

FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

FREAK-O-PEDIA

NOTHING UP MY SLEEVE

Cabala Golems and Voodoo Effigies

In ancient times the ability to bring life to inanimate objects was the sole province of the gods. But man has been ever curious about this power and records exist of alchemists and sorcerers trying to determine just what it is that brings life to seemingly inanimate objects. This pseudo-scientific dabbling into the properties of life has given rise to a great many myths about the power of creation. Most of these stories have been confirmed to be nothing more than a hoax or wistful thinking but some of them have never been satisfactorily explained. Did our ancestors uncover the secret to bringing forth life? And if so, did these rites disappear with them or have they been hoarded away and learned anew by another generation?



LEARN MORE:



Some of the earliest reports of man trying to uncover the secret of life dates back to the times of alchemy when science was still struggling to convert what they were discovering into a system of natural laws. Some alchemists believed in the theory of "Preformationism" which stated that every organism destined to be born was encased inside each other in smaller and smaller layers and just awaited the proper time for their birth. One of the most famous of alchemists from this line of thought was Aureolus Philippus Theophrastus Bombast von Hohenheim, who worked under the pseudonym Paracelus. Paracelus believed so strongly in Preformationism that he even cooked up a recipe, which was first published in a book entitled "De Natura Rerum" in 1572.

"Let the essence of a man putrefy by itself in a sealed cucurbite with the highest putrefaction of venter equinus for forty days, or until it begins at last to



live, move, and be agitated, which can easily be seen. At this time it will be in some degree like a human being, but, nevertheless, transparent and without a body. If now, after this, it be every day nourished and fed cautiously with the arcanum of human blood, and kept for forty weeks in the perpetual and equal heat of venter equinus, it becomes thencefold a true living infant, having all the members of a

- [The Kabbalah](#)
- [Physiognomy](#)
- [Curacao](#)

IN THE FREAK-O-PEDIA:

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



FIND A FREAK:

Search for:

FREAK-A-DENTIAL:

child that is born from a woman, but much smaller. This we call a homunculus; and it should be afterwards educated with the greatest care and zeal, until it grows up and starts to display intelligence".

Paracelsus stated that the little man he created through this recipe looked exactly like a human although only 12 inches high. Although raised in the correct manner, the homunculus grew agitated by Paracelsus's actions and attentions and ran away, never to be seen again.



Equally interesting is the deeds and actions recorded by those that followed the Jewish mysticism called Cabala. Cabala came to fruition in the 13th century but is based on an even older Jewish theosophy, which can trace its roots back to the 1st century A.D. The Cabala that was studied in the Middle Ages was concerned with uncovering the secret truths of the world and how creation related to these hidden forces of the earth. In this respect it was closely akin to the thoughts and ideas of alchemy although the two were separated by the schism of science versus religion. Indeed the thought of creating life out of nothing also exists within the study of Cabala and the myth of the "Golem," a creature created out of mud and given life, is based on studies from this philosophy. The most famous story of a golem concerns a rabbi in 16th century Prague who creates one to act as a protector. This story mirrors the unhappy ending of Paracelus's homunculus; as the days pass the golem grows stronger and finally becomes insane. The rabbi is forced to end its life by erasing the word of power that he had written on his forehead.

But these secrets of bringing life out of nothing seem to have slowly vanished under the tide of new information about what life is and how it becomes. By the 1800's the "science" of alchemy had been regulated to a few mad scientist types toiling away in obscurity. It was furthered hampered by Mary Shelly's book "Frankenstein" which sent the notion into the realm of fiction. No serious scientist would touch the ideas brought forth by the early masters of these arts in the 15th

Sign up for the Freaky Links Freak-A-Dential and be the first to know when we add new stuff to the site:

(enter your email address and press button)

and 16th centuries. Forced by the light of the new laws of science, this radical art of creation fell out of favor and by most accounts no new work was done. But did this strange art still find followers in more remote corners of the world?



Recent events have lead me to believe that this study did not die out entirely but instead took an unusual twist. After an encounter

with a Shamanic Priestess who claimed to be able to bring a semblance of life out of nothing, I began to look closer at the roots of her beliefs. I now think that she is a direct link to the alchemists of the past and that the power revealed by both the alchemists and the Cabala masters still resides in her.

The priestess was born on the Netherlands Antilles Island of Curacao, which lies just off the northern coast of Venezuela. The Spanish first settled the island in 1527 but the Dutch ousted them from the land a few years later. By the middle of the next century the island had become an important part of New World activities and a busy port for the Dutch West Indies Company. It was also at this time that a Jewish Cabalist named Morenci Rosenbaum came to the island. Ostensibly part of a group that was intent on setting up the first synagogue on Curacao, Rosenbaum became more interested in the ideas of a Dutch scientist named Leonardo Ven Leving. Ven Leving was using the cheap labor and land that the island provided to help prove some of his more esoteric theories about flight. Although successful in his attempts to launch a hot air balloon in 1621, Ven Leving spent some of his time dabbling in alchemy and it's studies on creating life. A cargo manifest from a Dutch ship that arrived in 1622 reveals that Ven Leving had ordered a vast amount of obscure herbs and alchemist potions that were listed by Paracelus as necessary in creating and maintaining homunculus life. Local land deeds of that year also show that Rosenbaum had bought a small villa next to Ven Leving's household. That seems unusual since the Jewish community had provided it's members with a self-contained community on the other side of the island and this may be proof that both Van Leving and Rosenbaum were operating together in some capacity. In any case, both men lost their life in an attempted invasion of the islands by a band of Spanish bandits in the year 1629.

