

FREAKY LINKS

FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE



FREAK-O-PEDIA

UNIQUELY FREAKY OBSERVATIONS

AREA 51 AND 1/2



When you're looking for UFO's in Nevada then the natural jumping off point is Las Vegas. If you can tear yourself away from this sinner's paradise and hop in your rental car it's easy to head out into no man's land. Take Interstate 15 north for about 45 minutes and then turn left on Highway 93. Ignore the road construction equipment, turn the a/c on high and hit the accelerator (cops have better sense than to come out here) Travel past small towns with names like Alamo and Crystal Springs and then take another left on a small road called Highway 375. You'll want to stop

at the intersection cause the Fox film company got the state government to put up a silly sign here that proclaims the road the "Extraterrestrial Highway" and you'll want a picture. Then it's back into the car and the air conditioning as you haul ass past the scenic beauty of the middle of nowhere. Finally when you think you've gone too far you'll come upon the 20 or 30 trailers that make up the town



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- [Area 51 Research Center](#)
- [UFO Mind](#)
- [Tax Guide For Aliens](#)

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of Rachel Nevada. You've made it. You're in the closest town to Area 51. And this is the point where you discover just how boring being next to a secret military base can be.

After all I drove for nearly 2 hours. I expect some action. I want aliens to be zooming over the barren landscape in hot rod saucers, buzzing overhead like an outer space Richard Petty. Instead all I see is rinky dink trailers and a roadside bar that proclaims itself as "The Little A' Le' Inn." Figuring that the bar is where the action is, I stepped inside it's darken interior ready to do battle with whatever noxious alien beasts that rest inside.

But instead of a Dark Overlord from Planet Z all I see are a couple people that look almost as run down as the town itself. They stare at me for a second, (Vision's of tourist sugarplum dollars dancing in their heads no doubt.) before going back to their beer or pool game. As I walk up to the bar past the walls filled with newspaper reports of UFO sightings and fuzzy Polaroid's of blurry lights I overhear a conversation.



The Lil A' Le' Inn in all it's glory

"The New World Order are just waiting to ...mumble...."

"Yea, the liberal conspiracy is ...mumble, mumble."

What's this? I expected to hear the latest reports of visitors from the skies but instead get treated to a tirade of right wing conspiracy theories. Oh well, you take what you can get. After I perused the menu and ordered the "alien burger" I spend some time looking at the thousands of newspaper clippings and assorted wordage plastered on the walls. The general gist is that UFO's exist, aliens are everywhere, and Bill Clinton is plotting to take over the world with the help of Janet Reno. For a guy who can't keep an extramarital affair secret, Clinton sure has a lot of stuff going on that I never heard about.

Eager to escape the politics I scarfed the alien burger (which wasn't half bad) and headed back out into the desert sun. A quick scan of the town shows that the only other point of interest is a trailer that bills itself as "The Area 51 Research Center" I quickly realize that this must be where the real action is and head on over.



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The Area 51 Research Center

Inside the trailer things look a little more like I had hoped. There's pictures and satellite images of Area 51 and lots of T-shirts for sale. (There were T-shirts for sale as well in the Lil A' Le' Inn but the New World Order talk kinda put me off from spending any more money there than I had to) In the back of the trailer a friendly looking guy is giving directions to a couple of German guys who hold real expensive looking 35 millimeter cameras in their hands, and seem ready to snap away at any strange object in the sky. While I fumbled thru the T-shirts and maps I can't help but listen in.

"Now you go up that dirt road about 9 miles and then you'll see the guard shack. Make sure you take a picture of the sign that says you can't take pictures. The guards love that."

The German tourists thank the proprietor and exit the Research Center, slamming the trailer door on their way out. I suddenly realize I'm alone with this guy.



A photo of a sign saying photos are prohibited

"How you doing?" he asks and offers a friendly hand to shake. I calm down a little when I realize



Don Emory, manager of the Area 51 Research Center

this guy is no where near as nuts as the rest of the people I've encountered so far. His name is Don Emory and he took over the place after the founder Glen Campbell got tired of living out in the middle of nowhere (Even if it is next to a top secret military base) Don laughs at our mention of the Lil A' Le' Inn and agrees that their world view is a little "skewed." He's a right personably guy and he shows up

around the trailer pointing out interesting artifacts here and there.

He explains that the "Research Center" was started in 1993 after his boss Glenn Campbell (no, not the country singer) was kicked out of the Lil' A' Le' Inn when the drunk and heavily armed owner became convinced that Glenn was a secret agent (It was never made clear if Glen was working for the communists or the Federal Government) Glen promptly set up shop as far away from the bar as possible. (which in Rachel is about a 1/4 of a mile.) From here he tried to bring a voice of reason to the endless speculation about the secret base in Area 51 that sits next door. Finally after the alien pop culture explosion of the late 90's finally made any research a non issue, Glen decided to leave and left Don in charge of the trailer and it's collection of information. Besides the trailer there's also a very extensive website at www.ufomind.com and a thriving mail order book business.

Don explains that most of the employees that work in Area 51 don't even live in Rachel, but instead commute in on daily flights by 737 airplanes known as "Janet flights." Other employees that live closer come in to the base on a bus that is easy to spot as it leaves a cloud of dust in it's wake. Besides being the closest town to the base, there's not much else Rachel is known for.



One of the many Janet planes that take employees from Vegas to Groom Lake



Area 51 employee's on the way to work

When I ask him how close I can get to the base I get a sad answer. It's impossible for the public to see the Groom Lake base in Area 51 from any vantage point. The last public vantage point was taken away when the government bought the land on a mountain that overlooked the base. You can drive up a dirt road to its border and take pictures of the guards called "cammo dudes." and the warning signs that say things like "Use of deadly force authorized beyond this point.". When I asked him how often tourists do such a thing he gives me a grin and a shrug. "It's become like Disneyworld."



The "cammo dudes" that guard the border of Area 51

Neither Don nor his boss Glenn have ever seen a UFO while out here for the past 6 years. But a lack of activity doesn't seem to slow things down at all. Don reckons that during the summer the town gets 20 or

so visitors a day, all of them looking for E.T. or his brother. "Most of them just wanna come out here cause they've heard about it on TV or seen that movie Independence Day. I'm happy to sell 'em a shirt for their trouble but I think most of them are disappointed that there isn't more to see."



