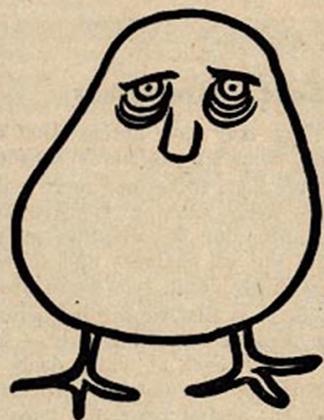


freethought criticism and satire

The Realist



the magazine of
deviated septa

No. 36

35 Cents

LIVE AND LET LIVE

Part One

Editor's note: FM radio has gained a quiet little reputation for providing a relatively uncensored in-road toward free speech in action. Recently, WBAI in New York City was approached—on the basis of its belief in the right of minority expression—to allow homosexuals to speak for themselves as persons and not as objects of study.

The result of that request was a taped informal conversation carried on by a group of seven practicing and therefore anonymous homosexuals. The program was widely reported in the press—both hailed and attacked for breaking through taboos in its handling of the subject—but the station would not allow publication of the discussion except in its entirety.

What follows, then, is the complete transcript of the broadcast, "Live and Let Live." WBAI's heterosexual moderator is distinguished by italics.

Well, we're all here together, and of course we simply want to ask some rather obvious questions of all of you and to get your most candid replies to them. So why don't we begin at the beginning with an obvious question: What is the Mattachine Society?

The Mattachine Society is the oldest education-research organization concerned with homosexuality. Unfortunately, while it's attained respect in professional circles, its membership remained 98% homosexual.

Now, this in itself was a bit of a revelation to me, that there was a kind of an organization concerned with this, and I was just wondering how closely do homosexuals identify with the aims of the Mattachine Society. In other words, we have what might be con-

sidered a representative group here. Are all of you—do you feel some kind of group identity?

Actually, let me interrupt. How many people here have heard of the Mattachine Society?

I have.

I have.

Everyone's heard of it. How many people are really familiar with its program? Anyone? Nope. No one. I'm the only one.

I guess that answers that question pretty fast. Well, let's put it another way. Do homosexuals, as homosexuals, feel that they are a distinct grouping in this society? How do you feel about that? Why don't we just answer that, all of you.

You say in society as a whole, or I assume that's what you mean by this. No. This depends upon the particular case, of course. Some people have a need, psychologically to form a separate identity. Perhaps others, for economic or social reasons—I should say economic, primarily—don't choose to have this identity as an entity. It's part of the fact that you have a society set up where there is large prejudice against a particular group, and very few people are willing to associate themselves with this minority where it's not necessary, because of the—well, because, of course, the obvious repercussions. On the other hand, society is—some people recognize that society, as it's set up—we owe a debt to society, I should say, and, therefore, are not willing to renounce society as such, or, I should say, society as a whole, or sever themselves from it.

So it's a two-way process, in effect. You feel that society regards you in a peculiar way, and as a result, there is an interaction where there is a separate kind of recognition of society. Is this what you'd say—I mean kind of a feeling that one is in a sense somewhat divorced—lives in a separate world, not altogether—

Well, let's say some people can, for example, mix

(Continued on Page 11)

editorial type stuff

About These Issues

You may have noticed that the *Realist* has a somewhat unusual publishing schedule.

We hope to become more regular, but various problems keep causing typographical constipation. For instance, our subscription maintenance company just went out of business and screwed up the works ever so slightly; and, too, we're changing printers.

So it is that we are publishing these three issues of the *Realist* simultaneously—August, September and October—each of which deals (respectively if not respectfully) more-or-less entirely with different, specific themes: sexual relations; race relations; international relations.

We don't pretend that the things said in these pages are going to change the sex, race or international scenes, but we do feel that the mere fact of their *being* said in the way they are said is a change for the better in and of itself.

The November issue, which will feature an impolite interview with Norman Mailer—along with the return of the letters page, a progress report on People, the conclusion of the Kennedy Caper, and a surprising slew of satirical and/or serious stuff—may actually be out in November: a *Realist* first!

Ballad of the Sour Kraut

The West German government, in an official Bonn publication, has attacked William Shirer's massive best-seller, *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich*, with a charge of anti-German bias. They are dismayed at the success of the book in the United States; they regard it as having played an important role in keeping unpleasant memories of the past alive among the American public.

It may well be the ultimate historical irony that Shirer's book has become a status symbol: you don't have to read it; just keep it in solid view.

As a matter of fact, Vance Packard's *The Status Seekers* has itself become a status symbol, thereby taking its place on the merchandising continuum alongside the advertising for *The Hidden Persuaders* and the packaging of *The Waste Makers*.

Newspapers Are for Wrapping

Status is also an important factor in the legitimate theatre. Of course, it's especially fatuous to pretend that a stage presentation is a work of art, in the sense that a *real* artist will say what he feels and believes, and if the audience doesn't like it, well, screw them, buddy, I'm not changing a line, I don't care what they said at the New Haven tryouts.

Now—just as anybody who builds a fallout shelter *deserves* to survive—anybody who goes to a Broadway show because of its status value *deserves* what he gets.

And so it came to pass that when *Subways Are for Sleeping*—a musical comedy about down-and-outers—got negative reviews from the New York critics, producer David Merrick found just-plain-people with the same names as the professional critics, and then quoted their *affirmative* comments in an ad campaign.

All of a sudden, the New York newspapers were reeking with integrity. They refused the ad. (The *Herald-Tribune* ran it in their first edition and then became conscience-stricken.)

But take, for instance, the ads of New York's financial institutions—commercial banks, savings banks, savings and loan associations—which prominently feature interest or dividend rates in headlines with explanations below that those rates are obtainable only on funds which have been on deposit for a specified length of time.

"The explanation," states the local Better Business Bureau's president, "is sometimes so far removed from the featured rate and in such small type as to lead to the possibility of public confusion and misunderstanding."

David Merrick may be a spiritual son of P. T. Barnum, but, unlike the newspapers, at least he has a single standard.

The Kibitzer in the Kibbutz

Publisher Lyle Stuart this month rejected the following book query:

"I Married a *Nymphomaniac* is the story of my recent marriage. It all began with a simple ad in the personal column of a newspaper. I made a fast deal. Besides the fact that she had had many love affairs, intimate friends, was a schizophrenic, had a mother in an insane asylum, had no will power, or self control (during her menstrual period, she demanded it. When I refused to submit she ripped my pajamas. Another time she took off her clothes, jumped into my bed on top of me and when I tried to 'escape' she grabbed hold of my underwear and ripped it to shreds).

"Remember the old song about the girl who couldn't say no, that was my wife. You've heard of the eternal triangle. Here was a hexagon. Every business has competition. I had my share. There were those nights out, telephone calls, visits from her boyfriends, etc.

"This all took place in Israel. If desired, the term Israeli could be added to the title and an Israel background added to create additional interest which might help as regards sales, due to the interest in Israel. As I feel that it would go over well and prove successful, it is surely worthy of your consideration. How about a deal? . . ."

The *Realist* is published monthly, except for January and July, by the Realist Association, a non-profit corporation founded by William and Helen McCarthy, to whom this magazine is dedicated.

PAUL KRASSNER, Editor

SALLY BALDWIN, Scapegoat

Publication office is at 225 Lafayette St., N. Y. 12, N. Y.

Subscription rates:

\$3 for 10 issues; \$5 for 20 issues

Ten copies of one issue: \$1

Copyright 1962 by The Realist Association, Inc.

Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y.

CHASTITY AND FREEDOM

by Roger W. Wescott

(Dr. Wescott, of the African Language and Area Center in East Lansing, Michigan, is a former Associate Professor of Social Science at Michigan State University and a Fellow of the American Anthropological Association, listed in "Leaders in American Science.")

On pages 46-50 of the July 1962 issue of *The Reader's Digest* there appears, by ostensibly popular demand, an article which previously appeared in the August 1937 issue of the same magazine. The article, by Margaret C. Banning, is entitled, "The Case for Chastity." Since this article has already influenced and will probably continue to influence a large number of people, and since it seems to me to be both inaccurate and illogical, I should like, on the principle of "equal time" for controversial presentations, to reply to it. My reply will consist of two parts: first, a point-by-point discussion of each particular assertion made by the writer; and second, a general evaluation of her argument as a whole.

In her first paragraph, Miss Banning objects to "the frequent denial that any moral issue is involved in sex conduct." But here she sets up a straw man. None of the libertarian writers that I have read deny that sex conduct is a moral issue. What they assert, rather, is that chastity is sexual deprivation; that deprivation is painful; that anyone who wittingly inflicts pain on any human being—including himself—is cruel; and that cruelty is immoral. In other words, what the sexual liberals advocate is not the abolition of sexual standards but the substitution of humane and reasonable standards for inhumane and unreasonable ones.

