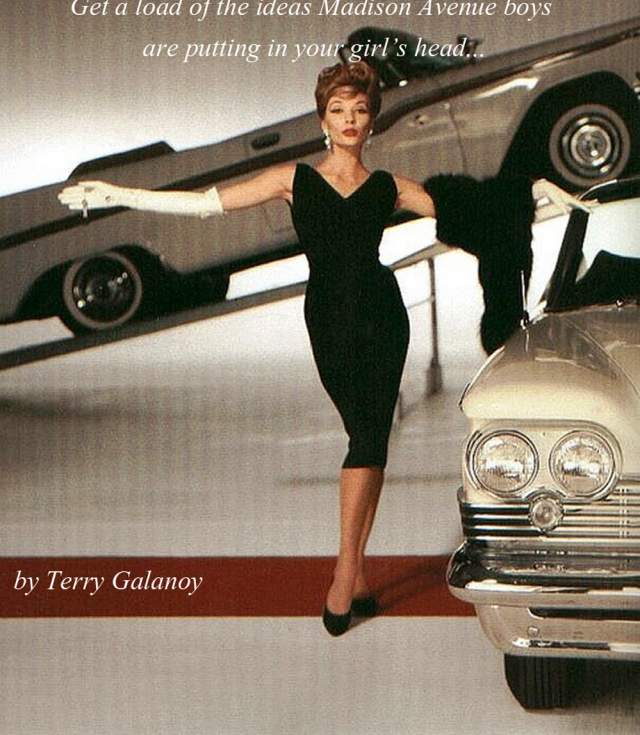


SEXⁱⁿ ADVERTISING

*Get a load of the ideas Madison Avenue boys
are putting in your girl's head...*



by Terry Galanoy

YOU'LL NEVER know until you try... you'll love yourself in the morning... nothing does so much for a woman... it's the nicest thing you can do for a man..."

If these sex-loaded gasps sound like tape-recorded snatches of a Hollywood starlet's first encounter with casting procedures, then you don't know what's happening to your own girl. These carelessly-suggestive bids for erotic action are being said-right now-to the gal in your own life. The satyric males who are saying it are getting results and they have over \$9,000,000 to play with.

The Don Juans with the big wallets are the nation's advertising men - lately called "the men in the greay flannel jock straps" by those in the know. Actually, the four stimulating but smutty suggestions in the first paragraph promote the sale of bathing suits, lipstick, eyebrow tools, and even, disappointingly enough, bedroom slippers.

Long gone is any Madison Avenue Casanova's regard for fabrics, quality of workmanship, product benefits or lower price. Instead, advertising's sexperts have discovered your girl friend's most sensitive soft spot - her libido. They've found the most direct and positive route for persuading your gal to part with hard-earned cash for easily-earned sexual satisfaction. She's sort of getting her kicks for \$1.66. If you think a kiss on the back of the neck drives her wild, you should see what advertising can do to her with only seven words!

OldMagazineArticles.com



“Move over, Doc,” one of the “erotica executives” recently commented to his psychiatrist, “we’ve learned all about your racket; the Id, the libido, narcissus, exhibitionism, sadism, the entire sexual scene. And we’ve been playing with these concepts and the nation’s females like two eighth graders under the back porch. Know what? We’ve learned how to *make* every female in the country... in a way that makes money for us....”

He continued, “We put her in bed with a cake mix and she’s happier than if Errol Flynn was there. Why not? We can give her all of the fun, none of the consequences or smirking male in the morning.”

In underburdening his recently adapted associations between the business world above board and the one underneath the covers, that gigolo of paid space had just about summed up the recent tidal wave of mass sexual persuasion which hides under the general category of “advertising.” Stemming from the nation’s hundreds of advertising agencies, this new technique specializes solely in putting a friendly hand on your girl friend’s knee and, at the same time, merchandise in her shopping bag.

The end result, after years of intensive research and experimentation, comes down to one pretty startling conclusion. That: the the girl you’re planning to install in the G.I.-tract house has all of the single-mindedness of a long-cruise sailor on a pass - but she has it all of the time.

