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many others besides? *Passim e sine delectio*, 'everywhere and without pleasure', wasn't that how Ancient Rome defined a prostitute? He had been right, then, about the *sine delectio*, and this was coming to look pretty much like *passim*.

In the cupboard behind the sliding screens a jumble of Tadashi's clothes ingeniously concealed his missing things. Among them, in an envelope bearing a Japanese postmark, was a letter he read with interest. Commencing «*Hi, Sugar*» and signed «*Mitch*», it announced the ship's arrival in Japan and her itinerary: arriving here this afternoon and sailing to-morrow evening. Poor silly Mitch, did he know? That was his funeral; he, Hamilton, was vacating the field and Mitch could find out for himself, same as he had had to do. In extracting his own letters from a box of Tadashi's correspondence, he noted with a certain grim satisfaction that the remainder, judging from the addressing, were not all from Mitch. And there, tossed away in a tin with old razor-blades and the like, was the onyx ring. He slipped it into his pocket, then twisted off his own ring and dropped it in after the other with a sigh.

In the landlady's little shop he slipped a ten-yen piece into the red telephone, dialled a number and put his hand over the mouthpiece. «*Moshi-moshi?*» said Tadashi's voice in his ear, the same voice which an hour ago would have sent his spirits soaring and his pulses racing but now left him cold and completely unaffected. He was surprised to feel no pain—but that would come later. «*Moshi-moshi?*» He resisted a momentary temptation to say 'Hi, Sugar!' and replaced the receiver quietly. There was proof positive, then, if indeed it were necessary. «When will you be coming back to Japan?» cackled the landlady as he returned the keys. «Never!» he replied with feeling.

The tram rumbled along, stopping tediously at every station. The shopping street looked much the same, its sham cherry-blossoms nodding mockingly in the breeze. But the little Union Jacks that had fluttered so bravely before had now been replaced by miniature Stars and Stripes, while the big banner now read WELCOME PRESIDENT WILSON. Well, the lesson had been there for all to see, but he had applied it to everybody except himself. Hamilton found himself doubled up with hysterical laughter.

A familiar figure was sauntering along the bund. In a flash he sobered up and rushed to the window. «Minoru!» he shouted, «Minoru!»

Minoru looked around, then suddenly smiled, waved and walked briskly back after the tram.

Book-Review

Jess Stearn, The Sixth Man

reviewed by Sir John Wolfenden in the «Sunday Times», London

Mr Stearn's book is on an entirely different level. One man in every six is a homosexual (undefined) and homosexuals (undifferentiated) provide plenty of material for gossip-column writing of the most trivial kind. It is not clear what useful purpose is served by collecting and offering to the public such a hotch-potch of banalities.