The writer then deplores the fact that modern youth "make up their minds with insufficient knowledge" about sexual questions. This stricture is misleading, in that it implies that sexual traditionalists generally have more sexual knowledge than do sexual liberalizers. To the best of my knowledge, the reverse is true. In fact, one of the sharpest issues between the two groups is that traditionalists generally oppose sexual education for the young, while liberalizers support it. And what little sexual education the traditionalists do dispense—whether it be formal or informal in nature—is usually calculated more to intimidate than to inform the young. Today, most educators agree that the only way to make education effective is to excite both the curiosity and the imagination of the young people being educated. Yet sexual traditionalists are almost unanimous in opposing any attempts to excite either the sexual curiosity or the sexual imagination of the young.

Miss Banning exhorts us to "remember that unchastity, common though it may be, is not the norm." Insofar as this means that most people's sexual preachings are contradicted by their sexual practices, I quite agree with her. What I disagree with is the implication that moral integrity can be achieved only when we practice what we preach. For it can also be achieved when we preach what we practice. As Morris Ernst

observed, what the Kinsey Report conclusively demonstrates is that, if all our nation's sex laws were enforced, 95% of the American population would be in jail! And as Bertrand Russell reminds us, perpetuation of unenforced and unenforceable laws can only tend to bring all law into public contempt.

As an antidote to sexual temptation, the writer recommends such "wholesome" activities as work, study and sports. Of course, few reasonable persons will object to any constructive activity—when it is pursued for its own sake. But our youth are not so gullible as to be unaware of the difference between an activity proposed as enjoyable in itself and one prescribed as a diversion from sexual inclinations and interests. And when the diversionary activity is presented as if it were an end in itself, the deception is both detected and resented. Extending Russell's principle, we may further predict that the most probable result of such prescriptions will only be to bring the adult world and society at large into youthful contempt.

Moreover, it is not a little invidious to describe work as "wholesome" and to imply concomitantly that sexual activity is unwholesome. In fact, insofar as "wholesome" means "healthy," there is something paradoxical about the inference. For most psychologists and physiologists would define a healthy capacity or organ as one which has full and free scope for the exercise of its appropriate function. Miss Banning would presumably not deny that it is, before all else, walking which keeps the legs healthy. Yet she denies the implicit corollary that sexual inactivity can hardly lead to sexual health.

The writer reproaches sexual liberalizers for being "casual." Insofar as this "casual" attitude implies a desire on the part of the liberalizers to see people become less nervous and more relaxed about sex, I would not only concede their casualness but commend it. Insofar, on the other hand, as it indicates an attitude of frivolity about sex, the charge is doubly unjust—first, because sex reformers are earnest idealists and, second, because the view of sex as no more than a dirty joke is a product not of modern sex-affirmation but of traditional sex-denial.

All too predictably, Miss Banning resorts, in her campaign against unchastity, to the bugaboo of venereal disease—illustrating our earlier thesis that traditional sex instruction aims not so much to enlighten as to frighten. The *ad hoc* nature of her argument here is borne out by the facts, first, that she conspicuously fails to mention the equally real danger of venereal disease within marriage and, conversely, that it never occurs

Tales Told by a Sociology Book

Only about fifteen per cent of American coeds
Are nonvirgin,
It stated proudly.
How patriotic! How inspiring!

And I remembered
Sheets red white
And blue his eyes
And a bald-headed eagle soaring, soaring.

—Susan Williams

to her to extend her ban on sexuality outside the home to, say, eating outside the home—despite the undeniable fact that restaurant food (like home cooking!) can give one food-poisoning.

The real answer, of course, to the problem of venereal disease is the same as the answer to all other problems of contagious disease: better medical technique. As our knowledge amasses, syphilis and gonorrhea may reasonably be expected to go the way of smallpox and the Black Plague.

The writer continues her scare tactics by warning young lovers that "the conditions commonly surrounding acts of unchastity" expose them not only to discomfort but also to exposure and ostracism. Here again, however, what this observation amounts to for me is not an indictment of unchastity but an indictment of a society too uncharitable to grant privacy, comfort, and understanding to its youth.

The last spectre held up to trembling youth by the benign Miss Banning is that of abortion, with its potential aftermath of trauma, sterility, or death. As in the cases of disease and disgrace, however, her warning seems a more terrible indictment of a heartless and joyless social system than of penniless or careless youth.

Even petting is condemned by the writer on the grounds that it "is apt to create habits which . . . unsuit a girl for marriage." Although she is too delicate to specify what these habits are, the reader is led to infer that they are techniques for the achievement of orgasm. By this view, of course, we are taken out of the 20th century altogether and implicitly urged to revert to the Victorian view that women should regard sexual embrace not as a delightful birthright but only as an unavoidable duty.

Miss Banning concedes that "the question of where to stop is not easy to answer. But," she adds, "any girl can differentiate between the romantic embrace, which is a natural expression of young love, and experiments in sexual sensation." In this assertion, few scientists would join her. In fact, Ralph Linton reported four decades ago that, on the basis of available ethnographic evidence, it seemed rather that romantic love was psychologically and socially abnormal and seemed seldom to affect anyone outside what we might call "the Hollywood culture-area."

On the other hand, even the most casual observations of babies or young mammals can hardly lead to any other conclusion than that there are few things more natural to them than "experiments in sexual sensation." Needless to say, this conclusion is a thoroughly congenial and acceptable one to most scientists, in view of the fact that science itself may well be defined as an experiment in general sensation. Indeed, without experiment and sensation, life would be dull and science empty.

Rarely does the writer make a statement that is flatly contrary to fact. One such lapse, however, is her assertion that "alcohol . . . is an acknowledged aphrodisiac." In the strict sense of the word, no aphrodisiac has yet been discovered. Our immense folklore of philtres and love-potions is evidence only of how richly superstition burgeons in areas in which the growth of scientific knowledge is impeded. Since alcohol is an intoxicant and toxic means poison, alcohol is by definition incapable of, in Miss Banning's phrase, "inflaming the senses." What it does, rather, is stupefy the inhibitions

and permit more natural impulses to express themselves. There being few impulses more natural than the erotic, it is hardly surprising that alcohol therefore appears to sex-negators magically to magnify the sex-urge.

Among other hazards of extramarital sexuality, Miss Banning lists jealousy, impermanency, and self-doubt. But surely all of these perils abound both in the marital and in the non-sexual realms.

"Promiscuity," she goes on, "makes people lose the greatest experience in life—love." This assertion is difficult to discuss until we know what is meant by all the terms in it, but especially by the terms "promiscuity" and "love." If "promiscuity" is defined as "wholly indiscriminate mating," we can safely dismiss it as a pseudo-problem, since even animals show at least minimal discrimination in mating. If, on the other hand, it is simply a slur-word for extramarital love, we may then dismiss it as an antinomy, since what it amounts to is a statement that love destroys love.

Before leaving the subject of love, however, it may be worth remarking that Miss Banning subscribes by implication to the Platonic dualism that divorces love, viewed as spiritual, from lust, viewed as physical. But



it should be added that, since Einstein's cosmographic system put an end to the traditional duality of space and time, most behavioral scientists have analogously renounced the traditional duality of body and mind and now regard these two simply as aspects of one underlying reality, which might be called "the thinking body." In these terms, a love that is wholly unphysical would amount to a love that is wholly unreal.

To the writer, all sexual liberalism seems to be little more than a pose. "It is all very well," she writes, "to say, People look at these things differently today. They may look at them differently, but they feel the same." If this were true in the absolute way in which she puts it, people today would still be tortured by a persistent desire to practice cannibalism and human sacrifice. For there was a time when our ancestors not only engaged in these ritual activities but apparently felt that, in their absence, society would collapse. Yet today most people not only abstain from such practices but seem to be free even of any nostalgia for them.

Miss Banning warns us that "we cannot ignore man's preference for a virgin as bride." True enough. But to acknowledge need not be to encourage. And the sexual liberal tries to show the determined virgin-hunter that his insistence on the magical virtue of the unruptured hymen is due to his implicit conception of women as property, and that it is far from flattering to "the fair sex" to treat its members as saleable commodities with only two possible labels—"used" or "unused."

"It is," she says, "as true now as ever that in sacrificing chastity a girl may be gambling away her later chances of lifelong married happiness." Although hap-

(Continued on Page 14)

"THE PILL"

Editor's note: Aldous Huxley, in his first novel—"Chrome Yellow," published in 1922—put these words into the mouth of one of his characters:

"With the gramophone, the cinema, and the automatic pistol, the goddess of Applied Science has presented the world with another gift, more precious even than these—the means of dissociating love from propagation. Eros, for those who wish it, is now an entirely free god; his deplorable associations with Lucina may be broken at will. In the course of the next few centuries, who knows? the world may see a more complete severance. I look forward to it optimistically. . . ."

Now, four decades later, the birth control pill is a reality. What follows is the script of a British television documentary on the pill. It was produced by Granada-TV in England.

Aside from such factors as spontaneity in person-to-person relationships, the pill—because of its simplicity—has world-wide implications. Wrote James Reston in the New York Times:

" . . . it may be that the greatest menace to world peace and decent standards of life today is not atomic energy but sexual energy. Immense progress in being made in the field of production, but it is being wiped out by the velocity of reproduction and the problem is not likely to be solved by leaving it to the birds and the bees or limiting education."

a British TV script:

Announcer's Voice: This is a programme about a new method of family planning, a new form of contraception.

