

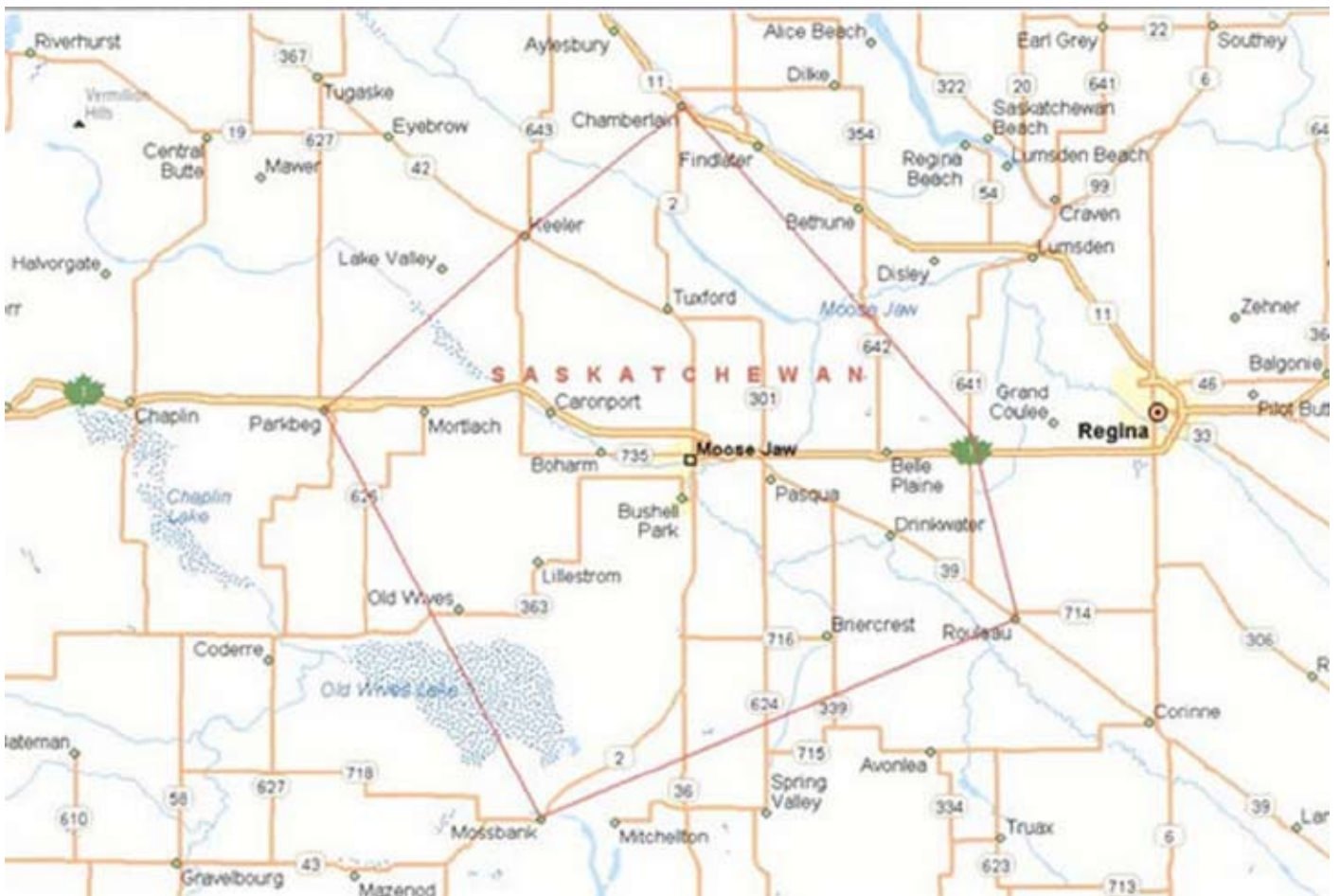
Case notes by Agent Hope Moreau

There are many aspects of this case which remain unexplained. Our investigations have been haunted by an air of fabulation and double meaning and I fear we may have to accept that there are some things we can never know about the case. The creator of the poster has disappeared without trace and the reasons for the secrecy and subterfuge surrounding the image and it's reproduction are no nearer to a solution. Nevertheless, I remain convinced that there are no supernatural reasons for the mystery, and the conclusions of my colleague that there is a wide conspiracy regarding a simple poster seem far-fetched, and have no clear evidence to back them up.

