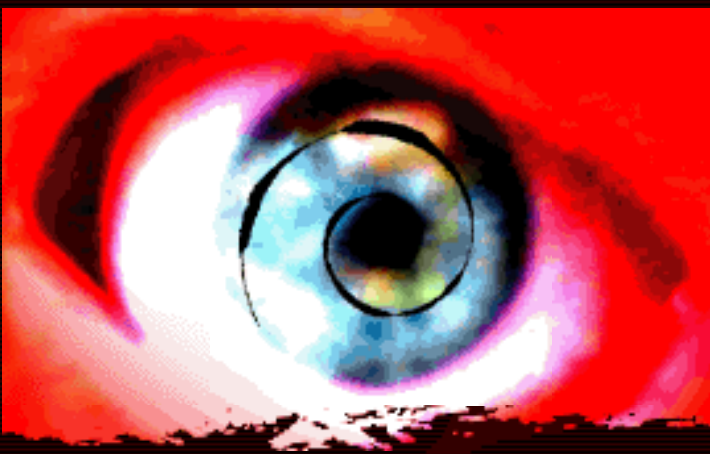




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A Stripper With Something Extra

Fort Lauderdale Florida - The Strip o' Show is like a lot of other stripclubs across America. Large mirrors, flashing lights and a gaudy atmosphere that can best be described as "Las Vegas meets trailer park." What makes this one stand out from the rest is that it is the only club in America that can boost of having a 3 legged stripper.

Cloudy Day (her stage name) can be found most nights as the main attraction at the club where she performs as the "3 legged wonder from Down Under" The name is a misnomer since Day is actually from Lake City Florida and not Australia but as Miss Day puts it. "The 3 legged Wonder from Lake City doesn't quite cut it."

Day was born in 1974 and her condition is the result of having a united twin grow partially inside her. Early in her mother's pregnancy a twin was formed from the same egg but did not become a separate fetus. As the stronger fetus took more nourishment and grew larger it attempted to infuse the undeveloped fetus into itself.

X-rays taken of Day's body show that there are several duplicate organs, extra bones, and there is even a faint outline of a hand visible on her left thigh. The third leg grows out from the side of her body and is much shorter than the other two legs. It can feel sensations and she can also make it move under it's own power.



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- [Welcome to the Sideshow!](#)
- [Three Legs of Man](#)
- [Dance Lessons On The Web](#)

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"I grew use to it when I was a kid." Day told me one morning over a breakfast at her home. "It didn't bother me none. I can do must things like other people. Clothes are a bitch cause I have to get pants special made. Dresses are best since I can just put them on and sorta tie it down with some yarn. It's hard to tell that way unless I sit down and it pokes out at a weird way."

Day does not let having a third leg bother her in the least. She is currently going to nursing school and plans to become an x ray technician. She got the idea of being a performer from her Father.

"Dad said that when he was a kid there use to be carnivals that would come around and have all sort of freaks that you could pay and see. People would be lined up around the tent to see 'em so he knew they were making a god money exposing themselves that way. We were poor and the thought of making money off my leg seemed like a good idea so when I was 18 I came straight down and told Mr. Jesse



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Cloudy Day has a leg up on the competition

that I wanted a job and I'd be the best thing his club had ever seen.

The "Strip O' Show" where Cloudy Day dances.

Mr. Jesse Hardin is the owner of the Strip O' Show and agrees that crowds have been huge since Day started there. "People are curious and if you got something they have never seen then you know they'll be coming. to take a look.

"I ain't nothing special." Day told me. "I'm just your average girl trying to make herself the best I can. But if people want to think I'm special and they want to pay me to see how special they think I am then there's nothing I can do about that. Hell, I'll even put on an Australian accent if that's what they want."

Day plans to continue both her dancing and education. She has made tentative plans during the summer to tour with her act nationally.

sources

-interview with Cloudy Day April 18th - 19th 1999

-interview with Jesse Hardin April 18th 1999

photo by Derek Barnes

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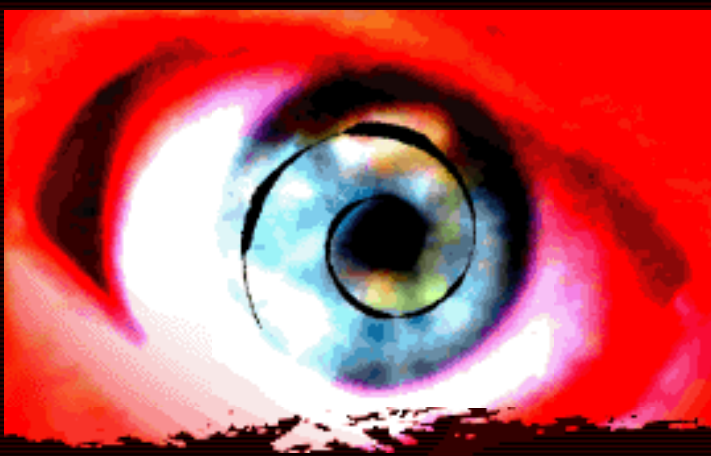
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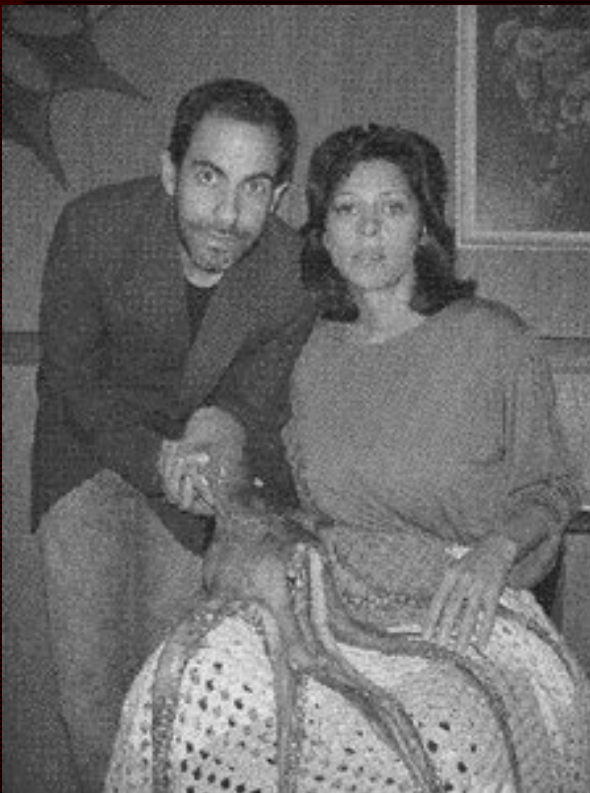
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MUTANTS & MISFITS

But Where Do They Buy Diapers?

Budapest Hungary - The following article was translated from the original which appeared with the picture in the Express Hirdetes newspaper on March 18th, 1999. Words in parenthesis are mine.



Did this woman give birth to an octopus? If so, then why is her husband so happy about it?

Hungary) Doctors are unsure how this could have occurred

Viktor and Marie Andonz is seen posing with the octopus that Marie was pregnant with and delivered. Last summer the couple were vacationing on the Black Sea. Marie says she felt something brush up against her legs while bathing in the waters. She was announced pregnant in August and gave birth to the octopus in February. The octopus was pronounced dead upon birth but the couple have kept it in an aquarium in their Gyor apartment (Gyor is another city in



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- [About Octopi](#)

IN THE FREAK-O-PEDIA:

but Viktor believes that a male octopus was what Marie felt on her legs and it was at that time that the animal impregnated her.

-end article-

Mark Davies is a friend and the Freakylinks correspondent in Budapest that related this article to us. He reports that the Express Hirdetes newspaper mainly runs classified ads and is not the main paper of Budapest. Gyor is also considered a 'backward' city by Budapest standards and is often made fun of by city residents.

Inquiries by Mark at the newspaper office were not answered and there is no telephone listing for a Viktor or Marie Andonz in Gyor or Budapest. This is not highly unusual since the telephone system is just now being upgraded from the state it was in during the Warsaw pact years. A quick search on the web revealed no other mentions of this article.

sources

unnamed article in the Express Hirdetes newspaper, March 18th, 1999.

phone interview with Mark Davies on April 2nd, 1999

photo courtesy of Express Hirdetes

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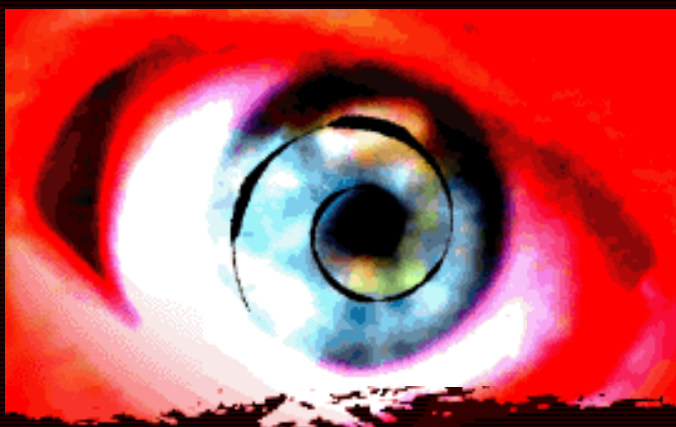
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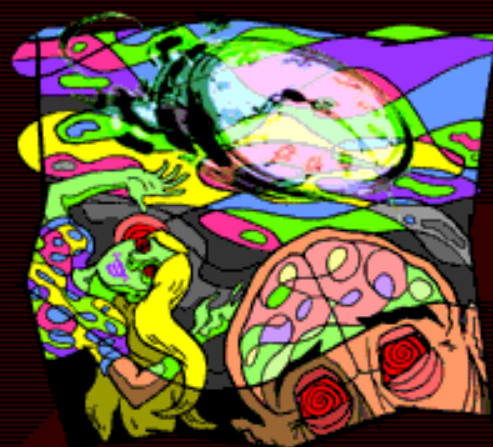
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Children of the Mind Ranch

In January of 1970, a commune of self professed hippies were raided by police and charged with child abuse, drug use, and tax evasion. A quick trial found them guilty as charged but 30 years later the question still remains, Was the group common criminals or into something deeper?

The story starts in December of 1968 when 25 year old Mark Andrews used the last of his inheritance to buy an abandoned chicken farm in near the town of Chowchilla, California. Mark had spent the year before living in San Francisco, enjoying the freedoms and lifestyle of the summer of love. Living in a house on Ashbury he had become part of a large extended hippie family and one member of this group was Delmont Scroghin, 41. Scroghin, was a former philosophy professor at Cambridge University who had been fired for exposing beliefs that large amounts of LSD could raise the consciousness of its user. Delmont had drifted to the center of the alternative lifestyle cult of America and since he was twice as old as his other compatriots he became a sort of "father figure" to the rest of the family. Preaching his gospel of drug use became a type of mantra and it's believed that he was the one that convinced Andrews to buy the old chicken farm for the group to use as a "center of peaceful living and mind alteration."

By February of 1969 the group was encamped at the farm, now dubbed the "Mind Ranch" and home to some 20 plus persons including 8 children under the age of 16.. Two recruits to the Mind Ranch was the infamous pair of San Francisco drug dealers, Paul and Mary Sawyer, who started producing new and untested variations of mind altering drugs in the main house's basement.

Delmont and Mark were the elder figures of this commune and quickly instituted a nightly, "consciousness raising" in which members of the group took a variety of different potions cooked up by the Sawyers and then tested themselves using standard (and not so standard) ESP and other psychic power tests. Delmont kept notes on the "experiments" in a lab diary but his judgment was most certainly clouded since he was taking the drugs as well. For several months nothing too out of the ordinary occurred but the Sawyers kept at their experiments, and stumbled across something in November. Scroghin's most interesting entry, dated November 23rd, 1969 reads:

" 10 PM . . .Set the group up in a double blind test.
Group #1 being given what the Sawyers are calling,

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'mind blower' and the other half, group 2, being given plain LSD"

"Midnight
.Group 2 is moving into a standard LSD trip, heightened awareness at mundane objects, laughter, . .etc.
Group #2 seems envious (myself included) since as of yet nothing has occurred. Could Paul and Mary have failed us?"

"2 am. . .Glory! Like Ezekial seeing the wheel, we have turned a corner, now it is the other group's turn to be envious, I feel as if the proverbial scales have been lifted from my eyes! The movement of a common man or woman, even one under the influence of LSD can not hope to know what is truly occurring around them. I feel as if my mind is on fire, racing faster than my pen to make new connections, to solve the problems of the ego and id. I am free for the first time, free to see the power of myself. The possibilities of what I can accomplish, the possibilities of what I can understand!"