These findings are nothing new to historians but become more interesting in light of the discussion I had with the Priestess. She claims that both Ven Leving and Rosenbaum are looked upon as the founders of a Curacao theosophy called "Mestre Do



Fantoche" which still exists as a hidden belief on the island today. This quasi-religion is followed by a handful of the island natives and their chief claim is that they have the ability to create "automatons." These wax or mud based effigies of humanity contain no robotic parts nor run off any power source but instead are brought to life by a combination of alchemy and mysticism. The priestess claimed to have recently brought to life one of these automatons in Miami Florida at the request of a customer who had been visited upon by a curse. The automaton was made of wax and sculpted to look like the person in an attempt to divert the curse upon it and free the man from its effects. The Priestess said that the curse acted as a power source unto itself and made the effigy come to life under it's own power. Because of this the automaton was turned to evil and had to be destroyed (I can attest to that last part, personally.)



If the Priestess's back story is to be believed then the secret arts of alchemy and the Cabala still exist to this day. Even though forced to go underground by the knowledge of current scientific study and theory these "old ways" are still

as potent as they were back in the 15th and 16th centuries. Current science has no place for these beliefs but to those that still accept them as the truth they may still hold power and substance. Perhaps this is the basic underlying theory of magic; that rituals have to be believed in to work. If that is the case then the Priestess I spoke with is certainly a powerful one since her beliefs in the theosophy of "Mestre Do Fantoche" are unshakable. This mobius loop of a belief system is self empowering and is sure to keep itself alive as much as any of the laws of science that are held to be true today. If so

we may not have seen the last of golems or other creatures that are brought to life by man.

sources

Interview with Anonymous Priestess, Miami Florida, January 10th, 2001

"A Brief History of the West Indies Trading Companies" Harold Vergin, Masthead Publications, 1998

"Cabala" Richard S Sarason, Microsoft Encarta 97 Encyclopedia

"The Time of Curacao" Walter Barthleon, Caribbean Publishing, 1999

SPEAK YOUR MIND

TELL A FRIEND



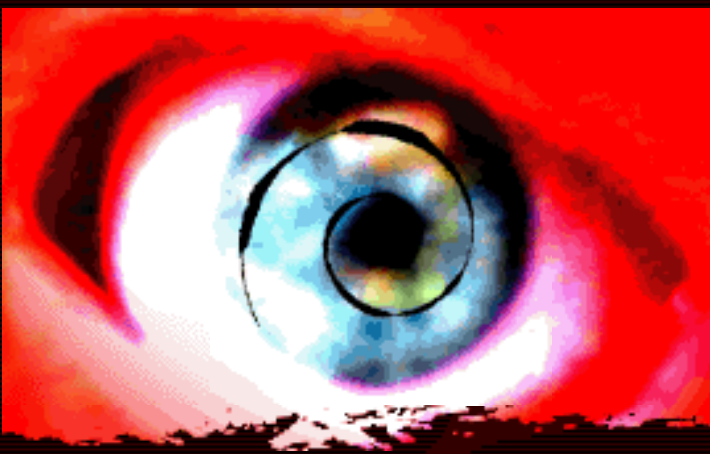
FAQ

NEW

FREAK STORE

EMAIL DEREK

**Copyright © Freaky Links, Inc.
All Rights Reserved.**



FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

FREAK-O-PEDIA

NOTHING UP MY SLEEVE

Curse of the Hoodoo Doctor

In November of 1859 an abolitionist, and "hoodoo doctor" named Mathias was caught at a Savannah Georgia plantation while organizing an escape of slaves and murdered. But some say he cursed his attackers and still haunts his place of death. Who was Mathias and what power did he possess?

The African American man known as Mathias is first mentioned in the notes of a Rochester New York Quaker Minister named Reilly Daniels in June of 1858. Arriving with a letter from the American Abolitionist Organization (AAO) that declared him a freeman, Mathias was housed by the Minister and became the church's handyman. Reilly's sermon notes for early June state:

"And although popular society and some southern senators may make it an unpopular statement, I must declare that slavery is a sin in the eyes of the Lord and you have but to speak to our new friend Mathias to understand the villainy of this social evil."

Little is known of Mathias and no photographs exist of him. His earlier history is unknown and no records of him exist in the archives of the AAO. (Although later events may have caused any such records to be destroyed) What kept his name alive in Rochester were the oral stories that were passed down from generation to generation. Stories that say he was a "hoodoo doctor" (one who practices the darker hoodoo arts) and that he was better left alone.

What is Hoodoo? A simplistic definition would be that it is a folk magic, passed on thru generations of southern blacks



LEARN MORE:

- [The History of Hoodoo](#)
- [The Menare Foundation](#)
- [Hoodoo McFiggins](#)

IN THE FREAK-O-PEDIA:

(and some whites) that mixes Christianity, American Indian beliefs, many African religions, with the aspects of fetish worship. Believers think that they can bring luck, throw curses, and manipulate the actions of elemental forces thru spell casting (which in Hoodoo is called, "throwing tricks"). Candles, magnetic lodestones, and mojo bags of herbs and tokens all play important roles in this religion. Although Hoodoo's origins are blurred, it is thought to have arisen when Africans were forced to become slaves in America and found different religious rites thrust upon them. Since many African religions have a policy of incorporating other religious beliefs and icons into their own, hoodoo was born as a spiritual bridge between beliefs.

Although in normal times a man practicing magic might have found disfavor amongst a Christian preacher, Daniels and Mathias worked together for almost 2 years. Minster Reilly may have been more forgiving since Mathias came with a letter from the AAO and the organization began secretly supplying funds to the church. These payments helped the minister in making the church a safe house for the Underground Railroad. During this time, hundreds of escaped slaves acquired the help of the Minister and Mathias to make their escape to Canada. Still there was some tension. Abigail Potterson, another prominent abolitionist who operated the "depot" before Reilly's, states that fact in her diary entry of February 25th:

"I move with half closed eyes during the day since my nights are not spent in sleep but in the never-ending transport of fugitives up the line. Since they are on the border, Reilly and his man Mathias have become a welcome sight to many a soon to be free negroe. Still their bickering adds more strain to my already aching head. Some nights I think Mathias would sooner be rid us than listen to another holy word writ by the hand of God and uttered by the mouth of Minister Reilly. Mathias' methods are not ours and it vexes the Minster to no end."

