

Just to clear up some small misunderstandings...

[Editor's note: The following was originally posted to alt.paranet.ufo on Wed Apr 10 13:57:33 1996, with a tagline stating it was allegedly from "Roy Craig, Jr." <s002psc@discgate.wright.edu>. An addendum to this missive was recently obtained and is also reproduced here for posterity. The value of this document to present-day ufology obviously cannot be overstated.]

Ladies and gentlemen, it is time that I make a full confession. It seems that everyone in ufology has been sweating and fighting it out over some naughty things that I've done, so I'm going to come clean in the hope that everyone will make nice and be as One again. Here goes:

It was I who, in 1947, paid Kenneth Arnold to step forward from his Cessna 359 and speak of having seen flying dishes dancing across the skies above Mt. Rainier. It was I who, a short time later, took my slingshot and knocked several Army Air Force pilots out of the sky at 80,000 feet. It was I who ran about Washington in 1952 with 10,000 Marijuana cigarettes in my mouth, flashing bright flashlight beams into the night sky above the Capitol and making people think they were experiencing the Ultimate Saucer Wave. I was the one who co wrote Ruppelt's book with him, and later added the three debunking chapters. I threw one million frisbees with Christmas lights on them in Great Falls, Montana, and asked a man named Marietta (or was it Martinette?) to take pretty pictures of them and send them to the Air Force. I voted for Gabriel Green and ran his campaign for him. I am responsible for the Ubatuba magnesium, it was pure but I forgot to cover it up when it rained. I built the android you called "E. U. Condon" and programmed his actions from Day One of the Colorado Project to Day Last, including his bogus conclusions. I modified the infamous Lowe Memorandum to read "trick"; it was originally "truck." I thought I had convinced Carl Sagan to change his mind and start endorsing Kraft Margarine, but instead he turned against flying saucers. I re edited the O'brien report, the Robertson Panel report, the Scientific Study of UFO's, and a little tract called "Saucers are from Satan" (now known as Flying Saucers: A Modern Myth of Things Seen in The Sky). I invented the term "orthoteny." I kidnapped the Hills and drove them around Montreal in my Volvo, all the time poking them with safety pins and reading "The Friendly Stars" to them. I am Betty Andreasson. Furthermore, I am "Dan," and made whoopee with Linda on the beach while I was playing hookey from my day gig as chauffeur for the prime minister of Canada. I picked up Travis Walton and threw him against a tree in 1975, while shining a bright spotlight in his left ear. I was the one who provoked the evil Carrot Men in Pascagoula, Mississippi with a dead tunafish and an old pair of socks. The term "alien abduction" was created solely by me, and I want the damned royalties now. I originally sold nose implants at blue light specials at K Marts throughout the country in 1979. I created Billy Meier out of parts from chicken giblets, and made him a Saucer Nut for Christ. I fathered both Bob Lazar and Phillip J. Klass; God forgive me. I own the model company that puts out the S 4 saucer model (so real that several USAF jets are scrambled each time one is thrown into the air). I invented the name "Hector Quintilla" for a new Taco Bell product back in 1965. I gave the name "Area 51" to my living room, and "Hangar 18" to my bathroom; I have no idea how these names became public knowledge. (Don't even ask about "Dreamland" or "Skunk Works.") "Aurora" is the name of my favourite kite, not a secret

government plane. I am the one who folded the paper aeroplane that Jimmy Carter reported as a UFO and later denied. It was I who gave Von Daniken his ancient astronaut ideas during one of his indigestion attacks back in 1974, and he recently opened a roller coaster at his themepark in Switzerland, dedicated to me. I own Japan Airlines and all UFO reports made by that organization. I piloted several black helicopters in the hope of exposing the existence of white helicopters. I am the one who cored out Snippy's rectum, for later personal use. I am the one who negotiated the venerable Dr. J. Allen Hynek's (God rest his soul, he was a great man and probably the only sane one amongst us) contract to appear in Close Encounters of the Third Kind. It was I who crashed my car in Aztec, New Mexico, and made up the saucer story to escape a breathalyzer test. I am responsible for all anomalous falling frog reports. I created the radio telescope and SETI so that I could get MTV for free. I am the illegitimate great grandson of one Dr. Donald Menzel, and I believe. I am Dr. James Oberg's lesbian lover, and I can tell you that he believes, too (ooh, does he ever!). I wrote the book Flying Saucers? Well, Maybe which was, of course, censored. I flung dinner plates and vomit bags out in front of the windows of Gemini's VII and XI so the astronauts wouldn't get bored. Commander X is my Uncle Robert. "Roswell," for all you Randle/Randles fans, is the name of the person who took my virginity. And finally, I am he who placed prairie squid in the atmosphere of mighty Jupiter, and later instructed America Online to spread the news that there was, indeed, life on that world so that you would all laugh and not see the terrible truth that those squid are even now lounging about in the great red spot.