Surveillance equipment overlook the road to Area 51

Saying good-bye to Don, I take one last look at the collection of trailers out in the Nevada desert and then get into the car for the 150 mile drive back toward Las Vegas. Rachel disappears quickly behind me and I concentrate on the road, still looking up at the sky every now and then, just in case an alien decides to give me a show. A mile out of town I come upon the German tourists who have pulled to the side of the road and are taking pictures of themselves. Behind them is mile after mile of nothing in particular.

sources

Interview with Don Emory August 14th, 2000

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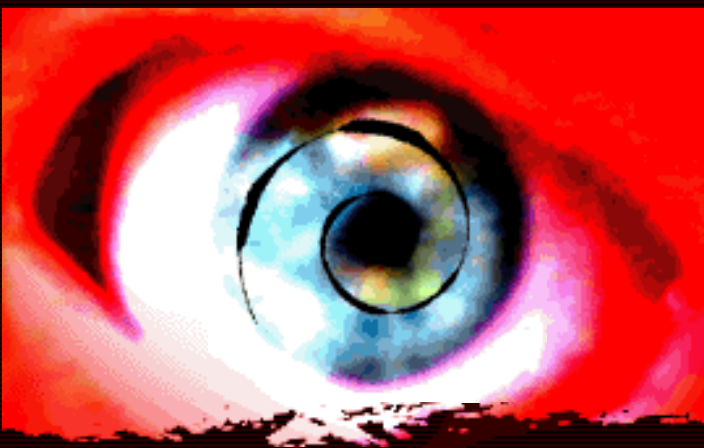
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Black Helicopters and a Punch in the Face

I'm having a rather pathetic lunch with Jason at the Bizzy Bee Restaurant in Daleville Alabama. We're just outside of Fort Rucker, the army's helicopter training base. The reason for our being here? An anonymous e-mail from a hotmail account. (Ever notice how all the freaks that e-mail me have hotmail accounts? Maybe that company should promote it as a selling point)

Anyway here's what the e-mail said:

"Derek,

Have you ever heard about black helicopters? I'm in the army and I've seen them. Want to meet and hear my story?"

So I e-mailed him back and now hear I sit in a lousy restaurant in a town full of strip clubs, pawnshops, and efficiency apartments waiting for a guy I never met. I brought Jason along for comfort and a little muscle but judging from the amount of guys in cammo that keep walking in and out of this place, we're outgunned about 10,000 to 1 if anything does happen.

Not that Jason seems to care if there's danger lurking about. He's wolfing down his 3rd plate of peach cobbler when the guy walks in. He notices the red baseball cap he made me wear and weaves through the table over to us. He looks just like all the other army boys in the place, just out of his teens and dressed in standard camouflage (As if it helps him blend in with the buffet)

He gives a look to Jason who's busy wiping the whipped cream off his chin and asks me if I want to go for a ride. Most



LEARN MORE:

- [US Army Aviation Museum](#)
- [Photos of Black Helicopters](#)
- [Conspiracy Links O' Fun](#)

IN THE FREAK-O-PEDIA:



A black helicopter on display in the Fort Rucker Army Aviation Museum

people might ask for a name first before they take off with a strange guy in a no nonsense crew cut but minutes later I'm riding out of town in his brand new Ford F-150 with the stereo

blasting something by George Jones. As I was leaving I gave Jason my best "Follow us and make sure I don't get killed" look. Hopefully he's somewhere behind us and not still at the café getting more dessert. I try and start an interview over the sound of George's country music lament.

Derek: So the army must pay pretty good to afford a new truck like this.

Nameless Army Guy: Yeah

Derek: So which unit are you with?

He just grunts something and turns down a dirt road. I take the opportunity to inch closer to the passenger door for easy escape and try again.

Derek: So why did you invite me to drive 7 hours away from my home if you don't wanna talk?

Nameless Guy: Hey I didn't force you.

Derek: Whatever, the point is, I took time out of my schedule, Jason got off work, and all we're going to have to show for it is indigestion from the Bizzy Barf Café. What's the deal?

Another wordless grunt but it looks like we're pulling off the dirt road. He pulls to a stop in a small clearing amongst some stunted pecan trees, turns off the engine, and takes off the mirror shades.

Guy: I'm been seeing some weird stuff lately.

D: What kind of weird stuff?

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G: Guys at the base who aren't with the army. Guys with funny accents who act like they know more than I do. I don't like it.



Scary billboard in Daleville Alabama

D: Back up for a second. What do you do?

G: I'm a trainer pilot at the base. I teach the newbies the routine, check them out on the basics. Usually it's farm boys who made the mistake of thinking that joining the army is just like being in ROTC back at their hick high school, but for the past 6 weeks or so I've been seeing these new characters going through the system. They don't act like farm boys. Hell they don't even act like they're newbies. All smirks and "yes sir's" and acting like they know more than I do. I tried finding out something from my superiors but they ain't saying nothing.

G: Who do you think these guys are?

The pilot guy squints up at the sky like he's looking for something.

G: I don't know.

D: What do you think they're up to?

G: I don't know for sure but I got some ideas

D: Like?

The pilot's quiet for a second like he's trying to decide how to say something. Finally he gets out of the truck and stands outside. He puts on his mirror shades and stares at the sky again. I get out of the truck and just sorta stand there. No use rushing a guy who probably knows 20 ways to kill me with his bare hands.

G: You ever hear of black helicopters?

D: Sure, part of the whole UFO / New World Order / Government conspiracy cult. Depending on which story you believe they are either mutilating cattle or agents of the United Nations and part of a plot by our government to put international soldiers on our soil. There's even one guy on a discussion board I read who is convinced that the Dutch Government have a squadron of the things and are camped out with 'em on the Snake River in Idaho. Most of what I hear sounds like standard B S

G: Yeah, well I've seen 'em. Does that sound like standard B S?

I've learned never to call another man a liar to his face, especially when I've already insulted him.

D: Where'd you see 'em?

G: At the base. We were doing night exercises. I was over at the left field hangers getting some gas for the tanker cause our supply had ran out and I took a peek at the next landing field as I was driving over. Must have been at least a squad of them, not on any flight logbook for that night and painted dead black. Most copters we use look black but you can tell they are really dark brown if you get up close. These weren't brown at all.

D: Did you find out what they were doing?