Many millions of people in Britain use regularly mechanical methods of contraception. But there are millions of others who, for deeply felt reasons abhor all contraceptives and totally reject the use of them. It is no part of this programme to question those beliefs or to suggest that they are wrong. Our aim is to inform.

But first, a warning—some parents may consider that this programme is not suitable for their children.

Elaine Grand: There is no more titanic struggle than the struggle for conception. It is fought, on each occasion, by anything up to five hundred million male sperm. Sometimes if a couple is lucky, just one of these millions triumphs.

A female egg is fertilized and a child is started.

And yet, for thousands of years, mankind has sought means of deciding the outcome of that battle in advance; we have sought a method to prevent conception.

So far, mankind has not been completely successful. It is true that in some countries where birth control is widely accepted and practised, the population tends to remain steady. But in other countries, where birth control is neither widely known nor widely practised, the population is growing rapidly, even alarmingly. Some experts now refer to this growth as the population explosion.

Professor David Glass, of the London School of Economics, explains:—

Professor Glass: Population is certainly blooming today, and not so much here, in Great Britain, but throughout most of the world.

This year, one hundred million babies will be born. There will be a good many deaths too, probably 50 million of them, and many of them babies. But on balance, the world will grow by 50 million people by the end of the year.

That's quite a sum; it's about the same as the total number of emigrants from Europe in the last hundred and fifty years. It's the same as the total population of Great Britain.

Or thinking of it in smaller terms, just during the length of this programme, some five thousand more people will exist in the world.

Elaine Grand: Many of these children will not be wanted. They will be conceived by accident, either through ignorance or faulty contraception.

There is no such thing as a perfect contraceptive, one that is at the same time simple, foolproof and acceptable to all shades of opinion. But developments are taking place that are worthy of notice and investigation. Such a development is contained in this pink pellet. It weighs only one hundredth of an ounce, it's smaller than an aspirin tablet, and it is commonly and widely called—The Pill.

Well, some doctors though they are in the minority, believe that this pill *may* be one of the discoveries of our century, and some governments are beginning to believe that the pill, and developments of it, may be a solution to their ever-more-pressing population problems. Well, what exactly is the pill? How does it work?

Announcer's Voice: The pill is made mainly from a chemical extracted from a root found in Mexico, and small quantities of Estrogen Hormone. It is a totally new form of contraceptive, working in a new way.

The British Medical Journal, the publication of the British Medical Association, printed in its notes on "Today's Drugs" in March of this year an assessment of the pill.

It said, "Evidence for the long term safety of this method of birth control will, of course, not be complete for another twenty years or more. What is known so far, seems to raise no undue fears for the future. More than two hundred women have completed twenty-four or more cycles and a small number more than fifty cycles of treatment, without apparent ill effect. That subsequent fertility is not impaired, seems to be firmly demonstrated."

Elaine Grand: To understand the pill, it is necessary to understand conception itself.

Announcer's Voice: These are male sperm, hugely magnified. When they are released inside the female they have to swim about four inches to reach the egg which comes into position for a comparatively few hours once every twenty-eight days. For conception to take place it is necessary for the egg to be in the right place and for just one of these sperm to find it and fertilize it.

Up to 500 million male sperm start the journey on each occasion—a sufficient number it has been estimated to impregnate every female woman in the world.

Elaine Grand: From earliest times man has attempted to control conception. Motives were many, and methods were various—but all techniques tried to do the same thing—to prevent the male sperm from meeting the egg.

Announcer's Voice: Egyptian writings, nearly four thousand years old, mention women relying on a barrier of oil soaked sponge. The Chinese recommended a diet of twenty-four tadpoles which, if swallowed in the Spring, were thought to prevent conception for five years.

The Greek philosopher, Plato, advocated birth control because he believed the law should permit only men aged between 30 and 35, and women aged between 20 and 40 to beget children.

Then in the 16th century—in 1564—came the first written mention of what might be called a modern contraceptive: the Italian anatomist Fallopius described what is now the most widely used contraceptive device—the sheath.

Elaine Grand: Since then, contraception has been the subject of public argument, of legal action and of religious disagreement. There have been bitter battles.

Then, about one hundred and sixty years ago, these battles were given increased significance by a new theory, a theory propounded by a junior officer of the Church of England.

Announcer's Voice: The Reverend Thomas Malthus was the Anglican curate in the parish of Albury in Surrey. In 1798, as a young Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, he put forward an alarming theory.

He declared that the population of the world increased by geometric progression. That is: by two, four, eight, sixteen, thirty-two, and so on.

But the produce of the world—its food and resources—increases only by arithmetical progression. That is, by two, four, six, eight, ten, and so on.

He forecast that, unchecked, the population of the world would far outstrip the produce of the world. He forecast, too, that, disease and disaster would recur to bring the world back into balance.

But as a conscious check, he said that people should limit the population increase by what he called 'Moral restraint'—sexual abstinence.

Elaine Grand: Malthus's theory has not been proven by time and cannot bear too close an examination. But it did—and still does—affect the thinking of people in all parts of the world.

One result is that, either by public policy or private choice, more and more people do practise birth control.

Announcer's Voice: In Britain, the Government does not advocate birth control, but—in many ways—gives it tacit approval and support.

The Royal Commission on Population, reporting in 1949, declared:

'Public policy should be based on acceptance of voluntary parenthood, and contraception as one of the means of achieving it. At present, though the practise of contraception is widespread, public knowledge of effective methods is very uneven, and faulty knowledge causes a formidable amount of harm. . . . Some of the ignorance is due to the furtive air that clings to the subject.'

The Royal Commission also reported:

'The great majority of married couples nowadays practise some form of birth control in order to limit their families.'

Elaine Grand: A more detailed estimate appeared this year in a report prepared for the Population Investigation Committee by Griselda Rowntree and Rachel Pierce of the London School of Economics.

They report that of all couples married in Britain during the ten years of the Fifties, seven out of ten couples practise birth control. For thirty years the figure has been on the increase, and doctors think it will go even higher.

Already in America, according to a survey of investigators from the University of Michigan, over eight out of ten fertile couples practise birth control.

So the idea of birth control is accepted by the majority of people in Britain, America, and many other parts of the world.

In Britain, who are these people?

Miss Rowntree, you are co-author of the most recent report on Birth Control in Britain. How many people did you interview for your survey?

Miss Rowntree: We interviewed 2,500 people, all of them married, men and women, aged between sixteen and sixty years.

Elaine Grand: Were they a representative group?

Miss Rowntree: Yes, they are definitely representative, except that we may have missed a few young married men who are away from home on National Service.

Elaine Grand: Did the majority approve of birth control?

Miss Rowntree: Oh yes, the great majority approved.

The younger couples approved a little bit more than the older people; the middle classes a little bit more than the wage earners, and of course the Protestants approved a good bit more than the Roman Catholics. But of course I should say that—even among the Roman Catholics—as many as a third seemed to approve of birth control.

Elaine Grand: Did people give reasons for their approval?

Miss Rowntree: Yes, the most important reason was of course family finances. These people thought it was a good thing not to have more children than they could afford to bring up decently. Others thought that the welfare of the family was important and that the parents enjoyed bringing up their children more and the wife's health was not impaired by too frequent child bearing.

Elaine Grand: Is it possible to estimate how many people throughout Britain practise birth control?

Miss Rowntree: Well, we haven't actually made this estimate, but if our findings are representative, then it looks as if about 6 million couples out of a total of 8 million couples married since 1939, that is, people still in their child bearing years, are practising birth control.

In other words, about 12 million husbands and wives in Britain are now using birth control of some kind.

Elaine Grand: Of course birth control costs money. And many millions of pounds are spent every year on contraceptives.

Announcer's Voice: The business magazine *Fortune* reports that in America two hundred million dollars—that's about £70,000,000—are spent annually. Three-quarters of that—about £52,000,000—on sheaths.

No official figures are published in Britain, but we are told that the annual sales of contraceptives total around £10,000,000.

Elaine Grand: The pill differs from all other contraceptives in a fundamental way.

Instead of being simply a barrier that comes between male sperm and female egg, the pill acts on the

egg mechanism itself. It stops any eggs from being produced, and thus makes any meeting impossible.

And, of course, it is taken simply—by mouth.

Scientists of many lands dreamed of a contraceptive pill. Several tried to find one.

Two men succeeded.

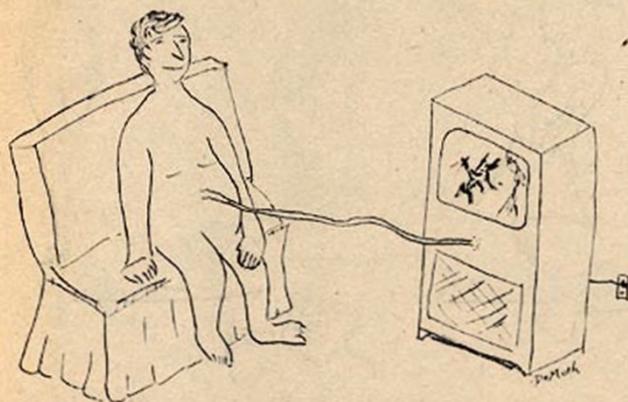
Announcer's Voice: Ten years ago, 57-year-old Dr. Gregory Pincus, Director of the Worcester Foundation for Experimental Biology in Shrewsbury Massachusetts, began his own search for an oral contraceptive.