But tensions must have reached a boiling point because in March of 1860 Mathias left Rochester heading for Savannah Georgia where he planned to infiltrate a plantation posing as a slave, and then lead a large group back up the Underground Railroad. Abigail Potterson's diary entry for March 12th, 1860 states,

"Mathias came last night and it is a peculiar sight to know that he is moving south on the line instead of north. His plan of helping the slaves we have heard of in Savannah is a brave one. I've secured him in the cellar for the day and went about acquiring passage for him by carriage down to the next "station". When I brought lunch to him I was witness to an oddity that I dare not repeat anywhere else but here. Mathias was sitting upon the damp earth of the

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



FIND A FREAK:

Search for:

FREAK-A-DENTIAL:

Sign up for the Freaky Links Freak-A-Dential and be the first to know when we add new stuff to the site:

(enter your email address and press button)

cellar floor, facing away from me, tossing a collection of what looked to be white twigs on the ground before him and muttering in a low voice. Thinking he was but passing the time I walked up and tapped him on the shoulder. Mathias turned to look at me with what I can only describe as hatred in his eyes. At once my breath was taken away and I felt faint. I came to lying on that sour earth floor with Mathias kneeling beside me. He apologized for, "scaring the soul away from my body" and that he meant no harm. I thanked him for the words but noticed that one of the white twigs lay at his feet, uncollected. It wasn't a twig, though, but an animal bone!"

Mathias' journey southward is unrecorded but he did make it to the plantation of Earl Landers and began planning the escape of 12 slaves. Samantha Devon's grandfather was one of the men that escaped because of Mathias and she told his side of the story for the 1961 book "Unchaining Freedom."

"That man who helped my grandpa was a Hoodoo doctor, grandpa said he could tell just by the way he showed up. Can a normal man just appear one night at a Georgia slave cabin and say he was from New York and was gonna help everybody get free? They knew what he was and were scared of what he would do if anybody said no to him. Grandpa Toby said that one night he gathered everybody in one of the houses and told them tonight was the night. He gave them all mojo bags to wear underneath their clothes and said that it would make them invisible to the white people. One boy, Silas, he refused to go along with it and instead went to tell the foreman what was going on. Grandpa said Silas was dead before he ever got halfway across the yard! That hoodoo man killed him. But the dogs must have smelled something cause they let up a howl and everybody had to get out of there quick as they could. The Hoodoo man stayed behind making some spell to stop the men from chasing them but something happened and he got caught. Grandpa saw freedom because of that man and was grateful but he never wanted to see him again. Said if he wasn't the devil then he was a close cousin"

A newspaper article published in the Savannah Register on April 3rd recounts the official side of the event:

COLORED RASCAL CAUGHT, SLAVES ESCAPE

The farm of Earl Landers was the scene of an

escape last night. Mr. Landers shot and caught an unknown negro that is suspected of being a northern abolitionist agitator but 12 negroes are still missing. Mr. Lander's brother, Andrew Landers was killed when his horse fell upon him during the chase. Following is a list of the escaped slaves and their particulars . . .

After capture, the wounded Mathias was taken into custody by Savannah Sheriff Gil Smithson and housed in a cell at the Regal Street courthouse. No medical attention is noted for the aforementioned bullet wound and the last official record states that Mathias died "attempting escape" later that evening. But in 1901 former deputy sheriff Wayne Haskins confessed to watching Earl Landers and the Sheriff hang the captured man in the jail cell. Haskins also related that the they were taken by surprise when the prisoner suddenly stopped struggling and instead used his last breath of life to snatch a black flannel bag from underneath his belt and sprinkle the contents of it on the Sheriff and Landers. Locals say it was this last "trick" by Mathias that caused both men to be cursed with bad luck from then until a few years later when they were both killed in the bloody Civil War battle of Bull Run.



Does this turn of the century photo show the ghost of Mathias haunting his place of death?
[Click here to see a larger version of the photo](#)

But it seems that the presence of Mathias continued even after his death. As the years passed, and rumors circulated of the murder, many workers at the courthouse became convinced that his ghost haunted the jail cell. Prisoners housed in the room said it was unnaturally cold, workers reported the smell of herbs, and it was even said that you could hear the sound of Mathias rasping breath as the noose tightened around his neck.

In 1948 the courthouse was torn down and the 88-year-old murder forgotten. But in 1973 a local citizen named Terrance

Malloy published a book on the history of the city and included a photo he had discovered at an estate sale. It shows a woman in turn of the century dress standing in front of the window of the old jail cell (by the 1900's the jail cell was being used as a supply room.) Malloy, having already researched the facts behind the lynching, came to the conclusion that the blurry image on the windowpane was the ghost of Mathias. While this may have helped sales of his book, his hasty judgment also brought to life the deeper story of the Hoodoo Doctor's life and death.

sources

"The Underground Railroad in Rochester" Tandem Publishing 1983

The archive of the American Abolitionist Organization, Chicago Museum of History

"Tall Tales Of the Northeast: Field Reports and Folk Stories" New York Weekender magazine, vol. 23, issue 4, May 2000

"Unchaining Freedom" Samuel Sodkempt, Aceway Books, 1961

Collected back issues of the Savannah Register, Register Newspaper Reprint Section

Chatham County Courthouse, Records Division

"The Secret City of Savannah" Terrance Malloy, Hometown Books, 1973

Photo credit: "The Secret City Of Savannah" Terrance Malloy, Hometown Books, 1973

