

Give me the days when aliens were aliens

By JOHN KEILMAN

This just in from the X-Files ...

A psychiatrist — a Harvard man and Pulitzer Prize-winner — has declared that the stories are true.

After hypnotizing 20 people, John Mack has determined that little gray men from outer space are indeed snatching humans from cow pastures and rusty pickup trucks as subjects for fiendish experiments.

Although that's not quite how Mack, author of "Abduction: Human Encounters With Aliens," puts it. These are, after all, the sensitive '90s.

In his view, "We may be witnessing ... an awkward joining of two species, engineered by an intelligence we are unable to fathom, for a purpose that serves both of our goals with difficulties for each."

So what exactly is this "awkward joining"?

Sex.

Not that it's any fun for the humans. You want to talk about difficulties? No wine or flowers or Engelbert Humperdink records for the earthlings. The spacemen use "instruments ... to penetrate virtually every part of the abductees' bodies."

Poked, probed, and inseminated, the humans are seedpods for alien children. What's more, the moment the wee hybrids are born they're

stuck in incubators, the foster homes of the cosmos. No family photos. No little league games.

And alas. They never write, they never call.

Which reminds me ... Does anyone remember that TV show "V" from a few years back? The one where a woman gave birth to a lizard boy *while we got to watch?* Like Chris Farley says, "That was awesome."

But back to reality. Mack's description of the typical alien sounds a lot like that creature who posed with Ross Perot on the cover of *Weekly World News* a couple years ago. Aliens, the psychiatrist writes, have gray skin, pear-shaped heads, little slits for noses, huge black eyes ... Add big ears to that list and suddenly Perot makes a lot more sense.

What ever happened to *real* aliens, ones with tentacles and ray guns, or with four arms and scales and two slime-dripping mouths, like those things Sigorney Weaver keeps running into? Then again, maybe real life resembles a low-budget science fiction movie. You know, the kind where the alien looks astonishingly like an underemployed UCLA drama school graduate — "I have assumed a form your earthling mind can comprehend."

With all these kidnappings,

though, comes the small problem of reliable witnesses. It seems the only people who go on "Unsolved Mysteries" to talk about their abduction are Ma and Pa Kettle from Wilbur, Miss., seized from their porch as they polished off a jug of sour mash.

Why don't aliens ever grab a surgeon or an engineer or, say, a Harvard psychiatrist?

Ah, Mack says, the truth is UFOs do, but white-collar city slickers are hesitant to talk about it, lest their bosses dock them maternity leave.

So it seems abduction is not just a case of alien juvenile delinquents getting kicks by whisking hayseeds off their John Deeres. Too bad. It was an appealing thought, a gang of teenage Venusians sneaking off with the old man's flying saucer for some fun:

"So Zeron, what do you want to do tonight?"

"I don't know, Kexxar, what do you want to do?"

"Dude, let's chug some Yakazoos and go scam for earthlings in a corn field. I stole some probes from my dad's sock drawer."

"Schweet."

Now some spoilsports might think this is all part of some phony conspiracy, like the discredited phenomena of crop circles or cattle

mutilations (although, speaking of cows, I think ol' Bessie would rather face a scalpel-wielding Martian than one Michael Eugene Lohr of Broadway, Va., who was arrested April 9 on three counts of "crimes against nature" for a, shall we say, *romantic* interest in a stockyard's buxom bovines).

As for me, I believe it, all right. In fact, I think it's time to sound the alarm. These aliens seem more sinister than Mack lets on.

The kidnapped, Mack writes, experience "a heightened sense of the sacredness of the natural world ... along with deep sadness about the apparent hopelessness of Earth's environmental crises."

And many, he adds, have an experience "which usually involves some sort of powerful encounter with, or immersion in, divine light."

Light shows. Environmentalism. Free love. An intergalactic Magic Bus.

Don't you get it?

They're space hippies.

Give me tentacles and ray guns any day.

John Keilman is a Manassas-based writer. He fully supports alien abduction as an alternative lifestyle.