

The Groom Lake Desert Rat

"The Naked Truth from Open Sources."

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

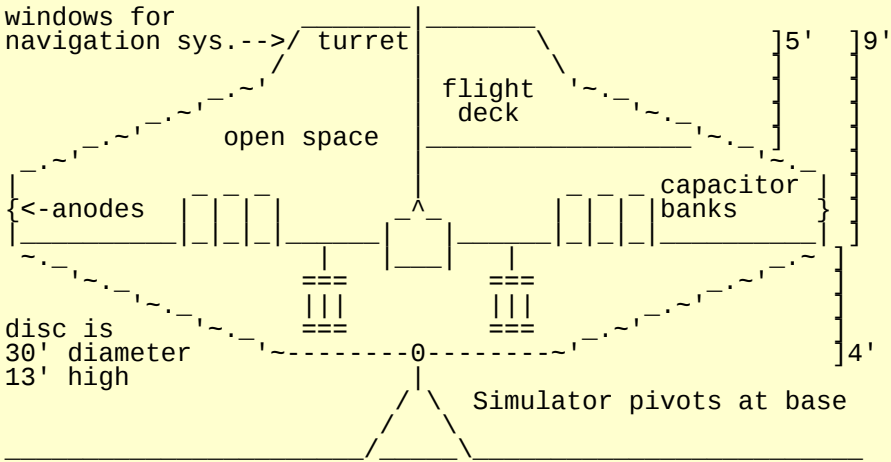
An on-line newsletter.

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Direct from Las Vegas, the Center of Human Civilization.

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Jarod's Simulator

As reported in [DR#24](#), we know a retired engineer who claims to have worked for over 30 years on a project to build flight simulators for human reproductions of alien spacecraft. As he explains it, when any kind of aircraft is in development, a flight simulator is built in parallel with it to train pilots and test systems. Jarod 2 defines a simulator as something that "simulates an actual device or craft to enable the operator to reproduce conditions or phenomena likely to occur in actual performance." The simulator he worked on just happened to be a reproduction of a flying saucer, identical in appearance to the actual craft except that the simulator was attached to the ground through a gimbaled base. Our source believes, without question, that the actual craft, although built by humans, is based on extraterrestrial technology.

The following is our condensation of what Jarod has relayed to us over the course of many conversations. He has reviewed this summary before publication and says it is accurate.

In the 1940s and early 1950s, several flying saucers crashed in the southwestern U.S.--why or how isn't clear. The American military recovered hardware, dead aliens and even a few live ones. Through these first "emissaries," communication was eventually established between us and them. We entered into some form of trade with the aliens. Maybe they had a genuine need for some earthly materials, or maybe this trade was just an excuse to build a relationship--by communicating with the earthlings in their own primitive economic terms. In any case, "The Boys" gave us some of their technology, which we sought to reproduce in a secret saucer program of our own.

This was a very long-term project that started in the mid-50s, shortly before Jarod joined it. The organization was heavily compartmentalized, and Jarod knows only as much as he needed to know to do his job. Working on such an exotic technology, the workers had to know at least the basics of where it came from. Briefings over the years confirmed that the technology was indeed extraterrestrial. Jarod and his co-workers were told about the early contacts between the aliens and our military [DR#24], but they were not told about the alien agenda or what was happening at present. All of the U.S. government's UFO information had been isolated in an organization that Jarod calls the "Satellite Government." Once employed by this agency, he says, you are employed for life. Jarod worked with the same design team for over 30 years, and apart from death and retirement, there was very little turnover. Security restrictions were oppressive, but Jarod was always happy with his job and worked well within his group, which was concerned with the mechanical design of certain components of the simulator.

Like other engineers, Jarod spent most of his time in a drafting room. This was a typical design office without partitions that he shared with the other members of his group. Unlike other engineers, though, Jarod could not communicate directly with his counterparts in any other discipline, due to security requirements. When he was designing a component for the simulator, he could not talk to the person who was working on the same component in the real craft. If there was a question, it had to be passed first to his boss, who conveyed it to the leader of the other group who passed it down to the appropriate individual. A time delay in the movements of documents and hardware indicated that the design for the operational craft was conducted at a facility elsewhere. Other inferences could be made about the real craft from the feedback received, but Jarod played no role in that craft's design or construction. Nonetheless, Jarod believes that the simulator is an accurate reproduction of the actual craft.

Only occasionally would Jarod and his group visit the simulator, which was housed in a separate building at the same facility. They might spend a couple of hours fitting a component and then leave. It was on these visits to the simulator that Jarod 2, the human engineer, occasionally saw Jarod 1, a gray alien who was serving as a technical advisor to the program. Since the group had already been briefed on the presence of the aliens, the appearance of Jarod 1 in the simulator room seemed almost routine. He had the unmistakable hairless, expressionless head and wraparound eyes we have all seen drawings of, but this alien was dressed in human clothes. The shoes were different and the four-fingered hands were long and almost claw-like, but otherwise this could have been any other technician. Jarod 2 has great respect for Jarod 1, hence his choice of code names, but 1 and 2 never communicated with each other directly.

Jarod 2 has reasonable confidence in Bob Lazar's story of working with alien craft at Papoose Lake, south of Groom Lake. [More on Lazar.] In his workshop at home Jarod has taken Testor's flying saucer model kit, which is based on Lazar's description, and made some minor modifications to turn it into a model of the simulator he helped design. The main difference is that Jarod's saucer is taller to accommodate humans, while Lazar's was apparently intended only for the little guys. Jarod has increased the height of the Lazar model by separating the top and bottom halves with a cylindrical wall of plexiglas. Instead of the edges of the saucer ending in a sharp point, they now end in a flat vertical wall, which is about three feet high in the actual simulator. Jarod says that certain dimensions of the craft are critical, but the height is not. To reproduce the gimbaled mount which attaches the disc simulator to the ground, Jarod has taken the ball joint from a car's rear-view mirror, glued the mirror side into the bottom of the Testor's model and screwed the ball side into the top of a heavy trophy that he had once received from the Shriners for some volunteer work.

The simulator is entered through a close-fitting hatch in the side wall extending to part of the top shell. The inside is basically a big open space, divided by a floor one-third up from the base. In the middle of this deck is a "reactor" similar to the one Lazar describes, although Jarod does not know what goes on inside. (He suggests that the reactor assembly in the simulator may have been only a facsimile.) A pipe about six inches in diameter runs from the top of the reactor straight up through the center of the craft and through the roof, forming an "antenna" on top. Although it is out of his field, Jarod thinks that this pipe is important for keeping the craft upright while in flight. The 3-foot-high "turret" on the

top of the craft, which Lazar describes as containing a closed deck that he was never allowed to see, is open in Jarod's model and contains some instrumentation which is accessible from the flight deck. Installed here is a celestial navigation system, which (in the operational craft) looks out through windows in the turret to measure positions of stars. This a common navigation system for missiles and aircraft, but it might be useful beyond the bounds of earth.

