy away from the more exotic theory--that they are both telling the truth--simply because it is "too weird" and pushes us into uncomfortable areas.

It is not our role to choose "true" or "false." We have simply laid out some theories, and now we are collecting data to find out which is best. This is the essence of the scientific method. Our personal beliefs and public declarations are irrelevant because the data, when collected and adequately organized, ought to eventually speak for itself.

Other readers were more gentle in their criticism....

I tremendously respect the work that you are doing out there--takes a lotta guts to put up with the shit that folks in that neck of the woods have been feeding you. But, having said that, I have to balk a bit at what I've been seeing in the "Rat" lately. It seems to have really gone "way out" into Lazar-ish assumptions (AKA, Jarod) that are dubious, at best.

While I enjoy reading your rather dry humor and I get a good snicker out of you poking fun of people who desperately need it, all of this UFO/alien stuff seems to be occupying a larger and larger part of the "Rat". I find less and less useful information for the more serious "black aircraft" buff, which is what I would like to be reading from out there.

While you railed on your detractors and imitators (and rightly so) in that special way you have, it almost seems like what you're sending out is becoming more *like* them. I'd like to ask that you keep the "Rat" *unique*, and don't lower it to the point of becoming just another version of the National Enquirer.

-- DM

This reader has also misinterpreted Psychospy's intentions. The truth is, we have never been interested in airplanes: They're just trucks with wings. To us, black budget aircraft seem little more than billion dollar procurement programs for our country's [aviation museums](#), who need funny looking planes for static display. Psychospy is a philosophical road warrior, and airplanes just don't challenge the paradigms the way UFOs do.

In [DR#20](#), we tried to come out of the closet, but perhaps we were too limp-wristed about it. We should say it again, proudly: WE LIKE UFOS! While many alien claims are human confabulations and most others are simply untraceable, we think a few deserve our attention. In spite of the problems of human perception that can certainly

create "flying saucers" where there are none, we believe there is a reality hidden behind the noise that is at least richer than the flat and joyless world of the confirmed skeptics. Just what the reality is we won't declare. We proclaim only that UFOs are worthy of our time and are far more educational, in human terms, than any piece of military hardware.

Ufology seems to be marked by a complete lack of available physical evidence. Glorious! There could be no better condition in which to test the human animal. All of us can think logically in well-defined circumstances, like solving math problems or reading a map. If you take away the reference points, though, and let people choose their own truth in a field where anything is possible, that's when you see what humans are really made of. In ancient Africa, we threw spears at the moon during an eclipse to chase away that rapist god--and it always worked! Things today are not much different in, say, Lower Rachel, where the primitives of our culture engage in all forms of useless but satisfying ritual triggered by the claim of UFOs.

In the absence of physical evidence, the question is whether any useful data can be derived from human testimony. If a person tells a fantastic-sounding story but has no physical proof, does this mean the story is false? Honesty in humans is never guaranteed, and human memory and perception are notoriously inaccurate. If a hundred people witness a car crash, there will be a hundred different interpretations of the details. One thing is certain, though: The crash did happen; everyone agrees on that.

If someone you trust tells you they saw the collision, you can feel confident of the primal fact; although you have to be cautious about the peripheral circumstances. The car crash took place, but was the car tan or green? Was there a screech before the impact? Humans tend to record the entire gestalt of the scene noticing only a few remarkable details; the rest they fill in later by interpretation based largely on their emotions and experience. Perception and memory are such personal processes that a witness's testimony cannot be separated from the person himself. You have to know him and the particular rose-colored glasses he is looking through, but once you do you may be able to rely on his reported perceptions as much as you trust what you see with your own eyes.

At the Research Center, we are bombarded by fantastic reports and theories, but most of them we do not know what to do with. About alien ambassadors, lights in the sky, mutilated cattle and abducted citizens, Psychospy can only shrug and say, "It's an unsolved mystery." In a universe of mysteries, we have to concentrate on the few that match our skills and have enough connections to our known reality to make them accessible. To draw us away from other pursuits, a fantastic story must be internally and externally connected, elegant in its form but not so pure and sterile as to steal its humanity.

And thus we move on to Hungarian....

The Hungarian Connection

Did you ever wonder what language the aliens speak among themselves? Our engineer friend Jarod 2 offered an answer at a small gathering of UFO buffs a few weeks ago. "What is the most difficult language on earth to learn?" Jarod asked his audience.

"Hungarian," said someone in the back.

Jarod was impressed. "Who said that? Right, Hungarian. They speak a higher form of Hungarian." Jarod said this is what his supervisor had told him, and his supervisor had never lied. Jarod then moved on to other topics in his talk without us having a chance to grill him.

Oooh-la-la! This is something we never expected. The aliens can talk to Zsa Zsa Gabor! But it's a HIGHER FORM of Hungarian, so maybe they can talk to Eva Gabor now that she has passed on.

With all due respects, THAT'S THE STUPIDEST THING WE'VE EVER HEARD. We can't think of any reason extraterrestrials arriving on earth would step off the ship speaking Hungarian, but we can imagine the headline in the

Weekly World News: "Zsa Zsa Consults with Space Aliens." If the aliens were to speak an earth language you'd think it would be English, the dominant tongue of the boron trade, or maybe [Esperanto](#), a highly rational language invented by academics and rejected by rest of humanity.

As our readers will recall, these are the aliens who are advising the U.S. government on how to reproduce their flying saucers. Jarod 1 (pronounced "JAY-rod") is one of those consultant-aliens. Jarod 2 is the pseudonym of a retired human engineer who claims to have worked on the design of earthbound flight simulators for the human-built reproductions [[DR#27](#)]. Jarod 3 is a gray adolescent cat [[DR#25](#)], who is doing just fine at our Rachel headquarters--which reminds us, we have to get her fixed pretty soon so we don't have a Jarod 4, 5 and 6.

Jarod 2 releases information to us in installments when he feels comfortable about what he is saying and after he has supposedly cleared it with his boss. At 70, Jarod's mind is still perfectly fit, but most of his life has been concerned with technical projects, so he is not the best public speaker. He is not very "P.C." in his political opinions, asserting, for example, that the "benign dictatorship" he worked for was not a bad thing and perhaps the whole world will be run by the satellite government someday. (We shake our head and say to ourselves, "No, Jarod, no, that's not an opinion for the masses!") He tends to ramble sometimes into technical areas that are fascinating only to engineers. As he speaks, he drops occasional bombshells about the alien presence without appreciating their effect on the audience and then moves on without further explanation. When you bring him back to the subject, though, there is always a detailed story behind anything he says, and you can usually pin him down as to whether the information is from something he experienced directly or is based on his own speculation.

According to his story, Jarod worked in a highly compartmentalized program in which he was told only what he needed to know to do his job--mechanical design for various assemblies within the flying disc simulator. Jarod and his group knew their place. If they did not have a need to know something, they did not ask. If they went into the simulator and a certain assembly was covered with a drop cloth, they did not lift it up and look underneath. This was something ingrained in them that they did not have to be told. There are apparently many things Jarod is still not allowed to talk about, but many other facts--obvious questions that any UFO buff would ask--he simply never knew. Thus, he is now looking for answers as much as anyone, and like the rest of us he is prone to speculation about the unknown based on sometimes-tenuous pieces of data. Whenever [Bob Lazar](#) spoke about his own alleged experiences at "Area S-4," he was always careful to distinguish what he knew for sure from what he had gleaned from secondhand sources and his own speculation. Jarod is somewhat less clear in making this distinction, at least on first presentation, and our challenge is to try to pin him down on the origin of his claims.

Regarding Hungarian

In [DR#24](#), we suggested that prudent investors consider boron as a possible growth commodity, since it is one product that Jarod says the aliens take from Earth. Now we suggest ambitious college students consider the benefits of [Hungarian](#). Take a few introductory classes, and when the aliens reveal themselves you'll be way ahead of everyone else. Unfortunately, Hungarian is a bitch to learn. One of the people in our UFO group, upon hearing Jarod's claim, went out and bought a Hungarian phrase book. This is definitely not a Romance language--that is, based on Latin, from which over half our English words come. For us, Hungarian has few familiar root words, and the order of syntax is often the reverse of our conventions. For example, modifiers usually follow the noun instead of preceding it: "house my" instead of "my house." Hungarian is related to Finnish, Mongolian and maybe Japanese. Psychospy has long been amused by linguistics, and the distribution of this language family has always struck us as peculiar. If you learn French, German and Russian, you can stumble by in most other languages of Europe--except Hungarian and Finnish, which seem to have come from Someplace Else.

Hungarian conspiracies filled our head as we dropped in on Jarod 2 to have him set us straight. "That's just the way it is," he said with some annoyance. He emphasized that the aliens speak not Hungarian, but a higher form of Hungarian. We asked him why the aliens needed to speak any language at all if they can communicate telepathically. We reminded him of his previous statement, "When they speak to you, you hear it in your own voice."

Jarod confirmed that, yes, you do hear the aliens in your own voice, but he was more specific this time. Sound apparently does come out of the alien's mouth, and you hear it with your own ears. Jarod knows this to be true

because an alien had spoken to him in response to some routine technical question. This surprised us, because we had already reported in [DR#24](#) that Jarod 2 had never communicated with his namesake Jarod 1. This is essentially correct, J-2 said, because no substantial communication took place, just a couple of words in response to a question. J-2 was always with a group of his colleagues when he encountered the alien, and the meeting was always in response to a specific technical problem. The alien who spoke to him was probably Jarod 1, but it could have also been one of his Space Brothers because J-2 did not have enough experience to tell the aliens apart.

It seems that these aliens are regular Rich Littles who can mimic any human voice, and they use this ability as a mode of communication in itself. Imagine the problems of an impassive looking gray trying to express himself in a group of humans. The alien is already wearing human clothing to put the audience at ease, but without the familiar facial expressions how do the earthlings know which member of the group he is talking to? Elementary! The problem is solved by the alien speaking in the voice of the person he is addressing.

J-2 thinks that telepathy plays a role in alien communication, but he says he has no direct evidence. He says that when you ask an alien a question, they respond immediately, often before you finish speaking, but J-2 concedes that this could be a sign only of a quick-witted alien, not a telepathic one. J-2 thinks the aliens can read everything about a person just by being in the same room with them, but he does not have enough experience to know if this happened in his case. J-2 says that he saw an alien only rarely, never for more than five or ten minutes and not more than a half-dozen times over the course of his career. These meetings were strictly business, with no idle chat unrelated to the technical problem at hand.

J-2 remarks that, although the aliens respond in English in the voice of the person being addressed, they seem to "think backwards." By this he means that their syntax is reversed. For example, one of the few questions J-2 asked the alien is when something would be ready. The alien's immediate reply in J-2's voice was, "Two about." This confused J-2 at the time, until he realized the alien meant, "About two o'clock." In other words, as we interpret it now, this alien could be speaking perfectly pronounced English words arranged in Hungarian syntax.

J-2 knows the aliens speak a higher form of Hungarian only because his supervisor told him so. In the course of his work, Jarod came upon a document written in a language he did not recognize. It was printed in our roman alphabet and was part of a technical specification. Jarod asked his supervisor about it, and the supervisor called the rest of the design group together to explain. This language was a higher form of Hungarian, he said, transcribed from the speech of an alien by one of the staff linguists. That the aliens should speak Hungarian struck Jarod as amusing at the time, and that's why he remembered it.

Jarod says that there were a lot of linguists in the project, presumably among the best in their field, but they were still trying to decipher this higher form of Hungarian. The science of verbal languages was apparently a key skill in understanding the aliens, but maybe it wasn't the only skill. We recall from Jarod's account in [DR#24](#) that a linguist was part of the original interface team that studied the live aliens retrieved in the Arizona crash, but it wasn't the linguist who first made contact; it was the young bioastrophysicist, who went on to lead the technical side of the program.

Learning a foreign language is more than just translating one word into another. You have to understand the common experience of the people who created that language--the Hungarians, as it were. For example, the Desert Rat would probably be a strange and confusing document to any foreign linguist who does not have a basic understanding of American culture, since Psychospy has muddled up the language with many metaphors and references that do not appear in your Funk and Wagnall's. "Funk and Wagnall's," in fact, is one of those terms. With all the idioms now in use, no alien is going to fully comprehend our modern English language--and certainly not our stand-up comics--unless they live in our society and are watching the O.J. trial.

The same applies in the other direction. Even if the aliens speak Hungarian, the words will be redefined by their own experience, which undoubtedly is very different from ours. Although it may start as the language of Zsa Zsa, it will soon become a different form of Hungarian filled with complex nuances and references to other worlds that an earthbound linguist will always be guessing at.

Hypotheses

But what is to account for the aliens choosing Hungarian at all? Do these gray aliens have a fondness for [goulash](#) or rotund Bolshevik women in polka dots? Perhaps their first encounter with earthlings happened in Hungary, and they assumed this language was what most humans spoke. We remember a similar scenario in a movie, *Earth Girls Are Easy*, about three lustful male aliens who crash land in a swimming pool in the San Fernando Valley. They adopt "Valley Girl" talk, accept the local culture as their own and go cruising for babes.



We have an alternative theory, however. Remember that this is a thrice-told tale. Someone told the supervisor, the supervisor told Jarod, and Jarod told us. This is enough steps for many of the details of the message to be lost or garbled, even if the gist is accurate. The original conclusion of the staff linguists might have been that the language of the aliens was LIKE Hungarian. Hungarian is a member of the [Ural-Altaic language group](#). Members of this family follow certain rules of syntax independent of the words themselves. If we allow that life could evolve on a distant planet to walk on two feet in bodies functionally similar to ours, then we would also expect this race to develop spoken languages. It seems unlikely that any of their specific words would match ours, but their syntax could. Nouns, verbs, adjectives and adverbs are probably primal elements of any oral language anywhere in the universe, and there are only a limited number of ways to put these things together.

A human linguist attempting to analyze an alien language will try to correlate it with things he already knows. He could look at the word order and say, "I know this. It is structured like Hungarian." The fact that Jarod saw the language printed in our roman alphabet does not mean it is a human language; it means only that the linguists have found a way to transcribe the sounds uttered by the aliens into character codes. To J-2, who knew no foreign language, the words were meaningless, and they might have also been meaningless to an earthly Hungarian, but a linguist specializing in the structure of languages might not be interested in meaning. He would see only a pattern in the order of words that tells him how to classify that language. "This is a higher form of Hungarian," he might say, with technical accuracy. Only non-linguists might interpret this to mean the aliens can talk with Zsa-Zsa, which isn't true. Once you know the structure resembles Hungarian, you still need an army of linguists and others studying the alien culture to understand the meaning of individual words and idioms.

That is one theory. There could be others. Maybe some historical fluke indeed created a special connection to Hungary which lead the aliens to learn this human language first. It may not have been Zsa Zsa the aliens wanted to kiss up to but black world figurehead [Edward Teller](#), who Bob Lazar suggests may have helped him get his job at Area S-4. Our colleague M.F. drew our attention to this passage in *Teller's War*, a book profiling the physicist and his [Star Wars](#) projects

Budapest at the turn of the century had a thriving Jewish community and a series of celebrated schools that produced no less than seven of the twentieth century's great scientists. In order of birth, they were Theodor von Karman, George de Hevesy, Micheal Polanyi, Leo Szilard, Eugene P. Wigner, John von Neumann and Edward Teller. The city pulsated intellectually, rich in commerce, architecture and opera. As Richard Rhodes has noted, the first subway system on the European continent was dug, not in Paris or Berlin, but in Budapest.



The Hungarian scientists were to have a remarkable impact on science in the United States and were universally seen as visionaries. Szilard, Wigner and Teller played important roles in the push for the atom bomb. Von Neumann was a mathematical genius who helped build giant computers used for H-bomb calculations. Fermi, the Italian physicist, once mused over the number of stars in the universe and its age, saying that if aliens existed they should already have visited earth. Indeed, Szilard joked, "They call themselves Hungarians." Teller also delighted in this notion, applying it to himself with relish. Late in life, after getting to know someone he liked, he would sometimes give the person permission to call him "E.T.," after the movie about a friendly extraterrestrial who visits Earth.

[[Budapest Guide](#) | [Hungary in City Net](#) | [Hungary Home Page](#) | [Fermi/Szilard quote](#) | [Today's weather forecast \(in](#)

[Hungarian](#))]

J-2 himself has no explanation for the alien use of Higher Hungarian, but he reminds us about the Native American Code Talkers of World War II who spoke a "higher form of Navajo" as a radio code that was never broken by the Axis. Did the aliens deliberately choose a difficult human language to talk to Teller and his cronies and no one else? As usual, this question remains an Unsolved Mystery, but one that Psychospasy can live with. We expect reality to have its surreal moments. First [Nixon](#), then [boron](#), and now we have aliens conferring with Zsa Zsa. What could be more real?



Most earthlings have no difficulty accepting the theoretical possibility of alien life. Psychospasy will personally strangle the next moron who tells us, "With all those million, million stars in a million, million galaxies, I have to believe there is intelligent life out there somewhere." It is only when it gets down to specifics that humans become uncomfortable. The gray aliens, like Jarod 1, could not possibly be real, some say, because they look too much like us. You want they should look like crabs? In that case, people would say the aliens look too much like their B-movie counterparts. Lifeforms that evolved on separate planets are likely to be very different in detail but not necessarily in functional form. Just as certain plants in the African and Mexican deserts have evolved separately to look alike, a body with two legs, two arms and four-to-six fingers per hand may be the norm for intelligent life throughout the universe. Likewise, any such life might also be expected to develop a system of crude communication by sounds emitted through the breathing orifice. Maybe they also hiccup, cough and belch. This is not the sort of thing we expect of angels or the idealized aliens of our imagination, but real lifeforms cannot live up to those expectations. When we meet them, they will be as earthy, smelly, specific and repulsive as we are.

More Details From Jarod

Alien Hygiene

And speaking of smelly and repulsive, J-2 has now answered a question for us that we never asked: How do the aliens keep clean? They take a "bug bath." Or more precisely, a bug shower. J-2 has seen the apparatus in a work area at Facility X. It is basically a shower stall where microbes are sprayed onto the alien's skin. As J-2 explains it, "the good bacteria eat the bad bacteria." Underneath the shower chamber was a reservoir that held the good bacteria--apparently in a liquid medium--and a system of piping brought it up to the chamber to spray on the alien. As the residue flowed out the bottom it passed through some kind of filtering system that separated the good bacteria from the bad bacteria, and the good bacteria passed back into the tank.

J-2 never saw the apparatus in use. (We do not know how personally the aliens take their bathing.) He knew it was an alien shower only because he was told so. He concedes it is possible that the shower also performed a nutritional function. In the public UFO literature, it is often stated that the gray aliens have no alimentary system, so they have to absorb nutrients through their skin.

Jarod says he has never seen an alien eat but has seen one drink. It was while an alien was sitting at a conference table during a technical briefing. He brought a cup to his lips and appeared to drink from it. J-2 does not know what the liquid was in the cup, but he assumes it was water.

Document Security

While discussing with J-2 the Higher Hungarian he saw in writing, we asked him about documents in general. Although the mechanical design team had the finest earthly computers at their disposal, the design of any complex device generates a lot of paper: drawings, technical specifications, evaluations. Were these documents stamped "Top Secret" or "Classified"? Jarod says they were not. There was nothing on the document to identify its source or

classification level except an alphanumeric code. Someone who stumbled across the document by chance would probably not know what it was.

Since personal security was extremely thorough and intrusive and the rules of secrecy had become a way of life, Jarod and his colleagues were not tempted to smuggle any documents out of the design room. At night the documents were locked up in a vault. If someone cleaned the office, it must have been at night, because Jarod never saw them.

Alien Eyes

Jarod reports that the covering of the alien eye becomes darker or lighter depending on the ambient light, like photosensitive sunglasses. In bright light, the lens appears black and opaque. In subdued lighting, it becomes clear, and you can see the structure of the eye underneath. In that case, alien eyes appear not much different than ours, although bigger. J-2 does not know if the photosensitive covering is a natural part of the eye or some sort of contact lens, but he says he has never seen an alien blink.

NERVA Correction

In [DR#27](#), we reported that Jarod 2 and his son, a lab technician, happened to both work at the [Nevada Test Site](#) in the late 1970s, when J-2 was temporarily assigned to the NERVA nuclear rocket program. The assignment was incorrect, since NERVA had been canceled in Feb. 1972 (at a total cost of \$1.4 billion according to DOE public affairs). This was our error, not Jarod's, as we did not clear this portion of the text with him before publication. Although Jarod did work for NERVA prior to its demise, he was obviously not working on it when his son was at the Test Site. The two met occasionally for lunch in Mercury but did not discuss work. What was Jarod doing there? "Another project" is all he'll say. [Thanks to fishhook@access.digex.net for the hint.]

Appeal Brief Filed

The Opening Brief in Glenn Campbell's appeal of his obstruction conviction was filed on July 7. It is 41 pages (on numbered paper in the proper format) plus 5 pages of attachments. [\[Full text\]](#) Campbell was convicted by a Justice of the Peace on March 3 for an incident, over a year ago, in which he pushed down the door locks of a vehicle to delay the warrantless seizure of a news crews videotape [\[DR#12 | #23\]](#). Of course, the video tape is still unaccounted for. Campbell paid a \$315 fine and was condemned to paint the Rachel Senior Center. This appeal is his attempt to weasel out of that duty, as well as prove a principal of some sort, which will probably be long forgotten by the time the appeal is resolved. Such are the wheels of justice.

Under an earlier stipulation agreed upon by Campbell and his very own [Special Prosecutor](#), the opposition now has 30 days to file a counter-brief, then Campbell has 20 days to file a reply. At that point, the appeal will be scheduled for hearing before a real judge, who will then have to mow through all this paperwork, including a massive trial transcript that must have cost a thousand dollars to prepare. Campbell researched and wrote the brief entirely on his own, with final proofreading by lawyers AP, SH and PL, who offered only a few suggestions. Campbell managed to squeeze in 34 different legal references, including the Pentagon Papers case ([U.S. vs. New York Times](#), 403 US 713) and Julius & Ethel Rosenberg ([U.S. vs. Rosenberg, et al](#), 103 FS 808).

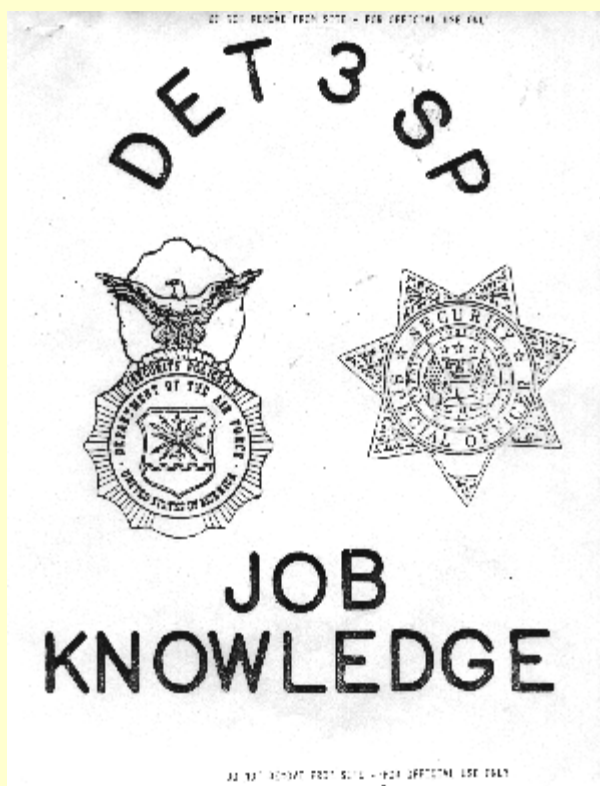
Campbell seems to be having a fine ol' time, but one wonders how many thousands of dollars the county and court have spent on this case. The tally includes....

- Compensation for a contract stenographer from Las Vegas to produce the massive trial transcript.
- Ongoing compensation and expenses for one Special Prosecutor, imported on contract from Ely, including at

least two six-hour round-trip drives from Ely and two days of court appearance.

- Compensation and expenses for one Special Judge and his clerk, imported from Ely, also including two six-hour drives and two days of court appearance.
- One day's salary for each of these local law enforcement officials who attended the trial in their official capacity: Sheriff Bradfield, Undersheriff Davis, Deputy Lamoreaux, Deputy Bryant and Asst. District Attorney Waite.
- Time previously spent on the case by District Attorney Tom "Do Nothing" Dill, which can't amount to much because he never does anything.

In compensation, Lincoln county law enforcement gets nothing but the bad publicity it deserves, while the court is rewarded with only the \$315 Campbell has already paid. On his side, in addition to the fine and possible Senior Center servitude, Campbell has spent only \$50 for a copy card at the Clark County Law Library, plus printing and postage costs for the motions he has submitted and copying costs at the County Courthouse. We think it is a fair price to pay for education and entertainment. There are other legal actions in the works, but we cannot discuss them until they become a matter of public record. Win or lose, we are beginning to like this game.



Cammo Dude Manual Now On-Line

An alleged security manual for guards at the Groom Lake base was [published on-line](#) by the Area 51 Research Center on June 20. This 29-page manual, the origin of which is unclear, has been circulating among the Interceptors and many others for some time. The lawyer in the hazardous waste lawsuit, Jonathan Turley, had submitted this or a similar document as part of a pre-trial motion to the federal court. The Air Force immediately declared that the document, as well as Turley's motion, were classified and it threatened to seize some of Turley's files. [[News Article](#) | [Follow-up Article](#) | [Legal Times review](#)] This deeply alarmed our regional director, Glenn Campbell, who wondered if this document in Turley's hands was the same one sitting around in one of Campbell's piles, under the old newspapers and dirty clothes. "This can't be classified," said he, "because I have a copy, and nowhere does it say that it is secret or classified." The document did say, "FOR OFFICIAL USE ONLY. DO NOT REMOVE FROM SITE," but Campbell never removed it from the site, wherever that may be, and because the document did not specify its author or owner, it

was not clear for whose "official use" it was intended.

"Ergo," said Campbell, "I must show the world that the government has made a terrible mistake." If this was indeed the same document, then it was already in the public domain. U.S. vs. Heine, 151 F2d 813, and U.S. vs. New York Times told Campbell that any attempt by the government to restrict a document was legally moot if the document was already public. To emphasize this prior fact (and not at all to make it so), Campbell scanned the document into his computer and posted it immediately on the [Research Center's WWW page](#).

Although we cannot vouch that it is authentic or the same document submitted by Turley, it certainly is a fascinating piece of work. It includes floor plans of the base headquarters and security buildings, radio code names, schematics of road sensors and how to disable them and this cover story for the Cammo Dudes....

YOU ARE A MEMBER OF THE SECURITY FORCE PATROLLING THE NELLIS BOMBING RANGE. [ADVISE PERSONNEL TO DEPART] BECAUSE OF UNEXPLODED ORDINANCE, LOW FLYING AIRCRAFT AND STRAFING RUNS CONDUCTED HERE.

The whole concept of cover stories fascinates us. It is institutionalized lying, and it means that you can never trust what the military tells you.

A Reaction?

A 7/27 [article](#) in the *Las Vegas Review-Journal* reports that government lawyers are stepping up their efforts to have the hazardous waste lawsuit dismissed. The article includes this ambiguous passage...

Government attorney Russell Young told Pro that in recent weeks "incidents have occurred that demonstrate the necessity of terminating this action quickly in order to prevent further damage to national security. Because those matters are under seal, they cannot be discussed... but they are well known to the court. This case must be dismissed now."

Turley and Department of Justice spokesman Jim Sweeney said they could not speculate on what the language meant.

Intel Bitties

THE DESERT RAT IS NO LONGER FREE. For over a year and a half, the Desert Rat has been distributed over the internet without charge. We did this as a clever ploy to increase market share and achieve dominance of the Area 51 newsletter sector. Now that we have smashed the competition, like Wal-Mart crushing small town merchants, we are the doing the only American thing, which is to increase our prices. The Desert Rat is now "guiltware." You can continue to subscribe by email, browse our WWW area or redistribute the Rat to others without charge. However, if you obtain any significant entertainment or information from the Rat, you are obligated, by your own conscience, to send \$5 to Psychospy, c/o [Area 51 Research Center](#). This fee entitles you to one year of guilt-free reading of the Rat on the internet. (Those who have purchased subscriptions by regular mail have already paid their dues.) We have no means of enforcing this fee, and we have no plans to terminate subscriptions or otherwise discriminate against those who do not pay. We will, however, note the people who do pay and place them at the top of the waiting list when saucer rides are offered at 51.

LINCOLN COUNTY COMMISSIONER Eve "Mad as Hell" Culverwell [[DR#2](#) | [DR#27](#)], one of the few local officials we respect, has survived a recall election sponsored by the Forces of Darkness. At issue was Culverwell's support of an initiative that would allow a temporary nuclear waste storage facility to be constructed in a remote part of the county. Say the word "nuclear" and many citizens go ballistic. Culverwell was saved, we suspect, because the word "environmentalist" has even more vile connotations in these parts, and those meddling outsiders were all over this one. The Forces of Darkness, based in Panaca, Nevada, automatically seek to unseat any competent official who

takes an unpopular stand. Since this power block seems to have enough signatures to force a recall election anytime, Lincoln County seems to hold one every other week. We are fond of "Maddie" but have mixed sentiments about her victory. Had she lost, she would have been free to blow this rotten little county and return to human civilization, like Campbell. Because she won, thanks to the loyalty of fellow citizens, she feels compelled to remain to serve out her term. Now, she and her co-conspirators face a lawsuit against them by the state Attorney General, seeking to remove them from office. It appears to have little hope of success, only interim harassment value. Maddie and her co-conspirators may appear sometime in August or September in a segment on nuclear waste on [Sixty Minutes](#). (She was interviewed by Morley, but wasn't put on the hot seat.)

VERSION 4.00 of the [Area 51 Viewer's Guide](#) is now available. As usual, there were a lot of incremental changes and a few larger additions. Freedom Ridge and White Sides are now history, while we have added more details and a couple of new maps for Tikaboo Peak. On the cover, the Campbell has proudly stamped: "BANNED AT THE LITTLE A'LE'INN." The *Viewer's Guide* is available for \$15 for new customers or \$9 for people who have bought a previous version (send copy number and place purchased). [[Ordering info.](#)] Add priority/airmail postage: \$4 U.S./\$4.50 Canada/\$8 Europe/\$10 Asia-Pacific. Within the next week, selected portions of the *Viewer's Guide* will be made available [free on WWW](#).

THE QUIK PICK GAS STATION AND CONVENIENCE STORE in Upper Rachel is the only place on Earth that sells both Campbell's *Viewer's Guide* and Chuck Clark's *Area 51/S-4 Handbook* [[DR#26](#)] There, the *Viewer's Guide* outsells the *Handbook* by about 9 to 1--which shows you that there IS a place for Chuckie's work in this diverse world of ours.

NEW CAR FOR CHUCKIE. Meanwhile, Chuckie has moved up in the world: He has been seen driving around Rachel in a brand new four wheel drive [Jeep Cherokee](#). This poor fellow who has never had an original idea can't even buy a car without ripping someone off--in this case the Cammo Dudes who he is obviously trying to emulate. He should have consulted a C.D. first, as a friend of ours did when he had one cornered. "What do you think of the Cherokee," our friend asked. "Piece of shit," said the Dude. He complained that the car was not made for desert abuse and the engine mounts did not last. However, other friends of ours own Cherokees and are satisfied, while a *Popular Science* car reviewer says the new model is much improved over the lemons of the past. We regard it as a fine American-made vehicle that is perfectly adequate for runs to the mall and occasional off-road use, but our personal



choice is the Jap-made [Toyota 4Runner](#) for regular romps where there ain't no roads. After owning ours for over 30,000 miles, the only thing that has ever gone wrong is running through a half-dozen tires sliced up by rocks and cacti. (We torture tires without remorse because we buy them from Big-O with their unconditional replacement guarantee.)... By the way, how can

Chuckie, with no visible means of support and no obvious talent afford to lay down at least \$15,000 for a new car? Is he on the government payroll as an intelligence agent? (If so, we are outraged, as a taxpayer, at the appalling waste of funds.)

POP CULTURE ADDENDUM [to [DR#27](#)]: "Dreamland" according to the [group's WWW page](#) is "a Bay-Area acid folk band with roots in British Invasion, Bulgarian folk and `New Music.'" No mention of Hungarian.