"3 am . . We moved out under the stars, away from the others, not because they are not on the same trip as us but because we have felt the beginnings of a group mind, a higher level of being. I know more about these people than I know of myself and they in turn know of me. What power we can have!"

"4?65?ampm??? Time means nothing . .There, it took us an hour to write that, another for this. To write down what is going on is worthless for it will be with us forever, . . .and has been with us forever. With the group mind comes the power and with the power comes understanding, perfection. We can do more now than anyone has ever dreamed, Example: We looked into the sky and made the clouds dance above us, whirling in a ballet of mind power and control. The other group is with us now and we shall administer the blessing to them."



Delmont at the mind ranch in between experiments.

The lab entries after this point get harder to decipher, being written under continuous use of the drug but there is evidence that the group went so far as to administer it to the children. Scroggin's entry for December 20th reads:

"To have a mind as fresh as those of these children accelerates the effects and we find ourselves in awe of the development of their new found abilities. Do we have a responsibility to share this with the rest of our fellow man? We believe so and know that our children are the key to bringing this about."



Proof of a child's newborn psychic power or child abuse? A picture from Scroghin's personal lab entries.

It was about this time that the group retreated further from mainstream society, severing all links with the outside world. Most concerning to officials were the fact that the children had stopped going to the schools they had been initially enrolled in. On January 5th, 1969 State Human Services worker Sherry McDaniels, was sent to investigate the welfare of these children and it was her report that prompted the raid on the Mind Ranch.

"Upon knocking on the door of the residence I received no answer, but I heard sounds which made me think that the occupants were inside. I decided to go around the side of the house to try the back door and it was then that I saw that someone was inside a shed. Going closer I saw what appeared to be a man, sitting cross-legged on the floor, humming. I attempted to talk to him but he said nothing back to me and instead began humming louder. At this point I got a migraine headache, (which I take prescription medication for) and left the shed since the humming seemed to make it hurt more.

I reached the back door, got no answer and decided to go inside without invitation. The kitchen area was clean but an odor of spoilt food or meat was in the air and got stronger as I approached the cellar door. I decided against investigating further and instead went into the front living room. It was here that I came upon 3 of the children who I believe to be Thomas and Sarah Colben, age 12 and 8 and Michael Andrews, age 5. The 3 children were sitting around a train set, intent

on watching it go around. I attempted to talk to them but they seemed indifferent and almost drugged. When asked where the others were all they would say was that they were, "Around." At this point the hum from outside became louder and my nose started to bleed (as it does in extreme migraines) I decided to leave the house and contact my superiors."

(It is interesting to note at this point that the local electric company turned off the power to the "Mind Ranch" in the previous month due to nonpayment. Was the humming sound that McDaniels heard an electrical generator that allowed the children to run the train set? If so it wasn't found when police raided the house the next day.)

The raid itself had some interesting things happen to it. As the 4 vehicles from health and human services and the Madera County Sheriffs office approached the house the lead vehicle suffered an engine failure. Once at the ranch the officers served a search warrant by breaking down the door when no one answered. The front room and the rest of the house was empty and appeared deserted. Deputies sent into the putrid smelling basement found the Sawyers laying on the floor dead, apparently from a drug overdose. (a later autopsy showed they had been deceased for at least 2 weeks) The haphazard laboratory appeared to have been looted with chemical containers opened and spilt. One officer that accidentally kicked a container inhaled mold or chemical spores and was rushed to the hospital suffering from what was later diagnosed as an epileptic fit.

The "family" was finally found in a wooded area behind the house, completely nude and sitting in a circle. Despite the fact that the outside temperature was near freezing none of the residents were treated for frostbite or any cold related illness that I can find in the records. I did find another hospital report that said that 3 deputies were treated at the scene by emergency workers suffering from severe nosebleeds. Other than that, the arrest were without incident. Mark Andrews was not found and an arrest warrant for him is still on record in Orange County to this day.

A quick court trial convicted Scroglin, and several other family members and they were sentenced to various jail terms. Reporters at the trial stated that the "family" members seemed disinterested in the proceedings and rarely showed any awareness at all. Scroglin's lab book entries and various pictures of the experiments carried out by him on the group and children were used as evidence against him without comment from Scroglin. Sentenced to 10 years, Scroglin died in prison in 1971 at the hands of another inmate who claimed that Scroglin was the Antichrist. The children of the Mind Ranch were sent to separate state facilities. Since adoption agencies have sealed records, their whereabouts are unknown.

sources

Madera County Court Transcripts, session 4, 5 8 and 10; 1-15-70 thru 1-23-70

The personal diaries of Delmont Scroglin, Madera County court evidence transcripts

Oakhurst Hospital Emergency Room Admissions Report 1-6-70

*photos courtesy of the Madera County Clerk of the Court,
photographic transcripts division*

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FREAK-O-PEDIA MUTANTS & MISFITS

Home Grown Freak Show

Chesterfield Virginia, Twin Brothers Jay and John O'Baker own and operate the Appomattox Renovation Service, a construction firm which specializes in renovating and saving old homes and businesses. In July of 1999, their mother, Agnes passed away and after everything was taken care of the question of what to do with their childhood home remained. The brothers decided to move the town from a rather run-down area of town to a new location. Preparations were made, permits issued and in October the brothers begin the hard process of preparing the house for removal.



On



Brothers find evidence that they were Siamese twins in Mom's basement.

October 27th, Jay was digging out along the side of the

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- [Siamese Twins](#)
- [Case Studies of Conjoined Twins](#)
- [Social History of Conjoined Twins](#)

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house to expose the substructure when his tilling machine hit a metal object.

"When I heard it clang off something I thought at first there was a pipe we had missed." Jay told me. "But I dug the tiller out and got a shovel and found a locked metal box, about a foot long and 6 inches wide. Mom didn't have a huge trust in banks so I brought it over to John and told him that we'd found our inheritance."

Jay now believes he was more correct than he realized. The men, cut the lock off and opened the box to reveal a mummified length of flesh about 8 inches long.

"It was wrapped up in some old cloth and I didn't know what in the hell it was. Maybe somebody had buried a pet by our house and forgot about it but then John looked up at me and said he knew what it was. He lifted up the side of his shirt and touched his mole. Then I knew he was right. It was evidence of something we had known about for years. That me and John were Siamese twins when we were born"

The brothers often thought this was the case when they were young boys. Both have a small mole or nodule of flesh visible on their side (Jay's on the left, John on the right) which their mother told them was a shared birthmark. They were born in 1964 and were delivered by midwife at home. Their father, who died in Vietnam, was not at the birth being in the Navy and at sea. The midwife, Jennifer Taylor, is dead but her husband says he never told her anything about helping a birth of Siamese twins. Jay and John believe that they were joined at the waist by the strip of flesh they found and their mother had it removed shortly after birth.

Siamese
or



co-joined twins are exceedingly rare. While research shows that identical twins have a ratio of 3 for every thousand births. Co-joined twins are more along the lines of 1 set for every 800,000 twin births. (that's 1 chance of co-joined twins for every 240 million regular births for those of you

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keeping track at home) It's important to note that the O'Baker's are mirror image twins which occur only about 25 percent of the time in twin births. Jay is right handed, John left handed and they have opposite hair whorl patterns. More interesting is the fact that John has a rare medical condition which causes his internal organs to be reversed from the normal position in most humans. This is exceeding rare and occurs only in about 1 in every 50 million births. Medical records on co-joined twins have shown that is a common occurrence for the organs to be reversed in one twin.

So what's the next step for Jay and John? Well they are still concentrating on moving the house but now they are planning to have the mummified flesh DNA tested to see if it matches themselves. "I know Mom cut us apart when we were babies." says Jay. "I always felt that way. She was just too ashamed to tell anyone and buried the evidence. Now finally we'll know for certain."

sources

phone interview with Jay O'Baker, November 17th, 1999

phone interview with Samuel Taylor, November 18th, 1999

"Human Behavior and Associated Studies" Dr. Mark Warnoski, Penniscot Press, 1993

"Twins Make Bizarre Find" Chesterfield Star-News, November 8th, 1999

"Freaks: A History of the Sideshow" David Noldham, Troubadour Printers, 1981

photo courtesy of the Chesterfield Star-News

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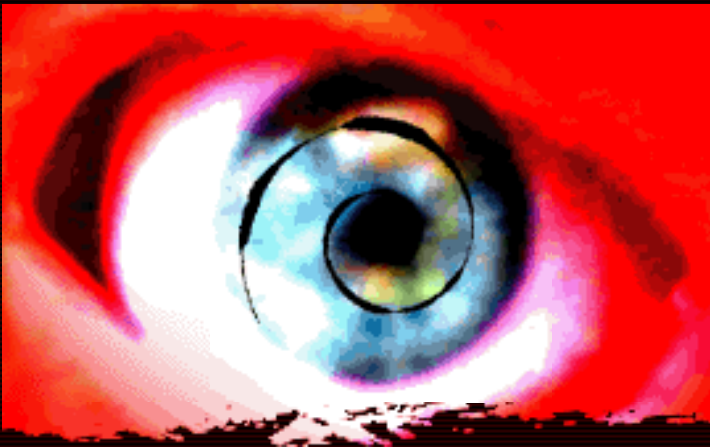
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MUTANTS & MISFITS

Jumping Jack Flash

In London on September 1837 a strange figure stalked the Victorian streets attacking women and in general scaring the hell out of everybody.

One victim was Polly Adams who claimed that the figure was a man who was very tall, thin and wore a cloak. More incredible was her claim that the man had fiery red eyes and spat blue flame. But other victims backed up the story and added that the man could make amazing leaps over walls and onto roofs which made him impossible to catch.

By 1838 London's Lord Mayor had formed a group to catch the rascal which he said was "a menace to the public." The attacks went on anyway and on February 20th a 18 year old woman named Jane Assop was told by a figure outside her home's gate to "bring a light, for we have caught Spring Heeled Jack." According to the report published by the London Times, when she did the man, " . . .applied the lit



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- [Spring Industries](#)



Spring Heel Jack Lives On!

stayed outside, laughing loudly and knocking on the door. When the family started screaming for the police jack bounced away across a nearby field.

Another attack occurred to Lucy Scales on the 28th of February and she too said the man spat blue flames at her.

Jack seemed to calm down after that and wasn't seen again until the 1860's when 2 women walking down a road at night saw a figure leap over a hedge, land on the road and bow to them. He then leaped over another hedge on the other side of the road and vanished from sight. In 1872 more people witnessed a man (or ghost as they called it) leaping over fences and walls. By 1873 Jack had moved on to Sheffield where several people saw a man "jumping like a goat." Caistor, Norfolk was the sight of a visit in 1877 where Jack danced from rooftop to rooftop and was seen by nearly the entire town. In August of the same year he was shot at by guards at a nearby military base but just laughed and hopped into nearby woods. He was last reported in 1904 by citizens in Liverpool.

So just who was this merry prankster who could shoot flames from his mouth, wore strange clothes and could jump like a kangaroo? No one knows for certain. In the 1830's it was thought that the Marquis of Waterford, a young man known at the time for drinking and pulling pranks, might have been performing the stunts. Backing up this claim was the fact that in two cases witnesses reported seeing the letter "W" on the attackers cloak. Rumors

candle to his breast, presented a most hideous and frightful appearance, and vomited forth a quantity of blue and white flame from his mouth, and his eyes resembled red balls of fire. He wore a large helmet, and his address which appeared to fit him very tight, seemed to her to resemble white oil skin."

Jack then lunged for the woman and laughing lustfully, as he had done before to Polly Adams. Jane's sister helped beat him off and both women escaped back into the house. Jack

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circulated that the Marquis had special shoes made with springs on them so he could affect the high jumps that dashed any hopes of pursuit. The improbability of jumping 10 foot walls with springs on your shoes was never discussed.

Of all the monsters, ideas, and paranormal events I've uncovered I like Spring Heel Jack the best. He seems to be in it for nothing more than a good time. If I was a mysterious creature unknown to society then I would be just like Jack. Laughing maniacally, scaring the locals and then bounding away. Spring Heel Jack epitomizes the approach to the paranormal that I have taken with Freakylinks. It is with this in mind that I proudly proclaim that Jack is now the official mascot of my site and shall appear on these pages whenever he sees fit to show himself. Viva Spring Heel Jack!

sources

"The Jumping Man of Victorian England" Philip Wargen, Londonderry Press, 1974

image courtesy of Bob Vernon

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FREAK-O-PEDIA MUTANTS & MISFITS

Look Ma, I'm Satan!

