

# ALIENS,



## A MEETING OF ABDUCTEES, U.F.O. BUFFS,

One day, when I had a million things to do, but didn't want to do any of them, I took a "Have You Ever Been Abducted by Aliens?" test.

It certainly asked a lot of interesting questions.

Do you take more vitamins than most people?

Do you have sinus trouble?

Do you ever have insomnia?

Do you secretly feel you are special?

Well, maybe a little...

Do you ever have flying dreams?

My score indicated that I "might want to explore the abduction possibility further."

So, on a cold and rainy day last spring, I attended an all-day conference on alien abduction held in a church in Boston.



Speakers would include an Alien Abduction Expert; a Brazilian shaman; a Native American; a couple of local "experiencers" (what those in the know call abductees); an ex-astronaut; some "Western Scientists"; and a few other alien aficionados.



I checked out the crowd. Plenty of shawls, dangly earrings, and peasant-y handbags, but mostly Averages Joes and Janes.



There were, of course, a few bonafide eccentrics.

Feather tied around head with string

Guy with 90° angled hair and beard

My favorites were the guys who looked like photos of the authors of the U.F.O. books I always read as a child.



Overweight, beard, glasses

Many pens in pocket protector

The Native American guy, who resembled Johnny Cash, worked the crowd by walking around and fanning us with smoke from a dish of incense.



The Alien Expert began the morning's lecture by describing a typical abduction scenario:

You're in your car or home. There's a bright light, humming. Maybe you feel some anxiety...

... you see one or more aliens...

Then you're floated through walls, through a roof... Experiencers will often say, "every cell is vibrating... my body is coming apart."



# AHOY!



## AND THE CURIOUS: A TRUE STORY

Then you're taken onto a craft where a doctor-like being probes you, taking sperm or eggs to make hybrids...

...On subsequent visits, you'll be asked to nurture these offspring...

This does not bode well...

DAD, GIVE KEYS TO CAR, DAD.

Thought telepathically communicated

...And if you're lucky, you'll get to meet your alien mate.

Then the shaman told his story: He was on a riverbank in Brazil...

La, la, la

when suddenly, "three small humanoids in aluminum costumes" emerged from a U.F.O. which had just landed nearby.

He felt his body disintegrate. The next thing he knew, he was back on the riverbank, but he had healing powers.

Cool!

Next, we heard from "Johnny Cash." He was in a garden, when a spaceship appeared.

What the-

He was beamed aboard the ship, which took him to a planet where the buildings were pure white and luminous.

There were white-robed beings there with strands of light that stuck straight out from their heads "like antennae."

He liked the aliens. He'd been a drug addict and had done time, and he felt that they were helping him to understand all that.

They offered him a chance to stay, but when he realized that by staying, he'd lose "his house, his car, and his family," he decided to return to Earth.

No way - I'm OUTTA here!

SOB!

Then came the two local experiencers.

The first one began his story:

I have been on their tables... I have been on their ships... I have been a part of that blue light...

Whatever had happened to this guy had made him pretty upset.

CON'T.



# THEY'RE

When the Big Blues are there, everything's fine. But then the Little Grays come out, and it's **NOT** fine...



There were little ones with **BIG EYES** and **NO HEARTS** that do things that **AREN'T VERY NICE!!!**



The other guy seemed more at peace with the whole thing.

They're benevolent...  
...I think.



Then it was lunchtime. I had signed up for the only thing they offered: the vegetarian box lunch:



cold, rolled-up vegetable and grain mush



world's worst brownie made from a microwave mix

It cost ten bucks.

But before we ate, I had a close encounter of my own: I ran into someone I hadn't seen in years. I asked him what he'd been up to, and he told me a very strange story:

"I was traveling in South America and met up with some indigenous tribesmen...  
Hello!



I was interested in the consciousness-expanding drugs of the region. They gave me an herb called 'Iawatty' which they brewed in a tea...



As it took effect, I felt an alien intelligence scan my entire body from head to toe...



It stopped at my left knee. I couldn't figure out why. Then, I remembered an old skiing injury, and realized it was trying to understand **Scar tissue**...



It finished its scan. I felt my 'self' leave my body... I was floating...  
WHEEE!



Suddenly, a loud disembodied voice boomed out:

**SYSTEM FAILURE!!!**  
**SYSTEM FAILURE!!!**  
**CELLULAR MEMORY!!!**  
**CELLULAR MEMORY!!!**

I was frightened. My consciousness had gone to a place before there were cells. Now I had to return to my body...  
**OR DIE.**



My guides brought me back and I was fine."