G: Nope, I got pulled over by a M.P. and before I knew it my exercise had been called off and I was being written up for "improper behavior."

D: For what?

G: For being in the wrong f**king place at the wrong f**king time! For seeing something I wasn't suppose to see! Hell I don't know. They'd probably do worse if they knew I was talking to you . . . What the hell is that?

He's pointing at the edge of my shirt that has come untucked from my pants.

D: What?

G: This . .

He's walked next to me and yanks at a cable that's visible coming out of my shirt. A cable that just happens to be connected to a hidden camera I keep in a rig on my chest.

D: It's nothing . .

I'm looking for a place to run to and hoping that Jason is riding to the rescue but before I know it he has me up against the truck. Seconds later he's found the small video camera I have strapped to my back.

G: You motherf**ker. I didn't tell you, you could tape me!

D: It's no big deal. I'll obscure your face; no one will know it's you.

But I think it's too late for apologies. In fact I'm certain of it when he takes a swing at me and connects with my face. As I stagger around he's already back in his truck and driving off, leaving me in a shower of churned up dirt and bleeding from the nose.

Thirty minutes later I'm back where the dirt road hits the asphalt. I find my video camera laying smashed on the ground with the tape missing. Another 15 minutes go by before Jason drives up with a doggy bag between his legs and an "I told you so" look on his face. I give him a dirty look and climb into his truck. I'll throw his doggy bag out the window once we get on the interstate.

sources

Unknown assailant with a bad attitude June 27th, 2000

Photos by Derek Barnes

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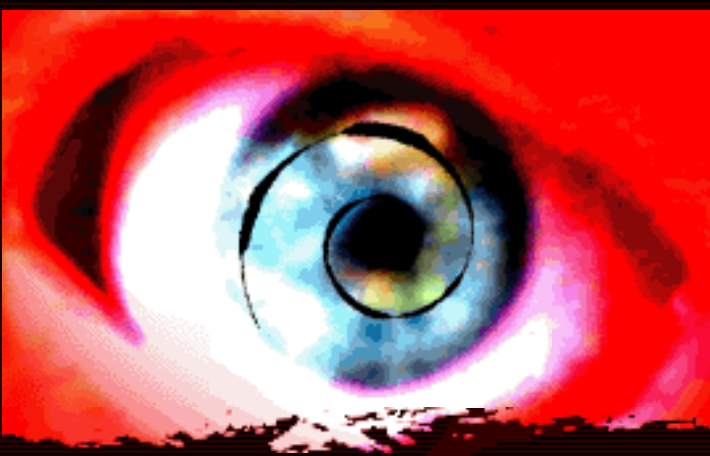
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Earhart Flies Again

Seattle Washington - Seattle is a city rich with aviation business and technology. Boeing has a major plant here and dozens of airlines fly in and out of the Seattle-Tacoma International Airport. But our intrepid reporter, a man who wishes only to be known as Mr. X, has discovered a hidden conspiracy nestled among the tailfins. Here's his report:

After I was forced to leave Atlanta because of the story we broke together I moved to Seattle and found work for a airline service company as a maintenance engineer. What my company does is clean the exteriors and interiors of commercial airplanes, re-equip galleys, stuff like that. In October of this year the company landed the contract of a small commuter airline known as Auburn Air Express. Basically they do puddle jumper flights; Seattle to Anchorage or Seattle to San Francisco and have a small fleet of about 10 prop airplanes. We got the contract to do clean-up on them and I was assigned to service them several days a week.

A couple of weeks after I was there I was cleaning up the cockpit of one plane and came across a day planner that had been left behind the pilot's seat. I was surprised that it had the name Frank Noonan embossed on it since he is the owner of the whole airline. What's he doing flying a plane? I peeked inside and didn't see much but on the day before there was the notation "A E" marked down. The words "Fly Back" was marked down on a date 3 days later. After I was



AMATEUR HOUR

LEARN MORE:

- [Amelia Earhart](#)
- [The Earhart Project](#)
- [Secrets of the Unknown - Amelia Earhart](#)

a good little employee and returned the day planner I decided to find out what the big boss man had been up to.

I did a little researching and found out that the plane had last come back from Honolulu Hawaii by way of San Francisco. That in itself was weird since the small planes Auburn used did not make regular flights to the islands but then I found out that the flight was a "executive re-routing." That basically meant that Noonan himself had authorized the flight.

So I asked around and found another maintenance guy that had seen the plane taxi up and Noonan and a real old woman get out. Now I thought I had the mystery solved. Noonan had just being using the plane to carry his Mom around. There was a major board of directors meeting the day after the flight so maybe he wanted to impress her and show what an important kinda guy he was. Just to make sure I checked up on Noonan's family tree and was surprised to find that his Mom is dead. But more interesting, I found out that his father, Fred Noonan, is listed as "missing, presumed dead." Who was Fred Noonan?

FRED WAS THE NAVIGATOR FOR AMELIA EARHART ON HER LAST TRIP!

Woah, this was big! But so far I had nothing, no physical evidence. Then I remembered that he had scheduled another flight for himself that took off tomorrow. That would be my chance.

The next day I called in sick and then got onto the airport grounds with my employee id and camera. I hid myself in some crate storage behind the Auburn Air hangers and waited.. Since I didn't know what time he was leaving I got there at midnight. By 7 am my butt was sore and I was dying for a cigarette but I was still determined to get my evidence. Then at 10 am I saw Noonan's car pull up in the Auburn lot. He helped an old woman out and lead her toward the waiting plane. This was it! I emerged from my hiding spot and got as close as I dared. As they were entering the hanger I quickly begin shooting. I could see the woman's face and knew my suspicions were correct. When I developed my prints I knew I had my evidence:

AMELIA EARHART IS ALIVE AND WELL!

That's right, you can tell it's the same woman from the 30's just by taking a look at my photos. I believe that Amelia Earhart is somehow involved at the executive level with Auburn Airlines. Maybe Fred put her on the payroll as an excuse to give her money. Or maybe he was forced to. But by who? The government? Are the rumors that Roosevelt was using her as a spy against the Japanese correct? Was her crash faked so she could find out more information for the upcoming World War? If that's the case then the government has been covering up her continued existence for over 60 years Publish this if you dare, Derek but you

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can't deny the truth. Don't bother trying to get in touch with me because I'm leaving this town as soon as I write you this letter.