Daytona Florida - What's a boy to do when his pierced nose and tattooed arms are no longer cutting edge? Why get horns of course.



Is that horns on your head or are you just happy to see me?

This latest new trend in body modification first appeared in Phoenix Arizona where a plastic surgery hardware specialist designed special equipment that let him

implant stainless steel art pieces under the skin. Crosses, rings, and beads were soon disappearing under the skin of more advanced modern primitives and the demand for further modification began to rise. The next step was transdermal pieces that have a base lodged under the skin with the rest sticking out for the world to see. This surgery is what allowed Chris Watford of Daytona Beach Florida to get the horns he always longed for.

"I've been into piercing for several years and have always wanted to go further," Chris told me. "When I read in a piercing magazine about what was being done with the



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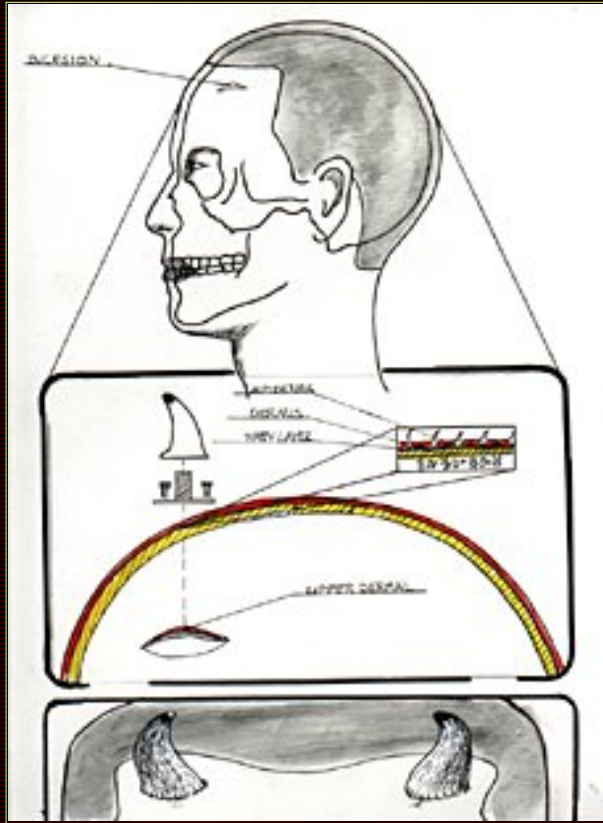
transdermal implants I got excited."

So excited that he called a piercer in Atlanta that was mentioned in the article and made an appointment for the surgery.

"The piercer had apprenticed under one of the guys in Arizona that started this and I felt pretty safe in his hands. He explained what he was going to do and then did it. I was finished in about an hour and a half."

I spoke with Jim Crow who runs "Crow's Piercing" in Atlanta.

"Chris's horn implants are becoming more and more common. I've done about a dozen of them over the past 9 months. It involves making two incisions in the upper dermal and implanting a 1 inch stainless steel plug. From this plug protrudes an 1/8 inch threaded steel rod that raises out for approx. 1 inch. We then close the incision and use a special suture style to make sure there is no scarring." Once the incision's heal and the sutures dissolve Chris is able to apply the thicker "horns" unto the threaded pole."



Medical diagram of the screw implantation procedure.

[Click here to see a larger version of the photo](#)

And what do Chris's friends and family think of his new statement of self?

"All my bud's seem to dig 'em. I gets lots of looks when I'm hanging out. Mom wasn't too happy but since I don't live under her roof she couldn't say too much."

sources

-interview with Chris Watford, August 9th, 1999

-phone interview with Jim Crow, August 10th, 1999

photo by Derek Barnes



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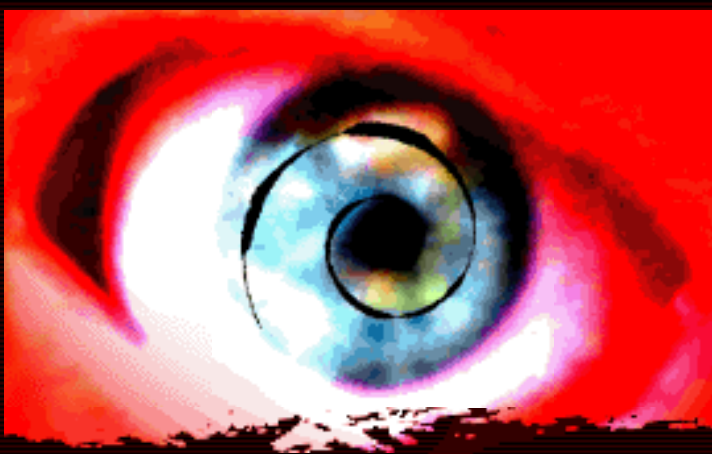
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MUTANTS & MISFITS

Russian Tarzan

Yosemite California - The wildman of Yosemite National Park has finally been captured and is currently being held by Federal officials in Mariposa California.



Park rangers struggle with "the wildman of Yosemite"

The wildman was first reported to park officials in April. Two visitors from Los Angeles reported seeing a tall man with ragged clothes running past them on April 12th while they were in the Tuolumne Meadows section of the park. Park rangers dismissed the claims and said it was possible that a recently awakened bear might have been the cause of the sighting.

Then on April 17th Lee Nathaniel and his family had stopped on the side of Highway 120 to take photos. While they were out of the car they could hear a man screaming from the woods that bordered the national park. Lee's 16 year old son thought he saw someone running through the woods. They reported this later to rangers at the Valley Visitor center who then drove out to the area to see if someone was in need of help. No one could be found.



LEARN MORE:

- [The Tarzan Page](#)
- [Wild Man Ted](#)
- [Yosemite National Park](#)

IN THE FREAK-O-PEDIA:

On May 10th concession worker Betty Crawford was removing trash when a man suddenly knocked her down, screamed at her in an unknown language, and then grabbed the trash bag and ran off into the woods. Crawford described the man as 6'6" with long blonde hair and not wearing a shirt. Park officials quickly got a team to search the area but all that was found was the trash from the bag which had been strewn over a small area of the woods.



The Crane Flat concession stand was closed down and the area was put off limits to tourists as expert field guides and park rangers with bloodhounds began to search the area more thoroughly. It seemed however that the wildman was one step ahead of them as he was next seen by a park ranger on May 26th along Tioga Road in the park. Rangers quickly moved their search and on May 30th a man was captured in the Tuolumne Meadows campground.

Officials said the man matched Crawford's description, and was wearing only tattered canvas slacks with no shoes. He was suffering frostbite on several toes and had numerous scratches on his body. The most curious aspect was the fact that the wildman did not seem to speak English but only kept repeating several Russian phrases that were translated into meaning "The cosmonauts will find me." and "Mir, never again."

He is being held by Federal authorities until such a time as he can be identified. As yet no one has claimed to know the man.

sources

-phone interview with Yosemite National Park spokesperson Lindsay Nogart May 31st 1999

-phone interview with Yosemite police officer Blake Hopkins May 30th 1999

-phone interview with Mariposa Ca. police officer Tom Ham mock May 31st 1999

photo courtesy of Yosemite National Park Security Office

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FREAK-O-PEDIA MUTANTS & MISFITS

Saint Eom and Pasaquan

Hidden in the kudzu-draped forest of Georgia, just to the right of Columbus and to the left of reality, stands the surreal palace of Pasaquan. Its owner, Saint Eom, has been dead for nearly 13 years but his presence can still be felt hanging over the day glow concrete statues and walls that adorn his home.



photo by Derek Barnes

Saint Eom was born in 1908 as Eddie Owens Martin, the son of a poor sharecropping family. When he reached the age of 14 he ran away from his abusive father and began a new life in 1920's New York. There he survived by becoming a street hustler, pimp, and sometimes drug pusher. But Eddie used these jobs as an end to justify the means. When he wasn't on the street he could be found in the Museum of Modern Art or at the public library where he would search out obscure texts on lost civilizations and religions of the Far East.

But even as Eddie sought to expand his mind he still remained tied to his roots and would come back to his parent's farm every year at harvest time to help with the crops. It was during a visit to his parents in 1935 that he became deathly ill and had a vision that he later called "a spiritual journey." This vision lead him to search for a deeper truth to man's existence and proclaim himself "Saint Eom." using his name as the basis for the acronym and the sound of it as a nod toward the Hindu "Ohm."

Perhaps because of this vision, Saint Eom became proficient in the art of teahouse fortune telling (or as he called it "being a poor man psychiatrist") This new found job security allowed him to move back to



LEARN MORE:

- [The Pasaquan Official website](#)
- [The Hair Temple](#)
- [House of Hair](#)

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rural Georgia after his parents deaths in 1957 and begin building a shrine to his beliefs on their property. He called it "Pasaquan" which was a name given to him by a spirit guide. He later learned that "pasa" is a Spanish word for "pass" and "quoyan" was an oriental word that meant "bringing the past and the future together."

In between telling the fortunes for the farmers and townspeople of nearby Buena Vista, Eom would work with the material of concrete to erect sprawling walls and looming statues dedicated to the visions received from the gods. These structures would then be covered in the brightest tints of Sherman Williams paint that the local hardware store carried. Saint Eom took no favorites among the gods and he mixed the religions and cultures of Buddhism, Egyptian, Hindu, Easter Island, Mayan and Christianity with his own take on human sexuality and spiritual development.



photo courtesy of Fred Fussell



photo by Derek Barnes

The sprawling grounds have a psychedelic whimsy about them and can be described as Dr. Seuss meets Dr Ruth on LSD. Paintings of sexual organs share space next to religious symbols. Giant statues stare at you with critical eyes. Plans for an "astronaut karmic levitation suit" fill one wall in the kitchen and after spending time in Pasaquan you may believe it possible. But Saint Eom's central belief was that a person's hair was a personal "antenna to the gods" and should never be cut. Instead it should be shaped upward as a cone to receive the messages that the gods sent down to us. Statues share this tenant with visitors with gaudy painted hair cones atop their heads. Indeed Saint Eom could often be seen with his hair plastered with rice syrup, sticking straight up into the air to better receive these divine radio waves as he painted holy hues of Day-Glo Sherman Williams onto the walls of Pasaquan.



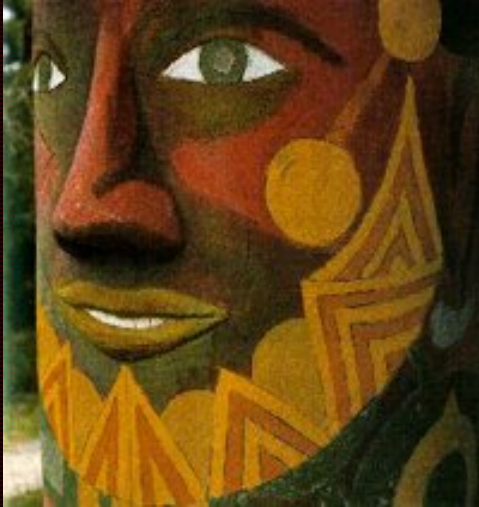
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photos courtesy of Fred Fussell

Such extreme beliefs would have had a hard time fitting in anywhere in the world but stood out especially in rural Georgia. The locals whispered stories of devil worship and magic. Rumors of specially trained rattlesnakes that only obeyed Saint Eom floated around the towns nearby and more than one person claimed to see dozens of housecats follow Eom around when he came to town.

