

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

SEPTEMBER 1971 • ONE DOLLAR

PLAYBOY



PLAYBOY'S CAMPUS POLL • JULES FEIFFER INTERVIEW • PIGSKIN PREVIEW
12 PAGES ON THE GIRLS OF THE GOLDEN WEST • SURREALISTIC NUDES
SPECIAL INSERT: GILBERT SHELTON'S NEW "FEDS 'N' HEADS" BOARD GAME

The Dingo Man. He's no ordinary Joe.




Boots are his thing.
They're part of his image.
He knows just how to wear boots. With style.
He knows when to wear them too.
Whenever he feels like it. But don't try to con
The Dingo Man into a boot made
by a shoemaker. His boots are real.
The label inside all of them reads "Dingo."
If you don't believe us, ask any girl
Joe Namath knows.

For store near you, write:
Acme Boot Co., Inc., Dept. PL 91,
Clarksville, Tenn. 37040.
A subsidiary of Northwest
Industries, Inc.



dingo®

From Acme.®  The World's Largest Bootmaker.



BETS & BAWDS

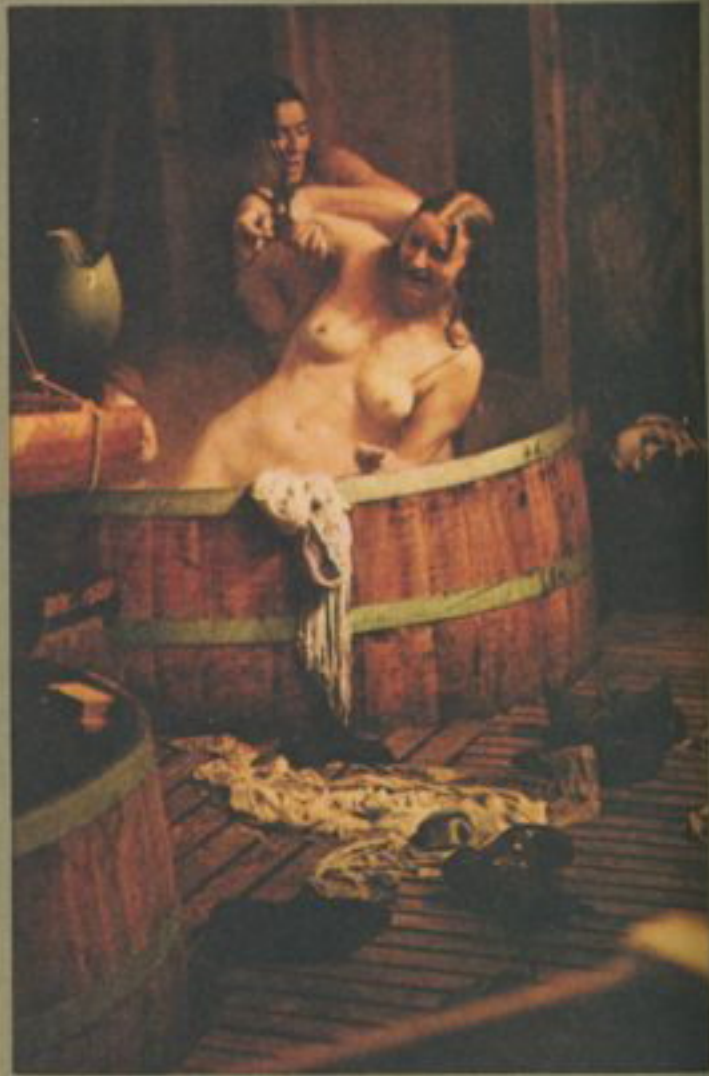
*teaming up in "mc cabe
& mrs. miller,"
warren beatty and julie
christie, as gambler and
madam, turn the town of
presbyterian church into
a frontier fun city*



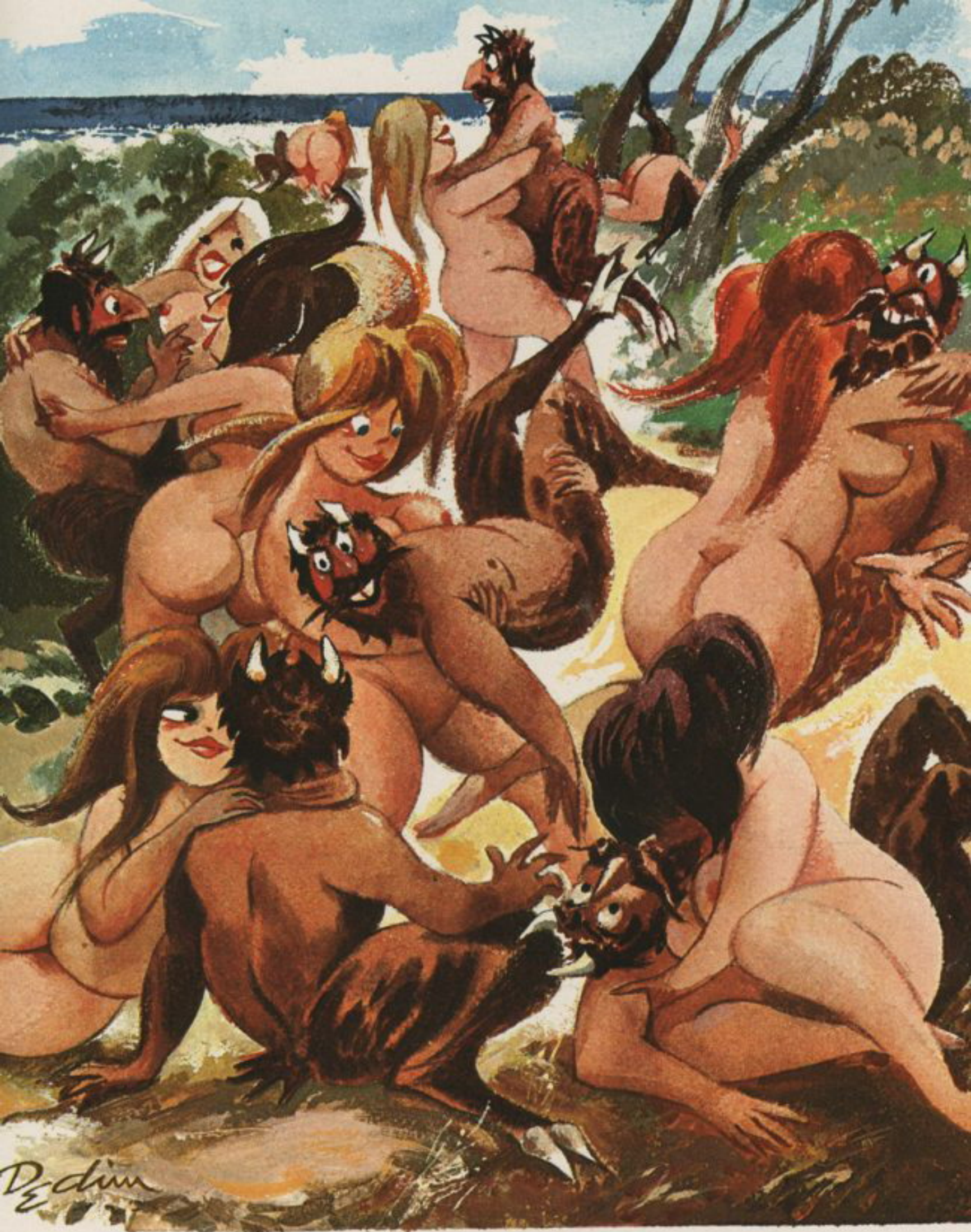
Shooting down all the old myths about how the West was won—by fearless lawmen who marched up Main Street and gunned down the bad guys—Robert Altman's forthcoming film, *McCabe & Mrs. Miller*, starring Warren Beatty and Julie Christie, shows pioneer life the way it really was. Unlike the arid, mesquite-covered deserts ridden by a steely-eyed John Wayne, the 1902 frontier of Altman's film is a cold, rainy, gritty Northwestern mining town. In that setting, Altman unreels the saga of a roving gambler and a calculating madam who bring the pleasures of vice to the community of Presbyterian Church, named for its tallest building. John Q. McCabe (Beatty, above) is a hard-driving cardsharp who establishes himself as a saloon owner and the boss of a casino and a tent-based bordello. But his gambling and brothel businesses remain smalltime until Constance Miller (Julie Christie, left) arrives on the scene with a slick proposition: If McCabe will build a better bawdyhouse, she'll import some high-class gals and give him a hefty cut of their earnings. McCabe accepts the deal, as well as Mrs. Miller's even more promising favors.



