

From Mickey Spillane to Erica Jong

by Larry McMurtry

Readers—I should probably say male readers—who passed through adolescence in the late 40s or early 50s might remember, perhaps with some affection, the following snatch of prose:

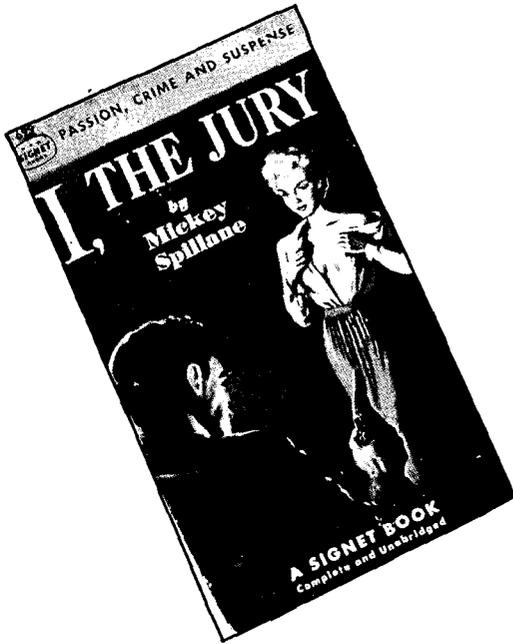
(Her fingers were sliding the zipper of her skirt. The zipper and the button. Then the skirt fell in a heap around her legs. Before she stepped out of it she pushed the half slip down. Slowly, so I could get the entire exotic effect. Then together, she pushed them away with a toe. Long, graceful, tanned legs. Gorgeous legs. Legs that were all curves and strength and made me see pictures that I shouldn't see anymore. Legs of a golden color that started from a flat stomach and rounded themselves into thighs that belonged more in the imagination than in reality. Beautiful calves. Heavier than those you see in the movies. Passionate legs. All that was left were the transparent panties. And she was a real blonde.)

The woman doing the strip is a murderess named Charlotte. The man

watching her is Mike Hammer, the archetypal hard-boiled dick. Mike is pointing a .45 automatic at Charlotte, and a few paragraphs later, after she has removed the transparent panties and is walking forward to embrace him, he shoots her right in the stomach. Shortly thereafter, she dies, real blonde or no. The book, of course, is Mickey Spillane's, *I, the Jury*, first published in 1947 and now in its 63rd printing (6 million copies sold).

In several respects the passage is a curious one. It is almost as if one can see Mr. Spillane's never very agile brain in honest struggle with the fact that he is creating a fantasy, rather than describing an event. As he makes his way up and down Charlotte's legs, this becomes increasingly clear: her thighs belonged more in the imagination than in reality, and her calves were heavier than those you see in the movies. Curious that a professionally virile hard-boiled dick (the "boiled" in that phrase being not much more than 30s *politesse*) should be comparing a woman's calves to those seen in the movies. Still, when I first met this passage, sometime around 1950, these

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interesting ambiguities were lost on me, as they were on my friends. The memorable thing about the passage was that it contained a direct reference to pubic hair—such references were seldom to be met with on the newsstands of the day. Little we dreamed, in those lamb-white days, that within a scant 25 years pubic hair would take its place amid the cultural staples of America, and that pictures of it, on the pubes of both male and female, would be as common in drugstores as Kleenex and aspirin. Who would have imagined that Mary Updike, the mate of the novelist, would say publicly that reading her husband's novel *Couples* was like being smothered in pubic hair? Who would have dreamed that the poet, band-leader, and, more recently, trial reporter Ed Sanders, in the series of landmark catalogues issued in the 1960s from his Peace Eye Bookshop, would catalogue, along with Allen Ginsberg's cold cream jar and other literary novelties, a bag full of pubic hair gathered from leading poets at a reading in the East Village? (Among the poets who seem to have partially depilated themselves at this time were

Ginsberg, Ted Berrigan, Frank O'Hara, Aram Saroyan and LeRoi Jones.) Lastly, who would have supposed that one could visit a newsstand only two blocks from the White House, in search of *I, the Jury*, only to be told that none of the 6,000,000 copies were in stock? Instead, right there where *I, the Jury* should have been was a vividly illustrated magazine called *Snapping Pussy*, the very concept of which would have caused Mike Hammer to drop his gun and clutch his equipment.