Shortly afterwards he teamed up with 71-year-old Dr. John Rock—a Roman Catholic and the father of five—who was then Professor of Gynaecology at Harvard University.

Elaine Grand: We flew the Atlantic to talk to Dr. Pincus and Dr. Rock.

Announcer's Voice: Shrewsbury is a typical New England town, about forty miles from Boston in the State of Massachusetts—a State, where, incidentally, it is illegal for doctors to prescribe or chemists to sell contraceptives. (One other State—Connecticut—has a similar law.)

Shrewsbury's 13,000 people live in white, tree-shaded houses, which are open to one another. The town was started by migrants from Britain who ar-



rived about 240 years ago. In 1727, the settlers formally named their town after Charles Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury. Here it was that George Washington camped during his campaigns in the American War of Independence.

The Worcester Foundation for Experimental Biology lies between Shrewsbury and the industrial town of Worcester. It was set up by some citizens of Worcester in much the same way that people of other towns set up their own Art Gallery or symphony orchestra. Its purpose, laid down by the founders, was to do fundamental research in Biology and Medicine.

Today, the Foundation attracts graduates from all over the world—Japan, Korea, South East Asia, India, and the Latin American Republics. It has more than 60 Research Doctors, permanently working on subjects ranging from the effects of hormones on atomic radiation, to cancer.

Here it is that Dr. Pincus works.

Elaine Grand: How does the pill work?

Dr. Pincus: Well, this pill actually works to prevent the production of the egg that a woman normally liberates from her ovaries every month. By taking the pill throughout a month, a woman never produces this egg and therefore she cannot conceive.

Elaine Grand: What, in the pill, stops her from ovulating?

Dr. Pincus: In the pill there is a substance which acts very much like the natural hormones of the body that prevent eggs from being produced during certain times in the cycle of a woman, and also during pregnancy.

As you know, during pregnancy a woman never produces an extra egg; this would be biologically dangerous—and we are using the same principle that nature uses in pregnancy for preventing eggs from being produced.

Elaine Grand: In other words, the pill makes the body act as though it were pregnant, and it therefore sees no reason to produce another egg.

Dr. Pincus: That's a very good natural explanation.

Elaine Grand: How was it discovered—the actual ingredient in the pill?

Dr. Pincus: Well, a number of years ago we were working at the hormone which does do this job of preventing ovulation. It is called Pregesterol and we found that in women it was very active, but unfortunately it was not very active when taken by the mouth.

So we turned to a number of our chemist friends who synthesize substances relating to Pregesterol and asked them if they could give us things to test.

Among these chemists was Dr. Frank Colton, who was the chemist who synthesized Norathynadrel, and when we studied Norathynadrel we found that it was the most active substance to prevent ovulation when taken by the mouth, both in animals and in women.

Elaine Grand: How should the pills be taken for effective contraception?

Dr. Pincus: Well, a woman is instructed to take the pill beginning on the fifth day of her menstrual cycle, ordinarily with the evening meal, and she continues to take one a day for twenty days, and then she stops. When she stops, usually within three days, she has a normal menstrual period. And then again in the succeeding month, she begins on the fifth day of this period and continues the process indefinitely as long as she wants to be in a contraceptive state.

Elaine Grand: But isn't it difficult to remember to take the pill so regularly?

Dr. Pincus: Well, the women who worked with us in our project have not found it too difficult to continue to take a pill—one a day—in the procedure that I've mentioned. Roughly about 90 per cent of the time they are very faithful to the regime.

Elaine Grand: What does happen though if you miss two or three days?

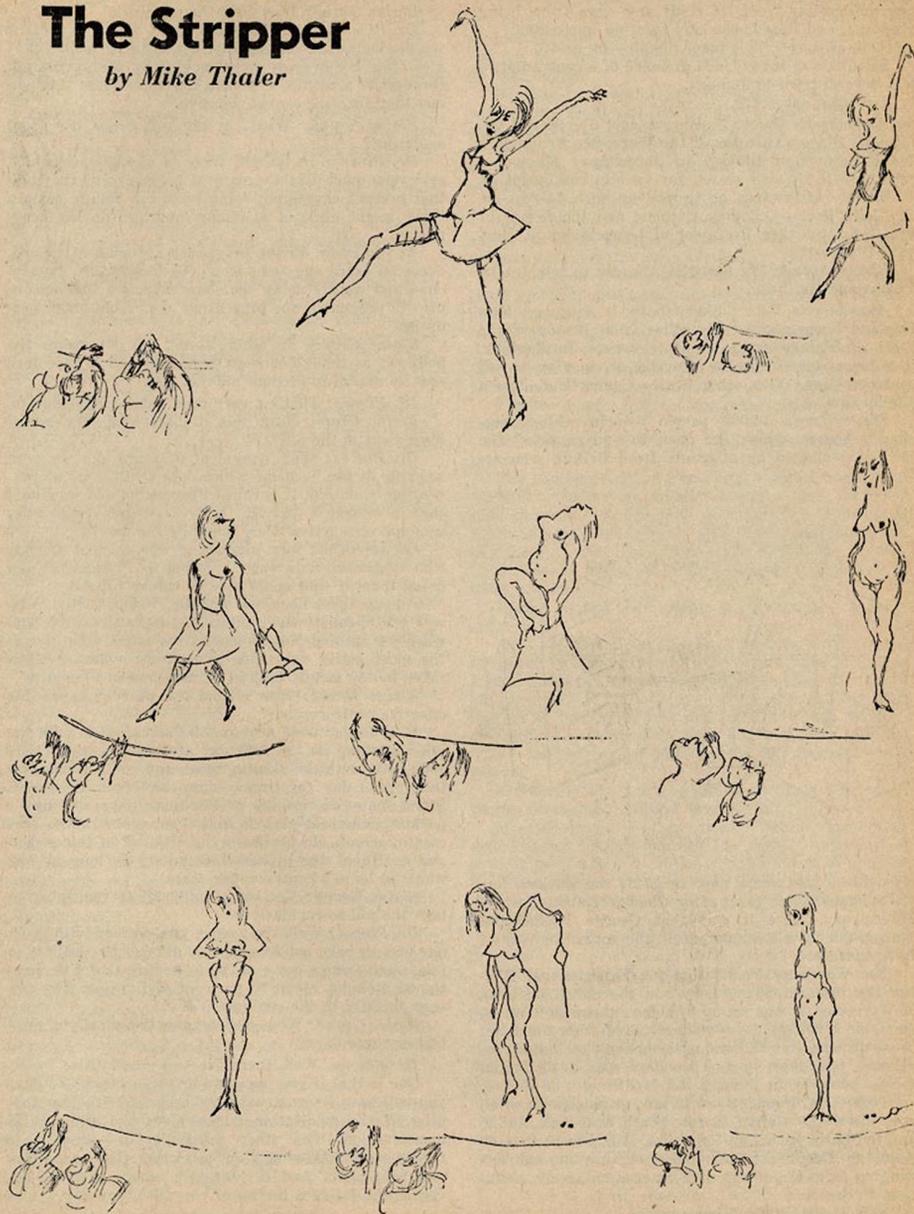
Dr. Pincus: Well, there are two possibilities.