Aside from the church, a Chinese opium den, McCabe's casino and the cat house, the liveliest place in Presbyterian Church is the bathhouse, where the brothel clientele is required to suds away the mine grime before joining Mrs. Miller's Seattle Sweethearts. (Not exactly known for their strict decorum, the Sweethearts seldom turn down an invitation to drop their own dirty petticoats beside the miners' long johns and climb into the overflowing tub for some good, clean fun!) But suddenly the bawdy bathhouse, whorehouse and saloon are threatened by a representative of the Bearpaw Territorial Mining Company, who announces that his firm is going to buy out McCabe and Mrs. Miller. Only the venturesome McCabe, who wagers five to one against his life, can save the entertainment empire. For the outcome of Beatty vs. Bearpaw, high-tail it to your local bijou, pardner.







"You can have the new morality—I miss the chase."

SURREAL LADIES

*photographer shig ikeda has
created a special world filled with floating
blondes and metallic brunettes*







"I'm fascinated by the phenomenon of the human mind," says Ikeda, "and its ideographic ability to visually construct scenes existing only in the imagination, illusion overcoming the world of physical reality. These images appear to me during sleep, while walking, in conversation. Sometimes it's embarrassing."

SHIG IKEDA, Tokyo-born photographer, freezes time. Schooled in Japan and at Los Angeles' Art Center College of Design, Ikeda in the works on these pages probes the camera's highest mission: to permanently record an instant in the life of the mind. "To a great extent," he says, "I previsualize my image before I shoot, but it often takes months of work to produce the proper interplay of mood, model and repose to bring forth the penetrating tone of mystery indispensable to surrealist art." Although these photographs vividly evoke the Freudian symbolism of Salvador Dali and René Magritte and the visual poems of Man Ray and Max Ernst, Ikeda does not consciously attempt to recapitulate the work of the surrealist pioneers. "My primary instrument is technique—working with a 4x5 view camera, shooting a section of each frame at a time and masking the remainder." His photos are not retouched but consist instead of multiple exposures perfectly composed on one sheet of film. The dream-instant juxtaposition of the real and the imaginary is a fleeting moment for most of us. But through the lens of Shig Ikeda, the surreal fantasy endures.





"I suppose that I've been influenced by any number of things: the surrealist paintings of Magritte and Dali, and my Japanese background. To me, Japan is a very deep, dark and sad country, almost medieval, and I'm sure Buddhism has somehow led me down the paths of the unconscious."

VARGAS GIRL

"When I say you're bad, baby, that's good!"





"You know, Frank, sometimes I get the feeling that you're using me."

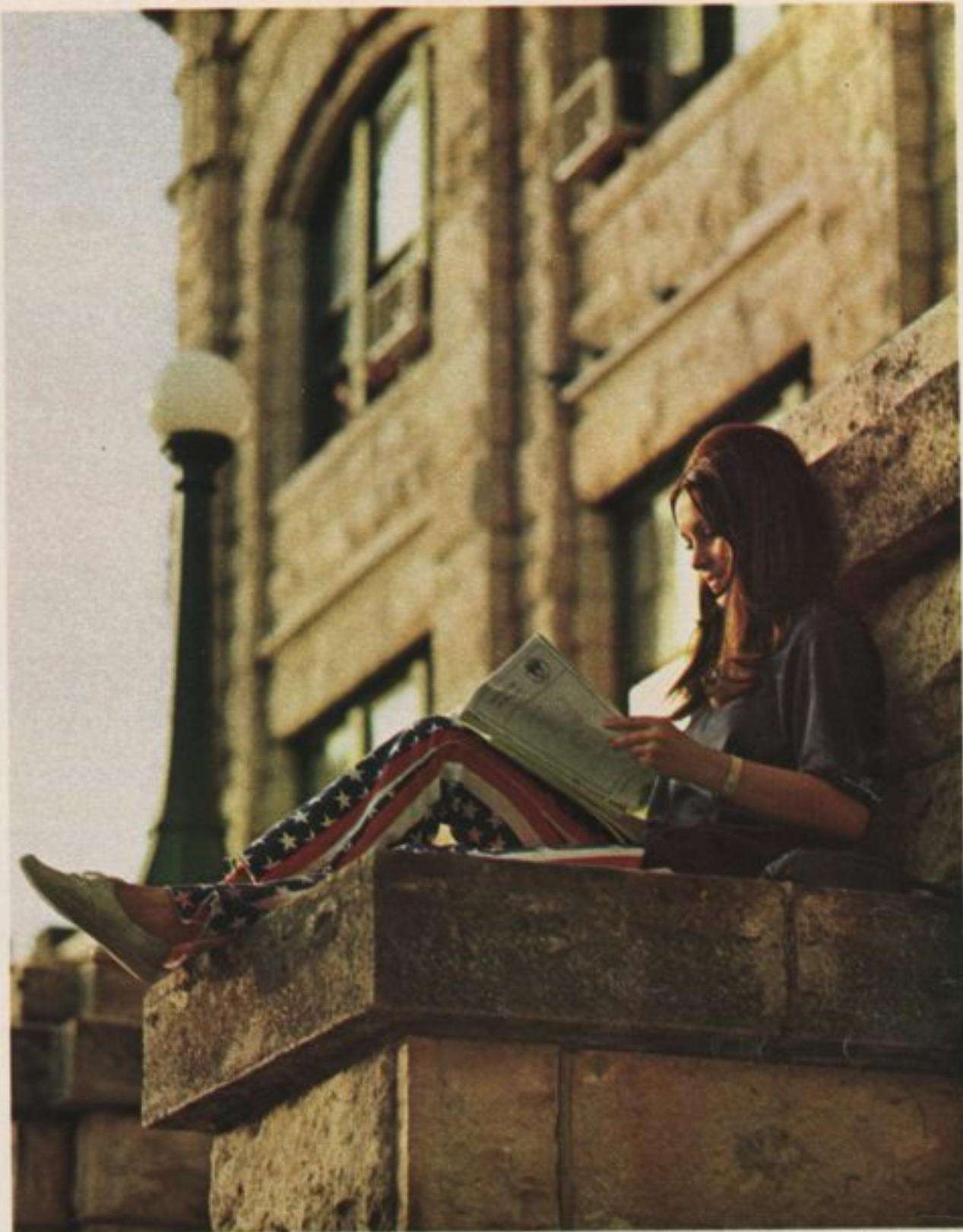


*busy making her mark in
academe, playmate crystal smith
has her eye on postgrad goals*

SPARKLING CRYSTAL

PUZZLED as she may appear on our cover, Crystal Smith is way ahead of the game when it comes to putting her life together. A 20-year-old senior at Kansas State University in Manhattan, Crystal has definitely decided where she wants her college radio-TV major to take her—straight into the entertainment media. Since her sophomore year, Crystal, a native Kansan, has geared her college work and extracurricular activities toward that goal. "As a freshman," she admits, "I was really involved in campus social life—the whole pompon-girl, sorority-fraternity party scene. But then I took stock and realized I was here to get a useful degree." To break into films, TV or the theater, she says, "you can't be a unitalent anymore. You have to be able to do everything—dance, sing and play musical instruments. Right now, I'm concentrating on my voice and opera classes. The dancing I've been doing all along. Two summers ago, I was a Rockette in Radio City Music Hall and now, during the school year, I'm operating a dance studio for girls at the U. S. Army Special Services Youth Activities Center outside Manhattan. Not only do the classes make me practice my dancing but teaching those little kids is really fun. Plus, the lessons have helped pay my college tuition." Crystal also taught classes this summer, driving more than 100 miles to Manhattan from Kansas City on her one day off from modeling assignments and her job as a Playboy Club Bunny. (She appeared in our *Bunnies of 1971* feature last month.) "It was a hectic schedule," she says, "but I've always been happiest doing several things at once." If all goes well, Crystal's postgraduation days will be as busy as her college ones. "I'm planning to move to Los Angeles, where I hope to land singing and dancing work in films or television," she says. "And, if I'm lucky, maybe someday I'll have my own TV special!" Whether or not she gets her big break, we think Crystal is already special.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DWIGHT HOOKER



Twice a week, Crystal goes right from her college classes to the dance lessons she teaches at an Army youth center, so she tries to use spare moments to catch up on reading assignments (above). Before the dance sessions, Crystal slips into her leotard and checks her make-up (below left), then joins her hard-working young students in ballet exercises.





