

## THEY HAVE TO HAVE IT

These days, you can't pick up a newspaper without coming across a story about some sexual transgression on the part of a prominent political figure. Seems these guys just "have to have it." The fact is, a great many men would like to "have it," more than they are getting it. Most keep their sexual appetites under control. I would guess that sexual appetite, as with most traits, follows the bell-shaped curve.

What follows are brief portraits of four colleagues with whom I worked over a 20 year period. who had to have it, and went after it. Two were single and two were married. They displayed varying degrees of indiscretion, hitting on almost any attractive female they came across. They also were in positions of power. Was it Henry Kissinger who said: "Power is the great aphrodisiac?"

When I joined the ILGWU Training Institute in 1950, it was clear to me that one of the administrators, who was single, was one of those who had to have it. I am sure that early on, he hit on two of the women in the Institute. And I am sure that he was rebuffed. But being a part of an industry with so many young female workers, what a field day he had! He moved on from the Training Institute to the union's southern region, and he continued to more than fulfill his sexual appetites.

During my time with the union, I had heard of many stories where male organizers were successful in organizing shops through romantic involvements with key female workers. This was not my experience, but I only organized one shop as an organizer with Local 38.

In 1956, I moved on to the Jewish Labor Committee. I soon became aware that one of the staff members, who had a very beautiful wife, was also one of those who had to have it. From the outset, I learned that when he went on out-of-town trips, he would be involved with a variety of women. He told me that when he checked into a hotel with a lady friend, he would use the name, Theodore Brown. He shared this information with me, in case there was an emergency and I had to get in touch with him. At conferences that we attended together, he spent a great deal of time at the bar in the evening, charming the ladies, and always arriving a little later to morning sessions. Still, there was, to all outward appearances, a warm and loving relationship between him and his beautiful wife.

I left the JLC in 1962, and went to work for the Amalgamated Laundry Workers Union. One of my closest friends there was a young business agent who represented the members working in the unionized laundries in upper Manhattan. He was happily married and lived in Queens. They had no children. From time to time friendships developed between workers and business agents. I suspect not more than one friendship per shop. My friend developed several friendships in several different shops, and one of those friendships resulted in the birth of a baby. The young woman left the laundry, and my friend created a second family. He would visit her and the baby regularly, and provided for them. At union functions, he and his wife from Queens, made a lovely couple. To all outward appearances, theirs was a warm and loving relationship.

In 1965, I went to work for the Field Services Division of US Civil Rights Commission. The director who hired me moved on to another agency, and was succeeded by a younger man who was from a prominent black family from Nashville, Tennessee. (There is a Middle School in

Nashville named after his father.) He was handsome, bright, and gave the impression that he always got his way. And just like the administrator at the ILGWU Training Institute, he hit on every attractive woman he came across. He was the Commission's play boy, a sharp dresser, and into all the fads—motorcycles, marijuana and the latest music. He made out like a bandit. For a while he had a steady girl friend, but the temptation to dabble was too great, and that relationship ended. He developed a reputation among the circle of young, attractive, African American women in D.C. as someone who couldn't be counted on for a long-term relationship.

I tried not to sit in judgment of my four colleagues. I was neither critical nor envious. They all happened to fall on the extreme right of the bell shaped curve.

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