ONE OF THE "JOHN DOE" PLAINTIFFS in the Groom Lake hazardous waste lawsuit has died. It is unclear whether it was the result of his claimed injuries. [[L.V. Review-Journal, June 14](#)]

THE OPEN SKIES PROGRAM, wherein our former Communist enemies are permitted to overfly and photograph any U.S. military installation, including Area 51, has quietly begun operation. [[news article](#)]

THE FORMER COMMANDER OF NELLIS AFB, [Lt. Gen. Thomas Griffith](#), has been fired by a bigger general from his position as commander of the 12th Air Force and U.S. Southern Command Air Forces. [[press release](#) | [news article](#)] His crime? Griffith, a married man, had a consensual affair with a civilian woman. Dear Lord, give the man an "A" for his chest! Does this firing sound puritanical? Hypocritical? Disregarding of all human rights and privacy? That's the Air Force we know and love.

THE LAZAR S-4 FLYING SAUCER plastic model from Testors [[DR#16](#)] has been seen prominently displayed in the Nellis Air Force Base Post Exchange. It must be a hot seller there. [Thanks to M.F.]

CAMPBELL ON ART BELL. Our Regional Director Glenn Campbell will be a guest on Art Bell's *Dreamland* radio talk show on Sunday, Aug. 6. He will be speaking live from our Las Vegas annex overlooking the Janet terminal. *Dreamland* is a nationally syndicated radio show broadcast on some 140 stations in the U.S. and Canada, 7pm-10pm Pacific Time on Sunday. (Repeated in some areas the following Saturday, 5pm-8pm Pacific Time.) See [Art Bell Page](#) for a station in your local area.

OTHER CAMPBELL APPEARANCES. Also on Aug. 6, Campbell will speak at [DefCon III](#), the totally paranoid computer hacker's convention held at the [Tropicana Hotel](#) in Las Vegas. As reported previously, Campbell is also speaking at *The Science and Politics of UFO Research*, the only UFO-fest endorsed by the Area 51 Research Center. It is Oct. 28-29, 1995, in [St. Paul, MN](#). Latest speaker list also includes: Dr. Richard Haines, Jeffrey Sainio, Dr. Bruce Maccabee, [George Knapp](#), Dr. Michael Swords and Dr. David Jacobs. (So many doctors, but never an aspirin.) For latest details, see [WWW document](#), email penson@geom.umn.edu or call the Science Museum of Minnesota at 612-221-4511.

CALL FOR AREA 51 MAP. "Area 51," in its most specific interpretation, refers to a 6 by 10 mile block of land adjacent to the northeast corner of the [Nevada Test Site](#). The designation is plainly shown on old maps of the Test Site, available for inspection in the DOE reading room in Las Vegas. However, these maps usually show only the periphery of '51 along the border of the NTS. We have not yet seen an official government map that includes both the printed "Area 51" designation and its full extent. We have heard many rumors of such maps being public in the 50s, but have not yet seen one with our own eyes. Can any of our readers help?

AN ACCOUNT OF A UFO CRASH IN ARIZONA is provided by Raymond Fowler in his book, *Diary of a UFO Investigator*. The information comes from the [written statement](#) of "Fritz Warner," a pseudonym for a former AF worker assigned to the Nevada Test Site. On May 21, 1953, he says he was flown from Indian Springs to Phoenix, then was taken in a bus with blacked-out windows to another location, assumed to have been near Kingman, where he investigated the crash of a flying saucer. The craft was perfectly intact, Fritz said, and he saw only one occupant, deceased.

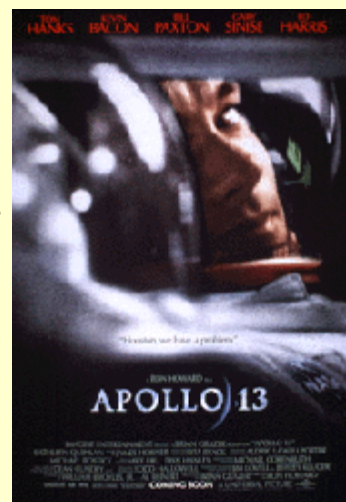
THE LATEST TIKABOO HIKE on July 22 [[expired promo](#)] enjoyed fine weather and suffered no disasters. The Minister of Words and [Agent X](#) brought all the toys--including a [Humvee](#), fist-sized night vision scopes and a military-grade non-cryogenic thermal viewer. Watch for their report on this hardware in an upcoming issue of a major magazine (you guess which). Naturally, nothing of consequence was seen at the base with this fantastic equipment, although some members of the party say they saw a "astronomical anomaly" in the perfect skies on Friday night. (Not a "UFO" mind you.) This was a pulsing star-like object that moved in unusual ways against the background of stars directly overhead: not a star, satellite, meteor or planet, [the witnesses say](#), although all these things were also seen in the moonless sky. This was a rare TV-free excursion: NBC's *Dateline* had threatened to send two camera crews, but it never materialized. About 30 people attended the hike with a dozen staying the night: four on the peak and the rest at the trailhead. Those below were entertained by the Minister of Words late into the night. He is the patron saint of the Desert Rat with verbal agility and inventiveness far beyond that of Psychospay, who has stolen many a ministerism for these pages. The Minister is better than television when seated in front of the campfire, recounting tales both clever and profound, the only occasional drawback being the absence of an off switch.

THE MT CURY HIKE on June 24 [[DR#27](#)], went pretty much as expected, offering a wide view of the atomic testing grounds of the Nevada Test Site, but the desert gave us a scare. The weather was hot--in the 90s--but not uncomfortable, as long as your personal air conditioning was working. We had recommended a gallon of water per person, but that wasn't enough. The six of us stumbled back to the car without a drop of liquid among us. Since this was a seven-hour hike, we should have each brought at least a gallon and a half (one quart per hour) and probably more. Deaths in the desert due to "heat exhaustion" almost always come down to a lack of water. As long as you keep up the liquid intake, the body can take any dry heat, but when the water runs out, the natural air conditioning shuts off, and you could be dead within hours. In our case, there was no serious danger, because in an emergency we could have easily walked to the nearby support facilities at Mercury, perhaps suffering a trespassing charge but living to tell about it. Still, it was humbling to realize that the desert can be as cruel and unyielding as the sea or outer space. If you are

unprepared for its demands, you could pass away almost painlessly. [Upon request, we will post a hiking guide to Mt. Cury here.]

LEVIATHAN CAVE HIKE? The destination we are considering for the August hike is Leviathan Cave, about 15 miles north of Rachel. This cavern, complete with stalagmites/-mites, is near the top of an 9000 foot mountain. The cave system is said to be about 1/4 mile long. This a specialty hike that is recommended only for hard-core adventurers. Unless we find a guide, this will also be a first-time visit for the two of us planning the hike. The hike to the mouth of the cave is said to be long and strenuous, probably 4+ hours, mostly on a steep slope, so we will have to start at the crack of dawn from Rachel to allow exploring of the cave. The date has not been set, but it is likely to be a Saturday late in the month. Those interested should contact Psychospy. [This event has already passed.]

APOLLO 13 REVIEW. We recently attended a screening of the movie [Apollo 13](#) in the company of a former Apollo project engineer (not J-2 but a contemporary of his). Our companion had been concerned with quality assurance for [Rockwell](#) in the manufacture of, among other things, the service module that suffered the explosion. He remembered rushing to work to immediately begin analyses and simulations to find what went wrong and what could be done to get out of it. Aside from some whining about technical oversimplifications in the movie and all the heartrending "mushy stuff" from the earthbound wives, our companion did not have too much bad to say about the film. We thought it was great, though, and recommend it to everyone.



The movie emphasizes the importance of simulators to the operation of any actual spacecraft. Without an accurate functional reproduction of the command and lunar modules on earth, Apollo engineers might not have figured out the actions the crew had to take to save their lives. Of course, the whole space program could have been a simulation, too, just like the movie itself. "We never went to the Moon," some conspiracy theorists say, and Psychospy cannot prove them wrong. It must have been a hoax perpetrated by the media-government-industrial complex: The photographs, moon rocks and TV images were all fakes, cleverly concocted by government laboratories and Hollywood studios. The only evidence we have that it really happened is the word of the people who participated, like this Rockwell guy. Our friend could be lying, though, or he could have been tricked, so we will have to dismiss his testimony. To take a rocket to the Moon is Too Weird, especially when the government has flying saucers in stock; therefore, it could not have happened.

VICTIM OF SPACE AND TIME. There is so much more we wanted to cover in this issue of the Rat: (1) Campbell is evicted from his Las Vegas apartment and subsequently arrested for espionage (according to reports from the Little A'Le'Inn). (2) Campbell also confesses he is an operative of a little known government agency, the USGS. (3) Ambassador Merlin pays the piper in the Nevada Legislature for his seminal indiscretions.... Plus MUCH, MUCH MORE. However, time and space have defeated us in this issue. We will try to pick up these threads in [DR#29](#), which we hope to put out soon.

Reader Responses...

- [Psychological Treatise on Flamers](#), recommended by robert.hatfield@ucbeh.san.uc.edu
- [Complaint from a Japanese-American](#) concerning 4Runner reference.
- [Previously loyal reader reassesses and withdraws](#)

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Text above should be complete, but we may continue to add new links to this document.

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The Groom Lake Desert Rat

"The Naked Truth from Open Sources."

Area 51/Nellis Range/TTR/NTS/S-4?/Weird Stuff/Desert Lore

An on-line newsletter.

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Direct from **Las Vegas**, the Center of Human Civilization.

Issue #29. August 18, 1995

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Fun With Folklore

Exploring The Hungarian Connection

In [DR#28](#), we reported the matter-of-fact claim of our ex-government source "[Jarod 2](#)" that the aliens he knows speak a "higher form of Hungarian." J-2 has no explanation for why extraterrestrials would speak such an obscure earth tongue; he can only report that this is what his supervisor told him when he asked about some foreign-looking text on a technical specification. This may seem a ridiculous claim from a dubious source, but Hungarian turns out to be more interesting than it seems. Aside from being the language of Zsa Zsa--the Gabor on *Hollywood Squares* known for collecting husbands--and her recently deceased and oft-confused sister Eva--the one who played opposite the pig in *Green Acres*--Hungarian happens to be the native tongue of [Dr. Edward Teller](#), the "father of the hydrogen bomb" and chief architect of Reagan's Star Wars program.

The origins of the Hungarian language remain mysterious. It is one of only two significant languages in Europe that are unrelated to any of their neighbors. Hungarian and Finnish appear to be related to each other but neither are derived from the ancient Proto-Indo-European (PIE) tongue that is assumed to be the source of all other modern European languages. "Where did Hungarian come from?" is a question long asked by linguistic scholars, and now that Hungary is free of Soviet rule nationalistic citizens are also asking, "Where did *we* come from?" As reported in a [Washington Post article](#) on Feb. 6, Hungarians are looking not to the stars but to the [Xinjiang](#) Province of China thousands of miles to the east [thanks to RP for the lead]. In graves there dating from the 9th and 10th centuries, enquiring Hungarians have found archeological objects similar to those unearthed back home. One theory says that the Hungarian ancestors left China no later than the 5th century A.D. and migrated gradually westward across the Asian steppes until arriving in Europe around the year 896. Magyars, as they knew themselves, were the scourge of Europe for a time, raping and pillaging wherever they went in a role later played by the British Empire.

The linguistic and archeological record is ambiguous enough to allow other theories of Hungarian origins. One is

recorded in [The Curve of Binding Energy](#), a profile of a dissident atomic physicist by John McPhee...

Not all Los Alamos theories could be tested. Long popular within the Theoretical Division was, for example, a theory that the people of Hungary are Martians. The reasoning went like this: The Martians left their own planet several aeons ago and came to Earth; they landed in what is now Hungary; the tribes of Europe were so primitive and barbarian that it was necessary for the Martians to conceal their evolutionary difference or be hacked to pieces. Through the years, the concealment had on the whole been successful, but the Martians had three characteristics too strong to hide: their wanderlust, which found its outlet in the Hungarian [gypsy](#); their language (Hungarian is not related to any of the languages spoken in surrounding countries); and their unearthly intelligence. One had only to look around to see the evidence: Teller, [Wigner](#), [Szilard](#), von Neumann-- Hungarians all. Szilard had been among the first to suggest that fission could be used to make a bomb. Von Neumann had developed the digital computer. Teller--moody, tireless, and given to fits of laughter, bursts of anger--worked long hours and was impatient with what he felt to be the excessively slow advancement of Project Panda, as the hydrogen-bomb development was known. Kindly to juniors, he had done much to encourage Ted Taylor in his work. His impatience with his peers, however, eventually caused him to leave Los Alamos and establish a rival laboratory at Livermore in California. Teller had a thick Martian accent. He also had a sense of humor that could penetrate bone. Dark-haired, heavy-browed, he limped pronouncedly. In Europe, one of his feet had been mangled by a streetcar.

McPhee is apparently using the Martian claim only as a transition, but it is clear there is some kind of folklore behind it. It seems to bear some relation to the anecdote told in *Teller's War* [quoted in [DR#28](#)] that Hungarians are aliens. SteeDee@aol.com, who was the first to refer us to the McPhee quote, comments:

The reason that 'aliens' speak Hungarian is that Hungarians *are* aliens. It is that simple. It appears that good-natured office ribbing among some of the brightest theoreticians working at Los Alamos has been twisted into fabricated 'evidence' supporting groundless claims of alien interaction with humans.

This is not necessarily true. The Martian story is certainly folklore, but folklore is neither true nor false in itself; it is simply the way people tell oral stories to each other. To call a story "folklore" does not mean it is a fabrication: In most cases people are telling the story honestly as they have interpreted it, but their perception, memory and sense of humor inevitably idealizes and simplifies the facts. Any time a remembered narrative is re-told by a human, it becomes distorted, but this does not mean the story is worthless. There is data in folklore, maybe not the data the speaker had intended, but usually some ancient basis in a worldly event.

If you believe in Jesus--at least that the man existed on earth--you are believing in folklore, because the story of his (or His) life was passed down as an oral tradition for many years before being written down. If you believe the oft-told tale of how your mother first met your father, you are also believing in folklore: You can be darn sure they have distorted a thing or two--depending perhaps on whether they are still married--but that does not mean the described events never took place. Every oral story, in the absence of a reliable physical record, is subject to all the pressures that turn reality into myth, but there is usually some "proto-story" behind it that derived from a direct observation in the past.

Until unambiguous physical evidence presents itself, understanding the processes of folklore may be the key to finding the truth about UFOs. Confirmed skeptics say UFOs are solely the product of accumulated folklore, but if some UFOs were real and no reliable physical record was available, human reports of them would probably become distorted to the point where they would soon seem as implausible as any created fiction. Folklore takes a story and "humanizes" it--to bring it closer to the simplified concepts the speaker is most comfortable with. Folklore follows Darwinian rules of mutation, and immaculate conceptions are rare. Each story evolves over time in a recognizable series of steps, and by understanding these changes and the pressures that create them, we can understand what about the final story might reflect on an objective truth.

Folklore Examples

Campbell Confesses to Government Involvement

To illustrate folklore in its primal form, we recount the latest news from the Little A'Le'Inn in Lower Rachel. Two disturbing reports have recently been circulated by the Inn's denizens concerning our Regional Director, Glenn Campbell. The first says that Campbell has been seen driving a government vehicle--belonging to a sinister and little-known agency--suggesting that he must be a covert government operative sent to Rachel to "muddy the waters." The second report says that Campbell has been arrested for espionage. What happened was this: The government went to the management of the apartment complex and told them Campbell was engaged in espionage and if they didn't kick him out, they would be accessories. Of course, the management immediately kicked Campbell out, and sure enough, *three days later*, he was arrested for espionage. A member of the L.A. media who had phoned the Inn was so disturbed by this second story that he called around to jails in Las Vegas to try to locate Campbell. When finally contacted, Campbell was still in his old apartment and denied all knowledge. "Why am I always the last to know?" he complained about his arrest.

Are these stories baseless fiction, lies produced by the Little A'Le'Inn to try to discredit their Number One enemy? No, these reports are rooted in fact, and no deliberate deception is implied. Campbell, in fact, has acknowledged that the first rumor is true. The Inn's supporter Al Cutillo [confronted Campbell](#) on the [alt.conspiracy.area51](#) newsgroup:

I am and have been for almost 23 years an investigator. And, it was really strange when I was approached in your home town and was told by a citizen of your community, not Chuck, Joe or Pat, but another person, who is willing to sign a sworn statement, that they saw you, Mr. Campbell, the man who is "against" the government cover-ups, in a U.S. Government vehicle. (A USGS Vehicle to be exact.)

As the friend that I promised to be, I am only relating the info I have heard. Believe me, I would not accuse you of anything. And it was strange, but, I also heard from a radio astronomer who had happened by the place you hate, the Little A'Le' Inn, that there are a number of people that are kinda getting the impression that someone up in that quiet little town is offering "misinformation" on a number of issues regarding Area 51....

By the way, that statement about you and the USGS truck is being faxed to me tomorrow. And I will be posting it the moment it comes in, but, not on the news group, but in an FTP site where people can see the ACTUAL fax, not just words that ANYONE can type.... Remember, NONE of these things are MY comments, but, the comments of the people that live around you.

This was too much truth for Campbell, who then broke down and [confessed](#) to the world: "I *am* an agent of the U.S. Geological Survey.... I know everyone is disappointed in me, but believe me there is an explanation. I did what I did for National Security. Someday, you'll thank me." His flimsy excuse is this:

My cousin used to work for the [USGS](#). His job was to travel around the Colorado River Basin recording water levels at dams and streams. When engaged in this duty, he was supposed to attach to the sides of his vehicle two magnetic signs with the agency's logo. With some cynicism, he refused and gave one of the signs to me, which I proudly displayed on the door of my 4Runner. Soon after returning to Rachel, the stories from the Inn began to surface about my driving a government vehicle, but it was only when Al confronted me that I realized the depth of the conspiracy. I *am* an agent of the USGS, and not just through my cousin. It is by this special arrangement that I obtain maps at a discounted price for sale at the Research Center. I am an Authorized USGS Map Dealer!



Campbell's Arrest

The origin of the second report, that Campbell has been arrested for espionage, is more complicated but appears to derive from a [letter](#) sent to the manager of Campbell's apartment complex by an anonymous resident there. The letter was signed by "A Concerned Citizen," obviously a patriot. It sought to inform the management of Campbell's sinister aims. It compared Campbell to those who perpetrated Oklahoma City bombing, and it also suggested that he was running a business out of his apartment. (Indeed, Campbell admits that he visited Oklahoma City only one year before the bombing and that he still has contacts there, but he denies that he runs a business from his apartment. He says his small mail order company is operated solely in Rachel.) The letter concluded...

The bottom line here is that this individual falls into one of three categories,

1. An over zealous UFO watcher.
2. A terrorist that is unpredictable.
3. A Soviet spy using the UFO story as a cover.

I know that your hands are legally tied, but I felt that the management should be aware of this individual before it's to [sic] late. I know this is a shocking letter but I thought you should know!

This letter will NOT be circulated to other residents, as it would only create terror. That is something Campbell would do, not me.

Accusation #1 is clearly untrue, as Campbell shows little interest in staying up late or braving the elements to watch for UFOs. ("Let 'em come to me!" he says.) He collects mostly human data and pursues vague rumors of Hungarian. As for the other accusations, they could be true. Certainly a terrorist that is *predictable* wouldn't be worth his salt, while the Soviets might be stooping pretty low these days given their funding cuts. (Weren't they run out of business, you ask? Not true. The bear is only sleeping and is sure to reemerge to conquer the world as soon as vigilant Americans let down their guard.)

The apartment manager was not too alarmed by the accusations but was disturbed that the letter was anonymous. "If I am going to write a complaint about somebody, I am going to sign it," she said as she made a copy for us. Although there are about 150 apartments in the complex, the list of suspects is short, thanks to the science of psycholinguistics. This is the study of the psychological implications of language; and it tackles such tasks as trying to profile serial killers from the unsigned letters they write. A reference in this letter to the thin ceilings in the complex suggests that this is a real resident who knows the buildings and probably lives on the first floor under a noisy neighbor. The quaint cold war point of view and reference to Soviet spies suggests a time warp, as though the author had been trapped in a cocoon for a decade and wasn't aware of recent changes in the world. Any competent psycholinguist knows not to speak in certainties, but an obvious scenario cannot be ignored: Concerned Citizen works at the Groom Lake base!

This theory is supported by the exhibits which Mr. (or Ms.) Citizen enclosed with his letter to the manager. It was an edited copy of [DR#26](#) in which selected portions were expanded on a copy machine to support the author's claims that (1) Campbell was in trouble with the law (his obstruction appeal) and (2) that spying on McCarran Airport was just like spying on the NSA headquarters in Maryland from the motel next door. These were copies of copies of our printed version of the Rat, not the email or WWW versions. While thousands of electronic copies surf the net, the printed version has only a very limited distribution, about 300 copies. We know most of these recipients fairly well, and the only wild cards are the courtesy copies we send to [BLM](#), [DOE](#) and the [Air Force](#). Our BLM and DOE readers seem merely amused. We have never run into of any hard-core pro-military patriots in either organization. The fact that Mr. Citizen had a non-electronic form of the Rat suggests that he got it through a rigid, archaic, pre-technological chain of communication, which of course implies that the military was involved.

Indeed, we now observe that at least one resident, possibly more, walks every day from his apartment not far from Campbell's to the Janet terminal across the street. If he is not Concerned Citizen, perhaps he knows who is. We have no desire to violate the privacy of individual workers at Groom or Tonopah, but it is all we can do to restrain Campbell from taking revenge for the hate mail against him. A terrorist that is unpredictable should be treated with caution because you never know when he'll go over the edge. If incensed, he could engage in all sorts of terrifying anarchist actions, like directing reporters to this worker's apartment to obtain his view on current issues. We think we can restrain Campbell for now, but let this be a warning: This is his home, you Feds, and he will defend it with all guns at

his disposal.

Anyway, as soon as we obtained a copy of the letter, we took the inevitable action which is the essence of Psychospys's nature: We posted it to the net. From the newsgroup, we assume it was picked up by Al Cutillo or Chuck Clark's son or some other ally of the Inn (since Chuckie and the Inn are still off-line) and the information was passed to Lower Rachel. We suspect, however, that the information was conveyed primarily in oral form, because it began to mutate immediately.

The "arrest" was easily deduced. Beer drinker "A", behind the bar, says, "You mark my words, they'll arrest that motherfucker," which drinker "B" interprets as, "They *did* arrest that motherfucker." "B" tells the story to "C" who, three days later, tells it back to "A" again. "I told you it would happen," says "A" with satisfaction. Indeed, there is no question that Campbell was arrested. He was convicted, in fact, for misdemeanor obstruction and condemned to paint the Rachel Senior Center (pending appeal). The fine distinctions of when he was arrested and on what charge are probably lost on "A," "B" and "C," who fade in and out of a permanent fog sponsored by the Anheuser-Busch and Phillip-Morris Corporations.

The fact that Campbell has been seen again in Rachel after his supposed arrest has not halted the narrative flow, merely caused some turbulence. The story has now split into two separate streams, both told with absolute certainty. One now says that Campbell is *going to* be arrested for espionage; it will happen any day now without question because the Inn has inside information. The other report says that the Evil One is seen in Rachel only on weekends because he on a special work-release program that allows him to serve his prison time only Monday through Friday (no doubt fueling "A's" rage at the laxity of our penal system).

Hearing the stories from the Inn, one is tempted to dismiss them as nonsense, but it is not as simple as that. There is real data in every rumor, but to deduce it you have to understand the emotional pressures distorting the story. These tendencies usually involve the speaker protecting his ego and defending the particular emotional trap he has already invested in. The obvious pressures at the Little A'Le'Inn are to interpret any data about Campbell as reflecting poorly on his integrity; thus, the owners can feel comfortable about their prior mistreatment of him. A "good" Campbell would create self-doubt, but an evil one is good, because then the actions of the past seem justified. If you understand the residents and allies of the Inn and their relationship to Campbell, then you can correct for this emotional bias and subtract it from the final story. The data you might then receive is that *something* happened concerning Campbell, the management of his apartment complex and someone connected with the government--which is true. Of course, you would then have to conduct your own research to discover what the source event was. In cases like this, folklore might at least provide an alert mechanism, focusing your attention on something of interest.

Characteristics of Folklore

Folklore, like electromagnetic radiation, may seem intangible at times, but it propagates according to recognizable rules. Most of these rules are self-evident. They apply to any oral story when there is no fixed record to compare it to.

1. The more people a story passes through, the more distorted it becomes. The least distortion is likely when only a single person has told the tale.
2. Most speakers convey the "truth" as they understand it. Distortion comes about when a speaker adds details which he feels are implied, removes details which he feels are irrelevant or corrects uncomfortable details which he feels must be wrong. This editing process is not necessarily conscious.
3. Some speakers are more reliable than others. The level and kind of distortion one person generates depends upon that individual's personality, which is stable across a wide variety of circumstances. Although one specific story, like a UFO claim, may be beyond confirmation, you can determine a person's general reliability by seeing how disciplined they are in other fields and with other stories.
4. A person tends to distort a story to support his existing world view and emotional needs. A person tends to recall

and recount only what he wants to believe. By understanding this bias, which exhibits itself in everything the person does, the listener can subtract it out of the received story. The bias may render some of the story unreliable, but not necessarily all of it.

5. Each telling of the tale tends to turn a complex and confusing reality into a simplified and stereotyped shorthand that is easier for the speaker to understand and remember and that makes him feel more comfortable about himself.
6. A story passing through many people tends to evolve over time into an idealized form which most people in this social group feel comfortable with and can easily remember. Once the story reaches this stage, it stabilizes and does not change significantly until the society changes. Examples are the stable mythologies passed down from generation to generation in aboriginal cultures: These stories explain why the sun rises and storms come and help teach young people the ways of the tribe.
7. When the same story is told to two or more people each of whom convey it to others, it may split into separate streams that begin to evolve independently. Although each fork of the story may turn into something quite different depending on the needs of the people who passed it on, there will be certain common features in both streams which reflect the state of the story before the split.
8. Folklore often allows feelings to be expressed which could not otherwise be spoken. This is one reason rumors are spread and stories are told at all.

These rules apply almost as well to deliberate lies as they do to unintentional distortion. A lie is merely "extreme folklore" which is distorted more than usual when it passes through a particular person. In general, lying is difficult, risky and emotionally costly, so most people tend to avoid it, at least where there is not a strong incentive. Those who do lie tend to lie often (Rule #3), a style which is usually easy to detect if you spend enough time with the person. Liars also work with the material at their disposal; every lie has a source, usually lifted from another story the liar has heard elsewhere. The rest of the population tells what they believe is the truth; they merely "simplify" the story to make it more comfortable to tell.

Jokes, too, obey the rules of folklore. Although contrived on the surface, they serve an emotional need which is related to current social and personal environment. Oral jokes tend to be "topical," that is, related to subjects which are on people's minds. To be seen as funny and be retold repeatedly, a joke must relieve some kind of emotional tension. No matter how apparently ridiculous the tale may be, it tells you something about the person who recounts it. Why, among all the jokes he has heard, is the speaker choosing to tell this one? It must bear some relevance to the interests and conflicts in his own life and in the social environment in which he is engaged.

The rules of folklore can apply to almost any information exchanged verbally, including the evolution of languages themselves. Over generations, languages change to serve emotional and social needs and evolve over time to a stable state where they are easiest to process and remember. When a language has split into two, as with Hungarian and Finnish perhaps, the common features between them can reveal the ancestral state of the language before the split. We know, for example, that the other languages of Europe evolved from a common PIE ancestor because of the similarities in these languages: For example, a similar word for "snow"--*schnee*, *snø*, *snieg*, *sníh*, *snyék*, *snijeg* in [various languages](#)--is common throughout Europe but not in Asian languages, and the existence of such a word in the original PIE language suggests that the people who spoke it did not reside in a tropical climate. From this kind of reconstructed evidence, we can deduce something about where a language came from and how it evolved.

An important point about folklore or historical linguistics is that the current oral record can lead us to fairly reliable conclusions about events in the past that we have never seen. The fact that no one has spoken PIE in several millennia and that it has been distorted over time by countless human exchanges does not mean that the language never existed. As with many other sciences in which we are observing a phenomena only indirectly, we can still make logical conclusions about this invisible "ghost" that are almost as reliable as our own direct experience. For example, the atomic bomb was invented based solely on such indirect evidence--since no one has seen an atom--but it worked nonetheless.

Even from sources as unreliable as the Little A'Le'Inn or as unconfirmable as Lazar or Jarod 2, there is data in the story, and it can be filtered out by logical deduction. If Jarod made up his simulator story then it still had to come from somewhere. It may be his own stew, but the ingredients had to be drawn from the existing folklore to make the story agree with Lazar's and the longstanding tales of saucer crashes and government cover-ups in the UFO literature. Telling the truth is easy--you just do it--but creating a lie and making it consistent with the stories already told is a daunting task. If the story is false, sooner or later all the complex and interacting threads will be too great for any liar to reconcile, and obvious flaws will begin to show that no amount of creative theorizing can erase. The Little A'Le'Inn is no challenge to researchers because stories there are one dimensional and are easily traced. Jarod and Lazar are more of a problem; the richness of their stories is impressive, and calling the claims "true" or "false" does not solve the mystery of where they came from.

Back To The Hungarians

In addition to Jarod's claims that the aliens speak "a higher form of Hungarian," we have three sources that suggest, however facetiously, that the Hungarians themselves are aliens. One is *The Curve of Binding Energy* quote above. Another is the quote from *Teller's War* in [DR#28](#)...

[Fermi](#), the Italian physicist, once mused over the number of stars in the universe and its age, saying that if aliens existed they should already have visited earth. Indeed, Szilard joked, "They call themselves Hungarians." Teller also delighted in this notion, applying it to himself with relish.

A third source for this story is a [Hungary information page](#) at the Technical University of Budapest, which credits Fermi alone for the claim.

Do extra-terrestrial beings exist? - the Nobel Prize winning Italian physicist, Enrico Fermi, was once asked by his disciples in California. Of course, Fermi answered - they are already here among us, they are called Hungarians...

You are welcome here, in the homeland of the extra-terrestrial beings. Why did Fermi think this about us? Because Hollywood's dream factories were partly built by Hungarian producers, directors, writers and cameramen? Or because - as the saying goes - Hungarians were created by God to sit on horseback? Perhaps because Bela Bartok's music in his own time was considered extra-terrestrial by many? Or because of the Hungarian language, which does not resemble any world language and sounds so strange?

So, who are these Hungarians? It is not (yet) known quite precisely. It seems certain they arrived somewhere from Asia. Their nearest kinship is with distant "small" peoples. With regard to Hungary's location, world languages generally define it as Eastern Europe. In fact, our country is situated in the centre of the continent, in Central Europe. In its eastern part, this is the Carpathian Basin, where one thousand years ago visitors already found a Hungarian state.

Although these Hungarians-are-aliens stories do not match exactly, it is reasonable to assume that they derived from the same source--a single proto-story at Los Alamos which we have never heard directly but that must have existed for these three stories to be so similar. It seems probable that Jarod's Hungarian claim is also related in some way, perhaps branching off of the same proto-story. What was this original proto-story and why was it told? Who first equated Hungarians with aliens? Was it Fermi, Szilard or someone before them? What was the date of first telling? Was it before or after the Second World War? Was it after 1953?

Without knowing the personalities of the people circulating the story, including the authors who reported it, it is hard for us to subtract out their emotional biases. All we know is that somebody first told this story for some reason, and for some reason it was remembered by physicists at Los Alamos and retold enough times that it became part of the stable folklore, to be repeated to the authors many years later. Was it, as SteeDee suggests, just good-natured ribbing around the water cooler? If so, why was this particular story told repeatedly and not others? What emotional need did it serve in the speakers?

If we understand SteeDee's theory correctly, the first Hungarians-are-aliens story arose from some minor human incident. The Hungarians may have stood out from the rest of the staff at Los Alamos, perhaps by maintaining their own cliques and speaking their own indecipherable tongue, and this made the English speakers uncomfortable. The Hungarians were like aliens to the rest, and since there were many reports of "flying saucers" in the popular press in the 50s and late 40s, the "Martian" label was a convenient way to sublimate the social tensions. To be called extraterrestrials, in a jocular, rib-poking way, might have helped reduce this social friction both inside and outside the Hungarian group. If there was a problem with communication, the recurring alien joke would provide a means to make light of it, thereby expressing frustrations that could not otherwise be spoken.