Listening to recorded readings in French language lab at Kansas State (below left), Crystal follows along in her textbook. In a radio-television class (below right), an instructor explains the intricacies of broadcasting equipment to Crystal and a fellow student. "We've learned mostly about audio-visual materials, lighting and programing in my radio-TV courses," she says. "Even though I'm more interested in the performing than the production side of television, I'm sure this technical knowledge will be useful in the future."





Crystal stops for lunch at the Student Union (above left) and strolls across campus with a classmate (above right). Later she heads for the university auditorium, where students are rehearsing *Man of La Mancha*. Backstage, Crystal helps Don Quixote with his make-up (below).





After a few words with cast members (above), Crystal goes out front to meet friend Tory Syvrud before the rehearsal starts (below). Often onstage as a performer, Crystal enjoys watching this time (right).



MISS SEPTEMBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The judge asked the man who was suing for a divorce what his grounds were. "My wife eats too much spinach," the fellow said.

"Don't be silly," replied the magistrate. "Lots of women eat spinach."

"While screwing?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *coed dorms* as campus unrest.

During a liquid lunch, two company vice-presidents were comparing notes about the pressures of the executive life. "You sure look shot," said one.

"Man," sighed the other, "I've got so many troubles that if anything happens today, it'll be at least two weeks before I can worry about it."



We heard of a marijuana-smuggling operation that was going great guns until the Customs inspectors discovered that the pretty young thing's baggy smock covered not incipient motherhood but a potbelly.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *loser* as a man who gets a double hernia because of a typographical error in a sex manual.

And, of course, you've heard about the sporty chap who purchased the latest-model French convertible—the top stays up but the driver goes down.

An elderly gentleman staggered home from a lengthy card game only to be met at the door by his irate nagging wife. "Where the hell have you been till this hour?" she screamed.

"Never mind that," retorted her husband. "You'd better pack your bags, because I lost you in a poker game."

"How could you do such a horrible thing?" his startled spouse demanded.

"It wasn't easy," he explained. "I had to fold with four aces."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *male prostitutes* as peter sellers.

The newlyweds had checked into a hotel that featured the latest in king-size water beds. Shortly after they had settled down to some vigorous lovemaking, the girl made a dash for the bathroom and locked herself in. "What's the matter, darling?" asked the husband. "Are you embarrassed?"

"No," moaned the girl, "I'm seasick."

A father came home from work one afternoon to find his eight-year-old son in the front yard smoking a cigar. Removing it from the boy's mouth, he laughed and said, "I suppose you're going to tell me you've just become a father."

"Hell no, Pop," answered the youngster. "The girl I'm balling hasn't even reached puberty yet!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *virgin squaw* as a wouldn't Indian.

In spite of her husband's bizarre but successful sex-organ transplant, the woman still complained about the failure of their marriage. "Before the transplant, he couldn't make love to anyone," she grumbled to the marriage counselor. "But now, with his new equipment, he does it with everyone but me."

"That's very strange," the counselor mused. "Does he offer any explanation?"

"He says he can't stand the thought of my committing adultery," she sobbed.

A movie buff was quietly enjoying an X-rated flick when the fellow in the next seat exclaimed, "In thirty years, I haven't seen anything like this!"

"You've been a movie fan for thirty years?"

"No, a gynecologist."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *sexual intercourse* as getting it all together.

The young man entered a masquerade party wearing only a pair of roller skates. Somewhat taken aback, the hostess blurted, "Uh, I like your costume. Just what are you supposed to be?"

"What else?" the fellow retorted. "I'm a pull toy!"



Two men were playing golf and one of them was just setting up a putt on the third green when a nude girl rushed out of the trees nearby. She was being pursued by several distinguished-looking men in white coats. This didn't distract the dedicated golfers and they continued their game, only to see the same sight on the next two greens. Finally, they caught the attention of one of the men in white and asked him what was going on. "She's our patient," he explained, "and she has an obsession about running nude across a golf course."

"I see," said one of the golfers. "But why is your colleague carrying a bucket full of sand?"

"That's his handicap," replied the attendant. "He caught her yesterday."

Heard a good one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"My late husband was one of them sexual athletes."



Interlandi

"Alice! Alice! The deal is off—his wife won't let me!"



GIRLS OF THE GOLDEN WEST

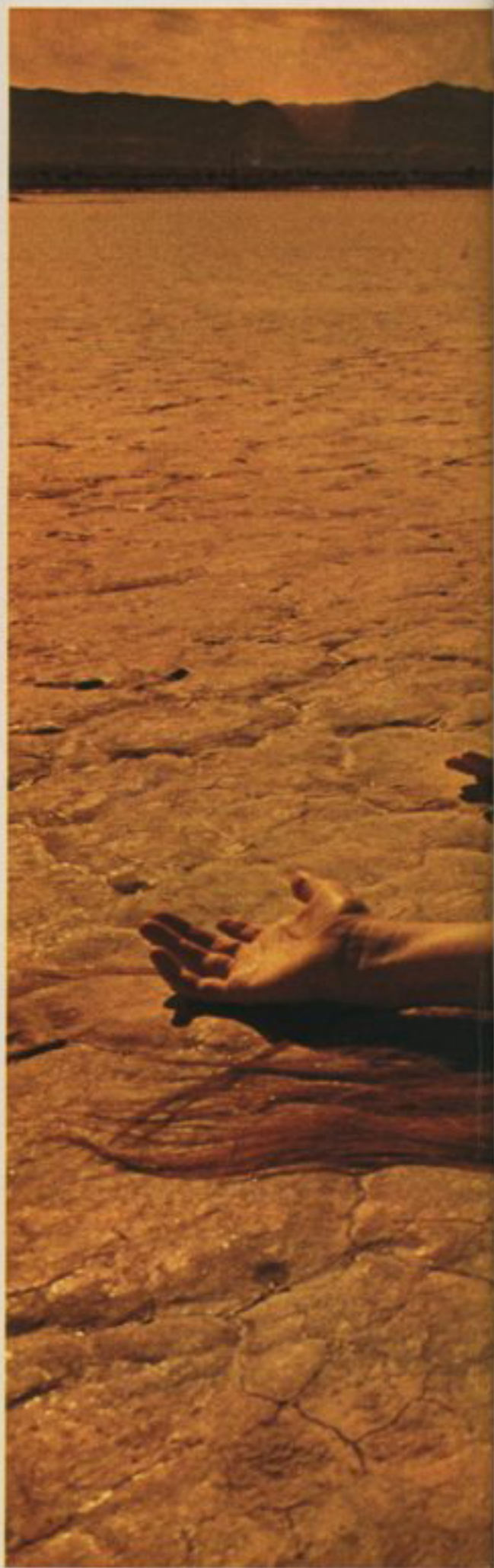
*a tantalizing blend of simplicity and sophistication,
these natural beauties glory in their free-spirited way of life*



Javon Monahan (left and above, running along the fog-shrouded Oregon coast near Seaside) is an artist and former student at Portland State University. Sisters Karen and Christy Flagg (right and far right, exploring the redwoods in the Avenue of the Giants area of California's Humboldt County) are also interested in the arts—Karen in weaving and dance, Christy in painting and photography.