There is no real "front" or "back" to the craft. It can travel in any direction, and "front," for human convenience, is wherever you chose to put the flight deck. Jarod says that there are horizontal "poles," however, called north and south, and these poles play a role in how the craft makes turns. Inside, sectors of the craft are referred to by 360 degree bearings from north, like a compass rose. Jarod has referred to the craft as a small "planet" of its own with magnetic, electrical and gravity fields much like Earth's.

The flight deck on Jarod's craft occupies about one half (or 180 degrees) of the inner chamber. It is on a secondary deck raised above the main deck about 3 or 4 feet and accessed by a small, curving staircase. On the flight deck are three chairs, two in front as might be suitable for the pilot and co-pilot, and one at a desk in back of them, which might be envisioned as the navigator or observer. There are no windows for the pilot, only control panels resembling those found in a conventional aircraft. Having the flight deck on one side of the craft might seem to make it lopsided, much heavier on one side than the other, but this was of little concern, Jarod says. Center of gravity isn't important when you can control gravity itself.

Below the main deck are three vertical cylinders hanging on gimbaled mounts. Lazar refers to these as "gravity amplifiers," but Jarod does not know their function. Jarod says he designed these assemblies and the mounts that hold them, but on the simulator they are empty dummies needed only for appearances. They are capable of swinging up 60 degrees in any direction, which coincides with the angle that the entire simulator can pivot on its mount. A 60 degree angle is pretty extreme: When the craft dips over that far, one would expect that anyone sitting on the flight deck would not remain seated unless belted in, but Jarod emphasizes that there are no seat belts in this simulator.

In other words, in the simulator--not just in the operational craft--some sort of artificial gravity is maintained to keep the operators in their seats, and this internal gravity has nothing to do with the "gravity amplifiers" below deck. Being involved only in the mechanical design of the control panels, mounts and various housings that things are put into, Jarod does not know how the gravity system works, but he thinks that the floors and walls of the craft are more than just passive supports; they are a sophisticated system. Jarod describes the floor as a "collapsing grid" which repeatedly stores an electrical charge and then releases it. (This confuses us a bit, because Lazar also refers to a "collapsing grid" in his flying saucer poster, but only as a mechanical cover for a hatch on the floor.)

There are also banks of very sophisticated capacitors bolted to the main deck on either side of the reactor. There are six cylindrical capacitors altogether, three on either side of center, capable of storing an enormous electrical charge. Jarod equates them to the starter coil in an automobile, which builds up a high voltage to generate an arc in the spark plugs. It is unclear (to us) whether the capacitors are only in the simulator or in the operational craft as well.

Power for the simulator comes through cables entering the disk near the gimbaled base, where air conditioning ducts and data cables also enter. We have asked Jarod why the capacitors have to be on board the simulator: Why can't they be kept on the ground and their power output brought in through the umbilicals? Jarod thinks that, because of the enormous voltage involved, the capacitors have to be as close as possible to the place where the power is used. The output of the capacitors runs directly into the reactor (or reactor facsimile).

Along the outside perimeter of the craft, in the middle of the three-foot side walls, are a ring of embedded anodes, about 48 altogether. Each is a circle about 3" wide and protruding about 1/2" from the side of the craft. Jarod knows only that these generate some sort of electrical field around the edge of the simulator.

Most of the simulator, and probably also the operating craft, is constructed of a boron composite which is dull metallic in appearance but is both very light and extremely strong. An exception is the reactor assembly, which Jarod says is similar in appearance to iconel steel. The reactor was designed by another group and is bolted into a hole in the middle of the main deck. Otherwise, the simulator is composed of four 90-degree pie-shaped pieces which can be taken apart for shipping. After the simulator was finished, which took over two decades, it was indeed taken apart and hauled away, most likely to a secret Nevada facility.

Questions

Many of our questions remain unanswered. On most of them, Jarod says he simply does not know, and these gaps seem consistent with his compartmentalized role as a mechanical engineer, not as a propulsion expert or someone in management who needed to know the big picture. He designed only the boxes and shells of various assemblies; he never knew much about what went in them. On a few other questions, Jarod does know the answers, but he is withholding them until he gets the okay from his boss to speak. This idea of Jarod speaking "with permission" is probably the most intriguing element of all.

One question we had is why artificial gravity needs to be asserted in the simulator. If this earthbound disc can pivot up to 60 degrees, but internal gravity counteracts this so no seatbelts are needed and the operator still thinks he is sitting upright, why bother with the exercise at all? What not just keep the simulator horizontal? Jarod offers no insights here, but we have our own theory: The operator of the craft needs to learn to adjust the internal gravity to compensate for external changes in angle and acceleration. If he doesn't do it right, he is going to be slammed into the walls of the craft, which a simulator angle of 60 degrees might give him a feeling for.

We still have difficulty reconciling the many manipulations of gravity and electricity that appear to be involved in the operational craft. There seems to be gravity coming from the floor, gravity emitting from the below-deck amplifiers and gravity shooting through that pipe in the ceiling. There is electricity stored and released from the capacitors, electricity stored and released in the floor, and electricity generating a field around the outside of the craft. Eventually, these effects may turn out to be different aspects of the same unified system, but now we are seeing only disconnected fragments.

Why would the government want to reproduce the craft, and why would the aliens, represented by Jarod 1, want to help us do it? J-2 has no answer, but he had alluded to the fact that in some cases our alien advisors could help us with a technical problem but won't. Like a school teacher withholding the solution to a math problem, they seem to want us to figure things out for ourselves so we gain the skills for future use. Although we are reproducing alien craft, we are doing it within our own technical and social framework. The alien control systems in the original craft, which are unusable to our pilots, have been replaced by the sort of avionics that our engineers already familiar with. For example, Jarod says there are gyros to indicate the tilt of the craft. (We wondered if the gravity system might interfere with a gyroscope, but Jarod says no.)

Apparently the profit motive does not drive these aliens, because if it did they would be selling us fish instead teaching us how to fish. Any self-respecting Ferengi wouldn't let the technology out of his hands; instead, he would sell only finished discs to the humans, along with a hefty service contract. Our own speculation is that the need to build the discs is political: to eventually allay the fears of the public when news of the alien presence finally gets out. Since the aliens can violate our airspace at will and could probably blow us out of the solar system if they chose, it would make humanity feel less vulnerable if our government had the craft, too. Never mind that these discs are probably their old fashioned beaters (in Jarod's words, "their old B-52s") compared to the latest models they are probably keeping to themselves; at least the token achievement of flying something that is round could be enough to defuse the more hysterical of the earthlings.

In that context, the nearly 50-year cover-up of UFO information might be reasonable. It could take half a century to lay the groundwork for an orderly release of the news. Of course, our government has a celebrated inertia about releasing its secrets, especially when they might be self-incriminating. No agency that wants to preserve its funding is eager to tell the public, "We've been lying to you for fifty years." This permanent embrace is often cited by ufologists as the reason why the information will probably be withheld indefinitely, but the motivations of the government may not be as important as they seem. There is another party involved, the aliens themselves, and the cover-up will hold only as long as they cooperate. If they decide that the time has come for the information to get out, it certainly will.