This is a respectable theory, and it could be true, but it is not the only one possible.

Suppose that things happened as Jarod said in [DR#24](#). Sometime in the late 40s or early 50s, one of the most important contacts in history was made--between real extraterrestrials and a small segment the US government. [Los Alamos](#), as our nation's premier think tank, would have been at the center of it. A decision was made, for whatever social or national security reasons, that the facts must be kept from the public, and a lid of absolute secrecy was imposed on the project. The participants knew their duty and obeyed the rules--perhaps with some firm enforcement--but keeping completely quiet about such incredible knowledge must have taken an emotional toll. The participants were forbidden to speak in public about the truth of the project, but that did not mean they could not tell jokes. A patently ridiculous folklore about Martians, inspired by the truth but far enough from it to not violate security oaths, might have been a way for participants to express themselves and reinforce camaraderie in public without getting in trouble. Emotional tensions could be released without jeopardizing any secrets.

We see the same sort of sublimation in Jarod 2, who often exchanges inside jokes regarding aliens with his former co-workers. (Or at least he seems to, since we have never met the co-workers.) Some of his jokes, which he has shown to us in writing, we find nearly indecipherable because they contain many long acronyms that apparently have meaning only to those on the inside. Jarod 2 is also an accomplished illustrator who produces pictures of imaginary aliens for certain products he quietly sells at UFO gatherings. These are basically standard Grays, but shown in situations where real Grays would never be found, like piloting a human airplane or dressed in the regal costume of a lord or lady. We know his pricing structure and see that he isn't making any significant money on these projects, yet he devotes a lot of time to them. He is capable of drawing real aliens that he has seen himself, because he has shown us an elegant sketch of Jarod 1, sitting at a conference table as J-2 says he personally saw him. Why, then, does he waste his time drawing imaginary aliens, too?

These drawings are different from his simulator accounts. There is no rich history behind these aliens, and Jarod readily admits they are imaginary. What is most interesting to us is that his former co-workers seem to love these fake aliens and according to J-2 are among his best customers for these products. The way we account for such odd tastes is this: Even if these workers cannot possess real photos of real aliens, no security regulation can prevent them from displaying a ridiculous photo of an alien that could not possibly be real but that has a personal connection for them. Thus their feelings can be expressed in the open, perhaps of fondness or nostalgia, without violating any of the oppressive rules they must observe.

Bob Lazar [recounts](#) a similar curiosity: He says that on the wall of the "S-4" laboratory where he worked was a commercial-type poster with a photo of a saucer in flight and the inscription, "THEY'RE HERE!" This is the kind of odd human detail that makes the Lazar story strike us as more real, precisely because it seems out of place. Such a poster could serve no government need, and including it in the story does not advance the needs of a liar either. No such detail would appear in a secret base created by Hollywood or in the fevered imaginations of a conspiracy buff; those sources would give us only stainless steel walls and workers marching like automatons. We could imagine that the poster was created not by the government, but by a worker like J-2 in his spare time. Think of what it would be like to work for 30 years in the firmly controlled environment that Jarod describes, barred from talking in public about a highly emotional situation. Although he says he was comfortable with his work, Jarod sometimes refers to it as his "prison," as though he had only recently been released. People need outlets, ways to say what they are forbidden to say, and these inside jokes might provide some emotional release.

[[Readers reports "They're Here" posters on TV](#)]

Avenues Of Investigation

As we have tried to say before (and been cruelly flamed every time), Psychospy's immediate aim is not to prove the Jarod story true or false. We seek first to understand the story, and building up a database of connections and origins should eventually make the truth obvious. Why should this approach be so offensive? Some [Star Trek](#), [Star Wars](#) and [X-Files](#) fans pursue similar obsessions in their own virtual worlds, striving to understand [warp drives](#) and the intricacies of spoken [Klingon](#) without making demands that the story be real. We play a similar game, but the possibility, however remote, that the result might not be virtual gives it an extra edge. Movies and TV shows are always limited by the imagination and intellect of their creators. They may entertain for a while, but sooner or later the inconsistencies and repeated plot become so obvious that it isn't much fun anymore. UFOs, in our experience, are much more profound. Like the Energizer bunny, they keep going and going, banging their stupid little drum through almost every meaningful landscape of human philosophy.

While we have no means at present to interrogate aliens or read their minds, we can explore any connections that fall on earth. Hungarian, Teller and the U.S. Government are human manifestations that are within our means to explore. Given enough time and effort, we can probably narrow down the origins of the Hungarians-are-aliens stories at Los Alamos and determine the general timeframe and social environment in which they started. If we believe Jarod, then the proto-story behind all these tales was the discovery by a Los Alamos team that the aliens spoke "a higher form of Hungarian"--whatever that means. The jokes, then, would have to emerge after this date. If it could be shown that they came before, then the cause-effect connection becomes much more awkward: It would suggest the unlikely scenario that there was not one Hungarian proto-story but two, like two nearly identical languages appearing in different places on earth without a common ancestor.

Jarod indicates in his statement in DR#24 that significant government contact with live aliens began with a suspiciously gentle saucer "crash" in Arizona. Although we cannot be certain it is the same, Raymond Fowler's Nevada Test Site witness "Fritz Warner" [[book excerpt](#)] claims he took part in a crash recovery, possibly near Kingman, on May 21, 1953. By then, the saucer hysteria in the public press had already been going strong for over five years, since the Kenneth Arnold sighting on June 24, 1947. Under the skeptical scenario, the Hungarians-are-Martians joke would have had plenty of time to establish itself before 1953. Establishing, by radio-carbon dating or whatever, that the proto-story emerged earlier, would give satisfaction to Phil Klass and his evil skeptic minions, while a later date would prove nothing but still keep the door open for those who want to believe.

That said, we have no inclination at present to personally pound the pavement to dig up this information. Life is short and we have easier avenues to pursue. Nonetheless, we ask any readers who are closer to this kind of information to please pass it on to us.

Executive Correspondence?

Whilst cruising the conspiracy ghetto on the World Wide Web, we stumbled upon this interesting bittie in a pile of Illuminati/New World Order rubbish. [[Source document](#) | [Parent page](#)] The X's apparently represent parts blacked out on the original paper document.

EXECUTIVE CORRESPONDENCE - EXECUTIVE BRIEFING
SUBJECT: PROJECT AQUARIUS (TS) - ATTENTION
THIS DOCUMENT WAS PREPARED BY MJ-12. MJ-12 IS
SOLELY RESPONSIBLE FOR ITS SUBJECT MATTER.
DOCUMENT CONTROL: ECN 0001
CLASSIFIED BY: MJ12 XXXXXX
DECLASSIFY ON: EXEMPT
TOP SECRET

PROJECT AQUARIUS

(TS/ORCON) (PROWORD): **XXXXXX** Contains 16 volumes of documented information collected from the beginning of the United States' Investigation of Unidentified Flying Objects (UFOs) and Identified Alien Crafts (IAC). The Project was originally established in 1953, by order of President Eisenhower, under control of **XXXXXX** and MJ12. In 1960, the Project's name was changed from Project **XXXXXX** to Project Aquarius. The Project was funded by **XXXXXX** confidential funds (non-appropriated). The Project **XXX**<for 1 full line>**XXX** Dec 1969 after Project Blue Book was closed. The purpose of Project Aquarius was to collect all scientific, technological, medical and intelligence information from UFO/IAC sightings and contacts with alien life forms. This orderly file of collected information has been used to advance the United States' Space Program.

(TS/ORCON) The preceding briefing is an historical account of the United States Government's investigation of Aerial Phenomena, Recovered Alien Aircraft, and contacts with extraterrestrial Life Forms.

2. (TS/ORCON) PROJECT SIGMA: (PROWORD): AQUARIUS. Originally established as part of Project **XXXXXX** in 1954. Became a separate project in 1976. It's mission was to establish communication with Aliens. This Project met with positive success (sic) when in 1959, the United States established primitive communications with the Aliens. On April 25, 1964, a USAF intelligence officer met two aliens at a pre-arranged location in the desert in New Mexico. The contact lasted for approximately three hours. **XXX**<for over half a line>**XXX** the Air Force officer managed to exchange basic information with the two Aliens (Atch 7). This project is continuing at an Air Force base in New Mexico. (OPR): **XXXXXX**

3. (TS/ORCON) PROJECT SNOWBIRD: (PROWORD): **XXXXXX** Originally established in 1972. Its mission was to test fly a recovered Alien aircraft. This project is continuing in Nevada. **XXXXXX**

4. (TS/ORCON) PROJECT **XXXXXX XXXXXX** Originally established in 1968. Its mission was to evaluate all UFO**XXXXXX** information pertaining to space technology. PROJECT POUNCE continues **XXXXXX XXXXXX**

Can anyone tell us more about this document, like when it first emerged and whether its format is consistent with real government documents? We cannot vouch for anything about this document, but if we are looking for connections to the Jarod story, it certainly has them. Our attention was drawn to it because it was far more restrained than the [Bill Cooper](#) conspiracy material it was packaged with. Cooper alleges every conceivable kind of conspiracy--JFK, AIDS, New World Order and virtually anything else he can sell--but this document seems to stick to the facts of only a single alleged conspiracy. At least it was not created by your average dim-wit conspiracy buff but someone with slightly more sophistication.

The dates seem fairly consistent: At least 1953 is directly cited by Jarod for the founding of his program. The date of first contact, 1959, seems rather late, however. Did it take six years to communicate with The Boys in quarantine, or did the crash in which they were found take place later than 1953? Project Snowbird is also confusing. A project to test fly alien craft seems consistent with Lazar's tale but not Jarod's: By 1972, Jarod was already working on a flight simulator for the human-built version of the craft. Wouldn't the flight testing of the alien craft already have taken place?

We sent this document to Jarod 2. He seems to think it is a fake. Without prompting, he says, "The dates are all wrong." He also says there was no "MJ-12" after 1953; the new system put in place by Nixon changed all that. He also says that the method of classifying documents was changed. In other words, the form of the document might have been valid before 1953, but not after, as the dates in the document imply. Nonetheless, he says he did not have a lot of experience with these kinds of documents so he cannot say for sure. The technical documents he worked with did not contain classification markings, except for strange filing codes that may have been in Hungarian.

Enough with the Hungarian!

We contacted Paranet archivist Micheal Corbin to see if he knew this document. He seems to recall that it came directly from Bill Cooper--perhaps the world's least reliable source. Someone else tells us the document is printed in full in Linda Moulton Howe's cattle mutilation book, *An Alien Harvest*. Howe said it was part of Bill Cooper's "statement" released on Paranet and Compuserve on December 18, 1988. All debate aside, this document, real or fake, still fits the stream we are pursuing. It is something that must be added to our heap of folklore for categorization and filing.

And What of MJ-12?

The document above reminds us of another obvious connection: [The MJ-12 document](#). This is supposedly a briefing paper created for President-Elect [Eisenhower](#) in Nov. 1952. "MJ-12" refers to the committee allegedly appointed by [President Truman](#) to study the UFO information. The authenticity of the document has been widely analyzed and debated in the UFO press, with good arguments on both sides. We have no desire now to jump into the fray. Instead, we fall back on our old "folklore" excuse and note only that MJ-12 is consistent with the stories of Lazar and Jarod as well as the "executive" document above. In the briefing papers, circa 1952, there is talk only of crash debris and bodies, no live aliens or communication. It is plausible that the new administration would want to study the situation for a few months before implementing a replacement program in the summer of 1953. Vice President Nixon was the logical choice to review the problem and make recommendations; that is the sort of thing vice presidents do since they are not under the gun every day like the President is.

So what is the proto-story behind this stream of folklore? Is it merely lies built upon lies? If so, what was the original lie? The MJ-12 document surfaced in 1984, conveniently delivered on 35mm film to a UFO researcher. Whether real or fake, it must have been derived from something previous--either the real document from 1952 or the public UFO folklore up to 1984. In other words, even fake documents follow rules of evolution. They build upon the public information available at the time and cannot reflect other people's claims that have not yet been made. Dubious claims are still legitimate subjects for research, and the conclusion that they are fabrications does not render them devoid of interest.

For all four of these items--the MJ-12 document, the "executive" document above, Lazar's story and Jarod's story--there is no room for "benign misinterpretation" by the speaker as might apply to other folklore. Each of these documents or claims is either true or a deliberate fabrication. Maybe some are real and some fabrications, or maybe all are fabrications. In the total fabrication scenario, one liar alone could not do the job; there must be multiple liars, each building upon what the previous ones have said, yet doing it free of the expansive ego and grandiose inclinations common to the liars we have known. Bill Cooper and [Sean Morton](#) are certainly capable of lying and plagiarizing the ideas of others, as they frequently do, but they could never agree with each other for very long or to such an extent as this. It is their nature to expand every story theatrically to hog the spotlight. In our experience, we have never met a restrained liar. They lie to seek attention for themselves and are rarely burdened in this pursuit by the need for intellectual consistency.

These four stories, if all false, would at least provide us with a new human animal: liars with restraint and principal, who hold the integrity of a story higher than their own self-aggrandizement. We ask ourselves, from a psychological standpoint, How could this be so? What would motivate a liar if not ego? Is it money? If so, who is paying and why? The government certainly has the funds, but it would be engaged in a most peculiar propaganda program: a coordinated effort since at least 1984 specifically creating public distrust of the government itself and drawing attention to secret defense facilities. This is inconsistent with our knowledge of government agencies, who tend to pursue single-minded agendas defined by established rules with little room for much subterfuge.

No matter how you slice it, there is something here to learn.

Pursuing The Hologram

Reasonable skeptics ask, How could the government keep something as big as UFOs secret for nearly 50 years? Regardless of the efficiency of security, wouldn't the story have to leak out? The answer may be that it already has. The truth could have been in front of us all along, surrounded by the drivel of a dozen con-men. Whenever a reasonable and compelling UFO story emerges, the circus of wackos and charlatans arrives a few days later. They are the human parasites who have come to suck the energy from the story to turn it toward their own personal agenda. The attraction does not end for them until they have thoroughly discredited and fragmented the story and no one cares about it anymore.

Maybe everything we want to know is already available to us in the vast UFO slag heap, which is rapidly making its way onto the internet as we speak. The challenge is how to separate the ore from the dross, and one technique is our folklore method. We look at the entire body of fantastic UFO stories, take it all at face value and try to find parts of it which are related to each other and fit together into a consistent whole. We are not going to spend a lot of time on any one story, because life is short and history has shown that specific UFO investigations lead only to the conclusion that (A) the story is false or (B) that it remains a mystery--neither of which significantly advances our knowledge. Instead, we look at the entire body of folklore and try to distinguish the various streams within it. Then, we concentrate on what seems the most coherent and accessible stream and apply to it the techniques of historical linguistics to reconstruct the original proto-story which gave rise to this folklore.

If the number of stories in the folklore stream is large enough, they form a hologram. A hologram, in the physical sense, is a piece of photographic film that you shine a laser into to retrieve an image. As it happens, holograms were first conceived in 1948 by a Hungarian-born engineer, Dennis Gabor, who may or may not be related to the Hollywood sisters. Although the film is flat, the image you see is in 3-D, and the entire scene is represented in every part of the film. If you cut the film in half, you still see the same picture, albeit in a fuzzier, more degraded form. There can be defects in some parts of the film without affecting the overall picture. The defects, in fact, are easy to spot, because they clash with the image produced by the rest of the film.

What this means to our folklore method is that as long as we collect a lot of stories, we do not have to expend undue effort worrying about the quality of each one. The defective stories will automatically call attention to themselves as a common image begins to emerge from the rest. Most of the theoretical concepts that apply to physical holograms also apply here. To get a three dimensional image from the two dimensional reports being collected, the stories must contain, on the whole, sufficient information about the source object to reconstruct the third dimension. You don't get this information simply by replicating the same 2-D picture.

For example: Let's say the folklore stream was started by a liar, who simply made something up out of the blue. He tells his story to two people, each of whom tell it to two more people, and on, until we have a body of 1000 separate stories, each distorted in its own way by the people it has passed through. If you now collect all these stories and compare them, then subtract out the irreconcilable inconsistencies between them, what you have left is a story that is no deeper than the original lie. The two dimensional story remains two dimensional even though replicated.

It is different if the source object is something real and three dimensional that a number of different witnesses had directly experienced from different angles. This would be true if the government UFO cover-up were real. Each of those witnesses tells others, who tell others, and in the end you may have 1000 distorted stories just like before. If you analyze the folklore now, you will find that on the whole the image has far greater richness than any single story conveys. There will still be inconsistencies, resulting from the noise picked up enroute, but many unexpected but consistent details will also emerge. Encoded in this body of distorted reports are the observations of the original separate witnesses, each seeing the source object from a different angle and conveying together a more complete picture than any one of these witnesses actually experienced.

Perhaps our readers can see Psychospy's plan. We have focused on a certain stream of folklore. This stream purports that a limited section of the U.S. government has engaged in a sophisticated UFO research program since the 40s and 50s; in the course of this program, contact has been made with aliens and a transfer of technology has taken place. There are many other streams of the UFO folklore that we have chosen to ignore for now. We haven't talked about

abductions (AB), cattle mutilations (CM), crop circles (CC), lights in the sky (LS), ancient astronauts (AA), monuments on Mars (MM), underground bases (UB) or Men in Black (MB). It is not that we regard these fields as invalid; we simply haven't yet come across a substantial link to connect them to the historical theme we have chosen to pursue, which is government cover-up (GC). We think this makes our pursuit more credible: We do not try to describe everything, only a single government program.

Now that you can see where we are going, we need your help. We want to collect more stories connected to our chosen stream, and we know there are a lot of them out there. Anecdotes anyone? What was the story someone once told a friend of your friend about the tiny furniture he installed in a government laboratory? Have you picked up anything relevant on the net that you do not see referenced in our web pages? As long as some specific government involvement is implicated, apart from conspiracy speculation, we want to hear about it. No [Illuminati](#)/New World Order theories, please! We want specific experiences, not grand enlightenment. We also do not need to know about underground bases or tunnels unless there is a tangible link to government activity on the surface. We prefer to receive these reports in electronic form, suitable for posting to the Web. Anonymous reports are okay, but it would be nice if we could publish at least your email address along with them to allow further queries. We will accept and respect confidential reports (TS/ORCON), but not with enthusiasm. If it doesn't get on the Web, the story is as good as forgotten.

Volunteers are also needed to set up Web pages for the new material. You need to speak Html, have more than half a brain (90% preferred) and be willing to obey some standard rules of style consistent with the existing pages. It is best if you can provide your own web space, but we may be able to arrange space if necessary. People with scanners and OCR software are also needed to help turn printed reports from the pre-net era into electronic ones, accessible by everyone.

Enroll now! Get in on the ground floor! This could be your rocket ship to the Moon! (Or Hell.)

Our Readers Respond

UFOjockey@aol.com writes:

I am fascinated by Jarod, but extremely bugged by the idea the he is speaking with permission of his superiors. Uh, oh... I think I'm beginning to smell a rodent. Permission of his superiors??? Well, if it isn't just a load of disinfo, then "The Boys" have made the decision to let their presence become known. (Now we're in REAL trouble!)

Lazar associate Gene Huff writes:

I've got two things to say [in response to DR#24]... The first is, if people feel Bob Lazar fabricated his story to fool Lear, they must at least give him credit for doing a fantastic job. It is intertwined with all of the necessary components, all the way down to frequencies of the gravity "A" wave. Second, he has to be the most fantastic gambler ever. In 1988, he decided to fabricate a story, betting that in subsequent years he could make money on a movie deal. Now that's successful gambling!

A technician at a [Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory](#) relays this anecdote:

Our lab has physicists and their support staff that come over from all government agencies and laboratories. Around 1991, I asked an engineer about Area 51 because he had mentioned he worked at the Nevada Test Site a number of years ago. He said yes... there is indeed an Area 51 but mostly it involves Black aircraft such as SR-71s, etc. I asked him about Bob Lazar and S-4. Immediately his eyes became wide and he made fanning gestures with his hands and said, "Don't talk about that here." After that he got up and left and avoided all discussion about that subject. He comes irregularly to our lab and he won't discuss the subject anymore.

Reader RM writes...

I am very interested in your work at Area 51... Has anyone seriously discussed whether or not the creatures may be from the far future? They may be afraid of paradoxes, which could explain their bizarre activities trying to confuse the issue with us looking only for aliens.

Never mind paradoxes; what about sarcasm? Are they afraid of that? Could this be the anti-alien weapon to finally put an end to those nasty abductions? Irony, too, could have deadly effect, but can we trust the military with it? Could the same lethal capability, intended to vanquish a foreign foe, be turned against the domestic population? Fortunately, the U.S. defense establishment still lags far behind the rest of the world in these critical technologies. Although often a victim, the military has failed to grasp paradoxes, sarcasm, irony, black comedy or indeed any form of humor whatsoever. If anyone is to save the planet by application of the comic arts, it must be us.

Intel Bitties

ALIEN HIGHWAY BILL DEFEATED. Much to our surprise, in spite of unanimous approval in the state Assembly [DR#25], the bill to designate State Route 375 the "Extraterrestrial Alien Highway" has died in the Nevada Senate. As the legislative session approached its close in June, the Senate Transportation Chairman felt that the bill was frivolous compared to the other unfinished business at hand and refused to consider it. Personally, we blame Ambassador Merlin. His impure thoughts and spilling of seminal liquor [DR#27] could only have angered his alien overlords and disrupted the harmony of the cosmos. Merlin, however, has acknowledged no defeat. *The Las Vegas Review-Journal* [reported](#):

Ambassador Merlin II, a man who spends his days in the Legislative Building and claims to be an alien, was not disturbed by O'Donnell's reluctance to hear the bill. "There's a government secret right now that will take care of the situation," said Merlin, whose given name was David Solomon. "It will be revealed shortly."

LEVIATHAN HIKE AUG. 26. The public hike for August will take us to Leviathan cave, a quarter-mile cavern system on a mountaintop north of Rachel. It will take place Saturday, Aug. 26, beginning in the early AM from Rachel. Although everyone is invited, this is a "specialty" hike that only a handful are expected to attend. You need to be in top shape to brave the strenuous 4+ hour hike up. (Of course, you can try it if you want and turn back if it is too much.) Entering the cave involves climbing down a 15 foot rope. You need to be in Rachel by Friday night for the early start, but free on-the-floor lodging will be provided by the Research Center. If you plan to join, you must email our fearless leader at AkaZero@aol.com or call the Research Center at 702-729-2648.

AL CUTILLO WEB SITE. Little A'Le'Inn supporter Al Cutillo [DR#27], has unveiled his new Area 51 web site. "I will be handling it with as much professionalism as possible," Al announced. The page is supposed to be at <http://www.indirect.com/www/abcassoc/area51/a51.html>, but it often displays server errors. Fortunately, we copied the page when we first read it and have [preserved it](#) without alteration on own web server. Al's web structure, which exhibits high hopes but only two pages at present, seems primarily intent on counteracting the evil effects of a certain unnamed agent....

In one particular "researcher", which I will not name names, who seems to have a two fold goal, one being that they want to be looked at as the "expert", and the second being that they want to make as much money as they can in exploiting the whole area, to the point of having complete catalogs of "related materials", a WEB address to place the orders, another address to check order status, and still another to "order" a purported "news publication" about Area 51... Well, you will NOT find garbage like that here !!!

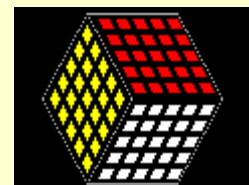
Imagine such a beast! He must be exposed!

For those who are interested, Al's advertised Area 51 tours and his internet connection for the Inn [DR#27] still have not materialized, but perhaps he is taking more time for the cautious research he is known for. The Rat will report any unveilings as soon as they take place because the public has a need to know.

NEW PRODUCT. *The Curve of Binding Energy* (quoted above) will be available from us shortly. The price for this 232-page softbound book is \$10.00 plus the usual \$4 postage. [[Description.](#)]

ASSISTANCE FROM OUR READERS IS REQUESTED for these Hungarian leads:

1. We recall that the inventor of the [Rubik's Cube](#) was Hungarian. Any confirmation? [[A reader confirms and supplies references.](#)]
2. A reader says the computer language [PROLOG](#)--often used in linguistic analysis--was invented in Hungary. Anyone have info on its history and a sample of code? [[No. France: more info](#)]
3. A reader reports that a former president of the Mormon church, [Spencer Kimball](#), once gave a talk in Finland saying that the Finnish language, a cousin of Hungarian, is the closest living language to the original "Adamic" spoken by one of the lost tribes of Israel. (According to [Mormon doctrine](#), two of these tribes migrated to America where one of them left behind golden tablets containing the original [Book of Mormon](#) written in "reformed Egyptian." These were buried on a hill in what is now upstate New York to be rediscovered and translated in the late 1820s by Mormon founder [Joseph Smith](#) before God took the tablets back. Clearly, we could devote an entire issue of the Desert Rat to this fascinating anthropological history.) Can anyone tell us exactly what Kimball said?
4. Is [Bob Lazar](#) Hungarian? [He replies: "hardly."]



PSYCHOSPY HUNGARIAN EXPEDITION. Like Richard Dreyfus building Devil's Tower out of mashed potatoes in *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, Psychospy feels irresistibly drawn to [Hungary](#). We have made our reservations and bought our tickets and will be visiting [Budapest](#) sometime between Nov. 2 and 8. [Munich](#), [Austria](#) and maybe [Prague](#) are also on the itinerary. Can anyone tell us about the local UFO lore in these areas--especially Hungary? Where is Hungary's "Area 51," and more importantly, where is Hungary's Vegas? Will we find buffets there, and if not, how will we eat? How do you say "Big Mac" in Hungarian?

Supplements and Reader Responses

1. [Parable](#) about the spread of news in the henhouse.
2. Al Cutillo provides his [investigative credentials](#) in a note to Agent X.
3. [Mormon Research Page by a fallen member](#)
4. Campbell's [Personality Classification System](#)
5. Popular conspiracy focus [Nikola Tesla](#) was not Hungarian. He was an ethnic Serb who grew up in Croatia. (Given current "ethnic cleansing" there, this may never happen again.)
6. [Psychospy report on Tyson-McNeeley boxing match](#) in Las Vegas, 8/19/95. (Observed many Famous People arriving in limousines)
7. [Sean Morton To Join Big Kahuna in Egypt](#) | [Main Page on Sean](#)
8. "[Martians Replace Marx As Hungary Seeks New Beliefs](#)." Article from *London Times*, 12/28/94.
9. A reader shares a [Hungarian Recipe](#), 8/24/95.
10. [Reader comments](#) that quirky "human details" are found in all good fiction. (9/5/95)
11. [Reader Recommends book: Foucault's Pendulum](#)

[[Next Issue](#) | [Previous Issue](#) | [Rat Home](#) | [Area 51 Page](#) | [Psychospy Home](#)]

Text above should be complete, but we may continue to add new links and responses to this document.

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It's Perfectly True

(From Hans Christian Anderson)

Adapted by Amy Friedman

It was one of those perfect summer evenings, the kind when all the animals are singing and the air is filled with sweet summery scents. The hens flew up to their perches in the henhouse and clucked along with all the other animals.

One little white hen sat preening herself, happy that her feathers were so very white and soft. Suddenly one of her feathers came loose. In the light breeze the feather drifted out of the henhouse down into the fields below.

"Oh," sighed the hen, "There goes a feather. Oh well, they say that a little thinning of the feathers improves one's appearance. I suppose I should keep on preening. That way I'll become even more beautiful than I already am."

But the little hen had no intention of losing more feathers. She was quite unhappy about losing just one feather, so she stopped preening herself. Instead she looked up at the bright white moon and sighed again. "I suppose I would be beautiful even without my feathers. The moon has no feathers at all, and the moon is beautiful."

Now the little white hen's neighbor saw the feather floating through the air and heard the little white hen muttering. She turned to the hen beside her. "Did you see that feather? Did you hear Henny? She's lost a feather, and she says she doesn't mind. Silly hen! She thinks she'll be more beautiful without any feathers at all!"

"Cluck, cluck," said her neighbor, and she turned to the hen beside her. "Did you hear that? Henny plans to pluck out all her feathers. She thinks that will make her the most beautiful hen in the whole henhouse. Imagine that!"

Just then the owls in the big apple tree beside the henhouse gathered together to begin their evening song. They happened to overhear the hens' chatter.

"Tu-whit, tu-whoo," said Mother Owl. "Have you ever heard anything like that? That hen is disgraceful. She plans to pluck herself clean!"

"Tu-whoo," answered her children, and they hooted to the pigeons perched on the barn roof "Henny plans to pluck out all her feathers! It's perfectly true!"

The pigeons could not contain their surprise. They flew to tell the bats. "The little white hen has plucked out all her feathers. "It's truu, truuu ..." they cooed.

The bats opened their wide eyes even wider.

"Plucked clean?" they exclaimed. "Why, she'll freeze to death without her feathers!"

And off they flew to tell the chipmunks and the rabbits and the horses in the fields this terrible news.

"Neiiggghhh," cried the horses, and they galloped through the fields, alerting sheep and goats and cows of the disaster. The hen has plucked herself bare, and she's shivering and shaking in the cold night air. She's sure to die."

The chipmunks scurried fast across the fields high with hay to tell the moles and beavers.

The beavers stopped their work and stared at each other. "Imagine a bare hen on such a cold night," they said, for by now it was very late, and the wind had picked up, and the night air was chilly indeed.

The beavers' voices carried on the swift cool wind, and news spread to the farmyard on the far side of the river.

The hen has plucked herself clean and she's freezing to death," the pigs in the fields grunted.

The pigeons heard and flew to the roof of the henhouse. aIn the farm across the river," they cooed, "a hen has plucked herself clean. She's died from the cold! The others are terribly sad. It's perfectly, absolutely truuu!"

Now all the hens gathered together to discuss the news. "Shameful," clucked Mother Hen. "Imagine that. Such vanity. And now she's died from the cold."

All the animals ran to hear the news and to gather the latest happenings. Throughout the night they listened and passed along the news as it came. Just before dawn the owls, with heavy eyes, broke the news to the far away henhouse. "The other hens are dying of broken hearts," the owls explained. "Tu-whit, too true, hoo hoo."

"Terrible!" crowed the Rooster. "Terrible indeed!" and he flew to the top of the barn roof to announce the tragedy.

"Cock-a-doodle-do!" he crowed. "Wake up! Wake up one and all and listen! I have a story to tell. It's not a nice story at all, but it's perfectly true!"

"Too true!" nodded the pigeons.

"Tu-whit, too true," added the owls.

The animals gathered beside the henhouse to listen to the crowing rooster.

"Here it is," he said. He bowed his head. "The hen across the way plucked out all her feathers thinking she might make herself more beautiful. Naturally she froze to death. The others are dying of broken hearts. It's a terrible story, but it's no good trying to keep thus a secret. Tell anyone you please. The news must be heard to keep all other hens from plucking out their beautiful feathers."

"We'll spread the news," the bats squeaked, and the Rooster crowed, and the hens clucked, and the horses neighed, and the pigs grunted, and the sheep baaed, and the chipmunks chattered, and before long the story flew from one henhouse to another and to another after that.

By afternoon the news had spread all the way to the city and it was printed in the newspaper.

"One hen," the story said, "plucked out all of her feathers. Four more hens wished to prove that they were just as beautiful, all for the love of a Rooster. And so the other four hens plucked out all their feathers, too. All five hens froze to death. And this is a serious loss to the owner, a very poor farmer."

When the little white hen who had lost one white feather read the story, she clucked and looked at all her friends. "Read .this," she said. "It's quite a shame. I despise hens who are so vain. And the others are just as bad. Serves them right, you know, for being so foolish."

The other hens gathered around, and they too read the story. "What a shame!" they clucked. "Oh what a shame. It's a good thing stories like this make the news."

"Perfectly true," agreed the little white hen.

Printed in the "Tell Me a Story" column in *Las Vegas Review- Journal*, July 31, 1995.

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The Groom Lake Desert Rat

"The Naked Truth from Open Sources."

Area 51/Nellis Range/TTR/NTS/S-4?/Weird Stuff/Desert Lore

An on-line newsletter.

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Direct from **Las Vegas**, the Center of Human Civilization.