The ice-cold waters of a cascade near Mount Hood, Oregon, inspire an impromptu splash session for Sandy Benson (far left), seen in close-up at left. Teresa Rietan (right), a Los Angeles scriptwriting assistant, enjoys camping trips to the Southern California desert, where she can bask in the sun on the dry lake bed of El Mirage, near Victorville (below).





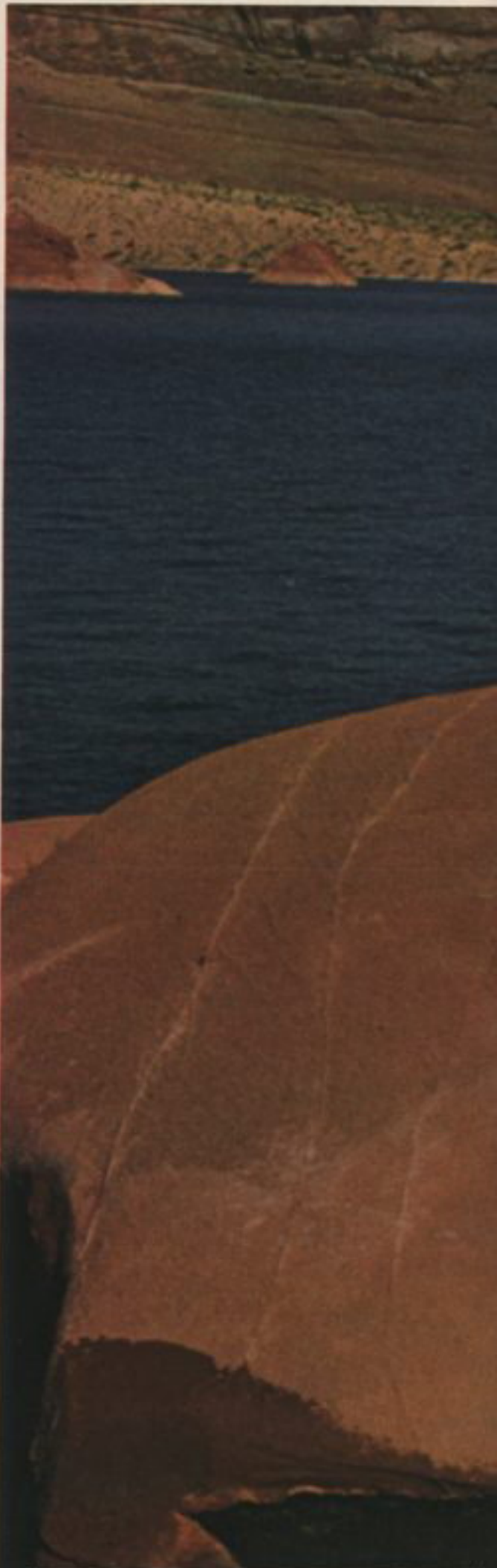
Between flights, stewardess Joyce Anderson (left) delights in speedboating over the clear waters of Lake Tahoe (above), on the California-Nevada border, a four-hour drive from her apartment in Oakland. Sharon Silfies (right) abandoned a promising career as a freelance model in Las Vegas to become a cigarette girl at an Incline Village, Nevada, casino beside Lake Tahoe, where she avails herself of ample opportunities to indulge in such pastimes as riding and sun-bathing in the meadow of a mountain horse ranch (far right).





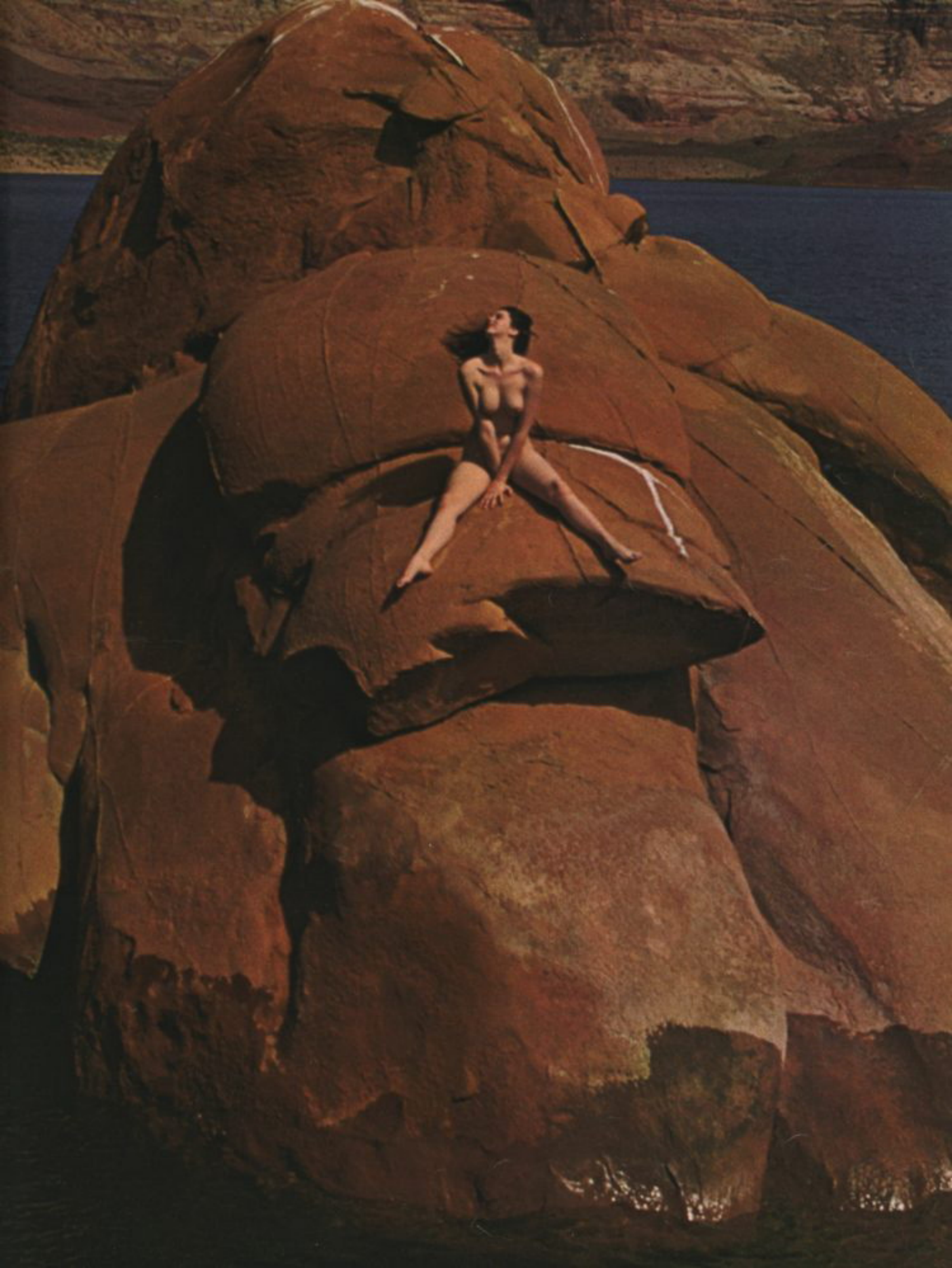
Norma Wickliff (left and far left), a teacher's aide in Portland who hopes someday to break into television, spends a sun-filled weekend visiting friends in the golden wheat fields of eastern Washington's Inland Empire country, close to the Idaho border. Atop mist-swept Hurricane Ridge in Washington's magnificent Olympic National Park, Celine Lafreniere (right and below) pauses for a moment of solitude. Celine is a convention public-relations specialist whose avocation is wilderness camping.