In any case, my chagrin at not being able to find *I, the Jury* led me to another newsstand, and then another, and then to several bookshops. Before I knew it I had taken a kind of walking of the sexual revolution, or at least of the documents it has spawned. Frankly, I hadn't realized what a pass things had reached. By the time I started home from my tour I had roughly a car full of books (41, to be precise), of all sizes, weights, and degrees of kookiness. Most of these I have now read.

What follows is an attempt—necessarily sketchy—to describe the sexual

climate, or perhaps one should say the sexual culture these books, in the broad, seem to be trying to promote.

In making this attempt, I followed a Dantean sequence, starting in the inferno of mass market hard and soft porn, the stewpot of fetishism and fantasy, and working rapidly upward through the purgatory of middlebrow advice manuals and counseling books to the empyrean realms of contemporary social science, where it can be seen that the technocrats, having subdued the earth and penetrated the stratosphere, are at last ready to bring their heavy instrumentation to bear upon human emotion and confusion. The sequence, however, may not matter. Whether one starts with the dildo manufacturers and vibrator merchants and works up to the sexual physiologists, or starts with the sexual physiologists and works down to *Snapping Pussy* may make little difference. In either sequence one finds oneself travelling through a society that is past the point of panic about its sexuality—a society filled with

individuals most of whom no longer have the dimmest conception of how their sexual activity relates to or bears upon character.

That last term—character—is, of course, an old-fashioned word and an old-fashioned concept. It scarcely appears at all in the 41 books, or, for that matter, elsewhere: one seldom, nowadays, hears anyone described as “a person of character.” The concept goes with an ideal of maturity, discipline, and integration that strongly implies repression: people of character, after all, cannot do just anything, and an ability to do just about anything with just about anyone—in the name, perhaps, of Human Potential—is certainly one of the most *moderne* abilities. Whether or not the old tyranny of repression is actually less healthy than the new tyranny of performance is one of the thornier questions contemporary sexual scientists have just begun to ask themselves.

Avenging Mike Hammer

If one starts at the crudest fantasy level—that of mass market paperbacks—the first thing that is obvious is hard-boiled dicks aren’t shooting women in the stomach much anymore. The women are doing the shooting now. The female superspy, whose visual prototype is probably Diana Rigg in her “Avengers” role, is proving deadlier than Mike Hammer ever thought of being. A number of the lady spies are flourishing: Cherry Delight is in her 17th adventure, Brandy French has completed eight or ten, and Eve Drum (the Lady from L.U.S.T.) is already in reprint. My favorite of this group, however, is the Baroness Penelope St-John Orsini, of the *Baroness* series. The Baroness looks much like Diana Rigg; if she existed she would be interviewed for *Interview* magazine by Andy Warhol and Fred Hughes. Her ultimate antecedent is Peter O’Donnell’s *Modesty Blaise*, who carried two novels, a comic strip, and a movie before Mr.

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O'Donnell petered out. The Baroness far outdistances Modesty, and when she chooses to strip, as Charlotte did, it is the male who had better look to his navel. Witness the Spillanesque denouement to *Hard-Core Murder*, in which a naked Baroness confronts an evil little man named (appropriately) Sully, who, after having tried to use her in an obscene movie, is about to shoot her with a .45 caliber dildo until she foils him by tipping over his dune buggy:

"She took it (the dildo-gun) away from him almost gently. His little pig eyes looked up at her wordlessly. 'It's the End, Sully,' she said. 'This is the scene where you get killed by a naked broad.'

She put both hands around his neck and strangled him. The giant bra floated over him like a guardian angel."

Variants of this somewhat surrealistic scene occur in all the superlady books; and among the many things which the ladies are super at is, of course, sex. The Baroness could make it coming down in a parachute if she could find a fellow who could handle the altitude. In fact, in all of the thousands of cheap paperback sex novelettes published each year it would be hard to find a woman who was less than 100 percent effective, sexually. Sex only stops in pulp fiction when the wrung-out male is no longer, as it were, up to the grind.

