

# Picnic with the Penguin (John Alexander) [IUFO]

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 Subject: Picnic with the Penguin (John Alexander) [IUFO]

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 SearchNet's IUFO Mailing List

::: Picnic with the Penguin :::

Beep beep beep - beep beep beep - beep beep beep beep.....

"May I speak with John Alexander please?" we asked.

"This is John Alexander," the reply.

And so began our Monday afternoon adventure with the mad scientist of NIDS (<http://www.accessnv.com/nids/>), LANL's now-infamous Penguin. Figuring him for a cold-blooded bird, we set our phasers a notch or two past stun, raised our shields and prepared a photon torpedo just in case.

All of this proved unnecessary, however, as we were soon to discover not a wicked governmental sociopath of Frankensteinian proportion but rather a soft-spoken older gentleman who didn't mind spending a bit of time on the phone with this curious individual. We hadn't expected to actually reach him at the publicised NIDS # so -- unprepared as we were, yet seizing the synchronistic moment -- we just jumped right in and asked him a few questions just to sort of test the waters a bit.

Recalling a recent "expose" from the friendly folks at Conspiracy Nation on the "O.J. Coverup" -- stating that poor O.J. was forced into secrecy by the Yakuza regarding their alleged brutal slaying of Ron & Nicole in some rich-kid-homosexual-dope-ring fiasco, <rolling eyes> we listened more closely to John when he dismissed the many unfounded accusations levied against him by those dedicated disciples of Club Conspiracy. In fact he did so with such a gentlemanly grace that we holstered our phasers and dropped our shields a notch to psee more clearly, sans battle regalia.

This being done, we ended up having a rather delightful chat.

He recalled a time when he walked round and round that oddly shaped building looking for someone named "The Pentagon" -- figuring there must certainly be someone answering to that name based upon all the remarks he had heard stating "The Pentagon disclosed today that..."

Yet as he continued, we began to psee the wisdom in his metaphor. Despite the inane ramblings of paranoids everywhere, the "big, bad, omniscient, omnipotent" gummint was composed of people just like us and was capable of performing only a single task with expert precision -- that of making complete asses of themselves as they drowned in their own bureaucracy and stumbled over their own ineptitude.

The so-called "Aviary," being nothing more than a Top-Seekrit(tm) concoction of Moore and Shandera (who no doubt yucked it up over a couple of brewskis as they churned out the modern-day mythos), appears to be comprised of folks that not only do not necessarily share the same perceptions and beliefs but are often at odds with one another. Or at least pseem to function well only in smaller subsets such as Kit, Ron 'n Dan or Scott 'n Dale or Hal 'n Ingo or John 'n Bruce (Maccabee has a fairly interesting piece re: "[UFO] Acceleration" on the NIDS site, BTW).

"As above, so below," stated Thoth/Tehuti/Hermes/Quetzalcoatl, illustrating the concept that macrocosmic principles can often be pseen more clearly in their microcosmic representations. For

indeed, just as there are small subsets within the "Aviary" which appear to function independently of (and occasionally even \*against\*) their brethren, so it is in the larger scale military/intelligence community. What is often assumed to be a tight-knit cabal of diabolical mischief-makers is, in reality, an extremely loose-knit grouping of disparate subsets of uniquely minded individuals with varied perceptions, priorities, and purposes.

What a mess!

Trying to bring unity of purpose and direction to such a disjointed and dysfunctional mass of individuals (let alone the rest of THE GOVERNMENT) would be about as likely as successfully herding a band of stray cats.

John once again reiterated his old standby line regarding the USG's position on flying saucers from outer space, "I have good news and bad news. The good news is that the govt is telling the truth about UFOs. The bad news is, of course, that the govt is telling the truth about UFOs."

He then discussed the findings of the Condon report (what we often used to refer to as a sham of a mockery of a sham of a mockery of a sham) not in the psense of them being truthful or relevant but rather from the perspective of their inevitable purpose -- to allow the USAF to officially wash their hands of the silly saucers once and for all by proving to the American public that the entire enigma simply does not pose a threat. In fact, Condon could not have cared less about the UFOs and their silly space alien pilots. Probably why he was chosen in the first place. Although the approach may seem on the delusional side (i.e. "just ignore it and maybe it'll go away"), is it not possible that by employing this technique en masse, the voracious morphogenic matrix which now so greedily gnaws away at Carl's Jungian Collective Unconscious and invokes Terrence's Self-Transforming Machine Elves From Beyond the Edge of Time was forestalled for a season?

A fairly robust psy-op, if you ask us, to have held together so well lo, these many years. But now there is a new game in town and those who are still able have placed themselves strategically round the gaming tables.

While Brother Ron -- ever the jaded cynic -- has convinced himself that John's new game concerns itself only with gobbling up real estate in the south-western desert and has more than once expressed his disdain over John's partner "The Billionaire," nevertheless, his NIDS has now taken to analysing mysterious "alien implants" (procured by the podiatrist John Leir and his "Alien Hunting" associate Derrel Sims) and odd Missouran material "obtained under unusual circumstances." [see <http://www.accessnv.com/nids/> for details]

The results? Seemingly ambiguous and clothed in so much scientific rhetoric it'd take a machete for us neophytes to carve any meaning out of them. But that's OK -- that's how Club Science expects it's meals to taste. And as we all know, expectation is 2/3's of the law.

Or something like that.

But "why was there no Mysterious Martian Metal found in the 'alien implants'?" we asked, surprised to discover nothing but common, terrestrial elements in the respective analyses. As a reply, John elucidated the flaws in the theory of the mysterious space metal named "Unobtainium;" the long and short of it being that the space aliens perhaps deem it wiser to build their sport-models and mind-control implants from terran (or lunar) materials obtained locally than to lug them all the way across light years of vast, open space in their intergalactic baggage compartments. "Hmmm....," we thought to ourselves with a catty smile and a silent nod of admiration, "those aliens are clever little bastards alrighty."

Still, in almost archetypal Aviarian style, John tossed out a nice little troll for us to nibble upon. It appears a certain Lt. Col. Phil Corso is getting ready to release a new book this July (if THE GOVERNMENT does not murder everyone at Simon & Schuster first, that is!) which purports to document some strange "alien metal fragments" he has had in his possession for years (we could not help but wonder if he wears them in a locket around his neck like Lt. Col. Frank Drake on the Scientific Documentary Series Dark Skies). Having checked out the references provided by the Col., John was informed

that though they did not see the material first hand as they were reported to have, they all noted that "Phil was into some pretty strange stuff."

[...Twilight Zone music...]

And then there's the strange case of "Rectum Ranch" -- the Utah lot where a poor farmer was forced to sell his property to John and The Billionaire for pennies on the dollar (well, 100 pennies on the dollar actually, but who's counting?) after some of the Hungry Space Aliens cored out a few bovine rectums and fired up a tasty mesquite BBQ, no doubt famished after such a long interstellar Cosmic Voyage. [Courtney Brown's fine work notwithstanding]

As an aside, the NIDS section on the analysis of these odd cattle mutilations is inexplicably blank today [both pages as of 02/10/97 @ 13:30 PST]. We have no doubt that THE GOVERNMENT has shut it down as a breach of national security.

-Blue Resonant Human, Ph.D., "BlueBird"  
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