SPEAK YOUR MIND

TELL A FRIEND



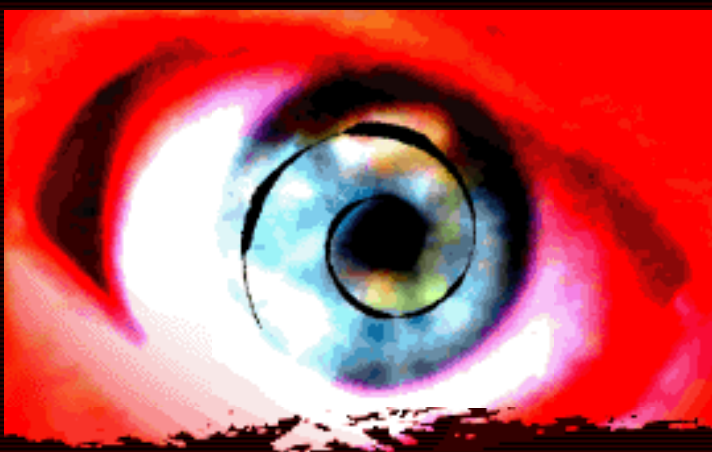
FAQ

NEW

FREAK STORE

EMAIL DEREK

**Copyright © Freaky Links, Inc.
All Rights Reserved.**



FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

FREAK-O-PEDIA

NOTHING UP MY SLEEVE

Dances with Viagra

Carol Runningbrook (22), a young member of the Pequot Indian tribe in Ledyard, Connecticut, claims that she has discovered a cure for female infertility. What is this wonder drug? How can the medical community make buckets of money off of Runningbrook's new procedure?

Well, they can't, really. Her cure was given to her in 1997 in a dream. A fish, which she had been seeing in dreams since she was a child, swam up to her and touched her belly. Instantly it swelled -- Carol was pregnant.



The Big One That Didn't Go Away - Runningbrook Swings A Magic Fish

When she awoke, she was not pregnant, but she had an idea to help her sister, Fawn. Fawn (26) and her husband Jake (49) had been

trying unsuccessfully to conceive since the two were married in 1992. They had tried talking to tribal elders, and they had gone to conventional fertility clinics. Carol brought her sister deep into the forest, to the shore of a shallow



LEARN MORE:

- [Viagra Home Page](#)
- [Infertility Resources](#)
- [Lil' Fishies Cam](#)

creek.

"She stood at the shore line and a large trout swam right up to her, as if it wanted her to pluck it from the water," says Fawn, who did not know fully why Carol wanted to bring her into the woods. "She seemed possessed, in a trance, and she took the fish and she hit me with it, like those Christian televangelists." A month later Fawn was pregnant.

It took little time for word to spread around the area. Quickly, Carol and her "fertility fish" were tribal icons. People from other tribes, as well as curious onlookers and women for whom conventional fertility treatments have failed, started visiting Carol. She claims that she has received no financial reward for her treatments, asking for people to simply donate any moneys that would have gone to her to an environmental charity of their choice.

Frank Bear (37), who runs the tribal gambling establishment, has officially confronted her about this practice, claiming that it is taking people away from the tribal casino (a major source of revenue within the tribe). "The people coming to our reservation are not spending money here. Residents are going to Carol, and once again not spending money on tribal property. She has them giving their money away to non-native charities!" Bear says. He claims that in the two years since Runningbrook began her "treatments," tribal tourism is up but tribal revenue is down.

"I can't force people to spend money here," claims Runningbrook. "I can only do what I was put here to do. I want to see my tribe flourish, and I can only believe that what I am doing must help."

sources

The Hartford Review, April 9, 1998

Photo courtesy of River Mansfield, Pequot Tribe Newsletter.

IN THE FREAK-O-PEDIA:

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



FIND A FREAK:

Search for:

SPEAK YOUR MIND

TELL A FRIEND

FREAK-A-DENTIAL:

Sign up for the Freaky
Links Freak-A-Dential
and be the first to know
when we add new stuff
to the site:

(enter your email
address and press
button)



FAQ

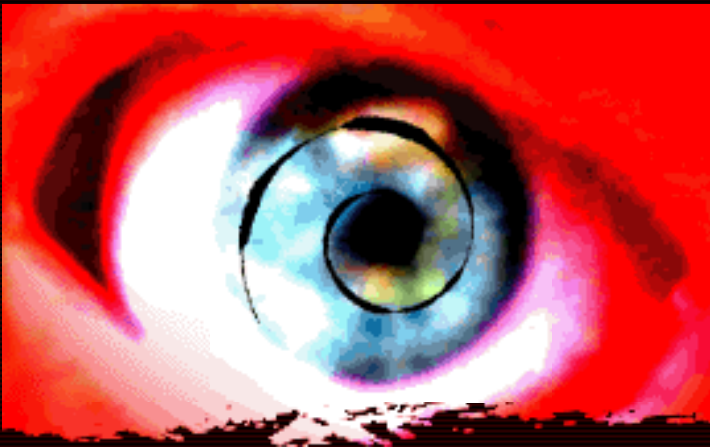
NEW

FREAK STORE

EMAIL DEREK

**Copyright © Freaky Links, Inc.
All Rights Reserved.**

Hey Mister, Wanna Buy A Flying Carpet?



FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

FREAK-O-PEDIA

NOTHING UP MY SLEEVE

Hey Mister, Wanna Buy A Flying Carpet?

I met with Gulf War Veteran Jeff McIntyre at his home in Tampa Florida. McIntyre was honorably discharged from the army in 1996 and moved to the Tampa area to be with family. He currently works as a technology consultant with a software development firm.

Derek: So tell me what you did in the war.

Jeff: (laughs) Sounds like a line in some movie, don't it? I was officially attached to the 513th Military Intelligence Brigade out of Fort Monmouth New Jersey but that was just on paper.

D: What was the reality?

J: Well I'm really not suppose to say but it's safe to say that



LEARN MORE:



Lieutenant Jeff McIntyre with 3 of the Saudi Arabian's that help Military Intelligence during Desert Storm

I was based a little further south than New Jersey, closer to Arlington Virginia. . .

D: OK I'll let it go at that. When were you shipped overseas to participate in Desert Storm?

J: I left for Saudi in

October of 1990. Me and 6 other guys were station near the Kuwait border in this sheiks house. When we got there we were amazed since all you could see was sand and more sand and then all of a sudden sat this guy's mansion. He had a swimming pool, Mercedes and Jeeps, it was like living in Beverly Hills.

D: And this was known by the Army?

J: Oh yeah, they set it up for us. We were suppose to be sorta apart from the rest of the units pouring into Saudi Arabia. There were other groups like us spread out across the country.

