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THE PERILS  
OF LIVING  
TOGETHER



# KILL THEM AND EAT THEM

*opinion* **By JULES SIEGEL** sooner or later, aliens are going to land. here is a modest proposal for the best way to greet them

WHATEVER HAPPENED to Him and Her, the robotlike visitors from outer space who were said to be recruiting migrant labor for other parts of the universe? Crowds gathered where they were rumored about to appear; and there were newspaper reports of people getting rid of all their earthly belongings in preparation for the big move and then disappearing. Despite the intense coverage by the media, certain questions never seem to have been asked. Who gave them permission to land? Did they register as aliens? Exactly what is our position on visitors from outer space?

I think we should kill them and eat them. There is no law against it, and it may be not merely our right but our duty. The lesson of history is quite clear. When a technologically superior culture encounters a technologically inferior culture, high tech rapes low tech. *(concluded on page 156)*

# KILL THEM AND EAT THEM (continued from page 95)

*"They seized him and bound him, propped his mouth open with a stick and filled him with molten gold."*

Consider the conquest of Latin America by a handful of well-armed men, or the Anglo-European destruction of most of the native populations of North America and the Pacific. Surely, more than one survivor has wished *he* had been there to greet Columbus.

There are a few important exceptions to this rule. The Chinese (and those in their sphere of influence—Manchuria, Korea, Southeast Asia) won after a long struggle by engulfing the invaders in sheer mass of territory and population until the development of a sophisticated weapons industry could even the balance.

The Jivaro head-hunters of the Amazon tolerated the growing European presence until the demands for gold grew too irritating. Their chief invited the Spanish captain to come and satisfy his hunger once and for all. He accepted. They seized him and bound him, propped his mouth open with a stick and filled him

with molten gold. The Jivaros then attacked throughout the region with great force and effect, killing as many as 25,000 colonists. No one messed with them again.

Possibly, our visitors will be benevolent, but why take chances in so serious a matter? In looking outward from this planet, it seems only wise to assume the worst. Even the most conservative scientists have begun to accept the old rule of alchemy: As above, so below. Thus, the form of the galaxy resembles the form of the atom. We are great killers and predators, tigers with hands. Out there in the dark, there are others, say army ants the size of gorillas with bigger brains, better armor and the ability to disguise themselves as their prey. Their technological superiority will be proved by their arrival. They can get here; we can't get there. It is easier to kill scouts than hordes. If we want to survive (and I

have nothing to say about that one way or the other), we have no choice but to be cunning and ruthless.

That may not sound ecologically sane, but ecology is merely another opinion. The Polynesians were supreme ecologists. How many are left of the millions Captain Cook counted? We do not live in the best of all possible worlds. We live in the only possible world. If it is not all pretty by ecological standards, too bad. The ecologists may have almost everything right and something crucial wrong. No matter how meek you may believe yourself to be, if your fate turns you into a little Jewish boy hiding from the SS, you are going to pray for the arrival of heroes with heavy artillery.

But why eat our visitors? Because it is good medicine, even if it tastes bad. In the primitive world in which we actually exist (as opposed to the civilized world we think we inhabit), we have much to learn from the Jivaro. We were defeated in Vietnam by generals who consulted astrologers. We must eat the aliens in order to incorporate their power. That is the occult proposition beneath ritual sacrifice and cannibalism. We have to eat them on the chance that the scientist is wrong and the cannibal right.

If they should turn out to be toxic—and animal experiments are certainly in order before serving them up to the World Court—we will have to forgo the treat. I think it is likely that they will be better than beef. In any event, a people whose most pretentious members eat snails, oysters and birds' nests is hardly going to balk at any but the most disgustingly alien flesh, and even that might be disguised with the appropriate spices and sauces. What is a lobster but a giant seagoing cockroach?

The question is not "Should we?" but "Can we?" Perhaps it is already too late. Maybe the aliens are here in far more subtle form than Him and Her, disguised as migratory motels near automobile junk yards, scooping the "meat" out of the "shells" at night and moving on before dawn. . . .

Paranoia? Almost certainly. But what is a better measure of our time? I think that history will look back on our era as one in which the wildest ravings of the lunatic left and the lunatic right became the sober voice of Walter Cronkite telling us the same horrific stories in the ultimate authority of General American. Surely we ought not to allow matters affecting our survival as a species—indeed, as a planet—to go by without the benefit of reasoned discussion.

For myself, I know that my position will never be chic, but never mind flying saucers from alien distances, I don't intend to set foot in an American spaceship, for fear of finding out not that we are hunted but, worse, that we are alone.



*"One pair pink nylon panties found on floor beside couch and placed in right bottom drawer of your desk."*