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Who is Glenn Campbell? Expose by "Marsha Spader"

From: Ken MacGray <ken@vvcs.com>
Date: Fri, 26 Sep 1997 05:58:24 -0800

Moderator note: The style and content of this anonymously posted message closely match that of [Gene Huff](#), a close associate and supporter of [Bob Lazar](#). This message appear on the newsgroups a few days after I posted a [message critical of Lazar and his flying saucer claims](#).

"Marsha Spader" is apparently an alias. The email address below does not match the name, and netcom.com was Huff's internet provider at the time of the posting. (In newsgroup postings, Huff says the author is not him, but he also says he agrees with this document completely, and he has repeatedly reposted it on the newsgroups. See [DejaNews](#).) A few days after this message appeared on the newsgroups, someone anonymously posted a flyer around the Las Vegas apartment complex where I was living at the time. (Huff and Lazar also live in Las Vegas.) The flyer said, "Under Megan's Law You are entitled to know... Glenn Campbell is a child molester." The flyer, which was taken down and reported to me by the apartment manager, featured a photo of me taken from the web.

For the record, I am not a child molester and have no knowledge of the incidents described below. Naturally, I don't much like this article, but I have left it in place because it is against our policy to remove mailing list messages once they have been posted. If I deleted it or tried to edit it, I would be accused of suppressing it, and the claims would continue to circulate as rumors that I would have no way of fighting.

Here, then, is the full text of "Marsha Spader's" report on my sexual proclivities. If it doesn't tell you anything about Glenn Campbell, then at least it may shed some light on the personality of the author.

-- Glenn Campbell, 1/31/98, 1/22/99

Newsgroups: alt.conspiracy.area51,alt.alien.visitors,alt.paranet.ufo
From: Kipling@ix.netcom.com (Spader)
Subject: Who is Glenn Campbell? (long, but worth it)
Date: Fri, 26 Sep 97 03:37:57 GMT

Who Is Glenn Campbell?
by Marsha Spader

My investigation of Glenn Campbell began with speaking with most of the players in this story (Glenn Campbell included) and has taken quite a long time to complete. It turned out to be much more deeply involved than I originally anticipated. Glenn Campbell's behavior reflected some very deep problems so, for those of you who are short on time, here's the short course:

Is Glenn Campbell a paid government disinformation agent as Huff / Lazar's web page hints to? Absolutely not, and you're insulting the U. S. Government by suggesting such a thing.

Is Glenn Campbell a stalker? He certainly meets the criteria for one.

Is Glenn Campbell a child molester? He certainly meets the criteria for one. Is Glenn Campbell the unofficial spokesperson for Area 51 and the librarian of ufology? Only in the cyberworld he's created and "lie"brarian would be much more apropos.

The long course follows:

Ufology in the 1990s

To understand the real story surrounding Glenn Campbell, one needs to know the recent history of the Bob Lazar story.

As the story goes, in 1989, Lazar went public with the fact that he had been part of a team that had "back engineered" ET craft at a base known as S4, some 15 miles south of Area 51 at Groom Lake, Nevada. Lazar went public, on television, to protect himself from oppressive security agents who were harassing him after his security clearance had been revoked due to some circumstances in Lazar's personal life. By going public, Lazar forced the U. S. Government to adopt a "hands off" policy regarding Lazar since incarcerating him or killing him would confirm Lazar's allegations.

George Knapp, a news anchor at the CBS affiliate in Las Vegas, broadcast Lazar's story on the evening news. Excerpts from that broadcast were picked up all over the United States and in numerous foreign countries.

Mainly due to Knapp's efforts with Lazar, "ufology" exploded into the mainstream. Tour buses carried people from all over this planet to the outskirts of Area 51 so visitors could take their chances on viewing on of Lazar's "flying discs" in the night sky. The only business in Rachel, Nevada, the rural town closest to Area 51, changed it's name from the Rachel Bar and Grill to The Little Ale' Inn. The owners, Pat and Joe Travis, became gracious hosts to the worlds' travelers.

In the early 1990s, The Little Ale' Inn was the site of numerous UFO conventions. UFO researchers, like chemist Gary Schulz, pioneered climbs into the mountains surrounding the Area 51/Groom Lake area and found legal vantage points where visiting hikers could view the Area 51 base. Once Schulz's efforts became known, scores of people followed in his path. A UFO researcher/writer named Sean Morton would later lead guided tours into the mountains so the visitors could view the base and the night sky. Rachel, Nevada had become the Mecca of ufology and the hundreds, maybe thousands, of signatures in Pat and Joe Travis's guest book included people from all over the world.

