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Out of This World



Looking for Love in All the Wrong Places

A Conversation with Princess Gallia

by Margaret Wendt

During an interview about love with a young woman who claimed to be a princess from the planet Zolar, I couldn't help but wonder how she would handle being a queen when her king came a callin'.

She seemed so strong, yet I found her to be quite fragile. She obviously was a very complex little alien, with angelic qualities



that I rarely see, and a naive way of describing her very strange existence. If this young girl was just another kid with a large imagination, then it was as brilliant as she was.

According to Princess Gallia, her planet is in need of a queen with an earthly education. Her people are in the process of expanding throughout the universe and want to make sure that their princess knows what not to do when she ascends the throne.

Gallia's people are light beings and color healers. According to her, they live in a cosmic space we couldn't begin to understand. They want to come here and share their knowledge, but the lack of love on this planet and the way we have decided to make love a spectacle instead of an emotion worries them. Zolarians believe that love is the most powerful energy in all the universe.

The way things are going on this planet, I think they may want to give us a pass. According to Princess Gallia, when it comes to love, we need help. Her comments were scathing. "A princess in my galaxy is pure. A princess in yours is spoiled," she said.

I couldn't help but wonder what she meant by

"spoiled"—as in not a virgin, or rather just plain old-fashioned "I want what I want!"? It seemed that Gallia wanted to vent a little about our planet, so my conversation about Alien Love and Sex began with the Princess from Zolar. It was very insightful and a little amusing.

Love, Alien-Style

"I believe in love and have experienced making love in my alien world," she explained. "It is a wonderful experience to be in the light of love. I miss the intimate feelings and I love the pure attention of it all. I love to be looked at."

I could see why the alien boys look at her. Gallia would be considered a beauty in any galaxy, but on this one she is absolutely perfect. She stands almost six feet tall and has a willowy body. Her skin is pale, her hair is dark, and she has the biggest, greenest eyes I've ever seen—she looks like an alien version of a Victoria's Secret model. She knows she's beautiful and flaunts it just enough so that you notice.

She refuses to date the men on planet Earth. When I asked her why, she replied, "A physical entry from a male earthling feels not unlike the sensation that alien abductees describe after being probed."

I asked her how she knew that, and Gallia answered with a curt, "Because I can create any emotion I need in order to feel the reactions of your fellow men."

That made no sense, but she was not about to explain. Actually, she said a lot of things that she did not want me to repeat, explaining she is here only to observe. But there are a few things she said about love that I would like to mention.

Love and attraction do happen in the life of an alien. It's a private and privileged time for them and a very serious part of their life. According to Gallia, not everyone is chosen to participate in lovemaking. When the time is right for it, the aliens in Princess Gallia's world look into each other's eyes, feel love

vibrate through their bodies, and then clone. It appears that they can produce an alien baby out of thin air, using nothing but pure emotions. Well, "Beam me up, Scotty." Gallia said if humans were ever to witness the event, it would look like a magic trick to us.

I was desperately trying to keep up with this conversation, but was quickly becoming lost. Gallia went on to say that Zolarian lovemaking is one of the few times that the female feels a warm rush shoot through her body and the male feels all the colors of the universe. It sounds like an orgasm to me, but that's not what they call it—the aliens simply say that "the connection has been made." She mentioned they have "electronic chips" in their eyes that allow for their memory to recall the experience whenever it is wanted. If the feeling is brought about by memory, cloning will not take place, but if they connect in their space, another little alien will appear.

They appear to have this electromagnetic-field thing all figured out.

I Like To Watch

After Gallia's explanation, my guess is that Zolarians really are a higher form of being. As the princess points out, when we earthlings think of love, too many of us are looking into each other's wallets instead of each other's eyes, or watching vulgar television shows in order to decide whether or not we're in love.

"Love on planet Earth has become a spectator's sport," she said. How scary is that? We have an alien on Earth with big opinions having to do with love and sex. That notion scares me more than the prospect of walking onboard an alien spacecraft. If everything the Princess of Zolar says is true, then I think I'd rather be one of them.

At least when they make love (or science), it's honest. And it certainly sounds more romantic than what we're experiencing at the moment here on this planet. I can remember when making love and having sex was as normal as apple pie. You met, fell in love, and had the decency to keep your sexual escapades private. What happened to that? When did we become the aliens and the aliens, us?

Here's how Gallia answered my question: "Here you are in the 21st century, and the way you decide to have a sexual experience or fall in love is dictated by an alien system: television. Earthlings are more alien and less interesting than anything you'll see in a bad science-fiction movie. On the new reality love shows, most of the earthlings I know are hoping that all of the contestants will disappear into the night.

You watch them because it has become your circus and your course. We Zolarians are saddened by the energy it produces."

Gallia continued. "You asked me about alien love and I answered the question with candor. Now I would ask you the same question: Does love exist on your planet? And don't you find it a bit alien?" As I pondered that, I knew I'd have to agree that nowhere in the galaxy is alien love more alive than on planet Earth. I would say almost any kind of love that someone else chooses for his or her lifestyle is alien to someone else, not because it's "wrong" but because it's different. I explained to Gallia some of the sexual practices one could find throughout the Earth's diverse cultures and societies.

"I do not find your answer suitable," Gallia responded. "I am not discussing that aspect of your culture. Every one of those behaviors can produce the emotion of love. We do not consider those 'alien.' What we do find alien is your immoral kind of behavior. You have taken a very private emotional privilege and the most intimate moments of the human condition and used it as entertainment."

Bravo, princess! I agree with you. It appears that the aliens who make love differently than we do can see what we cannot—our vulgar display of greed, mixed with emotionless sex, and a lack of integrity that displays the worst part of the human condition.

"Have you ever listened to your daily promotions on television?" Gallia asked.

"Yes."

"Watching pictures of two women fighting over a man with their bodies while a voice in the background chants, 'Wild fun, sexy bodies, and getting down and dirty,' is not normal. It is not love. Your people have forgotten what love is."

"Gallia," I countered, "I think love does exist on our planet."

"Don't bet on it. I shudder to think about all the games you Earthlings play with the emotion of love. We use our viewing screens to make our planet a better place to live, while you use your simple technology to make it a more impossible place to exist in peace, love and harmony—with us and yourselves."

What could I say? She was right. All I could do was look into her eyes, smile, and send her love from one alien to another. This young girl will make a great queen. UFO

Margaret Wendt is a writer, television producer, former news correspondent, and president of her own production company.