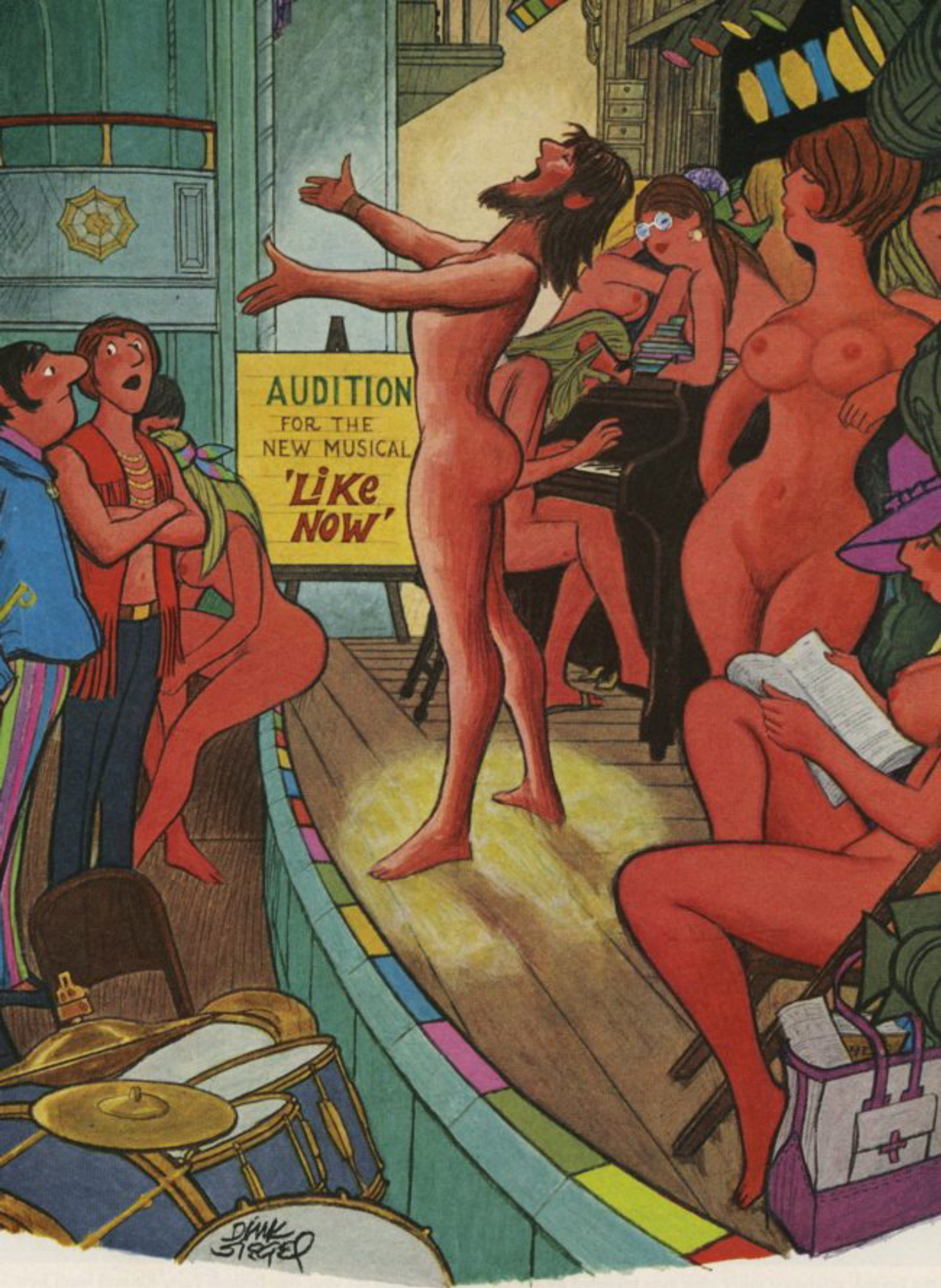




The cool beauty of a rain forest on Washington's Olympic Peninsula (above) provides a striking background for secretary and aspiring violinist Donna Gillette, also seen at right. Janet Boyd (inset), a leading dancer in a Las Vegas revue, is in partnership with two local businessmen in a new franchise venture, Las Vegas Showgirl Wigs. At far right, Janet suns herself on an island in Lake Powell, formed by waters behind Glen Canyon Dam.



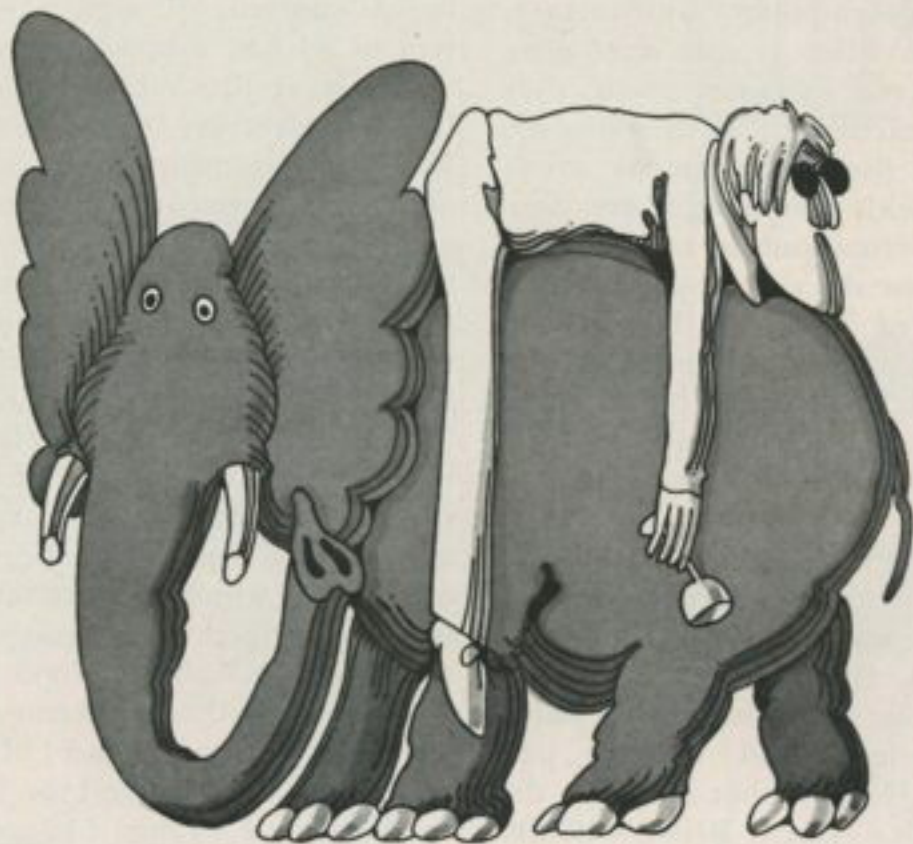




"He's got a terrific voice, groovy personality, great audience appeal. Too bad he's so poorly hung."

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



THE ICE-PACK MAN COMETH

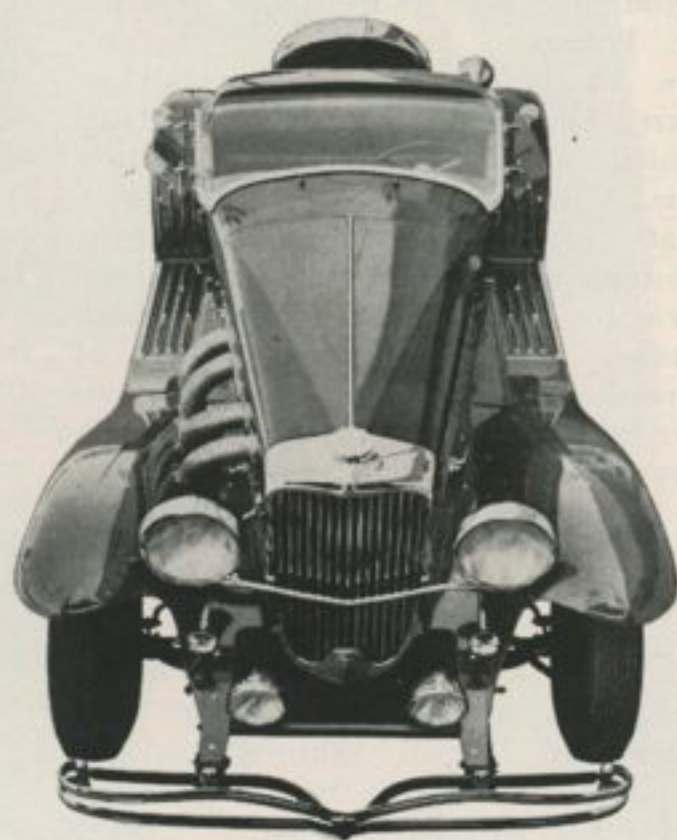
For the imprudent imbibor, there's a newly opened morning-after clinic called Hangover Heaven; but until a major-city chain can be franchised, you'll have to fly to Atlanta if you need the cure. First stop is the Sympathy Room, where you'll be met by an attendant Angel who'll coo condolences while you inhale straight shots of oxygen. Then it's on to whirlpool and steam-bath treatments, plus assuaging elixirs that vary according to the severity of your sins. The whole rebirth takes from 30 to 45 minutes and costs \$20 plus a standard \$5 tip—but there still remains that agonizing prospect of dragging yourself to Heaven's front door.