Enter Campbell

By 1993 a new visitor arrived named, Glenn Campbell. Campbell took a room in one of the mobile homes rented as motel rooms by Pat and Joe Travis. Campbell, an odd looking, odd sounding, bespectacled, balding, little guy said he had come there specifically because of Bob Lazar. Pat and Joe befriended him as they do any of their customers and they allowed him to spend time in their bar. Campbell claimed to be a

computer programmer from the Boston area who had sold some product back east and acquired stocks/annuities which allowed him some minimal financial freedom.

Campbell seemed to have no ties from Boston. According to people at the Little Ale' Inn, Campbell seemed to have no friends or family who really cared that he had moved some 3,000 miles out into the middle of the Nevada desert. He received little mail and no phone calls and seemed to be a sad little man. His only friend was his computer and he kept a lap top with him at all times. Soon, those in Rachel would know why.

It didn't take Campbell long to see what he had happened upon. A perpetual stream of visitors, some of them media, from around the world would show up weekly, if not daily, at the Little Ale' Inn. None of these people knew that Campbell was just a visitor who didn't know anything about Nevada or UFOs and Campbell began testing the water like the true con man he is. He drove the dirt roads out in that area and hiked the trails into the mountains that Gary Schulz and Sean Morton had pioneered. Campbell then started parroting the commentary and insight from more knowledgeable people such as Bob Lazar, George Knapp, Lazar's friend and business partner Gene Huff, and UFO researcher John Lear.

After Campbell became more adept at mimicking his idol, Bob Lazar, he typed up a primitive book called the "Area 51 Viewer's Guide". The book was filled with simple drawings of the dirt roads in the area, as well as commentary from those actually involved with ufology, and Campbell was allowed to sell the book at the Little Ale' Inn. Campbell then took over Sean Morton's role of hiking up into the mountains with the endless stream of visitors. During these hikes Campbell would fill the visitors heads with valid commentary and insight he had remembered from those more knowledgeable than he, and the unsuspecting visitors thought this was original thought on Campbell's part. The undeserved respect that Campbell's unwitting hikers gave him actually bolstered the confidence of this sad little man that had been socially and sexually rejected during the course of his life. His future writings would confirm that.

Campbell's new found confidence went to his head and he became more and more obnoxious and insufferably cocky. His harsh criticisms of everyone and everything caused Campbell to be kicked out of the Little Ale' Inn as the customers couldn't stand to be around him. He was obviously bitter about his life and he lashed out at all. Now that he had finally gotten some respect, it was time for him to pay back every jock who had ever "pantsed" him and every girl who had laughed at him as he walked by. His behavior was reminiscent of a comedy skit by comedian Steve Martin in which Martin portrayed the Elephant Guy. It was a parody on the Elephant Man in which the Elephant Man had gotten too much attention and was walking around in a smoking jacket thinking that he was cool, while forgetting that he was a repulsive aberration. This was exactly what had happened to Campbell. He was a laughing stock and didn't know it. Unfortunately, neither did the visiting tour groups and media.

After being barred from the Little Ale' Inn, Campbell rented a single wide trailer in Rachel and put a makeshift sign outside which read, "Area 51 Research Center". Campbell was there with his only friend, his computer, and he typed away creating a cyberworld in which he was the central cog. This is a common by-product of lonely people, many literally rejects, as they spend much of their time writing in journals and diaries. When they've seen extensive evidence that they are nothing special, they tend to create a scenario in which they can be, and this is exactly what Campbell did.

As time wore on, Campbell called himself "Psychospy" which was partially appropriate. He had nothing to do with spying, but he proved to be much more than a simple psycho. He even put the Psychospy name on his letterhead. He also started the Area 51 Oversight Council and ultimately labeled himself the Director of the Area 51 Research center. He wrote articles about Glenn Campbell, Psychospy, the "Director", the "Webmaster", and a host of other names. All of these names were simply him. One lonely little oddball, creating characters and dialogues and filling a non-existent cyberworld in which he was the king. He ultimately created his "Desert Rat Newsletter" and later went on line with a web page. He could not compete on the Usenet groups as people quickly saw that he had no firsthand knowledge of anything. Campbell would later only write articles on his web page so he could censor the mail and make it filled with people applauding him. The real email was not so supportive. He perpetually parroted the original thoughts and observations of Lazar, Knapp, Huff, Lear, and many others, but as

these people were not on line in the cyberworld, none of the readers knew that it was all a farce.