Issue #30. September 29, 1995

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Turley Wins Critical Ruling

According to a [Sept. 2 news article](#) and [Sept. 5 press release](#) Jonathan Turley, the lawyer representing the plaintiffs in the hazardous waste suit against the Groom Lake base, appears to have won a critical ruling. Federal Judge Philip Pro has ruled that the military must either make its Groom Lake environmental reports public in compliance with [Resource Conservation and Recovery Act](#) or seek an exemption directly from the President. The judge has set an Oct. 2 deadline for the government to decide what to do.

"On Oct. 2, citizens will learn they have a new federal facility," Turley said. "The president will now have to personally exempt this facility by name, or order the military to operate it under the same rules as other (bases)."

This ruling could be the first step toward Psychospy's goal of someday eating in the base cafeteria and enjoying succulent prime rib and filet mignon at below-Vegas prices. Turley appears ecstatic, but it is hard to guess what will really happen on Oct. 2. Given their absolutist position in the past, the military seems unlikely to take this lying down. They could conceivably appeal the ruling, which could delay compliance for months.

Turley shows no fear of a presidential exemption. "If the president wishes to deprive the public of environmental information or allow the military to circumvent the law, he will have to do so publicly and face the political consequences," Turley said. "He will have to do so in dozens of cases."

Sounds good, but we've heard only one side of the story, Turley's, so we will wait to see how the other side responds.

Watch our [Area 51 web site](#) or [alt.conspiracy.area51](#) for the latest news as it comes to us.

[Later: Government obtains presidential exemption: [News Article](#) | [Text of Exemption](#)]

Autopsy Dissected

"Get Me A Brain, Igor. I Must Have A Brain!"

The internet is looking like [Frankenstein's laboratory](#) these days as armchair pathologists around the world dissect the alien body shown on the alleged Roswell autopsy film. It's the [O.J. trial](#) all over again! Guilty or not guilty, real or hoax? This time the setting is an anonymous morgue somewhere in the Twentieth Century. How many times can we watch the surgeon's knife drawn across this poor bloated creature? How long must we debate with our email colleagues whether the alleged alien blood is oozing just right? After viewing the TV show frame by frame and listening to the discussions on the net, Psychospy has made his conclusion.

It's real.

The film that is. It really exists. We know it exists because it was shown on [Fox](#), the [Simpsons/X-Files network](#), and they would never lie to us (just selectively edit). A more difficult question, which others seem obsessed with but doesn't bother us too much, is whether the alien shown on this real film is a real extraterrestrial. Our theory is that the truth will shake out on its own, especially with so many net nerds currently chipping away at it. Eventually the accumulated evidence will be so overwhelming as to make the truth perfectly obvious, one way or the other, and we see no need to declare our beliefs in the interim.

Far more interesting to us are the intellectual processes and human impact of the public investigation. It is fascinating to watch ten thousand virtual human minds turn their resources to this problem. Many of these minds are virtual morons (VMs) whose words just take up space in the newsgroups, but there are also a few smart characters on the wires, including competent specialists in movie props, theater lighting, medical procedures and military history whose professional advice you might pay thousands of dollars for in the real world. Of course, even these experts can't seem to agree. For every Hollywood prop artist who says it can't be done, there's another who says it can and under budget.

On the surface, the on-line investigation of the autopsy film seems as noisy and chaotic as humanity itself, but when viewed from above, a certain collective wisdom, larger than any one member, is beginning to shine through. Very few people seem to be jumping to conclusions. The dominant tone of on-line messages is, "I don't know if the alien is real, but here's what I do know." The debate overall has been remarkably logical and scientific, with politics and emotions pushed to the background.

And in the process, whether by accident or design, the world is now completely comfortable with alien autopsies.

Of course, if the autopsy is real, the release of the film could be the most important event in the history of mankind, blah, blah. If the film is a hoax, the simplest explanation is that it was cooked up by clever con artists with no privileged information and no motivations other than money. Both options seem rather boring and one-dimensional to us and leave nothing much to talk about.

Even if real, the alien just lies there without bringing us any closer to the truth. In our holographic folklore model [[DR#29](#)], where we examine how this story fits with other saucer crash claims, the film does not contribute anything significant to the story we have already accumulated. The autopsy alien has [six human-like fingers](#), not the four long, slender ones usually reported. This would have to be a different species of alien altogether, one that lies outside the mainstream of our current investigation.

Psychospy takes a pragmatic approach to the unknown. There are too many mysteries in the world for us to tackle them all, so we have to focus on the few that we have the resources to deal with. We are willing to let a paranormal claim remain unchallenged if we cannot relate it in some way to things we already know. We hate to use the labels "true" or "false," instead we call things "useful" or "not currently useful." We can accept parallel realities--that there might be both four-fingered and six-fingered aliens--but we can only investigate one reality at a time, and this must be the one we are currently best equipped to handle. Our current conclusion about the autopsy film is that it isn't very helpful in itself, but it might teach us something about the people watching it.

After seeing the TV show several times, we are left with a lite beer/diet soft drink kind of feeling, where we have consumed lots of "product" but still feel empty. The hollowness comes from the lack of human connections. If you seek photographic evidence of the alien presence, here it is, but even the clearest film or photograph is meaningless without direct human testimony to establish its origins, and this we do not have. We have only the secondhand tale of the alleged cameraman who will not be interviewed, so we cannot observe his emotional reactions.

What we found most compelling about the Fox TV show had nothing to do with the autopsy: It was the testimony of Roswell native Frankie Rowe, who recounted being threatened as a child by a government interrogator after she handled some alleged evidence from the crash. We saw what seemed to be real emotion in her eyes, and the performance struck us as more genuine than any actress we have yet seen on film. Cynical as we are about television sound bites, faking such an automatic response on extreme close-up seems to dwarf the challenges of reproducing an alien body.

A Third Scenario

Between the bland black-and-white solutions of totally real and totally hoax lies a far more interesting gray area. Maybe the autopsy film is an artificial creation, but motivated by something other than money. Can we explore such a theory without dropping off the Deep End--into conspiracies galore and loss of all logical discipline? We'll give it a try as we digress below into rampant speculation.

Let us suppose that the UFO cover-up is real and the government is neither dumb nor nefarious. In 1953, all alien information was sequestered in its own secret division. (Jarod calls it the "Satellite Government" [[DR#24](#)], but that sounds too sinister for us, as it begs the question of which government is really in charge. We prefer "special government entity" or SGE.) Back in the 1950s, total secrecy might have been appropriate. The panic associated with the [War of the Worlds](#) radio broadcast of 1938 still impressed the memories of those in power. A determination was made by competent authorities that the populace was not yet ready for the news, or perhaps that the news was not ready for them. More time was needed for experts to study the problem--both the aliens themselves and the possible public reaction--and to prepared a plan. This might be a very long-term plan. The SGE wanted flying saucers of its own before the news could be revealed so the world would not appear so helpless. These were built with alien help--aliens who were neither good nor evil but simply alien and apparently willing to humor us for a while.

Those who sponsored the cover-up and staffed the SGE believed in what they were doing. They were the finest minds of their generation, men of good conscience who never expected the cover-up to be permanent. Theirs was to be a transitional program, albeit one with a long timeframe. The planners devoted much attention to how the news should be released with minimal social disruption. Ideally, elements of the truth should be let out gradually over time, but how could this be done? The SGE could not publicly admit any limited alien contact without being forced to reveal it all. (Can you imagine the press of the planet demanding any less?) Like the fall of communism, once the wall cracks, it will come down all at once, with no further opportunity for information management.

The goal of gradual release would be to acclimate the population emotionally to the form and ideas of the alien presence without triggering a total release. This can probably be done more effectively by selective fictions than by truth, because fictions can be controlled. A hoax need contain only that portion of the truth which is ready to be introduced to public. The rest can be a fabrication, just persuasive enough to get it distributed on the Fox network. Indeed, some part of the story must ultimately fall apart to assure it doesn't go too far, as the hoax must eventually be dispelled to make room for a larger truth.

Hence, the obvious presence of six fingers on the alien corpse when the bulk of the Roswell and UFO cover-up lore describes a four-fingered hand and any decent con-for-cash would provide the same. Apart from that detail and a few other deliberate discrepancies, the autopsy film could be a re-staged version of an actual event. The SGE would certainly have the financial and technical resources to produce such a low-budget flick, and it may also have the dedicated staff who would do a better job than any self-centered con artist.

This theory does not claim that the SGE controls the media or otherwise manipulates public opinion. No one can do that. Our own experience with all forms of major media--from Larry King [[DR#18](#)] to *The New York Times* [[DR#6](#)] to

the *Weekly World News* [DR#10]--has taught us that the media is controlled by nothing more than ratings and the pursuit of interesting and salable stories. Every journalist we have met would violently rebel at the idea of the government telling them what to write. They will not avoid an attractive story, however, and someone can easily slip a hoax into the media by understanding the needs of the market and tailoring the product accordingly.[1]

There are many things that a government entity, no matter how well funded, cannot do. You cannot buy human reliability. Any agent you recruit in the public sector is liable to crack under torture or intense media coverage, or he could switch sides if he finds it more profitable to write a tell-all book. Thus, it is prudent when introducing any hoax to avoid human contact as much as possible. The autopsy film fits the mold. Our only link to the source is promoter Ray Santilli. He claims to have bought the film from the cameraman, who is not available for interview. Does the cameraman exist? To assure minimal vulnerability for the hoaxers, he probably does--or at least someone playing his role to Santilli. The only requirement is to convince Santilli that the story is plausible and that he will make a lot of money from it. Santilli presents no risk then, even if under continuous media pressure, because he is telling the truth as told to him and does not know the source beyond that.

Another candidate for a sanctioned hoax might be the MJ-12 papers [DR#29], which were supposedly delivered anonymously to TV producer Jaime Shandera on an unmarked roll of film. Due primarily to Phil Klass's discovery that Truman's signature is a reproduction, these documents are now widely regarded as fakes, with bad-boy ufologist Bill Moore being the prime suspect. Under the gradual-release theory, though, Moore was only a victim. The documents might be essentially correct, although refined by the SGE to retain deniability and release only a comfortable amount of information. Even if fake, the documents have had an emotional effect, reinforcing the belief in the UFO community that an MJ-12 type organization must exist.

Although the foregoing is only a theory, it is a fairly elegant one. This "sanctioned hoax" scenario differs from other conspiracy theories in that it proposes that the SGE is ultimately working to promote the cause of truth and not against it. It also requires far fewer resources and less government omniscience than a more far-reaching scenario. If we felt it was morally right, we at the Research Center could do the job ourselves with only a limited staff plus the technical resources to generate fake documents and films--talents known to be possessed by the CIA. Then, it is only a matter of introducing these artifacts in some discreet and anonymous way such that they cannot be traced back to the source.

Some of the sanctioned hoaxes might take off in a big way, like the autopsy film and the MJ-12 papers, while others could fall flat and hardly be noticed. It would be an opportunistic business where you have to keep an eye on the UFO subculture and take advantage of opportunities when they arise. Whoever plans these actions must be an avid watcher of the UFO field. He subscribes to the literature, attends conventions and is familiar with all of the major ufologists, albeit probably from a distance to avoid any compromise. (He is not Phil Klass, by the way, who has too high a profile, although he is certainly a watcher of Phil.) He sees himself as the guardian of the UFO movement, charged with distracting it in the early years but now concerned with keeping it on track.

Our mystery man is probably getting along in years, having started with the program, like most of his colleagues, in the 50s or 60s. His field is psychology, we suppose, and he was trained in the old operant-conditioning school in which an organism is acclimated to a traumatic stimulus by repeated exposure to lesser forms of it. He himself is well conditioned. He does not need to be told the goals of his organization because he has fully internalized them, and he has won the trust of superiors who has worked with for many years. This leaves him free to be creative, to seize an opportunity and exploit it without having to deal with too much bureaucracy. He goes to his boss with a proposal, and the boss asks, "What resources do you need? How are we vulnerable if fails?" Then, if the concerns are answered, the boss says, "Okay, let's do it," and all the requirements are provided.

Sounds like an interesting and challenging career. The mystery man does it well and is proud of his work, because he believes he is moving toward a higher goal, a day when all of humanity might know everything he does. Although he is aware that his organization will probably be disemboweled when the news gets out, he is near or past retirement age and wants to escape from the prison of silence in which he and his colleagues have been trapped. He knows as well as anyone that the truth will have to be known, and he is working in good conscience toward that goal. Unlike on *The X-Files*, he does not kill anybody, although he might embarrass them to death when they fall for one of his partial frauds. Ends justify the means, however, and no



one is suckered who did not set themselves up for it by their own ego, greed or lack of intellectual discipline.

We cannot say that we believe this gray theory; we just leave the door open to it. One should not underestimate the power of simple human greed, which is a less complicated explanation than any government program. We abhor conspiracy theories in general and don't think the government can control society any more than it does the weather. Still, a "sanctioned hoax" program would be relatively easy to sustain, requiring only limited personnel and funding. The only goal would be to introduce the proper stimulus again and again, incorporating elements of the truth but not the whole thing, so when the whole truth finally escapes it is no big deal. If the current autopsy film is a fake, that does not dilute its real social and emotional effects. If another autopsy film were later released--the *real* film--it would cause no great trauma because the world has the skills and maturity now to deal with it.

Jarod's Opinion

Jarod 2, the simulator designer, has been watching the autopsy controversy and now appears to be getting sick and tired of it like the rest of us. He seems to go back and forth between believing it a hoax and wondering if it might be real. Jarod says he was officially briefed about only a single saucer crash, one near Kingman, Arizona, in 1953. He knows nothing about Roswell except what he has read in the UFO literature. He points out one curious detail, however: On a [photo of the autopsy alien](#) shown on the cover of *MUFON UFO Journal* (August 1995), there appears to be a teardrop-shaped scar on the left shoulder. This, he says, looks like a smallpox inoculation scar. Most people raised in the United States who are older than a certain age ought to have such a scar, until smallpox was finally eradicated. This suggests that the poor dead alien, or at least his left shoulder, was raised here on earth.



Jarod also says that the skin of the alien in the film is much too fine. It looks like human skin, whereas that of the aliens he worked with was rougher. He compares skin of his advisor-aliens to human skin that has been magnified many times, so the pores and wrinkles are more obvious. Jarod's reluctance to draw a negative conclusion on the film stems from his understanding that there is more than one species of alien visiting earth. However, all species he knows of are Grays with only minor variations.

There are a couple of interesting parallels between the cameraman's story and Jarod's. We note this quote from the cameraman's written statement as distributed on the net....

Inside [the craft], the atmosphere was very heavy, It was impossible to stay in longer than a few seconds without feeling very sick. Therefore it was decided to analyze it back at base so it was loaded onto a flattop and taken to Wright-Patterson, which is where I joined it.

Sounds like Jarod's account. In [DR#24](#), he said that in the Arizona crash, an entry team went into the craft on-site but later came out very sick. Then the craft, still humming, was loaded onto a tank hauler and taken to the Nevada Test Site (or Area 51 perhaps). Later, after communication was established, the visiting aliens turned off the hum, and everything was okay. Jarod speculates that the "heavy atmosphere" is a deliberate security device. (We would rate it better than both Lo-Jack and The Club for deterring flying saucer theft.)

One difference, however, is that Northwest Arizona to Southern Nevada is a relatively short haul through an unpopulated area, provided Las Vegas is avoided. (It was then a small, wholesome, Mob-run city.) Socorro to Wright-Patterson (or [Wright Field](#) at the time) would be a very long haul across half a continent, past many places where this wide 10-meter payload would hardly escape notice. Why carry something big, unknown and potentially unstable any further than you had to? To work with an immensely valuable artifact that might conceivably explode, you would want a lot of empty land around you. [White Sands Proving Ground](#), just a few dozen miles from Socorro and where the first atomic bomb was tested, would have been the logical choice, not Wright Field or even [Los Alamos](#), which had the brains but also a lot of valuable assets at risk. At least you would take the craft to White Sands first, and then--months or years later when you have determined it is safe--you might move it elsewhere. If there were no compatible facilities there, they would have been built immediately. Every other option would have been considered before hauling this possible time bomb across the U.S. heartland.

[a still on the net](#) [575k].) A military officer, shown from the neck down, holds a flat panel that bears the molded outline of two six-fingered hands. The aliens presumably place their hands against this panel to communicate with their hardware. In fact, Jarod described a similar control panel to us a month or two before this portion of the Santilli film came to light. He was discussing the differences between alien avionics, which were unusable to us, and the human-built versions, which more resembled the instrumentation on a conventional aircraft. Humans were not capable of flying the original alien craft, which may be one of the reasons they had to build their own.



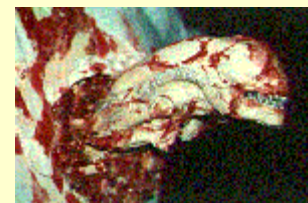
Jarod says he recently asked his boss about the autopsy film (since Jarod still has a boss and remains on-call in spite of his retirement). The boss said there were three such autopsy films floating around, but he would not comment on the current one. Jarod also asked about the "Hungarian" or other strange writing he used to see on technical documents he worked with. His boss replied, "If you don't remember, I'm not going to tell you."

Possessed By Forces Beyond Our Control

[Alien](#) and hisses to us its demands....

"Road Trip!"

Cut to the desert, somewhere in New Mexico. We're screaming down the highway at five hundred miles an hour, sun roof open, wind in our scalp. Got the [Stones](#) blasting through the sound system: "I CAN'T GET NO... SATISFACTION!" It's Psychospy's 1995 Flying Saucer Crash Site/Underground Alien Bases Tour, just concluded. This year's tour was sponsored by Motel 6, Sizzler Steak Houses (offering adequate buffets outside Vegas) and the [Garmin 45 Handheld GPS](#). The latter is a new addition to our road trips and allows us to convey to our readers exactly where the saucers crashed that aren't there anymore.



We deliberately avoided Roswell this time--It's been overdone.--but we found a lot of other neat places in Arizona and New Mexico where flying saucers may or may not have descended. We visited the area just north of Kingman [vicinity of 35°28', 114°03'], where Jarod says that the most important landing took place. Then we explored the Aztec/Farmington area of New Mexico, site of the often debunked Scully/Steinman crash [36°52.642', 107°50.279'] as well as the location of a mass UFO sighting in 1950 (Newspaper headline: "HUGE SAUCER ARMADA JOLTS FARMINGTON"). Next we went on to Socorro, NM, to find the Lonnie Zamora landing site of 1964 [34°02.597', 106°53.801']. Then, we sought the 1947 crash site described by the cameraman of the autopsy film, supposedly west of Socorro. We will report on our full tour in the next DR, including Dulce, [Sunspot](#), [White Sands](#), [Davis-Monthan](#), Marana and [Biosphere II](#). Until then, we have posted on WWW [a detailed report on our visit to the cameraman's site](#), as it seems timely.

In brief, our egomaniac opponent [Michael Hesemann](#), Germany's own precious version of [Sean Morton](#), announced at an Aug. 20 UFO conference in England that Ray Santilli, the only spokesman for the cameraman, had given Hesemann instructions on how to find the crash site where the alien in the film was recovered. It was supposed to be near a dry lake south of the highway from Socorro to Magdalena. We followed Hesemann's instructions, as given at the conference, and indeed found the site as he had described it from his own visit. However, the "dry lake" was misnomer; it was instead a small cattle watering reservoir. In any case, this would be a fine place to crash a flying saucer, keeping with the apparent alien preference for crashing in the deserts of the American Southwest, away from any population center, but not a place that's totally inaccessible to military recovery. "Yoohoo, we've crashed!"

Follow-Up On "Executive Briefing"

Many readers responded to our request for the origin of the "Executive Briefing" document reprinted in [DR#29](#). Timothy Good points us to pages 117-121 of his book *Alien Contact* for the history. This document was given to the world by Bill Moore, who says he was allowed to photograph it and copy its contents. So much cloak and dagger!

Researcher William Moore, who has developed a number of high-level contacts in the intelligence community since 1978 (including Richard Doty), received a phone call telling him that some information was to be made available to him, but that he would have to go and collect it in person. "You will be receiving some instructions," the caller said. "You must follow them carefully or the deal is off."

The instructions were convoluted, involving directions given on the phone at various airports as Bill made his way across the United States from Arizona. At the final destination, a motel in upstate New York, Bill was instructed to be ready at five o'clock. At precisely that time, an individual came to the door carrying a sealed brown envelope. "You have exactly nineteen minutes," the man said. "You may do whatever you wish with this material during that time, but at the end of that time, I must have it back. After that, you are free to do what you wish."

Inside the envelope were eleven pages of what purported to be a "TOP SECRET/ORCON" document, entitled "Executive Briefing. Subject: Project Aquarius," dated June 14, 1977 (that is, during the Carter Administration). Bill asked if he could photograph the document and read its contents into a tape recorder. "Both are permitted," said the courier. "You have seventeen minutes remaining."

Mr. Moore now resides on the "Where Is He Now?" file, along with *UFO Crash at Aztec* author William Steinman. Can anyone tell us what these two are up to? (Conventional wisdom tells us ex-Kevin Randle associate Don Schmitt, found to have lied liberally about his resume and other things, is also expected to vanish from the UFO scene, although he doesn't know it yet and is still making public appearances.)

Intel Bitties

CAMMO DUDES HAVE NEEDS TOO. Whilst hitting upon a female of our acquaintance, a beefy Las Vegas gentleman revealed himself as a Cammo Dude at Area 51. While this could be a false line to impress chicks, the fellow was fairly specific about certain details of his job, which he could not discuss but transparently hinted at. He said he flew to his job from Las Vegas for three-day stints and that [Glenn Campbell](#) was a "problem child" who had been fined six hundred dollars for withholding evidence (incorrect but close enough). At the time, the female knew of no other Glen Campbell except the country music singer, so she wondered why he was telling her this. In any case, the requested date was firmly rebuffed as the lady informed him that she would be a definite security risk, and the dude took a hike.

This lovelorn fellow may be one of several Cammo Dudes whose identity is known to us or that we can easily identify if necessary. We are very protective of our "friends," however, and will endeavor to preserve their privacy as long as they are polite and obey the law. One dude, however, was rude to us at the border a couple months ago, as we stacked rocks along the poorly marked boundary line of the new withdrawal. He approached us with a menacing demeanor and said, "If you cross that line one more time..." We then did the logical thing and shot him--with our camera. Boy did he run! We pinned him down for fifteen minutes behind his vehicle because he was unable to get to the doors without passing in view of our telephoto lens. We proudly publish his mug here and encourage his identification [[close up](#)]. We dub him "Wimpy Dude." (Next time say "Please.")

SHOOTING NEAR JANET TERMINAL. According to [newspaper articles](#), A 24-year-old Utah resident, Matthew Johnson, was shot and killed by police in the early morning of Aug. 23 when he allegedly lunged at officers with a knife. The incident happened near the corner of Reno Ave. and Koval Lane, just outside the fence of



[McCarran Airport](#) and within sight of the [Janet terminal](#) across the tarmac about a block away. The officer who shot Johnson testified at a Sept. 15 inquest that the victim was "speaking in this robotic, monotone voice," and a local journalist says he was dressed in black and spoke about completing his "mission." (A [Mormon](#) perhaps?) Johnson had reportedly been seen by airport employees trying to climb the fence, which is why the cops were called. An attorney for the victim's family said at the inquest that Johnson had no history of mental illness, and toxology reports indicated there were no drugs or alcohol in his body. These details got our conspiracy wheels turning. Had Johnson intended to intrude into the Janet area and catch a flight to Area 51? If so, he picked a poor place to cross the fence. (We suggest the isolated area at the end of Hacienda Ave.--but then you'll need a boarding pass to get on the plane.) We expect--and fully encourage--all manner of conspiracies to arise from this incident, but for those who wish to start with the facts, there is probably a transcript of the inquest available for inspection at the Clark County Coroner's Office.

[[KLAS-TV report on shooting](#)]

LAZAR SIGHTED ON-LINE. Bob "I-Was-There-But-Don't-Want-To-Talk-About-It" [Lazar](#) has been spotted on-line, [responding](#) to a [posting](#) on [alt.paranet.ufo](#) on magnetic drives and using the email name boblazr@aol.com. We have confirmed with The Bob that it is really him and are shocked and appalled to find him so accessible. He tells us he will make liberal use of the delete key for annoying email and will even delete his screen name if it becomes a pain. Bob spent most of his inaugural message describing how he did not want to answer questions about UFOs or his background, which doesn't leave much to discuss and rather defies the logic of his presence on alt.paranet.ufo. If you feel compelled to communicate with him and want to escape summary deletion, we suggest talking explosives and propulsion systems, as Bob likes to blow things up or make them go faster than they really should.

[Alas, he seems to have vanished already. No more boblazr@aol.com. Don't you believe us? Swear to God--it was him and the address was valid.--10/1/95.]

[[Gene Huff responds.](#)]

TIKABOO HIKE IN OCTOBER? By popular demand, the public hike in October will be another return hike to Tikaboo Peak, overlooking Area 51. This would be the last organized hike to Tikaboo before winter (when the peak is snowed in). This will take place Sat., Oct. 14, 1995, to coincide with the visit of the Swiss Mountain Bat, probably the most dedicated Groom Lake Interceptor not on this continent. [[Details](#)]

(September's hike is an exploratory expedition this weekend to Stonewall Mountain overlooking the Nevada Test Site, as announced on WWW and newsgroups. If you are not enroute already, it is probably too late to join.)

[Later: [Detailed Instructions](#) | [Trip report](#) | [GPS positions and radio frequencies](#)]

MEDIA NOTES. Roswell researcher Kevin Randle will be broadcasting his radio show, *The Randle Report*, live from our Las Vegas annex tomorrow night (Sat., 9/30). The program is transmitted by a clear-channel AM station in El Paso (don't know the freq.) which should be tunable in Texas, New Mexico and surrounding states (9-11 Mountain Time). Also: This week's *Sightings* (shown this weekend in many markets) features a brief news segment on the closure of Freedom Ridge.

[Update: *The Randle Report* is broadcast every Saturday night on KTSM 1380 AM from El Paso.]

CASE COMPLETED IN CAMPBELL APPEAL. Final arguments on Glenn Campbell's appeal of his obstruction conviction were heard on Feb. 22. District Judge Dan Papez said he would rule on the matter in writing but he gave no indication when that would happen. Campbell has represented himself in this appeal, with only some last-minute proofreading of the briefs by lawyers, so he has only himself to blame or praise for the outcome. (And we warn our readers: "Don't try this at home.") [Briefs in the case](#).

HUNGARY Calendar Available. UFO Felons. Cammo Dudes obscure border. Glen Pace mentioned in Farmington Daily News. THE OFFICIAL UNOFFICIAL GROOM LAKE T-SHIRT is now available. This is a black, all-cotton T with a 9-inch full-color reproduction of the Groom Lake patch on the front. It comes in the usual sizes, S-M-L-XL-XXL, for \$15 each plus \$4 postage (plus \$1 postage for each additional shirt). See [catalog](#) [but may not be there yet].

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITY. The Area 51 Research Center is seeking a full- or part-time "webmaster" to maintain our WWW site and expand our catalog product lines. This is a work-at-home position paying a competitive salary. See [job description](#). [This position has now been filled. --10/11/95]

EMAIL SUBSCRIPTION CHANGE. Beginning with DR#31, all email subscriptions to the Rat will change to the abbreviated version (table of contents only). This lets you know that a new issue is available, then you can then retrieve the full version from newsgroups, WWW or FTP. WWW remains the definitive version of the Rat, with formatting and pictures. This change is necessary to reduce our outgoing email load and bounceback size. Users with only email access to the internet may request to be reinstated to the full version provided they have paid their \$5 guiltware fee. Send a message to psychoserv@aol.com, or enclose your request with your fee by regular mail.

Our Reader's Respond

Travel Advice

I just read in [DR#29](#) where you were looking for suggestions concerning your Hungarian trip. Well, Hungary is in Europe, and Europe means beer. Your side trips are well planned for many beer "sightings." Austria is good for this, but Munich is Paradise-Heaven-Sanctuary. Huge liter mugs, Bavarian music, blond haired big breasted German girls -- it's all true! I get so excited just thinking about it... I've got to stop writing... I think I have some beer in the fridge....

--WS, Tampa, Florida

Supplements and Reader Responses

1. [George Wingfield's Roswell film update](#), #11, (10/1/95)
2. [Saucer Smear](#), a UFO gossip rag that is a close cousin to the Rat, is now on-line. (10/2/95)
3. [Reader Response to "Third Scenario"](#) (10/2/95)
4. News Article: "[Groom Lake Chemicals Can Be Secret](#): A presidential exemption counters workers who have lawsuits pending against the federal government." *Las Vegas Review-Journal*, 10/3/95.

- 5. News Article: "[Open Groom Hearings, TV Station Urges Judge](#)" *Las Vegas Review-Journal*, 10/4/95.
- 6. Editorial Cartoon: "[Trust US: Groom Lake Is A Safe Place To Work.](#)" by Jim Day, *Las Vegas Review-Journal*, 10/6/95. (100k)

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Text above should be complete, but we may continue to add new links and responses to this document. All links here should now work; if not, please report them to: psychowww@aol.com

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Links revised: 3/1/96

The Groom Lake Desert Rat

"The Naked Truth from Open Sources."

Area 51/Nellis Range/TTR/NTS/S-4?/Weird Stuff/Desert Lore

An on-line newsletter.

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Direct from **Las Vegas**, the Center of Human Civilization.

Issue #31. October 30, 1995

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Flying Saucer Crash-O-Rama

**Report #1 on Psychospy's
1995 UFO Crash Site/Underground Bases Tour**

Introduction

Life on earth could not possibly happen. The chances are too remote. You could easier make gold out of lead than find the right mix of chemicals and atomic bondings to entice inert molecules to reproduce. Proposing that this life might later become intelligent--capable at least of changing TV channels and nuking up dinner in the microwave--far exceeds the bounds of credulity. You have to laugh at those alleged scientists who claim it is so. Living in Vegas, we know for sure you can't beat the odds because we never have. Therefore, it cannot be true: There is no life on earth, and none of this is real.

Psychospy is not afraid of the implausible, however. If it looks, smells, tastes and feels real, then what the heck, we'll give it a shot. For want of a better theory, we take our sensory world at face value, but never with complete confidence. We are always on the lookout for the Wizard of Oz behind the curtain or any subtle inconsistencies in the structure of life that might show us the seams. Life is a soundstage, we suspect, and sooner or later we will open a door and find only scaffolding. Sometimes we despair and cry out to the heavens, "What does it all mean, dear God--if you exist which you probably don't so why are we trying to reason with you?" Then we go to a casino and eat a buffet, which makes us feel at least a little better.

Such were the nihilistic thoughts that burdened our hypothetical mind as we screamed down a desert highway at a million miles an hour (given the rotation of the earth around the sun and the sun around the galaxy and the universe's

expansion since the Big Bang, which probably never happened either). We were hunting flying saucers, which are almost as elusive to us as Bugs Bunny to Elmer Fudd. ("Shhhhh, be vewy, vewy quiet....") They are, in fact, implausible, if not impossible, and we wouldn't give them the slightest attention if we didn't know that none of this was real to begin with.

Specifically we were hunting flying saucer crash and landing sites--places where alien craft are not now but might have once been. The locations come from various claims in our growing body of folklore. To qualify as a "crash site" to us, someone just has to point there and say so. One such location is near the corner of Charleston and Jones Boulevards in Las Vegas. This is the alleged site of the UFO-themed Area 51 Nightclub and Dreamland Lounge [DR#26 | #27], which never existed. A flying saucer was supposed to crash on the roof but never did--which is almost as good as a one crashing 45 years ago and not being there now. The only difference, in theory, is that there are no traces of the former, while the latter ought to have displaced at least a Joshua tree or two. Such talk, however, digresses into the realm of physical evidence, which Psychospasy abhors.

Proof? You want *Proof?* Where is that going to get you? We don't care what kind of physical evidence you have--photos, videos, soil samples, unidentified compounds, broken Joshua trees. Like with the alien autopsy film [DR#30], there will always be one group of experts who say, "It can't be faked," while another group says, "Sure it can." At best, the results can only be inconclusive--all the experts saying they can't explain the phenomenon--but that does not necessarily lead us any closer to the truth.

