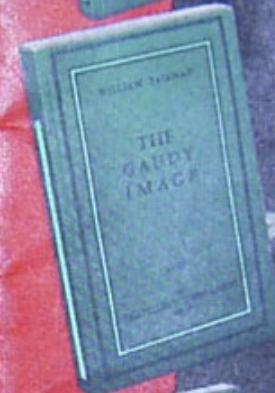


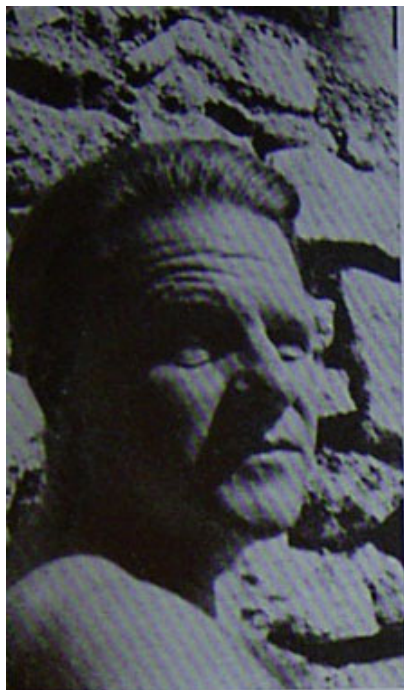
1959

the olympia press



olympia press

PARIS



THE BLACK BOOK
by Lawrence Durrell
(T.C. No. 77; publ.
August; Frs. 1,500).
"Mr. Durrell is more
than a novelist, he is a
writer; from his BLACK
BOOK onwards I have
enjoyed everything he
has done..." (Cyril
Connolly in THE SUNDAY
TIMES.)

T.S. Eliot: "Law-
rence Durrell's THE
BLACK BOOK is the first
piece of work by a new
English writer to give
me any hope for the
future of prose fiction.
If he has been influen-
ced by any writers of my
generation, the influen-
ces have been digested,
and he has produced
something different.
One test of the book's

quality, for me, is the way in which reminiscences
of it keep turning up in my mind: evocations of
South London or of the Adriatic, or of individual
characters. What is still more unusual is the sense
of pattern and of organisation of moods which
emerges gradually during the reading, and remains
in the mind afterwards. THE BLACK BOOK is not a
scrap book, but a carefully executed whole. There
is nothing of the second-hand literary about the
material; but what is most unusual is the structure
the author has made of it."

JUSTINE, BALTHAZAR, MOUNTOLIVE, CLEA—Lawrence
Durrell's masterly quartet. What major work
preceded them?

Published in Paris in 1938, THE BLACK BOOK in a
limited and much coveted edition, first of the Villa
Seurat series whose literary editor and master was
Henry Miller.

.....
*Here it is real enough the stage on which I recreate
the chronicle of the English death... Greece lies dead
among the oak leaves, the bare milch, the merds,
outside the window, littered in sails. There is nothing
in this enormous six-foot bed but the eyelashes of
God moving, delicate as talc; or the warm sticky
gum, oozing from the lips of the trees. From between*

*your legs leaking, the breathing yolk, the durable, the
forever, the enormous now."*

.....
More urgent than in the Quartet, the language of
this book, younger, turns like whirlpools—uncoiling
from time to time—the matter sucked in cast up,
sucked under again. The whirling fluid is Mediter-
ranean, the matter is England.

.....
*To lady novelists and chambermaids, my tongue. It
still retains a little native salt... To the English
nation I leave a pair of old shoes, gone at the uppers,
and a smell on the landing. If they want my heart
to bury beside Ben Jonson in the Abbey, they can
dive for it. To God I dedicate my clay pipe, and
a copy of THE DAILY EXPRESS, and my expired season-
ticket. To my mother I offer my imperishable soul.
It has never really left her keeping. To Fanny my
new set of teeth, and a bottle of the hair restorer
that didn't work. To my father a copy of the Waste*

THE BLACK BOOK

*Land and a kiss on his uncomprehending, puzzled
face. To my charlady I leave all those books in
which the soul of man is evolved through misery and
lamentation. She will find them incomprehensible.
To the young poets I offer my sex, since they can
make no better use of their own. To the journalists
my voice to assist them in their devotions. To lap-
dogs my humanity. To best-sellers and other livers
off garbage, my laughter in the key of E flat, and the
clippings of my toenails. To the government my
excrement that it may try its sense of humour. To
the critics what they deserve; and to the public their
critics.*

.....
Henry Miller in 1937: "THE BLACK BOOK is not for
the critics, not for the ordinary reader—they would
only get lost in this crazy terrain which is neither
fish nor fowl. This book is for those who have
staked out a new womb in which to continue the
creative life... I am against the English with all my
heart. I greet Lawrence Durrell as the first English-
man! Down with Chaucer! Down with Shakes-
peare! And long live the heraldic universe proclaimed
by THE BLACK BOOK!"