SOUND ADVICE

The cassette revolution, exploding in every direction, has already moved far beyond its musical beginnings. Creative Cassettes is dispensing a series of tapes on *Aspects of Human Sexuality*. Five physicians tell it like it is (well, almost) on such nitty-gritty matters as intercourse, impotence, frigidity, homosexuality, etc. For those concerned with making it rather than with making out, Prentice-

Hall now puts its monthly Management Letter (tax-deductible, of course) on cassettes, all pitched to the fine fiscal art of making and hanging onto a buck. The Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions offers dialogs and commentaries by an illustrious roster, including Arnold Toynbee and Ramsey Clark,

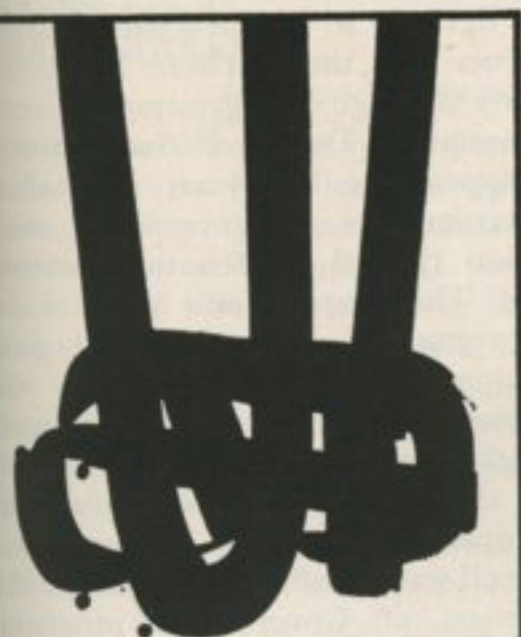
who put forth their views on how to cope with life on this planet. And Coursette System Inc. is now producing Tune-Up-Tapes that talk a novitiate grease monkey through his first adventure under the hood. The tapes come with engine diagrams and tool-and-parts list. What about a cassette on how to succeed in the cassette biz?



DUESENBERG AND BUG

The freeway culture of Southern California and the winding byways of England have bred two totally different automotive creations. For conspicuous consumers, the Duesenberg Motor Corporation of Gardena has resurrected the Duesenberg SSJ Roadster, a lip-smacking knockoff of the 1935 classic. Its blown Chrysler engine will produce over 500 horsepower and its exotic combination of woods, aluminum and steel will bruise your wallet about \$25,000 worth. The Bond Bug, on the other hand, is a three-wheel, fiberglass-bodied two-seater manufactured by Britain's Reliant Motor Group and powered by a four-cylinder engine. Not yet exported, the Bug uses an upward-opening canopy in place of doors, gets 60 miles to the imperial gallon and costs about \$1300. Right on, chaps.





OLYMPIAN ART

Even if you can't make the marathon run, this year you can carry a torch for the games—the 1972 Olympics in Munich—with sports-spirited lithos, serigraphs and posters. From the art series commissioned by Edition Olympia 1972, three types of prints by some 30 acclaimed international artists (Vasarely and Soulages among them) are available through New York's Kennedy Graphics: editions of 200 hand-signed and numbered lithos (\$550–\$650), editions of 4000 stone-signed pieces (\$75) and unlimited numbers of offset posters at \$10 each.



Olympische Spiele München 1972

PEACE 101

Following the Biblical injunction "Seek peace, and pursue it," Manhattan College, a Catholic school in New York, will offer this fall the nation's first undergraduate major in peace. Understandably, the search for truth



and tranquillity is carried out with all the verve and joy characteristic of the academic mind. The peace major will complete 30 hours of interdisciplinary coursework. Studies examine geography, political science, social psychology, history, religion, literature (what else but *War and Peace*?) and even the biology of human behavior, for their pacifying potentialities. But if you flunk peace, are you drafted?

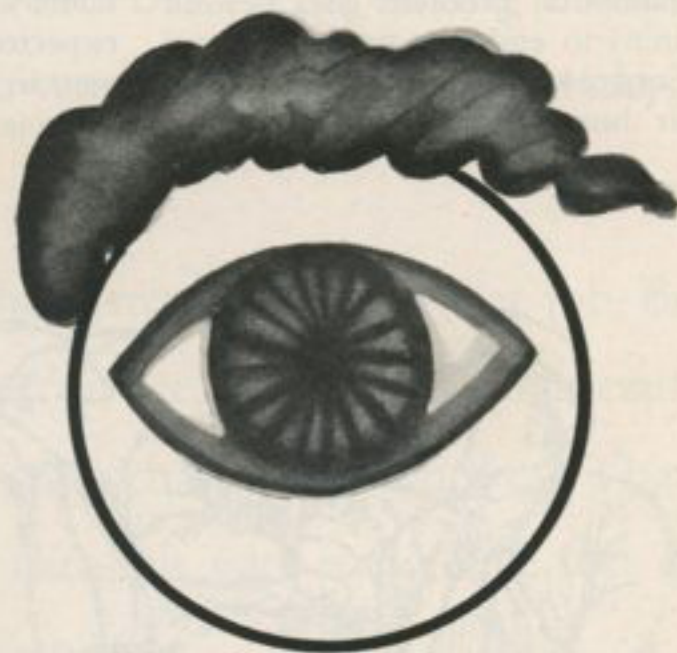
SO WHADDAYA WANT FOR A DIME, ARISTOPHANES?

If Ussery Industries has its way, you'll soon be using Snack Shop vending machines that will not only fill your mouth with Lorna Doones (among other selections) but feed your head as well. In goes the dime, down drops the goody and then suddenly Snack Shop speaks. "Thanks for the dime, pal," raps the recorded voice of Henny Youngman, followed by one of 50 one-liners, such as, "Say, my mother-in-law got a mud pack; for two days she looked nice. Then the mud fell off." Don't toss your cookies.



PAYING FOR THE PIPER

In case you didn't know, 1781 was a fabulous year for champagne—so great, in fact, that Florens-Louis Heidsieck, founder of Piper-Heidsieck, presented Marie Antoinette with a bottle of that year's bubbly. So guess what? Today, you can buy as close a copy of the 1781 vintage as Piper-Heidsieck can create, this time blended from grapes picked in another fabulous year—1961—and bottled in an authentic replica of the *pinte majeure* that the queen of France once held. Priced at about \$17 a bottle, Florens-Louis is for that special occasion—like the next time the Dow-Jones tops 1000.