D: What was your job?

J: Well the official name for it was recon but we called it 'sneaking and peeking.' We were suppose to go over the border and find out what was going on. Find out how stupid Iraq was and how to exploit that.

D: And were you successful?

J: Not at first. We were trained for recon work against a much more heavily industrialized enemy. I mean if we had been put down in London and told to recon Princess Diana we could have told you what color her panties were by the week's end. In Saudi Arabia, Kuwait and Iraq it was just to desolate. We stuck out like sore thumbs. We finally began using 'moles' to do the work for us. There was no way we could get anywhere.

D: Moles?

J: Yeah, local people who could or would work for us. We'd set up missions based on what they could accomplish and then turn 'em loose. We started getting some good intel that way but nothing great.

- [Gulf War Debriefing Book](#)
- [Gulf War](#)
- [Aeon AL](#)

IN THE FREAK-O-PEDIA:

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



FIND A FREAK:

Search for:

FREAK-A-DENTIAL:

D: But then you did start getting information. What changed things?

J: That's where it gets a little weird. Luke, er I mean Second Lieutenant Eisert went out to meet with a potential mole and came back with one heck of a story.

D: Yeah?

J: Well the meeting was set up through the guy we were staying with. It was like his Uncle's brother's cousin or something, his name was unpronounceable so we just called him Alfred. Luke said that he asked the guy if he could find stuff out for us and this guy said something like 'Why do it the hard way?' and invited Luke to come meet with some friends of his. Well Luke did and discovered that his friends were basically this secret group of . . . I don't know the right word for it in English, you might call them magicians or warlocks. They practiced the old religion, like pre-Islamic.

D: And how did this help you?

J: Well Alfred was in pretty good with this group and when he told them that we needed help getting Hussein out of Kuwait they got all excited. Luke said they did some chanting and some ritual and when the guys came out of it one of them asked for a map of Kuwait. Luke gave it to him and he pointed to a particular spot and said 'That's where a scud sight is at.'

D: And did you believe it?

J: (laughs) Not at first. We told Luke that he had sunk pretty far down to be getting help from sand witches but then as a joke we passed it on up the chain of command. 48 hours later we got a call back congratulating us on finding a hidden launch site. It was situated in a cave system and even the satellite intel guys had passed it over!

D: Freaky.

J: Hell yeah, freaky. Well after that we all decided to go and see our new benefactors. We brought all kinds of gifts for them and told them how much help they were. They said thanks and agreed to help us more. They did make us promise not to tell any of the higher ups how we were getting the information since what they were doing was way against the law in Saudi. The practice of magic is still punishable by death there. Kinda like American when we had the Salem witch trials.

D: What else did they help you with?

J: Mostly logistics. Where forces were forming up. Where Hussein was staying. The biggest coup they did was help us shut down the Iraqi military computer system.

D: Tell me about that.

Sign up for the Freaky Links Freak-A-Dential and be the first to know when we add new stuff to the site:

(enter your email address and press button)

J: Well this was around the middle of December and we knew that the airwar was going to start soon. Intelligence was still really thin about what state the Iraqi Airforce was in. They had been trained by the Soviets and had a lot of French Mirage jets in their arsenal. We put the question of how we could hurt the command system of the Iraqi Airforce to the warlocks and they said they could put a spell on it but they needed something from it. We worked through a Jordanian smuggler and got a printer that was supposed to go to Iraq. These guys just sorta stood around the thing and looked at it and finally asked us if there was a smaller piece they could work with. I opened up the printer and got a microchip and handed it to one guy. They went back to their tent and then 6 hours later brought the chip back to us. Alfred talked to them and told us that everything was set. I put the printer back together and gave it back to the guy from Jordan.

D: Did it work?

J: I guess so! We had air superiority over Iraq in a matter of hours. Later I heard that a rumor was going around that the NSA had put a virus into the computer system. Typical of those guys to claim all the glory. (laughs)

D: Anything else?

J: Well toward the end of the war, a couple of the higher ups were eager to get Saddam himself. We were contacted and told to find him. By this time I think some of our commanding officers knew we were using unorthodox measures but they were like, whatever worked . . .

D: And did you find him?

J: Oh we knew where he was all along! Sometimes we wouldn't pass info up the food chain because it looked too suspicious that we had all the answers but on this one we sat around for 2 days, drinking the Sheik's beer and then told our superiors that we had found the exact location. He just asked the guys and they told us.

D: But obviously nobody did anything.

J: Bullsh*t! Saddam had put himself into a bunker approx. 15 NW of Baghdad. Problem was that the bunker was the toughest bitch he had. It was buried under 30 feet of reinforced concrete. Finally the R and D boys developed a new bomb, a 5,000 pounder called a bunker buster. I heard they used old artillery tubes to make it way. Anyway about 18 days after we told them where he was they dropped 2 of these things on his ass.

D: And failed to kill him.

J: Well yeah, the job was so hurry up that one of the laser spotters missed the bunker entirely. The other hit it and

went straight through all the concrete like butter. Exploded on the top levels of the bunker and killed some of Hussein's generals. Hussein must have buried himself a little deeper. If the second bomb would have penetrated then he'd been just an oily spot in a big hole in the ground.

D: Did anyone in your unit keep in contact with the group that helped you?