Fortifying themselves with such sexologists as Krafft-Ebbing, Havelock-Ellis and, even the late Dr. Kinsey, the Madison Boulevardiers are selling everything from cars to cigars and fruits to boots by a medicine show which more resembles a burleycue. Through the caress of a few words... the kiss of a layout... the intimate suggestion of an erotic illustration, these admen are pushing their wares past your girl’s natural financial guard and into her emotional longings. It was all summed up by one advertising agency client who rubbed his hands together, paraphrased, “Candy is dandy, liquor is quicker, but caressed they buy best.”

“A simple case,” one advertising trade journal writer commented, “might be why women will spend no more than twenty five

Sex in Advertising

cents for a cake of soap but spend ten times that amount for a jar of beauty cream. The answer is simple. Soap is sold to make her clean. Beauty cream is sold to make her sexy. She'll pay anything for that...."

One of the first and most famous advertising-through-sex campaigns is the past and



present Maidenform Bra series. The illustrations and situations are altered from ad to ad but the picture always shows a stylish, exciting young lady who is almost completely dressed from chapeau to toe. Missing is the girl's covering from neck to navel—with the sole exception of the advertised product. The situations—I Dreamed I went Shopping, I Dreamed I Went To A Party, etc.—definitely appeal to the inhibited urge in every female to display her curvey charms in public. Exhibitionism, the couch counselors call it.

Does it work? Maidenform started out as an also-ran in the bra field, but after one year of this campaign the company had clambered over the sales leaders and assumed the top role. Maidenform's ad agency had managed to allow the nation's females complete freedom of exhibition without fear of a jail sentence or a court-ordered psychiatric examination.

An even "rougher" pair of campaigns, according to many of the Bright Young Men, stem currently from the cigarette companies. One tobacco company broke its advertising campaign with a series of colorful two-page spreads in a great many mass-circulated magazines. Opening to these pages, America's Innocence—your girl—immediately spotted a couple in an intimate play situation. There were heavy overtones of shadowy romance in the air. Above it all, in a headline which smirked for (and received) a great deal of attention were the wet-lipped words, "Like Your Pleasure BIG?"

Your girl obviously does. Cigarette sales for that company are way up.

The second cigarette company recently underwent a change of sexual attraction without benefit of Denmark. This butt-dispensing organization features virility by the pack, utilizes the dashing

soldier-of-fortune complete with tattoo which implies an affair in every port. Bronzed, hardened, sometimes cruel-lipped, the male model's eyes gleam with a photographic promise—a promise which sets female hearts and covering tissue aquiver with anticipation. That promise: "You Get A Lot To Like."

Among other advertisers guilty of petting your girl for financial embraces is the great Chrysler Corporation. And they have the back seats for it, too. One agency man associated with the account recently explained, "We were looking for an exciting and symbolic phrase to describe the new line of Chrysler products. Our basic search was for a simple phrase but something that would be appealing to both men and women. We sure found it!"

That "found phrase" is the now-famous, "Forward Look," and although Chrysler executives deny it, sexologists are agreed that the phrase appeals mightily to the nation's breast-lovers, both male and female.

Another fondling of your female came about after an involved and somewhat publicized search for the title of a new dramatic television series to be sponsored by the same motor maker. Many names were submitted, few were chosen for final consideration. When all of the meetings were over and the Kings and the Generals had departed, a leading television magazine proudly bannered the announcement that the new Chrysler television series would be known as "Climax!"

With an exclamation mark, yet.

But, as has been proven, an *entire* advertising campaign or even a television show are not really essential to create this newsstand sex appeal. One of the nation's leading research organizations is the Gallup-Robinson outfit. GR, as the researchers are called (among other things depending upon how one feels about research), makes a mint by finding out which advertisements in a magazine work. Through devious cross-questioning methods, the researchers even try to determine why. Although many admen don't subscribe to the GR formula, the Messrs. Gallup and Robinson have proven, to their own satisfaction, that certain words have the same effect on that gal as the legendary qualities of a ground-up tropical seed.

At closed-door meetings of the nation's leading advertising agencies, researchers

Zsa Zsa Gabor says, "C'est Magnifique..."