We go against the grain of modern ufology by saying that physical evidence is worthless without human testimony to vouch for it, and since all humans are unreliable, nothing is real at all, and we can only muddle along as best we can based on how the illusion appears. Even in court there is no such thing as purely physical evidence. Fingerprints, DNA analysis, bloody gloves and every other kind of empirical data is completely inadmissible without a witness to swear to its origins and methodology, so the verdict almost always comes down to the jury looking into the witnesses' eyes and making an emotional decision about whether they are telling the truth. When the physical evidence suggests an uncomfortable conclusion, then every witness will be doubted by the jury and the physical evidence they offer will therefore be judged unreliable.

What does make a case, over time, is overwhelming social and economic force--evidence that comes from so many different directions, is so internally consistent and works so well in practical implementation that there isn't even a trial. For example, the earth being round versus it being flat: Haven't we put that one to rest? (It is flat of course, but we have learned to control the falling-off-the-edge problem.) There was never any trial or popular vote on the shape of the earth: The old folks and their emotional investments simply died off while young people got rich with their ships and planes learning how to import camcorders from Japan.

In the matter of UFOs, we know we are not going to prove anything to anybody no matter what we find on our crash site tour. A lack of physical evidence does not prove the negative conclusion, while the jury can always find an alternative explanation for anything supporting the positive. Many people say they believe in UFOs, but the leap from a vague and general belief that contradicts nothing to a single specific reality with texture and odor remains a terrifying emotional transition. It is like the difference between believing in ideal romantic love--knights on white horses meeting virginal princesses--and having to live with a real human mate who belches and farts and isn't anywhere near that ideal. Fragile personal delusions must always come crashing down when a dream becomes reality, so each of us, no matter how "open minded," usually seeks subconsciously to avoid that moment of epiphany.

Can Psychospasy be accused of the same for neglecting to collect soil samples or failing to scan the air for telltale radiation at the crash sites visited? We have learned through contact with aviation enthusiasts that if any aircraft crashes there will always be substantial remnants and physical traces left at the site, no matter how well the government attempts to clean up the area or how much time has passed. This was true of the F-117A stealth program and every secret aircraft that went before. Inevitably, some of the prototypes would crash while the plane was still "black." The government had great incentive to clean up the mess, especially with the F-117A, because the coating materials were highly classified and even tiny pieces could be helpful to the Soviets. However, at every airplane crash site that ever was, you can still return today and find remnants. (To prove this, aviation archeologist Xelex@aol.com has a key ring holding tabs of metal from each of at least a dozen such crashes, all top secret at the time but still

findable today.) If a craft actually breaks apart, many of the pieces become embedded in the ground, and they cannot be effectively removed without, say, excavating a couple feet of topsoil all around the impact site. This, in turn, leaves a permanent scar which in the desert is easily visible and might remain obvious for a century or more.

It is a sacred tenet of the UFO faith that whenever a saucer crashes, a crack government "Black Beret" recovery team swoops in and completely sanitizes the area so no traces remain today and there is no sense in trying to find any. If you are talking about a substantial "debris field" as was supposedly found at the Brazel Ranch in the Roswell case, this view is highly implausible. Either some small pieces of debris must remain on site to this day, or the government has completely excavated the site, hauled away the dirt, replaced it with new fill and left behind a noticeable scar. Every effort by man or machine creates its own traces and these can hardly be erased without involving still more men and machines.

Added to this is the implausibility of a saucer crashing at all. If this civilization is so advanced, why can't they keep their craft in the air? It would be just our luck that the aliens visiting earth are the drunk drivers of the universe, sent here to complete a 12-step program but taking the wheel again while still in denial. And why do they crash in such convenient locations, preferring the American Southwest, just far enough out of town that only a rancher notices but not so remote as to inhibit discreet military recovery? Whoever the aliens are, they must be deeply Freudian, crashing by convenience only where it serves their repressed sexual desires.

Or their lust for boron. This brings us back to the first stop on our 1995 Flying Saucer Crash Site/Underground Bases Tour.

"I can't get no... satisfaction!"



End of pavement on Stockton Hill Rd. north of Kingman, AZ.

Kingman, Arizona, May 1953

[Jarod 2](#) has provided more details on the Arizona contact and offered his own theory about what may motivate our Space Brothers to crash the way they do. Although he says he was never briefed on the full alien agenda, he was told that the aliens take two elements from earth: boron and arsenic. Suppose they needed boron to get their clothes whiter than white, and Earth is the most convenient place to get it--the local boron Seven-Eleven for this part of the galaxy. For centuries the aliens harvest what they need in relative obscurity, but then human civilization starts closing in on the boron fields. Smuggling the stuff out undetected becomes harder and harder, so it is resolved by the Galactic High

Council that contact must be made with the local barbarians.

But how should this be done? Do the aliens really want to land on the White House lawn? That seems too big a production for a little boron, and it would place the aliens in a Messiah-like position that no one in the universe would envy. ("Save us, oh great ones!") Better to choose a more subtle form of contact, sufficient to obtain the needed elements but not triggering a planetary stampede. J-2 thinks the Arizona crash, and maybe even Roswell, were staged events. The craft in Arizona was in perfect condition as were the occupants, so there would have been no debris left behind except that of the recovery team.

According to the testimony of "Fritz Werner," an anonymous government worker who claims in a [statement](#) to have been assigned to the crash, it took place on or about May 20, 1953 (since he was called late that day and arrived on May 21). Jarod says he was briefed on the crash some years later, and what information he has is strictly from his memory of these briefings. The saucer, a standard 10-meter model, came down around 3 am. The military seemed to have some warning that it would happen, but Jarod is not sure what that was: Perhaps UFO sightings in the area or tracking on radar. The location as told to him was 10 to 15 miles northwest or north-northwest of the Kingman airport. This would place it in the Cerbat Mountains, a range which runs south-to-north starting on the northern outskirts of Kingman.

Red Lake has been cited by UFO buffs as the site of the crash, although we do not know the source of that rumor. This is a five mile wide dry lake about 25 miles north of the Kingman airport and just to the east of the Cerbats. Fritz Werner says the saucer crashed in a sandy area which might have been consistent with a desert valley like this, but Jarod says the site was in a hilly or mountainous area, which in this region implies a rocky terrain. Jarod says it happened on the east side of the Cerbats, not the west side, because a diagram of the area had been drawn for him on a chalkboard.

With these instructions, we set out to locate at least the general vicinity. The northwest corner of [Arizona](#) is a vast empty area similar to the Rachel vicinity: Wide desert valleys separated by barren mountain ranges. Almost none of it is off-limits, however. There is a network of fairly good roads in the vicinity. Most are dirt but many are well maintained and accessible to any vehicle if you can tolerate the dust. From US-93 about 40 miles south of Hoover Dam, we turned east on the Pierce Ferry road through the town of Dolan Springs, just northwest of the Cerbats and about 30 miles from Kingman.

This town of mobile homes and self-built houses is known for its own current UFO lore, including lights seen in the sky by residents and reported by George Knapp in a [8/23 Las Vegas television news story](#). "It's the weirdest thing I've ever seen," said one local resident. "It was big, really big," said another. In the TV report (which we only have a transcript for and have not seen), there was mention of yet another secret base...

Knapp: "Fred Jaimie has the town's best known UFO story. Over three nights last September, he, his wife, son, daughter and two friends witnessed a huge UFO that shook their remote house and danced above their heads."

Jaimie: "It was like a big gyro...It was tumbling, like a big disc with lights On it."

Knapp: "The day after his first sighting, Jaimie says a contingent of military types in trucks and helicopters scoured the mountain behind his home, as if looking for something. Locals are convinced there's an underground base in these mountains. A few claim to have had run-ins with security forces."

Gary Raduenz: "We were looking for an old mine, got run off by marines guarding the base..."

Knapp: "Officially there is no military base in the area mentioned by Dolan Springs residents. They suspect it is underground, somewhere to the north between their town and Lake Mead but no records of such a base can be found. We also talked to the FAA which says it can think of no reason why there would be so much aerial activity in the region. So what we've got on our hands is a real life mystery."

The mountains being referred to could be the Cerbats or the nearby White Hills. It is hard to imagine any secret

military facility here, though, since these mountains are mostly public land that can be freely explored by anyone. This is also an area of fairly dense commercial air traffic. The area between Dolan Springs and [Lake Mead](#) is the general approach zone for jets from the east landing in Las Vegas. We camped near here several months ago and watched routine traffic pass overhead all night.

It seems that every remote desert town we set foot in has its own UFOs and secret bases. Still it is an intriguing coincidence: We are looking for a relatively obscure and forgotten crash site at the south end of the Cerbats, while residents near the north end who apparently know nothing about this crash are seeing inexplicable lights in the sky. Could it be a nostalgic return by sentimental aliens--or is there boron in them thar hills? Presumably residents know the difference between the jets that pass overhead nightly and something more exotic.

Had this been an earlier era, Dolan Springs might have become Psychospys worldwide headquarters instead of Rachel, but that phase of our youth has passed, and we had to press onward. Dolan Springs is on a rare paved road that leads northwest to Lake Mead. About 20 miles from US-93, we turned south on Stockton Hill Rd., a good dirt road leading past Red Lake and the eastern side of the Cerbats eventually to Kingman. It turns out this is not the most convenient means of access, though, since we found that Stockton Hill Road is paved from the south--right to the vicinity of the purported landing site. To get here, take the Stockton Hill Rd. exit from I-40 in Kingman and go northeast for about 15 miles until the road turns to dirt (GPS: approx. 35f28', 114f03').

Alas, from that point we do not have the slightest idea where to go. According to Jarod's descriptions, the site ought to be within about five miles of this point in the hills somewhere to the west. The area is now fairly well populated with recently built houses--hence the paved road--and it could be considered the suburbs of Kingman. The Cerbats are peppered with mines, so there are a lot of four wheel drive roads to be explored. Much of the land and some of those roads are private, but the area is still empty enough, especially in the hills, that you can probably hike wherever you want without complaint. [[Another view of area](#) (50k)]

[The Cerbats may be a reasonable area to conduct one of our monthly public hikes. A casual outing in November or December may be possible. Watch the [Area 51 web page](#) or [alt.conspiracy.area51](#) for a possible announcement.]

We drove some of the back roads and visited a couple of mines in the area while trying to imagine a secret military operation in the vicinity, then we drifted back to the end of the pavement on Stockton Hill Road. Sensing within us an existential angst and now staring down the great black void of "What do we do now?" we suddenly felt an overwhelming urge to buffet. Onward we fled toward Kingman proper to address this concern.

Kingman Points of Interest

Our buffet needs were adequately satiated at the Golden Corral restaurant on Stockton Hill near the freeway. Quality and variety were mediocre compared to Vegas, but the important thing was, it was All You Can Eat, and no one was going to serve us any foodstuff sight unseen. What a buffet comes down to is freedom--the absolute freedom to choose from *all* the available options without anyone telling you what you can and cannot eat. Of course, freedom is never really free. With it usually comes responsibility, including the obligation to live with your choices once you have made them. A buffet is slightly different, though. It is one of the rare environments where you are free to choose but you do not necessarily have to bear the consequences. If it looks good you take it, but if it doesn't taste good you can just leave it on your plate and go back for seconds of something better. If there is a God, then buffet is what He intended the earth to be before Adam and Eve screwed it up.

(And do not lay that motherly guilt trip on us about all those millions of starving children in the Third World who would die for our leftovers, because what we do not eat at the Golden Corral in Kingman, Arizona, has no bearing whatsoever on foreign economic conditions or social inequities, period, case closed.)

Returning to the pursuit of anything relevant to the saucer landing, we visited the Kingman airport. This would have been a reasonable point of reference for the military in 1953, since it had been an important base during the war. The Kingman Army Air Field was decommissioned in 1946, leaving the town with a huge but sleepy municipal airfield.

We wondered why Fritz Warner would fly to Phoenix instead of directly here, but it could have been to avoid unnecessary air traffic, which might tip off the locals. Near the flightline, we found some hangars and a control tower from the WWII era. The airfield reminded us of Roswell's: once a center of secret military activity but now the home of a local industrial park and probably many ghosts. To reach the airport from I-40, take the Andy Devine Blvd. exit and go east about 5 miles to the airport entrance. GPS: N35f16', W113f57'.

We also visited the Mohave County Museum, on the western end of Andy Devine near downtown. Here we met our local operative, R. Chilcoat, who is the unofficial historian for the Kingman Army Air Field. He says he is following leads on the saucer crash with some longtime residents but as yet has nothing substantial. He says he has heard the name "Foos Tank" associated with the crash. This would be a cattle reservoir, but there happen to be a lot of them in the Kingman vicinity, and we have not yet found that name on any map. (Could it be "Fools Tank" instead?)

[*Late Flash!* Oct. 26: R. Chilcoat has just found it: "Foo Tank" on the Long Mountain 7-1/2 Minute USGS topo map. Approximate location: N35f25', W114f00'. The investigation continues.]



Another potential source of information is a local extraterrestrial entity: the Space Universal Life Church (SULC). This is a highly diverse UFO group/religious cult/real estate promotion/telemarketing scam ("Discover a New Happiness!!") that claims to be trying to build a million-dollar "rehabilitation center" at Dolan Springs. Who would be rehabilitated and from what disorder are not quite clear, but the group's confusing literature offers a clue...

Dolan Springs A Haven

The explosion in chemicals in the latter part of the twentieth century has given birth to a new disease entity which many call the Twentieth Century Disease. A more descriptive name is usually used--Multiple Chemical Sensitivity. The people who suffer from this malady are exquisitely sensitive to volatile organic compounds--such as gasoline, propane, perfumes, pesticides, petrochemicals, tobacco smoke and residues, plastic, mold, auto exhaust, synthetic fabrics, etc., etc. Symptoms can range from a mild headache to convulsions and even death.

Those who have this ailment have great difficulty locating an acceptable place to live. The four foul follies of modern day civilization--Pesticides, Mold, Wood Smoke and Urban Contamination--can cause them to inhabit a literal hell on earth.... During the last year at least one location with minimal pollution from these causes has been found. Dolan Springs, Arizona--a small desert town in a beautiful Joshua tree forest.... Not only are the four foul follies minimally present but the spectacularly clean air, pure well water, mild climate and sparse population make this a haven for the chemically ill. The current residents universally report "getting better every day."

The church happens to have the same name as one shut down by authorities in Las Vegas a couple of years ago for telemarketing fraud, but we can't say for *certain* that this is the same group. The Great Guru of the Kingman church is A. Able, pictured here [from [a local news article](#)]. We have never met the Great One in person, but we did visit the group's headquarters in a storefront on Andy Devine near downtown [photo (50k)]. The sign out front promised "UFO Center--Tourists Welcome," but inside we found only a dismal thrift shop selling kitchen utensils, used books and chintzy jewelry with little relating to UFOs. The place was definitely not free of the Foul Four. The gentleman manning the store-cum-church was apparently looking after the place while the Guru was out. He claimed to be a reformed alcoholic, and he told us more about his tragic life than we really wanted know.



He seemed vague about the saucer crash, however. He thought it happened on Andy Devine somewhere past the airport.

The attendant may have been confusing the crash site with the Mohave County Fairgrounds, which are also located near the airport. This was the site in August of the "Far West Regional Conference of UFO and New Age Devotees" organized by SULC. The advanced literature promised 1500 attendees, prominent speakers and "the latest information releases on UFOs and the May 23, 1953 crash near Kingman." R. Chilcoat reports that actual attendance was less than a hundred, with the featured speakers being the not-yet-vanished D. Schmitt (formerly of the band Randle and Schmitt), overbearing illustrator W. McDonald and 50s-era con man [E. Stranges](#). It sounded like the sort of epic debacle Psychospys would have loved to report on, but sadly we could not make it and have only the advanced literature to cherish. This 12-page tabloid newspaper is entirely incoherent in editorial content but includes ads from many prominent Kingman businesses. We suspect that they did not know what they were signing up for. A neighbor of the thrift shop expressed to us the opinion that SULC was a telemarketing fraud soliciting donations from local suckers for a vaguely defined charity project that would never happen. Indeed, the literature promised that the August conference would be the "kickoff for the library, theatre and museum on the SULC land in Dolan Springs," but our pass through the town in September found only the empty land and a SULC sign with no sign of any broken ground or work in progress. [[Photo](#) (50k)]

SULC also sells "Retirement Housing" in Dolan Springs. According to an illustrated ad in their conference literature, \$29,900 get you a cabin in the woods. The [illustration](#) shows a majestic forest surrounding an attractive lakeside home. Hey, wait a minute! Forest? Lakeside? We thought this was desert. The guru must indeed be powerful to work such miracles.

Kingman is most widely known today as the one-time residence of Oklahoma City bombing suspect Timothy McVeigh. The local newspaper [reports](#) that McVeigh's abode was a mobile home park on Oatman Road, on the other side of the railroad tracks (literally and figuratively) from downtown Kingman. We climbed to the top of a nearby hill and took a [picture](#) [50k] of the only scene that seem to fit the description.

More fodder for conspiracies: Research Center Regional Director [G. Campbell](#) also once lived in Kingman, in a run-down trailer not unlike McVeigh's but at the other end of town. Campbell's residence was in a shabby cluster of mobile homes at the south end of Emerson Road, across the street from the Foursquare Gospel Church. The rent was \$110 a month or thereabouts for a 30 foot travel trailer of 1950s vintage. The trailers are still there, although we don't know which one it was exactly, since this was about 15 years ago and the unemployed Campbell was there for only a couple of months. Between feeble attempts to find work in a jobless town, he rode freight trains east to Winslow and west to Barstow until his money ran out and he was forced to hitchhike back east to Momma.

It is unknown whether the disillusioned Campbell purchased any fertilizer in bulk or was a member of Kingman's far-right paramilitary groups like McVeigh, but we wouldn't discount it.

Socorro, New Mexico: Zamora Incident

As reported in [DR#30](#), our latest tour included a visit to the Socorro, NM, area where we located the "Roswell" crash

site supposedly described by the cameraman of the alien autopsy film. We produced a [report on this site](#) with photos.

Socorro was also the site of a UFO landing on April 24, 1964 reported by patrolman Lonnie Zamora. Zamora claimed to to have been chasing a speeder on the highway when he heard a roar and saw flames in a nearby area. He cut off the chase and drove up a dirt road to find it: an egg-shaped craft standing on girderlike legs in a gully. While the incident itself may be subject to debate, the location is highly specific and can easily be visited. According to research by T. Mahood, it is within sight of the Motel 6 at the south end of town.

Getting there: Starting from Motel 6 (near Exit 147 on I-25), go south and bear right on NM Route 1, where signs say "Airport" and "Fairgrounds." Then take the first right, before the RV park. Continue up the hill on the dirt road, just to the left of the Raychester Jewelry outlet, between the two houses on the hill (which we not there at the time). This is the hill Zamora spun his wheels on when driving up. Continue past a third house on the right, and about 100 yards beyond that, stop the car. (GPS: N34f02.597, W106f53.801.) The landing site is somewhere in the arroyo to the left. Continue on the dirt road and you may find some old debris that could be connected to the "dynamite shack" reported as a reference point in the Zamora story. [See [T. Good's Above Top Secret](#), page 343-345.]

More To Come

Once again, we have insufficient space and time in this issue to report on other sites in our recent Crash Site/Underground Bases tour, so we may describe them in installments in future Rats.

In the meantime, we have prepared a preliminary [Farmington/Aztec UFO page](#), with the help of our local operatives there, S. Wilcox and S. Belt.

Jarod Portrait

Below is a sketch made by the human engineer Jarod 2 of his namesake alien Jarod 1, who he says is a technical advisor to the U.S. government project to reproduce flying saucers. This is the same sketch described in [DR#24](#). This drawing was made from memory based on first-hand encounters. [The picture may be copyrighted so please do not copy it, although other web pages may refer to it here.]



While we are at it, here are a couple of tidbits from J-2, supplementing his report on the Kingman landing in [DR#24](#): As previously reported, the four living aliens obtained at the landing site were kept in quarantine in New Mexico before being transferred to the Nevada Test Site. J-2 now says that the duration of their stay in New Mexico was about nine months. During this time they did a lot of reading and were kept supplied with books about our technology by their hosts. (Obviously, these were gentlemen-and-scholar type aliens, not the maiden-stealing, planet-threatening, "resistance is futile" kind we ought to worry more about.)

Regarding the disc simulators he worked on, Jarod says he was recruited for the program around the end of 1953, but he did not know the project involved alien technology until about 1955. The first simulator was completed in 1968. (It is not clear to us yet how this reflects on the completion of the operational craft.) This is what he calls the "start-up" version of the simulator--the first to be tested. He continued work on improved models for the rest of his career.

Presidential Exemption Granted

In [DR#30](#), we reported that the judge in the hazardous waste suit had ruled that the government must either make its Groom Lake environmental reports public or seek a specific exemption from the President. Now the government has answered: The Air Force has obtained [an exemption](#) signed by [William Clinton](#) himself. [See [Oct. 3 news article](#) | [Oct. 6 Editorial Cartoon](#) (90k)]

It is hard to say what this means. Although it sounds like the government has won another round, the plaintiff's lawyer Jonathan Turley seems to be spinning it as a victory for his side. In legal matters, victories and defeats can be subtle, requiring a full understanding of the law before they become obvious. Perhaps the presidential exemption itself will create a legal vulnerability. Maybe in forcing this action Turley is drawing the Groom base more into the open, making it an easier target for future legal processes.

In related news, Las Vegas TV station [KLAS-TV](#) has [petitioned the judge](#) in the hazardous waste case to open the pre-trial hearings to the media and public. KLAS Channel 8--aka "People You Can Count On"--is the employer of [George Knapp](#) and the station that first brought us [Bob Lazar](#) in 1989. It is also reputed (by us) to be the central node of the New World Order in Las Vegas [[DR#23](#)]. The lack of an obvious self-serving motive in their current legal action has provoked our suspicion and prompted yet another muckraking Psychospys media expose....

KLAS Revealed



Under the pretext of seeking documentation on the above legal action, we recently penetrated the [KLAS facility](#) on Channel 8 Drive, just off the Las Vegas Strip. There we were met by the still-innocent executive producer J. Johansson, who seems unaware of the sinister cabal of Rockefellers and UN officials who are shaping the news to suit their Machiavellian purposes. Johansson was even naive enough to let us visit the control room during an evening newscast. This is a fascinating ballet of a hundred things happening at once, the choreography of which makes an air traffic controller seem like a funeral director. Nightly crises are overcome and a dozen nonchalant employees somehow get where they need to be at the right precise second to generate the smooth-looking product you see on TV.

The content of the product? It is people and feelings, mostly. You can't squeeze in much real debate or any high intellectual concepts in the few dozen words allowed for each story. Thirty seconds to two minutes are given to issues that each deserve an hour (except for weather and sports, which are more than adequately covered). If you don't have a crime scene to show or a face to say something, then it is hard to run a story at all. Television is pictures at the expense of ideas. It can provide some useful visual supplements for the well-read mind--because some events like war cannot be adequately described in words--but it is disturbing to know that some people, the majority of the population in fact, subsist on this diet and have no other window into the outside world.

We sense that no one is more acutely aware of the limitations of their medium than the people who work in it. The majority of the local population sees the TV station as a sort of sacred temple, the subject of pickets and bomb threats, where the well-coifed priests and priestesses at six and eleven convey to the impressionable masses what is and is not worthy of attention. Inside the studio, though, it is job like any other. The primary concern of the staff is just feeding the monster day after day, where they know darn well what it can and cannot digest.

The priesthood in the newsroom sees itself as nothing sacred. Their world, for the most part, is the studio itself, a relaxed but well-structured society of camaraderie and conflict not unlike any other office. It is easy to forget here that every word spoken on the air could be conveyed to fifty or a hundred thousand minds and might easily provoke a few to kill. The staff produces the work, cranks out the product, then goes home and gets ready to do it all again tomorrow. They don't control the news as much as the news controls them. Typically, at least half of the newscast comes to the station via satellite feeds directly from the New World Order. The station is not told explicitly that they must cover, say, the [O.J. trial](#), but news directors know perfectly well that if they do not they will be punished through the ratings services. The system is fiendishly clever that way, since the local journalists don't even know they are being manipulated. All of the directives from above are unspoken and thus cannot be traced back to the ruling elite.

The well-coifed priests and priestesses, or "talent" as they are known in the trade, appear profound and business-like only on-camera. Off the set, they dwell among fast food wrappers in tiny cubicles like everyone else in the newsroom/fishbowl. The newsroom itself is a lot smaller than it appears in those "reporting live from the newsroom" segments, with a population density equivalent to [Hong Kong](#). We're talking TINY cubicles about 8 by 8 feet for two people with partitions that are no more than chest high. On the inside of each are posted snapshots of loved ones and cartoons clipped from the newspaper about dealing with one or another of life's frustrations. This not a place of privacy or reflection; this is the land of the slam-rush deadline where everyone needs to be accessible to everyone else and the clock is the master of all.

At one end of the newsroom is the assignment desk, where the local news is generated. Someone in the government conveys to the assignment chief what the news of the day will be, and he or she dispatches reporters to the scene. The reporters then take their instructions from local NWO representatives, usually the police. On camera, the reporter stands in front of the place where the crime supposedly happened and quotes the official line. Although the aim of this manipulation is not always clear, it evidently serves the secret government plan of creating just the right mixture of emotions in the susceptible public so they can be easily lead down the rosy path to total government control.

For greater fine-tuning of the public mind, the station also conducts "investigations," which require longer consultations with the government, as well as occasional groveling in dumpsters and wearing of hidden cameras into places you really shouldn't go. In Cubicle #1, we met the head of the "I Team," T. Warden, who we had escorted to Freedom Ridge almost two years ago. (His was the first TV crew there, in fact.) He seemed sincere enough, and he probably believes in what he is doing, but we couldn't help but notice that he had wires coming out of the back of his head. Everyone at the station who appears live on camera has these wires, which are plugged in to the control system just before the broadcast. (Look very carefully at any evening news and you'll see them if the talent turns his head.) The wires are used to deliver electric shocks to the journalist if he tries to deviate from the script on the teleprompter.

It is always a startling experience to have known somebody for years only by their polished, two-dimensional image and then meet them in real life in full 3-D. They seem so human then, not at all like gods and even a little vulnerable in their messy cubicles with pictures of loved ones pinned to the walls. In a corner hutch, we met [G. Knapp](#), also of the I Team, who was talking on the telephone to a viewer. More precisely, the caller was talking to Knapp, on and on without respite, so that Knapp could dangle the handset by its cord and conduct a full conversation with us while waiting for the man to finish. We were impressed that Knapp took the call at all, since he must get a lot of them, UFO crackpots mostly. It is a little known fact that you can call up almost any local priest or priestess directly and they will usually answer the phone themselves. They will patiently listen to what you have to say and hang up on you only after you have breached the bounds of normal courtesy.

As part of our impromptu tour, the unsuspecting J. Johansson took us into the studio itself while the live evening newscast was going on. It was then when we saw our opportunity. Security here was virtually nonexistent. In fact, the studio contained just the two news anchors, P. Francis and M. Bradshaw, two or three camera operators and the teleprompter operator--who is probably the most powerful person in the room. Considering the vast audience, things seemed suspiciously casual, with the off-camera staff dressed like tourists and the talent radiating authority only when the red light on the camera came on.

The weather lady, S. Swensk, walked in the door without a second to spare and did a dance for a couple of minutes in front of a fluorescent green wall. She pointed with concern to various parts of the wall that looked as green to us as all the rest. We were only about fifteen feet away from her then, and it occurred to us that it was now or never: We had to jump in front of the camera and expose the conspiracy to all of Las Vegas: "It's a plot!" The heroic G. Stollman had tried the same at [KNBC](#) in Los Angeles in 1987, holding a toy gun to the head of an anchor and forcing him to read a statement about the involuntary cloning of Stollman's family [[DR#18](#)]. Unfortunately, we did not have Stollman's courage. We remembered the NWO had acted fast in Stollman's case, cutting the broadcast off the air before the statement had been read. We figured the same would happen to us. Our message would never reach the people; the Rockefellers and UN functionaries would get the last laugh, and *we* would be the one hauled off for "psychiatric evaluation." Thus, we walked out of the studio in private disgrace, never seizing a moment that might not happen again.

We did not want to make a pain of ourselves anyway. Everyone at the station had been nice to us, and J. Johansson had trusted us in the inner sanctum without even a background check. These were basically decent people, just responding to the electric shocks like the rest of us. You could say we are all in this together, victims of the same world-wide economic conspiracy to make us go to work in the morning and follow orders we would rather not if we could live in luxury instead. None of us regular folk have any control over history. *Somebody* above us must have a plan--maybe the aliens, the satellite government, God Almighty or even O.J. The rest of us remain in the dark, forced to generate the product day after day without a clue about what it all really means.

Which brings us back to the mystery of what KLAS is really up to in its latest legal action, asking the court to open the record in the hazardous waste case. This appears to be an altruistic act seeking only to promote press freedom and government accountability. Altruism? That's implausible, if not impossible. The author A. Rand in her book *The Virtue of Selfishness* (the favorite of paranoiacs everywhere) proved beyond a shadow of a doubt that people can think of no one except themselves. Greed, greed, greed is all that motivates humanity. That and electric shocks administered to the back of the head. Although we have considered the possibility of human kindness and unrewarded adherence to principle, we would have to agree with Rand and her spiritual colleague [P. Klass](#) that such baseless theories would only open a Pandora's box of irrational thought. People may be nice, but you just can't trust 'em.

Howard and KLAS

KLAS was once owned by Howard Hughes who used it as his personal VCR when he was living in the penthouse of the Desert Inn next door. On the grounds of the station is the bungalow he once owned and occasionally visited in his early years to privately audition aspiring starlets. (Such are the privileges of a billionaire movie mogul.) That was before he let his fingernails grow, fled from the germs of public life and found his own private Dolan Springs in the stripped-down hotel penthouse. Only then did he buy the TV station so it would play the late-night westerns he wanted to see. (The station later built its new studio on the grounds of the bungalow.) As the story goes--coming from former KLAS executive M. Smith via Johansson--Hughes had the bungalow sealed when he moved into the Desert Inn, and it remained so for 17 years. When he died, the house was opened in the desperate search for his nonexistent will. Almost everything inside was found untouched; even the old refrigerator was supposedly still running. Also found, though, was a more recent newspaper from the morning after an atomic test at the Nevada Test Site. This reinforces a theory that Hughes once secretly took refuge there for fear that the penthouse was too exposed to the blast.

Hughes was well connected to the defense establishment, and it is hard to imagine him not being a part of any global conspiracy. He must have known the truth about the aliens and New World Order, and that could be what drove him mad.

Intel Bitties

Randle Visit. Roswell UFO researcher K. Randle appeared LIVE in our Las Vegas annex on Sept. 30, broadcasting his weekly radio show [[DR#30](#)]. He arrived at our facility in the company of two colleagues: reputed UFO skeptic R. Estes (who is skeptical mainly of UFO researchers) and clinical psychologist W. Cone. Taken as a team, these three stuck us as the dourest, most relentlessly cynical characters since P. Klass. No researcher or witness can possibly be trusted without a thorough background check and spotless resume, they seemed to tell us, and the truth about UFOs will probably never be known anyway. Oh, well. The radio show broadcasts internationally, that is, directly from [El Paso, Texas](#), to millions of Mexicans and a few Anglos. Unlike some *other* UFO talk show hosts, Randle goes out into the field, conducts first-hand research and reports his findings by telephone from wherever he happens to be. In Las Vegas, the three did most of their research in casinos on the Strip and downtown. They even visited a facility not acknowledged by the government. It is called Glitter Gulch, a tavern that charges about \$12 for two beers. Here they encountered a lot of alien activity, most if it dancing naked on the bar.

Hawthorne Sighting. On the air, Randle expressed skepticism that there was ever anything alien on the Nevada Test Site or Nellis Range. However, he does say that Roswell witnesses claim that some wreckage from the crash was taken to another base in central Nevada that was *not* Area 51, Nellis or the Test Site. The only military bases we know that might fit this description are Fallon Naval Air Station, the Hawthorne Army Ammunition Depot and possibly the Wendover Range. We regard Hawthorne as a *very* interesting place that we haven't had much time to investigate. Hawthorne does not appear on our comprehensive DOD facility list, and our repeated requests for official information on the base have gone unanswered. This reservation offers one of the most startling landscapes in military America: a desert valley covered by hundreds of earthen bunkers as far as the eye can see. This would be a fine place to store saucer debris or pickled aliens, while a mountain on the reservation is apparently riddled with storage tunnels and would probably satisfy conspiracy buffs in need of underground bases. As a matter of fact, one of our readers, D. Allen, reports a clear saucer sighting at Hawthorne. The craft was hovering, just hovering--as craft like to do--near that same mysterious mountain. [[Full report](#)] Hawthorne is virgin ground for UFO buffs. If any of our readers want to check it out, take some snaps and compile data on the area, we will gladly provide web space for dissemination.