But Saint Eom never let these tales effect his beliefs. He continued building on Pasaquan up into the 1970's and 80's. It was in the mid 80's that his hair began to fall out and he began losing his health. In 1987, distraught at his failing strength he put a loaded pistol to his head and pulled the trigger. Such ended the life of a grand visionary and self-proclaimed "Wizard of Pasaquan"

But rest assured that Saint Eom's vision lives on. After a few years of neglect a local historical society was formed and now preserves and maintains Pasaquan for the visitors and converts. For a small admission you can tour the grounds and see for yourself the artistry of its grounds and the mad genius of Saint Eom.

sources

[The Pasaquan Official Website](#)

Raw Vision Magazine #19

Visit to Pasaquan, June 23rd 2000

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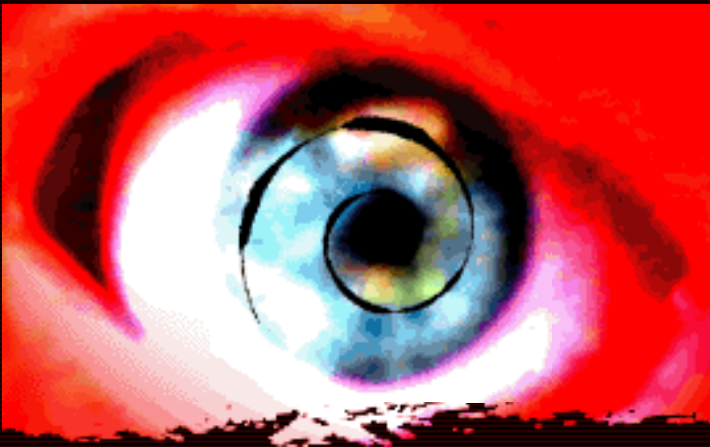
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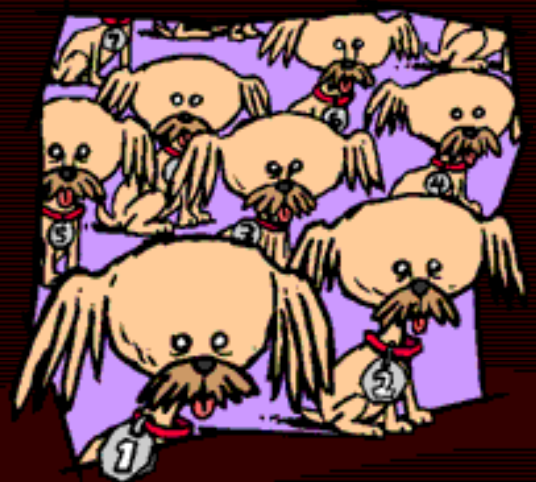
MUTANTS & MISFITS

Send In the Clones

Donny Jefferies doesn't like to do things small. As one of the 100 wealthiest men in America he's known for throwing lavish parties at his Dallas home, investing in thoroughbred racehorses and in general being the epitome of a Texas millionaire. And now Jefferies has announced that he is going to clone his dog.

An anonymous man and wife had already announced in August of 1998 that they were giving Texas A and M University 2.5 million dollars in an effort to clone their dog, Missy. Not to be outdone, Jefferies plans to donate 5 million dollars to Sawyer University, a small college located in Brownsville.

"Sawyer was where I went to school and it was a fine center for higher learning." Jefferies told reporters at a recent news conference. " If anyone can do it then I'm



LEARN MORE:



Texas millionaire plans to clone his dog

Jefferies about the plan for Sawyer to clone his dog. "Mr. Jefferies is a fine man and one of our most celebrated alumnus's but I was not fully informed of the donation. He spoke to me briefly on the 15th and said that he wanted to give a contribution toward scientific research. I told him that any gift was most welcomed and we would be happy to use it in any way he would like. Cloning is something I had not anticipated and will have to discuss with the board."

The dog in question is named 'Bobo' and is of no specific breed. It was adopted by Jefferies in 1996 after running out into the street and being hit by the limo he was in. "That dog means the world to me," Jefferies stated, "The vets say it's over 10 years old and it's not going to be with me for very long. I plan on fixing that."



'Bobo' the dog.

Jefferies immediate plans toward the cloning project are indeterminate. "I'm giving Sawyer a huge hunk of change and letting them get started. I'll stay out of the way." When

betting Sawyer can."

The initial problem that must be overcome is the fact that Sawyer does not have a agricultural college such as Texas A and M. Another is that the small university is a Christian school founded by Baptist ministers in 1895. No member of the University was present at the news conference, held February 20th at Jefferies offices in downtown Dallas.

When Sawyer President Cole Meartum was contacted he said he had no warning from

- [Pet Cloning](#)
- [Missyplicity Project](#)
- [Clones-R-Us](#)

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asked if he was doing this because of publicity Jefferies replied; "Heck no, I just love my dog. If some other millionaire loves his dog too, then thats fine. Maybe I just love my dog more."

This is not the first time Jefferies has announced he was 'one-upping' another person. In 1991 he told reporters that he was planning on running for President just 2 weeks after Ross Perot announced the same intentions. Jefferies allegedly spent two hundred thousand dollars on printed advertising before announcing that he was 'just kicking the idea around and have changed my mind.'

sources

"Second Dog Clone Announced" Dallas Evening News, Feb. 23rd, 1999

"Jefferies Gets Into the Cloning Biz" Texas Today magazine March 1999 edition

-phone interview with Gloria Dedsun, Texas Today Magazine, March 2nd, 1999

-The Missyplicity Project Web Site; www.missyplcity.com

-photo courtesy Texas Today Magazine

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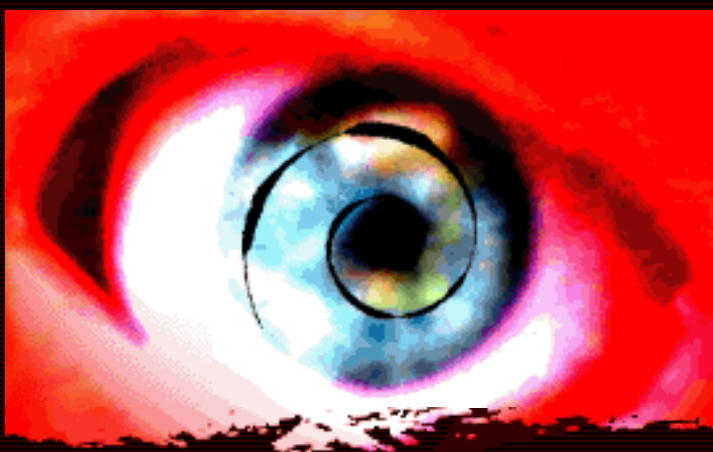
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The Case of the Binary Bathroom

OK, my little sherlocks, here's your chance to help me solve (or at least theorize) about a little mystery I stumbled across. I was going to do a little more research on this sucker but since I got to get all my crap moved from point a to point b I thought you could join in the fun. (and no I am not being lazy)

Here's the facts as I know 'em.

I first stumbled across Trey Howard and his deep thoughts while perusing the latest listings on my [discussion board](#) on July 16th. Under the title "Weirdness at an LA coffeehouse" was this post by Trey posting as "Stickpin"

"I've started going to this new place as a hang out here in LA and I swear that there is something weird about these 2 waiters. I've been watching them when I come here and they act very strange. For one thing they are twins and always dress alike I thought twins stopped that crap when they reached their 20's Another thing is that they talk to each other in a real strange way. I won't go into specifics but it's just real weird. I know you had a twin bro and I don't want to seem tactless but do twins have a special language or something that others can't understand?"

The message perked my interest cause I'm a twin. He teased me with a little more info in a [later post](#).



LEARN MORE:

- [Arecibo Message](#)
- [Seti@Home](#)
- [The Nova Express Cafe](#)

IN THE FREAK-O-PEDIA:

"... I've listened to them and they are speaking English it's just sort of a weird slang type thing. Like when one is at a table taking an order he'll just look at the other one and say something like "fee 2" and the one behind the bar will make a coffee with 2 sugars. I'm not sure that's exactly what they are saying cause its hard to hear them with the noise in the restaurant. And yes that's what is weird is that they are still dressing alike when they have to be in their 20's. I've been to this place like 7 or 8 times and they are always dressed in identical clothes underneath their aprons."

When he read that I was going out to the west coast he e-mailed me and I agreed to meet him at the coffee house when Jason and I were in Los Angeles. Maybe I should have gotten a warning signal when he started telling me over the phone that my investigation should "solve everything." ('Cause if he believed that then obviously he had no idea what Freakylinks was all about)

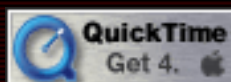


Trey Howard is looking for clues.

When we met Trey at the coffee house called Nova Express I came prepared with a hidden camera under my shirt. (insert James Bond theme song here) Below is a QuickTime of the meeting.



(movie not working for you? you probably need to [download the QuickTime software](#))



[Click here to see the movie](#) (8.8MB).

So here are the \$24 dollar questions: Is there something weird going on at this place? Are the twins just nitwits or something a little more sinister? And what's up with the

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bathroom décor?

Here's some of my pet theories I was working on:

Conservative theory: Everything is completely normal and the twins are just geeks or they get off screwing with people cause they work at unusual place. Nova Express has this really interesting sci-fi themed bent to it and is def. not your run of the mill coffeehouse. Maybe the décor in the bathroom is just themed to go along with the rest of the place.



Middle of the Road Theory: The sloppy style of the bathroom 0's and 1's doesn't fit in with the intricate detail in the main room. A lot of time and effort went in to making these way cool sci-fi sets inside the place and the bathroom just looks like people went in there with markers and wrote on the wall as fast as they could. I called Nova Express when I got back to O-town and a manager there told me that the graffiti had been painted over and the twins were no longer working there. (He said they just didn't come to work one day) Maybe they got a better job at a comic book store...

Extremely-Liberal-Paranoid-Conspiracy-In-Every-Bathroom Theory: Those twins were up to something. They either weren't human or were something "a little more than" human. Trey was right and there was a much deeper meaning to the scribbles on the back wall. Is it a code to communicate to others of their kind? Perhaps they were waiting for a prearranged signal about some event and once it appeared on the bathroom wall they quit their cover jobs as waiters and hit the intergalactic road. Or maybe they were time travelers? Or maybe they were inter-dimensional visitors? Or maybe they were just looking for a really good latte?... Makes you wonder, don't it?



So I'll leave it up to you guys to come up with some sort of unifying theory that fits the facts. If you have the time and the willpower, do some research on your own and see what you can find. Send me your ideas and I'll post the best ones on the page for the world to read and ridicule (legalese: just understand that any theory you e-mail me becomes the property of Freakylinks and I get to do with it what I see fit) Heck, I'll give away [Freakylinks t-shirts](#) to the winners that get posted on the site.

The silver lining to this is that I thought Nova Express was one of the coolest places I went to while I was in LA. I heartily suggest if you live out there in the city of angels you take a gander at the place when you get a chance. It's at 426 North Fairfax (across from Canters) and they're open most days from 5 pm to 4 am.

September 20, 2000

From Zed

"Perhaps the twins are escapees from a government project in biotechnology: human computers. Not androids, or robots, but actual humans who are being massed produced to perform calculations (their brains are genetically rigged to be supercharged of course.)

Their sensitivity to electromagnetic fields could have been amplified to enable normal lab technicians to remotely "upload" data into their brains that would normally take hours to read. This would also allow them to "share processors" in a way by using the sections of each other's brains (via telepathy) that the other one might not currently be using to do calculations.

This could explain the apparent telepathy or shortcut words (Short cuts used to notify the conscious mind of information

which has been transferred into the subconscious - sorta like file names), as well as their sensitivity to electric devices.

Then they set to work doing calculations for whatnot. Maybe it's calculations for a new faster than light easy bake oven, maybe a new program for artificial intelligence that will bring world peace (please!)

This could explain the binary code in the bathrooms, perhaps they write down binary reminders of calculations that they are putting to rest for the moment so that they won't have to waste their brains power in keeping the equation in short term memory, and they can later view the wall and resume the calculation by calling it's "file name" into current consciousness.

The reason they're twins is obvious in this theory."

From Kristy

My theory is not necessarily that the twins were aliens who came to work at Nova Express, but that the founder/owner of the coffee shop was alienistic in nature. That would explain why the whole cafe was decorated in sci-fi themes. This guy, with his advanced intellect and technology can stay completely hidden back in some control room behind the coffee bar and not ever have to be seen. His purpose is to get as many humans as possible to intake his coffee, which is probably, laced with some small, undetectable amount of drug that, after ingesting several of these small doses, will begin to change us humans from what we are to something more on his level. By transforming our race into his race, the aliens will then control the earth.

My point being, this alien guy needs to insure that the drugged coffee is reaching as many different people as possible so he achieves that goal by advertising. I'm sure there are billboards and radio ads, etc. displaying the name and address of Nova Express. The coffee probably tastes damn good so that word of mouth advertising will be effective. But then he decides that he should draw attention to his business by performing mind control over a set of innocent twins that happen to work there. If he can make them act and speak in a manner, which is not normal, it will draw attention to them, which means it in turn draws attention to him. So he uses the power of his mind to make them act and talk the way they do. The bathroom has like a refresher code on its walls so that every time one of the twins goes to the bathroom it is freshly brainwashed. That way, the main alien guy doesn't have to watch their every move.

sources

Interview with Trey Howard

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FREAK-O-PEDIA MUTANTS & MISFITS

The Church of Consumption

I recently heard of a group in south Florida that have dedicated their lives in the pursuit of indulgence (overindulgence some might say). I met with the 3 people that call themselves the Church of Consumption at a 24 hour pancake house just to the left of downtown Hialeah. In between slurps of syrup clogged waffles and quaffs of chocolate milk I interviewed the 3 members.