When I first encountered this case, I felt it was yet another example of our unit being used to chase after aliens, in an attempt to distract us from the real mysteries and cover-ups going on inside the government. When I learned we were to be seeking a poster from a science fiction show based on a UFO photo, I was intrigued as to what this had to do with us, but still sceptical as to its importance. UFO 'evidence' is something I have encountered frequently in my work, the term is often mistakenly used interchangeably with 'flying saucer', but even if a photograph of a UFO can be proved to not be a fake, this does not constitute any evidence for the existence of Extra Terrestrials, simply that we cannot explain this particular flying object.

The whereabouts of the actual "I Want To Believe" poster used in the first few series of the show have not been shown with any degree of certainty, or indeed whether it still exists. I found a reference to the poster being based on a photograph by Bob Meiers, but the poster was not commercially produced, it was a mock up for the show. It seems however, that the true, original and unique poster was not destroyed in the fire at the end of series five of the TV series. This was a version of the 'second' IWTB poster, which appeared in the series at an unknown point. The reasons for this exchange in poster are shrouded in mystery and our investigations at the Fox network proved inconclusive.

We interviewed our source at the studio at length, but although she was happy to give us plentiful information about her memory of the creation of the poster, when we questioned her about the disappearance of the original, she became furtive and attempted to leave. In my opinion there is no reason to doubt her sincerity, she appeared genuinely afraid for her own safety and nothing we said could persuade her to say anything more. The only clue she left us were the words "Moosejaw Molefucker" amongst the scribbles of a page she had been doodling on.



Subject: Moosejaw Molefucker

Date: 9/24/03

Special Agent Saul Sanders

The Fox executive was obviously nervous. Before we left, she turned awkwardly, so she was facing off to one side. She mouthed the words "Take this" while trying to not look suspicious and writing the words "Moosejaw Molefucker" on a small doodle covered pad. She slipped it into my hand as we shook goodbye.

Outside, I looked at the words and wondered what it meant. Agent Moreau and I decided that I would follow up the lead on the Fox note and she would go down the geek route. I said something inappropriate about chickens and I went to look for an internet connection .

I found a small internet cafe where it seemed unlikely that anyone would pay me any attention, ordered an americana grande, and sat down at a machine. I used my usual research engine and put in the words moosejaw and molefucker and hit search.

Nothing.

No hits at all. I deleted molefucker and hit return again. There were about 34,000 hits. Every one of them bore some reference to the town of moosejaw in the Canadian province of Saskatchewan. Now I was getting somewhere. Canada. I put molefucker into the machine and out came half a dozen references to musicians and Miss Black America. This seemed unlikely to be significant to our current endeavour, but I made a note in my palmtop anyway.

I notified Agent Moreau by encrypted cell phone and caught a flight to John G Diefenbaker international airport, Saskatoon; Moosejaw was snowed in, so I hired a Jeep and drove there.

Note to FBI finance: Perhaps an account could be established with all of the national hire/drive companies so Agents in the field don't need to potentially expose themselves by using their own credit facilities in these circumstances.

Once I had arrived at Moosejaw I found suitable accommodation in a small bed and breakfast establishment off one of the main roads and went looking for a warmer coat.

I engaged the store clerk in conversation and tried to get some information about what might be meant by the term Molefucker. I had very little luck with any of the first half dozen people I spoke to and was beginning to think that maybe the Miss Black America web hit would have been more fruitful. I was leaving a bar called O'Malley's, after a light dinner, and walking across the car park when I was approached by a figure in a blue parka. Their face was hidden by the hood, but the voice identified them as male. He instructed me to let him into the car and I told him I would do nothing of the sort. However, I changed my mind when he asked if I wanted to meet the molefucker.