Nevada Insurgents in Time Magazine. The Oct. 23 issue of *Time Magazine* offers a [cover story](#) on the new "Sagebrush Rebellion" in the West. The article focuses on movement leaders in Nye County, but similar sentiments are shared by many residents of adjoining Lincoln County. The rebels say the federal government has no right to control public lands, which happen to comprise most of Nevada and many other western states. They say all such lands legally belong to the states and should be managed locally. The theory of local control is that ranchers and



miners who are the primary users of public land will take better care of it than the distant Feds. This is rubbish in our opinion. Turning the land over to say, the voters of Lincoln County, will only assure the ultimate destruction and privatization of it as the mining, ranching and forestry industries run themselves into extinction. Nothing matters more to local politics than preserving jobs, and local voters will always sacrifice their long-term future in favor of keeping their friends and relatives in business. You may ask, How do you waste a wasteland? The desert, in fact, is very delicate. It may take centuries to recover from overgrazing and eons to heal the mining scars left by boom-and-bust operations. It is a unique resource to have so much land open to everyone. Texas is an example of local control, where most of the land is private and thus is fenced off and guarded by shotguns. In comparison, Nevada's wasteland is still pristine, interrupted only by brothels and casinos, which are very clean industries.

In the 21st Century, we predict that beef will be replaced by high tech tofu burgers; efficient wood substitutes will be made by microbes, and all mines will be mega operations located wherever in the world the minerals are the richest. (We also predict that Michael Jackson will marry Hillary Clinton and New York City will be destroyed by giant locusts, but that's not important now.) As the inevitable approaches, rural residents will strike any deal with the devil to preserve their way of life for just one more year, including stripping the land of anything marginally valuable. Giving the rebels everything they want would turn the West into the American equivalent of the rain forests in Brazil--slash and burn. We know the character on the cover of *Time*, rancher R. Carver, and have heard his emotional appeal to a roomful of grizzled cowboys who seemed angry enough to take up arms. We regard the movement as a well-meaning con, playing to the pain of people in dying industries and based on flawed legal theories. Although the bureaucracy may need reform, we still support the Feds on this one. Long live the Bureau of Land Management!

Webmaster Introduced. The Area 51 Research Center welcomes its new "webmaster"--an on-line archivist and programmer hired to restore order to the chaos of our burgeoning World Wide Web site. He is [D. Kanipe](#) ("can-NIPE"), based in Durham, North Carolina. Kanipe comes to the position with an impressive portfolio of existing UFO web pages, including a [Lazar page](#). We trust also that, like Psychospy, he has no life away from the computer and that he will not be distracted from his duties by the need for sleep or any pretense of a healthy social life. All corrections, comments or submissions regarding our web pages should now be sent directly to Kanipe at webmaster@ufomind.com. (The old address, PsychoWWW, is being phased out.)

Our Readers Respond

Sentimental Sweetness from P. Klass

Philip J. Klass

404 "N" St. Southwest

Washington D.C. 10024

TOP COSMIC SHHHHHH

Oct. 6, 1995

Dear SGE Director:

I regret that I must caution you that Desert Rat #30 comes dangerously close to revealing not only the SGE strategy, but that you are the current SGE Director, following my retirement from that position.

Don't *ever* forget that I recommended you for the top SGE job rather than Jarod because he is too "fantasy prone," and also suffers from "loose lips."

Also I must remind you that the penalty for violating SGE security is to have your penis and testicles removed by pulling, followed by removal of fingernails, toe-nails and eye-lashes by the same means.

P

[Burn BEFORE and AFTER reading]

BOTTOM COSMIC SHHHHHH

We can always count on arch-skeptic Klass to hold the high moral ground and encourage a thoughtful intellectual debate. We also love his visual imagery, which succeeds in turning subtle differences of opinion into glaring concrete entities that demand recognition. Clearly Klass is an artist on a par with [Warhol](#) and the soup cans. We especially like the part about the testicles. It is so... raw.

What is MUD?

I underestimated you. I thought you were seeking some line of truth, but I now believe you to be a fraud. I feel sorry for the people that don't question what you distribute; if they had, perhaps they too would see your MUD. It is often times those most involved that spread the most disinformation. Please do not misconstrue this as hate mail, and rest assured I will no longer bother you, but I will be damned before I let you get the best of me or the general public.

--HouseOfAnu@aol.com [[full message](#)]

A Classic Abduction

I am just back after the Ancient Astronaut conference in Switzerland, at which I met John E. Mack, Prof. of Psychiatry at Harvard Medical School, who has been conducting a professional study of persons who claim to have been abducted by UFOs. At the conference he showed a video of an interview with a Zulu witch doctor who had been abducted in the usual way and made to have sex with a boneless woman. He showed up several days later covered in grey dust and stinking of fish. This man cannot possibly have been familiar with the UFO literature, and yet the experiences he described were of a copybook abduction. Genuine phenomenon or mass hallucination?

--G.S.

Indeed, this is a terrifying cross-cultural phenomenon. So many abductees have had sex with boneless women and come back smelling like fish that it just isn't funny anymore.

Supplements after publication

1. W. McDonald [reponds](#) to the "overbearing illustrator" label given to him [above](#).

[[Next Issue](#) | [Previous Issue](#) | [Rat Home](#) | [Area 51](#) | [Guide to Knowledge](#)]

Note: As a policy, the Desert Rat usually asks for permission before reprinting correspondence from our readers--except in cases where the normal bounds of courtesy have been breached (e.g. "flames"). The first two letters in the "Our Reader's Respond" section above were printed without permission.

The text above should be complete, but we may continue to add new links, pictures and responses to this document. All links here should now work; if not, please report them to: webmaster@ufomind.com

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Area 51/Nellis Range/TTR/NTS/S-4?/Weird Stuff/Desert Lore

The Groom Lake Desert Rat -- An on-line newsletter.
Written, published, [copyrighted](#) and totally disavowed by [Psychospy](#).
Direct from **Las Vegas**, the Center of Human Civilization.

Issue #32. December 9, 1995

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The 400 Lazars of Budapest

It was Psychospy's turn to play the alien as we descended upon the planet [Hungary](#) on Nov. 4. Our spaceship from [Venus](#) (make that [Vienna](#)) dropped us off at the Keleti Railway Station in downtown [Budapest](#). Through the dim mists of the platform, we noticed some familiar figures. First we saw the Marlboro Man of Montana, lighting up a cigarette in that strong, silent way of his. Then we spotted



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Colonel Sanders of Kentucky, who promised, "Rántoit Csirke Amerikai Recept Szerint." Okay, no problem. It must say something like, "Made from American Secret Recept." As we headed toward the concourse, we thought we might get the hang of [Hungarian](#). The Hungarians are just like us: They eat at [Pizza Hut](#) and worship the god [Schwarzenegger](#). We were feeling almost overconfident in this familiar-looking world until we ran head-on into the ferfi-or-női problem.

Which one are you? In the station concourse, there were two doors. One said "Ferfi" the other "Női". Between them were the letters "WC," which is universal Europeak for "water closet" or restroom. It is a classic problem: Door Number One or Door Number Two? If you are a ferfi, probably one of the most embarrassing things in a foreign country is to find yourself in the női room, or vice versa. Our solution--and this is really brilliant--was to stand equidistant between the two alternatives and wait for a local specimen to come in or out. Soon we learned that női are the ones with bumps on the chest, while ferfi have hair on the face. After a brief self-examination, we knew exactly where to go.

That business behind us, we headed for a public telephone but found ourselves incapable of using it. Even if we could figure out how it worked, who would we call and what would we say? We arrived in Budapest frankly clueless. We knew no Hungarians, and our confirmed vocabulary so far included only *ferfi*, *női* and *Amerikai*. The more we were exposed to Hungarian the more we realized what a truly secure coding system it would make for those Hungarian-American UFO engineers [DR#28]. Our French and embryonic German did not help us much, since most of the words had different roots. Our arrival was like a dream in which we open a familiar-looking book and try to read, but no matter how we squint the page makes no sense. In practical terms, we had become autistic. Our language circuits had burned out, and we would have to rely on other means of data collection.

The physical form of this culture we knew quite well. It was Late 20th Century Techno Schlock, appointed with Coke machines, billboards hawking Calvin Klein underwear (that is, hardly anything at all), the aforementioned Colonel and cowboy, and the anonymous telephone which stood before us. Beside the phone was a Budapest phone directory. We stared at it a moment before crying "Eureka!" and flipping madly through the pages.

We looked up "Lázár" and found several dense pages of them. Here the name is spelled with an accent above each "a" indicating a long vowel. It is pronounced, like most Hungarian words, with the stress on the first syllable: LAH-zar. Family names always precede given names in Hungarian, so our own ["UFO mechanic" in Las Vegas](#) would be LAH-zar RO-bert. Indeed, we did find a [Lázár Róbert](#) in the Budapest directory, but our favorite names--and also those of Hungarian mothers evidently--were [Lázár Attila](#), eight of them, who sounded like they could plunder the world, and [Lázár Zoltán](#), also a popular name with six examples. The latter is our candidate for the evil alien in a bad sci-fi movie or Saturday morning cartoon. ("You'll never get away with this, Zoltan Lazar." Lazar: "Just try to stop me, Power Ranger!") True to our disruptive alien nature we could not merely observe but had to abduct. We ripped the Lazar pages from the phone book and later smuggled them out of the country. (So report us to the Magyar Posta!)

To be semi-scientific we looked up some other random names. Compared to the 422 Lázárs (including businesses), the Budapest phone book contained zero Campbells, zero Mahoods and four Huffs (including Huff László). [Teller](#), the name of a known Hungarian-American, produced only 23 hits, but another known Hungarian descendent, Bakos, had about as many entries as Lázár.

Is Lazar Hungarian or what?

Later, when wandering around the city, Lázár again appeared through the fog. We had just passed the city's [Las Vegas Casino](#)--offering gambling but no buffet--and were wandering down a side street near St. Stephen's Basilica when we happened to look up and see that it was *his* street, Lázár Utca. [Location: N47°30.169', E19°03.222'. Photos: [Street sign on building](#) | [Looking southwest down Lazar Street](#) | [Multimedia Center](#)]

At that point, we began to lose our sense of time and place. Our consciousness became discontinuous as we phase-shifted both backward and forward in time. We experienced the world as episodic images: One moment we were in Europe, Minnesota the next, then we flashed back to New Mexico and our unfinished business there. Orange County, California faded to Kingman, Arizona then [Veszprém](#), Hungary. [Prague](#)... [Bratislava](#)... [Vienna](#)... [Munich](#)... We have covered so much ground in the past 45 days that it is hard to say what is real now. The only thread that knits it all

together is a certain ubiquitous clown.

Not Lazar, but another clown. This one does not exist in any corporeal sense yet has provided great comfort to us in our times of need. We may treat him with disdain at home, but when we travel in unfamiliar lands, he is the rock to which we cling when nothing else can be relied upon. You see, our travels are not simply a search for UFOs; they are also a culinary tour. Wherever we go we like to sample the local cuisine, and we can do this without any fear of gastrointestinal distress because we know the clown will protect us. When he says "beef" we know he means "100% pure beef" of the same quality we expect back home.

That clown is [R. McDonald](#), and the language he speaks is universal. We know that we can say "Big Mac" in any tongue and get exactly what we expect: [two all beef patties special sauce lettuce cheese pickles onions on a sesame seed bun](#). Amen! Hallelujah! In Europe, we sampled the Mac-cuisine in three countries: Hungary, [Austria](#) and the Czech Republic. The Big Macs in Hungary are the best, mainly because they are cheap (at least in dollars) and the McDonalds are *everywhere*. In all our travels throughout the universe, we have never encountered a greater mac-density than in downtown Budapest. There is one on nearly every block, and what amazes us is that almost all have been built in the five years since Communism fell.



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To evaluate the real cost-of-living in any country, we use the Big Mac Index. Take the price of a Big Mac in local currency and convert it into dollars at the current exchange rate. In the U.S., a Mac normally costs between \$1.99 and \$2.19 (excluding 99¢ promotions). In Austria, the same sandwich runs at least \$3.50, mirroring the atrocious prices throughout Western Europe (atrocious even to Europeans). In Hungary, though, a Mac is only about \$1.70. In fact, you can get a complete "Big Mac Menü"--sandwich, large fries and a Coke--for only 299 Hungarian forints, or about \$2.50. Of course, that could be the equivalent of \$10.00 to the average Hungarian as post-Communist wages retreat, but at least the country is on the right track. Wal-Marts will surely be next!

Of course, no European tour could be considered a success without some snapshots to show to the folks back home, so here are links to some of our best ones....

- [Profile of R. McDonald](#) in Graz, Austria (A very artsy shot)
- [McDonalds counter in Budapest](#) near Keleti Station
- [Freestanding McDonalds in Tatabánya, Hungary](#) [N47°36.236', E18°23.060']
- [Freestanding McDonalds in Czech Republic](#) [Near N49°21.316', E16°01.780']
- [McDonald's in Austria](#) (not our photo)
- And we even took a few non-Mac shots in Hungary...
 - [A typical street scene in rural Hungary](#): "Germany meets Mexico." (Mosonmagyaróvár)
 - [The beautiful blue \(gray\) Danube](#)
 - [The Hungarian Parliament](#)
 - [A street corner in Buda](#)
 - And elsewhere in Central Europe...
 - [UFO over Bratislava, Slovakia](#)
 - [Bratislava at night](#)
 - [High fashion in Vienna](#). The emperor would approve.
 - [Zeus and some chick in Vienna](#) "Don't point that finger at me!"

We could go on and on about our special clown, but that *other* clown is calling us, as we sense another break in the continuum....

Lazar Analysis

Before Lázár Róbert of Las Vegas last withdrew from human contact--as he periodically does--we asked him whether he was Hungarian. "Hardly," was his richly explanatory email reply. Have we detected yet another deception? [Cal-](#)

[Tech and MIT](#) are problem enough, but to obscure ones ethnic heritage is deeply offensive to *all* Hungarian-Americans. People should be proud to stand up and say, "I am a Magyar," then sit down and eat their goulash.

However, Lazar's Hungarian origins are complicated by his claims that he was adopted, as reported in the pre-sentencing report following his pandering charge (another curious event). The report, authored by an officer of the court, states:

A certified copy of the defendant's birth certificate indicates he was born on January 26, 1959 to the union of Albert Lazar and Phyllis Berliner (natural mother); however the defendant reports he was born on January 26, 1959 in Coral Gables, Florida, to unknown parents and was subsequently adopted by Albert Lazar and the former Phyllis Berliner within the first few months of his life. [Source: [Mahood's "Lazar Flaws" Series](#)]

[Later: A reader offers [clarification on birth certificates in cases of adoption](#).]

What does it mean if Lazar is Hungarian or was raised by Hungarians? Probably nothing. It is all a fraud, of course, perpetuated by Lazar and this [Jarod 2](#) we have fallen for. J-2 must have known that Lazar and his alleged patron [Edward Teller](#) were of Hungarian extraction. He must have known, too, about the "Hungarians are aliens" anecdotes from Los Alamos [[DR#29](#)] and recognized that Hungarians are an isolated ethnic group with an externally indecipherable language who have long wondered about their [origins](#). It seems only natural, then, that to advance the story he would have to blurt out something stupid like, "The aliens speak a higher form of Hungarian."

Come to think of it, J-2 might not even exist at all; he could easily be a product of Psychospy's imagination. For that matter, what proof does Psychospy have that he went to Hungary? Sure, we saw his pictures of local McDonalds, but those could easily have been faked. It makes perfect sense, now, that even Psychospy must not exist. Who has actually met this entity? The whole charade could be the product of a warped internet nerd in Des Moines who never even set foot in Nevada, let alone Central Europe.

But let us play along with the illusion. In 1953, the American military makes contact with aliens and, with their assistance, commences a program to reproduce their spacecraft. Naturally, black-world guru Teller is a leader in the technical side of the program, and many of the other top scientists, diverted from nuclear projects, happen to be Hungarian, too. In an environment where secrecy and security are seen as paramount, program leaders remember the success of the [Navajo Code Talkers](#) during the war [[DR#28](#)]. Why not set up a similar program for the alien technical info? Teller and his cronies continue to write and converse in their native tongue, with some modifications to confound translation and adapt to the technical subject matter. Voilà, we have a "higher form of Hungarian." Then, since Hungarian is as good as English to an alien, we could have the Boys learn to speak Hungarian first.

The secret saucer program motors along for a few decades, but the human labor pool eventually grows short as the initial employees head for retirement. Just then comes along this smart-ass white boy with a good Hungarian name. Teller meets him in [Los Alamos](#) and falls in love. Lazar's apparent Hungarianness and maverick style prompt Teller to pull strings on his behalf, so perhaps he is exposed to the alien hardware much earlier than he ought to have been. He only gets Flying Saucers 101, though. As a training exercise, he is introduced to our mothballed alien models, where he "helps" deduce technical principles that were learned by Teller and others decades ago.

This theory would be strengthened if Lazar had had some prior exposure to the Hungarian language, say from a parent or grandparent. This would greatly increase his value to Teller and might justify extraordinary leniency in the clearance process. If Lazar never knew a word of the mother tongue but was still seen as Hungarian, this could reduce the attraction of his ethnic roots but might not remove it entirely. The preference might arise from what is commonly known as racism. You see, the saucer program known to Jarod employs only solid white males with an apparent preference for Central Europeans. Jarod says the all-Caucasian all-male crew is the preference of the aliens themselves, who exert ultimate control over who interacts with them. This may be natural to the aliens, since, as Jarod understands it, the six known subspecies of Gray are completely segregated from each other on their home worlds. The analogy J-2 uses is that all the Italians are on one planet; all the Norwegians are on another, etc., and they do not intermix. To soften the analogy, we prefer to think of it as all Macintosh computers being on one small planet and all the PCs being on a bigger but more primitive one. Or all the ferfi in one restroom and all the nöi in another. The

segregation of alien species might simply be a matter of technical compatibility and not racism per se.

This is something that Jarod has talked about from the start but that we have carefully danced around in previous Rats. Think about what will happen when news of the government's secret saucer program finally becomes known. The satellite government admits to the public: "Yes, we've lied to you for fifty years, have misappropriated funds, ignored Congressional oversight and kept a really big secret with no mandate to do so." It is Psychosp's position that we will take all in stride, then, and adapt to the new situation like Germany did to the fall of the Berlin Wall. We might even learn to forgive.

But then the government says: "Oh, and by the way, this is not an Equal Opportunity Saucer Program." *That's* when all hell breaks loose and the pickets start to form outside "Facility X."

We regard this inevitable clash of cultures as one of the most interesting problems of alien contact. When they come, whoever they may be, you can be sure they are not going to conform to our current dainty ideas of what is P.C. and a fundamental right. For example, the visitors might not appreciate our notions of privacy or private property. Certainly, [Ambassador Merlin of Draconis](#) has taught us that [[DR#26](#)]. They also might not put the same value on a single life or understand the sensitivities of our personal egos. It is a fair assumption that they are not as litigious as we are, so they have probably come up with a stable system of social cooperation that works for them, but it may seem repulsive to us.

The most frightening scenario: Imagine a world where you do not have your own quarters and where you have no personal space to keep your stuff. Imagine, in fact, that in this society *there is no stuff at all*--no Wal-Mart, K-Mart or Home Shopping Network--just the practical hardware of the common good. What if these are pinko Commie aliens who have no respect for our Laws of Acquisition? What if they tell us that all you really need is love? That's going to put the bees in a few bonnets, eh?

Hungary Later

We came up with some more Lazar leads in Germany and had a fascinating time in Hungary trying to infiltrate, without words, the local UFO community. However, these topics will have to be reported in the next Rat (if no other news intervenes) since other business is waiting. We'll just cover one more European city in this issue before beaming back to Vegas.

A Viennese Pilgrimage

Vienna was our communications base in Europe, thanks to M. Haba and his fine internet connection. Haba took an afternoon off from his computer consultancy to accompany us on a special tour. Vienna happens to be the former home of one of our heros, a legendary figure who we regard as one of the greatest and most underappreciated comedians of all time. He is the Viennese physician [S. Freud](#). Although largely forgotten by the entertainment industry, Freud's contribution to modern farce is second only to G. Marx (or maybe third after G. Marx and K. Marx). Freud gave us dozens of hilarious concepts, including the *Oedipus Complex*, *penis envy*, *infantile sexuality*, *libido*, *anal-retentive* personalities, all those wonderful *phallic symbols* and a funny little devil called the *Id*. However, Freud's greatest contribution to world entertainment was that most versatile of comic devices, [The Couch](#). Every time we have seen modern comedians, from [M. Brooks](#) to [R. Newhart](#), lie upon or sit above a similar prop, we remember Herr Doktor. "So, vat is zee problem?" says the goateed comic in the chair as the one in the couch holds forth with his self-inflicted *neuroses*. Freud being responsible for hours of belly laughs and at least part of the "psycho" in Psychosp, we felt obligated to pay personal homage.

Freud's second floor apartment and office at Berggasse 19 are now a [museum](#), filled with his works, awards, personal phallic objects and the [statues of mythical figures](#) he liked to collect. From the moment we entered the place we were possessed by almost uncontrollable [hysteria](#). In front of every display we had to make a wisecrack, much to the glaring disapproval of the stern custodians. We are not sure if we saw The Couch, but we definitely saw *a* couch [[photo](#)], and this was enough to keep us in stitches for the next few days. The highlight of our visit was the Videoraum [[photo](#),

21k]. This was a converted pantry in which several TV monitors had been set up in a very artistic configuration. They played a continuous loop of really bad home movies of Freud and his family sitting around at garden parties sometime before the middle of the century. We resolved, then, that someday there would be a Psychospy Museum, maybe in Upper Rachel, where our own Videoraum would show endless ancient tapes of Psychospy doing mundane things: This is Psychospy climbing *Freedom Ridge*. This is Psychospy annoying the *Cammo Dudes*. This is Psychospy looking through binoculars at *The Base That Doesn't Exist*.... TV crews have already filmed it from every conceivable angle; all we need now is for some dedicated archivist with an eye to history to splice it all together in one marathon stream.

[Museum location: N48°13.194', E16°21.672'. Photo: [Front Door](#).]

Freud's contributions to human knowledge are not solely comedic, however. It was he who gave us the *subconscious* and the idea that people rarely do things for the reasons they think. Freud was the first to recognize and label the human *defense mechanisms*, which are the many diversions people create for themselves to protect their *ego* and avoid unpleasant thoughts. Time after time in the course of our research we have seen the defense mechanisms proven true, and it never fails to impress us how irrational and self-destructive people can be when their precious ego is at risk.

The Freudian defense mechanisms we most treasure include....

- **Rationalization**, our favorite, in which a person (or government agency) makes up a plausible sounding "cover story" to explain their actions when the real motivation is too uncomfortable to acknowledge.
- **Projection**, another fine conceit, in which a person (or political party) accuses someone else of all those ugly feelings and flaws that he cannot accept in himself.
- **Repression**, where the victim (or perpetrator) simply forgets an unpleasant event altogether.
- **Denial**, where one remembers the event but creatively reinterprets it to disable the feelings. (Similar to Rationalization.)
- **Reaction Formation**, boldly doing the exact opposite of what one really feels in an attempt to drive out those shameful thoughts.
- **Suppression**, the art of keeping ones mind so busy with meaningless activities, like crossword puzzles and spectator sports, that unpleasant thoughts have no chance to intrude.
- **Compensation**, where a person works especially hard in the field in which they feel inferior--until, in fact, they have achieved such mastery of it that they are no longer afraid. This is the only defense mechanism that might actually succeed in rescuing a person from the hole he had dug for himself. Unfortunately, Freud later downplayed this concept, it being far too optimistic for the old fart.

To these classic Freudian defenses we add our own contributions--Psychospy originals--primarily concerning unpleasant news and the messengers who might bear it. These devices might overlap with some of Freud's but are easier for us to grasp.

- **Preemptive Censorship**: To kill or otherwise disable the messenger before he can deliver any news that might damage ones ego. Example: Firing the accountant who might reveal your insolvency. Sounds ridiculous, but such behavior can be found almost anywhere humans operate without public reporting of their actions.
- **Reactive Valuation**: To devalue the messenger after he has gotten through, thereby disabling the credibility of the disturbing message. This may also involve killing the messenger, but only to prove his worthlessness. More common is to search for the messenger's hidden flaws and then broadcast them loudly to anyone who will listen. [Others call this ["dead agenting."](#)]
- **Defense of Investment**: To adopt and defend any opinion or feeling which seems to support the value of the emotional investments you have already made. The fervor of the defense usually reflects the cost of the

investment and not the product's actual value. Example: defending whatever it is which you are already wed to because not doing so would acknowledge that you have misspent all those years. Similarly, one would expect members of the Cammo Dude Force (CDF) to believe religiously in their job and the pro-government philosophy it implies because this is what they have invested their own lives in.

The underlying process of most defense mechanisms is to shift responsibility for ones own mistakes and weaknesses from "in here" where it belongs to "out there" where it does not threaten ones emotional comfort. The result, of course, is gradual self-imprisonment, with vibrant, creative young people turning progressively into dour old farts independent of the physical aging process. Some people, though, rely more on defense mechanisms than others, and this is a function of their permanent personality and a factor called [reactivity](#). Some people are more easily wounded, and they react more impulsively and thoughtlessly to perceived threats to their self-esteem. Stay clear of them puppies! Give them too much power, they'll crush you without remorse to avoid examining themselves.

All of this is routine in the human world. What we want to know is, do the aliens suffer from the same kind of evasions? An intelligent creature without neuroses could have much to teach humanity, but we'd probably mow him down in self-defense before he stepped out of the spaceship.



Psychospy entertains the Viennese UFO community at the restaurant Saus und Braus

Psychospy Speaks In Vienna

Freud first spoke in America in 1909 at Clark University in Worcester, Mass., where he received an honorary Doctor of Laws. In a series of lectures in German, Freud kept the faculty rolling on the floor with improvised skits on infantile sexuality, dream interpretation and the benefits of psychoanalysis. It seemed of great significance, then, that Psychospy should returned to Vienna 86 years later to lecture in English on similarly unprovable topics. The setting, as arranged by Haba, was the restaurant *Saus und Braus* at Schwarzhorngasse 8. The name means "revel and riot" or "high life"--reminding us of that party school Clark near the turn of the century. Psychospy discussed Lazar, Jarod and other implausibilities before about a dozen members of the Viennese UFO community. Although no honorary doctorate was awarded, the audience was highly responsive to our rubber chicken routine and loved our classic "why aliens have no belly button" joke.

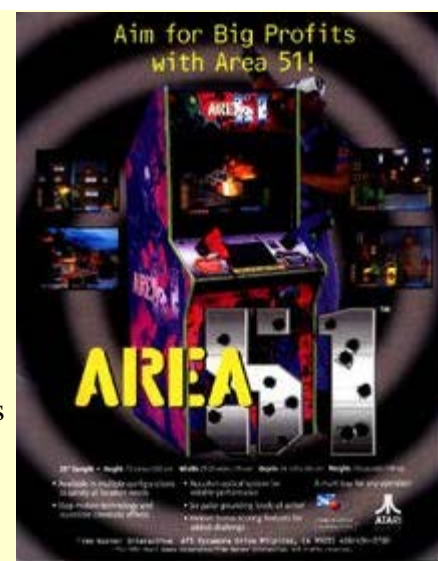
Also on our Vienna tour, Haba escorted us to the colorful [Wiener Kriminalmuseum](#), displaying the fine work of the local police and their opponents. The bluntly lurid displays included the severed heads of executed murderers and numerous shriveled limbs of real dismembered victims, as well as the actual instruments that made them that way. Following our stroll through the dimly lit galleries and the famous guillotine room, an attendant invited us to take coffee and strudel at the museum's cozy cafe. Who says Austrians have no sense of humor?

Pop Culture Watch

Area 51: The Video Game. Several readers have reported that a new *Area 51* arcade video game from Atari has hit the streets. It is described in a review in the November issue of *Replay Magazine*, a trade publication for the coin operated entertainment

industry.

Fast paced, two player dedicated gun game dazzles with a combination of animated, digitized and polygon graphics. Players are part of rescue team assigned to penetrate a mysterious air base where experiments on alien visitors have gone out of control. Many weapons are available, from the standard pistol to shotguns and grenades; there are also special bonuses to be found. You'll need all the help you can get as you encounter heavily-armed mutants and hostile aliens along the way to *Area 51's* ultimate secret.



[[Review of game](#), by *Intelligent Gamer*, including graphics]



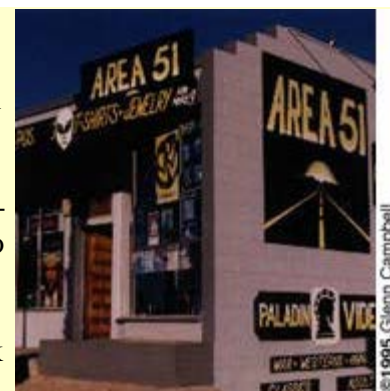
Area 51: The Bar. Without warning, a new Area 51 bar has opened in Vegas. A giant billboard on the I-15 freeway now says, "AREA 51 X-TREME PARTY." This seems unrelated to the "vaporware" Area 51 Nightclub and Dreamland Lounge reported in [DR#26](#), although we suspect this was the source of the idea. As reported by [George Knapp](#) on his [Oct. 26 "Street Talk" segment](#) on KLAS-TV, the owner of the Palladium nightclub bought up Bob Stupak's space debris from the old Vegasworld casino. Vegasworld has recently been demolished to make way for a new mega-resort, but in its heyday it was the tackiest joint in this neon city, proudly catering to the downscale crowd with spacecraft hanging from the ceiling and piles of cash lying around in glass cases. We visited once to test the buffet, which was dismal indeed, but we were impressed with the giant Space Shuttle hanging overhead. It reminded us of eating in the basement of a science museum. From the scenes in Knapp's report, the Area 51 bar looks not much different: a huge cavernous warehouse with black walls, laser lighting and suspended space junk. We have stopped to take pictures outside [[billboard and skyline](#) | [car wash](#) sponsored by a radio station] but have not ventured within. Jarod 2, still an adventurer at 70, says he went inside but was appalled to see two men dancing with each other. "Now we must be tolerant of other people's differences," we later lectured him. "No me," said the white male engineer, who is proudly Republican and believes society is going to hell. The bar is housed in the Palladium nightclub, which Las Vegas residents say has had numerous face-lifts. Area 51 is apparently the current rage of the meat market but is bound to fade. To preserve its dignity, the Palladium still offers an all-male oiled-flesh review on Friday nights--a treat for the ladies or those dancing gentleman.

Area 51 the X-Treme Party can be found on Industrial Road behind the Mirage casino. We welcome further intelligence concerning this facility.

[Later correction: "Area 51" apparently refers to the entire facility, and the Paladium is no more. There are no more oil-body reviews, either; the above picture must have been taken at a moment of transition. (12/14/95)]

Area 51 in California. In [DR#27](#), we reported the existence of Area 51 the clothing and

record store in Miami Beach. That's only the beginning. A few days ago, we were motoring through the California desert from L.A. back to Vegas when we stumbled upon yet another such operation. We happened to pass it in Twentynine Palms, CA, on the road from the town to the Marine base: *Area 51* the T-Shirt, Jewelry and Alternative Music store. [[Image of Flyer](#)] The proprietor was Calder, a woman in her 20s with multi-colored hair. She told us she had just opened the shop in partnership with her father, who apparently owns the video store next door. She said she was not aware of the Area 51 in either Miami or Las Vegas, and she did not know much about that military one south of Rachel (rapidly becoming a forgotten franchise due to poor marketing), but she did think there was another Area 51 clothing or record store in Canada, probably Vancouver. (Any confirmation from our readers?) The location in Twentynine Palms is 5825 Adobe Road, or N34°08.844', W116°03.206'. We have now supplied that establishment with all of our logo merchandise for resale.