ZAZIE or THE SEX OF ANGELS by Raymond Queneau, with illustrations by Jacqueline Duhème (T.C. No. 74; publ., August 1959; Frs. 1,200)—translated from this season's best-selling novel in France, ZAZIE DANS LE MÉTRO, the story of an unusual little girl.

"Now ain't it remarkable how this new generation can reason so well," says Gabriel, turning to Marceline. "Kid her age... Wonder why they bother sending 'em to school?"

"Me," says Zazie, "I'm goin' to school until I'm sixty-five."

"Sixty-five?" Gabriel echoes, dumb-wildered.

"Yes sir—I'm gonna be a schoolteacher."

"That's a nice profession," Marceline approves softly. "And of course," she softly elaborates, enjoying her own fluency, "there's always the pension."

"Pension my ass," says Zazie. "That ain't why I wanna be a teacher."

"Course not," says Gabriel. "No doubt about it."

"Awright, smarty, what's the reason, then?"

"You tell us."

"Can't figure it out for yourself, huh?"

"Ah," says Gabriel to Marceline, "you gotta admit they're pretty slick, the new generation." Then he turns back to Zazie: "O.K., why do you wanna be a schoolteacher?"

"So I can beat the shit outta the brats,"

Zazie retorts. "The ones who'll be my age ten years from now, or even twenty years fifty years a hundred years, maybe even a thousand years—just as long as they keep comin' I'll beat the crap outta them all the way down the line."

"Wow!" Gabriel whistles. "You don't say!"

"You betcha. They won't come any bitchier than me," says Zazie. "The kids will be pissin' in their pants when they see me comin'. I'll shove the blackboard eraser down their throat and the compass up their rear. I'll make 'em lick the floor. I'll kick 'em with army boots, yessir—with spurs that big—and I'll tear their fannies to shreds..."

"Anyway," Gabriel persists, "twenty years from now they won't need any teachers. They'll have movies, TV, electronics—that's the coming thing. They explained all that in the papers too, ain't that so, Marceline?"

"Yes," comes Marceline's soft whisper.

Zazie envisages new perspectives. "In that case," she deducts, "I'm gonna be an astronaut."



"Voilà!" Gabriel approves. "Now you're talking. Get right up with the times."

"Yeah, that's what I'll be," Zazie confirms. "I'll be an astronaut so I can go beat the shit outta the Martians."

LOLLIPOP by Maxwell Kenton (T.C. No. 64; Frs. 1,200). Mr. Kenton probes, taunts and exposes his heroine without pity in this wickedly funny account of college love.

"Are we really to have another mystical lesson now!" exclaimed Candy in sheer delight... "First," said Grindle, sitting down beside her, "we'll want to get out of this worldly apparel." And he began taking off his wet shoes. Then he started undoing his trousers. "Do we have to?" asked the girl uneasily; she hadn't anticipated this and was somehow put off by the idea. "Put your house in order," quoted Grindle, "that is the first step. Certainly we must divest ourselves of all material concern—in both spirit and body."

THE GINGER MAN by J.P. Donleavy (T.C. No. 7; Frs. 1,200). This first book by a young American-Irish author was first published by THE OLYMPIA PRESS in 1955, and later reprinted in expurgated form in the U.S. and England where it obtained remarkable success: "A triumph," (MANCHESTER GUARDIAN) "Sheer excess of horsepower, violence and vitamins," (OBSERVER) "Has fire enough for a dozen books," (SUNDAY TIMES), etc. However, most of the horsepower, violence and vitamins are missing from the British and American editions: the Olympia edition is the only unexpurgated version in existence.

THE WOMAN THING by Harriet Daimler (T.C. No. 61; Frs. 1,200). Harriet Daimler turns informer and reveals for the enemy's pleasure, the technique and mystique of one woman out to get herself conquered by the right man.

