

# Playboy Typifies Perversion

by Gabor Mate from the Ubysey  
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In its Christmas edition Playboy has published a feature much more obscene and perverse than last month's pathetic photos of two decrepid people performing the sexual act.

In the issue Playboy has decided to play funny games with the female body — in various positions girls' bodies are painted up to resemble political leaders like DeGaulle, Castro, Hitler, and Mao. Accompanying each picture is a little limerick.

The magazine has played this sort of cute game before; a year ago female bodies were dressed and painted to look like animals: for example, one girl, bent over, had a horse's tail stuck to her arse.

This is obscene and perverse not in the sexual sense, but in the human sense, for the purpose is to reduce a fellow human being to the status of a mere object to be used in any fashion whatever to satisfy one's pleasure.

Such objectification is, of course, the very basis of the Playboy philosophy — when Hugh Hefner talks about sexual freedom what he really means is the unfettered freedom of the male to use and exploit the totally submissive female. The Playboy ethic reduces all women to the position of commodities, bought and sold on the market as any other commodity.

But Playboy is not the problem, merely one manifestation of it. For the objectification of the female is a prevalent aspect of our society life.

Often a girl is not an individual human being, but a mere package containing a desired product: that precious hole between her legs. And the packaging has to conform to the demands of the market: the right hairdo, the right clothes, and the right opinions.

Not that the girls is only a piece of arse, far from it. She, depending on the situation, may function in a variety of roles.

Like a toy, she can be played with to provide entertainment. Like a car, she can be a status symbol—if she conforms to the current definition of what status is.

Like Mount Everest, she can be conquered in the supreme proofs of one's manhood. Or, like a soothing drug, she can be an escape from the troubles of the real world—the world only men are concerned with.

What unifies these various functions of the female is that she must be prepared to play the role—whatever role is demanded of her. And these roles do not follow from her own personality, her own humanity as an individual, but from the socially defined needs of the male.

Thus when the girls come into a new relationship they

quickly learn what hairdo the boy likes to see them wear, what clothes and what kind of smile. And they learn to wipe their minds off as a fresh blackboard on which the boy's opinion will be inscribed for the duration of the relationship. A new relationship, a new set of opinions.

Thus it happens that most serious discussions of politics and society are carried on by males, while the females are relegated to the role of the audience. The occasional girl who challenges this state of affairs is considered a masculine bitch whose opinions are not to be taken seriously.

On many levels of their existence girls have to prostitute themselves, to sell themselves and their human beingness for a price. The price is the security of being accepted by the male on the male's terms.

The unfortunate hags on East Hastings who must peddle their body nightly for a few meager dollars are only the most blatant example of the prostitution of the female in our society.

For after all, they too are looking for security — and money is the only security they know. They are the ones who couldn't sell themselves to any particular male.

Although some may rebel, many girls accept this role of the object, for through numerous doctrines, rewards, and

punishments, society prepares them for this very role.

They are told, for example, that the man's sexual role is aggressive while the woman's is submissive, and from this fact — which is presented as being an inherent characteristic of human nature — follows woman's inferior position in all other fields. Or that woman's natural concern is the home and perhaps the arts, but that the impotent issues of society are exclusively preserved for men.

Good looks are rewarded with attention from the males; being ignored is the punishment of being judged ugly. An ugly girl friend, you see, is much more embarrassing than any other ugly object one may possess.

But it must not be thought that girls are the only victims of this object-mentality. The males pay the price in the many hang-ups, sexual and otherwise, which results from this reduction of women to objects.

In a society which measures success by one's ability to acquire objects, men begin to doubt their own manhood, their own worth as human beings if they have somehow failed to acquire all the necessary objects of success... and woman is the prize object. Thus the ideal man is James Bond whose capability to acquire woman is infinite.

Thus Playboy plays gross with the female body, it is no more obscene and perverse than the society which reduces women to the status of objects and roles. What Playboy does with its women is only what many humanly perverted individuals in this society would like to do themselves.

And a society which regards as its very basis the acquiring of more and more objects to the point where this amassment of object-wealth becomes more important than human life and human dignity, such a society cannot help but produce humanly perverted and hang-up individuals.

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### AN AD FORE US

(To the tune of "The Red and White's They Are A-Changin'")

1. Come gather 'round people wherever you roam  
Come paranoid writers, we'll find you a home  
Come pseudos and Trudeaus and men of the foam  
The Red and White's badly in need of
2. Some staffers and laughers and setters of type  
To sit in the office and mumble and gripe  
About learning, dissenting, and "life's all a hype"  
"And what we really need is some more love".
3. So come join the force, come join the farce  
And if Ted don't like you you're out on your arse  
But give it a try, you might learn how to parse  
The Red and White office is open!

jjh

(meeting Sun. at 8)