I admit I was uneasy at the thought of meeting someone called molefucker (just how literal was that name?), but it was essential to our investigation that this lead be followed.

We arranged to meet the molefucker tomorrow and then the hooded source stepped out and away from the car.

The "I Want To Believe" Poster Story:



We want to try to clear up a few questions on the elusive "I Want To Believe" poster. First of all, there has been two versions of this poster used in the actual series, not counting the "I Believe" variation in Blaine Faulkner's room in the episode, Jose Chung's "From Outer Space". The first one was used in the pilot and through the third season. This original poster was much different than the version that burned in Mulder's office fire. We are not sure how long the original poster was used, but it was used into the third season for sure. You can see a picture of it on the Showcase card #1X79-03 as pictured above. This is from the pilot episode.

There is also a picture of Mulder's office from the first season from an issue of "WHO Extra" magazine. You can see this picture to the right. As far as we know, the only place this original



poster has ever been commercially available was included in the first issue of the French X-Files Magazine. This issue featured a collage of images including agents Mulder and Scully. The poster was included in the magazine as a Bonus, but it was folded. From what we have been told, FOX took some kind of legal action against the French publisher shortly after the release of the magazine that included the poster. The magazine was reportedly pulled off the stands without widespread circulation. A picture of the poster that was included in this magazine is shown below. This is a very hard item to find these days.



Somewhere along the line, the poster changed to the current version. As far as we know, there were only two different versions actually used in the series, to date. The final version of the poster that was on the wall of Mulder's office when it was torched, is pictured to the right. As far as we know, this poster was only licensed to the company who originally ran the official X-Files Fan Club. From what we have been informed, this particular poster was only available in the official [Season Two Fan Club Kit](#). The "I Want To Believe" poster included in this kit appeared to be an exact copy of the poster that was in Mulder's Office when it burned. Unfortunately, the poster that was included in the Fan Club Kit, was also folded.



As far as we know, other than the two sources listed above, copies of the original posters have not been commercially available anywhere else. The company that was in charge of the original official X-Files Fan Club is no longer running the fan club. The new company that took over the official Fan club did not include the "I Want To Believe" poster with their fan club membership kits.



However, there are two other versions of the "I Want To Believe" poster that have been commercially available that we are aware of. There is an official licensed "I Want To Believe" poster that was only available in Australia. This was the ["Official X-Files Poster Magazine"](#). This poster is full size and has the exact same picture as the poster that burned in Mulder's office. However, the "I WANT TO BELIEVE" wording at the bottom of the poster is smaller and in a different font than was used on the actual poster. This may have been done to avoid a licensing conflict with the other company. This poster normally comes folded, but we did obtain a few copies that were not folded and are available in the rolled form.

The second version is a bit different. This poster originally came from the UK. The wording and font at the bottom of the poster appears to be the same as the posters used in the series, but the picture is different. The flying saucer is a different shape and the entire picture is a bit blurry. The picture used in this version is actually a copy of a famous UFO picture. As far as we know, this is the only version of this poster commercially available that was not folded. This version is commonly available in the standard 2' x 3' format. However, there was also a 3' x 4' Jumbo size version of this poster that was available on a limited basis. This poster is by far the most popular. We attribute this to better availability and the fact that it is the only version that is normally available as a rolled poster.