Area 51 Coffee Mug. Some fairly weak Area 51 products are now offered for sale in the [800-Trekker catalog](#) of Star Trek/X-Files paraphernalia and other dork merchandise (i.e. Vulcan ears and the Commish's "Beedeep" communicator [[DR#27](#)]). The Area 51 items include a coffee mug, metal sign and "Property of Area 51" T-Shirt. (Soon we expect, "My <relative here> Worked At Area 51 And All I Got Was The Lousy T-Shirt.") Call 1-800-TREKKER for a copy of catalog.

Ask Psychospy

Reader A. McSwain from Orange County asks if [Jarod 2](#) would be willing to take a lie detector test to prove his claims.

You Sir, know a man personally, who, in a fully conscious state, has worked in close proximity with a non-terrestrial being. This single statement represents one of the most important events in the history of modern mankind. If Jarod2's statements can be checked with a clinically accepted method of verification, the question of mankind's relative uniqueness can be moved much closer to being laid to rest. [[Full message](#)]

This is an intelligent question that needs a response. We would not ask J-2 to take a polygraph test because we would not do it ourselves, being that we have a profound distrust for such symbols of authority. Jarod's angle seems to be similar to Lazar's: "Here's my story. You can take it any way you want." He seems to feel no obligation to prove his claims, and he isn't selling anything based upon them, so why would he consent to such a test?

When one talks about this being "one of the most important events in the history of modern mankind," it immediately triggers Psychospy's ennui. So what? Mankind will find the truth only when it is ready to accept the truth. You cannot impose it from the outside, as the writer suggests that Jarod should do. Remember the Prime Directive: When you are talking about the biggest revelation in history, the question arises whether any one person or group has the right to bring it about unilaterally. Unrecognized truths are all around us, unseen only because that is our collective choice. An event this big is not a problem of evidence; it is, instead, a complex transition that a society has to "grow into" and that will not be brought about by any single revelation.

Jarod's story is so outlandish that it is bound to be shot down regardless of the results of the polygraph. For Jarod to consent to a lie detector test would be accepting that he has something to prove, that he is willing to respond to demands for proof and that he is prepared to become a de facto leader in this movement. Lazar did agree to a polygraph (It was inconclusive.) and his example showed that once you open the door to this, the demands for further proof never end. The worst thing for J-2 would be *passing* the lie detector test: Then his life would cease to be his own. The results would invite the skeptics to debunk him and--more destructive--the believers to follow him. He would be harassed by every UFO nut alive. Remember that J-2's identity is not completely secret, but the majority of the loons who know him have more colorful stories to follow and cannot accept the simplicity of his tale.

This is fine. Psychospy, too, has nothing to prove. The story, if there is one, will come out when it wants to come out. All Jarod can reasonably offer is clues, and our role as we see it is simply to pass on those clues to our readers as accurately as possible. Mankind will either pick them up and do something with them, or ignore them and continue on its current path. If J-2's story is true, he is certainly not the only holder of it. You ought to be able to put the same story together from other sources, including, no doubt, many that are already public.

All that really matters to us is that we like the guy, and he tells a good story. As long as he treats us kindly and leads us on such a rich and entertaining journey, we are willing to set aside the issue of true or false. He reminds us of our dear mother who also told us stories that we accepted without proof. The above writer may ask, "Are you willing to judge the biggest story in the history of mankind based only on your personal relationship with a single witness?" To this we must reply, "Alas, yes." If we have been suckered, it would not be the first time, but although we have gotten wiser with each burning and learned to protect our assets, we do not really see any credible alternative. "Trust no one," the sources tell Agent Mulder, but it simply is not possible. You have to trust most people by default, based on intangible evidence, until they give you cause to treat them otherwise. To start from a position of distrust can only lead to isolation and an impoverished life of paranoia.

Ufologist Database Inaugurated

We do not rely entirely on unconditional love, however. While we may choose at times to trust our fellow man without proof and leave the issue of truth unresolved, we also do not want to forget the people who have deceived us in the past and who will continue to cheat others if we do not record their behavior. Thus, the Area 51 Research Center has inaugurated a [WWW database of ufologists](#). In the past, if a UFO claimant was exposed as a fraud, say in a magazine article by a reputable journalist, all he had to do is lay low for a while. The report would soon be forgotten and the charlatan would reemerge to prey on a new generation of suckers (witness [E. Stranges](#), still trucking in Venusians after all these years). Now we are creating a permanent database of UFO researchers, theorists, witnesses, business people and skeptics arranged in alphabetical order. Each ufologist will have a page of his own, and it will include a list of their works and neutral summaries of their claims. The page will also list the ufologist's supporters and opponents, as well as any available reviews and criticism and a summary the person's criminal record. The latter is very important, because when someone is making a claim that cannot be directly confirmed or refuted, their character becomes an essential tool for judgment. Prior convictions--say, for fraud--do not prove the ex-con is lying now, but they may suggest that it is not worth the investment to find out.

We do not want to intrude into people's privacy. We do not care who is sleeping with whom or whose clothes a ufologist dresses up in when not studying UFOs. Ones public lies and proven major crimes, however, should not be forgotten. Filmmaker [R. Estes](#) was our inspiration for this project. He claims that the felony conviction rate for UFO researchers is many times higher than that of the general population. (Why is that not surprising?) Our policy in the ufologist pages will be to list all felony convictions that can be proven. Proof would consist of a court record or a newspaper article, and we ask the help of our readers in locating this information. Of course we are also looking for other, less colorful facts, including a bibliography for each person and summaries of the specific claims they have made.

[Previously](#) we called for volunteers to "adopt" web pages and take responsibility for maintaining them. However, now that we have a full-time webmaster we no longer have that need, and it is probably best that a single person maintains the core of the database. What the Research Center needs instead is spies--volunteers with healthy skepticism who can listen to radio interviews, scan books and articles and attend UFO conventions to collect summary data. You don't need our prior permission to spy for us; just do it and send us your results. What we are looking for is the specific claims and predictions made by each ufologist. For example, if a researcher predicts, as is the annual tradition, that 1996 will be the year the government finally releases its alien info, the specific prediction should be recorded, preferably with a direct quote and where it was given. Then if the year comes and goes without a revelation, that fact should also be preserved in the same place. On Art Bell's radio show alone, there are usually dozens of fantastic claims, predictions and positions declared every week, and these are usually completely forgotten by the next show.

The job of our spy network is to assure that the claims are not forgotten and that each ufologist accumulates a track record over time.

Reports to us can simply be a list of specific claims made by the ufologist, described in a sentence or two per claim and with a direct quote if possible. Then you must be willing to attach your name to the report as the collector of the information. Hypothetical example:

John Smith interviewed on Art Bell's *Dreamland*, Nov. 31, 1995:

1. Predicts a global catastrophe on Jan. 1, 2000. "There is going to be a major cataclysm, and people must be ready. That's when we are going to lose California."
2. On the alien autopsy film: "That alien is real. No question in my mind."
3. Believes that Phil Klass is a government agent. "When I was a warrant officer in the Navy, I saw a list of CIA operatives, and he was on it."

Reported by James Jones, jones@nowhere.nul

Any relevant data or intelligence reports for our ufologist pages should be sent to our webmaster at webmaster@ufomind.com. Each report must be a neutral record of what was actually said or done, with no hint of ridicule or sarcasm (which may require superhuman effort in some cases). We will then link each report to the person's web page as a permanent record of their position. Other volunteer spies can then try to check any worldly claims contained therein--like purported educational credentials--and these reports will also be attached to the record. For reputable ufologists, their page will naturally evolve into a useful list of their work and theories. For the charlatans, each lie will be carefully recorded in detail, and their file will naturally become a damning one. The database itself is intended to be neutral and must follow a rigorous code of ethics, which we will attempt to put in writing. Every ufologist's page--be they a skeptic, charlatan or true believer--will be built from the same [template](#) and without bias. (This is going to be as difficult a challenge for Psychospys as anyone else, given that we like to call a shill a shill right up front. Thus, some of our prior ufologist pages might not yet live up to these standards.) Whenever a non-neutral claim is recorded, we will provide a link to a rebuttal upon request, and we will certainly correct any factual errors as soon as they are brought to our attention. If any ufologist is exposed as a fraud or loon, it should be by his own words and actions in a fair intellectual arena.

Let the games begin!

Intel Bitties

Morton on the Warpath

And speaking of both frauds and amazing defense mechanisms, what has [Sean Morton](#) been up to lately? We hear the man appeared on *Hard Copy* around the week of Nov. 20 to predict a major earthquake in Manhattan. You see, in addition to being the World's Foremost UFO Researcher, Sean is a boffo prognosticator of earthquakes--by psychic means of course--and has been extraordinarily successful in predicting them after they happen. If any reader has more details on Sean's *Hard Copy* appearance, please write them up for inclusion in the Morton page.

In spite of all the people Sean has used and discarded, he still has at least one loyal supporter. That ally is R. Jeffries, author and editor of [Get Laid](#) newsletter. (*Get Laid* is a curious compendium how-to-bed-'em advice that we highly recommend to all of our readers, especially adolescent males between the ages of 10 and 15. Motto: "Get Laid Now, Ask Me How.") Jeffries has forwarded some of our Rats to Sean, who apparently is not on-line, and he has also sent us numerous entertaining communiqués in defense of his friend. In a recent message to G. Campbell, Jeffries kindly

provided the text of Morton's letter-to-the-editor recently published in [Steamshovel Press](#) (#14), along with this introduction:

Dear Mr. Campbell,

Here is a letter that appeared in this month's "STEAMSHOVEL PRESS" from Sean David Morton in response to an interview you did with the magazine. It shows pretty clearly once again, that Mr. Morton is a brave pioneer in the UFO field and an educated class act, while you, sir, are nothing more than an ignorant, babbling boob!

...and this from an authority on boobs!

Sean's letter itself raises serious issues about Campbell's credibility and is [linked here in its entirety](#) (as provided by Jeffries). Indeed, after reading it we must admit defeat: Sean is a class act and brave pioneer who stands alone and leaves us speechless. The only minor criticism we might have concerns punctuation, specifically use of the quotation mark. There is a convention in modern journalism that when one encloses words in quotes, these are a direct verbatim record of what was actually said. Sean gets a little liberal here in enclosing in quotes words that were never said, but the important thing is, he captures the gist of what the speaker was probably thinking. Sean also has his own unique way of reporting facts--recounting events that never happened--but this is excusable artistic license, we believe, because they *could have* happened had history been different. In any case, we cannot argue with Sean's final conclusion, although we do have some trouble parsing it:

So Glenn Campbell can go on calling me a liar and fake or "evil" if it suits his peculiar neurosis to knock down everybody who took the risks and did the work long before this person came along to base his life on and live in the shadow of the deeds of others, whom he mocks and gives no credit or due. He can even go on claiming that he "Shoo-ed me away..." from going out to the test site, but I stopped going when there was nothing left to see... which is just about when Campbell showed up to trumpet, against all the available evidence, that there had never been anything there at all.

For those who are interested, here is the offending [Steamshovel interview with Campbell](#). In it, he indeed describes Morton as "evil, evil," but we hope this does not rule out a reconciliation. Campbell:

With Sean, he could have some good information here and there. The problem is that he's like the boy who cried wolf. He sees UFOs everywhere and he has his finger dabbling into every New Age fad. He's not only, in his words, "the world's foremost UFO researcher," he dabbles in psychic phenomena, he's a prophet, he supposedly accurately predicts earthquakes and detects ghosts. I personally consider him a charlatan. That doesn't mean a charlatan can't have the truth sometimes. But when you spout so much nonsense, it's hard to find that truth.

Bechtel Wins Test Site Contract

A consortium lead by the highly secretive, privately-held, finger-in-every-conspiracy construction company Bechtel has won the competition to replace EG&G as the primary contractor for the Nevada Test Site, effective Jan. 1. [[News article on change](#) | [Article on EG&G departure](#)] This probably means that EG&G's operations at the adjoining Area 51 base will also be transferred to Bechtel or its partners, Lockheed and Johnson Controls. At least that is what various little birds have told us. It would seem reasonable that the two contracts go together because the giant Test Site operation would provide a convenient shield for a secret facility within its shadow. You cannot do business at '51 without a substantial support operation in Las Vegas and Mercury--for personnel, procurement, etc.--and now EG&G won't have one.



One little bird told us with great confidence that Bechtel would get the contract about eight months before the decision was supposedly made. "Yeah, right," we said, "And the aliens speak Hungarian." The competition for the contract was supposed to be a fair, three-way horse race, but our bird believed the victor was preordained. Personally, we are thrilled to welcome Bechtel as our new partner-in-publicity, as no other company could bring so much drama and

mystery to our neighborhood. You want underground bases? Bechtel is a very "boring" company that certainly has experience in this domain. Previous reports [[DR#17](#)] indicate Bechtel has been doing runway work at Groom, and the relationship has probably gone on for years. If the Papoose Range is riddled with tunnels as numerous conspiracies contend, it is a fair bet Bechtel helped put them there.

We welcome any data our readers can feed us regarding Bechtel.

Dudes Up to Old Tricks

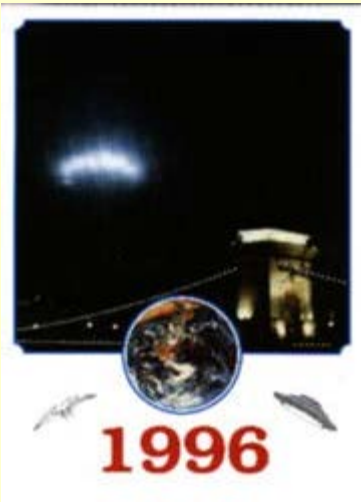
We wonder if Bechtel is going to reign in the Cammo Dudes, who continue to behave like a force unto themselves. (Then again, the Dudes are apparently under Air Force control, with the contractor just providing the bodies.) Their latest shenanigans involves obscuring markers along the border. The military border near Freedom Ridge has always been very poorly and deceptively marked, which almost guarantees that visitors will wander across it. At the primary crossing point on Groom Lake Road, the position of the Restricted Area signs indicates that the border is perpendicular to the road when in fact it is diagonal. For the new withdrawn area around Freedom Ridge, the border is not marked at all at the place where the old trail crosses it, while the steel-ball markers on the old border were left in place, luring the victim onward into Dudeland.

A few months ago, after unsuccessful complaints to the Air Force [[letter](#)] and BLM [[letter](#)], we engaged a volunteer work crew to build stone walls along the border in the ambiguous areas. Even the most naive hiker ought to look at these piles of rocks and say, "Hmmm, this must mean something"--although the border is still inadequately marked elsewhere. We were performing a public service, right? Recently, however, M. Smith and another visitor [reported](#) finding our walls deliberately covered by uprooted brush. Who else could be suspected but the Dudes, who are watching this crossing point 24 hours a day by video cameras and patrols parked on a hill? These must be dim and frustrated gentlemen. It does not take a PR wizard to figure out that when visitors are lured inside the border and arrested in sham proceedings, it creates bad publicity, which in turn draws more visitors and media types. It would be as much to the Air Force's advantage as the public's that no one crosses the border unintentionally, but this is one of those modern intellectual concepts the Flintstones-era management has no grasp of.

So the border wars continue, and we are pushed *that much closer* to publishing the license plate numbers, names and home addresses of every Dude we can identify. How much longer must we rattle our sabers? (A least a while, we hope, because fully indexing and cross referencing the 1500 cars in the Janet parking lot across from our Vegas annex would be a lot of work.)

Hungarian UFO Calendar

The Area 51 Research Center is the only place on this half of the planet where you can purchase the 1996 Hungarian UFO Calendar published by Hungary's *Ufomagazin* [next DR]. Includes 13 full-color photos of UFOs from Hungary and around the world. Disclaimer: We cannot vouch for the authenticity of the UFOs portrayed except that these are *actual* photos printed in the *actual* calendar. The calendar itself is 100% guaranteed to accurately represent any month in 1996 as soon as you figure out the Hungarian days of the week. Psychospys personally smuggled 100 copies out of Hungary, and when they are gone you will find no more without a visit to Budapest. The calendar is about 8 by 12 inches, with two months per page. (Since a photo takes up most of each page, there is no space for writing appointments.) In Hungary, you could pay as much as 300 forints for this same calendar. From us you can get it for only \$6 plus the usual postage (\$4 in North America). An ideal Christmas gift... but order soon to guarantee delivery in time. (We must receive order by Dec. 18 for Dec. 23 delivery.)



St. Paul Report

We recently attended the second annual "[Science and Politics of UFO Research](#)" conference in St. Paul (Oct. 30-31).

[George Knapp](#) spoke, as did [Glenn Campbell](#), [Bruce Maccabee](#), , [Richard Haines](#) and others. Audio tapes for each speaker are [available from the museum](#) for \$8, an enormous savings over airfare, accommodations and entrance to the actual event. (In our opinion, all of the speakers are interesting and worth the \$8.) Video tapes are [available for \\$24.95](#) per speaker from a private company.

Knapp's talk was pretty much the same one he gave in Las Vegas on Feb. 1 [[DR#22](#)] concerning his visit to Russia and UFO evidence found there. Campbell spoke on the human aspects of ufology illustrated with examples from Area 51. Reviewers said he suffered from the "talking head syndrome" and needed more visual aids. This was remedied in Campbell's talk at Orange County MUFON on Nov. 29, to which he brought slides of his house, his cat, his car and fuzzy photos of Bob Lazar. (*All* photos of Lazar come out fuzzy he explained.) Video tapes of that lecture are [available from Orange County MUFON](#). [[Event Report](#)]

Knapp is tentatively expected to speak at a meeting of Las Vegas MUFON on Jan. 22. Knapp says he will not repeat his Russia lecture but will simply take questions for the duration. Starts at 6:30pm (but 7pm is more realistic) at the Spring Valley Library. Free admission and open to all.

Miscelanea

Hikes: The was no public hike in November and probably won't be one in December. We will resume our monthly series sometime in 1996.

Acknowledgment: We wish to thank reader A. Saarinen for his fine "rat" illustration on our masthead--his way of working off his guilt.

Flame of the Month

Cretins Defrauded

Not only are you and your organization frauds from the beginning, you're lying and unprofessional ones as well. Thank you for taking me off of your subscription list. It saved me from degrading myself one more time by sending another email to your "psycho" address.... Any multicelled organism could compile that [Desert Rat] drivel in 10 minutes. Good luck in defrauding the cretins who are willing to set a match to their money for your dreck. It's bad enough for free let alone PAYING for it.

-- E. Kaercher [[full exchange](#)]

Copyright Changes

Alas, dear cretins, it is time to pay up or pack out, as Psychospy turns up the screws in his attempt to extort five bucks from every reader.

The Rat is still available on-line without access charge via WWW, with a \$5 annual guiltware fee expected but not physically enforced. However, as of this issue, availability of the non-Web text-only version will be more restricted. Since the Rat now originates in html, conversion to a properly formatted ascii file involves some work. The ascii version is a pale imitation of the Web Rat, losing pictures, formatting and many links to supporting material, so we are not eager to distribute it. We will still send out a text-only version by email to people who request it and have actually paid their guiltware, but starting with this issue, we will no longer post the text-only version to the newsgroups or FTP site, nor will we send the text-only version to email subscribers who do not pay (like E. Kaercher above). See latest [Copyright statement](#).

Hard Copy Version. Beginning with this issue, the hard-copy version of the Desert Rat is printed in a convenient 8-page booklet, pre-punched for permanent storage in a three-ring binder. The content is a direct print-out of the web page, including graphics. The subscription price by regular mail is \$15 for the next 10 issues to the U.S. or Canada. Other countries: \$25 via airmail. (This price no longer includes on-line guilt, so if you want to read the Rat both on-line and by hard copy, you should send \$20.) To clear the air about our Capitalist goals, here is our [Statement of Profit](#) for the hard-copy rat.

Supplements

1. Here is the [UFO Web Site](#), mostly in German, of one of the *Saus und Braus* attendees.
2. A reader suggested to us that the villian in the movie [Buckaroo Banzai](#) was named "Lazar." Close. We checked it out and found that the heavy, played by John Lithgow, was named Emilio Lizardo (aka [Lord John Whorfin](#)).
3. Unlike Lazar, Teller has no street--at least in Davis, CA. According to [a 1989 news article](#), attempts to name a street after him were unsuccessful. (However, barryb@smtek.com [reports](#) a Teller Road in Newbury Park, CA, apparently named after our man.)
4. Announcement: ["Area 51 to be on Inside Edition Dec. 14"](#) (12/13/95)
5. Flame: "I read issue #32 of the Rat, in fact I have read every issue of the Rat beginning with the first one, and I must say, this new stuff is crap." --Text486@aol.com [[Full message](#)] (12/13/95)
 - [Form Letter Response](#) (12/13/95)
 - Cyronwode@aol.com feels [the Rat discusses food too much](#). "It's 'buffet' this and 'Big Mac' that until ones head spins."
 - [Support](#) from M. Twomey: "You are one of the most consistant and reliable writers on the net."
 - [More support](#) from J. Mays and R. Frager
6. Navajo Code Talkers: [Article from Navy Archives](#) including bibliography and dictionary. [Newsgroup posting](#) on how they further coded their speech.
7. McDonalds: [Alt.McDonalds FAQ](#) | [McDonalds in Austria](#)
8. Bechtel Corp.: [At Hanford](#) | [Bechtel Equipment Operations](#) | [Logo Merchandise](#)
9. [Status of road to Tikaboo Trailhead](#).
10. Lazar Radio Show
 - [Report](#) on Lazar's appearance on his own Las Vegas radio show, 12/15/95.
 - Review of Lazar show by Mahood.
 - [Report](#) on Lazar radio show, 12/22/95.
11. Christmas Carol: [The Twelve Days of Christmas...](#) in Dreamland.

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The Groom Lake Desert Rat

Area 51/Nellis Range/TTR/NTS/S-4?/Weird Stuff/Desert Lore



Gene Huff and John Lear air their differences on the internet newsgroups. See [article](#).

An on-line newsletter.

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Direct from **Las Vegas**, the Center of Human Civilization.

"The Naked Truth from Open Sources"

Issue #33. February 19, 1996

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[Jarod's Organization](#)

A reader says "something fishy here" about Jarod 2's apparent breach of security, prompting this essay by Psychospy on the possible structure of the satellite government. We theorize that respect for the hierarchy is more important than specific regulations and that the aliens exert ultimate control over the organization. (31k, 2/1/96 revised 2/18/96)

[Channelling Jarod](#)

In this section, which may be repeated in future Rats, we respond to reader questions about Jarod 2, the flying saucer simulator designer who only we can see. We will attempt to "channel Jarod" in response to these questions, either asking J-2 directly (by hypnotic trance or ordinary telephone) or recounting what he has already told us. What Jarod says is mixed liberally with our own personal interpretations. (20k, 2/18/96)

[The Bob & Gene & John Show](#)

Lazar and Huff turn up on late-night talk radio with their own show. High hopes lead to farce and a luscious flame war between Huff and Lear. No dignity remains intact. (10k+pix, 2/8/96)

[From the Newsroom](#)

Links to recent published news articles on Area 51, including a major report by the *Wall Street Journal*. (9k+pix, 2/18/96)

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The Groom Lake Desert Rat

Area 51/Nellis Range/TTR/NTS/S-4?/Weird Stuff/Desert Lore



Nixon comforting the Hungarian refugees at Andau in 1956. [[article](#)]

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"The Naked Truth from Open Sources"

Issue #34. March 1996

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[Worker Lawsuit Dismissed](#)

In this surprising development, the Groom Lake hazardous waste lawsuit has been completely dismissed by a federal judge on national security grounds. The above is a link to our lawsuit page where the latest developments can be found, including a [3/7 article in a Las Vegas newspaper](#) on the dismissal. An appeal to federal court in San Francisco is planned by the plaintiffs.

[Campbell Appeal Dismissed](#)

G. Campbell's appeal of local obstruction charges has also been dismissed by a state court, making our problem child a convicted criminal with no chance for reversal. That'll show *him* not to push down those door locks when an officer of the law approaches. Campbell has done his time by writing a 20-page [Rachel history](#), available here. Now that the law has failed, Campbell has no choice but to revert to terrorism as a means of social change.

[E.T. Go Home?](#)

In yet another act of civil disobedience, Campbell has submitted to the State of Nevada a report critical of its new "Extraterrestrial Highway" designation for Highway 375. Campbell says the state is setting up naïve tourists for arrest and film seizure along the tense and poorly marked military border near the highway. Here is the report in full. (3/6/96, 60k)

For the ongoing highway battle and competing plans for the unveiling on April 18, see our [Alien Highway page](#).

[Nellis Range Overflight](#)

Some reports and pictures from our Mar. 10 overflight of the Nellis Range and Rachel.

[Hular Rules the Universe](#)

Our labelling of G. Huff as Moe, the mean Stooge, in DR#33 has resulted in a remarkable email message. Psychospy is overwhelmed by the power of Hular and concedes defeat.

[Nixon, Hero of Hungary](#)

As recorded in this epic painting at the Nixon library, our hero broke from protocol and rode in a haywagon to support the Hungarian freedom fighters. What more proof do you need of a Nixon-UFO-Hungary connection? Meanwhile, Campbell's obsession with the dead president seems to have reached unhealthy proportions as his enemies multiply.

Intel Bitties

- This IBM page on [Quantum Teleportation](#) also provides a recipe for Hungarian gulash. Cosmic coincidence?
- **The Area 51 nightclub goes "black."** Agent X says he stopped at the Area 51 nightclub recently and found workers gutting the insides. He asked what happened to the club and was told that it had closed. There was apparently a lot of business for the first few weeks, but it faded quickly. The warehouse-like building will be turned into a power generating station for Steve Wynn's casinos. The big Area 51 billboards are still visible from the I-15 freeway, however.
- We suspect the Area 51 store in Twenty-Nine Palms, CA, [DR#33] has also become extinct. It is the way of all fads.

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The Groom Lake Desert Rat

Area 51/Nellis Range/TTR/NTS/S-4?/Weird Stuff/Desert Lore



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EG&G Non-Cammo Dude (EGG-NCD), armed with radio and loaded Gatorade, flees site of his attempted Psychospy assault. [[article](#)]

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Direct from **Las Vegas**, the Center of Human Civilization.

"The Naked Truth from Open Sources"

Issue #35. April 17, 1996

Final Version

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[Cammo Dude Roster](#)

At long last, after rattling our sabers all these months, we publish the names of Cammo Dudes who were deputized by the Lincoln County Sheriff's Dept., as obtained from public records. In the course of our investigation, we also turned up the "Pittman Station" mentioned in the security manual and a current business office for Area 51 in Las Vegas.

[Another Business Office Found](#)

An adrenaline rush energizes Psychospy as we check out another Area 51 business office in Las Vegas: EG&G Special Projects at 821 Grier Rd. Although minding our own business (with our camera--snap, snap), we are accosted by a security agent on a public street, who attempts to rudely abduct us into the facility.

[Doubletalk on the E.T. Highway](#)

As the Research Center prepares for war on the "E.T. Highway," a Fox publicity manager responds to requests about their movie *Independence Day* and its involvement with the State of Nevada. We provide full translation and analysis of PR lingo. Meanwhile, in the hyperspace of Washington, D.C., we sense some agitation from the "E.T. Governor"? (Created 3/29/96, Revised 4/7/96)

[Our Readers Respond](#)

Another Hungarian Connection, Lazar & Seagal, Why "Groom"? (Created 3/29/96, Revised 4/25/96)

Final typo corrections: 6/10/96

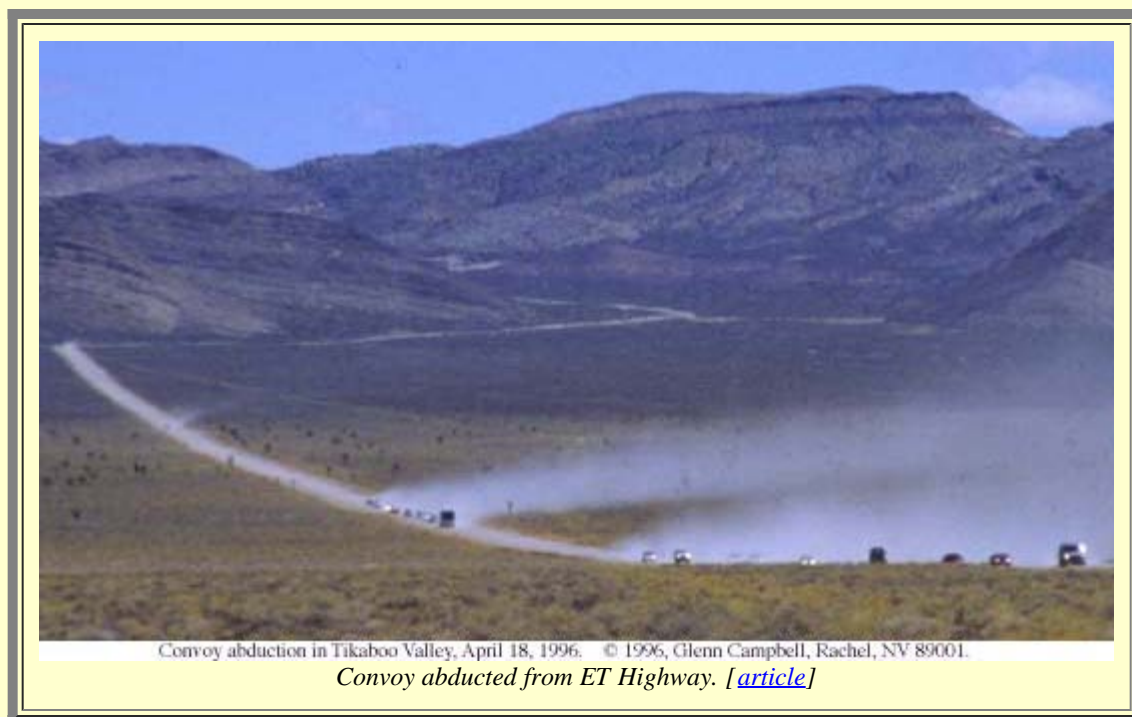
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The Groom Lake Desert Rat

Area 51/Nellis Range/TTR/NTS/S-4?/Weird Stuff/Desert Lore



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Direct from **Las Vegas**, the Center of Human Civilization.

"The Naked Truth from Open Sources"

Issue #36. July 4, 1996

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[Invasion Of The Pod People!](#)

Am I The Only One Left Who Sees The "Independence Day" Conspiracy?

I write this account not knowing if anyone will ever read it. Strange things are happening that I cannot explain, and no one seems to see them but me. I am posting this message to the internet in the hope that someone - anyone - might have made the same observations and know what to do....

[Nellis Range Renewal](#)

The entire Nellis Range, possibly including Area 51, comes up for renewal before Congress at the end of the century. This means you'll be seeing a kinder, gentler Air Force here for the next few years. Already, the environmental evaluation process has begun, and Nellis has been soliciting local input through a series of "neighborhood dialogues." Naturally, Psychospy was on the front lines, collecting free Air Force patches and posters, hobnobbing with the colonels and joining a remarkably complete tour of Nellis Air Force Base. These folks were so pleasant and made us feel so patriotic that we are beginning to wonder, *Whose side are we on?....*

[Area 51 is Edwards DET 3](#)

Starting only with the phrase "Pittman Station" astute web surfers have come up with strong evidence that the base at Groom Lake is operated by Detachment 3 of the Air Force Flight Test Center at Edwards Air Force Base....

[Glenn Campbell of Area 51 Meets Glenn Campbell of Area 51](#)

An historic meeting of the minds took place in March when Glenn Campbell of the Area 51 Research Center met Glenn Campbell of Area 51, the special effects house in Pasadena, Calif. The two have been confused with each other since *Space: Above and Beyond* hit the tube and Campbell's name and company appeared in the credits. Area 51 produces all of the computer generated spaceships, alien landscapes and deep space explosions for the show. Campbell is Special Effects Supervisor, acting as liason between the programmers in Pasadena and the production set....

[From The Newsroom](#)

... Is REECo Still At Test Site?... Tacit Blue Unveiling... NRO Admits Accumulating Money... Las Vegas Buffets... Intel Bitties

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Send corrections to webmaster@ufomind.com

This page: <http://www.aliensonearth.com/area51/desertrat/1996/dr36/> (9/12/12 10:20)

We encourage you to link to this page from your own. No permission required.

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The Groom Lake Desert Rat

Area 51/Nellis Range/TTR/NTS/S-4?/Weird Stuff/Desert Lore

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"The Naked Truth from Open Sources"

Issue #37. August-October, 1996

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[Profile in Courage](#)

We perform lexical analysis on a newspaper essay by Maj. Gen. Marvin Esmond, the highest ranking officer at Nellis Air Force Base. We count the patriotic words and find courage, courage, courage -- as well as dedication, honor and sacrifice.

