

The Perfect Wife And Other Threats



Arthur Hoppe

THE TIMES they are a-changing. The latest best seller, reports Newsweek, is "The Total Woman," which tells the housewife how to "put the sizzle back into her marriage."

To acquire highly-prized sizzle, authoress Mirabel Morgan advises her fellow housewives to transform themselves into admiring, flattering, attentive, obsequious, and totally subservient sex pots.

As though this weren't enough to drive any modern Ms. up the wall, Mrs. Morgan provides the following Helpful Hints:

(1) To awaken your lord and master, "rub his back, whisper in his ear." (2) Put mash notes in his lunch bag. (3) Call him at the office and whisper, "I crave your body." (4) Greet him at the door wearing high heels, black mesh stockings and an apron, if nothing else. (5) "Give him your undivided attention" every waking moment.

Like all popular formulas, Mrs. Morgan's has magically transmuted countless marriages. Take Fred and Felicia Frisbee who had a dull, garden variety sort of one until Felicia read the book.

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"OH, HOW I adore you," she whispered into Fred's ear as she rubbed his back the next morning. Fred rolled over and opened a bleary malevolent eye. "I've got to go to the bathroom," he said.

At the office, his suspicions were aroused when he found a mash note in his lunch bag. His suspicions centered hopefully on Miss Kupcake in Accounting, but she, as usual, declined to return his soulful looks.

The call came when he was in Mr. Higgenroth's office. "I crave your body," whispered the seductive voice, breathing heavily. "Who's calling?" inquired Fred

absently. But whoever it was hung up.

When he straggled in the door that evening, there was Felicia in high heels and an apron. The apron reminded him of something.

"Just sit in your chair, dear," said Felicia, "and I'll bring you your pipe and slippers and kneel at your feet while you read your paper."

"I don't smoke a pipe," said Fred. And he found it difficult to concentrate on the news with Felicia sighing so loudly. "Have you seen your allergist lately?" he asked.

At 10 p.m. Felicia inquired, "Wouldn't you like to come to bed, dearest?"

"Not tonight," said Fred, "I've got a headache."

By the end of the week, Fred had taken to turning down the thermostat to get some clothes on Felicia and also bringing home friends for dinner.

Finally, he blew up. "You've got to stop making these obscene phone calls to me at the office," he said.

"I'm only trying to put some sizzle back in our marriage," said Felicia. "I can't help it that I constantly crave your beautiful body."

"If there's one thing I can't stand," cried Fred, storming out of the house, "it's to be treated as a sex object!"

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SO FRED joined the Male Liberation Movement and ran away with a lady anthropologist. Felicia, forced to support herself, took a Vocational Aptitude Test which proved her to be admiring, flattering, attentive, obsequious and totally subservient.

"Then I'm a perfect wife?" she asked the employment counselor.

"No," he said, "but I think we can get you a job as a White House aide."