-end report--

Mr. X did indeed send a photo along with his letter and the woman does bare a resemblance to the famed aviator. I did a little fact checking and found out the following

Amelia Earhart was born in 1897 and if she was alive today she would be 102.

If Amelia was serving in some capacity with the airline it wouldn't be the first time. In 1928 she was appointed assistant to the General Traffic manager for the company that would later be known as TWA

Earhart's last flight was on July 2nd, 1937 when she left Lae New Guinea for Howland Island in an attempt to cross the Pacific Ocean. Along with her was her navigator, Fred Noonan. She lost contact with a boat that was tracking her and was presumed to

have run out of fuel. President Roosevelt spent \$4 million dollars in an attempt to locate them but no body or plane debris has ever been found.

Rumors of Earhart's existence were quick to surface. During World War II some thought that she had been captured by the Japanese and forced to broadcast to American troops as "Tokyo Rose"

Frank Noonan is indeed the son of Earhart's navigator and is the owner of Auburn Airlines.



Amelia Earhart at 102

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I called Auburn Air and left a message with a secretary that I wanted to speak to Mr. Noonan about the idea that he was in contact with Amelia Earhart but my call was not returned. Go figure.

sources

written letter by Mr. X

"Amelia Earhart and Her Flight To Destiny" Sharon Potter-Cobb, Aviatrix Books, 1988

photo courtesy Mr. X.

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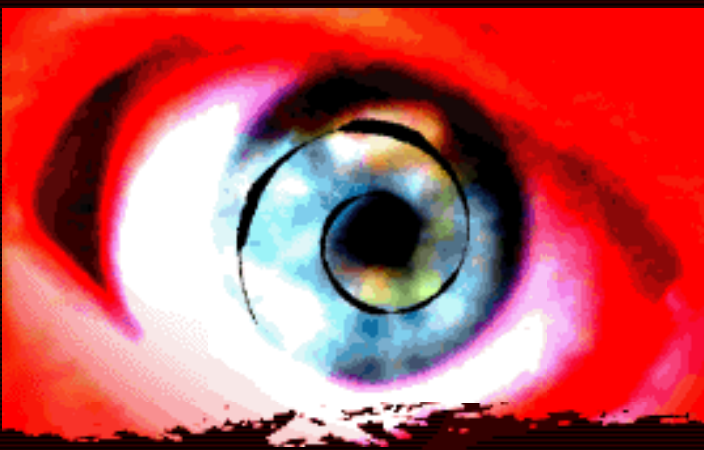
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Fear and Misery in Seattle

It's taken me a while to get over what happened in Seattle. No, that's not right, I'll never get over it. I still have nightmares about what I saw...about that face staring back at me from the darkness. But after a month the nightmares come less frequently and I can look at the video and fool myself into believing that it didn't happen to me. The videotape is just a false memory. Monsters don't really exist....do they?

Maybe I should start from the beginning.

While I was in LA last month I met up with some Japanese businessmen who left me a lot of cash and a [cryptic note about "going under" in Seattle.](#)

When I got to Seattle the first thing I did was check out a list of "go under" themed businesses that Freakylinks reader John Knight had e-mailed to me.



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- [Seattle](#)
- [Coolers](#)
- [Hidden Cameras](#)

IN THE FREAK-O-PEDIA:



But no dice, these places were all on the straight and narrow path as far as I could figure.

Undeterred I decided to take the [Seattle Underground Tour](#)

It was interesting but I didn't see hide nor hair or anything paranormal lurking under Seattle's streets. Coming back out, I was ready to admit defeat. That's when I met this guy.

He was leaning against my car and asked if I was Derek Barnes.

"Yea, who are you and how'd you find me?"

"I'm Timmerson. It knew it had to be you. Who else would be in town with a trashed out Galaxie 500 with California plates?"

His next words caught me off guard.

"I know what 'go under' means."

I told him to fess up but he said it was going to cost \$100 bucks for him to set up a meeting. I tried arguing the price but he didn't come down a cent. Feeling like a fool I forked



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over the money and he wrote down my cel phone number on his palm. Said he would call me in a couple of hours.

....Sure he would.

I wasted some time, walking around, drinking coffee. I even drove up town to see that giant phallic needle thing. Finally after it got dark and I had a lousy piece of pizza, a miracle happened: Timmerson called back. Said they were waiting for me but it was gonna cost another \$200 bucks.

"Wonderful," I told him. "Did you tell all of your friends that I was handing out free money?"

"These aren't my friends," said Timmerson. "These ain't friends at all. But they do have something you wanna see." He gave me an address on 5th street and hung up.

This is the part of the story where things start to go wrong.

First I suited up in my favorite Hawaiian shirt with the hole cut out for my hidden camera. I checked to make sure it was working but for some reason I couldn't get any sound. I fiddled with it for half an hour but something must have broken internally. I finally decided that hidden cam footage with no sound was better than no hidden cam footage at all and drove over to the place.

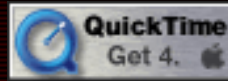


This store hadn't appeared on John Knight's list but I don't think it would have shown up on any lists. It was full of arcane food items I have never heard of and looked like it hadn't been cleaned since the Nixon administration.

What happened next is all on the Quicktime.



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



Here's what happened in Seattle
[Click here to see the movie](#)
(4MB).

Was it my fault? Maybe. Watching that guy use a cattle prod on that thing in the cooler pissed me off. When he went to use it again I tried to stop him and ended up grabbing the wrong end of that thing. Then they shoved me in there and closed the door.

After it had thrown my lighter away I pushed it off of me and screamed at them to open the door.... I could hear the creature making grunting noises behind me as it tried to grab my leg or arm in the dark. I kept kicking it and I kept screaming until I was hoarse. Finally I gave up and sat there in that broken cooler with the stench of the creature around me. I kicked it whenever I could feel it trying to touch me. I tried using my cel phone but it wouldn't connect through the steel of the cooler walls.

So I just waited there in the dark, crying, and wishing I was anywhere but there.

Finally after 2 hours the door opened. The old man pointed at the back door and the younger one just stood there with a big grin, holding the cattle prod. They kicked me out the back door and I never looked back.