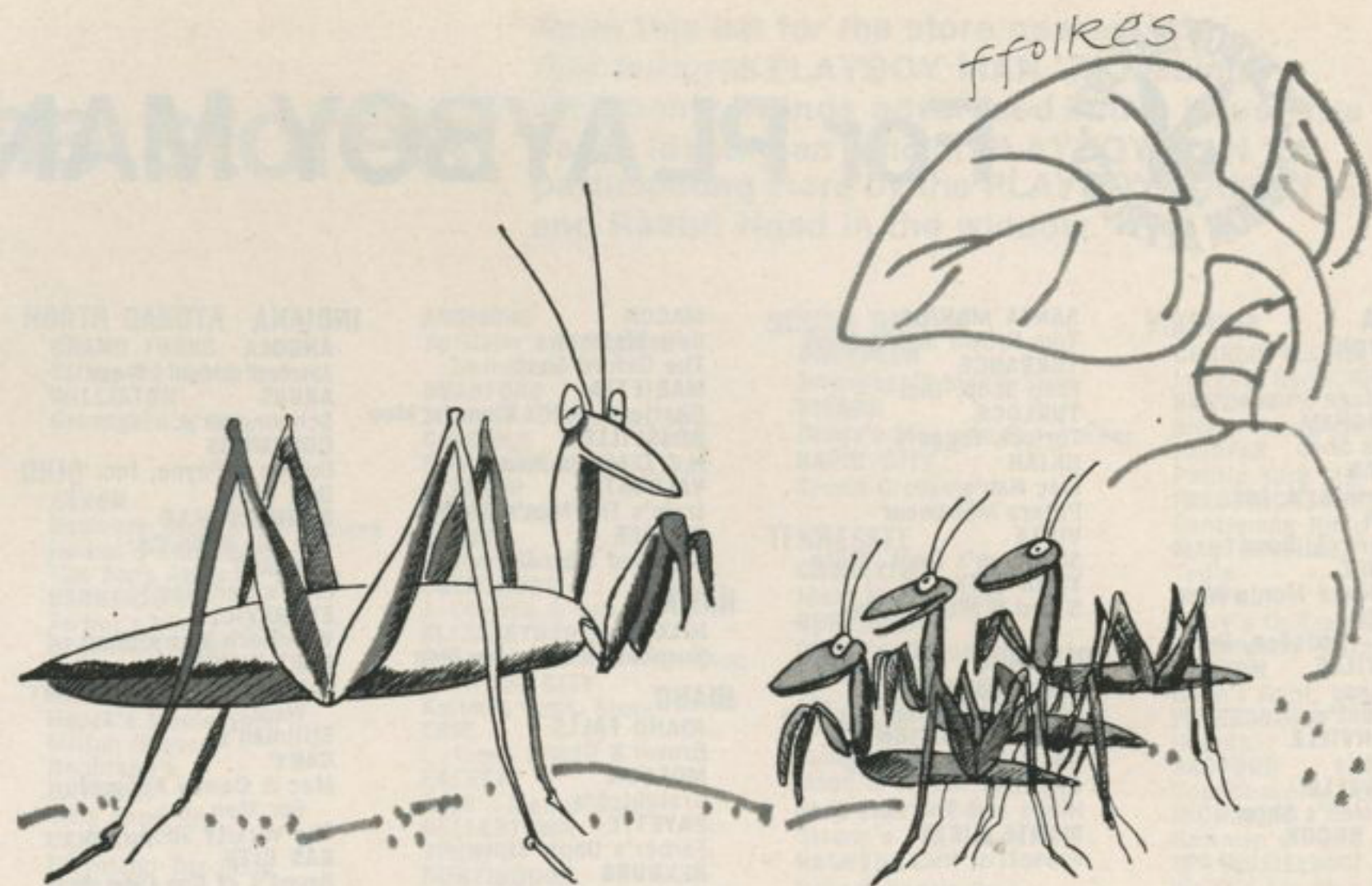


EYE FOR AN EYE

Don't look now, but the monocle is making a comeback. A London optician reports a miniboom in single lenses. Buyers say they're great for casting a critical eye on something or someone. Now all you need is a cigarette holder and a top hat and you can take turns playing Erich von Stroheim and Charlie McCarthy.



*"I'm sorry, Mr. Atkinson, it's a matter of racial pride.
Nobody's selling me or trading me to anybody!"*



"Tell us that bit again where you ate Daddy."



"What the hell are you doing, George?"



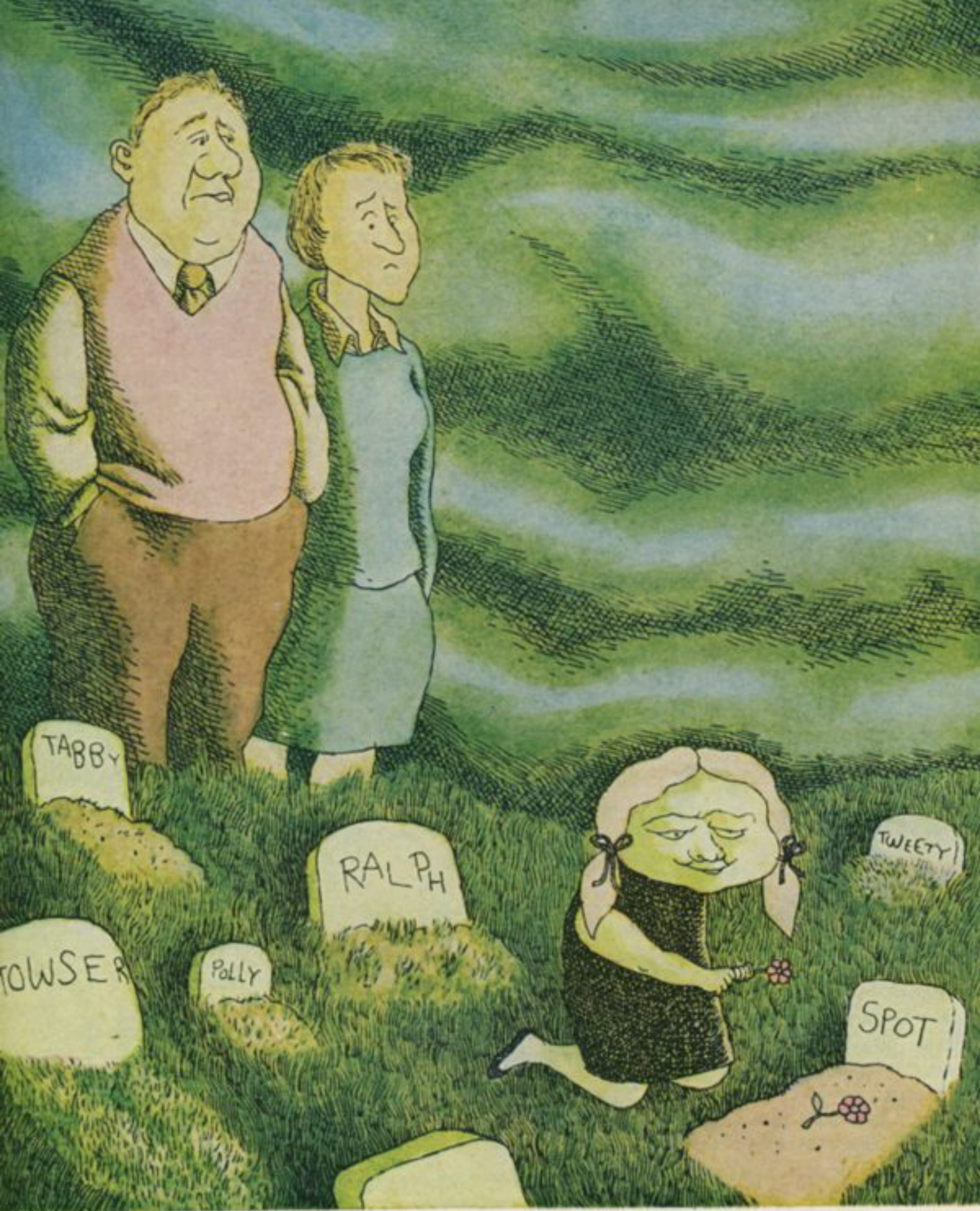
This car is loaded with reasons why it shouldn't be under \$1800.