The four IWTB posters that we are aware of, are as follows:



Original IWTB Poster

Folded & Rolled
approx.: 23" x 33"

From The French X-Files Magazine

Limited Availability



Latest IWTB Poster

Folded
approx.: 23" x 33"

Included In [The Official X-Files Season Two Fan Club Kit](#)

Limited Availability



Australian IWTB Poster

Folded & Rolled
approx.: 23" x 33"

This poster is part of the [Australian Official Poster Magazine](#)

Limited Availability



UK IWTB Poster

Rolled
approx.: 23" x 35"

This poster is part of the [X-Files Poster Section](#)

Limited Availability

In our opinion, if you want a nice unfolded poster to hang up on the wall, the [UK version](#) is a good bet. If you want the exact posters that were used in the series, then you will need to try to find a copy of the French X-Files magazine and/or purchase the [Season Two Fan Club Kit](#). It both cases, these can be a bit expensive to obtain these days and both versions are folded. If you want an affordable version, that is close to the one that burned in Mulder's office and the folds do not bother you, the [Australian version](#) is probably your best bet.

We hope this information is useful. To the best of our knowledge it is accurate. However, if anyone has any other information or has something to add, just let us know.

source: <http://www.thex-filesresource.com/iwtb.htm>



Case notes by Agent Hope Moreau

While my colleague followed the Moosejaw lead, I investigated the fan-base of the series. After many years of holding back, it appears the official fan club have released a copy of the second poster to the fans in a rolled rather than a folded version. Many fans seem satisfied with this, however I met with a group who believed this was a carefully orchestrated conciliatory tactic to divert them from their real quest.

These enthusiasts would not hear of arguments that the poster now available was acceptable, even though many of them did own one. Perversely, many felt that the clarity of the image made it less appealing, it was less easy to imagine it was 'real'. I asked whether they believed the photograph that the poster was based on depicted a real sighting, or if they thought it was faked. Answers varied, but I was surprised to note that most of those I questioned found it an irrelevant issue. It was the veracity of the poster that interested them, not that of the image used. A third poster which is available, also uses a genuine ufo sighting, but this was never used in the show, and has little interest for seekers after the original.

I learned minute details about official merchandise, fan-made posters and T-shirts, unofficial fanzines and remarkably little about the series itself. This surprised me, but when asked any question about an episode where the poster appeared the fans were extremely knowledgeable. Strangely, however, I was unable to ascertain the exact point where poster one disappeared and poster two appeared. When anyone tried to remember their eyes developed an unfocused look and they said it wasn't important for them to remember that. At first I suspected some kind of hypnotic intervention blocking their ability to fix on the exact vanishing point, but I've since decided that they were right, it's not important to remember that.

A fan known as Loney was keen to teach me of the importance of the original poster, although I suspect he was mainly attempting to learn whether I had any information which would help him. He told me that it was a matter of principle, that there was a resonance that the poster used in the first series has that others only imitate.

"It's the Holy Grail, the Mona Lisa. There is only one, and if I could just see it once, just see it with my own eyes..." he said at one time, but was not able to say what would happen if he did ever find his goal. I heard similar appeals to spirituality and art when fans discussed their desire for the poster, and decided to investigate these avenues further.



Subject: Moosejaw Molefucker

Date: 9/28/03

Special Agent Saul Sanders

I was woken up by a knocking on my door so gentle I wondered how long it had taken to wake me up. At the door was a young man in a blue parka, with the hood down, and looking decidedly nervous. He stepped by me and into the room.

While I got dressed, he introduced himself to me as Pierre Panis (an obvious pseudonym - most people inexperienced at obfuscation will invent names that either have the same initials as their own name or are alliterative), and explained that he was going to take me to see a friend of his who would then put me in touch with the Molefucker.

As we left I took a hair from my head and stuck it across the door and frame with saliva.

Pierre insisted that he drive his car, a grey dodge, and I complied with his request. I regretted this decision almost immediately. Pierre had a laissez faire attitude to traffic signs and while jumping a light at an intersection he got out his cell and called ahead to the molefucker that we were on our way "ETA 10 minutes". What a dweeb. I thought Agent Moreau had gone down the geek route, but here I was with what seemed to be King Geek. He had opened his jacket when we got in the car and I caught a glimpse of a large green X that I recognised as an X-Files t-shirt. I was expecting the meeting to consist of nothing more than a geek with a dumb log in name with no more information than I could download from a shit fan site.