I drove all night, getting as far away from Seattle as I could. I didn't call the police cause I never wanted to see those people again...I never wanted to see that creature again. Whatever it was, a monster, or just some deformed human they had driven insane, it didn't matter to me. The experience pushed me to an edge I had never even seen before. Up till then the website was just an enjoyable game, meeting freaky people and investigating silly things that might or might not have been true.

But after Seattle I know different. I know there are real things out there that I don't understand, things that defy any kind of rational explanation. I tried to hide this from myself by refusing to talk about it, by refusing to even think about it. But after Gunter hacked us I came to the realization that maybe the website can be something more than just harmless entertainment. Maybe it can serve a greater purpose. If I bring these dark things up and force them into the light, then maybe, just maybe, I can force people to face the truth that

they deny.

Two weeks ago when I decided to run this piece I called the Seattle police department and told them what happened. The next day they called back and said the place was deserted. I was too late to save whatever it was in that cooler. But the next time I won't be.

That's a promise I'm making not only to you, but also to myself.

sources

A bad time in Seattle August 7th, 2000

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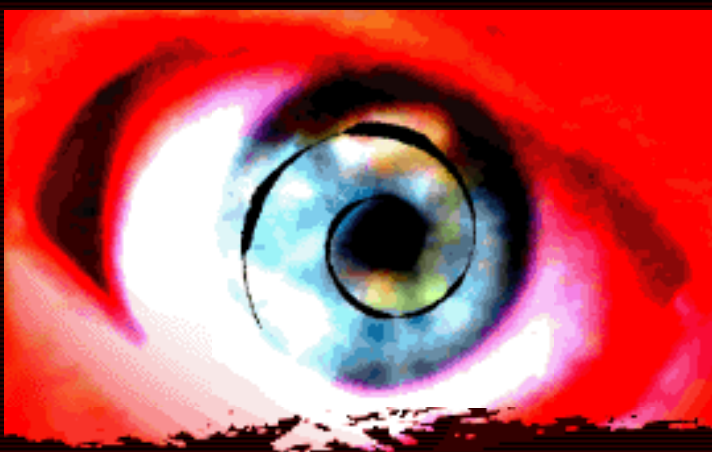
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UNIQUELY FREAKY OBSERVATIONS

Get Your Small Gray Unjointed Fingers Out of My Head

Gulf Breeze Florida - While Sam Sherman, 34, a cruiseline agent, was taking out the trash around 9 p.m. on March 12th 1999, he saw something hovering in the sky over a stretch of nearby woods. He describes it as a cylinder shaped object approx. 100 feet up in the sky with a width of 75 feet or so. "It had blinking lights of red and green at each end and in the middle." Sherman states. "It appeared to be descending and I soon lost sight of it as it went under the tree tops."



Sam Sherman is convinced aliens put a device into his skull

Sherman dropped his trash and ran into the woods to catch sight of it again. His property borders the Gulf Shores Golf Course and as soon as Sam broke out of the woods he saw the UFO sitting on a fairway.

It is here that Sherman lost sense of time. The next thing he



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remembers is standing next to his garbage can. He had no recollection of the event that had just occurred and went back into his house and then soon went to bed.

The next day Sherman got an intense headache that was to last for the next several days. He had suffered from migraines in his youth and was worried that this signified that they were coming back. Concerned, he went to neurologist Bently Suffolk in Pensacola. Dr. Suffolk found a small scar of recent origin on the back of the patient's head. Sherman could not remember getting injured there recently so as a precaution Dr. Suffolk ordered an x-ray of Mr. Sherman's head. The x-ray showed that a foreign object was imbedded in a section of the brain.

"The object is located in the parietal lobe of Mr. Sherman's brain." states Dr. Suffolk. "It is approx. 5 cm long and 1 cm wide. A CT scan further revealed that the object is made of metal and is embedded in the post central gyrus. No brain functions seem to be disturbed but since the gyrus is responsible for feeling sensations it's possible that the object is causing a feedback loop into the lobe which is causing Mr. Sherman's headaches."

Dr. Suffolk was uncertain how the object got into Mr. Sherman's head and was doubtful that it should be removed.

"Modern medical science could implant an object of that size into the brain but it would require removing a sizable section of the skull. The scar on the exterior of the skin was only approx. 1 1/2 cm wide. This would seem to imply that the object entered Mr. Sherman's head with some force but there was no damage to the brain that would be associated with such a trauma. Medication seems to be controlling the worst aspects of Mr. Sherman's headaches and because of the major surgery involved in removing the object I have recommended against it."



In May Mr. Sherman added yet another twist to the story when he began to recall the strange events of March 12th. Searching for answers he contacted Bob Hill of MUFON (Mutual Unidentified Flying Object Network). Hill listened to the story and then recommended Sherman contact a hypnotist to see if more comprehensive memories could be recovered. While hypnotized Sherman was able to recount most of the encounter with the saucer. He is still unable to



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remember what happened between the time he saw the object on the fairway and when he came to back on his porch.

"I'm sure they took me aboard the craft and that's when they operated on me and put this device in my head." says Sherman. "Why I don't know but I'm betting that I'll see them again. When I do I'm going to make damn sure they take it out."

UFO sightings in this small town on Florida's panhandle are not new. In 1987 Ed Walters, a building contractor took several photographs of objects he said was flying saucers. Walters later wrote a best-selling book about his experiences. Some critics have dismissed Walters claims as nothing more that a way to make a fast buck.

sources

-meeting with Sam Sherman and Bob Hill in Gulf Breeze Florida on June 5th. 1999

-meeting with Dr. Bently Suffolk on June 6th 1999

-"The Gulf Breeze Sightings" Ed Walters and Frances Walters 1990 Avon Books

photo by Derek Barnes

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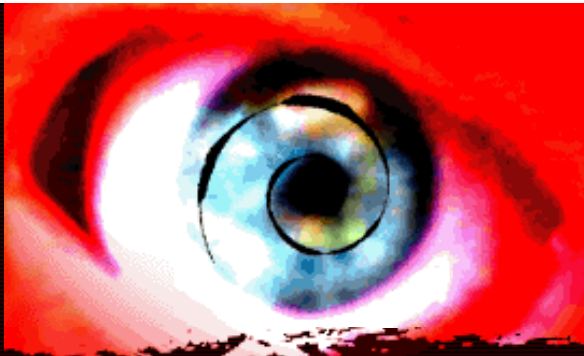
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Late For An Intergalactic Date

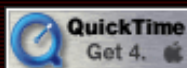
This short quicktime film was sent to me by anonymous e-mail with the word "Alien" written in the title . It's appears to be security camera footage of a very short person, dressed in a suit walking across one level of a parking garage. Strange but not freaky.



