My Alien Utopia

At the end of our conversation, you asked me what I would want Alien Contact to be like, and what My Utopia would look like. You weren’t interested in what I thought it *would* be, but what I *wanted* it to be. We agreed to discuss it when we met up again, at some undetermined, but certain date. It felt so certain as we were leaving the bar.

I had a general list in my head of vague ideas like wealth being eliminated, free energy, food abundance, environmental rehabilitation, planetary awakening, etcetera…. and I was bored trying to imagine it. I couldn’t actually picture anything. Walking home that night, I scared myself realizing I was the exact opposite of excited by the possibility of a final and complete peace among nations, bored trying to imagine a life like *Star Trek* with warp speed and hot alien sex.

You’ll probably never read any of this. It doesn't matter. I want to say it all anyway. That’s how good I feel now.

I’ve often wondered how much you knew when we spoke, whether you knew everything. It seems like far more than coincidence at this point, but I still really don’t know. I wonder if you knew how excited I was the whole time we were talking. I hope you were, too. It’d make me happy to know that.

I like to picture you laughing, imagining my face when I woke up the next morning to find out the Aliens arrived.

I was sitting on the toilet, doubting my waking state as I watched the press briefing on my phone. POTUS gazed into the flashbulbs as words dribbled from his ancient mouth--nothing unusual there. He was standing next to a lady in a white pants suit who looked like Princess Di, and he was saying how contact had been made a few days ago. Necessary Discussions were held on how to best break the news, and the way POTUS talked about it made me think of what it’d be like if my parents, who divorced when I was a kid, called up that morning and told me they were getting remarried.

The lady took the podium and introduced herself. She didn’t look like an alien, but everyone could tell pretty quickly that she was.

Since coming to Earth, she’d taken the name Carol Wascinsky, because she liked how it sounded. Her kind came from the Pleiades star system. The Pleiadians started their journey to Earth after receiving our first radio broadcasts. On the way, they continued to study the human story as it evolved in FM. They particularly enjoyed Brian Eno.

The Pleiadians had a true form, but it couldn’t be perceived in three dimensions. They found human bodies “exciting” to inhabit. No humans were ever used or harmed in the making of their own bodies, and any abduction stories had to do with entirely different ET’s. Pleiadians made their own bodies by rearranging matter at will.

Carol Wascinsky grew a kaleidoscopic tesseract out of her hand, nearly blinded the White House Press Room with the prismatic display, and then popped it out of existence. Every human in that room forgot to breathe for a minute, but Carol went on.

The Pleiadians decided it would be their pleasure to invite all Earthlings into the Cosmic Unity. They would provide answers to all our problems, both geopolitical and mundane: free energy, dimensional travel, immortality-- and it was there the broadcast was cut short. I guess Carol didn’t clear that part with the press team first.

I wondered how soon everyone would run for their secret bunkers and loot all the toilet paper. Pretty quickly I thought of you, and I texted you. “Are you an alien?” I asked, then corrected it to “Pleiadian\*” not wanting to offend you, just in case. You didn’t respond, or I never got the message. I was mad at you, maybe even with good reason. After all, if you knew, then you were screwing with me the whole time, and to what end? But if it was just a coincidence...

I walked outside my house and saw some moms from the block gathered in Maude’s driveway, still in bathrobes and pajamas, sipping their coffee mugs. Others on the block were getting in their cars in no rush, going to some job they hated, but going nonetheless, as if nothing had changed. Probably it was just another weird day in an unending sequence of them, all leading to the world ending, one way or the other.

I walked over to Maude's driveway and I asked how they were doing. They shrugged and laughed amongst themselves, barely masking anxiety that rattled their ankles and wrists. “We all know where this is going,” Maude said. “Just another sign of the end. My poor kids.”

“She seemed so nice though,” said Marie, “Or it, y’know.”

“Of course it’d be tricky like that--it’s lying.”

“She said they want to help us fix all our problems,” I chimed in.

“Bullshit. They’re gonna abduct some of us for their human zoo, and then destroy the rest of us. Better live it up.”

“Either that, or they’re in cahoots with China and Russia and Iran.”

“Who cares? Fuck it, I’m gonna go buy the biggest, nicest fuckin’ wine, cheese and chocolate basket I can find, who’s in?”