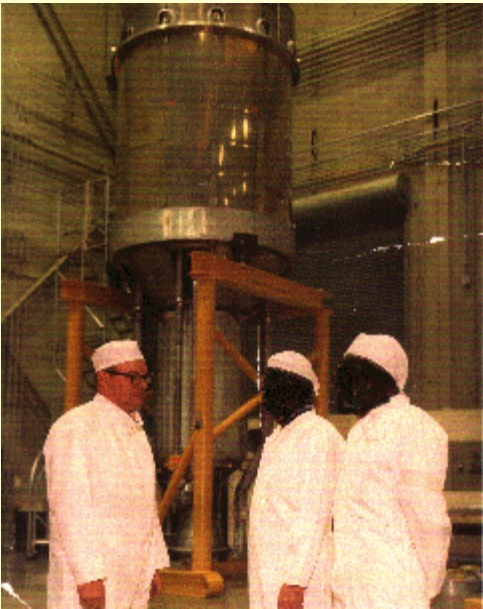
The most peculiar aspect of Jarod's story is the idea that he is speaking with permission of his superiors (who are still his superiors even though he has retired). After investing so much in secrecy over the years, why would his bosses let him break the silence? In short, it fits the old UFO cliché about the government leaking the information slowly to prepare

society for the Big Announcement. In Jarod's claims, and perhaps other ambiguous releases like the alleged MJ-12 papers, the facts could effectively be "leaked" while plausible deniability is maintained. Jarod, for example, has nothing substantial to back up his claims: no documents or physical evidence. He is, to any skeptic, just a retired guy telling a tall tale. He doesn't seem to care if anyone believes him, and indeed his credibility doesn't matter much to the acclimation process. At least he has caught the ear of Psychospy, and here in the Desert Rat, Jarod's scenario is now being distributed to the UFO subculture. Charlatans like Sean Morton and morons like Chuckie will adopt the story as "theirs," add to it their own flourishes and ridiculous folklore and promote it to the world. The loonies will then take over, as they have now in Rachel, and shoot to hell whatever credibility there once was in the original tale. Nonetheless, the basic information will still have embedded itself in the subculture's psyche and might carry the movement just a little bit closer to the truth.

Jarod's Past

Although we have not sought it, we have some evidence that Jarod indeed has a past employment history in government engineering programs. Jarod's son, who is as mystified about his father's disc stories as anyone, says his father did work for government contractors at several sites, including Cape Canaveral. The son says he never knew much about what his father did, perhaps in part because his parents were divorced and he lived with his mother. The son says his father never discussed flying discs until recently, but he also says, "My father has never lied to me." Both father and son happened to work at the same time at the Nevada Test Site for a brief period in the 1970s, when the son was an X-ray technician and Jarod worked on the NERVA nuclear rocket program ("Nuclear Engine for Rocket Vehicle Application"). [See correction in [DR#28](#)]

Jarod has shown us a photo of himself in a clean-room suit with two other technicians standing in front of the NERVA rocket assembly. (In photo at right, reproduced at 50%, Jarod is in the middle. For distribution here, Jarod has blacked out his own face and that of a colleague, but we have seen the original photo and confirm it is him. The unblacked face is a prominent NERVA engineer.) Jarod says that although his main employment was in the disc simulator program, there were many periods when his work there was held up for months at a time due to various technical hang-ups outside his group (presumably glitches in the development of the operational craft). At these times, Jarod was reassigned to other defense or space projects, like NERVA, where his skills would not be idle. NERVA was one of those fun-with- atomic-energy projects the government played with for a while at the Nevada Test Site but that never became practical. This nuclear powered rocket was going to get us to the stars, but it never left the ground due to the enormous radiation it spewed in tests. During his assignment at NERVA, as well as other rocketry projects, Jarod says his specialty was "bootstrapping." Bootstrapping refers to the partial recycling of reactants in a chemical system. In this case, incompletely combusted hydrogen was diverted back into the engine for reuse.



We have asked Jarod what relevance bootstrapping had to his work with the disc simulator. Jarod is not specific, but he confirms that there was some kind of closed chemical system involved. However, it was not a cooling system as we would have thought (like freon in an air conditioner). Jarod says that one of the biggest mysteries to him was the absence of an obvious cooling mechanism to drain heat from the reactor. He points out that with so much energy going into the thing, some of it had to come out as heat, but he saw no evidence of this in the mechanical design.

Of course, we see some irony in Jarod working on a project that might make all other forms of air and space transportation obsolete, then being reassigned to an awkward and dirty human attempt to reach the stars by brute force. Nonetheless, we think the situation is plausible. NERVA was a here-and-now project, at least within our technical grasp, while the saucer program might have been less certain and more long term--"pie in the sky" as it were. Would the Satellite Government have let other huge space and defense programs proceed, knowing that they were doomed to obsolescence, just to keep its own project secret? We believe it would, and perhaps in a grand historical sense these

losses might be justified.

Protests

"I think you've gone nuts!", [writes](#) former Desert Rat subscriber Larry@ichips.intel.com following [DR#24](#). "First, the 'Cammo Dudes' successfully distracted your attention from doing real reporting of the Groom area. Second, somebody has turned you into today's version of the 1950s Contactee with all this crap about UFOs and aliens. In the beginning you did excellent work... but you seem to have lost your way. Please unsubscribe me."

Other readers were more kind in their skepticism. We were scolded by prominent ufologist [Stanton Friedman](#), who found our account of "Jarod 2" to be disturbingly lacking in evidence. (Friedman, incidentally, also says he worked on the NERVA program.) Friedman has been vocal in his opinion that Bob Lazar is a fraud, and he seems to be worried that Jarod may represent more of the same. Indeed, we cannot deny the possibility that Jarod heard about Lazar's story and built his own fiction upon it. As with virtually all UFO cases, we have no "proof." All we have is our own personal instincts about the man--i.e. the sort of acute sixth sense that has lead to the downfall of many a UFO researcher.

Who needs proof, anyway? We are happy with our life here on Earth. The Research Center is humming along just fine, concerned mostly with government accountability, not aliens. The presence or absence of extraterrestrials on earth is a big deal to some but we feel less excited. Any revelations in this regard would certainly change humanity, but not necessarily for better or worse. What the aliens choose to do is their business. We American citizens have a right to control over our government, but we do not control the aliens, and we have no natural right to know what the aliens know or to demand that they reveal themselves.

Here at the Research Center, all we are looking for is a little entertainment--something to challenge our mind while we grow old and die. We have, after all, begun to tire of *Star Trek* in all its many incarnations; it's just too P.C. We still watch *The X-Files* in case we might be on it, but we have already caught on that the Truth will ALWAYS be Out There, just beyond Mulder's reach, with Scully convinced of nothing. Meanwhile, at our satellite facility, the "entertainment" of Las Vegas leaves us with a fashionable ennui: We've seen all the pirate battles and taken all the rides, so what is there to live for?

All we want is an interesting story, which is something so rare in this life that when one comes along we wouldn't want to mess it up with evidence. An intelligently constructed narrative is a thing of beauty in itself, and exploring it can be as educational and worthy of our time as any physical endeavor. If you have wandered a story's many corridors and still it draws you on, it may indeed turn out to be the truth, but this is incidental and not the main purpose of the exercise.

