

HOUSEWIVES ANSWERS TO ADULTERY

In the latest mass hysteria sweeping the sex guilt crowds of Suburbia emerges this question and answer report. Here among the shrubbery of mortgage ridden emotions an image of the sex habits of the garden variety American is recorded straight from the housewife's mouth.

this



or this . . .



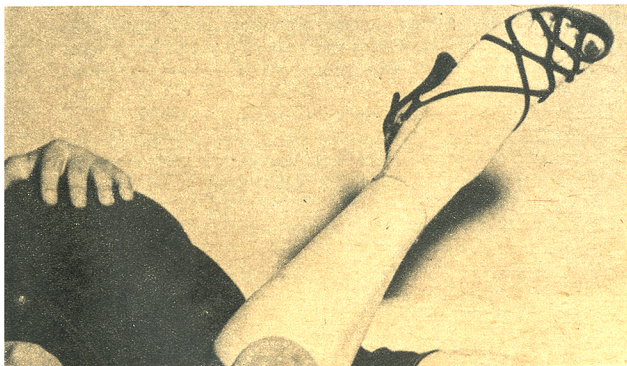
Quick

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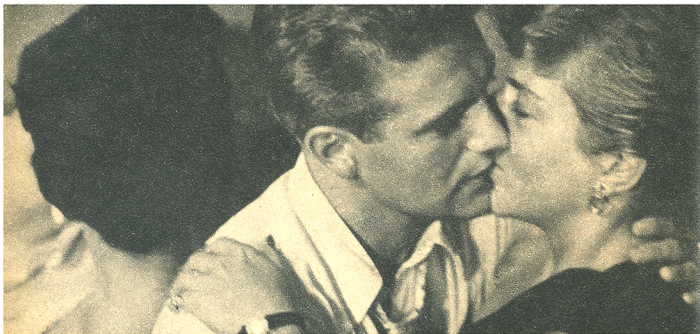
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In an effort to find out the inside story of sex in suburbia— aspects of the new morality—and the phenomena of wife swapping and wild orgies reported by leading magazines and newspapers, ———— **QUICK** Magazine decided the best approach to find out the real, unadulterated facts, would be to get it from the horse's mouth, so to speak. Or, in this case, the wives themselves. The usual technique had been to interview the husbands, if at all. This is a dubious technique at best, for men, sad to say, have been known to exaggerate their sexual exploits. Women, psychologists and social researchers have discovered, when discussing the subject are usually reticent and reluctant to divulge information. When they do, however, it is found to be more accurate and less boasting in nature. With this insight in mind, ———— **QUICK** sent out a team of researchers, supplied with tape recorders, to scour the shrubbery and find a suburban housewife willing to shed light on our subject. After numerous door-slamming and looks of outraged indignation when informed of the interviewer's mission, one of our staff, a young reporter named Davis, while beating the backwoods of Connecticut's Fairfield County, was invited in by the madam of the



Friendly relations are the keynote of suburban success.

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house, offered a drink and told to ask any questions that came to mind. Obviously, the name of the housewife isn't her real one. What follows is a transcribed verbatim record of the interview:

OUR MAN DAVIS: To be frank, Mrs. Jones, I'd begun to believe I'd never get any woman to submit to a candid interview. After all the outraged expressions I've seen and all the denials I've heard, I thought I would never . .

MRS. JONES: The women around here are a pretty stuffy lot, but, with all the carrying on in these parts, I'd expect some honesty from some of them. Did Mrs. ———, down the road, answer your questions?

OMD: No. She was one of the more indignant deniers. ,

MRS. J: That's one of the funniest things I've ever heard. She happens to be one of the more frolicksome matrons—and I'm very kind to put it that way—in the whole county.

OMD: Frolicksome?

MRS. J: One of the regulars at our parties.

OMD: Just what kind of parties?

MRS. J: Usually just a collection of couples from our regular set. Drinking, some dancing and the usual mild flirting.

OMD: That all?

MRS. J: Usually, yes.

OMD: What about the unusual times?



John's other woman listens for other noises before telling her lover to return to the heath of John's other wife . . .

MRS. J: Nothing much more. Look, are you sure this will be off the record. I mean—no one will be able to trace this to me—will they?

OMD: I give you my word. Fictitious names will be used throughout.