I parted ways with the grieving mothers and went to work. Along the way, I tuned in to NPR. The White House had gone on total lockdown and rushed all the journalists outside. The commentary revolved around an idea that has been crippling humanity for ages: if the aliens can look like us, then how do you know who is and who isn’t one? If they’ve been around for a while, they could be people you’ve known your whole life. They could be family.

Sure, this situation was new, but not really. Fear’s been with us since the beginning. People can’t really imagine it being gone forever, permanently wired out of their brains, bodies and DNA; nothing is more unimaginable. It keeps us from walking off the edge, keeps us getting in cars and showing up to very important jobs, even when the keys to Utopia have just been handed to us.

I walked into the office and saw nothing unfamiliar. How many times had there been an unprecedented crisis reduced to routine watercooler banter? I whispered ‘hello’ to Jeanne at reception, nodded to Jose and thanked him for the donut, and sat at my cubicle across from Henry, with whom I advise on hedge funds. Henry has thin eyebrows that are always raised as he says, after a sigh, “Big surprise, the market is shitting its pants. Lockheed and Boeing are up three points, though.”

I told him about meeting you last night. I know he was only half-listening, but I just wanted to remember it. “Well, at least you got laid before we all die.”

We always have an easier time imagining the end of things then imagining practically anything else. I’d yet to meet a single person excited by what had happened, and didn’t imagine I would.

I had a meeting with my boss, Jerry. He’s a bald, thin guy, in his late fifties, but he takes care of himself. Sitting across from me, he joked: “This will be a very different meeting than the one I imagined yesterday, but well, there it is.”

His friend, a member of the Saudi Royal family, was getting ready to sell off the rest of his oil shares to invest in renewables for his private island. In light of this morning’s news, he would instead hold on to his shares through the downturn, take a hit, then make a killing once demand hit an all-time high.

“But, given the news,” I said, “it seems like energy as a whole will no longer be profitable--in fact, profit doesn’t even seem to be necessary, any more.” Jerry’s an easy-going guy, which makes it all the more concerning when he told me, with ice in his voice, that the nuclear-armed countires of the world will nuke the fuck out of the aliens before they even get a chance at dissolving the world economy. Jerry eyed me a second, then threw a pencil at my face. It hurt a lot, and he immediately apologized, admitting his own fear and paranoia, and then sagely advised me to remember: keep calm, carry on.

I left work feeling terrible. Terrible, because in the face of an event as tremendous as the second-coming of Jesus Christ, I wasn’t shocked in the slightest. Everyone acted exactly as I expected. I was no different.

I kept thinking about something you said the night before, or something you helped me realize: when two people are both open, willing, and interested, they can go anywhere and do anything together. If I was tired of having the same old conversations over and over again, maybe it was because I was the one putting boxes around what was possible to discuss with people; I was the one who decided I knew what someone was all about, what they were capable of, what we were capable of together. Maybe that’s how you live, and everywhere you go, people feel special when they talk to you, but really no one is, and our conversation didn’t mean the same thing to you as it did to me.

I went to that bar again, looking for you. It was packed for a tuesday afternoon with no happy hour. The tv was tuned to the news. The closed captions said a NASA scientist had leaked information that the world governments were doing everything in their power to eliminate the alien threat, creating an unprecedented alliance in order to handle the situation.

“They come in peace!” someone chanted proudly down the bar. She was an older hippie: silver hair in two long braids, with round, red cheeks and a little green alien-head pin on her crocheted purple beanie. She was aware of the many glances in her direction, and drank her large glass of pale ale in spite. I spotted a guy in a business suit with his collar undone lumbering towards her, so without thinking, I went over to her and called her Sue, saying I’d been looking for her. She looked at me cockeyed, but said nothing, and the guy backed off. A wild shine came to her eyes, and she grinned, because she knew I was in on the conspiracy--she knew, but I didn’t.

“That guy almost laid you out,” I told her, “He probably thought you’re an alien…” And she knew I was wondering the same thing.

She said her real name was Ruth, “not far off, so you must be a little psychic.” She was, sadly (to her), not an extra-terrestrial.

It was no coincidence, she continued, that I decided to stand up. I told her she was the first person I’d met who was excited about the aliens. “Of course,” she said, “their revelation means the beginning of our awakening as a species.” She explained that they’d been here on the planet a lot longer than they were claiming -- closer to 6,000 years, first with the Sumerians and Egyptians and so on at different points throughout history; The press conference was just an easier story for the public to swallow. Ruth herself had been abducted back in ‘88. She was finishing up her graduate work then to become a practicing therapist. She said it was traumatic at the time, but afterward, slowly, as she got older, she realized the aliens were healing her, helping her release from the prison of the three-dimensional world. There were many like her who’d been talking online back when chat rooms and online forums were first a thing.