DEREK: So what made you decide to call yourself a church?

BOB "BIG BOY" LANDERS: It fit our mindset. Once we decided to live the lifestyle we wanted to live we went into full steam. It has become a religion to us.

DEIRDRE SANDROUGH: And it's made us the happiest we've ever been. That's what a church or a religion is suppose to do, right? So when Bev told us about her idea-

BEVERLY LANDERS: Well it wasn't just my idea. We had all been talking about how bad society was making us feel.



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This church believes in tithing at a 21.4% APR

D: Making you feel bad?

Bev: Yea, you know all those skeleton thin models and all that "don't eat this, it'll kill you" or "don't smoke", or "don't wear fur."

Deirdre: Actually I don't have a problem not wearing fur.

Bev: You know what I mean Deirdre. Everybody is getting so politically correct about everything it was just driving me, and all of us, up the wall. We couldn't be what we wanted to be.

Bob: Yea, fat. (laughs)

Bev: More than that although I'm the first to sing hosannas about the glories of food. But if God had wanted us all to be money saving superthin vegan models he wouldn't have made it possible to use your credit card at the supermarket.

Deirdre: Amen!

Derek: So what does the church stand for?

Bev: We stand for embracing all aspects of indulgence. If chocolate cake taste better than celery, why eat celery? If you can buy a Lexus convertible on credit, why settle for using your savings to get a Honda? Why have a savings account at all? Money is meant to be spent on the luxuries of life, not hoarded away for a rainy day that may never come.

Bob: Plus a Lexus is roomier than a Honda.

Derek: But what about your health?

Deirdre: What about it? Fat people have been on this planet just as long as thin people. If being fat was so unhealthy then we



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would have evolved out of it long ago. It's just lately with all those anorexic vomiting actresses on TV that everybody has gotten so uptight about how they look or what they put into their mouths. Did that sound right?

Derek: Sorta, I know what you mean.

Bev: But it's more than that. Take exercise for example, There was a survey done a couple of years ago that showed that joggers live an estimated 3 years more than non joggers. That may seem great till you read the rest of the report and find out that when you add up how many hours a day these people jog, they are going to spend 5 years of their lives jogging! So in reality they've wasted 2 years of their lives doing nothing but running around city blocks in bad looking shorts and sweatbands.

Derek: And your outlook on financial security is the same?

Bob: Exactly the same. If God hadn't wanted me to have credit why would he have all those banks send me those pre-approved applications? I've got 8 Visa right now and all but 2 are mated out. I can't afford the payments but they don't care. When the bill gets too high I just call them and tell them I can't pay it and I don't know what I'm gonna do. As soon as you mention the magic word "bankruptcy" they get really happy to help me and refinance me at a lower interest rate and let me pay \$50 a month. They want us to be in debit. God wants us to be in debit. So I'm in debit. It's simple and it makes everybody happy.

Derek: But aren't you worried what will happen to you in the future?

Bev; Derek you could walk out of this restaurant right now and get hit by a bus walking across the street. You'd be dead just the same as if I died of a heart attack while you were eating a fried pork chop. The difference is I'd died happy. You'd die without knowing how much fun it is to embrace temptation. Plus credit card bills are non-transferable. If I have kids they will have to amass a debit of their own. I'm taking my credit history to the grave. Ain't America wonderful?

Deirdre: You have to live for the moment.

Bob: And right at this moment I'd like another glass of chocolate milk. (laughs)

Derek: So do you meet in a church or have services?

Deirdre: Oh no, we're not that kind of church. Basically you're at a service right now. Whenever we go out, if it's to an all you can eat restaurant or to the mall to buy stuff we don't really need, that's when we're worshipping. I guess we're better than most churches cause we actually do more than just give lip service to our beliefs in some fancy building. We actually go out and live our lives by the church creed.

Derek: Creed?

Bev: Live your desires. It seems to say it all, dontcha think?

Derek: It sure does.

The Church is not seeking new members but encourages those interested to start their own branch. Most Sunday mornings you can find a worship service occurring at the Pancake House off US 1 in Hialeah.

sources

Interview with church members Sunday March 5th, 2000

photo by Derek Barnes

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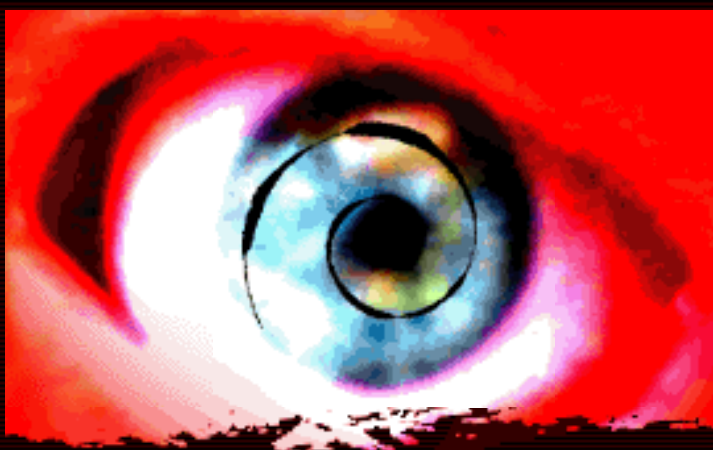
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The CIA Made Me Do It

New Orleans Louisiana - David Mann's life started going downhill soon after he left the army in 1992. A veteran of the Gulf War, David suffered from chronic depression that he thought was brought on by unauthorized experiments he suffered during the attack on Iraq. Experiments, he claimed, that were conducted by the CIA in an attempt to make a select group of men into "super soldiers."

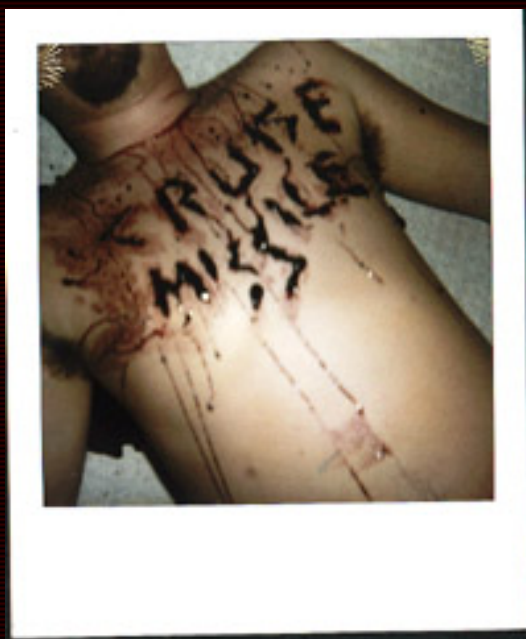


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What caused this man to mutilate himself?

squad met with a CIA operative named "Red One" they were lead to a cave complex in the Iraq desert where he was subjected to a battery of tests and "mind control devices".

Mann was the leading officer of a squad that was part of a larger group of special forces soldiers whose job it was to infiltrate Iraq before the invasion and access enemy troop strength and strongholds in the desert terrain. It was during this exercise that David received special training that neither he nor the other men in his unit had asked for.

In a rambling letter to the New Orleans Times-Herald, Mann stated that after his

"It was a huge cavern complex," writes Mann in the letter, "deep in the desert and was hidden from view. Red One had a time schedule of all satellite pass overs, American, Russian, everybody's, and wouldn't let us move toward the place until there we were clear of them."

Once in the cavern, Mann and his men were separated and he was taken by himself and interviewed by a "scientist."

"This guy kept asking me questions about how I would solve certain situations." the letter continues. "I would answer and then he would nod his head and write on his pad. It went on for an hour and then he just sorta nodded and finally he picked up the telephone and told whoever was on the other end of it that 'I would do.'"

Mann then says he was asked to disrobe and then strapped into a machine and had sensors put over different parts of his body.

"I kept asking them what they were doing but they just flashed a form at me that said this was all authorized and was a deep job." (a deep job is special forces slang for a top secret operation) "Finally they put this thing over the top of my head. I could see under the sides of it and some of the other guys were getting the same treatment. A doctor jabbed me with a needle and soon after I passed out."

The next thing that Mann remembered was standing back in the desert with 4 others from his squad. The CIA agent codenamed Red One was with them.

"All the guys were sorta just staring straight ahead, totally out of it. Red One was watching me and when we made eye contact he grinned. He told me that the orders had changed and we four were to go ahead and finish the mission without the others. I said that we didn't have enough supplies or gear and he just sorta shrugged his shoulders. He said 'you'll find out that you're much better now.' The other guys were sorta coming to by this time and I got the feeling that we needed to get going. I saluted the CIA guy. Why I did that I don't know, and he went over a hill.

Tomkins was laying out a map and I looked over it and 15 minutes later we were double timing it to a suspected Republican Guard unit stronghold over 6 miles away. That was the strange thing. None of us talked about what happened at all. We just started doing our job again. I looked at my watch and saw that we had lost a day with the cave stuff and I was upset. Not that they had done stuff to us but that we had lost a day away from doing our work. It was weird."

Mann's squad continued throughout the next week, working as a recon squad for the upcoming desert storm and were finally pulled out on the third day of the invasion.

"It's all just a blur. We did a lot more than recon, we



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engaged the enemy 5 times and each time it was like we went into overdrive. Every action was straight and perfect by the book. No hesitation. We fought like we were company strength not 5 guys without hope of backup. We liberated food



Picture of David Mann

when we could, slept for a couple of hours a night but beyond that it was just a blur of being the perfect soldier. I lost 1 of the guys to a sniper and it didn't faze the rest of us"

Once they were pulled out of action the 4 remaining men were separated and Mann was airlifted to a training base in Saudi Arabia.

"I don't remember much of anything after we left the war. It's just blurry images. My head hurts and my nose starts to bleed if I try to think about it. I know they screwed with us. I can't find any of the other guys, maybe they're dead. They put stuff into me, I've got scars where I never got hurt. The scar on my stomach throbs sometimes and I can hear it ticking at night. It's the tick of the deathwatch inside me. I'm a dead man. I'm a smart bomb to them and that's all. Just another piece of machinery they used and cast aside."

After being discharged from the army in 1992, Mann became increasingly isolated from society and began roaming the states. For a short time he was in Los Angeles California but it appears he left there sometime in the Fall of 92 and arrived in New Orleans in early 1993. On January 16th of 1993 he checked into Lunt's Hotel, paying for 3 days in advance. On Jan 19th the owner of the hotel, attempting to rouse Mann, broke into the room and found Mann dead on the floor with the words "Cruise Missile" carved into his chest.

The coroner's report states that Mann's death was a suicide caused by the ingestion of a massive amount of sleeping pills. The sleeping pills were supplied to Mann by the VA hospital of New Orleans. Mann's letter arrived at the newspaper on the 20th. On the 21st a reporter was sent to the medical examiner's to view the body. It was no longer there and the coroner reported that it had been signed over to the VA hospital so they could conduct their own autopsy.

The Veteran's Administration refused to give the reporter

access to the body and spokesperson's declined to be interviewed. A small article about the incident appeared in the newspaper on Feb. 3rd. The CIA declined to comment on the incident as did the army.

sources

-letter from David Mann to the New Orleans Times-Herald

-New Orleans Times Herald article "Another Gulf War Victim?" Feb. 3rd 1993 by Timothy Parson

-phone interview with reporter Timothy Parson on June 15th, 1999

-phone interview with Audrey Mann, aunt of the deceased on June 16th, 1999

-New Orleans coroner report #4612 Mann, David Williams Jan. 20th 1993

photo courtesy New Orleans Coroner's Office

SPEAK YOUR MIND

TELL A FRIEND



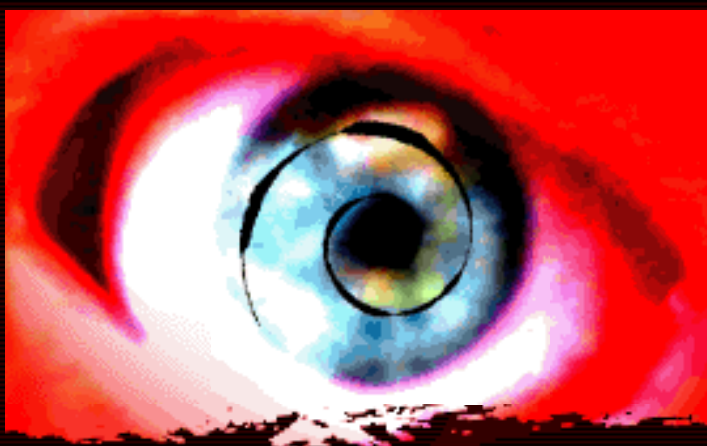
FAQ

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FRIEND OR FOE

FREAK-O-PEDIA

MUTANTS & MISFITS

The Evil Gunter Mahlberg

I've had acquire-gm.com listed on my "[know thine enemy](#)" page for quite some time. I put them there just because I thought that collecting paranormal phenomenon without sharing your findings with the public was the wrong thing to do. I had no idea I was just seeing the tip of the iceberg. Lemme explain....