One of Campbell's first attempts to fit in came when he came up with the idea to steal USGS radio signals from near Area 51. He used his Psychospy letterhead and wrote letters to Lazar, Huff, Knapp, Lear, etc. and asked them to participate in or financially contribute to a simple form of espionage. He was soundly rejected by everyone. They all told him it was a stupid idea, not mention that they had no idea who he was to begin with. They all chastised him for being stupid enough to solicit complete strangers for espionage on his own letterhead. This rejection reminded Campbell of the rest of the rejection he had experienced throughout his life. It's tough for those who can't seem to fit in anywhere. The world is unkind in that respect and there is even a part of me that still feels sorry for him.

Even though none of the mainstream people, if there can be such a thing in ufology, would associate with Campbell, he became a central clearing house for other misfits who had no lives except that of the cyberworld. They read Campbell's commentary and swarmed to him as though he was a magnet. Strange cyber creatures who were all rejected one way or another now made UFO pages. They, like Campbell, had nothing to do with ufology but found that as the Internet became more and more popular, they could make themselves the focus of attention for the first time in their sad and lonely lives. Even people surfing the net were unsuspecting and had no idea that, while searching for some actual UFO information and especially information on Bob Lazar, they had fallen into a sea of lunatics who had woven a web of unsubstantiated lies an innuendo that was rivaled only by modern day religions.

It was truly the "Revenge of the Nerds" time on the Internet and Gene Huff likened Campbell to the "Booger" character from the Revenge of the Nerds movie because of his poor hygiene and odd looks. As to not steal the name directly from the movie, they switched the b and the g around and nicknamed Campbell "Goober". The Goober nickname stuck and this infuriated Campbell. Even Campbell's in-laws from his recent, curious, marriage call him Goober in present day, behind his back, if not to his face. This was the last straw as Campbell, now known as Goober, had faced all of the rejection he could stand. He began fabricating stories about Lazar at a record pace. He could only go so far as his greed outweighed his need for notoriety and revenge. He would always attack Lazar but stop short so he could still sell Lazar merchandise out of his catalogue. The fact was that without Bob Lazar, Goober was the same friendless, unloved, reject who had moved to Nevada and Goober could not bear to sink back into the obscurity he had been in throughout his life. No one liked him, but through Goober's eyes, some attention is better than no attention, even if the attention is negative. The attention Goober received from his Cyber buddies helped him to ignore the rejection he was still experiencing in real life.

Goober's sickness was obvious to everyone and in a gesture of pity, Gene Huff allowed Goober to attend "Desert Blast", Bob Lazar's secret summer fireworks blowout. Huff thought that if he allowed Goober to actually see and meet Bob Lazar in a social setting, he would see that Lazar was a friendly and magnetic individual who did not deserve the unwarranted attacks that Goober had fabricated for the Internet. After all, Goober did not even know Lazar or anything about Lazar or ufology. All of his commentary was to and from a cyber world which had no connection to reality and didn't really exist.

It worked. In fact, it worked so well that the balance had completely gone the other direction. Goober now acted as though he and Lazar were good friends and started writing articles offering insight on Bob Lazar and his friends and, in actuality, he had said no more than one sentence to any of them. Goober had rounded up Lazar's email address and phone number from elsewhere and started trying to communicate on an ongoing basis. Lazar didn't really browse the net at that point in time, at least UFO related sites, and had met so many people at Desert Blast, Lazar didn't even know who Goober was. The solicitations became so numerous that they were psychotic and Lazar had to change his phone number and email address to get away from Goober.

Bob Lazar was pretty much a media recluse by this point in time and his friend Gene Huff followed suit. John Lear was busy flying around the world and the only one left to be interviewed was George Knapp. Knapp would give the world media as much time as he could, but this was very limited as Knapp was a mainstream news anchor. Occasionally, Lazar would give an interview, but he and Huff would always turn the world media down when they wanted an escort out to the Area 51/Rachel area as it's a 150 mile one way trip from Las Vegas. They'd simply send the

press out to the Little Ale' Inn to take their chances.