MRS. J: Well, where shall I start? Most of our parties are usually on weekends and about ten or fifteen couples are invited. The scene—you don't mind if I use hep expressions do you?

OMD: I read it, ma'm.

MRS. J: Good. Where was I? Oh, yes. Early in the evening, things go along about the way I mentioned before—the hi-fi blasting away. Couples dancing. Everybody has a good job—the husbands, that is—and so everyone is dressed expensively and to the hilt. The hostess has supplied the best in food and her best ten-year scotch and that nonsense—so none of the other wives can put her down on that score. Everybody knows everybody else and they talk among themselves. If there's a new couple, everyone will make a point of talking to the strangers. This is the way things go until about one in the morning. Then the party begins to swing out—sometimes. At times, nothing different happens at all. Everybody goes to their own homes their own mates. Other times . .

OMD: Yes?

MRS. J: Other times, it starts to swing. I don't know why it hap-



pens one time and not another. Something in the air, I suppose. Well, the square couples, who usually have an idea of what's going to happen, decide they're tired and go home. About half of our crowd is strictly square. If the couple who are giving the party are straight, the couples who want to swing go to one of our houses. When everybody who wants to play is left, the party takes on a few changes. The mild flirtation I spoke of before becomes more obvious. The blasting hi-fi is turned down and, surprisingly, the drinking slows down. Nobody wants to be drunk for what comes next. This is about the time one of the wives will take off her blouse and bra. Everybody remains pretty casual. If one of the husbands at this time becomes crude and obvious, it's a pretty good bet he won't be invited again. After that, the other women do the same. Most of our swingers are attractive and none of them are ashamed to walk around bare.



OMD: What about the unattractive ones?

MRS. J: They don't stay for this part of the evening. It would put a cold blanket on the rest of us. . . Well, then the dancing or talking becomes more serious. A guy who has an urge for someone's wife asks her to dance. Gals who are attracted to their friend's husband manage to get him in a corner. No one ever creates a jealous scene—or it will be the last invite they ever get.

OMD: Do any couples ever stay together? I mean, don't disapprove of swinging but prefer not to do it themselves?

MRS. J: No. They become lookers and embarrass everyone else. If they wind up at this stage of the party they want to indulge. About this time, some of the couples begin to disappear. If the house is large enough—they might go upstairs. If not, they might leave for the wife's home. That is one of the unwritten



"All the house lights dimmed on Suburbia Street as the spirit of Togetherness was illuminated by the candlelight of illicit love."



rules. It prevents confusion as when the husband and wife both take someone else home to their house.

OMD: Confusion?

MRS. J: Well, some of the houses are one bedroom affairs. Of course, there are times when two married couples will go off by themselves for a private party at one of their homes . . .

OMD: Does anything ever go on in public. I mean in front of everybody else?

MRS. J: Not usually. It isn't the coolest thing to do, but it occasionally happens. When it does no one pays any particular attention. By this time, of course, the lights are usually down low. At times, a few couples spend the night in bedrooms in the house where the party was held. Other times, the hostess is left alone with the guy of her choice. It's hard to explain. Everything happens very casually . . . There isn't very much conversation at that hour of the night because everyone has other things on their minds. Some of the couples who have children leave their partners for the night and join their mates back at their place so they'd be together when the children wake up.

OMD: How often did you say this sort of thing happens?



MRS. J: It's hard to say. Some months, almost every weekend. Other times, every few weeks . . . That's big parties, of course.

OMD: There are others?

MRS. J: Sure. Two or three couple affairs. This happens usually on a week night. And everybody goes home to their place at about midnight. All the men are commuters, you know. They have to catch the 7:42 to Grand Central . . .

OMD: Anything else you'd like to add.

MRS. J: Let me see. Oh, yes. After living up here for six years, my husband and I are beginning to be bored by the same old faces. Lately, we've been going to some Rockland County parties. Down there they have some interesting variations of our parties. Would you like to hear about it?

OMD: I certainly would. But, unfortunately, I've run out of tape. Could we make it some other time.

MRS. J: Of course . . . By the way, are you married?

OMD: Yes.

MRS. J: How would you and your wife like to come 'up next Saturday night. I'm throwing a little blast.

(Ed. Note. Unfortunately, the tape of Our Man Davis ends here)

THE END