“What’s it going to be like?” I asked her, admitting, it felt to me we’d more likely blow ourselves up before we got the chance to awaken.

“It’s all written,” she said, patting my hand. “It’s God’s Plan. Those angels in Ezekiel? It wasn’t for us to know how, but the Angels will deliver us all to Heaven, so just enjoy the ride.”

Of course I didn’t believe her, but I still liked her. I told her about you, because I was thinking about what we talked about, and I was praying like Hell she’d tell me something I didn’t expect. I wanted to hear her say that you and I meeting was part of God’s Plan, and I don’t believe in God, but I would’ve believed it if she’d said it.

Instead she told me about her husband, who died from cancer about two years ago. “*We* lived with it,” is how she said it, “for a decade before then.” Filled with ups and downs. Normal days were precious, relinquished when the “new normal” settled in: Diaper changing, sitting in the chemo room like a weekly haircut, parked in front of the TV because, God, at least there was that. His name was Harold. He’d never had an abduction himself, but he believed just the same. They watched so many X-Files at the end. She caught herself rambling, then said there was going to be a big march starting around Zuccotti Park all the way up to the United Nations demanding Amnesty for Pleiadians, and I should come. I told her I’d think about it and she said she’d hope to see me there. She left, and I kept drinking alone, hoping to see you. I called, and you didn’t pick up.

I imagined that if you were an alien, you must be hiding now, keeping a low key for your safety. Did that mean you didn’t think you could trust me? It was worse if you *weren’t* an alien, and you’d just ghosted me. That’s the hardest thing for me to consider, still.

It made me think of another thing we discussed: how often do we shut down our own enthusiasm for things just to seem cool? Fully Grown Adults, supposedly, still trapped by the worst parts of growing up. I watched myself do it in front of you, and I realized you didn’t care if I was cool, you cared that I was passionate, that how I was with you was really me, and why should I curb my excitement for anyone? When excitement is so precious.

People in the bar started scrambling outside. I joined the crowd to see what was up. There were three guys ganged up on a fourth. All four were sobbing loudly: The guy getting punched, of course, but also the two holding him up and the one punching as well. I asked the guy next to me why no one was stopping it.

“They say he’s an alien, and he was playing with their minds, doing some psychic shit.” I watched along with everyone else. The older guy getting punched looked like he was in pain, but there was something else, too. Through a bloody face, he was saying to the guy punching him, “I love you, I love you, I love you...” I’ve never heard it said like that before. It was said in such a way that if anyone ever said it like that to you, your whole life would change. It was somehow more intense than a mother’s love for her child. The guy punching was fighting back his own sobs, and losing that fight, so he finally told his friends through choked words to drop the alleged alien. They ran through the crowd, and finally a younger woman approached the bloody sobbing man and called an ambulance. The rest of us wandered off in a sleepwalk.

That was the first of what the morning news was calling “Body-snatching.”

Overnight, there’d been an outbreak of erratic and lunatic behavior around the world. At first, people thought it was just a traumatic reaction to the reality of aliens on the planet, but it seemed to be somehow *contagious.* The behaviour was being described as “sexual rabidity.” While there were many initial accusations of assault against the body-snatched, actual evidence of violence was only ever present on the bodies of the body-snatched, marks of self-defense left by those claiming to be assaulted. The world’s governments were claiming it was a Bio-Psych weaponized virus to destabilize the world, proof of the Pleiadians' bad intentions. Strict quarantine would be put in place, along with martial law, everywhere. All aliens and body-snatched individuals would be rounded up and imprisoned wherever they were found.

Of course people were immediately aware of what a huge joke that was, to try and contain beings that only existed in three dimensions if they felt like it. And yet, any Pleiadians who self-identified complied with the arrests without any complaints. Body-snatched people never put up a fight, yet were almost unanimously beaten before and during imprisonment. Those doing their civic duty by beating and imprisoning the body-snatched were getting body-sntached just as quickly. Within a few hours of arrests, authorities realized they couldn’t keep body-snatched people together because they’d start making intense, jealousy-inducing cosmic love to each other in the cells. Solitary confinement cells were manufactured en masse by companies overnight, but could barely keep up with the pandemic of orgies.