[Click here to see the movie](#) (209k).

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

[QuickTime software](#))



Is it an alien? Other than the obvious short nature of the person, the head does not look quite right to be human.. The eyes are also either bigger than normal or the person is wearing large sunglasses. The location does not help give us any clues other than having several cars which look to be 90's models. This gives us a rough time frame but nothing more. The information printed on the screen would lead us to believe that it was filmed in a English speaking country. A closer look reveals that the font does not seem to match the grain of the image. This could mean that the info was added at a later date to mislead us. Or it could be that the quality of the image is affected by the camera and the information is added by a computer which does not suffer this flaw in the lens.

Putting this all aside, if it is an alien then why is dressed in a suit with a hat and walking across a nearly deserted parking garage?

One theory I have stumbled across in various UFO studies is the "wacky alien" idea. Wacky aliens are another species of outer space visitors that have landed on earth but are not as smart and cunning as the more sinister gray aliens. Wacky aliens can often be found trying to fit in and interact with the local human population. They do this by trying to mimic human behavior but because they

are wacky they don't get it quite right. You might find a wacky alien trying to smoke 4 cigarettes at once. Or wearing a three piece suit, backwards. Such behavior must be frowned upon by the higher level aliens since these sort are rarely seen.

So is this a wacky alien we have walking across the camera? Could be. Of course it could also be a joke made by drunk frat brothers who hired a midget. It's impossible to say.

sources

-anonymous e-mail sent July 1st, 1999



AMATEUR HOUR

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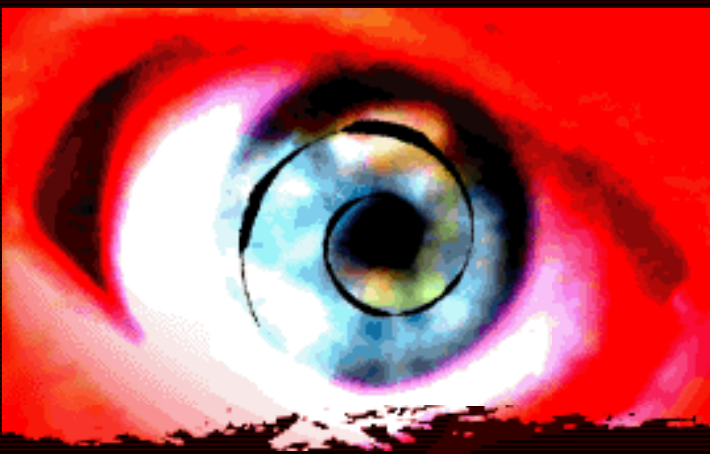
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Material Gains For an Alternate Earth

I met with Mr. X under the awning of a street cafe. He arrived 30 minutes late, dressed in a suit jacket and carrying a large attachÉ case. He dropped into the chair and ordered a double latte. By his nervous manner it looked like he was on a serious caffeine jag.



This man believes he has uncovered a conspiracy

"Sorry I couldn't talk to you before but I think they are on to me. Know it for a fact." He said as he gulped down the coffee and ordered another.

"They" is the company known as Global Resources Inc. Headquartered in Atlanta, this Fortune 500 company is known for it's success in the acquisition of rare minerals and fossil fuels. From mining operations in Africa to oil rigs in the North Sea, Global Resources has been very successful in a business that can mean overnight failure if you don't come up with the product. Their chairman, Augustus



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Greene, has driven the company to new heights in the few years he has been in charge.

"I first figured out something was going on when I was working at a store near Greene's house." Mr. X explained. (He refused to give me his real name.) "He came in one day, right after he had gotten the company, and stood there looking at the soft drinks. Finally he came over and asked me if we had any Coldsun Cola. I told him I had never heard of it and why not just have a Coke. He gave me a funny look but finally got a bottle. When he got outside I saw him take a sip and then look at the bottle like he had never had it before. That's what got me started. I mean who hasn't had a Coke before? Atlanta is the home of Coca Cola. The next time he came into the store I followed him to work and found out who he was."

At this point Mr. X pulled out some xeroxed papers and shoved them toward me.

"Take a look. There was a



Is this corporate chairman from another world?

Coldsun Cola back in the 1900's but they closed down. It wasn't made after 1907. Now why would he have asked for a drink that hasn't been made in 92 years?"

Mr. X grabbed the papers back and got different ones out of the attachÉ case. "There's more to it though. Greene was unheard of until 1997. No mention anywhere in any of the big business journals of the time but, boom, on March 15th 1997 the then current chairman of Global has a car accident. Kills him, his whole family. Two days later Mr. Greene comes on the scene and spends millions of dollars in a hostile takeover attempt. No one has ever heard about this guy and all of a sudden he spends more money than you or I would see in a lifetime to take over this failing company."

Mr. X was correct on that point. At that time the company was called Global Oil but it should have been named Global Disaster. It was way into the red by 97. Oil rigs were pumping nothing but air and stock was falling faster than

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water down the drain.

"But everything started coming up roses as soon as Augustus got on the scene." X said between sips of his fresh coffee. "He redirected the rig 1 mile to the east and had it tap down. Bingo, a huge lake of crude was hit in a week. He used the new profits to branch out and diversify into the diamond mining business. Changed the name of the company to Global Resources and had a mine started in a location that had been tried before with no success. Another bingo, it starts finding diamonds at a higher rate than ever before.

"Now how did Augustus know where to redirect his energies?" Mr. X leaned over the table and spoke in a voice barely above whisper. "It's simple if you can connect it with his love of a cola that never made it past World War One. The man is not from this earth. He's from another one, an exact duplicate and he's in charge of draining off our resources for his world as fast as he can before we suspect anything is up. Now the thing I can't figure out is how he gets all the stuff to his world. Maybe he doesn't take it all. Maybe he just redirects every other barrel of crude to his world so no one gets suspicious. Well too late Mr. High and Mighty Augustus Green. I found out and now you know. I've tried telling other people, newspaper and magazines but they just laugh it off. Hell I think some of them must be in league with him. There's probably alternate earth agents watching us right now."