In life, as in *The X-Files*, the truth will always be Out There, and we will die without knowing most of it. All we can expect in our limited tour on Earth is to find a few new facts and slightly expand borders. We may laugh at our parents and their naive ways, but our children will laugh at us, and what has really changed will only be the surface of things. The only education that will significantly improve our lives is not knowledge but "wisdom"--that is, the skills to lead a graceful life in an imperfect world with incomplete information.

Thoughtful stories, be they fiction or real, help us practice these skills without risk to life or limb. In the case of Jarod's claims or any other plausible alien tale, the most important thing we can learn is not whether UFOs are real but how we should approach the unknown in general. Lesson One is don't make judgments until you have a practical reason to. Opinions-- about Bob Lazar for example--are a dime a dozen. People, as a rule, can't stand ambiguity, so they listen for five minutes and then make up their minds based on whatever detail they have in front of them. Lazar could not possibly be a scientist and must be a fraud, we have heard some UFO buffs say, because of the turtleneck shirt he is wearing, the fast car he drives or the beautiful woman on his arm. Other UFO believers announce their full confidence in Lazar for equally inane reasons: They saw a light in the sky in 1963; it wasn't an airplane, so Lazar must be right. Both camps make up their minds first and recognize only the evidence that fits.

The main practical reason for judgment is the allocation of resources. If Lazar or Jarod asked us for money, then we would have to make up our mind--not necessarily about the whole truth but only whether the enterprise was a good investment. Likewise, we must decide at some point whether a particular story is worth our time to explore, but this

decision need only be a relative one between the available options. Someday, when the evidence is clear and politics demand it, we may feel compelled to say, "He's a fraud," or "I believe him completely," thus advising others how they should spend their resources. These absolute statements should not be made lightly, however, because they are hard to reverse, and they stand in the way of further inquiry.

An Alternate Scenario

We do not claim to have proof that Jarod and Lazar are telling the truth. Another scenario is also possible: In 1989, Lazar could have concocted his "S-4" story to dupe John Lear, who was telling colorful UFOs-at-51 stories since a couple of years before. After meeting Lear by chance, Lazar sees in him an easy mark, and he "leaks" to him the news that his far-out theories are essentially correct and that Lazar happened to have found work in a similar facility. The story is picked up by local newscaster George Knapp, who falls for Lazar's smooth and sincere-sounding style. Knapp broadcasts the hoax to Las Vegas in his "Best Evidence" series, and it hits the national UFO press in a big way. Eventually, a plastic model is made and a movie deal signed, and Lazar conveniently drops out of sight.

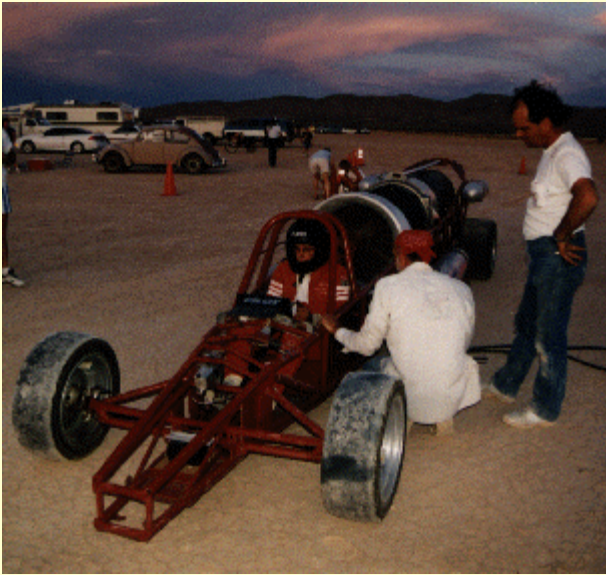
Jarod, the human, listens to Lazar's claims in the media and thinks he can cook up something better. With nothing much to do in his retirement and after five years of mulling the Lazar scenario, he comes forward with his own fiction. He finds a willing dupe in Psychospy, whose star is waning in the UFO scene and who needs to come up with something new to regain his media glory. Jarod recycles Lazar's description of the alien craft but adds some twists, based on his own technical experience, to make it seem more authentic. There is no Jarod 1. There is no real disc simulator. Both Jarod and Lazar get exactly what they crave the most, which is attention.

Okay, so what's the problem? It's still a good story, and we admire their work.

Desert Blast

Lazar, it turns out, is alive and well and living in Las Vegas (far from any buffet, however, which seems to defeat the purpose). Every year, Lazar and his friends put on a top secret, invitation-only fireworks show in the desert. ("If you don't know where it is, you're not invited.") Whatever bad you can say about Lazar, he does make good fire. He and his crew have been blowing things up since long before his "S-4" claims. This year, for some unfathomable reason, Psychospy got an invitation. We were sworn to secrecy about time, place and explosive yields and ordered not to discuss UFOs at the event. This was a serious endeavor to make things go "Boom," and we had to obey the rules. We were allowed one guest, so naturally we invited Jarod.

A previous Desert Blast was reported in the Dec. 1994 issue of *Wired Magazine* [\[article with photos\]](#). This year was a more subdued event, however, with everyone on edge since McVeigh and company in Oklahoma City gave homemade explosives a bad name. This year, there was no "Big Bomb," which we understand is usually the equivalent of a Ryder truck packed with fertilizer. There were only lesser bombs, fireworks and displays of various jet-propelled contraptions. Lazar cranked up his jet car and took it for a spin on the lake bed. A potentially faster rocket car was fired up in a static display; this missile-shaped vehicle has no wheels, only runners, because the owners hope to break the land speed record--on ice. There were many miscellaneous explosions all through the night and into the morning. The fireworks were top-rate, and Psychospy helped release a glowing, helium-filled "UFO" into the sky, which we sincerely hope caused a rash of sightings downwind.



[\[Photo of Lazar on motorcycle at event \(77K\)\]](#)

Desert Blast gave us an opportunity to introduce Jarod to Lazar for the first time (or so they claim). Nothing of consequence was discussed, but the meeting still struck us as ironic, especially if you think Lazar has lied. It is like a story from *The Twilight Zone*: A writer invents a fictional character and writes a novel about him, which, to sell it to a publisher, he passes off as a real account. Then one day the doorbell rings, and that character, in the flesh, walks in the door.

There are numerous other possible storylines, of course. Lazar and Jarod could both be employed by the same sinister intelligence agency bent on spreading disinformation. Alternatively, maybe Lazar hired Jarod to "confirm" his story and give his movie deal a boost. Every explanation is fascinating in itself and deserves a novel of its own.

The Loons Are Winning

Meanwhile, back in Rachel, the Area 51 story is rapidly de-evolving as the laws of entropy assert themselves in Psychosp's absence. With the main Research Center in full operation only a couple days a week, Chuckie, Ambassador Merlin and the Little A'Le'Inn are expanding their fantastic claims and asserting their territory. TV crews and journalists are still coming regularly, but they are interested only in this curious roadside attraction and the human oddities that congregate here. Most of the visiting press don't even bother to contact us anymore; they go directly to the Little A'Le'Inn, where the proprietors do not volunteer that there is any other voice in town other than total, unquestioning belief.