The flat he took me to looked totally innocuous and I was surprised when he pulled the key from his pocket and let himself in. I was even more surprised when the flat was empty. He then proceeded to pull a device the shape of a kettle element from his jacket and methodically work his way around the room, presumably sweeping for listening devices.

He then went to a cupboard that was high up on the wall in the kitchen and took out a pile of plates and put them on the counter. Then he took two suction cups from his jacket, used them to pull out the whole back of the cupboard, and pulled out a magazine from the top of a pile back there.

The magazine was a hugely under-designed, black text only, with the words Moosejaw Molefucker at the top of the cover. I leafed through it. The Moosejaw Molefucker was a conspiracy rag. Molefucker referred to the practice of exposing spies, moles, and conspirators.

The whole time I was reading the magazine Pierre stood as far back against the wall as he could, fingering something in his pocket. When I had finished he explained that he knew from our contact at Fox that I would be coming. He went on to tell me that he had reliable evidence that the IWTB poster was being held at a secret government warehouse in Bakersfield, California.

He said the warehouse was run by the NSA under the name of Hannigan Logistics, a dummy corporation based in an industrial estate right next to the airport. He gave me a string of numbers written on a scrap of paper from his wallet.

I left for Bakersfield.



Case notes by Agent Hope Moreau

I contacted a Pastor Anderson, who Loney had thought I might find useful. He was suspicious of me at first, the result of years of condemnation from other religious leaders who feel that the series and others like it spread an anti-christian message, that they encourage people to look to aliens, rather than God for their salvation. When I reassured him that I was simply interested in his opinion on what it might be that made people pursue the poster with a religious fervour, he became more open. He told me that the poster acted as a modern-day holy relic, that the faithful saw the purity of the sentiment expressed in the true poster as a link to the divine. He had collected testimonies of those who had touched the original poster when it had been used in the series. Many claimed to have experienced healing or other beneficial experiences, although he could provide no evidence, and told me that his correspondents has asked him not to pass on their names.

I was most interested in the case of a young blind girl from Texarkana who was alleged to be able to distinguish between the original poster and a reproduction simply by holding her hand slightly above the surface of each. The house where she was born and lived lies exactly on the border between Texas and Arkansas, and its occupants moved from one to the other as they go from the kitchen to the dining room. After being in the presence of the poster, she moved from an almost catatonic state to conversing with her friends and family in a manner more like a sighted person. Her eyes showed no improvement, her optic nerve had been unable to pass messages to her brain since birth, but she was able to sense the world around her in a new way. She used metaphor to describe things like color but had an uncanny knack for describing things in these terms. Of course, this story is only hearsay and smacks of an urban myth.

I asked the Pastor if he had ever seen, or even touched the poster. He just smiled. "It's a matter of faith, you have to decide if you want to believe..." I concluded that for Anderson, and others like him, belief in the poster was enough, proof of it's existence was not necessary. While this seemed harmless enough, it did not help me solve the case. I needed to know for sure where the original was, and why it was so important. Some things the Pastor said had made the poster sound like a religious icon, but since I have no faith in the spiritual world, I decided to investigate the more secular world of art. Surely here I would be able to ascertain why such value was placed on some images, while others were worthless.



Case notes by Agent Hope Moreau

The idea of the aura of the original artwork has been a matter of debate for some time in the art world. Does the 'true' work of art become devalued, dissolved by it's reproduction? Is this a case where the original has vanished leaving only simulation?

At the suggestion of an old college roommate, who had majored in Art History, I visited an art opening in New York. My friend introduced me to an academic she knew and we discussed whether the fake could ever be more 'real' than the original. When I explained my interest was in a poster of a UFO rather than an artwork, she laughed strangely and asked if I'd ever heard about an English art group who were faking the 'I Want To Believe' poster. I was astonished, and thought she was joking, or performing some strange post-modern conversational gambit. She, however, suspected me of being a cohort of the anonymous artists, and cut short our discussion.