I was happy it had all worked out o.k. for him and wished him well.

I got my lunch and sat at a table in a big room that had been set up for us.



My tablemate, a psychiatric nurse, was telling her friend about a patient who thought he had an alien implant in his ear, and how she believed him 100 percent.



Even if it **had** shown up on the X-ray, the doctors would probably have thrown it away, she said.



There was lots of "abductee wannabee" talk:

As far as I know, I'm not an experiencer.

If I **was** abducted, and maybe I was, I don't know...

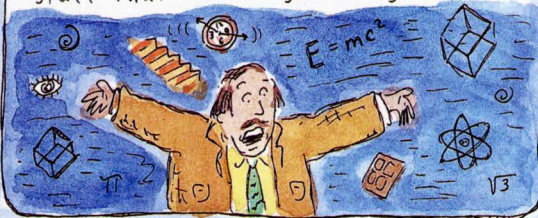


# H-E-E-E-E-ERE!

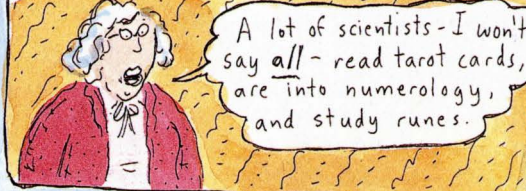
BY ROZ CHAST, WHO DID NOT MAKE ANY OF THIS UP.



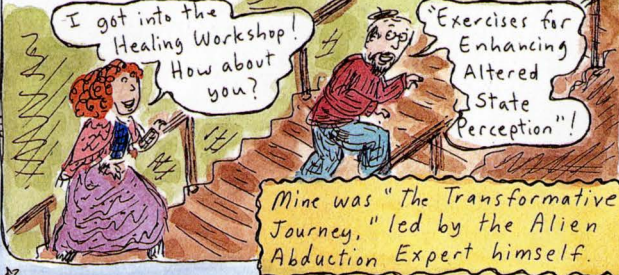
After lunch, the "Western Scientists" spoke. An ex-astronaut and an astrophysicist discussed quantum physics and other stuff that was way over my head.



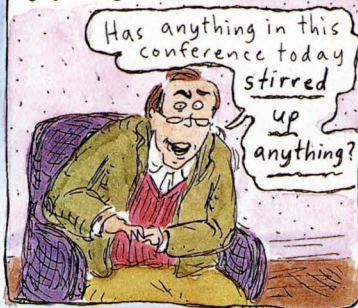
A "Remote Viewing Instructor and Director of Inner Vision in Las Vegas" explained how she had stumbled upon her abductee past while watching a slide show about alien abduction, and explained her philosophy.



Finally, it was time for our Afternoon Workshops. We all headed off for our separate groups that met in the church's smaller rooms on the second floor.



The Expert started things off by getting us in the right mood.



I felt as if I were sitting around a campfire when someone announced he was going to tell a really, really spooky story.



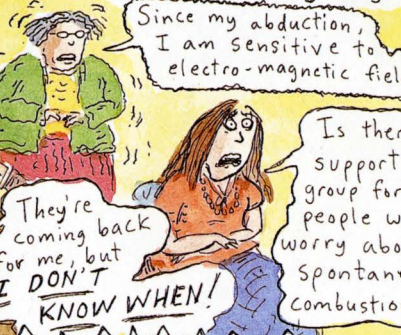
He asked if any of us were "experiencers," and nearly half of the thirty people in the room raised their hands.



One by one, people told their stories. Some were pretty intriguing.



But others... it was a mystery.



The fact was, I'd never seen a U.F.O., but I knew some relatively sane people who had. Who could say what the real deal was?

On the way out, I bought a souvenir: a serious-looking 683-page textbook about Alien Abduction:

<p>ALIEN TYPES: BUMBLING ALIENS, PAGE 30</p>	<p>ALIEN PROCEDURES: REMOVE AND PUT BACK TOP OF HEAD, PAGE 57</p>
<p>CAMERAS TO DETECT ALIENS: MAY CUT DOWN ON VISITS, PAGE 472</p>	<p>REAL: DECIDING WHAT IS OR ISN'T, PAGE 82</p>

A couple of weeks later, I visited an alien-implant removal website. It said, if I called this number: 707-527-5700, I'd find out:

- how many times I'd been abducted, and -
- how many implants I had.



R. Chast