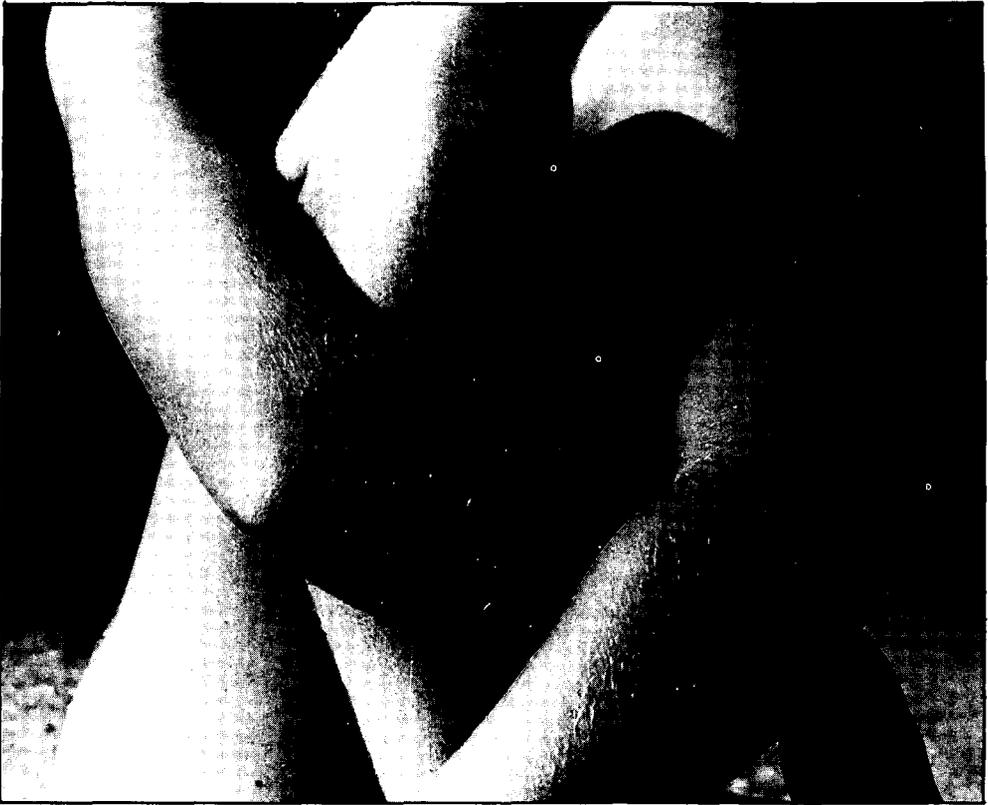
Sex By Numbers

It is interesting, in view of this, to leap from the inferno of the sexual pulps to the presumed paradise of therapeutics, where one often encounters the same multiorgasmic, endlessly responsive woman. Dr. Seymour Fisher's 533 page, closely-printed book *The Female Orgasm* (1973), in a curious chapter called "Diverse and Negative Findings," reports with surprise that no one can confirm that hostile women are less responsive sexually than nonhostile women; Dr. Fisher adds, with open consternation,

that sexual responsiveness in marriage cannot be correlated at all with dating history. Most fascinating to me, if tangential to the point I started to make, was a segment called "Number of Intercourse Positions." In a discussion of body boundaries and muscle awareness, Dr. Fisher says:

"Since it has also been shown in previous work that amount of awareness of one's muscles is relatively high in those with definite boundaries, it is interesting to note that in the one sample in which the Life Style Scale (Mackler and Shontz, 1964) (Appendix B) was administered, which measures how much each woman enjoys kinesthetic experiences (that is, those involving muscle sensations), a significant positive correlation was found between number of positions and Kinesthesia ($r=.39$, $p. 01$, Sample 2). Obviously, since variations in intercourse positions involve gross changes in muscular experience, one might expect that a woman who enjoys kinesthetic sensations would be particularly motivated to experiment with such positions. However, it must be added that the number of positions used was not consistently correlated with amount of participation, or interest in, athletics."