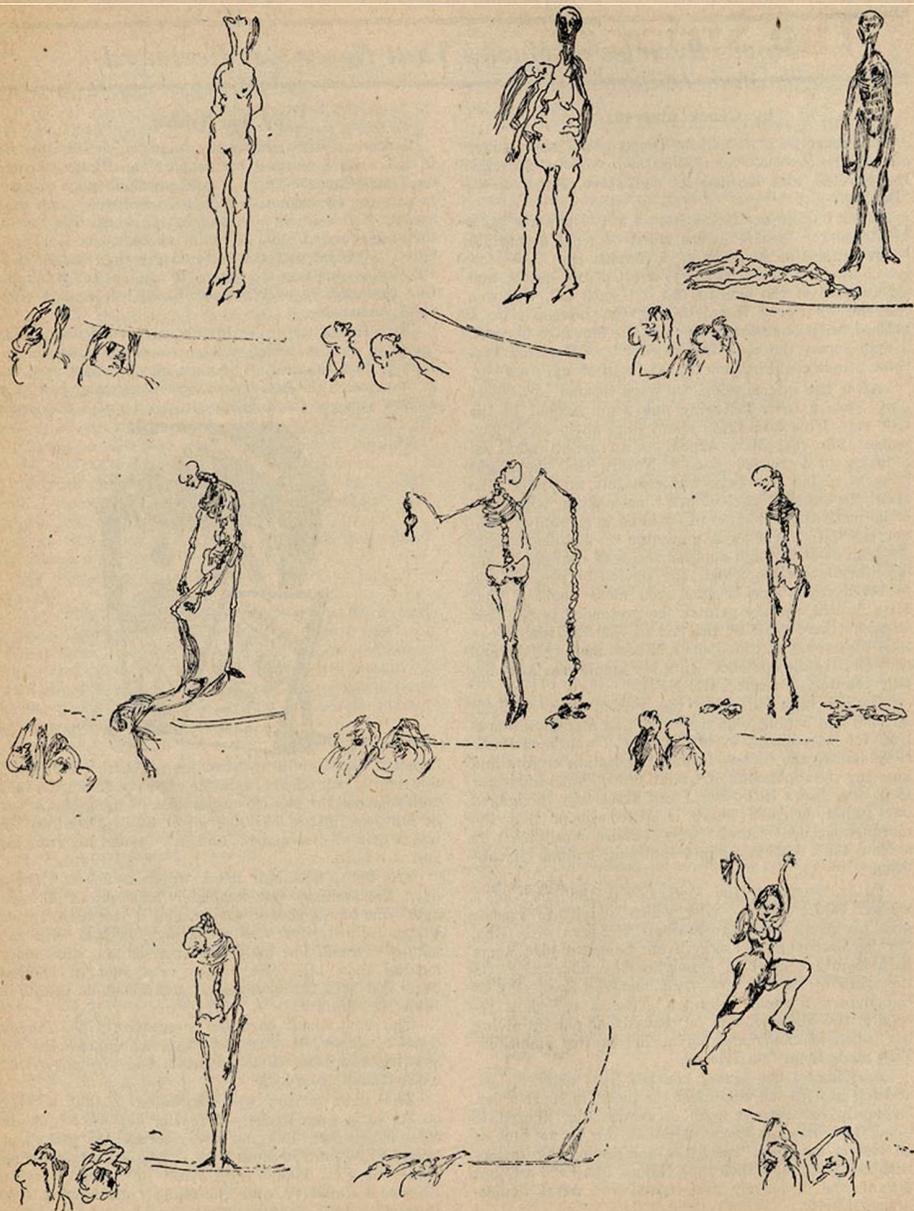
One is that if you miss two or three successive days you will have a menstrual period, because it's the stopping of the medication which gives the stimulus to menstruation. The other possibility is—and it is rather remote but none the less real: that conception will take place. And it's for this reason that we advocate the faithful taking of the pill every day.

(Continued next month)

The Stripper

by Mike Thaler





Movie Reviews of Movies That Never Get Reviewed

by Chuck Alverson

The marquee of the Globe Theatre on Times Square advised the idle observer that *Paths to Shame* "Scorches the Screen" and labelled its co-feature, *Fever Heat*, "Daring."

After buying my ticket from a very motherly type, I entered the theatre in the midst of what seemed to be an interminable scene at a Twenty-One table followed by an abortive robbery, a crisp gun battle, and the capture of the bandits. As it turned out, this was the end of *Fever Heat*. During the intermission, I noticed, with some forebodings of the film fare to come, a man across the aisle fast asleep. I rationalized that some people could become inured to anything, even sex.

After the intermission, we were treated to a short film, *Nature Girl*, featuring one Jean Arnold in the title role. This late 1940s silent film, obviously a low-budget job, cast Miss Arnold as an artist intent on painting in a wooded glen. A Nature Girl she might have been, but our Jean was certainly no artist. She spent the greatest part of her time making, with little or no motivation, changes of costume in a cunning manner calculated to show a minimum of forbidden flesh. As Jean went through another series of changes, a few desultory exercises which she obviously needed, and postured coyly, one became even more doubtful that Miss Arnold was the painter she pretended to be. This suspicion bore fruit at the end of the film when Jean took the canvas at which she had been making jabs and showed it to the audience using her ample rear as a display counter. It read: THE END.

Having been led down the garden path by Jean Arnold, and hoping that the short was merely an appetizer for more earthy events to come, I welcomed *Paths to Shame* to the screen. Seeing the Italian credits and knowing the reputation of Italian films, I sat back eager to be scorched a little. But I had drastically misjudged our Italian friends. There is little wonder that the marquee warned: "Adults Only"—there surely must be a New York statute against inflicting tedium on children.

Paths, formerly *Girl Racket*, was the story of a wicked White Slavery ring which sought to recruit girls for South American brothels. It began with Gina, our heroine, running away from home to participate in a beauty contest in a neighboring metropolis. On the train to the big city, Gina met the Good Guy of the picture, a candy salesman. After a period of receiving the cold shoulder, he thawed her out by giving her a box of candy and baring his tawdry ambitions. This made them fast friends.

Arriving at the beauty contest, Gina entered, lost, and fell in with the villains of the piece, in short order. Evidently her reserve with strangers was limited to Good Guys like the candy salesman, for in no time at all she is swapping anecdotes and comparing tattoos with the Baddies, a slick type Named René and a Count Sorani who is suavely gray-haired and wears double-breasted suits.

(Continued on Page 15)

by Bob Reisner

I was casting about in my mind which foreign film to see when I stopped in front of the Rialto Theatre on Times Square. There was a garish display of girls in enticing situations. A recorded voice went with this, saying: "Now in its shocking fourth week, this torrid, thrilling story of vice. More daring than any European film. . . ." First run and more daring than the French, I thought; this was my choice. It also seemed a bit unfair that nobody ever reviews these left-handed cinematic endeavors.

Two shorts were also luridly advertised along with the main feature, which was provocatively entitled, *Too Young, Too Immoral*. The first shock I got was the \$1.50 price on the box office booth. Wondering how long a show you got for daytime sitting, I asked the ticket



chopper. He said it was two hours. Authoritatively I told him of my official reviewer capacity, and with that I also flashed my picture on the back of the jacket cover of my book, *Bird: The Legend of Charlie Parker*. He was a man of discernment and saw beyond my rumpled suit. I was in.

The house was half filled, which is not bad these days. The audience was completely male and of all legal ages. One of the shorts was on, and it was a miserable thing. Lili St. Cyr was preparing for bed with the help of a maid. The maid wore glasses and was sexier looking than Lili. The picture was shot in blurred color and at a far distance. It was about as erotic as *Whistler's Mother*.

The next short bore the suggestive title, *Diving Girls of Japan*. It was just that—an educational bit showing how seaweed is procured. Did you know that iodine comes from kelp?

The main feature was surprising. It had all the effects of a high grade art movie, but unfortunately these effects were hung on a silly threadbare plot about narcotics pushers in New York. There were interesting scenes of Fire Island, The Feast of Saint Gennaro, Horn and Hardart's, and The Macy Thanksgiving Day Parade.

(Continued on Page 15)

LIVE AND LET LIVE

(Continued from Cover)

their social and their business lives together in various professions—specifically entertainment, publishing—whereas other people cannot afford this.

Well, let me ask you, specifically, then, let's put it this way: How many of you find that your social lives—or for that matter, your business lives—are exclusively devoted to the company of other homosexuals?

Well, I was just thinking, I, myself—generally, you know—stick with the social group that is primarily homosexual, but I don't think it's because I'm afraid of a heterosexual society. It's simply that, generally, unless you do make friends, we'll say in the office, with people, then it's very well and good, but generally, I occasionally have dinner, you will have them by for drinks; but, generally, I find that there's something lacking in that friendship, that you probably—unless they're especially cultivated people—they're usually dull and they're not up on—you know—on most of the things that you would like them to be.

Well, in heterosexual society—for an aside for a moment—I mean, many people form relationships and associations which have very little to do with sexuality. Is this true in homosexual society as well?

Oh yeah. Most of my friends, for instance, I don't think I would be interested in having an affair with. They're just people that I like in general.

Then why is it that you say you find them dull?

I didn't say I found them dull.

Bill didn't say that. Jack—

Jack?

Well, that's highly subjective, and I'm sure that everybody around here can, you know, oppose that violently, but, as I said before, that if you know cultivated people, then it's very well and good, but generally, I would say for myself that most of the people I have known—you know—they don't offer enough to sustain the relationship for me.

Do you find when you move in the heterosexual realm—world, if you will—society—milieu—I'd hate to make too much of this; I'm just curious—do you find that you have to hide the fact that you are homosexual necessarily, or do you find that this is ever an acceptable thing? I mean does this ruin the relationship in the heterosexual world?

There has only been—in my experience, one heterosexual that I have told I was homosexual. Generally, it's—I participate, you know, as just myself, as a friend.

Do you think this makes a difference?

Generally, I think it does make a tremendous difference.

I mean, if you were—if you felt—do you feel, in a sense, that you are constricted to reveal this kind of thing, or that—

Oh, I feel that it's not necessary for my sex life—you know—to be an element of my character because if somebody is going to accept me as a friend, they needn't—my sex life has nothing to do with it, if they like my personality or if they like me.