At this pronouncement Mr. X drained his cup and got up saying that it was time to see the scene of the crime. We used his car, a neatly kept 4 door sedan, to drive the short distance to the offices of Global. Mr. X pointed and repeated some of his earlier comments. I asked if he had pictures of Augustus.

"Yea sure," Mr. X said as he reached into his case and handed me some candid photos and some of the paperwork. "Here, keep some of this stuff and look into it."

"You'll see." And with that he snapped the case closed and left.

So what are the facts? I spent some time double-checking what Mr. X told me and they come back correct.

Augustus Greene: Little is known about Greene until his arrival on the scene in 97. He's 56, single with no relatives that I could find. Lives alone in an affluent suburb of Atlanta. Net worth 340 million according to 98's Fortune 500 list. Greene is now almost the sole shareholder and has never sold any of the stock he first acquired in 97. It was at then when chairman Herbert Smith was killed by a hit and run driver. No suspects have ever been apprehended in the crime.

Coldsum Cola: First marketed in 1904 it was a quick entry

into the cola wars of the 1900's. By 1907 the company had gone under and the soda was never sold again. I could find no cola by the name of Coldsum being sold anywhere currently.

Global Resources: Global currently has 4 pumping rigs in the North Atlantic and plans to add a 5th by early 2000. Most oil companies either sell their product outright or handle it all the way until it reaches the consumers gas tank. Global is unique in that it has one plant in New Jersey that handles the product the tankers bring them, refines it and then sells it to gas companies. This means they spend most of their profit in the refining process and lose the benefit of selling it directly to the consumer. Mr. X's notes suggest it is here that most of the crude is siphoned off to the alternate world. Global uses many different gasoline companies as buyers, thus making the ratio of crude to gasoline hard to decipher. How profitable their diamond mine is also hard to fathom since they keep the records of who they sell to undisclosed.

sources

- "Corporate Chairman Killed in Hit and Run" Atlanta Business Journal, March 16th, 1997

- "How the Cola Wars Were Won" Ron Sertham and Tom Hale, Bardow Press, 1998

- 1998 Global Resources Corporate Report; Wall Street Investment Reporter; April 3rd, 1999

photo of Mr. X. by Derek Barnes

photo of Augustus Greene by Mr. X.

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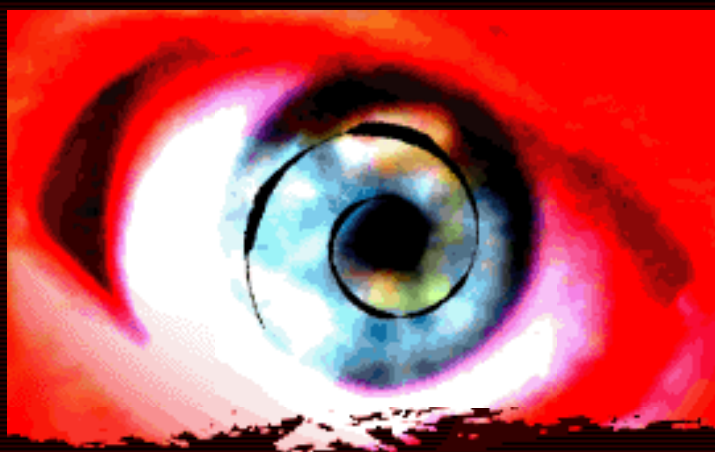
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Pigment of Your Imagination



I got this in the mail on Saturday.

Trust me, I'm not the sort of guy that gets invitations to art galleries. (Certainly not to ones that I have never been to before.) I called the Mobius Gallery in Atlanta and spoke with the owner, Adrian Steiner, to find out why she had sent the invite.

"The artist asked for me to send that," Adrian explained. "He told me you were a friend. You

may have known him by his previous moniker of Sam Sherman."

Sam Sherman... that name sounded familiar but I couldn't place it. (And had she really used the word, 'moniker'?) I decided to play along and started using my social engineering skills to the max.



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- [Alien Implant Removal and Detection Methods](#)

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Adrian Steiner, owner of the Mobius Art Gallery, Atlanta, Georgia

"Oh yes, Sammy!" I gushed. "I was just talking last month about how interesting his work was with my European broker. I told him he simply has to come over to the Villa and see some of the pieces I have. I didn't realize that Ray had moved to Atlanta and was creating again. I'm very

interested in seeing his works and it's perfect timing since I'm thinking of redecorating the house in Los Angeles. Would it be possible to talk to Ray before the showing?"

Adrian must have thought she had died and gone to art gallery dealer heaven cause by the time I got off

the phone with her she had given me Ray's address and any other bit of information that might assure her of getting me to part with thousands of dollars. I could just imagine her marking the prices up as soon as I got off the phone.

But just who was Sam Sherman? Lan was the first one to remember that he had been a former Freakylink. Remember? Way back in June of 1999 I traveled to Gulf Breeze, Florida to interview Sam who claimed that an alien abduction had left him with intense migraines caused by a metal implant in his brain. Funny thing was that Sam wasn't kidding. There was something in Sam's head, a



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piece of metal lodged so deep into a lobe that it couldn't be removed. Doctor Bently Suffolk believed that the metal was causing the hallucinations of alien abduction and subsequent migraines. Sam was sure that aliens had put the metal into his brain for reasons only they knew.



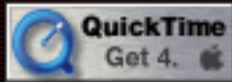
When I traveled to LA in July, I stopped by Sam's home. I was surprised to find the place looking deserted. It didn't look like Sam had moved. Looking through a window I spied furniture still inside and letters were spilling out of his



mailbox and onto the porch. I got caught up in other events in the weeks to follow and, to be honest, I sorta forgot about Sam and his mysterious disappearance. But the idea of him becoming an artist is ludicrous. Other than claiming aliens had messed with his mind, Sam was a pretty normal guy. He worked as a ticket agent for a

cruise line and was about as middle class as you can get. There certainly wasn't any desire to be creative present when I last saw him. Alien brain implant, maybe but an artistic bone in his body? No, definitely not.

Well after visiting Sam (Or Ray as he calls himself now) I've learned that reality ain't what it used to be. Check out the quicktime....