J: No, when we left back for Stuttgart Germany it was quick. Since they were worried about their own government getting after them for their beliefs they didn't even show themselves at the Sheik's house. A lot of the guys were less than friendly to them also since they were spooked that they could work their magic so well. I was just the other way. If they worked then I thought the army should have hired them on permanently. Made our jobs a lot easier.

sources

-interview with Jeff McIntyre February 8th, 1999

-photo courtesy of Jeff McIntyre

[SPEAK YOUR MIND](#)

[TELL A FRIEND](#)



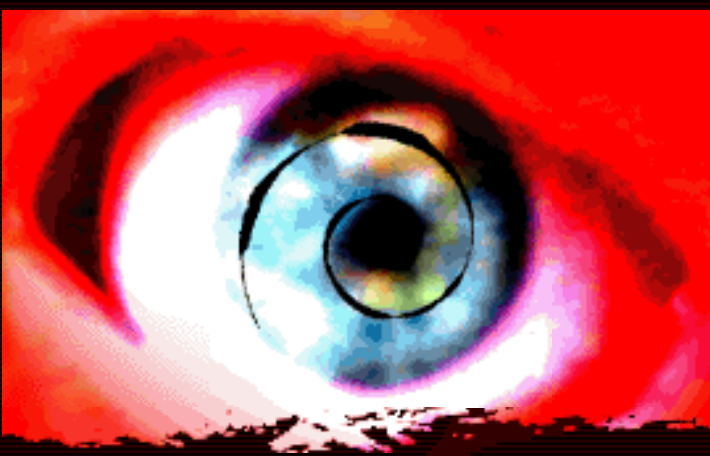
[FAQ](#)

[NEW](#)

[FREAK STORE](#)

[EMAIL DEREK](#)

Copyright © Freaky Links, Inc.
All Rights Reserved.



FREAKY LINKS

FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY



FREAK-O-PEDIA

NOTHING UP MY SLEEVE

In the Land of Cotton Candy Clouds

Haines City Florida - Lynn Norgate (43) lives a quiet life in this small town that's basically a bump in the road between Tampa and Orlando.

"Nothing big has happened here since they closed down Circus World," says Lynn referring to the now defunct theme park. We're sitting in her home at the Haines City Trailer Park. Outside the window I can hear the roar of citrus trucks as they travel from the groves to one of the many processing plants that line Highway 27. Lynn use to work at one such plant but was forced to quit 5 years ago as her eyes developed severe nystagmus as a side effect from being an albino. She now earns a meager living as an envelope stuffer. Most days you can find her sitting on the abandoned concrete square where a neighboring trailer use to be, watching the tourists go past her on the Interstate.

"In



LEARN MORE:

- [Cloud Busting](#)
- [Mysterious Universe](#)
- [The Weather Channel](#)

IN THE FREAK-O-PEDIA:

The concrete square behind Lynn's trailer is a prime spot for cloud busting

some ways I'm lucky. I'm what they call a tyrosine positive albino which means I can go outside and not get a sunburn if I make sure and put on sunscreen. So in the morning I usually get up at 8 or so and pack the envelopes but by 2 or so I like to go outside and watch the traffic go by. In the summer you can gather up the oranges that drop off the trucks and make your own juice. When there isn't any traffic I just look up at the clouds and imagine shapes in them."

And maybe because of all the time she has spent staring up at the sky Lynn has discovered she has the ability to make clouds disappear at will.

"I call it cloudbusting. I can't do it all the time but if I've been staring up at the sky long enough sometimes I just get this feeling. Like I can feel this cotton candy all around me. I can just move my arms and start squeezing it all small and while I'm doing that the clouds just get smaller and smaller until they disappeared."

I sat with Lynn by her home for half a hour and while I did feel relaxed, I didn't see Lynn make any clouds bust.

"Like I said, sometimes I can do it and sometimes I can't," said Lynn. "It's not anything I can turn on and off like a faucet."

Luckily for me (and for all of you out there in cyberspace) Lynn's stepbrother filmed her in the process of cloudbusting earlier this year. She was happy to loan the tape to me and it's now available for you to watch.

editors note-

After viewing the film I get the feeling that Lynn's stepbrother has a home video system set up in his garage. Lynn seemed sincere enough about her ability and didn't even ask for money for the interview but I definitely think that someone is trying to pull the wool over our eyes with some real cheesy special effects.

sources

interview with Lynn Norgate, March 25th, 1998

photo by Derek Barnes

quicktime movie courtesy of Lynn Norgate and Thomas Simmons

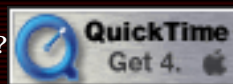


Lynn Norgate busting away those nasty clouds.

[Click here to see the movie](#) (77k).

(movie not working for you? you probably need to

[download the QuickTime software](#))



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



FIND A FREAK:

Search for:

FREAK-A-DENTIAL:

Sign up for the Freaky Links Freak-A-Dential and be the first to know when we add new stuff to the site:

(enter your email address and press button)

[SPEAK YOUR MIND](#)

[TELL A FRIEND](#)



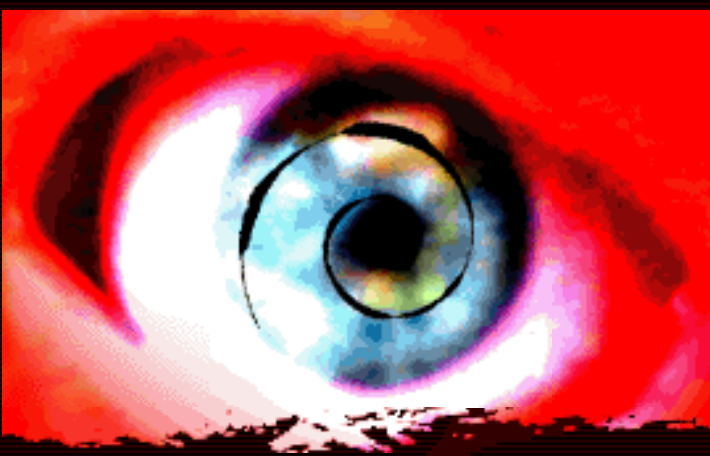
[FAQ](#)

[NEW](#)

[FREAK STORE](#)

[EMAIL DEREK](#)

Copyright © Freaky Links, Inc.
All Rights Reserved.



FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

FREAK-O-PEDIA

NOTHING UP MY SLEEVE

President Kennedy and the Voodoo Priest of New Orleans

Miami Florida - The Shady Palms Retirement Home sits on a secluded side street near the Miami downtown. The neighborhood around is a reflection of the occupants; old, weather-beaten and a little run down. Senior Citizens no more than half fill the 2 story house and many of them sit on the long porch outside, soaking up the sun and watching the younger population pass them by.