This is a long way from Simone de Beauvoir's famous statement (in *The Second Sex*) that female desire was the soft throbbing of a mollusk—one of the most poetic things ever said about desire, not to mention the sexiest thing ever said about a mollusk. Dr. Fisher seems to be saying that despite $r=.39$, $p. 01$, Sample 2 female jocks might still be reluctant to assume the arduous Indian-Tantrik position. This strange inconsistency goes against the grain of the any-woman-can attitude toward sexual training which, like it or not, cuts across all levels of theorizing today. The notion that some men or women can't is nowadays the most heretical of all notions—besides being a problem for the individual, it stands as an affront to scientific progress. What hubris, that the lonely, recalcitrant



Jennifer Rima Beeston

human will and stubborn human body should team up and refuse to respond, after they have generously been given all the necessary data. Snobbishly, it is generally still assumed that it is women who really need this data; after all, sex is a garden they were not even supposed to want into until fairly recently. The principal novelty of a book like *Fear of Flying* is its suggestion that women too think about getting laid. That is certainly a modest novelty; only a stupid or frightened society would have supposed that they didn't. *Fear of Flying* at least deals with sexual fantasy in a spirited, energetic way, and not many books do even that much.*

It is odd that, in a time when so much of human behavior has been investigated, the nature and function of fantasy has received so little intelligent attention. As a novelist, I have often been surprised at the hunger in readers for useful or appealing fantasy material. I don't usually think that the lives my characters lead are particu-

larly enviable, but many of my readers seem to wish that they could be living exactly the lives my characters lead. The rapidity with which they incorporate the books into their own fantasy-constructs is very interesting. What few seem to have observed is that, purely in terms of sex, many people in our society are in a position to realize what ten or fifteen years ago would have seemed highly extravagant fantasies. The gates to the secret garden have been unlocked—those who like to do it in groups can find groups to do it in, and those with more baroque tastes can probably satisfy them. How does this effect the coloration of

*The Kronhausens dealt with it rather superficially, before they de-emphasized writing in order to make blue movies and emcee sex fairs. Their book is called *Erotic Fantasies*. The same subject has been treated even more crudely in *My Secret Garden*, compiled by Nancy Friday. The most obvious thing to be learned from these books and the few others like them is the extent to which sado-masochistic fantasies dominate both the men and the women who can be persuaded to talk about their fantasy life.

present-day fantasy? What, indeed, are the splendours and miseries of *realized* fantasy in general? Is realized fantasy the very definition of happiness, or is it as dangerous as answered prayers? Does responsibility begin in fantasy, or is fantasy our only escape from it? These and all the other questions one might ask about fantasy are questions to which the sexologists have so far offered no answers.

Therapy Shopping

To walk into any well-stocked bookshop today is to be hit in the face with the realization that our society feels itself in desperate need of therapy. In five minutes I was able to acquire books on Vitamin Therapy, Bio-feedback Therapy, Exercise Therapy, Massage Therapy, Reality Therapy, Primal Scream Therapy, Feminism as Therapy, Male Liberation as Therapy, Dream Therapy, and, finally, an enchanting book called *When I Say No, I Feel Guilty*, in which the teacher, Dr. Manuel J. Smith, informs us that he offered members of his "Systematic Assertive Therapy" class \$20 each if within 30 seconds they "could command an erection or engorged vaginal tissue." (He didn't say if any could.)

To say that, read in the aggregate, these therapies are off-putting, is to understate. Far from making one want to run forth and get cured, they encourage one to snuggle deeper into neurosis, for at least neurosis is personal. There is a rather capitalistic vigor and brusqueness about all these books; they are the shop manuals of the psychoindustrial revolution. They aim at smoother production: less confused and more professional relationships; orgasms one after the other and one like another, rolling off an efficiently functioning psychosexual assembly line. On the trash level, in books like *For Yourself: The Fulfillment of Female Sexuality*, *Hot and Cool Sex*, *Bisexual Living*, *Intimate Feedback*, and *The Total Woman*, this is often laughable. Consider this Dick

and Jane exercise from *For Yourself*:

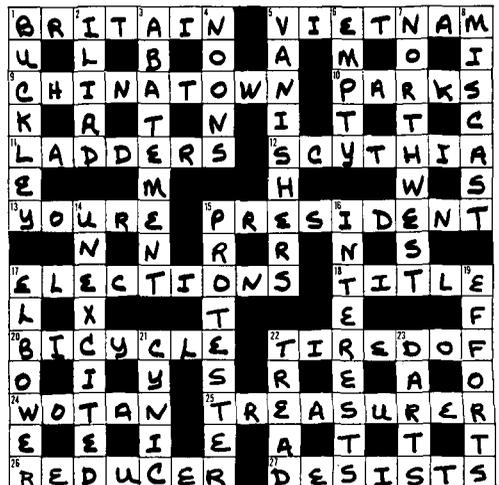
"When it is the partner's turn to be explored the illustrations in Masters and Johnson's *Human Sexual Response* could be used as a guide. His genitals could be examined visually, using sufficient light; the presence or absence of an erection makes no difference as far as carrying out the exam goes, but an erection might change your partner's perception of the touching since some areas of the penis might be more sensitive when it is erect. Which areas are most pleasurable when touched? The right side? The left side? The midline on the bottom side? . . . talk about what it was like to be explored. What did you learn from the experience?"