In general, though, there's a whole system of lies and a face put up, which in general would tend to make a person more difficult to communicate with. In other words, you're not on a cordial—you're not on a candid relationship with these people because you have no—well, you're putting up certain lies when you hide cer-

tain features of your life, in certain areas and certain activities, and you don't discuss as freely with them certain things, and this, naturally, would lead to a colder relationship because of the fact that you would hate to reveal a stigma which would prejudice their opinion toward you.

I find that there's less problem among heterosexual friends than there is among business associates and people that one is forced into a relationship with. In that case, you sort of are forced to hide any homosexual tendencies and the fact that you are homosexual because these people are prejudiced against you, particularly in a business situation, with the exception of the theatre and some of the others where there's more liberality and more understanding.

Could you—or would you mind telling us what you do—all of you—I mean, what you do in a business sense. Could we just go around and each one of you tell us what you do to make a living.

I'm a salesman.

I'm an electronics technician.

I'm engaged in technical professions.

I work in a nursery in New Jersey.

I'm a corresponding secretary.

I'm a sportswear designer.

And I'm an artist and designer.

We have a fairly representative group of the professions that the heterosexual world espouses, in a sense, don't we? So this is where the problem arises—that, in a sense, your interests in the commercial world—in the world of business—are not demonstrably different from anybody else's interest. Is this correct?

Right.

I would say, generally so, but there are, when you get into this idea of those people that need to associate with other homosexuals, you find that there are people who tend to go, I feel, into things such as hairdressing and interior decorating because, either through social conditioning they're effeminate and they don't fit in any group except a totally homosexual group, and to that extent they do tend to collect in one profession, but you'll find homosexuals in every walk of life.

Perhaps you'll answer a kind of a bigotry of my own. I've always assumed that a large portion of the life of the homosexual was concerned with seduction and, therefore, that his business activities were somewhat directed by this as well. [Amused chuckling in background.] Is this at all—

I disagree. [More chuckling.] I think we'd all rather be seduced than seduce. [Giggles and laughter.] And, strange as it may seem, I would say, generally, the homosexual has a very strong moral fiber and a very definite set of rules, from which he rarely breaks and won't digress.

I would say, also, that we have a higher sex drive, though. We need more sex than the heterosexual person.

Yeah.

Why do you say that?

I don't know—I just tend to think that this is a tendency that we have.

It's because you're younger than the rest of us.

Possibly.

And if it's so, I think it's because it's compulsive.

No, I don't think so.

Do any of you feel—I mean, perhaps I am mistaken, but there are certain industries in New York which

seem to have a large percentage of homosexuals than others, and perhaps the reason for that is because—well, you say it's—these industries regard this as a more social—the members of them regard this as a more socially acceptable thing?

Well, wait. What industries are you speaking of? You're speaking of film industries, or acting, perhaps.

Well—I don't—yeah, I suppose so . . .

They're creative fields.

Yeah, the creative fields.

Now, what you're saying is that this is used, perhaps, as a means to—

—make contacts?

—further one's career. Yes.

There are several reasons why homosexuals, I've found, go into creative fields, and one of the major ones is that a homosexual usually doesn't have a family—there are exceptions, of course, but he usually doesn't—and therefore he doesn't have the responsibility—the down-to-earth—I-have-to-bring-home-so-much-money-every-week-in-order-to-feed-a-wife-and-whatever-children. Therefore, I can go into a more creative industry which does not, maybe, pay as much money at first and where there are more hardships, such as being an artist or writer, designer, all these things—an actor—and I can afford to live in a garret because there's no one dependent on me totally.

I'd like to elaborate on that point. He sort of started off in a vein that I wanted to develop, being that since the homosexual doesn't have a family and he doesn't necessarily need to be a bread winner, you need some sort of sustaining force. For example, a homosexual existence—from my point of view, love affairs are very destructive and I don't think they really and truly work out. Some people do manage it. So, aside from that—and if your social life isn't working out, too, the way you would like it to—you need something to sustain you; hence the creative arts where you can feel that you are expressing yourself and, most important of all, enjoying your occupation.

In other words, there is a sense of vocation as well. This is what you're saying—

Precisely.

And accomplishment.

That's very true. We can't take out our love on someone else, which is very often the case. Sometimes this is expressed through another medium, sometimes in a job, some form of art.

You know, actually—something I've always noticed—we actually have two technicians here, and one of them hasn't said a word all evening, and I was wondering how—and this is something you find, you find all sorts of cross-currents with the technician, the person who is in electronics or any type of very technical field feels when they get with a homosexual group that is predominantly artistic. Do you ever run into conflicts?

I sort of feel out in left field, to be honest, but I don't feel the basics are too different in any event. Really, you've got me at a loss there.

In other words, you don't feel that there's anything in particular in the nature of a homosexual that would lead to make him more artistic or more sensitive to certain things?

No. I would say that fields such as the electronics industry are quite full of homosexuals. The thing is,

though, in something like electronics, with government security clearances and whatnot, that the open homosexual is not so much in predominance, and so it's not quite as noticeable—

Is there more harassment?

Yes, there tends to be. A person like myself—I work in a firm that specializes in minority groups. They know what I am, and I work in spite of it. But I work for a lot less salary than I would elsewhere.

Let me ask you a question, to return for a second to what you said, which I found interesting, and I sort of wanted to pursue it a little further. You said that homosexuals are—you used the word "moral"—they have as strong a moral code as anybody else. I would like to develop this a little further. Is promiscuity more prevalent among homosexuals than in heterosexual society?

Yes.

Yes.

Yes.

But the why is also very important, I feel.

How would you explain the why?

Well, because I said the inability to sustain a relationship—you know, two males living together with this, well you know, this romantic aspect that really doesn't exist in a heterosexual relationship, but inevitably all relationships go—even, you know, the ones that are based on something which is sort of what they consider solid at the outset. So promiscuity has to come in, you know, in the window.

I think this would be interesting to know—before we get into too much of a self-incriminating discussion of promiscuity—what has been the longest—generally, the age of each of us here, and what's been their longest relationship if they've ever had any type of relationship with someone.

Yeah, could we go around and see—

Why don't we do that? I've always avoided marriage—women or male.

Well, I'm twenty-five and my longest out of two was six months.

I'm twenty-seven and—uh—no.

I'm twenty-one—four-and-a-half months.

I'm twenty-one, and I made seven months.

I'm not twenty-seven and my longest affair was a year.

I'm twenty-six and it was about seven-and-a-half years.

[Applause and cheers from group.]

Let me ask you this. Seven-and-a-half years is a fairly long time. Is that one still in existence?

No, it isn't.

Well, presumably, the standard kind of cliché about this—not about homosexuals, but about all love—is that if this is perfectly agreeable, that everything else is perfectly agreeable; you know, if the sex is going well, then everything else is going well. This is the kind of ultimate of the Freudian view of human nature. I was just wondering whether this was really the truth. I mean, have any of you found that, for example, you were perfectly mated from a sexual point of view, but the person might have been an absolute boor, or vulgar, or any of the other reasons why somebody might find a relationship wasn't possible.

I usually find that love affairs are really not based on sex too much. It does play an important role, but it

seems to be very much the person—what they have to offer.

I'd say along those lines, too, that you don't really—and I think this is true of heterosexuals or homosexuals—until you live with somebody, just one—I have a friend who's an older person that's been going with someone quite a long time, and he has a very low opinion of heterosexual marriage, because he says, "Just think if you find the perfect girl and then there's one thing wrong with her—she turns out to be a social climber . . ." And this is so true. One little thing, when you live with someone—and you notice this among a non-sexual roommate relationship, whether it be homosexual or heterosexual—a person's habit of playing a hi-fi a little bit too loud, or burning the toast in the morning. All these little things cause terrific complications when you're living in a very close, intimate relationship.

Well, I disagree with both opinions. My experience has been that, generally, you know, homosexuals are promiscuous and that sex is the most important element in a relationship. Because it seems that if, no matter how many sterling qualities you have—you might have a wonderful intellectual capacity, you're very sensitive, and you're just a wonderful companion—but if you don't have a virtuoso performance in the boudoir, it doesn't work.

I know people that have been together three, four, five years. Everything is going *very* well with them, but they're absolutely not suited for each other for sex. And they do not have sex with each other, but yet, their relationship is the best possible.

Yes, but that's not a relationship. That's a friendship.

No, it's—in a certain way, I guess it is, but it's a little bit more with them than a friendship.

Well, what happens as the years go by and, presumably, one suppose that males go through something similar to a menopause; in fact, they do, just like females do, and the sexual element and personality di-

O'Brian Has Doubts About Homosexuality

A week before the broadcast of "Live and Let Live," the following appeared in Jack O'Brian's radio-TV column in the New York Journal-American:

"We've heard of silly situations in broadcasting but FM station WBAI wins our top prize for scraping the sickly barrel-bottom. WBAI announces, a bit proudly, it will give 'eight young homosexuals' equal time to tell their perverted side of the admittedly sad but certainly sinful story because WBAI believes 'in the right of minorities to be heard' . . . This lower-depths decision followed the approach to the station's bubbleheaded brass of a fellow bearing the card of 'Public Relations Director, Homosexual League of America' . . . Is that a union?"