Sansa Richardo a resident of the house, (74) acts like a man half his age. He seems to be the ruler of the house, charming fellow seniors and nurses alike. He likes to play dominoes and slams them down with obvious relish. He also likes to do a little drinking and when I arrived to interview him he suggested we go for a short walk. I soon found myself at Victoria's Bar ordering beers for the both of us as Sansa was greeted by the regulars as "Pappa S." I finally steered him to a corner booth for an interview.

Derek: So tell me about how you were connected with the Kennedy assassination.



LEARN MORE:

- [Warren Report](#)
- [NFDA](#)
- [The Retirement Net](#)

IN THE FREAK-O-PEDIA:

Sansa: I wasn't! Not directly. I had no idea what those men were going to do. I loved John and Jackie just like the rest of the country. If I knew what they were going to do with my spell then I would have never said yes.

D: Spell?

S: Yes, a spell. Back in the day Pappa S. was a respected and feared man in New Orleans. I held court in a bar much like this one. People would come to see me and I would help fix things for them. Sometimes it was loaning a poor man money and sometimes it was helping him getting revenge or making sure that girl he wanted, wanted him! (laughs)

D: So who came to see you that later was involved in the assassination?

S: Well it was around June or July of 1963. I was at Lugat's (the bar in New Orleans) and the bartender told me that some special men were

waiting in the back to see me. Now normally if a man wanted to see me he came up to me and announced himself but I could tell that Sam (the bartender) was scared so I just nodded to him. I took my time rolling a cigarette and finally went into the back room where Lugat's office was.



Is this retired voodoo priest part of the Kennedy assassination conspiracy?

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



FIND A FREAK:

Search for:

FREAK-A-DENTIAL:

Sign up for the Freaky Links Freak-A-Dential and be the first to know when we add new stuff to the site:

(enter your email address and press button)

D: Lugat?

S: He was the owner of the bar although I told him everything he could or could not do. Or at least I thought I did (laughs) Old Lugat liked playing poker but poker didn't like him. No, not at all. What he had done was lose a big pile of money to the Carollo's and now they had him over the barrel. I didn't know this at first but when I went into the back and saw those Italian rough 'em 'ups standing on each side of Lugat. I knew he was in deep sh*t. I also knew that I was in deep sh*t.

D: So the Carollo's was the New Orleans Mafia?

S: Big time Mafia. Carlos Marcello had been running that town since the 40's and when he said "boo" even I jumped. I mean I was praying to Marie Laveau but I wasn't a stupid man. I knew that voodoo or not, if Marcello wanted me dead then they'd find me floating face up in some canal come next sunrise.

D: What did Lugat and the men want you for?

S: Lugat didn't want nothing. Hell, he wouldn't have said sh*t if his mouth was full of it. He just sat in his chair and sweat. One of the goombahs gave me a look like I was his next dinner and said "Carlos wants to see you." I nodded and asked when. He told me to be waiting outside at 9 tonight in front of the club and that was it. I walked out of there and sat back down at the bar. Sam poured me a jigger of bourbon and I drank it as fast as I could. You gonna buy us more beer or what?

D: Sorry. (I motion to the bartender for 2 more) So what did you do?

S: What do you mean what did I do? I just told you what kind of man Marcello was. I kept my ass at Lugat's all day conducting business just like nothing was different and then about 9 o'clock I saw one of those big old flashy caddie limos pull up outside. I got my hat and climbed into it like I was Nelson Rockefeller.

D: And was Carlos Marcello in there?

S: Sure as my name is Pappa he was. He looked at me like I was a worm in an apple. I was betting I was the first black man he had let into his car. Finally his driver got the car rolling and Carlos looked at me and said, "Pappa S. I need your help."

D: Uh-oh.

S: Yea, no crap about that. I just nodded my head and said, "Yes sir, Mr. Marcello, what ever I can do for you, let me know." Marcello just nodded and looked out the window. He just kept staring out that window for like 5 minutes as we cruised up and down Grande Street. He was wearing

sunglasses and I finally thought maybe he had fallen asleep or something. Finally he looked at me and said, "There's a certain man who is doing a job for me. A very important job. I need to make sure he can do this job but because of certain problems I can not dangle the usual carrot in front of the mule. Lugat says you're the best voodoo priest in town. He said you can make sure I ain;t got no more problems to worry about with this man. Am I making myself clear?"

(Sansa took a breath and drank some of his beer)

S: I said that it was perfectly clear to me and that I was his number one problem solver. I told him that there was a spell I could apply to this man without his knowledge but I would need certain items.

Some of his hair, and something personal from him. I could do the spell tonight he wanted but I needed that stuff first for it to work

Marcello nodded and leaned over to the driver and gave him an address. he didn't say another word to me until we got in front of this store on Canal Street. The driver honked his horn and another Italian guy came out from the building and talked to Marcello through the car window.



D: What kind of store was it?

S: I don't remember. I was too scared to notice signs boy! It was just some dingy one room front. Anyway the guy went back into the store and when he came out he was carrying a hand towel all wrapped up. He handed it to Marcello through the window and we drove away, back to Lugat's.

D: What was in the towel?

S: I'm getting to that. Anyway I didn't know cause Marcello was carrying it in his lap and I wasn't stupid enough to ask him. In fact he didn't say another word to me on the whole trip back. Anyway when we got back to Lugat's he handed me the towel and asked if that was all I needed. I said yes and that I would have something for him tomorrow morning. He nodded and I got out of that car as fast as I could. In fact I didn't even stop moving once I got in the bar. I just motored straight up to my room on the second floor of the bar and sat on my bed.

D: Then did you look in the towel?

S: Yea, yea, I did. I opened it up and there was a little plastic comb with some hairs in it and these.

Sansa pulls a pair of military dog tags out of his pocket and throws them on the table. Upon picking them up I am amazed to see the name "Oswald, Lee" inscribed at the top of them.

D: These are Lee Harvey Oswald's dog tags?