Or the hopeful "Sticky Fingers" exercise from *Intimate Feedback*:

"This simple exercise is intended to recapture the innocence of childhood. . . . The experience consists of eating a normal meal—but only using one's fingers. Notice how revolting it first feels to plunge your hand into your gravy or fried egg, then see how quickly it does not seem to matter anymore. Try feeding one another. Be aware of different textures and temperatures. Talk about it with one another."

But all therapies are hardly stuck on this Goo-Goo level. The behaviorist debate now going on between B.F.

Answers to April puzzle:



Skinner and his disciples and Neal Miller and his is highly technical, but Gerald Jonas' book about Miller (*Visceral Learning*, 1973) certainly makes it seem that behavioral engineering is something future generations will have to cope with. If rats can be taught to blush in one ear at a time, what might humans be taught to do? What might humans be made to feel through Drug Therapy, which is already a reality? The institutionalizations of *Brave New World* and *1984* are no longer at all remote; both the methods and the pressures that could produce them now exist. The pressures that now center around sexuality have cracked individual after individual; the spectacle is made all the sadder because in so many cases defeat slipped in the backdoor while everyone was standing in the front yard waiting for victory to come round the turn.

Any Man Can't

It is obvious from this literature (and from much else) that one of the great, half-suppressed secrets of all time—the rich sexuality of women—is finally out. It was always there, a steady undercurrent in literature, explicit in visual satire, but always half-denied, not least by women, perhaps in the interest of male peace of mind. Any woman can, can, can; some men can, can (maybe), (maybe) can. This psychic and anatomic dramatism—the ideally unlimited female potential, the distinct and limited male—makes for a very great play, perhaps the one great play that gives us comedy and tragedy in equal measure, and of equal quality.

One need not doubt the sincerity of the many current-day therapies and therapists to feel that the tragic-comedy of sex will still be running when they are all forgotten. All the therapies seem to me to aim at a professionalization of the emotions—we are a dreadfully professional country—; but emotion, like art, continues to defy professionalization. Confusion endures, and the more one

reads in the literature that is attempting to eliminate it, the fonder of it one grows. Among its resources, after all, may be deep feeling; it is even possible that deep feeling is intrinsically confusing. Behavioral engineering, low grade or high grade, may smooth, but it smooths without deepening. Some of the tragedy may have been ameliorated, and a great deal of the comedy has certainly been solemnized, but so far most of the sexual therapists have been no clearer about their basic principles than most humans are able to be.

Our Lady of the Laboratory

Whether the scientists are more intelligent in their goals also remains to be seen. It is obvious from even a cursory reading of these books that sex is being asked to bear a weight in our society that it can't hope to bear, and that it will break down time after time. Secure in our science, with our increasing understanding of physiological and psychological mechanisms, we have nonetheless raised an essentially masturbatory sexual ideal and hung ourselves with it, an ideal centered on accessibility, multiplicity, and variety rather than character, continuity, and commitment. The psychoanalyst Leslie Farber analyzed this ideal brilliantly almost a decade ago; he describes a "Lady of the Laboratory" who could just as well be today, a "Gentleman of the Laboratory"; a person who, once plugged into a set of stimuli, goes chugging along to orgasm, whether under lights, in groups, or alone, in total disconnection from societal context or emotive circumstance. This lady or gentleman now appears across the whole spectrum of our literature, from the Baroness books to Portnoy's Monkey. I am not so much bothered by the amorality of the fantasy as by its thinness; what a tacky, third-rate jerk-off. It is sex without background, yet this fantasy—the fantasy of the Perfect One Night Stand—animates hundreds of novels, some films, and

not a little cool sexology. Is it a psychic guard against the possibility of failure in involvement?