The nadir of media coverage was the May 28 *CBS Sunday Morning* segment. We didn't see it, but reviews by DR readers say it was merely a loon report. [\[Review by Agent X\]](#) The crew shot hours of tape on government accountability, including the first network coverage of our new airport location in Vegas. All this tape went out the window as soon as the crew met Ambassador Merlyn Merlin II from Draconis and Chuck Clark of Earth. Chuckie took the crew to the Black Mailbox to hunt for UFOs, but Ambassador Merlin was the real star of the show. He had his own Star Trek communicator this time, which he used to actually beam himself off the highway at the end of the segment.

Almost simultaneously, at the State Capital in Carson City, the Nevada Assembly unanimously passed the bill to designate State Route 375 the "Extra Terrestrial Alien Highway." Glenn Campbell, who was the first to call it the "Alien Highway" on the cover of his Viewer's Guide over two years ago, had submitted a thoughtful opposition to the Tourism and Economic Development committee prior to an earlier public hearing [\[DR#26\]](#), but the document was not acknowledged by the committee or read into the record as requested. A democratic process would only spoil the fun. According to a May 28 AP story, the boys in the Legislature had some yucks with the bill....

The fun began at the measure's Las Vegas hearing when proponents donned space alien masks, antennae and pointy ears as they made their pitch.

Backed up by spacy sound effects, [bill sponsor Roy] Neighbors said on the Assembly floor that reported UFO sightings "are part of the fantasy and the excitement of the tourist attraction that is Nevada."

Wearing a Darth Vader mask, Assemblyman Bob Price, D-North Las Vegas, presented a letter supporting the bill from the "intergalactic tourism association."

Saying he couldn't read the letter on account of the earthly pollution's effects on his eyes, "Darth" handed the letter to the "earthling" on his left - a reluctant Assemblyman Wendell Williams, D-Las Vegas.

Up to the challenge, Williams read aloud the note promising that the association would include a stop at "E.T. Highway" as part of its package tour-to-earth offering.

After the floor session, Assembly Co-Speaker Joe Dini, D- Yerington, called Neighbors and Price to the rostrum to present them with gifts from their alien friends, including plaques of recognition and copies of the Klingon Dictionary.

This legislation, which is almost certain to be signed into law by the governor, is a triumph for Ambassador Merlyn Merlin II who was the principal lobbyist in its favor. The Ambassador has been known for years in the state capital, previously lobbying for a return of the U.S. to the gold standard. This, his first legislative success, virtually guarantees that he will be back in Carson City to push for further pro-alien measures.

Merlin was in a celebratory mood at the Little A'Le'Inn's semi-annual Loonfest, held the same weekend the CBS segment aired, but the rest of the loons were more subdued. Estimates from our spies say that no more than 30 paying guests showed up for the \$100-a-head event. One source said there were three interesting speakers but the rest were wackos, each covering the widest possible spectrum of government conspiracies. Oddly, the discussion that we would have regarded as the highlight of the conference never took place: underground base proponent William Hamilton and his wife describing their abduction by an alien named Quaylar two years ago near the Black Mailbox (reported in *MUFON UFO Journal*, August 1993). They were present and spoke on other unsubstantiated topics, but our sources heard not one peep about the abduction. Campbell, though, was a favorite topic of conversation, as participants, including Hamilton, offered theories as to what his government role must be. Interestingly, many of the attendees seem to have read the Desert Rat, but it is not to their liking. "You use a lot of sarcasm and humor in your writing," said one of our sources, "and these people just don't get it. They are only confused and insulted."

...To which we can only reply: "Sarcasm? *Moi?*"

Merlin finally got together with the brothel employee we mentioned in [DR#26](#), and they attended the Loonfest together. They shared a room in one of the trailers out in back of the Inn, and guests in the other rooms, where the walls are paper-thin and everyone shares a bathroom, have voiced their opinion that seminal liquor was spilled. This is disturbing not only because it violates the ambassadorial Prime Directive, but it may get the Ambassador in deep do-do with another alien, Lady Seraphim Isis II, with whom he shares his embassy in "Miracle City, Nevada" (same Zip code as Silver City). No one we know has ever met Lady Isis, but her name appears above his on Merlin's business card and embassy stationary and she co-signs (in Merlin's hand) all of the Ambassador's correspondence. Alien ambassadors are like drunk Republicans when they have a legislative victory under their belts, and we wonder whether Lady Isis is aware of Merlin's carousing. Then again, maybe she doesn't care. Just because Merlin has taken human form doesn't mean Lady Isis has done the same. (We suspect maybe canine, feline or canary form.)

Now that Merlin has reached the pinnacle of his earthly fame and power, it is natural that jealous negativists and rumormongers will try to shoot him down. The latest unsubstantiated rumors circulating in Carson City say that Merlin is not an alien ambassador at all but that he is in fact an ordinary human named David Solomon. The story goes that Merlin--er, Solomon--O.D.'d on LSD at Berkeley. That sounds too pat to us, but Merlin does speak of a "revelation" he experienced in 1986 in which he first realized he was an alien. The rumor goes on to claim that Solomon's family in California is wealthy enough that they have given him a stipend on condition that he stays away. Although we at the Research Center give no credence to these rumors, we do hope Merlin stays away from us as well. Although amusing at first, Merlin quickly turns himself into a celestial pain in the butt with his endless proselytizing and his failure to take a hint about when to leave.

Meanwhile, on the internet newsgroups, Chuck Clark has been joined by a new ally, Al Cutillo, who is now advertising tours to the Black Mailbox...

I have had the incredible experience of being in Rachael, NV, as well as having an even greater experience of being with Mr. Chuck Clark for most of my weekend. Area 51, Rachael, Nv, all offer a stir [?] in everyone's curiosity. Mr. Clark is perhaps one of the most highly educated sources on Area 51.

Through the co-operation of Mr. Clark as well as the now-famous Little A 'LE' INN, I have been authorized to offer week-end research trips up to Area 51. These trips are for those who are SERIOUSLY researching Area 51.

Trips will begin at either Phoenix, Arizona or pick-ups at Las Vegas' airport, and will include the drive up to Rachael. There will be a total of three days and two nights in the Area 51 vicinity, accomodations at the Little A 'LE' INN, and research with Mr. Chuck Clark. This would include daytime Video Tape Reviews, trips to Borders of the RESTRICTED area, and evening watches on 'Mail Box Road', the area just to the

other side of Freedom Point, which is area 51 Airspace. The package would also include all meals.

If you are SERIOUS about research, and want to know more about these tours, please E-MAIL me at abcassoc@indirect.com or you may call (602)561-8735 M-Th 9:00-9:00 Mountain Time.

This marks the first time paying tours have been offered near the border since Sean Morton abandoned the franchise in 1993. God, we miss Sean. A total narcissist, true, but he also had panache, style, and the ability to sense the emotional tone of a group and kiss up to it immediately. He is not like these young, graceless upstarts with no social sensitivity who are just plain dumb.