What they found when they arrived was Campbell, now dressed in camouflage fatigues, begging to take them for a hike into the mountains. Campbell knew that he could get the ear of the media and if he was lucky, he could get to do a short interview for them on camera or get in a picture for the print media. When these news teams returned to Las Vegas and talked to Lazar, Huff, Lear, or Knapp, they would always comment on how strange and uninformed Campbell was and describe him as "odd", "gay", "funny little fellow", "idiot savant" and a host of other negative descriptions too numerous to type here. They had no idea that Campbell had only been in Nevada since 1993 and that, in actuality, he had no idea what he was talking about.

With more and more attention, Campbell became more confident, meaner, and more critical of everything surrounding him. Campbell soon suffered from "URS" or UFO Researchers' Syndrome. This is a syndrome in which some small minded individual makes an actual contribution to ufology and comes to adore the limelight. When the applause dies down, and they've run out of true things to say, the stretch the truth or actually fabricate a story to make themselves become important again. This happened to Campbell, to say the least.

Face to Face with Goober

It was around this time that I traveled to Rachel and met Campbell face to face. I really had no idea who he was but I had inadvertently seen a couple of copies of his Desert Rat Newsletter. No mainstream people knew who he was or thought he was relevant, and in hindsight I now see that they were absolutely right. I saw Bob Lazar, George Knapp, Gene Huff, John Lear, and others on television and I wanted to make the trip to Rachel. I met Pat and Joe Travis at the Little Ale' Inn and they were very nice and good humored. They had nothing bad to say about Campbell and, in fact, didn't mention him at all. I asked them what the deal was with the trailer down the street that had the Area 51 Research Center sign on it and they told me I ought to go take a look for myself. What I found was surprising, more surprising than any UFO research could ever provide.

As I walked down the gravel road toward the trailer it was so quiet that you could literally hear the wind blow as there was no traffic on the desolate two lane highway. The front door of the trailer wasn't open and, though there was a car in the driveway, I sensed that no one was probably there. As I walked around the side I got a partial view of a man standing inside of a small window. As I walked nearer, not being particularly quiet, I was a little shocked by what I saw. There was the man who would later be identified for me as Glenn Campbell, masturbating while looking at a magazine. His face was red, his forehead was sweaty, and his shorts were down around his ankles. It's important that I state here that the only reason I mention this is that this incident goes a long way to help understand Goober and his accompanying psychoses. I am middle aged and I am not shocked that a single man who thought he was alone in the privacy of his own trailer in the middle of the desert would be masturbating. I wouldn't think that is terribly uncommon, especially for someone like him. I inadvertently kicked some gravel and he heard me, but didn't look at me. Then an even more unusual thing happened. He didn't pull his pants up, but frantically concentrated on hiding the magazine. I said, "Excuse me" and walked back to the Little Ale' Inn, wondering the whole time why a man caught masturbating would be more worried about hiding his magazine than pulling his pants up, especially a man who looked that comical with his pants down! I think I now know why, it was probably the type of porn that no one wants to get caught with.

As I had a beer at the Little Ale' Inn, Campbell entered. I think he was looking for his surprise visitor and, although I was not aware that he had actually seen me at all, the scarcity of patrons during the day at the Little Ale' Inn, especially unknown visitors, made me easy to find. He obviously didn't want to do an about face and leave as I might then have to explain the reason why to Pat and Joe. He sat down and had a soda. He wouldn't look at me but after I had my beer, I became brave and I walked over to him and introduced myself. He wasn't very friendly. At that time I didn't know if he was always that way or if he was just too embarrassed to open up. No matter what he said, I couldn't help but stare at how odd he looked. His voice was also very odd. The most unusual thing about him is that his entire body was flaccid, not fat, just no muscle, much less muscle tone. This man literally had no muscles in his legs. After all the hikes I had read about him taking, I simply couldn't understand how he could have climbed anywhere on those legs. The icing on the cake was his breath. I have never smelled such a foul odor come out of any human body, from any orifice, much less

someone's mouth. I actually had to cut the conversation short because his breath was gagging me. He didn't mind that I left his table and, believe me, I didn't mind leaving.