Amid this new world order, I was still required to come to my office, hedge fund management declared essential in the global crisis. I texted you about looking for you, about Ruth, about the strange altercation. I kept staring at my phone, praying to God for a response.

Walking into the office felt a little different that morning, as if there was something behind people’s eyes which was no longer as hidden. I’ve never had problems making eye contact in my life. Meeting the concierge Dave’s eyes even for a fraction of a second felt as if we were seeing each other naked, and I knew we both knew it. It was the same with everyone I passed, until I stopped looking in anyone’s direction by the time I reached my cubicle. Henry’s eyes were wandering aimlessly just the same. No one-liner from him today, just an over-practiced ‘hello,’ and then we kept busy at our desks.

In the silence of no one wanting to talk because it felt too powerful to do so, we could all hear the crowd in the streets ten stories below, shouting, “We! Want peace! Pleiadans go free!” It didn’t sound like a small number of people.

Jerry came out of his office and told us, “I know it looks exciting out there, but nothing’s going to change. Be honest with yourselves, do you really want everything to change?”

I kept thinking of all the things you said that night, and all the things I thought about for the first time in my life.

I decided I would find you at any cost. I understand that even the insane circumstances didn't make it any less extreme or creepy on my part, but I didn’t care. I closed all the stock market programs on my computer and looked you up in every way I could. You had no social media presence, which was cool when we met, but a terrible toruture in this moment. Through methods that weren’t entirely legal and required a bank transaction, I found an address in Staten Island associated with your name. I plugged it in my phone, wrote it on a sticky for good measure, and walked down onto the street.

I wonder if maybe you were in that crowd, somewhere. You’d know then, more than a handful were stark naked in 50 degree weather. They were painted, glittered, and costumed, old and young, dancing down the street, like a Burning Man Parade. I pushed though, even as everyone touched me and caressed me. One person even landed a kiss on my lips, and once I made sure it wasn’t you, I kept moving. I pushed my way down to Battery Park, where more people were unloading to join the march. I made it through the love parade and got on board the ferry to Staten Island.

There was only one other guy on the ferry, around my age. He approached me, unafraid, and asked why I was leaving all the action. We were leaning over the balcony, watching Liberty Island. I told him I was going to visit someone. “The person you want to be with for the end of the world?” He asked. I told him I wasn’t convinced the world was ending, in fact, I wasn’t convinced I knew *wha*t was going to happen. He asked me what I *wanted* to happen, and I invited him to share first.

The reason he wasn't going to the parade was because, as he saw it, the Aliens had already won. They were clearly more powerful than every world power combined, and couldn’t be stopped if they didn’t want to be. Soon enough, the planet would awaken into cosmic consciousness. We would become Meta Humans, Gods, Buddhas, transcending all the bullshit of human history and biological bodies. If anything, people should be attending to their bucket lists, and other things that are only particularly remarkable to humans. He was going home to his parents’ house to spend time with his grandmother, his little nephew, his brother and his brother’s wife, his father and mother, and ride it out until they leveled up together, going off into the new frontier as a family. I said I hoped to do something similar, and he said, “wise choice, my dude.” We disembarked, he introduced himself as Kenny, and then we said farewell. I looked in his eye for a split second, just before turning in the other direction.

My phone said it would be a twenty minute walk to the address. As I walked, I watched people driving. Some cars just had a driver, other cars had drivers with a companion in shotgun. I saw homes with landscapers blowing leaves on the sidewalk. I thought about what I wanted, what I was excited about before I met you, and I couldn’t remember.

I approached the door associated with your address, and then I turned away. I started walking back the way I came, thinking: *You don’t want to know that you’re in love with a fantasy.* It was at that thought the Army humvee rolled up and a soldier hopped out and asked me where I was headed. I said home, I guess. Where’s that? He asked. I don’t know why, but I pointed back behind me, towards that house, and told the soldier I was just going for a walk. He suggested I turn around and head back home, because it wasn't safe out right now. So I turned, and he got in his humvee and followed behind me slowly. He was watching me at the door that was supposed to be yours, so basically at gunpoint, I knocked on the door with my heart in my throat.