Before I left for my California trip I got this e-mail:

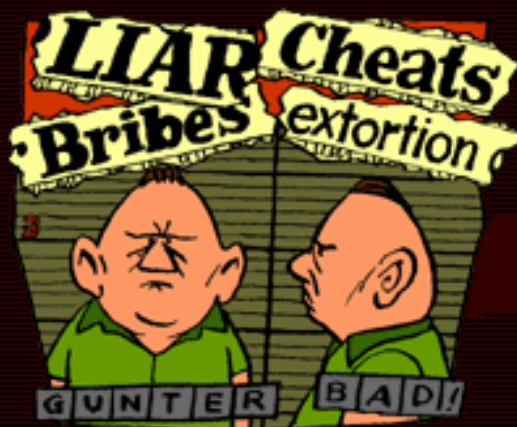
Yo, Derek ...

Jersey Boyz ain't shit, man. Buncha wannabe script kiddies. You got dudez on your side too, brotha. We watching your back and keeping an eye on your enemies. Want the inside deal on that punk ass acquire-gm.com you have listed on your enemy page? We've had our hooks in his server, real subtle like. Doesn't suspect a thing. We got two months of his email sitting in a zip file ready to send you if you want it. He's more AND less than you think.

Sp01lr & T-Jazz

I replied thanking them for the offer but I didn't think it was that easy to get into his server. They promptly e-mailed me back.

Derek--



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- Acquire-GM.com
- [An Exhibition of Occult Items](#)
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IN THE FREAK-O-PEDIA:

Doubt us if want, man, but you still gonna blow when you see this shit. It only took a few days with an IP sniffer to catch a login. Wasn't the root, but good enough to get us in. Then it was easy to get to root password (gotta luv those Linux machines). Not much in the web directories, no real dirt to speak of. Just a punky little server, but not like an ISP deal with a whole buncha crap on one machine. Freak likes his privacy.

Poked through the undelivered email and they were talking some crazy shit. So we patched the SMTP and POP servers to make copies of everything going thru to the root mailbox -- we were seeing EVERYTHING, dude!

Maybe they are just sickos, but Gunther and his crew ain't no boyscouts. Talking all kinds of smack, might have really waxed some folks to add to his "collection"! Check out these emails we lifted. You tell US if this shit looks legit.

Looks like he's got something cooking soon, and we figure you are the only person wack enough to check it out. Just make sure to give us our props for the hack, dude.

L8r - Sp01lr & T-Jazz

So at this point I was faced with an ethical dilemma. "Sp01lr and T-Jazz" (why can't hackers ever have normal names like "Bob" or "Tom"?) had sent me a huge pile of e-mails that they had illegally obtained. I thought long and hard about deleting it without a second glance but something made me want to look. I thought about it, thought about it some more and then finally made up my mind to be an accomplice and I started reading them....

I was amazed at what I found out.

Acquire-gm.com has to be the biggest obtainer of paranormal phenomenon in the U.S. if not the entire world. The casual ease described in the e-mails on how they throw money around makes me envious. Trust me boys and girls, if I had this kind of money I wouldn't be driving to California in a company truck with Jason.

But wealth and determination is just the half of it. The real news is the way the company goes about getting items. They are ruthless with a capital R. Reading through these e-mails took me into a world where the end justifies the means. For Acquire-Gm.com (and it's owner Gunter Mahlberg) nothing stands in the way of possessing any item that is deemed worthy of "the collection."

I've documented several of the more damning e-mails below but before you read them you need to know the men behind the madness. Reading between the lines there seems to be three major participants in Acquire-GM.com

- [Freaky Flora & Fauna](#)
- [Mondo Occult](#)
- [Mutants & Misfits](#)
- [Necropolis Now](#)
- [Nothing Up My Sleeve](#)
- [Science Stumpers](#)
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- [Uniquely Freaky Observations](#)



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Gunter Mahlberg He's the headcheese, CEO and the GM in Acquire-GM.com. It's evident in these e-mails that Gunter is a well-placed and wealthy man, able to sponsor several worldwide "expeditions" at once. I would have thought that such a man would have more of a public record but I've only been able to discover a few facts about him. According to a US Department of State he was born somewhere in Germany (or at least that is the country he initially applied for a passport to the United States from) I believe he owns a private jet and maintains offices in Los Angeles, New York, London, and Berlin. I don't know where his home is but judging from the information in the e-mails it must be one hell of a swank place. One interesting fact is that he's reported to be a midget. (his height is listed as 4 feet 2 inches on his visa) Historically midgets have been considered a part of the paranormal pantheon and this may explain why Gunter is interested in collecting this stuff. It does not explain why he goes about it in such a ruthless manner.

Daniel McArthur - He appears to be Gunter's right hand man and the one who owns the inquire@acquire-gm.com's e-mail address. He travels extensively for Gunter and seems to be a whipping boy for Gunter's rage when something goes wrong.

Carmichael - I'm not sure if it's his first or last name and I think I don't want to meet him face to face to find out. He seems to be the one that gets called when something goes wrong and at one point Daniel McArthur even calls him "Mr. Fixit" (And I don't think that's because he's a good car mechanic.)

There's some other shady individuals involved as well but these three seem to be the top animals on the food chain, with Gunter being the top dog of all.

But what makes Gunter Mahlberg tick? The e-mails reveal a man who is accustomed to getting what he wants. Here are some of the highlights:

On a staff members recommendation that one object isn't worth "the trouble" being made by the current owner, Gunter writes:

"I do not care one whit about any problems, real or imagined. It is only trouble if I say it is. You will proceed with securing the validity of that book and then you will bring it to me. If the current owner does not want to cooperate then you are authorized to find other avenues that lead to me possessing the tome. Do not disappoint me."

On finding out that a map he purchased is a fake.

"Damn her! I'll have her f***ing head mounted on a wall as a trophy... Daniel you are an ass not to have found this out before hand. Have Carmichael call me as soon as possible to discuss with me what sort of options I have. I'll be damned if I'm going to be made the fool of by some old crone

living in the Whitfield countryside."

On his business policy

"I've said this before and I will pound it into your head again; There is nothing that should stand in our way. When I decide on a course of action it should be carried thru with the urgent most expediency. While I realize that problems will arise, they only become my problems when you do not handle them. And let me be perfectly clear: If you can not handle them then I will find someone else who can."

Certainly these e-mails paint a picture of a man who has no moral or ethical standards that get in the way of obtaining any item he desires. But other e-mails raise the question of possible criminal misconduct.

From May 4th:

"I do not foresee a problem with customs in Haiti. Carmichael has that well under control and can fill you in with the specifics. I expect it to be in my hands no later than the 18th."

From July 2nd in an e-mail sent to Gunter from Daniel McArthur

"A bigger issue is getting it out of Tasmania. This is no 3rd world shit-hole and that coupled with the problems of caring for such a wild animal is making delivery a little more difficult than we anticipated. Any chance of OKing Carmichael to come down and help out with any possible problems? Otherwise delivery may be delayed."

From July 17th again from Daniel McArthur

"I know it's down here somewhere. I've already found evidence that it was not destroyed in the museum fire and was sold to a man named Keppler in 1904. He displayed it at his home in Franklin Tennessee until at least the 1930's. Unless it hopped across state and back into that Indian's grave I'm betting it's still floating around here somewhere. I have a few more leads and plenty of cash left so I'll let you know the moment something rears its head."

This last one was most interesting to me since it mentions an Indian grave and possession of Native American relics has been a federal crime under the Native American Graves Protection and Repatriation Act since 1990 That's right boys and girls, a FEDERAL CRIME.

With all this information now I was really interested in putting a face to this Gunter Mahlberg. Luckily one of the later e-mails had mentioned that he was doing research at the downtown Los Angeles public library. So, I took it upon myself to hang out at the place for a couple of days and see if I could find a

wealthy, mean looking midget to take a picture of. I wasn't disappointed.



So here's the man behind the myth and now you know the whole story. Below is a large selection of the e-mails I was sent. I no longer feel that it was wrong of me to look at them since by doing so I've uncovered what I think is a shady business whose motives are questionable at best. Buying paranormal items for yourself is one thing, but when you go about it in the aggressive style that Acquire-gm.com does then you have crossed the line.



If any of you have been contacted by Acquire-gm.com I urge you to stay away from them. They're definitely up to no good and you might soon find yourself on the wrong end of bad business deal.

Selected E-mails From
the hack of
Acquire-GM.com
website

From:
inquire@acquire-gm.com
To:
gunter@acquire-gm.com
Sent: Wednesday May 03
5:35 PM
Subject: Haiti

Mikhail has found the totem and is making arrangements for packing. Because of the weight he recommends that it go by ship to a harbor and then be picked up by truck and taken to your home. That raises the question of customs. I've been dealing strictly with the air carrier and didn't think of having to use a ship company. Any recommendations?



From: gunter@acquire-gm.com
To: inquire@acquire-gm.com
Sent: Thursday May 04 8:12 AM
Subject: Re:Haiti

I do not foresee a problem with customs in Haiti. Carmichael has that well under control and can fill you in with the specifics. I expect it to be in my hands no later than the 18th. On another subject what is the latest on lifting up the bomber wreckage?
-G

From: inquire@acquire-gm.com
To: gunter@acquire-gm.com
Sent: Saturday May 06 5:35 PM
Subject: Flight 19 Update

Here's the latest info:

As you know Marcus has found the wreckage. The submersible finally became available for use on the 1st and it's been confirmed that the markings on the wreckage match the ones that Lt. Charles Taylor had on his aircraft.

The next problem is going to be getting the wreckage up out of the water. At that depth Marcus has his doubts on how

much can be recovered. I've told him that if he needed to bring in more of people it was fine but that they should be hired from the islands and not from the US. I'm keeping in touch with him and will let you know when he has more information.

I've also got work started on the "hanger" at your home as per our phone conversation.

From: gunter@acquire-gm.com
To: inquire@acquire-gm.com
Sent: Thursday May 07 01:49 PM
Subject: Re:Flight 19 Update

Hiring a larger work force is fine but make sure they know what they are doing. If Marcus f***ks this up it will be the last thing he ever does for us.
-G

From: inquire@acquire-gm.com
To: gunter@acquire-gm.com
Sent: Monday May 29 09:10 PM
Subject: Interested?

I received this e-mail earlier today. It's a Chicago address. Are you interested in pursuing?

>hello

>I got your e-mail address from the ad in the National Zoological Newsletter and think I may have >something you might want. When my father died I went through his items and found something >rather weird. I think he got it from his granddad who lived in Ireland and immigrated to the US.
>Anyway it looks to be a tiny hand written book with strange drawings I've never seen before. >The stories in it are hard to read cause there in some weird English but the pictures show lots of >little people with wings. My dad always spoke of the magical people of the old country and >believed that they existed. I think tat this book is the reason he put so much stock into the >stories. Is this the type of thing you are interested in?

From: gunter@acquire-gm.com
To: inquire@acquire-gm.com
Sent: Tuesday May 30 01:49 PM
Subject: Re:Interested?

Have someone qualified from the New York office take a look. If it shows promise proceed with an offer of no more than 1,000. If they don't bite then insist on an analysis. If it can pass that then you can go higher. Have it shipped to Jerome at the Academy of Sciences and see what he says. Pay him

the usual rate

-G

From: gunter@acquire-gm.com
To: inquire@acquire-gm.com
Sent: Tuesday May 30 07:03 PM
Subject: new project

Phone me in Berlin.

-G

From: inquire@acquire-gm.com
To: gunter@acquire-gm.com
Sent: Friday June 02 09:10 PM
Subject: Re:new project

I'm in Corinna. Tomorrow morning I will start looking for guides and a place to set up. Mikhail will be here the day after tomorrow. This place is incredibly wild and untamed!