No more ink-stained
hands or clothes
with my
Paper-Mate Pen!

GUARANTEED NOT TO LEAK!

The Paper-Mate pen is always clean and never needs wiping—retracts when not in use. Proved by daily use in more than 7000 Leaks. Poured by billions of words written by millions of users.

GUARANTEED NOT TO TRANSFER!

No more smeared writing. No more messy ink rubbing off onto fingers, notebook or hand. Paper-Mate's ink is permanent on paper, yet it lifts from most materials; the ink rubs out easily.

Pick the Pen of Proved Performance!

No other pen gives you such smooth, fast writing luxury. No other pen has ever won such nationwide acclaim of bankers, teachers, artists and readers. So insist on a genuine Paper-Mate Pen...topped by many, equalled by none.

*Guaranteed 20 years
against mechanical failure*

KURE...
ready to write
KUREA—point depressor

Always a
sharp point

See beautiful Zsa Zsa Gabor in MGM's "Mogambo"
and "Where Do You Go To When You Want a Man?"
Color by Technicolor

\$1.69
each fountain

Paper-Mate

indicate that the use of "proven-stimulus," words will get a reader reaction. "These are words of urgency and immediate action, words that call for instant response," according to the guys who spend their days with your girls. Their decision is that such words as *now*, *new*, *never before* and *the secret is* have sold products, are selling products today, and will continue to sell products throughout the future. They're so convincing that entire advertising empires have been built upon these seven words.

"It's probably true," a consulting psychologist commented when asked about the affect of these words, "that every female can associate the excitement of sexual action with the word, *now*. The last mental struggle to retain her virginity generally involves *new* and *never before*. As for *the secret is*, that's pretty self-explanatory with America's reactions toward young ladies who have tried several mattresses before marriage."

MEANWHILE . . .



. . . back at the ranch (or where ever men read magazines), this cigarette manufacturer wasn't ignoring men when it came to sex in its advertising.

From that, it's fairly simple to spot the anatomical thrill (to the female, of course), in an ad which might start, **NOW . . . NEVER BEFORE A CREAM LIKE THIS!**

So increasingly invulnerable is this approach, that *Media Agencies Clients*, a West Coast advertising trade journal recently ran the following classified advertisement:

**SEX SYMBOLISM AD-GUIDE
INVALUABLE RESEARCH TOOL**
Now—300 hidden sexual persuaders at your fingertips. Indispensible to copy writers, art directors, ad managers. Researched from psychoanalytic literature for professional use.

The price of this little guide to mass seduction of the nation's feminine population was a paltry \$1.00 postpaid. Any bachelor worthy of keeping an extra pair of stockings on hand for emergencies will realize that the price was not out of line.

According to that same thin-labeled journal, the guide sold out instantly.

"Hell," said an ad expert recently, "we even found out that women respond

*Right down the Alley—
with a Microsheen Shine!*

You'll really bowl 'em over whenever you sport a MICROSHEEN shine. That's because MICROSHEEN is right down the alley when it comes to keeping shoes at their sparkling best. Cutler waxes, rare conditioning oils, wonder-working silicones to impart a long-lasting brilliance under all weather conditions. Buy a can of GRIFFIN MICROSHEEN today. It's a "ten strike" every time!



**GRIFFIN MICROSHEEN
SHOE POLISH**
Black • Brown • Tan • Oakleaf • Red
Cordovan • Mahogany • Blue • Neutral



better to the phrase, 'Layaway Plan,' than they do to 'Time Payments'."

Give that a second thought the next time she blushes prettily!

One of the younger fifteen percenters who is still slightly amused with Adland, even mentioned that there had been a drastic and all-pervading change in that strange tongue known as advertisingese. Before, admen were said—with a smile—to describe a knotty problem thus: "Let's run it up the flagpole and see who salutes."

Their current expression for the same problem is, "Let's lay it on the table and see if it gets pregnant."

Amidst all of the cries of four-color sex, however, are the serious and thoroughly sincere advertising men who deny that sex plays a major role in advertising and who chalk up all double-entendre copy as pure coincidence. One such writer, a copy chief in the San Francisco office of a major national agency, said, "Procuring is a strange profession—criminal in this country, honored in other portions of the world. It's *what* we procure, however, that makes the major difference."