It is greatly to the credit of Masters and Johnson that they have published a book with the word Bond in the title (*The Pleasure Bond*, 1975). Their book contrasts nicely with the many titles suggestive of no tie, from *The Sensuous Woman* to *Joy and More Joy of Sex*, those twin gold mines belonging to Dr. Alex Comfort. One suspects that the two *Joy*s have sold like they have because of the delicate line drawings by Charles Raymond and Christopher Foss. With group and public sex so much in the news* I was particularly curious to hear what Dr. Comfort would have to say about it, and at once found this passage on watching other people make love:

"... it's a good way to learn about sexual behaviour. Most of the people who have written about sexuality never saw a couple making love—probably not even Sigmund Freud; it wasn't his scene. It's a heavy thought. How many books about football, telling you exactly how you should play it, have been written by people who never saw a game?"

Dr. Comfort's analogy seems somehow suspect, though it may well be that if lovers could make ready use of instant replay some mishaps and inconveniences could be avoided. Unhappily, Dr. Comfort is not the first Britisher to have his brains baked in Southern California. His books are interesting to me here only because he is well in the vanguard of what is a serious if still rather subtle attack on privacy. This attack is very general, and hardly confined to sexologists. A respect for the private is dying out in our culture and an active dislike and

*So much, indeed, that even the stalwart Mr. James Reston was reported as saying that going to an embassy party was like making love in public. What can he have meant? How can he know? Since the one embassy party I ever got to was only like being bored in public, I am at a loss to speculate, though I do recall a moment or two of end-of-The-Day-of-The-Locust-like frenzy when the ropes were removed from in front of the caviar.

covert suspicion of it is growing. Specifically, at the moment, the rather confused belief that *sharing* is *growing* is widespread in therapeutic literature. That sharing can just as easily lead to shrinkage is an undemocratic suggestion. The sharing industry is already well established, and it will not be long before someone suggests that sexual privacy is neurotic; indeed, books like *More Joy* and *Bisexual Living* imply that now.

Hit Parade

There have been, recently, some interesting changes in sexual vocabulary. The most provocative, perhaps, is that what used to be called "scoring" is now more commonly called "hitting." It was men who once "scored" on women—a term more than likely derived from contemporary sport. Now one more and more hears of women "hitting" on men, a term rather suggestive of falconry. With the women's movement still more or less in its vengeance stage, we may be experiencing a reemergence of the dynamic of medieval allegory, in which the women were queens and the men pigeons.

In a fascinating book called *Sinema*, Kenneth Turan and Stephen F. Zito interview a number of pornographic filmmakers, stars as well as producers and directors. The book gives us perhaps the best look yet at the professionalization of sex in America—far more revealing than puff-jobs like *The Happy Hooker*. It reveals, as all these books do, even the most sincerely therapeutic, the extent to which sex has become business in America. John C. Holmes, the male porno star who can come within ten seconds when the director yells "Come!", and Linda Lovelace, who, in learning to conquer her own gagging reflex, became the most celebrated fallatrice since Cleopatra, are, verily, the Lady and Gentleman of the Laboratory of whom Leslie Farber wrote. They are the visible embodiments of the fantasy of ecstasy with-

out involvement, and the effects they and their colleagues are having on our culture deserve more attention than they have had. We have, after all, outdone the Swedes in mass marketing pornography. Where traditionally it had been either crude and cheap (for the ignorant young) or exquisite and expensive (for the jaded and presumably wealthy old) it has become merely matter-of-fact, priced to the pocketbook of the middle-class supermarket customer and indistinguishable in its packaging from the million other commodities of our culture. Yet its very existence on a mass scale speaks of gnawing lacks and makes mock of liberation. Why, now that repressive pressures have been lifted, have these lacks not diminished? Why, instead, have they increased? Why this constant need for vicarious stimulation? Why the growing obsession with sexual display (which is not the same as sexual play)? Why hasn't our knowledge increased our power or deepened our satisfaction or, at the very least, given us a sense of humor? It is clear that sex in America is being drained of content faster than the fun-and-frolic merchants can pile books in the newsstands; faster than porno cineastes can thread projectors or swingers strip in California or scientists properly graph strawberry spread during the plateau stage. Why?