A little Puerto Rican lady opened the door. I asked if you lived here, and she didn’t speak a lick of English, but she saw the soldier in his humvee and ushered me in and closed the door. Gracias, I told her. Hablas Español? She asked. No, sorry, I replied. She waved and kept shouting in Spanish. She shuffled into her kitchen and brought back a plate of cinnamon rolls. I took one. She guided us into the living room, where the television was showing the parade, which had arrived at the United Nations. Just like at the bar the night before, the crowd wept, and the National Guard too, even as they beat and gassed the naked parade-goers. One by one, the soldiers were falling down to the pavement of 1st Avenue, as if the heartbreak was too much, and getting picked up by the very people they were beating.

I said your name to her, shooting my last shot that this wasn’t a total wild goose chase. I pointed emphatically at her floor and said, “She lives here?”

Licking icing off her finger, the little Puerto Rican lady said in perfect American Broadcast English: “My darling, I have no idea who that is.”

I processed this a moment, then explained that I was led to believe a friend lived here.

“Nope, but now you know me, so you can say a friend lives here.” She, Blanca, had been living at this residence alone almost 50 years now. She moved from Roswell to the city, and she admitted she liked the city better back then.

“Roswell?” She smiled and told me it was exactly as I thought.

She said that the Pleiadians wouldn’t make humans do anything. It's not really an invitation if it’s mandatory. “But surely everything is different now,” I said, “we can’t go back. Either we accept the offer, or humanity is doomed.”

“What do *you* want to happen?” She asked.

I told her that I just wanted to see you. This is why I kept looking for you. I wanted you to know the answer to your question: I think about humanity destroying itself all the time, that’s easy. Or I just lazily imagine a world without suffering, but what does that world look like beyond the absence of pain? You invited me to think long and hard: what does my utopia look like, my bright future? I thought there was something wrong with me. I imagine a beautiful green and blue planet, filled with serenity, enlightenment, peace, no suffering, even Death itself is gone. I hate it-- or rather, I don’t love it. If that means I’m not ready, or even interested in enlightenment, so be it.

I don’t like the death, the murder, the rape, the genocide, the war and diseases, or the endless, endless cruelty… but I also don’t like to think Life is just the absence of Death, or Joy is just the absence of Suffering, or Love is just the absence of Hate. I don’t want to live in a world where I can’t be shocked, surprised, wrecked--fucked up--by this feeling I have, for anything, for someone.

I want to find the person I met in a bar two nights ago and had the best conversation of my life with, never knowing if I’ll see them again, praying to gods and powers I don’t believe in, weathering any kind of apocalypse, just for the chance. The miracle of meeting you is My Alien Utopia.

I said all this to Blanca the Pleiadian, who was beaming, except for a hint of sadness in her eye. She told me she could be of no help finding you, or rather, she could, but that doing so would be--she struggled to find the flat, human word for the idea, then landed on “unfair.” She could, however, take me on her Merkaba SpiritShip to see her home galaxy, and teach me what she knew, so I could transcend and become a Meta Human.

Of course I said no, and she knew I would. We sat and watched TV. The protest had dissolved into possibly the only public orgy in history of this scale *outside* a government building. Watching it didn’t arouse me. As I said goodbye to Blanca at her door, she said, “Our work here is done.”

It was announced on the evening news that the Pleidians had decided to leave the planet, not anticipating their offer to be received so poorly. Global governments and Wall Street railed lines of coke in celebration. Everything was just as it had always been, for a little while longer.

I kept looking for you for a few more weeks, but I stopped eventually. I wouldn’t say that I let it go. I don’t think I'll ever want to. What ended up happening is that I went back to the old predictable things and people I thought I had no real love for, and I found myself feeling the way I felt about you, for the cynical and frankly xenophobic neighborhood mothers, and for everyone who worked at NPR, and for Jeanne at reception, and for smartass Henry, and my batshit boss Jerry. Every day, we were all holding eye contact just a little longer than the day before.

I ran into Ruth at the bar again, and we became regular drinking buddies. I found Kenny online, and we went bowling. I missed Blanca almost as much as you.

You can probably guess that I didn’t care when the revolution did actually happen, and the international war lords and politicians and billionaires all wept and we stopped using money and just gave each other everything, and the Star Gates opened up and the universe welcomed us and we made the Earth verdant again and the dolphins leaped in the azure, waste-free oceans under a double rainbow. It was nice, don’t get me wrong. But I also wasn’t surprised.

I’m actually about to go through the StarGate now and catch up with Blanca, but I couldn’t go without leaving something behind, just in case.

I’m just happy I met you.