"This arrogant card-carrying swish claimed WBAI in a previous panel discussion of 'The Homosexual in America' had been 'unfair in that it did not give the opinion of any homosexuals.' . . . This eight-man, or something, panel will cover 'the homosexual's feelings toward promiscuity, domestic life, police harassment, politics, social responsibility, careers, the difficulty—and ease—of living in N. Y., the dullness of 'straight' society, reasons homosexual relations are so transitory.' (Yipes!)

"(Change those call-letters to WSICK)."

minishes quite a bit; are there homosexual relationships which remain as the sexual relationship diminishes?

I talked to a man the other day—and you see a great number when you go to homosexual public places, such as bars where men dance together, there's always—and I'll use a biased term—the old fool who's running around at fifty years old with a bald head, and trying to pick up every attractive male in the young twenties. But I was with a fellow 69 years old and I said to him, I said, "You're 69." And he said, "Yeah," and he smiled and he didn't have a tooth in his mouth, and he said, "My lover and I just had our 30th anniversary." And I said, "But isn't it frustrating," I said, "as you get older because obviously homosexual society does seem to value looks very highly—a little bit more so than heterosexual society." I said, "Isn't it pretty terrible when you get older?" And he said, "Don't worry about it. Nature takes care of it," he said. "I really don't care too much about anything any more, at my age." And I think this is true in all societies.

But the relationship remains?

Yeah.

The difficulty, of course, with a homosexual relationship—in a heterosexual relationship, you have the child, which serves as a common bond, which both of the parents, should—I don't know if they should, but they do, or at least the theory is that you cast your affections—you transfer your affections to the child, and this does not exist, plus the fact that the very sex act is, perhaps, more difficult than it is in heterosexual life.

Well, I feel that—I don't think that the homosexual's libido is so overly developed that this in itself makes him promiscuous. I think what makes him promiscuous is the fact that they do not have the bonds that marriage has for the heterosexuals, and secondly, they are seeking love, I suppose—call it that—and I'm sure a number of people feel that the only time that they are really needed and wanted is during a sexual act. Hence, the promiscuity.

That's interesting. You say bonds, and I think this is—perhaps we ought to talk about this a little bit. For example, customarily in bourgeois society, heterosexual society, the husband is the bread-winner, and there is a kind of a notion of commonly-held property, there are certain perquisites, the husband having certain perquisites, the wife having certain perquisites. Is this equally true in homosexual society? Does this mirror the bourgeois society, let's say, which is American society, generally speaking? Is there one person who is the bread-winner? Is money shared? Are bills paid on an equal basis in a—let's say, what would be a long term affair? How is this worked out?

I would like to kick that off. I'll tell you, my observation is, this is one of the advantages of a homosexual relationship. Both people work; both people have relative independence. There is role playing—not in the sense that *you* go to work and *I* stay home and keep house as a *role*, but there's role playing to the point where you are the dominant member, *psychologically*; you're the boss of the family and I will be the more passive.

Why do you want to kick that off?

Because, I tell you, I really think that if women would carry their weight in society there'd be a heck of a lot fewer homosexuals. I'm gonna go into a pet

peeve here, and I think that the female in this society has caused more misery to the heterosexual male and even more to the homosexual male than anything you can imagine. They're not only non-sexual and anti-sexual, but you have to open doors for 'em, you have to take 'em out to the movies—when you take a good looking boy out, when I take one out, unless he's very attractive, I usually say let's go out to dinner Thursday night, *dutch*. And it's accepted. If you take *him* out, as a matter of fact, he starts thinking of you as being somewhat of a creep or a lecher. And yet a girl expects you to go out and throw thirty or forty dollars away on her and—I might be wrong here; heterosexuals have told me that all women aren't like this, but—you're lucky if you get a goodnight kiss and it rarely goes farther than that on the first night. There isn't an honesty in the relationship. You can't sit with a girl and talk very honestly about, "Gee whiz, I'm sure sexed-up tonight" or—that isn't quite the thing you really talk about over dinner, but in other words, you can't really communicate as honestly with a girl. You can't say, "Oh, fuck" [censored on tape]—oh, I can't say that on radio, can I? [Laughter.] But you can say it to a *male*, and this is a terrific freedom, and it's something that should be put into *every* relationship.

Well, do you think that your choice of a homosexual role is partially attributable to your revulsion against normal domesticity?

What do you mean "normal domesticity"?

Well, I'm not saying normal—let's say bourgeois domesticity. That's a much better word. I like that. And the kind of courting process that you just described, which I think is a very accurate description of it. I'm not—

No. Quite honestly, as far as I'm concerned, I am one of these people that's almost entirely homosexual. I've had affairs with women. I've found them, mostly, totally uninteresting. There are two people—two or three people—here on the panel, however, who are bisexual and actively so. Now, before I turn the whole thing over to *them*, I'm gonna say that every bisexual I've ever known that is actually as much interested in women as in men—because men, it's such an easier life. If you're tired and lonely, you walk out into a bar or you call up a friend and you go over and you spend the night together. It's an uncomplicated, *easy* relationship. With a female there is all the formality and, I call, all the artificialness of it. And I've seen so many bisexuals drift into almost, just—I don't know whether it's reinforcing a behavior but—drift into an almost totally homosexual pattern. Because men don't compete—

I don't like that term. For myself, I don't think such a thing exists as a bisexual. Either you are homosexual or heterosexual.

This I find very untrue. I think it is the nature of all human beings to be bisexual, and that this perverted nature results in strict homosexuals and strict heterosexuals, both of whom have puritanical attitudes toward the other. In fact, you can find homosexuals any day who will say to heterosexuals, "Oh, you made it with a girl! Oh, how terrible! This is awful!" And the same thing: I'll speak to a heterosexual friend and he'll say, "How terrible! How can two boys have sex together! This is awful! This is a perversion!" This is a puritanism. And both sides—both heterosexuals and homosexuals are guilty of it, which I find quite revolting to me. I think people should be more free. Personally, I find

that I have more homosexual relationships, and it's *because* of the freedom—call it promiscuity if you will; I call it freedom—I think that there is more freedom, more honesty between people, in a homosexual relationship, because the social rules have built up within a framework which is not widespread and therefore including people who were completely frigid and anti-sex—but I find an equal amount of satisfaction with a girl who is equally free. And since a girl who is free is rare—as Randy pointed out, there are very few girls who are sexually free—and, therefore, this doesn't happen as often, for obvious reasons.

(Continued next month)

CHASTITY AND FREEDOM

(Continued from Page 4)

pinness is at best an elusive and subjective concept, what few statistics there are on the subject of marital bliss are extremely melancholy. Even in the days of the pioneer German erotologist Iwan Bloch, prospects for betrothed virgins were bleak; and they seem to have declined since then. Virginity, in other words, seems to be a very poor passport to happiness.

In fact, about the only prediction one can fairly make about the girl who is a physiological virgin before marriage is that she is more likely than her unchaste sister to remain an emotional virgin after marriage. In this case as in that of premarital petting, it seems that only practice makes perfect. The sexual "rules" are much the same as those for other vital functions: we must learn to walk before we can expect to run. And if we are not permitted to use or even to mention our legs, how can we learn to do either?

Summarizing Miss Banning's argument, we observe that it consists chiefly of warnings that defiance of traditional authority is dangerous. This we concede. But, as heirs of the American Revolution, we can hardly be expected wholeheartedly to admire those who act exclusively from a prudent sense of cautious expediency. After all, we not only defied the British monarchy but defeated it and lived to win its admiration and friendship. And of that energetic courage and sense of adventure that animated our forbears, we cannot happily welcome any diminution in ourselves and our children.

In a few cases, the writer creates or perpetuates myths that science cannot accept or has already rejected. Among these are the view that a new morality is merely a corruption of an old morality; that romantic love is more natural than sexual excitement; that work is intrinsically healthier than play; and that only virgins may reasonably expect happiness in marriage. We have already exposed the fallacies in each of these assertions. For the future, one can only hope that the reading public will be offered more substantial fare than these venerable clichés and that it will have ever-increasing opportunity to escape from those sex-Banning attitudes that have hitherto robbed its life and its love of so much joy.

Ultimately, of course, the case for sexual freedom is the same as the case for any other kind of freedom—political, social, or religious: liberty releases and fulfills human potentialities, while restriction cramps and distorts them. Let us therefore no longer refuse free rein to that immense potential for good which resides, too often mute and unrealized, in "the thinking body" of Man.

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from Page 10)

by Chuck Alverson

As White Slavers these two should have had no trouble registering as a non-profit organization. Their softening-up process includes free accommodations, dancing or acting lessons, glamorous jobs (in Gina's case, acting in picture magazines), and everything but capping the recruit's teeth and retiring her parents to Grossinger's. For all this expenditure, the only apparent result was the disappearance of one girl. For all we know, she may have been in Switzerland for skiing lessons.