Martha knew certain things. One of these things was that any man who propounded at length on boredom was impotent... However, the woman in her responded fragrantly, like a sun-ripened, room-rotting fruit, to his impotence. She moved closer to him and calculated his thin silk robe lying flat on his flat body. Surely nothing was hidden beneath the folds. Magically she became woman, releasing the long latent goddess within her. She relished the vigor and splendor of her physicality, and abhorred mind.

"Of course darling," she breathed, "of course it's all so boring."

He turned bored eyes on her. "Do you know how boring it is?" "I'm only a woman," she swelled with mammalian power and containment. "I know nothing, but I can feel a male's boredom. I can feel how boring it must be for him. The closest I can come to knowing," she stiffened her empty fingers, "is through feeling what the man is knowing, because," she entwined her body with his, letting her luxury of scarlet tresses cascade his weary face, "I am only a woman."

THE NAKED LUNCH by William S. Burroughs (T.C. No. 76; publ. August; Frs. 1,500). Mentor to the Beat Generation? The novices better wise up more. This is El Hombre Invisible in the toughest book of the year:

THE NAKED LUNCH

After a while the ass started talking on its own. He would go in without anything prepared and his ass would ad-lib and toss the gags back at him every time... Then it developed sort of teeth-like little raspy incurving hooks and started eating. He thought that this was cute at first and built an act around it, but the ass hole would eat its way through his pants and start talking on the street, shouting out it wanted equal rights. It would get drunk too, and have crying jags that nobody loved it, and it wanted to be kissed same as any other mouth. Finally it talked all the time, day and night. You could hear him for blocks screaming at it to shut up, and beating it with his fist, and sticking candles up it, but nothing did any good and the ass-hole said to him. "It's you who will shut up in the end. Not me. Because we don't need you around here any more. I can talk and eat and shit!"

.....

During his first severe infection the boiling thermometer flashed a quick-silver bullet into the nurse's brain, and she fell dead with a mangled scream. The doctor took one look and slammed the steel shutters of survival. He ordered the burning bed and its occupant immediately evicted from the hospital premises.

"Guess he can make his own penicillin," snarled the doctor. But the infection burned the mold out. Lee lived now in various degrees of transparency. While not exactly invisible he was at least difficult to see. "Some kind'a light trick or neon advertisement," people said.

.....

They are drinking Victory Punch compounded of paregoric, Spanish Fly, heavy black rum, Napoleon brandy and canned heat. The punch is served from a great, hollow, gold baboon, crouched in snarling terror, snapping at a spear in his side. You twist the baboon's balls and punch runs out of his cock. From time to time hot hors-d'œuvres pop out the baboon's ass with a loud farting noise. When this happens the huntsmen roar with bestial laughter, and the fags shriek and twitch.

.....

Picking up a needle I reach spontaneously for the tie up cord with my left hand. This I take as a sign I can hit the one useable vein in my left arm. The needle slides in on the edge of a callous. I feel around. Suddenly a thin column of blood shoots up into the syringe, for a moment sharp and solid as a red cord.

The body knows what veins you can hit, and conveys this knowledge in the spontaneous movements you make preparing to take the shot... Sometimes the needle points like a dotzer's wand. Sometimes I must wait for the message. But when it comes I always hit blood... I look down at my filthy trousers which haven't been changed in months... The days glide by strung on a syringe with a long thread of blood... I am forgetting sex and all sharp pleasures of the body, a grey junk bound ghost. The Spanish boys call me El Hombre Invisible—The Invisible Man...





Roger Casement, then H.M. Consul in the Congo, photographed



at Boma in 1903 with a group of officials and natives.

THE BLACK DIARIES: AN ACCOUNT OF ROGER CASEMENT'S LIFE AND TIMES, WITH A COLLECTION OF HIS DIARIES AND PUBLIC WRITINGS by Peter Singleton-Gates and Maurice Girodias (one volume of 624 pages with 90 illustrations; this edition, strictly limited to 1,500 numbered copies is the only one to contain the 1911 "Black Diary"; Frs. 5,000). Twenty years ago, T.E. Lawrence wrote: "A biography—yes, I had wanted to write Sir Roger Casement's, but the obstacle is that the Government refuse all access to those confiscated diaries... and without them there cannot be a life of him written."