I certainly don't know, but perhaps Masters and Johnson do. Of all the experts, they are the sanest and most humane, and they insist again and again upon the value of context and background in sexual life. Dr. Comfort and a number of his imitators make clear what an interference children are to those who are really into sex. Masters and Johnson are almost alone in suggesting that familial health and humor can be aphrodisiac rather than anaphrodisiac. Homes and families scarcely exist in contemporary sexual literature, so clearly are they assumed to be anti-erotic; instead we have laboratories, seminar rooms, singles bars, whirlpool baths, and

copulatoria on the order of the famous Sandstone in Los Angeles; on the whole, a sexual environment not unlike that of *A Clockwork Orange* with still a thick carpet of sado-masochism as its fantasy base.

The Art of Loving

The final arrogance of contemporary sexual science is its belief that love can be understood through its processes; or, to put it differently, that love is somehow historically progressive. But love, like art, is not progressive, and for all its information science still can't write a good sonnet or mate two people. When we face another person we are as much on our own as were the Elizabethans, as were the Greeks. Even time and experience do not necessarily make one wise in love; aged lovers can be just as confused as those fifty years their juniors.

Teaching love is not, as Dr. Comfort suggests, like coaching football. If it can be said to be like anything, it is like teaching writing or music or painting. Small skills can be taught, but there still remains the problem of intelligence, of compassion, of largeness of heart, without which the skills cannot be made to matter. Relating makes the same requirements of informed concern, and involves the same commitment of spirit and time, all just as essential background. What happens in the foreground may always be helter-skelter, but without some fullness of background, some texture and some context, it won't matter how precise the scientists are able to be about where to put what, and when; there will still be feeling to put, and it's a perennially awkward parcel to handle. Unless we know our lovers well enough to give and receive some help with it, we'll end up right back in our tacky fantasy, Charlotte and Mike undressing together, both of them with guns in their hands this time, and, given the terms they have adopted, neither of them likely to survive long enough to find out if the pubic hair is real, or just a merkin. ■

A Shopper's Guide To the Sexual Revolution

Advice to a Young Wife from An Old Mistress. Michael Drury, ed. Doubleday, 1968.

Though evidently aimed at the readers of *Glamour* magazine, this book is well written and interesting. Whoever wrote it at least delivered the fruits of an authentic experience.

Between Myth and Morning: Women Awakening. Elizabeth Janeway. Morrow, 1974.

A very good book.

Bisexual Living. Julius Fast, Hal Wells. Evans, 1974.

"Bill shakes his head at the memory. 'It got pretty wild. At one point I was on Lisa's breast and Sue was on her other, and Lisa was on one of Sue's breasts and Sue's other breast was empty! So I look at Marty and say, 'Why don't you join in? There's one tit doing nothing.'" (page 37) A representative passage. If accurate, it would appear that bisexual living is ideal for the unweaned.

Creative Dreaming. Patricia Garfield. Simon & Schuster, 1974.

Fear of Flying. Erica Jong. Signet, 1973.

The Female Imagination. Patricia M. Spacks. Knopf, 1973.

The Female Orgasm. Seymour Fisher. Basic Books, 1973.

Feminism as Therapy. Anica V. Mander, Anne K. Rush. Random House, 1974.

For Yourself: The Fulfillment of Female Sexuality. Lonnie G. Barbach. Doubleday, 1975.

Hard Core Murder, the Baroness Number 4. Paul Kenyon. Pocket Books, 1974.

Hot and Cool Sex. Robert T. Francoeur, Anna K. Francoeur. Harcourt, 1974. The Francoeurs attempt the kind of cultural criticism Miss Figs attempts, only they fail at it.

Hot Strip Tease. Goeffrey Gorer. Cresset Press, 1937.

Mr. Gorer was brilliantly prescient. His book describes almost everything that has happened in American culture since he wrote it.

I, The Jury. Mickey Spillane. Dutton, 1947.

Kiss My Assassin, The Lady from L.U.S.T. Number 7. Rod Gray. Tower, 1968.

The Joy of Sex; More Joy. Alex Comfort, ed. Crown, 1973, 1975.
To do him justice, these books show Dr. Comfort at his worst. He is to be found at his best in an excellent book called *Darwin and the Naked Lady*, his essays on biology and art.

The Liberated Man. Warren Farrell. Random House, 1974.

Love and Death. Gershon Legman. 1949.
Still the classic critique of our popular culture.

The Male Machine. Mark Feigen Fasteau. 1974.

Male Sexual Performance. Sam Julty. Grosset & Dunlap, 1975.

Men's Liberation: A New Definition of Masculinity. Jack Nichols. Penguin, 1975.