[Strange Gravity](#)

Mechanical engineer "J-2" is back with further technical details on his flying saucer simulator and a description of the "strange gravity" he experienced while inside the disk. How do you build a flying saucer? It is all in "FOGET", a multi-volume technical specification for saucer design. Who should you contact to find out more? Former President George Bush ought to know, because he has visited J-2's facility.

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NOTICE: The page below has been permanently **FROZEN** as of January 2000. Due to resource limitations, this section of our website is no longer maintained, so some links may not work and some information may be out of date. We have retained this page for archive reference only, and we cannot vouch for its accuracy. Broken links will not be repaired, and minor errors will not be corrected. You are responsible for independently verifying any information you may find here. [More Info](#)

For more recent information about Area 51, see the new [Area 51 Research Center](#) maintained by Don Emory.

*

The Desert Rat

*

Issue #38

SSECORP CITARCOMED A TON SI HTURT

November 7, 1997

Notes from the Research Center - Glenn Campbell, Editor.
UFOs - Parapsychology - Philosophy - Government Secrets
Direct from Las Vegas, the Center of Human Civilization.

See bottom for copyright information.

In this issue...

- > We're Back!
- > Project Preserve Destiny - A Review

We're Back!

The Desert Rat is back in service, and the first order of business is to refute our obituary. We were never really dead; we were merely resting. Since our last issue of over a year ago, we feel that we have evolved into a higher form. We were once a humble worm, but we wrapped ourselves in a silken cocoon, hibernated for a while and now have proudly emerged -- a bigger worm. We have moved from childhood into full blown adolescence, and apart from picking at zits, we are now asking vague and meaningful questions like "Who are we?" "Why are we here?" and "What should we be when we grow up?"

Time has softened us a bit. We are somewhat larger about the belly, owing to all those [Las Vegas buffets](#). We hardly ever slink along the borders of secret bases anymore. That [unnamed facility in the Nevada desert](#) that gave us life is still unnamed, but for us it has become as much a burden as an asset. As a defiant symbol of our coming of age, we have purged that base from our title, although we will probably never be free of its influence. None of us has had the privilege of choosing our parents, and no matter how we try to reinvent ourselves, we cannot escape our heritage. In the past few months, we experimented with being someone else. We tried walking with a limp. We tried wearing a

monocle and speaking with a fake British accent. It didn't work. We decided in the end that we am who we am -- The Desert Rat -- and there is no sense in pretending otherwise.

People can change. They can grow. But you also have to work with what you've got. That's one of the sermons of the "New Rat." Truth, we preach, is relative. We'll probably never find any absolute, permanent truth about anything. Science, technology and current affairs are changing too fast to allow anything to be set in stone. What we can find, though, is a "better truth" -- better, that is, than other available theories when applied to a particular purpose. In the New Rat, we will explore the unknown and conduct ridiculous mind experiments along the fringe of possibility. Ultimately, though, we must bring whatever we find back to earth and somehow integrate it with our mundane personal lives.

The New Rat will not be too concerned with secret bases. We will report on them if something significant happens, but we will not be trapped by them. We will accept no prior restraint on the subjects we can cover but will report on anything interesting that crosses our desk. And a big desk it is! While we were repairing in our cocoon, we were fortunate to be equipped with Internet access, and in the past year we have built what appears to be the largest and most sophisticated [website for UFOs and paranormal phenomena](#). It is an open system that anyone can contribute to, and we will discuss its philosophy in future issues. A lot of weird stuff passes through our portals, most of which we can only shrug our shoulders about and file on the appropriate webpage. Some of it, though, evokes in us more than a passing interest, and these are the cases we'll focus on.

In future issues, we will perpetuate myths and distort current affairs to illustrate the political and philosophical points we wish to make: for example, that in this crazy mixed up world of ours all the problems of the universe don't amount to a hill of beans which compared to those of two small people. We will also explore UFO and paranormal claims that show restraint and retain substantial connections to our life on earth.

There ain't no rules, however. We will report on whatever topic we want, whenever we want, for however long it amuses us. If you don't like it, then get off the bus.

Project Preserve Destiny -- A Book Review

We love a good story, quite apart from its relative truth, and while on hiatus we were eager to hear new accounts from alleged government insiders. Former Army Colonel [Philip Corso](#) made a splash this summer with his Roswell revelations. We read [his book](#), or at least tried, but the effort left us more queasy than entertained. Corso, if he is believed, has to be one of the most important men in the history of our planet, having brokered not one technological breakthrough but dozens. He was the intermediary who brought alien devices from the [Roswell crash](#) into our homes as microwaves ovens and television sets. Lord knows what we would have done without him and his alien suppliers; we'd probably still be rubbing sticks together to make radio. Analyzing Corso's revelations posed a problem for us, however, being as there were few leads to follow up on. We were also disappointed by the lack of human details, the sort of unexpected twists that give a story depth and texture. In the end, Corso proved too large a figure for our feeble mind, so we chucked the book and turned on "The Simpsons." Homer we can relate to. He may never understand the alien agenda, but at least he appreciates a good doughnut.

Fortunately, our dry spell has ended with the low-key release of another book by an ex-government employee. [Above Black: Project Preserve Destiny](#) has just been published by former Air Force technical sergeant [Dan Sherman](#). Like Corso, Sherman offers no proof for his claims, but neither does he portray himself as a central figure in world history. In spite of its revelations, Corso's book offered few surprises -- rooted as it was in the well-known [MJ-12 documents](#) and the conspiracy theories arising from them. Sherman's book, in contrast, seems quite original. It offers a new synthesis of popular themes, including alien abduction, genetic manipulation, government cover-up, alien-government collusion and the growth categories of remote viewing and psychokinesis. Regardless of its veracity, we expect this book to have a significant impact on the direction of the UFO movement, much more so than Corso's.

[Book Cover](#)



Sherman's story is refreshingly simple. While in the [Air Force](#), he was assigned to a routine electronic intelligence

course at [NSA](#) headquarters at Fort Meade, Maryland. There, he was informed that he would also be taking another, not-so-routine course -- an evening training program in communicating with aliens. He was told that he had a special "intuitive" ability that had been genetically engineered by aliens during an abduction of his mother in the early 1960s. (He expresses as much surprise as we do.) The course would "turn on" this ability through a series of exercises in front of a computer terminal. A few months later, Sherman was receiving "comms" from extraterrestrial entities consisting of both coded alphanumeric transmissions and direct "conversations" with two aliens he called "Spock" and "Bones." Sherman learned a few things about the aliens, but he never saw any. He seems to have been little more than a communications officer who was kept mostly in the dark and who never got much support from his employers. He performed his new duties for a couple of years -- namely typing communications into a blank window on his workstation -- but he eventually became disenchanted and quit. End of story.

Sherman has no information on what the aliens are up to, although he believes that abduction data was part of the communications he received. He doesn't know what the government's agenda is, either. He was told that this form of communication, under the name of "Project Preserve Destiny," was being developed because at some point in earth's future all electromagnetic communication would be disrupted, but he was given no details. (To us, this is the most terrifying revelation of all, since without electromagnetics we at the Desert Rat will cease to exist. We will cry "I'm melting! I'm melting!" and will end up a puddle on the pavement.) Sherman reports only what he says he directly experienced, and he generally declines to speculate further. In that sense, his account is not unlike that of [Bob Lazar](#), whose story we still recall fondly. (Is Lazar still alive?) The difference, however, is that Sherman has put his claims down on paper, so there can be no renegotiation of them.

Those who have followed [academic parapsychology research](#) will find the description of Sherman's training sessions familiar. To activate his abilities, Sherman was submitted to a series of exercises at a computer workstation. While facing the terminal, but without touching it, Sherman's task was to "flatten" a series of sine wave graphs displayed on the screen. This is reminiscent of [psychokinetic research](#) in which a subject tries to remotely influence the output of a [random number generator](#). The difference is, Sherman appeared to achieve near 100% success once his abilities "clicked." After mastering the skill of flattening ten lines simultaneously, more meaningful communication began. In a matter of weeks, Sherman learned how to correlate photos and video clips with their "intuitive" equivalents. He was then released from Fort Meade with little information about what would happen next.

A few months later, Sherman was transferred to what he calls, "PPD Base #1," an Air Force base he declines to name but that he provides three photos of (enough, in theory, for us to identify it). There he held a "conventional" Top Secret job while occasionally receiving "Above Black" communications from the aliens. The "comms" happened only while he was at work and consisted mainly of numbers and letters, most of which he no opportunity to decipher. At one point, however, he "hiccuped" and found himself in a higher level of communication. (No, not Hungarian!) There, he found that he could communicate directly with his alien contact, asking questions and occasionally getting answers. The aliens were, as [Grays](#) are often described, strictly business, with a reserved sense of humor and an abrupt manner. If Sherman asked a question they did not want to answer, they would simply terminate the session.



Often they did respond, however. Sherman claims no earthshaking revelations and provides few details to compare with other stories. The alien lifespan is similar to ours. They have a male and female sex. They eliminate waste like us, but "not in the same way." They have been visiting earth for a "long time" and have impacted at least three cultures in the past. (They did not say which ones, and Sherman departs from his just-the-facts demeanor by offering his own speculation. We wish he wouldn't.)

In storytelling terms, this is not the best material. The book is like the first five minutes of an "X-Files" episode: riveting, but without enough conflict to sustain a whole show. We'd like to hear more about our alien brethren -- where they come from, what they're up to, whether they know who killed JFK, etc. Any fiction writer ought to have supplied these details, because that's the payoff of the whole exercise. But Sherman does not come across as a fiction writer. We sense that he does not supply those details because he simply does not have them, and he resists many opportunities to make the story more sensational. His is a straightforward chronological account of what he says happened to him. There is no artifice or embellishment, no outrage or significant speculation. There is nothing here to

make this book a bestseller, which, if you are going to create a hoax, ought to be your top priority.

We should note that Sherman first came to our attention in quite the opposite vein: In January, an email campaign by "Word of Mouth Publishing" promised to sell 20 million copies of Sherman's forthcoming book by a sort of pyramid scheme [[preserved copy of webpage](#)]. If you recommend the book to a friend and they recommend it to another friend, and so on, you were supposed to get rich in "recommendation rewards" at the end. This ill-conceived plan was apparently not Sherman's, but that of the amateur marketers he got involved with. Sherman later pulled the plug on the scheme, and when the book was delayed he sent a refund to everyone who had ordered. Sherman's book, as now released, is anything but sensational. He may make a little money on this self-published work, but not a lot, and it can't compete for market share with the more colorful books like Corso's which claim to have all the answers.

Although this book may be overlooked in the UFO mainstream, it is likely to have a subliminal influence on it, especially in the [abduction field](#). The modern history of the abduction movement started with the notion that there was "missing time" in which aliens took us away for unknown medical experiments, then brought us back with our memories wiped clean. Then, a few years later, we learned from [Budd Hopkins](#) that the experiments were genetic in nature, and that aliens were interested mainly in our sperm, eggs and embryos. Now, Sherman is giving us a reason for that manipulation: The aliens are genetically preparing our offspring for psychic communication later in life. Soon, we predict, we'll be hearing a lot more about this in abduction circles.

The UFO subculture seems ready for this kind of claim right now. This is because psychic "information exchange" has come to be widely known and accepted, especially [remote viewing](#). Even hardware-oriented ufologists (i.e. males) are more open to psychic claims these days because there seems to be some experimental evidence for them. It is now known that the NSA had its own [remote viewing program](#) during the Cold War. What if that research had succeeded to a far greater degree than acknowledged? In that case, a program like the one Sherman describes would not be that absurd.

Previously, the major connection between UFOs and parapsychology were the revelations of remote viewers like [Ed Dames](#) and [Courtney Brown](#), who claimed to have the inside scoop on alien activity. Based on their personal psychic observations, Brown and Dames have made a number of specific predictions regarding the impending alien arrival, including a spaceship on the backside of [comet Hale-Bopp](#). Sadly, they have been stood up every time, and you wonder whether Krusty the Clown could have managed these disclosures more wisely. (Hmmm... Art Bell, Krusty the Clown... Separated at birth?) Sherman's book adds a slightly more plausible dimension by saying that the aliens are far more reliable in the psychic domain than we are. Sherman indicates that his communication sessions were dominated primarily by the aliens and that he himself has shown no psychic ability outside of those controlled conditions.

Sherman's scenario also adds a new level of subtlety to government cover-up claims. According to his military contacts, every alien program is hidden behind a "collateral" black project. This conventional secret project provides a cover story as well as an additional level of security. While it could be difficult to prosecute personnel for discussing aliens, which do not exist, an employee cannot provide too many details about these imaginary creatures without also divulging conventional Top Secret information. Sherman says he is being cautious here. He is not afraid to reveal the alien program, but he won't discuss many details about the conventional black projects he was assigned to. He indicates only that his work involved the analysis of radar emissions.

Sherman was assigned to a series of military supervisors, one at each base where he served. Apart from the first, each was personally introduced by the previous contact, as is the policy in compartmentalized programs. Each was a captain with little apparent knowledge of the "big picture," who seemed in his interaction with Sherman to almost be reciting from a script. With no one he could talk to about his experiences, Sherman says he felt profoundly isolated and unhappy.

Here, we turn skeptical. It seems unthinkable to us that so many resources, alien and human, should be invested in this program without the "talent" being provided with some psychological support. As described, the human management of the project appeared to be inept, being so obsessed with its envelope of security that nothing could survive within it. One PPD officer seemed unaware of what the previous one had already briefed Sherman on, and the actions of Sherman's last supervisor were purely incompetent. Upset by the abduction data he seemed to be receiving, Sherman

voiced an interest in resigning. Instead of offering support, the officer said that no resignation would be allowed, adding the Mafia-like assertion that Sherman could never leave the program. This is not the way to treat a sentient being, and it prompted Sherman seek a discharge at any cost. (Although it is not mentioned in the book, he apparently did it by falsely claiming homosexuality.)

Inept? Our government? It couldn't be. If the program is real, then it is probably still in its infancy, because there is only so much talent you can burn through before you are forced to loosen up. Wherever you have humans in stressful positions you have to provide some personal acknowledgement and emotional support if you expect them to perform. This project seemed to treat its people like laboratory rats, which works only in the laboratory or in the minds of military planners.

In spite of Sherman's reluctance to talk about his Air Force position, it seems clear that this part of his resume is genuine. We have little doubt that he attended the electronic intelligence class at Fort Meade during the period he claims, and we have no reason to question his military credentials. Of course, the alien portion of his resume is a different story. There are a few leads we can follow up on, but for the most part the story rests on his testimony alone. That doesn't mean it will never be resolved, though. This story by itself might not be verifiable, but other reports might later emerge to reinforce or discredit it.

There are a lot of possible reasons why someone might fabricate claims like this. Money and attention are obvious motivators, but Sherman's presentation is so low-key and non-sensational that we think he could have done a lot better. He should have added sinister guards shoving guns in his face. A midnight abduction or a visit from the [Men in Black](#) would have probably helped sales, too. Where is the moral outrage those aliens must be feeling about the way we have screwed up our planet? Sherman could have taken a hint from Corso and peddled some [alien technology](#). (Aliens invented the Gillette Sensor razor blade: We know it is true because those things never wear out.) He also should have told us more about the aliens and their agenda. There would be no risk in doing so because no alien is likely to come forward to protest. Instead, Sherman drops the ball. He gives us only an unadorned, dramatically incomplete account of what "really happened."

[Conspiracy buffs](#) will claim that it is all a government disinformation ploy, to which we reply, "Cool!" A government program to confuse the public about aliens would be almost as interesting as aliens themselves. There could also be more subtle psychological forces at work that we can only guess at. What possible motivation could Sherman have if not truth, money, attention or government coercion? We see no obvious answer right now, but that does not mean one will not emerge later.

In all, we are pleased that Sherman stuck to the facts and created a story worthy of attention. He has delivered unto us a new mystery, and the Rat is grateful to him for our revival.

Above Black: Project Preserve Destiny is available from the Area 51 Research Center for \$18.00 plus \$4.00 shipping (in US). See the [catalog page](#) for on-line ordering, or call 702-729-2648 for credit card orders.

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The new Desert Rat newsletter will be issued at irregular intervals. It is primarily a [World Wide Web publication](#), which is the only place you will find the full set of links and images. (The web version may also be "fine tuned" with minor corrections in the few days following publication.) All or part of each issue may be distributed on existing Internet mailing lists for promotional purposes, but no separate email list will be maintained. At present, we have no plans to issue a printed version of this newsletter.

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General Links

- [Katharina Wilson's response to DR#38 on Sherman](#)+ (116 lines) - Message - By [Katharina Wilson](#) - Published: 11/15/97 - Source: Area 51 (Mailing List) <11/15/97 #1>

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Article in [Groom Lake Desert Rat #35](#)

Another Business Office Found

An adrenaline rush energizes Psychospy as we check out another Area 51 business office in Las Vegas: EG&G Special Projects at 821 Grier Rd. Although minding our own business (with our camera--snap, snap), we are accosted by a security agent on a public street, who attempts to rudely abduct us into the facility.



April 2, 1996

EG&G observer W. Busse gave us this lead: Although government contractor [EG&G](#) is no longer officially involved with the [Nevada Test Site](#), they still have a substantial business office in Las Vegas. In the past it was difficult to separate EG&G operations at Groom Lake from those at the Nevada Test Site. The two seemed intimately linked, since the EG&G operations at Groom could find cover under the Test Site operations and use Mercury as a supply point. We had assumed that this meant that the general contract to operate Area 51 would go to Bechtel along with the Test Site contract on Jan. 1.

However a [2/17 news article on labor organization at Area 51](#) suggested that EG&G was still the major contractor at Area 51, and Busse's discovery seemed to confirm it. Busse had obtained the office address from the EG&G corporate directory and drove by it a few days ago. He saw a smoking gun: One of the "Cammo Dude" white jeep Cherokees with stenciled government plates parked out front (plate 93B3539). He suggested I check the place out, so this afternoon I did.

The address is 821 and 871 Grier Dr. in the Hughes Airport Center, a complex of mostly new office buildings just south of the airport. (Approx. location: N36°04.20, W115°08.63) "Grier" happens to be the name of one of EG&G's founders: Edgerton, Germeshausen and Grier. The buildings are clearly marked "EG&G Special Projects" and looks similar to the other offices in the complex. The largest is a two-story, nicely landscaped office building at 901 Grier with no obvious security presence and no "no trespassing" signs. EG&G apparently occupies the entire building.

I parked my car on the street and walked a few feet inside the parking lot to take a picture of the EG&G sign, then I walked back into the street and took a picture of another sign at the building next door.

While I was standing in the street, a man in plain clothes walked up to me from the first building, introduced himself as security for the building and asked me who I was. I said, "Glenn Campbell, Area 51 Research Center." He then grabbed my arm and said, "Step this way, I have to trespass you."

"But this is a public street," I protested.

"You were trespassing on private property when you were taking pictures," he said, with no hint of courtesy. "I must

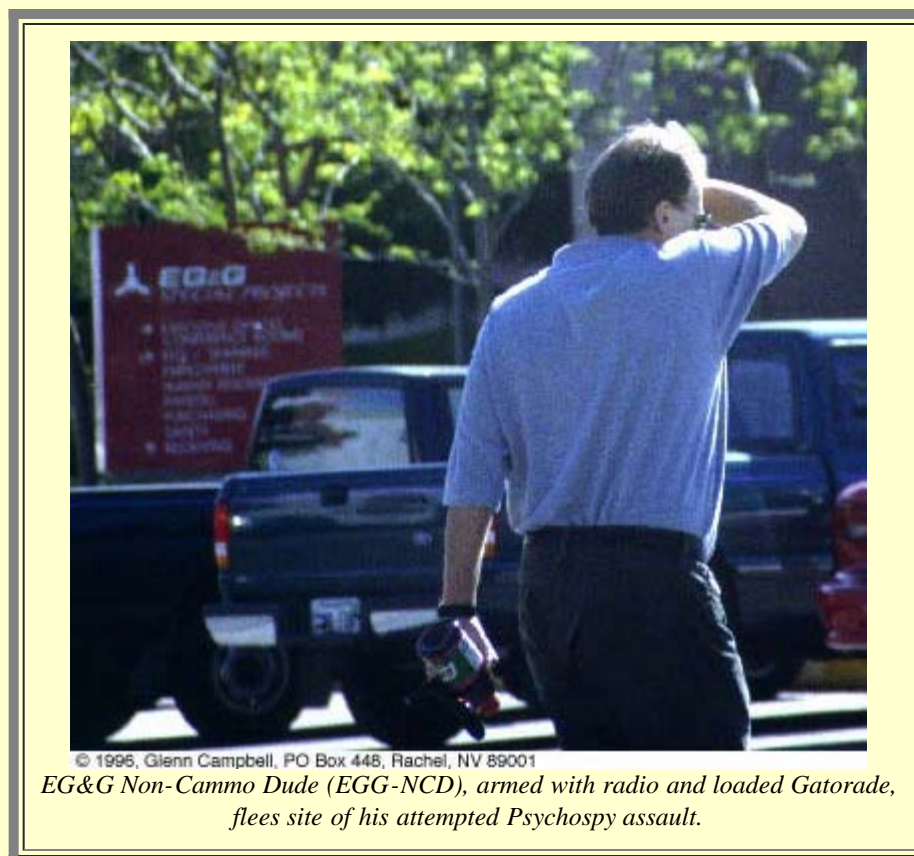


trespass you. Come with me."

"But I'm not on it private property now. Are your ordering me onto private property?"

"You have trespassed on private property. You are being warned," he said.

I felt the adrenaline begin to flow, just like in the old days. I said I wasn't moving from this public street. I demanded his name, but he wouldn't give it, so I shot him.



Snap, snap! Boy, did he take off, shielding his face from the camera. He went back to the building as I knocked off about a dozen shots of the back of his head.

Normally, I would relish the invitation to be "trespassed," whatever that means, but I had a camera and my car with me, and I didn't want either of them violated. (For the record, this is why I gave up my film so easily at the NSA headquarters [[DR#8](#)]. I had my computer and radio equipment in the car and didn't want them to fall into enemy hands for "reverse engineering.")

I was really longing to be "trespassed," though, so I drove around the corner and parked the car out of sight. I removed everything from my wallet except my driver's license. I left my camera in the car, then went back to EG&G to honor the invitation.

I walked back into the parking lot, and up to the front entrance of the building, where the alleged security guard was standing with two others, a man and woman also in plain clothes.

"Did you want to see me?" I said. "Could I have your name please?"

He again refused to give it, and both he and the other two turned their ID badges away from me so I couldn't read them. I then began to get hysterical.... God, it felt good!

"You tried to abduct me from a public street!" I screamed. "You grabbed my arm and tried to force me onto private

property! You have no right to tell me I can't be on a public street! I demand your identification. Why won't you identify yourself? How do I know you even work for this company?"

"I only grabbed your arm because I wanted to trespass you," the man said.

"What the hell does that mean?" I replied.

The man walked into the building and came out with a laminated plastic card, like the one police use when they are reading suspects their rights. He read a warning: "You are hereby notified that you are trespassing on private property. If you do not leave this property, you will be guilty of trespass under Nevada Revised Statutes... etc., etc."

Having been so "trespassed," I then decided it was prudent to leave. I promptly exited the property, uttering something heated like, "You haven't heard the last of me! I'm Glenn Campbell of the Area 51 Research Center!"

Ain't it a gas: This thug had wanted to haul me back onto private property only so he could tell me to leave it. It reminded me of the "kidnapped trespassers" at the Groom border [[DR#21](#)].

Driving around the neighborhood, I found that I had landed in a virtual "nest" of black projects. Lockheed occupied two buildings nearby, on "Kelly Johnson Drive," as a matter of fact. What would Lockheed be doing in Las Vegas--and so close to EG&G--if not to support projects at Area 51? Hughes Aircraft also happened to be nearby, although it was hard to say whether it was connected to the others, since Montgomery Ward Credit Corp. was also in the complex, and I doubt they have any installations at '51.

Confirmation

EG&G could have been at this location for a while. Lazar claims to have been interviewed at an office of EG&G near the airport and this could be it. Before this year, however, it wasn't so clear that this office was connected to secret facilities, since their work here could also have been related to the Test Site. Now that there is no overt reason for EG&G to be in Nevada at all, this office has to be supporting Groom or some other unacknowledged facility.

To confirm this, I called that EG&G officer directly to find out what they do. To find the phone number, I used that gumshoe standby the local phone book. The main number for EG&G Special Projects on Grier Dr. is 702-361-1660. I called and asked to talk to their public relations office. The man who answered didn't seem to know what I meant, so I explained it to him: "You know, someone who can answer questions for me on the record about the company."

I was put on hold and listened to about three or four minutes of pleasant music. Then a woman answered, "Executive Offices."

I said: "Could you answer a few questions for me about your company. I just want to know what EG&G does in Las Vegas."

She said: "We're a government contractor."

"Can you tell me what installations you contract at?"

Pause. "Well, I wouldn't have that information," she said, "but I can put you through to someone who can answer that."

She asked me for my name and its spelling. I also volunteered that I was with the Area 51 Research Center. More pleasant music followed, for about five minutes this time.

Finally, a man answered. I said: "I'd like to know what installations you contract at."

The man said: "We are a government contractor, and we do not discuss any of our business activities."

I thanked the man and asked for his name. To my surprise, he gave it: Vernie (or Bernie) Vanderweele. I asked him

what his position was and he said "Security" but would not be more specific.

In my experience, it is easy to identify covert facilities: Just look for a place that's guarded by aggressive thugs without insignia, where they won't tell you what they do and where all public relations are handled by security. It's their way of waving their arms and saying, "Here we are, a TOP SECRET facility!"

After hanging up, I called a real public relations office at the Dept. of Energy, where I talked to Darwin Morgan. I had only one question for him: Is EG&G still at the Nevada Test Site? His reply was unequivocal: "EG&G is *not* at the Nevada Test Site." In previous inquiries, the DOE has also said unequivocally that Groom Lake is *not* part of the Nevada Test Site, while the Air Force refused to answer.

Others may fault me for it, but I trust the DOE. If their PR office says, without weasel words, that EG&G is not at the Test Site, I believe them. Therefore, anything the company is doing in Nevada is wholly connected to secret facilities outside the Test Site, which includes Area 51 but is not necessarily limited to it.

Transfer Facilities

EG&G's main building was also apparently a warehouse. There were windows only on the second floor and big bay doors in the back. There, an 18-wheeler and a couple of other trucks with government plates were parked. This implies that this is a transfer point for materiel. Perhaps supplies are received here from the outside world and transferred into government trucks for transport to Area 51. I have also seen a similar 18-wheeler parked overnight at the Janet terminal, so I suspect there are at least two of them. The fenced yard behind the EG&G building looks only big enough to hold one semi at a time, so if two of them end up in Vegas on the same night, one would have to be stored elsewhere. The appearance of a semi at the Janet terminal is relatively rare, though, suggesting that there probably aren't more than two and that they usually alternate between Groom and the EG&G office.

Of course, the inflow and outflow of goods would be easy enough to trace. We'll have to record the truck license plates first to find out how many there are, then we can watch how they come and go and where they disappear to. It would also be interesting to watch the schedule of commercial vendors. We could develop, say, the "Coca-Cola index" to determine the relative caffeine intake of base workers. If anyone is interested in collecting data at the EG&G facility for a day, I'd be happy to deputize you. You can hang out on the railroad grade in back to watch goods coming in, and do not hesitate to promote the Research Center at any opportunity.

I wonder if this is the only transfer facility, however. Although the main EG&G building is quite large as an office building, it is small as a warehouse. The Groom base is a city of 700-800 people who all have to be fed and kept in toilet paper, at least during the workday. I would expect a steady stream of commercial vendors at the transfer facility, delivering everything from milk to potato chips to bottled water, computer paper and janitorial supplies--as well as the tools and other material needed to do the actual work going on. If an outgoing semi is loading on Bay #1, all deliveries would have to be received at Bay #2, and I wonder if this would be enough to handle all the incoming trucks. It could be enough, but I am suspicious. If this warehouse handled only non-food items, I would be more comfortable, but then where are the potato chips coming from? (Still Mercury perhaps?)

Anyway, do drop EG&G a note if to ask them any questions or convey your greetings to Area 51: EG&G Special Projects, Inc., 821 Grier Dr., Las Vegas, NV 89119. Tell 'em Psychospy sent you. You can also stop by to be "trespassed" if you want, but I suspect they will put up no trespassing signs real soon. (Signs are legally effective but lack the personal touch.)

The other office, 1900 E. Flamingo, Suite 266, I suspect is a government office instead of a contractor. The deputizing of Cammo Dudes would not be a contractor function, I believe, but it might involve the Air Force or other government agency. In any case, either address should be equally effective for conveying you messages to the base.

Hular Responds

Subj: You not knowing what you're talking about, again
Date: Fri, Apr 12, 1996 4:18 AM PDT
From: gufon@ix.netcom.com
X-From: gufon@ix.netcom.com (Gene Huff)
To: campbell@ufomind.com

Goober,

You should be able to figure out that the EG&G building you were fucking around at was not the one Lazar was interviewed at. That building was torn down for the expansion of McCarran 2000. I think that you can now see that things run much smoother for you and your scam if you and I don't acknowledge each others' existence. Your Hular article was uninspired and once again reflected for everyone what a sadsack son of a bitch you are. You've really got those people on the net snowed. They think that the names of the cammo dudes is a big score. I appraised a cammo dudes house recently and I think you're going to be sorry that you've resorted to burning them. They're just doing their jobs and you've simply run out of things to say.

Related Items

1. [Government Vehicle Inventory and Tracking](#)

[[Next Article](#) | [Desert Rat #35 Index](#)]

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Created: 4/2/96

Revised: 5/12/96

Typo Corrections: 6/10/96

THE GROOM LAKE DESERT RAT

A World Wide Web Newsletter

(Promo as of 1/6/96)

Available at http://www.cris.com/~psyspy/area51/desert_rat

THE GROOM LAKE DESERT RAT is a report on happenings along the border of top secret "Area 51" in central Nevada. There are a lot of fast breaking news stories here, and this seems the best way to report on them. The first issue of this on-line newsletter was published Jan. 18, 1994, and new issues have appeared about every 2-6 weeks since then. (32 issues as of Dec. 1995)

Ranked as one of the "Top 10 Email 'Zines" by Wired Magazine.

The Desert Rat is primarily a World Wide Web publication. The Desert Rat is "Guiltware." WWW access is free, but if you obtain any information or entertainment from the Rat, you are expected to pay a \$5 "users fee," which allows you to read all issues of the Rat for one year without guilt.

The Desert Rat is also offered in text form by email, but only to users who have already paid their \$5 fee. To subscribe to this service, send \$5 to the address at bottom along with your email address. We also offer a subscription service that just tells you when a new issue is available, so you can look it up on the WWW. (Be sure to specify "full" or "abbreviated" in your subscription request.)

Groom Dry Lake is located about 90 miles north of Las Vegas. It is the site of a "Black Budget" aircraft testing base that the government does not acknowledge. Also in this vicinity is Papoose Dry Lake, the place where some claim the government has housed "borrowed" alien spacecraft. The newsletter walks a careful line about what may be out there at Papoose and Groom Lakes, trying to avoid speculation, but we argue that the secrecy here is excessive given the end of the Cold War.

The newsletter is authored and published by Psychospy ("Psycho" to friends). We are formerly of the software trade on the wicked East Coast. We came to this area to investigate the many unusual claims here. For almost three years, we have lived in the shadow of the secret base. Among other things, the newsletter may record some of our personal misadventures here in the Nevada desert.

The newsletter will be issued at irregular intervals and for an indefinite period--for as long as there is news to report. Our readership is in the tens of thousands, and they read us in the Pentagon, darn sure!

DESERT RAT BACK ISSUES

With tens of thousands of readers worldwide, it's too costly and

time consuming for us to send out back issues of the Desert Rat by email. At present, back issues are available only via WWW at the address above and by hard copy.

Back issues of the Desert Rat for 1994 (#1-20) are available in hard copy, spiral bound, for \$20 plus shipping.

A similar volume is also available for 1995, for \$15 plus shipping.

Shipping is \$4 for one or two volumes by priority mail in the U.S. (For international shipping via airmail, contact us at Area51RC@aol.com)

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