The total Glenn Campbell I met that day was probably the most repulsive person I've ever met in my life. I'm a very reasonable person and no one has ever gone through their life without having a case of morning breath. Not everyone has powerful leg muscles. Not every man is Tom Selleck, and not every man has a voice like Michael Caine. Many times someone with no good looks or muscles at all can be charming and intelligent and/or attractive via their intellect. Glenn Campbell, on that day, did not have one redeeming quality. There was no personal magnetism and he was so effeminate that I would have thought he was gay if it wasn't for the fact that every gay man I've ever met has had average or better personal hygiene habits. How this person could have interacted with visitors from other areas and media people smelling, looking, and acting like he did is unbelievable to me to this day. Both of my juvenile sons are infinitely more interesting and intelligent than Glenn Campbell is in real life. He was nothing like he portrays himself to be in his newsletters and on the Internet.

Shortly after this I started browsing the net and I could clearly see that Campbell was sinking lower and lower into this psychosis of building a non-existent cyberworld around him based on non-existent facts. No matter what article he wrote, or what the subject matter was, Campbell always used his writings to attack someone who had rejected him. Campbell's sickness didn't worsen just because he was a liar and a dreamer, it worsened because he had committed the worst crime of all, he was lying to himself. He was delusional about himself and his position in the world.

Because of the attention given to him by people on the Internet, who didn't know he was a liar and a psycho, Campbell actually thought he held a lofty position in ufology, and still does to this day. Whenever I attended a UFO event in Las Vegas which would include UFO notables like George Knapp, Bud Hopkins, Linda Howe, John Lear, Jacques Vallee, Zecharia Sitchin, Bill Moore, Don Ecker, etc., and I would ask them about Glenn Campbell, they would always answer, "Who's Glenn Campbell?" Glenn had become so crazy that when Dean Devlin, the writer and driving force behind the movie "Independence Day", did not ask Campbell to be a consultant, Campbell tried, unsuccessfully, to boycott the film. Devlin explained that he had simply visited Area 51 to get the ambiance of the area and when Campbell first approached him, he thought Campbell was there to park his car! The suggestion that he would even remotely care what Glenn had to say about anything was ludicrous to Devlin. Campbell even tried to sabotage the get together held by the Nevada Governor at the dedication at which the name of highway 375, the highway near Area 51, was changed to the "Extraterrestrial Highway". Campbell and some of his juvenile, idiot, friends fooled a bus driver into making a wrong turn out near Area 51. The poor driver didn't know where he was going and, from the celebration Glenn had on the net, you would think he had personally won a world war. The name change of the highway was specifically because of the Bob Lazar story, but Campbell thought he was the reason for the attention and was insulted when he didn't get it. The result was that ID4 made a billion dollars world wide and Campbell was alone in a trailer, as usual, after having been rejected, as always.

Ultimately, the Department of Defense grabbed the land surrounding Area 51 and Campbell's ego fulfilling, self-deluded dream was over. He found a new vantage point to gaze down on the base, but it was so far away and such a climb that few people were any longer interested. There's not much left for him to say and now the small window in his life in which he was able to fool strangers into thinking he was "somebody" is over. His web page has also degenerated. There simply isn't enough information about ufology to support a web page and he has now gone the same way as the "Sightings" television program. Sightings started out as a UFO show, but when they found there simply isn't enough real information to support such a project, they sunk down into ghost stories, werewolves, etc. Campbell's page now includes Princess Di conspiracies and anything else Goober can muster to try and gain some attention for himself.

The Darker Secrets

There is something deeper going on with the Glenn Campbell story than just the fact that he is an odd loser who has fraudulently tried to place himself in the middle of ufology. I've had to educate my sons in all facets of life and, unfortunately, nowadays that includes information on drugs, stalking, and child molestation. Following I am going to provide excerpts from a book named "Stalking" written by a

very well informed, caring author named Elaine Landau who wrote this book in 1996. Following that, I'll provide excerpts from a book written in 1987 by Margaret O. Hyde called "Sexual Abuse, Let's Talk About It" and another book written by Margaret O. Hyde and Elizabeth H. Forsyth, M.D., called "The Sexual Abuse of Adolescents and Children". These are excellent, informative books that should be read by, or to, every child old enough to understand these problems. After every excerpt I'll cite an example of Glenn "Goober" Campbell fitting the profile of a stalker as well as the profile of a child molester. This man is sick, sicker than you know.

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PO Box 30303, Las Vegas, NV 89173 Glenn Campbell, Webmaster & Moderator

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