S: Well they sure as hell ain't John Wayne's! Course you got to remember that this was months before Kennedy got shot. I didn't know Lee Harvey Oswald from a hole in the ground. I just knew he was somebody that Marcello wanted to make sure did what he was told. later on that night I did my thing and handed Lugat a tujo to give to Marcello.

D: Wait a minute, what did you do?

S: No way, that's trade secrets. I ain't about to tell no 18 year old white boy secrets of the voodoo. You just know that I made sure Oswald was going to do what he was told.

D: Well then what's a tujo?

S: A tujo is a controlling object. Once you have it tuned to a certain person you can use the tujo to make that person do what you want. A very powerful spell.

D: Freaky

S: I don't know about it being freaky but I do know that Marcello never came to see me again. I also know that come that November I watch TV and knew when they said Lee Harvey Oswald I was into it deep. I left New Orleans the same day they caught him in that theater. I moved down here and didn't say sh*t about voodoo to anybody.

D: Then why are you telling me know?

S: I'm an old man. Everybody's dead. Kennedy, Oswald, Marcello, even old Lugat was finally found floating face up in the Lake Chaplain back in 71. If there's still people around that care about this let them come and get me. I got nothing to lose except a room at a crappy old retirement home. Now buy an old man another beer!

After this conversation with Sansa I did some checking and saw that his story did fit the facts:

Oswald joined the Marine Corps in 1956 and stayed in for 3 years.

In 1963, Oswald was using a store front on Canal Street for his "Fair Play For Cuba" organization.

Carlos Marcello was the don of the New Orleans Mafia and has been suspected of being connected with the assassination of President Kennedy. Dean Andrew, a New

Orleans attorney and known associate of Marcello was asked at one point to defend Oswald when he was arrested in Dallas.

Richardo would not allow me to photograph the dog tags but I did examine them closely. There are 4 lines of information. The first line is the name, "Oswald, Lee." The second line reads "US1653280" and the third line is "T75 (space) O." The final line is simply "C."

sources

American Mafia website at www.americanmafia.com

The Warren Commission Report to the President at www.cus.ubu.brad.ac.uk/~matt/wcr/index.html#top

interview with Sansa Richardo on November 3rd, 1999

photo by Derek Barnes

[SPEAK YOUR MIND](#)

[TELL A FRIEND](#)



[FAQ](#)

[NEW](#)

[FREAK STORE](#)

[EMAIL DEREK](#)

Copyright © Freaky Links, Inc.
All Rights Reserved.



FREAK-O-PEDIA NOTHING UP MY SLEEVE

Witch Way to Wall Street?

Long Island New York - The AOL/Warner merger may be all the rage but it was a more subtle message that brought the Freakylinks spotlight to shine on Wall Street. An announcement by a witch that she was having an initial public offering of stock in her coven!

Carol Shandoni started gathering twice a month with other similar minded individuals to practice what she calls "white magic" in 1996. She relates it to Tupperware parties but, instead of selling plastic bowls and utensils, her group tries to harness the forces of the earth and spirits to shape events and foretell the future. Other women in her neighborhood have joined and the coven now has over 50 members. In 1998 the group started a consulting arm of the coven and advertised in a small financial magazine that they could help decide which stocks to pick in the fast growing Bull market.



LEARN MORE:

- [The Original Witch of Wall Street](#)
- [Pete's Helpful Pagan Site](#)
- [So You Wanna Be A Witch](#)



"I did it almost as a lark," says Carol. "Our group had been using our powers to make lives easier for our members, you know, make sure the kid's teeth don't get cavities, helping out

the lawn and garden to grow. Some of the girls were getting bored so I thought we try and branch out to bigger things.."

IN THE FREAK-O-PEDIA:

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

The lark caught on though. Steve Williamson, who buys and sells stock over the internet, saw the ad in the "Long Island Money Minder" newspaper and gave Carol a call. "I thought it was an interesting idea," says Steve. "I mean they couldn't give me any worse tips than I was getting from friends who actually work on Wall Street. Plus they offered my money back if the tips didn't pan out in 30 days."

But the magically picked stocks that did go up in value and Steve cashed out of them a happy man. He told some others about the service and by the end of 1999 the coven had all the work they can handle.

Carol does not let the public or customers into ceremonies that involve picking stocks but says the ritual is based from obscure Celtic rites performed thousands of years ago to help insure a good harvest. All she would say was that, "...they involve, the Wall Street Journal, a Ouija board and a lot of candles."

"We're swamped right now," says Carol. "With over 100 investors wanting tips we've had to change out meeting schedule to twice or three times a week. We've actually started turning customers away because we don't have time to use our powers properly. Lot's of my members have real jobs plus families so it's hard to stay focused on what the coven is doing. That's where we got the idea of offering stock. If we can get a large sum of money together we can get group health insurance and make other benefits available to the witches. That would be a real incentive for them to quit their regular jobs and work full time for The Coven Corporation.

The Coven Corporation is the official business name of the group and is what registered with the New York Stock Exchange for a Initial Public Offering on the 17th of February. Barring any complications, the stock should be available for sale around the second week of March. Carol is eagerly awaiting that day.



"It's going to be great," says Carol. I've already had people



FIND A FREAK:

Search for:

FREAK-A-DENTIAL:

Sign up for the Freaky Links Freak-A-Dential and be the first to know when we add new stuff to the site:

(enter your email address and press button)

calling and asking me if they can buy 100 shares. Once we go legit I hope to open an office on Wall Street and offer our service full time. I want to call it "Wall Street Witchery"

sources

phone interview with Carol Shandoni - February 27th, 29th, 2000

phone interview with Steve Williamson - February 28th, 2000

"A Magical Stock To Pick" article, Long Island Money Minder newspaper, February 20th 2000

photos courtesy of the Long Islander Money Minder and Carol Shandoni

[SPEAK YOUR MIND](#)

[TELL A FRIEND](#)



[FAQ](#)

[NEW](#)

[FREAK STORE](#)

[EMAIL DEREK](#)

Copyright © Freaky Links, Inc.
All Rights Reserved.