As we write this, an unsolicited image has forced itself into our consciousness. In a vision we see Monty... yes... Monty Hall on "Let's Make A Deal." A contestant has just chosen Door Number Three, which opens to reveal the big prize. "YOU, Mrs. Smith, have won a FABULOUS weekend getaway to Rachel, Nevada, America's 'UFO Capital.' You'll enjoy DE LUX three days, two nights accommodation in the trailers behind the world-famous Little A'Le'Inn, including all meals, shared bathroom, airport transfers and a guided tour of the Extraterrestrial Alien Highway. You'll meet one of the world's foremost authorities on Area 51 and help him conduct SERIOUS RESEARCH into the UFO phenomenon. You'll photograph SPACE BUBBLES at the mysterious Black Mailbox and see FLYING SAUCERS and TOP-SECRET AIRCRAFT, guaranteed. What do you think of that, Mrs. Smith?"

The housewife replies: "That's very nice, but could I trade it for the toaster?"



A couple days after the Loonfest and the CBS report, an AP story hit newspapers EVERYWHERE: "UFO Buffs find 'Dreamland' in Nevada Desert." *The Washington Post*, *L.A. Times*, *Salt Lake Tribune* and dozens of other nominally respectable newspapers carried it, much to our chagrin. Campbell and Lazar got about a paragraph each, both factually inaccurate. The bulk of the report was dedicated to Chuckie and his visits to the Black Mailbox. There was a cute photo of his round, smiling mug beside a gray alien. Unfortunately, there was also a photo of Campbell looking through a telescope with the caption (in the *Salt Lake Tribune*): "Glenn Campbell, in a 1994 photo, peers toward a secret Air Force base in Nevada, where he believes the government keeps recovered alien spacecraft." We cringe.

Campbell was in the same company in the CBS report. His hours of interviews on the perils of excessive secrecy and his skepticism of the Ambassador and other "Ufoloons" were pared to a few soft-on-saucers sound bites along the vein of what Chuckie and Merlin were presenting. It was the lowest ebb in our Regional Director's media career. He is a has-been now, a was-whiz, and if he doesn't shape up soon and present a better image we might have to eject him from the organization.

We used to believe in the starlet's motto: "There's no such thing as bad publicity." Now, we can see that there is. We don't question the right of the news media to report on the loons; we just don't want to be included in the story. Apart from the long-running hazardous waste suit, there is no significant hard news story pending here right now, so maybe this is the time for us to resign our role as Area 51 publicity agent and turn over the reins to Chuckie. After watching "Forrest Gump" again and witnessing the movie's phenomenal success, we realize that this is what the public wants: amiable idiots telling impossible tales. The Prime Directive applies to us as much as it does to any alien ambassador: The humans must be allowed to seek their own structure and deal with the unknown with whatever rituals and anthropomorphic myths that come naturally to them.

If UFOs are real, this is why the truth has not yet become apparent. It isn't a government disinformation program that keeps the news hidden; it is the ufologists themselves, creating a steady stream of new noise to reverse any inch of progress that might be made. This is a natural system of social regulation, and we cannot say that it is wrong for this culture. "Truth" has never been significant force in human civilization; only equilibrium.

Clark's Sighting Questioned

British aviation observer Chris Gibson, whose 1989 sighting of a triangular craft over the North Sea is a keystone of the speculation about the alleged hypersonic Aurora, has expressed some doubts about Chuckie's sighting of a similar craft at Groom. Gibson writes...

Chuck Clark, "Astronomer," has turned up in a British scientific magazine called *Focus*. He claims he got a look into one of the hangars at Groom, having walked to a viewpoint "undetected. He says he saw a black, delta-shaped craft, about 130ft long, all in the space of 20 seconds.

I can't see how he could ascertain this information from 12 miles away through a telescope. He makes no mention of tail surfaces, which must have been visible, nor does he explain how he could come up with the length of 130ft AND see that the vehicle was a delta.

If this vehicle was 130ft, that would make it approximately twice the length of the vehicle I saw over the North Sea and at least a third the size of the "Mothership."

Maybe Chuck has observed yet another secret aircraft, adding still more to the embarrassment of riches.

Pop Culture Watch

There Is No Dreamland

The Area 51 Nightclub and Dreamland Lounge [[DR#26](#)], true to their names, do not exist. After reading the press release about the alleged opening of the club in Las Vegas, we went there with a group to check it out. It was a Friday night about two weeks after the announced opening. At the given address, we found only "The Cave," still in its former run-down appearance, locked up tight. No crashed saucer on the roof. No bimbos in space suits. We were crushed.

The bar that was to be Dreamland is now open under the name of the Serene Lounge. Employees there say the club next door will indeed open soon, but not with a UFO theme. Intelligence reports from unnamed sources say that the person who was promoting the Area 51 idea is no longer with the organization. It is unclear who owns the organization and where the promoter departed to, but if Las Vegas had any rivers, we would recommend that they be dredged for a body.

Area 51 In Miami Beach

Area 51, a clothing and New Age music store, has just opened its doors in Miami Beach. We are fairly confident that this one exists, since we spoke on the telephone to the owner, and he said business was doing well. The owner's knowledge of Nevada's Area 51 seemed sketchy, but he did express an interest in expanding the store's UFO offerings and perhaps inviting the Raelians to come there to speak. (The Raelians, lead by a charismatic Frenchman named Rael, are a New Age/UFO religious group often seen in flowing white robes. Their symbol is a swastika inside a Star of David, which represents their infinite love.) The store is located on the city's main drag at 935 Washington Ave. We would appreciate a field report from any of our readers in that vicinity.

Area 51 Computer Game

Below is from the printed program at a recent computer trade show (thanks to OneNose@aol.com). We have seen indications that several other Area 51 video games are also in the works.

"Novell, Inc. has announced a new adventure game on CD-ROM, code-named Entry Denied (\$30 Win/Mac), that 'involves investigative reporting and government secrets.' Scheduled to ship in Sept., the title is based on the theory of a top-secret government installation in the Nevada desert, known as Area 51,

housing info about UFOs. (Novell, 800/451-5151)"

Area 51, The Band

There have been no sightings of Area 51, the band, since they appeared at the Little A'Le'Inn on New Years Eve and thoroughly pissed everyone off by playing the wrong kind of music (i.e. not Country) and behaving poorly. We were interested to learn, however, that the leader had played with Glen Campbell, the singer in Phoenix, and that Glen was perfectly aware of Glenn Campbell, the Rachel UFO nut, and was now required to tell people that he was not the same one. This is a poetic reversal of fortune that Glenn would never have anticipated in his Glen- tortured youth.

Dreamland Effects

Hollywood special effects artist Steve Neill offers a catalog of alien models and paraphernalia, including the authentic looking rubber alien mask (\$85) that is often seen on human heads in Rachel and probably the Nevada Legislature. Nothing in the catalog is specifically connected to our "Dreamland," however. The catalog is available for \$2 from: Dreamland Effects, 16281 San Fernando Mission Blvd., Box 211, Granada Hills, CA 91344.