My Life with Xaviera. Larry, "The Silver Fox." Warner, 1974.
A euphoric memoir.

My Secret Garden: Women's Sexual Fantasies. Nancy Friday. Pocket Books, 1974.

Naked Nomads: Unmarried Men in America. George Gilder. Quadrangle, 1974.

New Mind, New Body—BioFeedback: New Directions for the Mind. Barbara B. Brown. Harper & Row, 1975.

An excellent introduction to bio-feedback, by one of its pioneers. The chapter on "Blood Vessels and Social Tension" is worth the price of the book.

Open Marriage. George and Nena O'Neill. Avon, 1972.

Patriarchal Attitudes. Eve Figs. Fawcett, 1970.
An excellent book.

The Pleasure Bond. William H. Masters, Virginia E. Johnson. Little, Brown, 1974.

The Prime of Ms. America. Janet Harris. Putnam, 1974.

Psychofraud and Ethical Therapy. John David Garcia. Whitmore, 1974.

The Psychology of Sex Differences. E.E. Maccoby, Carol N. Jacklin. Stanford, 1974.

A monumental work; it gathers almost everything that is and is not known about sex differences.

Reality Therapy. William Glasser. Harper & Row, 1965.

Sex and Power in History. Amaury de Riencourt. McKay, 1974.

Sinema. Kenneth Turan, Stephen F. Zito. Praeger, 1974.

Thunder La Boom. Anne Steinhardt. Signet, 1974.

The Total Woman. Marabel Morgan. Revell, 1973.
Adopts the odd position that men are perfect.

Vaginal Politics. Ellen Frankfort. Bantam, 1973.

Virility 8: A Celebration of the American Male. Max Gunther. Playboy Press, 1975.

A hilarious if somewhat panicky attempt to assure us that we're still the greatest.

Visceral Learning. Gerald Jonas. Viking, 1973.

The Ways of the Will. Leslie Farber. Harper.

When I Say No, I Feel Guilty. Manuel J. Smith. Dial, 1975.

Congress v. Kissinger: The New Equalizers

by Frederick Poole

Over the years every member of the U.S. Foreign Service, imbued with the notion that foreign policy is implemented by this self-proclaimed elite corps, has had to face up in unusually wrenching ways to our role in Indochina. Some have supported the war policies and been happy to carry them out; some have managed to restrict their work to other regions of the world; many privately argue that they can be most effective as good soldiers quietly pressing their views from within American embassies, the State Department, or the National Security Council. But there have been others who have felt compelled to leave the Service. A small but significant number of those who did resign came back to Washington to fight their former masters from the Hill.

It is not too much to say that behind every significant congressional initiative in foreign policy since the war turned sour there has been a former member of the Foreign Service. Acting as legislative assistants or committee staffers, they have drafted legislation, prepared policy statements and speeches, and disseminated information that successive administrations have tried to suppress. They have worked on the ABM fight, the Cooper-Church and Church-Case amendments, the war powers legislation, and such current initiatives as the denial of military assistance to Turkey, the cutting of further funds

Frederick Poole is writing a book about American ambassadors.

for Vietnam and Cambodia, and the intense probing of the CIA, the FBI, and the rest of the nation's intelligence apparatus.

Former FSOs have become highly visible in the offices of senators and representatives and on committee staffs. There is a body of expertise on the Hill that did not exist when the war was first seriously questioned, and a network has been established. Any FSO wondering whether this might be the moment to switch sides now has precedent behind him. He knows exactly who to call to find out where the action is taking place and what congressman might need assistance.

High on the list of those to be contacted in the Hill's FSO network are the two men who set the pattern. One is William G. Miller, now a staff director of Senator Frank Church's Select Committee on Intelligence, previously legislative assistant to Senator John Sherman Cooper in the years of the ABM fight and the Cooper-Church legislation, and then, when Cooper left the Senate, legislative assistant to Senator Charles McC. Mathias, and staff director of the Senate Special Committee on the Termination of the National Emergency. The other is Albert A. ("Peter") Lakeland, Jr., who has been the top foreign policy man on Senator Jacob K. Javits' staff for the past eight years. Most of the FSOs on the Hill arrived after the Cambodian incursion of 1970; Bill Miller and Peter Lakeland have been there since 1967.

Although both came to the Hill in