I looked into what she had suggested and found she had been telling the truth. I was unable to find out how to contact the art group itself, but spoke to one of the artists involved in many of their projects. I had a strange feeling during the conversation, a kind of deja-vu, but not as if I was experiencing something that had already happened, instead I felt as if I was saying and hearing everything twice. I put it down to a strange harmonic of my cell phone. I had been intending to question her about the art groups interest in the poster and it's faking, but we ended up discussing the connection between UFOs and rabbits for some reason. I suggested coming to the UK to meet her, but she just laughed and told me that the truth was here not out there. She gave me the name of a warehouse in an obscure code, and then her phone went dead. I have been unable to contact her again, the phone company claim that the number I used has not been assigned to any cell phones in the UK.

I had great difficulty deciphering her message, but something made me visit a nearby high school library that I knew had more arcane texts than you would usually expect. I searched for some time, but eventually found a handwritten manuscript from 1776 with a wax seal in the shape of a rabbit in front of a cigar shaped object. Inside, amongst a variety of philosophical and theological ramblings, interspecies pornography and limericks I found a code breaker. When applied to the nonsense I had been given I found the words "Logical Willow Actress Bread Meadow". Obviously this referred to Hannigan Logistics in Bakersfield, California. I set off immediately.



october 8th

Saul Sanders, Molefucker.

Battered. Days since I was in Moosejaw. I had to get out of Bakersfield after what happened.

I pulled the rabbit mask from my slobber crusted face and looked around the cornfield.

The Anarcho Artistic Syndicate were fucking around pretending to recreate the IWTB poster in a parking lot outside the warehouse I'd been directed to throwing up a pathetic fake flying saucer like a Frisbee and shouting at each other both trying to wave around a camcorder and super 8 cine camera and pretending to try and capture something on film that was supposed to represent the same thing as the poster but any fool could tell all they were going to get was a bunch of unusable blurry footage of the sky and bits of warehouse and parking lot and each others faces contorted by laughter and shouting and when I tried to approach them to talk to them about whether they were the Alternative American Society that Pierre had told me to keep an ear out for and they both fucking jumped on me and pinned me to the tarmac shouting 'we know who you are' and 'fucking spook' and other incomprehensible stuff and they began to bundle me off the lot and into the van they had whispering 'don't worry agent Sanders we have to get you out of here' and they were actually very gentle, but i expect it would look like a fucking kidnapping from one of the surveillance cameras they had all round the place and then we were off.

At their place they showed me a very well scoped out plan of Hannigan Logistics' Warehouse and they talked me through a whole bunch of photos of people going in and out of the place and had them cross referenced with what they said were images from fucking satellites and off encrypted websites and that kind of thing which they said proved that the NSA were running the warehouse and they had all sorts of stuff in there like frozen corpses and dashboard instruments from the roswell crash, files on the kennedy assassinations, pooka, intercepted patents for antigrav plating from dead scientists, and amongst everything, the original I WANT TO BELIEVE poster which they said was being held while the NSA hyped it up on the net and in magazines until it was worth an astronomical amount of money which would be one of the many such sources of income to be used to fund the NSA project to set up an orbiting space platform which was to be the space port for an interstellar transport designed to take the president of the US of A to another 'class m' planet when the meteor struck which was due in 2012. The Mayans were right.

I wasn't sure if I believed a word of it, but they had enough information there to get me inside where I would find out for myself.

I pulled the rabbit mask from my slobber crusted face and looked around the cornfield.

I was sat in the middle of a circle of flattened corn. I stood up. There was a car a short distance away. I found that I had the key in my pocket, so I let myself in. I found a cell phone in the glove box and phoned Moreau.

It was a bit disappointing when Moreau turned up and I had to explain that the warehouse now had a to let sign on it. We broke in. The whole building was deserted except for an IWTB poster on the wall.

Closer inspection revealed it to be the United Kingdom version.



**I WANT TO
BELIEVE**