Jacqueline took a look at the "Fairy book" and thought that it was worth your interest. The seller balked at your offer of 1000 and countered with a sum of 10,000. For that amount I told Jacqueline to have it examined beforehand. But the seller has refused to part with it for the length of time needed for a proper laboratory analysis and insists that any examination be done at her home. This is possible but it will shut down that department for at least a week while they move equipment and manpower to Chicago. At this point and time I thought you might want to rethink your offer or just call the whole thing off. Maybe if we back off then the seller will come down from her high horse. It's seems to be becoming more trouble than it's worth.

From: gunter@acquire-gm.com
To: inquire@acquire-gm.com
Sent: Sunday June 04 12:22 PM
Subject: Re:Re:new project

I do not care one whit about any problems, real or imagined. It is only trouble if I say it is. You will proceed with securing the validity of that book and then you will bring it to me. If the current owner does not want to cooperate then you are authorized to find other avenues that lead to me possessing the tome. Do not disappoint me.

-G

From: inquire@acquire-gm.com
To: gunter@acquire-gm.com
Sent: Monday June 05 04:51 PM
Subject: Re:new project

I've rented a building here and will call your offices later with the new numbers. It's not too hard to find people who have heard of the beast. It's a very active local legend. Mikhail should have his guides picked out by the end of the week. I'll be leaving around then as soon as it looks like everything is in order. Mikhail is wondering if there is a time limit on this hunt? I don't think he likes it here very much.

From: gunter@acquire-gm.com
To: inquire@acquire-gm.com
Sent: Tuesday June 06 7:58 AM
Subject: new project

I do not give a damn what Mikhail likes or does not like. He can stay down in that jungle until either he rots or he finds me what I want.
-G

From: gunter@acquire-gm.com
To: inquire@acquire-gm.com
Sent: Monday June 12 10:58 AM
Subject: IMPORTANT

I cannot reach either Marcus or you by radio. It is imperative that you get in touch with him and suspend his operations at once until I say otherwise. The C. G. is getting suspicious and is planning a visit for later this week. Have him move to the secondary site.
-G

From: inquire@acquire-gm.com
To: gunter@acquire-gm.com
Sent: Monday June 12 12:19 PM
Subject: Re:IMPORTANT

I got the message to him and it's being done. He wants to talk to you. He's taking the work stoppage as a chance to go ashore. He's planning on calling you tomorrow.

Also: the 4th and 5th tomes are ready to be picked up from New York. I'm having a courier deliver them to you on Friday in LA. They're on indefinite loan.

From: inquire@acquire-gm.com
To: gunter@acquire-gm.com
Sent: Thursday June 15 08:40 PM
Subject: Missing Paperwork

No one in New York or Chicago claims to have seen any of the papers. I'm having to assume they're telling the truth. Do you want me to proceed to Boston?

From: gunter@acquire-gm.com
To: inquire@acquire-gm.com
Sent: Thursday June 15 09:12 PM
Subject: Re:Missing Paperwork

No I want you to stick your stupid head up your f***ing
arsehole! Stop assuming that they are telling you the truth
and find out for yourself. If you make me cross this stupid
country just so I can do your job I will have your head on a
plate. I'm sending Carmichael to you. At least he knows the
difference between shit and shinoleum.
-G

From: inquire@acquire-gm.com
To: gunter@acquire-gm.com
Sent: Thursday June 15 09:20 PM
Subject: Re:Re:Missing Paperwork

I'll find them.

From: inquire@acquire-gm.com
To: gunter@acquire-gm.com
Sent: Saturday June 17 10:15 AM
Subject: Re:Re:Missing Paperwork

They've been found. Ben had them all along and we got them
out of his home. I'm handing them off to Carmichael who will
deliver them to you. Sorry about worrying you like that.

Better News: I spoke with Mikhail last night and he thinks he's
on to something. One of his guides came back with some
spoor and a foot cast that match the 1930's descriptions.
Mikhail is going out with a bigger expedition in the next day or
so.

I've also heard nothing but good things about Marcus'
replacement, Andrew. Our person on the crew says that
efforts are now ready to resume at a higher level than ever.
They're eager to begin the real operation once again as soon
as you give them the go ahead. Can you believe they actually
found some artifacts at the site of that wreck? Andrew asked
me what he should do with them.

From: gunter@acquire-gm.com
To: inquire@acquire-gm.com
Sent: Monday June 19 11:31 AM
Subject: Re:Re:Re:Missing Paperwork

Tell Andrew to throw it back overboard or melt it down and
use it for fillings. Either way I do not care.

Call me as soon as Mikhail finds anything.

-G

From: inquire@acquire-gm.com
To: gunter@acquire-gm.com
Sent: Saturday July 01 09:16 AM
Subject: Tasmania

He got it!!!

From: inquire@acquire-gm.com
To: gunter@acquire-gm.com
Sent: Sunday July 02 01:34 PM
Subject: Tasmania

Keeping the animal at base camp can easily stifle any local interest. All of the local guides have been given clear instructions on what they can expect if word of this leaks out to the public.

A bigger issue is getting it out of Tasmania. This is no 3rd world shit-hole and that coupled with the problems of caring for such a wild animal is making delivery a little more difficult than we anticipated. Any chance of OKing Carmichael to come down and help out with any possible problems? Otherwise delivery may be delayed.

From: gunter@acquire-gm.com
To: inquire@acquire-gm.com
Sent: Sunday July 02 02:09 PM
Subject: Re:Tasmania

He should be finished up in Chicago by Tuesday. Go ahead and arrange his travel and get him there ASAP.

-G

From: inquire@acquire-gm.com
To: gunter@acquire-gm.com
Sent: Friday July 07 09:29 AM
Subject: Items

The book is now at your home. Carmichael, our Mr. Fixit, finished early and brought the book to us on Monday. Early dating tests place it at the late 1600's. We've found mention of a "fairy bible" in several of your earlier manuscripts that may be a reference to this work. A sample of the paper and ink has been taken to Jerome at the Academy for further study but I thought you would want to see the article now, even though it hasn't been completed legitimized.

Now for the bad news: The Devonshire map is a complete fraud. Whoever did it, and I find it hard to believe that a 74

year old woman could have done this by herself, did a superb forgery job. Jacqueline believes that they even went to the trouble of concocting ink based on an ancient recipe and that is what threw the lab initially. The paper weave however has been ruled out as being from the correct time period. J. now is certain that is a modern paper most likely from China or North Korea.

From: gunter@acquire-gm.com
To: inquire@acquire-gm.com
Sent: Saturday July 08 12:32 PM
Subject: Re:Items

Gott Damn her! I'll have her f***ing head mounted on a wall as a trophy... Daniel you are an ass not to have found this out before hand. Have Carmichael call me as soon as possible to discuss with me what sort of options I have. I'll be damned if I'm going to be made the fool of by some old crone living in the Whitfield countryside.
-G

From: inquire@acquire-gm.com
To: gunter@acquire-gm.com
Sent: Monday July 10 11:21 AM
Subject: Flight 19

So far over 400 pounds have been pulled out and put inside the warehouse. We're starting to run into the problem of attracting undue attention. Another team outside of our own has made mention of the fact in local bars that although we never find anything our boats are arriving back heavier in the water than when they start. Should we have to move operations that will make our down time over 3 weeks while we secure new facilities. I'm not sure what you want to do about this.

From: gunter@acquire-gm.com
To: inquire@acquire-gm.com
Sent: Tuesday July 11 03:51PM
Subject: Re:Flight 19

Solve the problem but you will not stop Andrew and the program for one second. I finally have someone down there with half a brain and I do not want them to lose that small mental capacity while you dither around trying to figure out how you should handle a few drunks.

I've said this before and I will pound it into your head again; There is nothing that should stand in our way. When I decide on a course of action it should be carried thru with the urgent most expediency. While I realize that problems will arise, they only become my problems when you do not handle them. And let me be perfectly clear: If you cannot handle them then I

will find someone else who can.

-G

From: inquire@acquire-gm.com
To: gunter@acquire-gm.com
Sent: Monday July 17 10:45 AM
Subject: Headhunt

I'm no longer in New York but instead flew into Knoxville on the redeye. I'm renting a vehicle to take me to Franklin Tennessee after I check out a few facts here.

I know it's down here somewhere. I've already found evidence that it was not destroyed in the museum fire and was sold to a man named Keppler in 1904. He displayed in at his home in Franklin Tennessee until at least the 1930's. Unless it hopped across state and back into that Indian's grave I'm betting it's still floating around here somewhere. I have a few more leads and plenty of cash left so I'll let you know the moment something rears its head.

From: gunter@acquire-gm.com
To: inquire@acquire-gm.com
Sent: Wednesday July 19 11:21PM
Subject: Re:Headhunt

Interesting that you have found yourself drawn to Tennessee. I uncovered a small bit of evidence while researching that the item did indeed survive the Medical School fire of 1866. I did not tell you because I wanted to see if you could find corroborating evidence of the same. This is however the first time that I have heard mention of Keppler.

I am taking a short vacation from business and will be in Los Angeles for a short time. I have heard that the rare book division of their downtown library has some new tomes and I am interested in seeing if any relate to our search.

Keep me informed. This one has been on my list for quite some time
-G

sources

E-mails of Acquire-GM.com recieved from Sp01lr & T-Jazz

*United States Department of State Visa Applications Search
Results August 28th, 2000*

SPEAK YOUR MIND

TELL A FRIEND



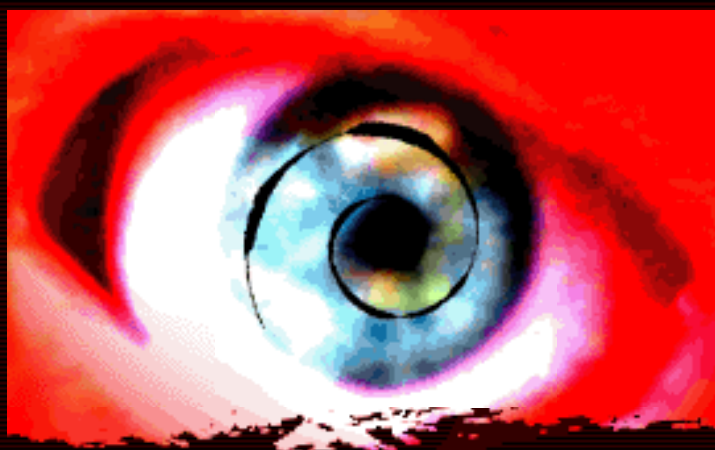
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The Hole Truth

In the early 1980's, Winter Park, Florida gained international infamy (and an impressive spread in "National Geographic" magazine) when it became the home of the worlds largest "sinkhole." A sinkhole is a geographic anomaly that occurs in tropical and swampy areas stricken by drought. The water table dries up, and the space previously occupied by the water collapses. Ultimately, the water table fills back up and the sinkhole becomes a lake. Sinkhole-formed lakes are generally round, and one does not have to be a geologist to note the abundance of perfectly round lakes in the southeastern United States.



Journey to the Center of the Earth: Shimon (Center) Leads the SRS in Prayer

bent, but slowly began to espouse concepts of a more metaphysical nature.

So it was in 1984, that Freddie Tambor formed the "Sinkhole Research Society" in Maitland, Florida, a stone's throw from the famous Winter Park Sinkhole. The SRS attracted mostly people of a scientific



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"We are all a part of the mother Earth, who is a living and breathing entity just like us." stated one of Tambor's less scientific tracts in 1987. Tambor became a charismatic religious figure throughout the late 1980's and early 1990's, but maintained his uneasy scientific following because much of his insistence on collecting empirical data.

It was not to last, as Tambor fell victim to colon cancer in 1992, and died in early 1993 at the age of 45.

"We wanted to place his body in the Winter Park Sinkhole, but the city of Winter Park Strictly forbade it," says follower Thad Shimon (Pictured, second from right), the voice of the SRS today. "We were able to finally have him cremated and spread his ashes over the small pond."

Shimon, along with three others who have changed their names to unpronounceable symbols have kept the spirit of Tambor's work alive, staging ceremonies "inspired by his life's work," at various sinkhole-formed lakes around the Central Florida area.

"We all came from the womb of the mother earth," states Shimon. "We will all return. The sinkhole gives us a glimpse into the womb, into all that we are. We are part of the earth forever."

Though the state of Florida has refused to recognize their religion since its founding in 1994, the SRS followers have kept up hopes of legitimacy within the religions of the world. "The sinkhole is at the center of our worship, but there is much more to it. We believe in saving the air from corporate pollution. We believe that our spirit is in the water that fills our veins. We believe that our environment is sacred and must be protected."