1. Thick, wall-to-wall nylon carpeting.
2. Whitewall tires.
3. Tinted windshield.
4. Anti-rust undersealant.
5. Fully reclining and adjustable bucket seats.
6. Sealed lubrication system (no chassis lubes ever).
7. Up to 28 miles a gallon.
8. Up to 94 miles per hour.
9. Lined trunk.
10. Armrests front and rear.
11. Full wheel covers.
12. Unit body construction.
13. Flo-thru ventilation.
14. Front disc brakes.
15. Five-bearing crankshaft.
16. Bumper guards.
17. Vinyl interior.
18. Trip mileage meter.
19. 73 horsepower engine.
20. 161.4 inches in length.
59.3 inches in width.
21. Can of touch-up paint.
22. Glove box.
23. Tool kit.
24. Windshield washer.
25. Cigarette lighter.
26. Dome light.
27. 4-speed synchromesh transmission.
28. Curved side windows.
29. Parcel shelf.
30. 30-foot turning circle.
31. Swing-out side rear windows.
32. Double edge keys (go in either way).
33. Anti-freeze.
34. 2-barrel carburetor.
35. Heavy-duty battery.
36. 3-point front safety belts.
37. Spare tire recessed in trunk.
38. Passenger assist grip.
39. Coat hooks.

Everything you've just read is included in the price of the \$1798* Toyota Corolla.

TOYOTA

We're quality oriented



*"It's a good thing Effie likes these little funerals,
she's had such awful luck with her pets."*



Smithy



"Did you notice how she snatched up the tip?"



“‘How I Spent My Summer Vacation’—or ‘The Sexual Awakening of Stanley Quigley.’”



"Take a couple of days off, Wendell, and when you come back, keep in mind that between the hours of nine and five, Miss Brewer is a no-no."



"We're just testing the strength of his bonds."



Don Madden



*"He owed me a month's wages when he died and
he's going to work it out."*



"No, no! Work now, play later!"

Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

AH, THE BLESSINGS OF POVERTY. WHEN YOU GET AFFLUENT, YOU GET FAT AND YOU GO TO A HEALTH SPA AND KILL YOURSELF WITH EXERCISING. THESE PROBLEMS THE SKINNY MASSES OF INDIA DON'T HAVE, LUCKY BEGGARS. ANNIE HAS EXAMINED HER BODY AND DECIDED SHE MUST LOSE TEN POUNDS... WHICH IS WHY SHE HAS GONE TO A SUPER SPA. LET US DO LIKEWISE... NOT LOSE TEN POUNDS BUT EXAMINE HER BODY.



HEALTH!
HEALTH! HEALTH!

WHEN
I
STARTED
HERE, MY
VIOLIN
WAS AS
FAT AS
YOURS.

THERE ARE
NO ATHEISTS IN
SQUAT RACKS.

HI, THERE. YOU SAY
YOU'RE LOOKING FOR SOMEONE
WHOSE MEASUREMENTS ARE 40-24-38,
WITH A FABULOUS SEXY, SLINKY WALK,
WHO NEVER WEARS A BRA? WELL,
HERE I AM!

IF EVERY-
ONE WOULD
WORK OUT ONCE
A DAY, THERE'D BE
NO **TIME** FOR A
VIETNAM!

-JUST
OVER FROM
LONDON, MY
FIRST WEEK HERE,
I LOST **TEN
POUNDS!**

-FROM
ME **BLOODY
PURSE,**
THAT IS.

FASTER,
MARVIN.
(MY CHAUF-
FEUR DOES
EVERYTHING
FOR ME.)

I'LL TELL YOU
WHAT'LL CURE INFLATION—
SIT-UPS!

SWEETIE! I'VE
BEEN TRYING TO REACH
YOU FOR **DAYS!** YOU WERE
SUPPOSED TO BE BACK IN NEW
YORK LAST **WEEK!** I'VE GOT
A SHOW LINED UP
FOR YOU—

GOLLY, GOLLY...I
CAME TO LOSE TEN POUNDS, AND
I CAN'T LEAVE UNTIL I DO!

SAY! YOU CAN USE
SOME EXERCISE, AND, JEEPERS!
—**WHAT FUN!**

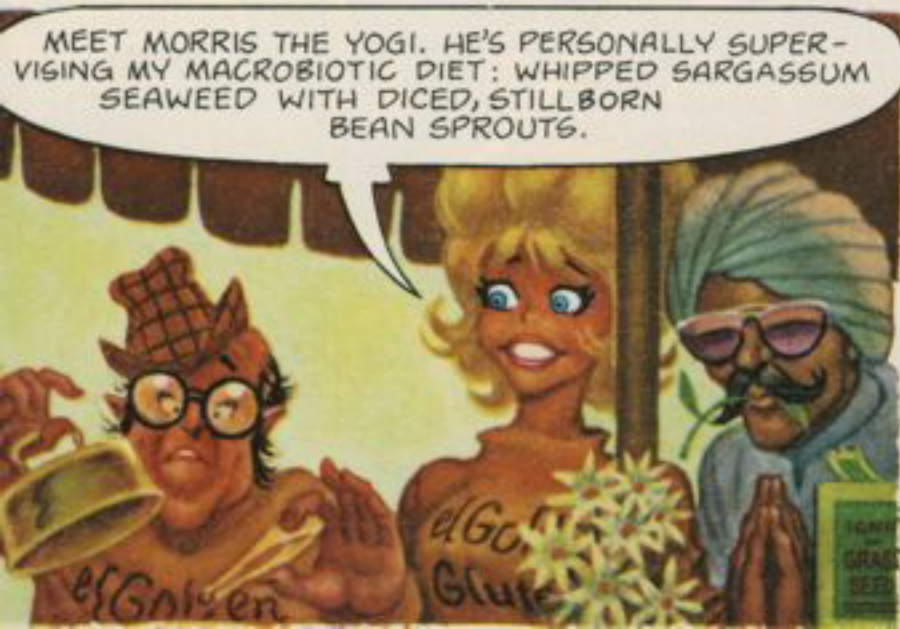
UGH!

AGH!

YAAH!

TODAY
WEDDING
RS. 101141
D. 6101M
STEAM RM.
TONIGHT
HARMITZYAN
RLINKS
D1150
TAINA RM.







NEXT MONTH:



PORNO GIRLS



FASHION FORECAST



MEET MARISA



JAZZ & POP

ALLEN KLEIN, CONTROVERSIAL MANAGER OF THE BEATLES, REVEALS DETAILS BEHIND THE TROUBLES THAT LED TO THEIR BREAKUP AND WHAT HE SEES AHEAD FOR THEIR INDIVIDUAL CAREERS, IN A CANDID **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"PORNO GIRLS"—A TEN-PAGE PHOTO-AND-TEXT FEATURE ON THOSE INGENUOUS-LOOKING LOVELIES WHO ARE THE LEADING PLAYERS ON TODAY'S COMMERCIAL SEX SCENE

"POLICING THE LAW"—IN DEFENDING PANTHER AND KLANSMAN, THE AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION HAS MADE ITSELF ALMOST AS UNPOPULAR AS ITS CLIENTS—BY **PETER ANDREWS**

"MORE FUTURES THAN ONE"—A PROPHETIC VISION OF THE DIVERSE, NEAR-UTOPIAN LIFE STYLES WE MIGHT WELL EXPERIENCE IN THE YEARS JUST AHEAD—BY **POUL ANDERSON**

"THE SARDINIAN INCIDENT"—AN EGOCENTRIC FILM MAKER UNWITTINGLY PROVIDES A CLUE TO A STARLET'S SUDDEN DEATH IN A CURIOUSLY WROUGHT CHILLER—BY **EVAN HUNTER**

"THE 1972 PLAYBOY JAZZ & POP POLL"—YOUR PERSONAL BALLOT FOR OUR SIXTEENTH ANNUAL PLAYBOY POLL

"COST OF LIFE AND DEATH"—A WRY LOOK AT OUR DOLLARS-AND-CENTS PRICING OF HUMAN LIFE—BY **CRAIG KARPEL**

"MEET MARISA"—INTRODUCING *HAUTE COUTURE* MODEL MARISA BERENSON, WHO'S MAKING HER MOVE TO FILMDOM

"BUTKUS"—THROUGH A FRUSTRATING SEASON AND INJURY WITH THE MEANEST MAN ALIVE—BY **ARTHUR KRETCHMER**

"TWILIGHT OF THE PRIMITIVE"—FACING AN ONGOING PROCESS OF ANNIHILATION, THE FEW REMAINING ABORIGINAL CULTURES MAY SOON BE EXTINCT—BY **LEWIS COTLOW**

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