As tradition dictates, the Bad Guys get theirs. René is juggled, and a disgruntled and ungrateful candidate shoots a couple more buttonholes in the Count's double-breasted pinstripe. If this film had a moral it was simply this: In White Slavery, simplicity pays. A rabbit punch behind the ear or a powder in her drink and the recruit wakes up in a crib in Buenos Aires. That's efficiency.

If this was "scorching the screen" I was tempted to leave before seeing a merely "daring" picture; but, mindful of the scientific nature of my mission, I decided to stay and pinch myself in order to keep awake. *Fever Heat* was neither so bad nor so sexless as *Paths*. A recent French film, its central character was Bob, an American style gambler and idol of the younger set. It seemed that Bob, in order to finance his gambling, resorted to the casino robbery during which I had entered the theatre. *Fever* also had in its favor a Bardot type who lounged about a good deal on and in a sheet and little else.

Leaving the Globe with muttered threats of a suit for false advertising, I noticed more smut-seekers lining up to be titillated, but I didn't feel it was my part to warn them of their impending boredom. They probably needed the sleep anyway.

by Bob Reisner

The villain was the most interesting character, but, then, they usually are. He was a man in a wheel chair named Mr. Claude who masterminded a drug ring. Most of the footage is taken up with the furtive activities of this paraplegic pusher and his hopped-up henchmen. They run around town distributing their wares in a most circumlocutory manner. Various drum rhythms supplied by one credited as Joe Boppo provide the background music to the dark doings.

Oh, the sex scenes. One is where a girl in a bra is wrestling around with a bare-chested boy. She is trying to entice him to make love to her instead of going to get a fix. Heroin has made him impotent, however—which leaves everyone nowhere.

Another sequence is that of a girl who is so hooked that she must give her favors to a scroungy young peddler named Scribbles. We must only imagine what has gone before because she is now begging for some white packets in payment. She is bugged by her depravity and the touch of the slimy Scribbles—who, by the way, is the best actor and would look rather presentable with a haircut. The girl gives out with a latter-day version of Lady MacBeth's "multitudinous seas

incarnadine" bit. She says: "Oh, you make me feel so dirty!" We then see her in a shower, but so lathered-up that for a moment I felt like going to the refrigerator, thinking that I was home and that this was a TV soap commercial.

Mr. Claude eventually gets pushed down a flight of stairs in his wheel chair (kiss of death style).

Coincidentally, I met the creator of this work in the lobby as he was observing some wrinkled hot dogs in a machine. His name is Raymond Phelan, and it is to him that credit is due, for he wrote, edited, directed, photographed, and played a role in the film. He got most of his actors off the street and from off-Broadway. The actual out-of-pocket expense was between \$20,000-\$25,000. Which is very thin bread.

In view of these facts there was something impressive about this picture. Put a good script into this young man's hands and in all likelihood you'll get a first-run flick for your money.

AN INDEPENDENT RESEARCH LABORATORY

(Continued from Page 16)

"Some analgesics work faster on one kind of headache than others?"

"Not only that, medical science knows you can't trust some people's headaches. A lot of people only say they have a headache—to get out of work early, say, or to get rid of a boyfriend."

"The Lab had to have some kind of scientific control?"

"Right. We had to make our own kind of headaches if the tests were to have any scientific validity."

By this time, I had my hand to my head. What a problem. "How did you make headaches?" I asked.

"First, we tried to hit our people on the head with a hammer, as in the commercials. By the time we reached the Brand X part of the test, however, the people didn't need an analgesic; they needed a doctor."

"Then what happened?"

"This morning we finally had a significant breakthrough: we achieved the perfect scientific control by accident. The subjects waiting to take a seat were all sitting quietly watching a television program. One of them complained he had a headache. Then I asked the others if they had headaches. They all had the same headache from watching the same TV program."

"Which analgesic gave the fastest relief?"

"None of the top four."

"None?"

"We didn't get a chance to give them an analgesic. The headaches kept disappearing, without painful after-effects, as soon as we turned off the TV set."

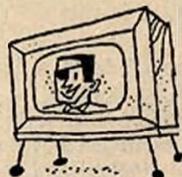
The staff medicine man wiped an eye with the ragged sleeve of his lab coat. "My teen-age son keeps saying, 'Papa, why are you knocking yourself out at the Lab? You are giving yourself unnecessary headaches. What young America really wants to know is not which analgesic works fastest, but which works fastest in Coca-Cola.'"

"What did you do then?"

"I went to the Coke machine, and bought four Cokes . . ."

August 1962

15



by Marvin Kitman

report from an independent research laboratory

Several weeks ago, the Federal Trade Commission announced it was suspending its deceptive advertising cases against four leading manufacturers of analgesics: Sterling Drug, Inc. (makers of Bayer aspirin); Plough, Inc. (St. Joseph's aspirin); Bristol-Meyers, Inc. (Bufferin); and Whitehall Laboratories, Inc. (Anacin). The FTC said it didn't think it was fair to single out any company for dishonorable mention, since the entire industry seemed to be guilty. Criticism of the advertising for any one tablet might imply the others were fast, Fast, or F*A*S*T*E*R.

While the news undoubtedly gave instant relief to the offending manufacturers, it gave thoughtful Americans an upset stomach and the pains usually associated with neuralgia. A lot of Americans in a hurry don't have time for slower acting remedies. Others want a tablet which s-l-o-w-l-y dissolves, and gentles its way through the body, inch by inch making everything all right. Folks whose lives would be empty without their minor pains which haven't persisted long enough for them, to see a doctor particularly don't want a fast-acting analgesic.

The American public was counting on the FTC to clock analgesics once and for all.

As the public relations director of the An Independent Research Laboratory (AIRL) of Leonia, N. J., I would like to say that our little lab has no intention of dropping its investigation into the speed of analgesics. We feel the public has a right to know the truth, and taking a powder as the FTC did in this case is not in the best national interest.

Several days ago, I drove out to the Lab to find out how our analgesics speed tests were going. An Independent Research Laboratory, as you know, is one of the few independent research laboratories in the nation without an axiom to grind. It is supported by neither advertisers nor consumers, and, as a consequence, makes out poorly financially.

The man in charge of the analgesics test greeted me at the door wearing his frayed white doctor's coat. He was the staff medicine man, and he seemed a little heavier than the last time I had stopped by. I asked if the Lab had been conducting any food tests.

"Yes," he said. "We've been checking out the theory that calories don't count."

"What else has the Lab been doing lately?"

"Well, for the past month, we've been working on the Cities Service campaign. They've been claiming their gas comes in a 'BIG gallon,' and we've been trying to find out just how big a 'BIG gallon' is."

"Any progress?"

"Our staff metaphysician is on the case now. The only thing he had to go on was our reference library's report that a gallon, to put it in its purest mathe-

matical sense, is a gallon. If Cities Service was claiming their gallon was KING-sized, this might indicate they were selling the so-called Imperial gallon, a standard measurement in Great Britain. We know that there are 277.420 cu. inches in the Imperial gallon vs. 231 cu. inches in the American gallon. Or, to put it more simply, every Imperial gallon has four Imperial quarts, each of which equals 1.20095 U.S. liquid quarts."

"Right," I said, to indicate I was still with him.

"The last time I spoke to our metaphysician about the case, he was digging through the tests we did on 'Jumbo-sized quarts,' a measurement concept introduced by the F & M Schaeffer Brewing Company in the 1950s, to see if he could find any leads."

"How are the tests on analgesics going?" I asked.

By the way he put his hand to his head, I knew they weren't going very well.

"Our mission," he said, "was twofold:

"First, find out which analgesic works fastest, and secondly, while we were at it, find out which works slowest."

"How did you go about finding out?"

"The first thing I did was to seek out the advice of my friendly druggist. He is a balding man in his late fifties who works in Walgreen's drug store in New York's Port Authority Bus Terminal."

"What kind of advice did you ask for?"

"Of the four leading analgesics, which works fastest?"

"What did he say?"

"'Whichever one you take.'"

"Which did he take?"

"Empirin."

"Did you check any other druggists?" I asked.

"Yes," our staff medicine man said. "Two out of three druggists I approached recommended Empirin. Since that brand wasn't even in the race, I was in a state of nervous tension until a fourth druggist advised me to buy all four leading brands and compare."

"And what did you do next?"

"As soon as I got back to the Lab, I filled four glasses of water. I numbered each tablet with a ballpoint pen, and dropped them into the glasses."

"What happened?"

"The tablets dissolved. So far, we hadn't found any deception in analgesics advertising."

"But which brand dissolved fastest?"

"I can't be sure," he explained, "because they all dissolved so fast I couldn't read the numbers on the tablets. But, I asked myself, does a glass of water have the headache? Or does a poor human being suffering from the pains of neuritis and the other symptoms usually associated with the common cold?"

"You mean . . ."

"Right. The Lab had to find people with real headaches to test which analgesics worked faster."

"Was that a problem?"

"As most medical doctors know, headaches strike in many ways, often when you least expect them. A nice little boy can give his mother a headache; a man's boss can give him a headache. What's more, there are different kinds of headaches: financial headaches, nagging headaches, splitting headaches . . ."

(Continued on Page 15)