Some controversy has arisen over Shimon's insistence that followers donate ten percent of their earnings to the SRS, and therefore to Shimon himself (who has been unemployed for the last four years). "I don't insist that they give me money," says Shimon. "The followers of SRS believe that I should be able to spend all my time on spiritual pursuits."

One former follower, Sheila Parsons, disagrees with Shimon's plea of innocence. "He's a little tyrant. He insisted that we give him



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money, as soon as he knew we believed in his cult." Parsons has returned to her family and is currently working as a projectionist at a local movie theater.

Shimon denies that his spiritual path is a "cult," however. "We are a scientific society. We are trying to find the truth that lies beneath the skin of the mother earth." Claiming that his life is not "extravagant," Shimon lives in an exclusive gated community on the outskirts of Orlando.

Claire Tambor (47), Freddie's widow, does not appreciate all of the attention that this "fringe society" has focused on her husband.

"Jeffery was a good husband and father, but he had emotional problems. He was in treatment for seven years, before he formed the Sinkhole Society." says Claire. "I am sure he would be flattered to know that his legacy lives on, but neither my son or me wants to be associated with religious silliness like this."

To this, Williams says that Tambor went through a personal change toward the end of his life, when he found the truth. "This is his legacy. We are his legacy. One day, people will appreciate that as a great thing."

sources

Interview with Thad Shimon November 27 1998, Sheila Parsons Novemver 28, 1998, and Clair Tambor November, 1998

Photo credit: Derek Barnes

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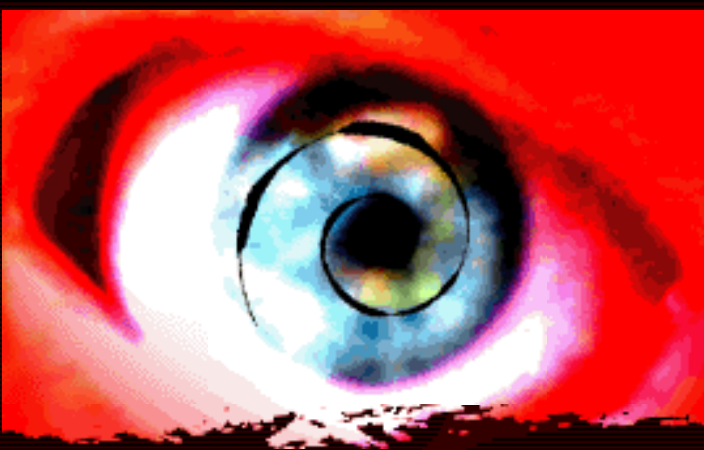
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The Satyr Liberation Army

While on my cross-country road trip this past August, I took a pit stop in San Francisco. I was interested in finding out some first hand information about an environmental protest group that had attracted some local press with their unique name and tactics. Calling themselves the Satyr Liberation Army, this group had been linked to a series of vandalisms, disruptive demonstrations, and social protest concerning the continuing urbanization of the San Francisco area. Thru a series of e-mails with an anonymous source I was put into contact with a member of this group named Britanica. He agreed to meet me in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park at a prearranged spot on the day I arrived into town.

Upon reaching the park I sat myself down with the latest copy

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of [Fortean Times](#) and bided my time, occasionally glancing up and down the walkway, looking for Britanica I was surprised when I heard a voice behind my head ask, "Derek Barnes?"



Britanica, spokesmen for the Satyr Liberation Army

"That's me," I said, glancing over my shoulder and peering up at the stranger behind me. To call him a little odd looking might be an understatement but I've dealt with stranger looking folk so I didn't let a little green hair dye, piercings, head tattoos and surgically implanted horns throw me. (If I wanted to interview guys in suits I would be working for the New York Times.)

"Glad to make your acquaintance," he said as he jumped over the park bench and sat down beside me. "Now what did you want to know?"

I dug my tape recorder out of my backpack and fired it up for the interview.

Derek: So just what exactly is the Satyr Liberation Army? I've seen a couple of buildings near Haight-Ashbury that have your logo spray-painted on the wall.

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Britianica: Yea, we put our logo up on companies to give them warning that their being watched. It let's them know that we're around and won't put up with any bullshit. We've put that whole area under watch. The whole place is a pigsty of capitalistic growth gone insane.

D: How long have you been around?

B: The SLA was formed about a year ago as a way for us to express our rage at the way city government is more concerned with big business than it is for the common people.

D: Who do you mean when you say "us"? Who makes up your group?

B: Concerned citizens. Anyone who thinks city hall needs a kick in the ass to get our attention.



Haight-Ashbury is under the watchful eye of the SLA.

D: I guess what I'm asking you is, why do you call yourself the Satyr Liberation Army? Are you claiming to be the mythical creatures of legend?

B: Who you calling a myth? (laughs) Who's to say we're not? The satyrs have a long history of protecting the earth and that's exactly what we're doing.

D: But they're also suppose to be half man, half goat. Unless I'm missing something you ain't got the hairy legs and hooves.

B: Chalk it up to an unimaginative mind. You see what you want to see or what I let you see. You think I'm going to be skipping thru the park playing a f**king flute? F**k that shit! I'll play a flute when all the dot com assholes are forced to beg for a place to put their servers and we don't have to worry about protecting what's left of the undeveloped land. That's what's important. Not if you can see my hooves or not.

D: OK....Well then what's the problem as you guys see it?

B: That this unchecked economic growth of the Bay area is coming at the expense of any sort of rational plan of development and structure. New office buildings are springing up faster than milkweed in areas like South Market and the Mission District and the city supervisors just turn their heads at this, ignoring zoning rules. Meanwhile you've got those dot.commies opening up office after office in what used to be apartment spaces, driving up the already insane rent and the city says they can't stop them because there's a loophole in the law that allows it! It's insane. Some people are so strapped for a place to live that they have started placing ads

where they offer to exchange sexual favors in return for a place to sleep.



D: It does sound out of control.

B: Damn straight! That's why we've taken it upon ourselves to create examples, cause some ruckus so the city can't keep ignoring this.

D: Well how big is your group?

B: It varies according to the moon cycles. Usually we have about 20 members but it can get up to 50 or so if everything is in conjunction.

D: What do you mean moon cycle?

B: Some of the wood folk can't easily manifest themselves unless the moon is in the proper phase; you know full moon, quarter moon, that kind of shit. The more aggressive members of our group can only materialize on this plane on nights when the planets are aligned. It gets complicated. Plus there's a little bit of a power struggle going on with the Elves.

D:right. What is the elf point of view?

B: Oh they gave up on you guys centuries ago. They think humans are a lost cause. That man's gonna go extinct sooner or later so they don't put any stock into our issues. They don't even come into the cities. They think our efforts are just a waste of time. (He pitches his voice higher in an elf imitation) "Oh leave the foolish humans be. Their concerns are not ours." It's your basic elf isolationist line of bullshit.

D: But you satyrs are more concerned?

B: Oh definitively. There's no way I could leave the city. Can you picture me out in the wilderness drinking dandelion tea like those elf sissies? Screw that. I mean I'm not convinced you guys won't manage to blow yourselves up but I wanna be here to party while it lasts. It's just our dual nature I guess. Same thing with the earth elementals. They think humans are f**king hilarious. They love it here in town.

D: Yeah...well, lets get back to the issues. What actions have you guys taken?

B: Oh plenty. Our latest action was last week. We basically shut down this construction site over on MacLindon Ave. They still haven't figured out what's going on.

D: What did you do?

B: Well a couple of the guys have been getting in really deep with the earth magic, getting into that deep "in tune with nature" bullshit. It's surprising how easy that crap is especially when you've got an earth elemental to help you along. What we did was break into the construction site at night and put this huge f**king hex on the place. And it wasn't just your garden-variety "bad things happen to you" spell. This sucker was a serious laying down of nature's law. Human interference is no longer allowed in that site.



D: What do you mean?

B: I mean that we gave them proper warnings that the whole place was magically rigged nine ways to Sunday. We left fliers all over the site that the area was now under the sovereign protection of the SLA and they shouldn't even think about stepping foot into that site cause some serious shit was going down. Of course they didn't believe us.

D: What happened?

B: They ignored our warnings and started back to work there. They started using a backhoe and after about half an hour all the workers were getting sick, vomiting their breakfast all over the nice equipment and they had to close down. And they've been shut down ever since. The EPA just got finished with a preliminary investigation and they think that the backhoe uncovered some hazardous underground bacteria. Said that it might have been something left from a previous landfill that wasn't on the city records. Course that's utter bullshit. We know the real reason. Now the workers union says that no one is coming back to work there until the situation is resolved and the workers can be guaranteed a healthy work environment. And that ain't gonna happen until they talk to us. (Points to chest)

D: Do you believe-

B: Listen I'll make it short and sweet to you cause I gotta split. Until the city of San Francisco recognizes that it can no longer allow unchecked urban growth without proper safeguards we're keeping up the fight. Humans aren't the only ones on this planet and the sooner you guys realize it the better off you'll be.

And with that he got up and strolled back into the trees and I lost sight of him. I checked out the construction site on MacLindon Ave. and found that it was deserted. I called Toole Construction who was listed as the principal contractor and spoke with a man named Edward Timmons. He confirmed that work had stopped pending a city investigation but denied knowing anything about the SLA.

But after I hung up I spotted the SLA logo spray-painted on the side of the construction fence.

sources

Interview with Britianica, August 5th, 2000

Phone interview with Edward Timmons, August 5th, 2000

Photos by Derek Barnes

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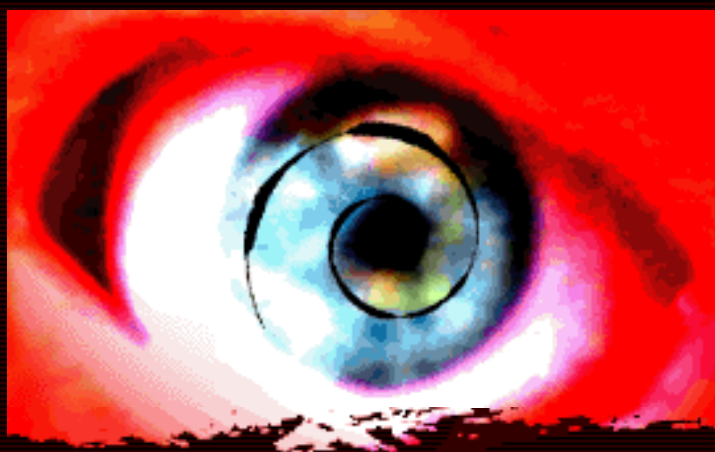
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Too Much Time In My Hand

"I tell people I'm the first cyborg but really I'm not" the 40 something professor says with a smile. "The classical definition of a cyborg is a man/machine combination and Doctors have been doing that for several years now with pacemakers and artificial hearts.



Professor Ceaven's shows off his subdermal timepiece

But what makes Ceaven's stand out from the rest of the cybernetic pack is the fact that he is the first person to get a microchip implanted beneath the surface of his skin. He's had the chip inside his right arm for the last 5 months.

Designed by NewBioYou, a company that Ceaven co-founded with a surgeon and another professor at the college, this microchip is a test to see if such a application of technology is feasible.

"I'm a human guinea pig" Ceaven says, "If I don't explode then we know it's safe."



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- [Scary stuff about implants](#)
- [Timex](#)

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Along with the microchip is a LCD display which illuminates under the skin. It takes the place of a normal watch and shows the time, It can be deactivated by Ceaven with a touch to turn it off. The whole device is powered by a battery which can be recharged by holding his wrist near a recharging device. A small receiver, also imbedded in the skin, can be activated by a computer scanner and accept time change information.

"The time is almost just a showoff thing." Ceaven tells me, "The most important aspect of the chip for me is to keep track of my location when I'm in the robotics building here on campus. We've installed sensors that can read the chip in several different rooms. For example, when I enter my office the lights come on and my computer jump starts. It even automatically starts the coffeemaker in the snack room. My secretary has a computer program she can access to show where I am in the building if something important comes up."

Cost for this prototype was high but Ceaven and his partners expect the price to quickly fall if the chips are mass produced and surgery becomes routine.

"The whole thing could be set up in a shopping mall just like they're doing with laser vision corrective surgery

nowadays. You plop down your charge card and 2 hours later, boom, you've got a chip to make your life easier."

Other applications for the microchip include blood and temperature monitors for those with medical conditions, prisoner monitoring devices or decorative patterns for those into the piercing and tattooing scene.

"I'm just the tip of the iceberg." Ceaven states, "These things could be as common as contact lenses in 5 years."

sources

-interview with Harrold Ceaven, July 12th, 1999

photo by Derek Barnes



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