He continued, "You take the confession magazines. Big successful sellers to women, large circulations. There are only two or three actual mediums that will give us the advertising exposure of millions that the editorial material in those magazines reaches. Any ad considered 'borderline' still doesn't reach as many women as the admittedly-sexual confession magazines. A suggestive line in a TV show reaches more females within seconds than all of the lovers of history could reach from the beginning of time."

He went on to explain that his agency had recently been assigned the task of preparing a new advertising campaign for an underarm deodorant. "The client said, 'I don't want anything like that other one.'" That "other one" was the campaign for a rival underarm deodorant which features a youngish couple in a warm embrace. The copy reads something like this, "Because you are the very air he breathes . . . nothing matters but you two . . . your world's all wrapped up in this one moment . . . don't let any-

thing spoil it" . . . on and on *ad into bedum*.

"We went the other way," the copy chief boasted. "We talked about the pure ingredients in our product . . . the anti-stain preparation which protects clothing . . . the very logical and sensible product advantages in our client's underarm spray. . . ."

His face fell, "Trouble is," he finally admitted, "the other one's selling while our pretty plastic squirt bottle is rotting on drug shelves all over America."

A third underarm deodorant recently displayed an advertising campaign that shot straight from the shoulder, or maybe it was the hip. "Listen to me Baby," the ads seem to say, "and you'll never go wrong at those important moments." The actual ad was headlined "SEX AND YOUR PERSPIRATION," and the body copy went on to snigger about "sexual excitement," "sex perspiration," and finally, the glowing admonition, "Don't be half-safe. . . ."

In the main, it is the cosmetic people, the fashion people, the more sensual of products which lean toward the erotic suggestion pattern in advertising. But, there are thousands of manufacturers with tens of thousands of items and, watching the success of these campaigns, they've all been clambering onto the same motel register. As a consequence, the rounder, firmer, more fully packed sex is being approached with such absurdities as: "If You Like To Give Pleasure" (kitchen tools); "Live Your Active Life to the Hilt" (shoes); "Always Safe, Never Sorry" (dress shields).

Plus that classic new leer: *Does She or Doesn't She?* The product is (shucks) a hair rinse.

Even the ad boys have picked up the great sexual drive for expression, have started to utilize the technique in their own agency advertising. The Dreyfus Company, a highly-creative agency in Los Angeles, recently ran a "house" advertisement which showed a pair of very seductive female lips part-way open and right next to a close-up of a man's ear. In between ear and lips was one line of type, "Sometimes a whisper is more exciting than a shout." Dreyfus indicates that the "whisper" ad pulled a great deal of response from other agencies and from prospective clients.

"All in all," one ad man went on to explain, "we don't see any harm in it. From Park Avenue dowager to a Chinese sailor's yum-yum girl, every female wants to be wooed and won continually. She wants her life filled with romance not with formulas, with love not with logistics. And, looking over the current advertising approaches, I'd say that we're *helping* not rivaling the young man for his mate. With every sex-tinted message we deliver to titillate her and to get her thoughts reduced to the basic, we're helping *him* get closer and closer to his final objective with her. After all, he's right there . . . while the garden path we lead her down stops on page 64."

Many agency executives agree that a uninhibited, semi-erotic advertising ap-

proach is actually helping the American female—your girl—release some of her pent-up sexual energies. They even predict that magazine advertising may well replace the darkened room or the parked car as an evening's entertainment if the young man has physical designs in mind. "Sort of an acceptable stag show for girls," one worthy commented.

Perhaps the most promising aspect of the entire social program is what the sociologists call "secondary public benefit." It comes about as the nation's manufacturers—through their narrow-shouldered agencies—gently but firmly spend \$9,000,000,000 to push your girl into the sack. You get the benefit—even with only two cents in your pockets.

So, even though they're making love to your girl, everybody's happy. The agencies are delighted with their commissions . . . the manufacturer with his sales . . . the girl with her new-found womanhood . . . and . . . ah, yes . . . you. •