(Movie not working for you?
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Paint the town black and blue
[Click here to see the movie](#) (13MB)

So I know what you're saying... what the hell was that?
Well here's my theories:

1. Sam's medical condition that caused his migraines has worsened and opened up new areas of his brain.
2. There actually is an alien implant and it's making Sam get all "wiggly" (and no, that's not the technical term)
3. Sam just decided to have his mid-life crisis early.

But does the reason
really matter?

Sam-Ray seems to
be enjoying his new
found calling. Far be
it for me to try and
ruin that by over
analyzing the whys
and whens. If he
wants to be an artist,
I'm all for it. It
seems a much better
life than selling tour
packages to the



Bahamas. His work isn't half-bad and I'm not the only one
to think so. When Jason and I went to the Mobius Art
Gallery (I played it dumb and claimed to be a web reporter,
not the rich and affluent Derek Barnes) it was evident that
Ray was the featured artist. Both paintings on display had
been sold and Adrian was sure that the exhibition was going
to be completely sold before the night was over. They say
that fame is the new currency in America. If so then Ray
seems destined to be a wealthy man.

sources

Phone interview with Adrian Steiner, October 7th, 2000

Personal Interview with Sam Sherman and Adrian Steiner,
October 9th, 2000

Photos and quicktime by Derek Barnes

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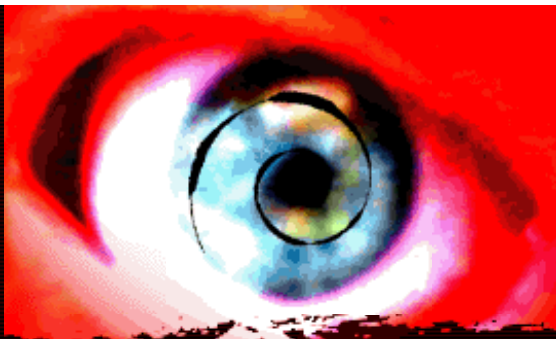
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IN THE FREAK-O-PEDIA:

The Sound and the Fury

Socorro New Mexico is a small town whose citizens have had more than it's share of mental problems in the past year. Socorro resident Lynn Radell works at the nearby Very Large Array radio telescope observatory and believes she has found

a startling connection between the public's mental health and certain tests being done at that governmental facility. Are her claims justified? Is our government using the citizens of Socorro as guinea pigs for secret sonic weapons testing?



[Click to view this image in all it's panoramic glory.](#)

The National Radio Astronomy Observatory is an impressive sight. Rising up out of the San Augustin plains, the telescopes look to be out of place since these towering monuments to man's technological achievements are hidden far away from the bright lights of any city. There are 27 antennas in the array, each weighing about 230 tons and are spread out in a Y pattern up to 22 miles across. The official use of the telescopes is to receive radio frequencies from the heavens in order to observe different celestial bodies. Other official duties listed on their website include atmospheric studies, satellite tracking and other miscellaneous science.

It's this "other miscellaneous science" that has Lynn Radell concerned. She works at the Observatory as a county liaison officer and became concerned in early June when she started noticing something out of the ordinary going on with the telescopes.

"Around January of this year I started noticing a lot of activity out here," Radell told me. "Usually this place has 20 or so people working out here at any one time but during that month I noticed that there were upwards to 40 or so cars parked in the employee lot. I don't have access to the observatory and when I asked what was going on my boss just said it was a 'science committee' come down to observe some data first hand. I didn't think that much of it but later, after things started happening in Socorro, I started wondering if it was connected."

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The things that Radell is talking about is a dramatic upswing in mental health disease for this small town of 9,000. In 1999 the county health department recorded seeing 68 patients suffering from mental health problems such as depression, anxiety, or stress.



This ratio has since skyrocketed with over 250 patients being recorded so far in the year 2000. The health department has recorded seeing patients with all kinds of mental disorders including rapid mood swings, autism, tourette syndrome, Alzheimer's disease, and eating disorders. The local police have also noted an upswing in drug related crimes which suggests that addictions may have risen from 1999 levels. City officials say that the rise in health problems and drug arrest come from a larger than average group of migrant farm workers who have recently settled into the area combined with a higher unemployment rate from last year.

"I know a lot of people have come down with problems," says Radell, "and it's just not right. My sister-in-law has been diagnosed with Bulimia and there was not a thing wrong with her before March. I know for a fact that there's nothing new in Socorro that would make people get sick like this. It has to be an outside factor. I finally put two and two together when I came out to the telescopes and started hearing the noises. Noises I haven't ever heard before out here. I went on-line and did some research and found out about sonic weapons. I'm convinced that the telescopes are being used as some kind of sound weapon and we're the guinea pigs in the test."

The idea of sonic weapons isn't without merit. In the 1940's the Nazis were the first to consider using sound as a weapon and devised a "[sound cannon](#)." In June of 1999 US News and World Report magazine printed [an article](#) that discussed the millions of dollars being poured into nonlethal sonic weapons research by the US Army. These experiments into the effects of acoustic weapons have met with notable success. The Marine Corps Nonlethal Electromagnetic Weapons project in Bethesda Maryland reported that when animals were subjected to very low frequency electromagnetic radiation (waves below normal radio frequencies) their brains were tricked into releasing large amounts of behavior regulating chemicals. Scientists conducting the experiment believed that in humans such a release would cause sudden and severe sickness. Is something of this nature being used at the Very Large Array?



Radell believes so and while I was interviewing her for this article I was lucky enough to record some of the strange noise that she says is proof that sonic weapons are being tested. Check out the quicktime and judge for yourself.



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



[Click here to see the movie](#) (1.3MB).

I attempted to interview several different workers at the Observatory to get their side of the issue but any questions about the claims made by Radell was met with laughter and quick dismissal. One astronomer who didn't give his name said, "It's obvious that she's upset over something and she's decided to blame us for her problems. Her reasoning is flawed. The array collects data, it does not transmit anything."

But Radell claims that the telescopes have been retrofitted with devices which now allows them to broadcast. "You heard it yourself," she told me. "I'm not crazy. There's something going on out here that's not right. We've got a right to know what the government is doing to us."

sources

Interview with Lynn Radell, August 15th, 2000

Phone interview with Socorro city councilman Wayne Derger and health department spokesperson Sam Montgomery, August 15th, 2000

Interview with Unknown Observatory Astronomer, August 15th, 2000

US News and World Report nonlethal weapons article, June 29th 1999 issue

All photos and video by Derek Barnes

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