Aurora Movie

The first Area 51 movie was released right under our nose and we didn't notice. It was "Aurora: Operation Intercept," an HBO made-for-cable movie first broadcast about six months ago. We watched it recently in fast forward, which is probably the best way. It is a male action-adventure melodrama most closely resembling a low-budget James Bond flick. A beautiful chick with a Russian accent fills the Blofeld role of seeking world domination through science. Only our hero and his fast Aurora can save the day. No stars in this one, only forgettables. Contains lots of good computer graphics of a romanticized version of the alleged plane, and there are a couple of nighttime scenes at "Groom Lake Air Force Base, Nevada" (aka some airport in the L.A. area). The only high point was the appearance of the Groom Lake Patch on the flight suits of the two fighter jocks (our patch, not Chuckie's).

Lazar Movie

Lazar's "Communications Director" Gene Huff says that the Lazar movie is still optioned to New Line Cinema. The option expires next month, however, and New Line has asked for an extension. It is unclear at this point whether Lazar will grant it. The proposed budget is now \$23 million, which places it in the medium cost category and could buy some decent special effects (exploding heads, laser battles, villains morphing from one body into another). The assigned director is Chuck Russell and the production designer is Jon Farhat. Both of them worked previously on "The Mask," so they are riding high. Huff says Lazar turned down more lucrative offers and chose New Line because they agreed to adhere to what Lazar claims actually happened.

Mt. Cury Hike June 24

This month's public hike, planned for June 24, is a specialty affair that is mainly of interest to fans of the Nevada Test Site. The destination is Mt. Cury, a peak on public land northeast of Mercury that offers an expansive bird's-eye view of our nation's nuclear testing ground. From this point, there is a high-angle, unobstructed view of Frenchman Flat less than 10 miles away. Here, we can clearly see the remains of a railroad trestle, domed bunkers and materials-testing "motels" that the government built to blow up in the early open-air tests. In the distance, we see part of Yucca Flat, where the U.S. conducted most of its later underground testing. CP1, the test control center where the "button" is theoretically pushed ("Control Point 1"), is clearly visible, as are various weapons and nuclear waste facilities. In the other direction, we can look down on Mercury, the "company town" that is the heart of support operations. We hike within a mile of Mercury on the way to the peak, close enough almost to see what is playing at the worker's cinema. To the east of Mt. Cury--if this were a weekday--we could directly observe bombing runs in the Air Force ranges north of Indian Springs. (We saw A-10s dropping bombs when we were there--but we now regard the show as pretty weak

compared to Desert Blast.)

This has to be a location of major irritation to the Dept. of Energy because they have no control over it. By reservation with DOE (702-295-0944), you can take a free bus tour of the Test Site--a tourist attraction we highly recommend after the Luxor-- but all the bureaucratic restrictions can put a damper on the fun. You can't take binoculars, cameras or even tape recorders on the tour. The first time we went, we smuggled in a pen and started taking notes. When the tour guide found out about it, he snatched away our notebook and scratched out portions of what we had recorded from his presentation. Naturally, we remember those sections better than any other. They concerned a pig farm that the government had placed near Ground Zero of an early above- ground atomic blast to see what the effect would be on human-like flesh. Obviously, the image of scorched and squealing porkers, bacon before its time, is not one that DOE would like to spread around in this kinder, gentler age.

On the tour, you go only where DOE want you and on their schedule, and some visitors have been sequestered in C.P.1 or the Mercury cafeteria while an unexplained secret caravan goes by. Mt. Cury dispenses with all these formalities. It is public land so you can do what you want. It is Freedom Ridge for the Nevada Test Site!

Psychospy climbed Cury for the first time a few months ago and encountered no opposition. We were watched from behind the line by Cammo Dudes of the milder Wackenhut species, but they got bored and left after a while. Although the nuclear protesters of years past must have known about this vantage point, we saw no evidence of prior visitation except for some USGS survey markers. We have consulted with both BLM and DOE to make sure the land is public.

The hike is long: at least 3 hours in each direction, but most of that is across a flat wash. You need to be in good physical condition and be prepared for hot desert temperatures. You need to carry a lot of liquids, perhaps a gallon per person. The meeting point is on US-95 about 60 miles northwest of Las Vegas, at milepoint NY 4.5. From there we will drive north as far as we can along the border of the Test Site, to the base of the Radio Hills (site of a microwave tower), then continue north on foot. If you want to join us on this hike, you must contact us for more details and the meeting time, since everything is subject to change. Email campbell@ufomind.com or call the Research Center at 702-729-2648.

If you are an experienced hiker and map navigator, you can try the hike on your own, but you must first have the Mercury and Niavi Wash 7-1/2 minute USGS maps, and the 1:100,000 Indian Springs surface management map. (Frenchman Flat 7-1/2 is also useful.) Since you are hiking next to the border, you need to remain conscious of where it is. When we first made this hike, there were very few border markers, but since then the DOE has been kind enough to put up signs at regular intervals. Unlike the Air Force, whose attitude is "to hell with the public," we get along fine with the guys at DOE. We trust that this "Freedom Ridge" will remain largely ignored and will never turn into the public relations debacle of the last, because the local DOE management seems to have an ability to respond to the real world and learn from experience.

[[Official Nevada Test Site page*](#) | [Scorcher porkers seen on documentary](#)]

Intel Bitties

THE DESERT RAT NOW HAS PHOTOS IN ITS WWW VERSION. In this issue, we have added our photo of Lazar in his jet car, a portrait of Chuckie from the AP article and perhaps a couple of others. We may eventually get ambitious and add pictures to previous issues. For now we have added only one, to [DR#23](#): a [photo](#) of Chuckie's Area 51 patch alongside ours (to illustrate his claim that they are "totally different"). Our enhanced WWW site for the Rat, now at a new location, has a number of hot-key references to supporting documents (like the various articles mention in this issue). Current email subscribers who prefer to get their issue from the WWW can asked for the abbreviated Rat mailing which includes only the table of contents. Send request to Area51rc@aol.com.

HANG GLIDER ON BALD MOUNTAIN? A visitor traveling on 375 on May 22 (Wseiber@metgem.gcn.uoknor.edu) thinks he may have seen someone hang glide off Bald Mtn., similar to the report in DR#17. Bald Mtn. is the most prominent peak in the Groom Range, and it overlooks the Groom base. Although the peak is well within the off-limits area, it is easy to reach by any strong hiker willing to take the risks. Our informant writes...

While I was driving [at 12:20pm] I was looking at the top of Bald Mtn. just to check it out. I noticed that there was something new next to the usual structures [radar dome and solar panels]. When I looked again about 2 seconds later I noticed it was gone and there was something flying to the south of the mountaintop. I pulled over about two miles north of the Black Mailbox and looked through binoculars. I guess it is possible it could have been a paraglider but the wing surface on top appeared to be very long even from a side view. I am sure, if this was a hang glider, that this person was caught if he tried to sail toward the base. I hope it was worth it.

AZTEC CRASH DOUBTS. An article in *International UFO Reporter* [[full text here](#)], Sept./Oct. 1991 (sent to us by one of the authors), expresses serious doubts about the alleged Aztec crash [[DR#23](#)]-or at least about the credibility of the crash's two main proponents. The article concludes: "Neither the Scully book nor the Steinman book is persuasive. The critical information each presents is questionable. Everyone we contacted in Aztec, especially the older people who were adults in March of 1948, is certain that no crash ever took place. It is clear that the flying-saucer-crash story is part of Aztec's folklore but not its history."