My sincerest apologies for any misunderstandings that have transpired from this. You may now stop reading UFO newsgroups and listservs forever.

Praise "Bob" and the MJ 12 Boys' Choir!

P.S.: Oh, I forgot to mention a few things...

Doug and Dave are my mother and father (respectively), and taught me how to make snow angels at an early age, but then we got carried away. You should see the frequent flier points I have from zipping around the world to make all the crop formations! (I really ought to fix the exhaust on my Lear jet. It keeps leaving all those Chemtrails up there.) I drove Bob Lazar in a blacked-out school bus into my own garage where I had been hitting together two rocks with pitchblende in them to make Element 115. It turns out it's only Element 114 ½. Back in the 1960s, I played pool with Jackie Gleason and won; when he lost the bet I made him agree to buy my collection of UFO books. I made the face on Mars; it's supposed to be a bust of my grandfather, but the last nuclear bomb I sent there with my slingshot messed up his nose. (Sorry, Hoagie.) When anyone files a FOIA request about UFOs, it gets put in a UPS truck and brought directly to me. I am paper training a new puppy. Flying Saucers May or May Not be Real, but Stanton Friedman definitely does not exist. My bunion ached so much several years ago, I paid Leir to dig it out for me. The corkscrew accidentally I stepped on when I was a kid looks different in the photos now, though. My name, translated into Portuguese, is "Chupacabra." I just happen to like fresh goat's milk. We had such wild parties at Harvard, John Mack and I both came home with the wrong underwear on several times. (It was the backwards earrings that were harder to explain.) I bagged eight deer when I was illegally jacklamping in Rendlesham Forest. Using parts I bought from Radio Shack, I made my own transmitter just like Art Bell, jammed his radio show every night and ran it myself, based entirely on things I found in the Weekly World News and on Fark.com. The character of weird guy driving the carnny truck in Steven Spielberg's Taken is based on me. His lawyers have already been contacted. I shorted out Michael Persinger's helmet and now he hallucinates that he's explained all the UFO

sightings. Yes, it's true that Stonehenge is actually a huge vagina. The aliens made it as a reminder that Earthlings have, after all, really been screwed by the Cosmic Federation. It's only a matter of time before someone figures out that the Pyramids are actually giant bustiers in honor of Madonna. Every word of the Urantia Book is true. Anything written by Robert Sheaffer is false. James Moseley remains shockingly close to the truth. Rap music is the intergalactic standard of excellence in spiritual enlightenment. The government is in fact using the HAARP program to modify the world's weather, in order to make real the phrase "when Hell freezes over..." Whitley had a problem with mice in his house so I loaned him my cat for the weekend. Maitreya is my uncle on my mother's side. While you were standing outside looking up at Hale-Bopp, I picked your pockets and took your credit cards. I was the "deformed human" those girls saw at Varginha. I got a different chiropractor and look much better now. The British royalty are not green, scaly reptiles. They are Anglicans. I get headaches whenever Steven Greer tries to "vector me in." I wish he'd stop it, already; why can't he just leave me and my blimps alone? I deliberately hire incompetent photo lab technicians at Wal-Mart so that there are fuzzy smudges on all the prints they develop; that's why there are "rods" even in photos of your cousin's bar mitzvah. I like to test my remote-control model airplane kits at Gulf Breeze. Joe Firmage quit his silicon valley job because I told him money can't buy happiness. He now just rents it. In 1970, a few of us held a 12th birthday party for Michael Jackson in Dulce, New Mexico. Hence: MJ 12. The invitations got mixed up with some other documents and letters I sent out. (Hey, I thought his singing was cute back then. Everybody now: "A B C, it's easy as 1 2 3..."). Ryan Wood was definitely not on my invitation list. I trained a team of ultralight pilots to fly over both Belgium, Ohio and Phoenix at night. I hired a goon named Luigi to break the kneecaps of the people who have been hanging onto the original APRO files, and now have them myself. Unfortunately for you, I'm not going to let you see them, either. Donald Keyhoe believed everything I told him, especially when I was wearing a four-star general costume that I rented for our lunches together. The alien autopsy film is real, and explains once and for all why no one ever found the body of Jimmy Hoffa. I used a large box of K'Nex to build a robot that does nothing else but receive people's emails and post them to UFO UpDates. I call it "Errol Bruce-Knapp." Aliens do not like strawberry ice cream. It makes them break out in hives. I invited Joe Simonton into my trailer and cooked him my special pancakes for breakfast one morning. He had never tasted tofu before. Phil Corso really did see the bodies and saw the experimental time machine, but I went back in time and moved everything again so his story doesn't check out anymore.

Again, my sincerest apologies. I hope this clears everything up.