LANL ANECDOTES. Rjhuff@ibm.net writes: "An associate of mine had worked the Western Range for 12 years while selling a variety of high tech goods. He recently related to me - without any prior knowledge of [DR#23](#) - that he had read gov't docs at Los Alamos National Laboratory that described the manned flights of disc-shaped, magnetically-powered craft. He read these documents in the mid-to-late 70's. He also told me two other interesting items: (1) He once saw metallic debris in a LANL shop and was told the debris was from a crashed disc recovered from the desert. This was also in the 70's. (2) An AF facility in Sunspot, NM was involved in the Roswell recovery. I place very high confidence in this individual."

[[Los Alamos Home Page*](#) | [Sunspot Observatory Home Page*](#) | [Sunspot History](#)]

NEW PRODUCT: We now offer decent binoculars at a Wal-Mart price. These are a Simmons 10x50 focus-free model now in stock at the Research Center for \$40 plus \$6 priority mail postage (that's "4books" postage in the system used by our catalog). We were skeptical of the "focus free" feature, figuring that all respectable binoculars must have knobs to turn. Now, after trying these, we think the opposite: Knobs are a useless annoyance. You could pay \$80-200 for other focus-free brands, many of which we have looked through in our Freedom Ridge days; there may be some technical improvement in the higher priced models but nothing we can detect. Our binocs come with a carrying case, lens caps and straps. All lenses are coated and the casing is rubberized. Field of view is 367 feet at 1000 yards (which is standard for 10x50s). As usual, the Little A'Le'Inn is expected to steal this idea promptly, but let's see them offer them for this low price! (Price may be subject to change when our initial supplies are exhausted and we have to cut another deal with the shadowy figure we bought them from.)

UNITED IN THE PURITY OF ESSENCE? Crm114@aol.com points out an interesting parallel between Ambassador Merlyn Merlin II [[DR#26](#)] and General Jack D. Ripper [[DR#3](#)]: "Did Merlin really say that he 'does not spill his seminal liquor'? Reminds me of *Dr. Strangelove* where General Ripper says that he likes women but 'I deny them my essence.' What a scream! Is Merlin a Strangelove fan, or is this a case of great minds thinking alike?"

THE SECOND ORGANIZED TIKABOO HIKE will take place Saturday, July 22, 1995. The parameters will be the same as the May hike [[DR#25](#)]: Meet at 9:00 am at Milepoint LN 32.2 on US-93, about 86 miles north of Las Vegas. Everyone in the world is invited (with the warnings below), and several of the Interceptors, including that stylish Agent X in just the right cammo, are expected to attend. As before, this is intended as a possible day trip from Vegas, but some of us will probably be spending Saturday night there. Since July probably offers the best weather for that elevation, we may camp on the summit. Bring your cell phones, radios and portable TVs so we don't suffer too much withdrawal. [[More details on outing](#)]

TIKABOO WARNINGS. As more people attempt the hike Tikaboo Peak to see that tired old nonexistent base, we need to issue some public service warnings that may not be adequately emphasized in the Tikaboo section of the current "Area 51 Viewer's Guide." The current Viewer's Guide was written before Freedom Ridge was closed, and therefore only experienced hikers were expected to try Tikaboo. A new edition should be available within a month, but in the meantime please note that this is NOT a hike for the inexperienced or out-of-shape. If you are a couch potato who

doesn't engage in aerobic exercise twice a week, you will die on this hike. If you try to hike at night, you will also die. In the winter, your car will get stuck in snow or mud before you reach the trailhead and you will die right there, miles from help. You could die if you miss the trail markers and get lost, and you could die from a lightning strike at the exposed summit. At 8000 feet, you could die from cold, wind and exposure even in the summer. If you have never hiked a similar peak, do not attempt this one unless you are with a group. Any experienced alpine hiker should have no trouble with Tikaboo, but now that the Nevada Legislature has given us an "Alien Highway" nearby, there are going to be a lot of pea-brained visitors coming here who really shouldn't leave the paved highway or the comfortable certainties of the Little A'Le'Inn. Freedom Ridge was enough of a danger to the ill-prepared; Tikaboo could actually kill a few.

THE EMAIL LOAD sent to campbell@ufomind.com now far exceeds our ability to absorb and respond to it all. Please keep any messages short and specific, and be sure the title indicates the topic. If a message is longer than a couple of sentences and a response requires thought, we often set it aside for a "later" that never comes. Notes of support are not necessary, but we appreciate corrections and leads to other info relating to DR stories. If your inquiry is routine business, direct it to psychoserv@aol.com for subscriptions or area51rc@aol.com for catalog and product inquiries; these are handled by our staff. Before asking us for any info, please try to find it yourself on the net.

Little A'Le'Inn On-Line?

LATE FLASH! Saturday Evening, June 10: We are manning our Rachel headquarters and are just about to send the Desert Rat to press when a large-framed man in his 40s walks in the door and introduces himself. It is Al Cutillo! Al is Chuckie's new ally and the guy advertizing the tours. Until now, he has appeared to us only as a series of strange, disembodied messages on the alt.conspiracy.area51 newsgroup. The extraordinary inaccuracy and pompous naivete of his posts, as well as his unwavering support for Chuckie, got him roundly flamed by the regulars there. (Cutillo announced with great fanfare that there IS a base at Groom Lake because Chuckie's pictures prove it.)

Now, Al walks in and shakes our hand firmly. He says there is no reason we have to be enemies. We smile through our teeth and say, "Yes, there is." We begin to feel guilty about this, though. There is no sense in acting badly if someone has the magnanimity to make such an overture. We hold back our bile and pick up the conversation.

Al says he has some serious investigations planned. He will be buying land here in Rachel as a weekend retreat, and he thinks he can get some important UFO investigators from the East to come out here to join him. He is a computer and security consultant out of Phoenix, and he says has done some graphics work for the movie industry. He says he has just sent an email message to Steven Spielberg to get the real story behind *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*. He says he is an experienced investigator who has been looking into UFOs for over 20 years.

Then Al drops the bombshell. He is setting up a computer system for the Little A'Le'Inn with a direct internet connection.

It is all we can do to suppress the hideous, horrible, gurgling laughter that we now feel rising up in our throat. Al says he is setting Pat and Joe up with a computer accounting system and a SLIP connection for access to email, newsgroups and World Wide Web. As he speaks, the room starts spinning around us. We feel our consciousness separate from our body and drift upward toward the ceiling. We are now looking down on ourselves, sitting at our own computer and talking to Al, but we can no longer hear the words. We are enveloped in the same unreal, lighter-than-air sensation we reported back in [DR#3](#) when we first saw the May 1993 "Popular Science" with Groom Lake on the cover.

Just imagine... Pat... and... Joe@little.a-le-inn.com.

NOW Psychospy's going to get a run for his money!

Reader Responses: [Encouragement from Montreal](#) | [Enough UFO Crap](#)

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