After forty-three years, the famous BLACK DIARIES which have caused such bitter controversy between Ireland and England are at last brought to light, presented as the nucleus of a vast historical survey—in a remarkably handsome volume edited and published by THE OLYMPIA PRESS in Paris; the same book has been published simultaneously by GROVE PRESS in the U.S.A. in a version which does not include the 1911 Diary.

Was Roger Casement the hero his numerous admirers claimed him to be, or was he the uninhibited

homosexual his enemies denounced? This book concludes that he may well have been both.

Sentenced to death on a charge of high treason, Casement was hanged on August 3, 1916, victim of one of the most infamous machinations ever contrived; he was hanged, although it seemed certain a reprieve would be granted, because his political enemies, aided and abetted by the British Government, circulated copies (typed by Scotland Yard clerks) of diaries which revealed Casement's homosexual obsession. The charge was irrelevant and the documents were never produced in Court, but they served to influence the personalities to whom they were submitted and to eliminate the possibility of a reprieve.

The copies of the diaries were withdrawn from circulation immediately after Casement's execution. Casement's Irish partisans accused the British Government of foul play, of having forged the diaries, which became known as the BLACK DIARIES. The British Government never replied to the charges and maintained a stubborn silence which, after forty-three years, is considered by many as an admission of guilt. To this day, the BLACK DIARIES have been treated by that Government as secrets of State, notwithstanding the fact that they were used by an

earlier Government to ruin their author and have him hanged.

In addition to a complete transcript of the mysterious DIARIES, this volume contains large extracts from Roger Casement's other writings, incorporated in an extensive survey of some of the major events which changed the world at the turn of the century, and in which Casement played an important part.

Casement was one of the founders of the National Irish Volunteers (created in Southern Ireland in 1913 to counter-balance Carson's Ulster Volunteers) which developed into a vast movement, thanks to which Ireland obtained her freedom several years later.

When the war broke, the Home Rule Bill was suspended to secure a massive contribution of Irishmen to the British Army, while Carson and his lieutenant, F.E. Smith, became members of the Cabinet and rose to the highest ranks in the judicial hierarchy—and while Casement, desperately, made his way to Germany to obtain help for the Irish nationalist movement.

He failed, and secretly returned to Ireland when he heard of the preparations made for the rising of Easter 1916, which he considered a folly. Although he was caught immediately, he managed to warn the rebels that they could no longer count on German help; this caused a fatal postponement but the rebel leaders finally decided to sacrifice their lives in the heroic and desperate rising which broke on Easter Monday. Casement's trial (in which his political enemy, F.E. Smith, played the part of Attorney General) appears as a hideous farce.

Despite his failings, Casement emerges as one of the most singular and attractive personalities of his time, as well as one of the most misunderstood.



The first consequence of the publication of this considerable book has been thus defined in the British press:

"An Anglo-Irish panel of experts may be appointed to establish, once and for all, whether the notorious Casement diaries are genuine. Mr. R.A. Butler, the Home Secretary, is considering this move as a possible solution to a problem which has helped to poison Anglo-Irish relations for more than forty years.

"Were the diaries, which purport to show that Sir Roger Casement, the Irish rebel, was an habitual sexual pervert, really written by him? Ever since Casement was hanged for treason at Pentonville in 1916 Irish politicians have claimed that the diaries were forged by the British Secret Service to silence demands for his reprieve.

"In the Commons last month Mr. Butler became the first Home Secretary to admit even that the diaries existed.

"They are in the secret archives of the Home Office, taped and sealed with the personal seal of Asquith, the Prime Minister of the day.

"I understand that Mr. Butler is hoping to have made up his mind early next month about releasing the diaries. Hitherto, it has always been thought that opinion in Eire was too sensitive for any action to be taken." (DAILY MAIL, May 11, 1959.)

Two of Casement's judges: Justices Avory and Horridge. (Radio Times & Hulton Pictures Library.)



UNDER THE HILL,



OR THE STORY OF VENUS AND TANNHAUSER as told by Aubrey Beardsley, now completed by John Glassco (de-luxe edition limited to 3,000 numbered copies, richly illustrated; Frs. 3,600). AUBREY BEARDSLEY'S formalism was esoteric, his mannerism sheer wit, his romanticism a challenge to human frailties, to sex, to death; his sensuality was



all-pervading, curious and nimble, his affectations were hieratic and his despair total. His exquisite, tortured draughtmanship transmuted into black and white dramas or astral landscapes the dreams of the fin de siècle generation dominated by Oscar Wilde. It is all the more remarkable that his icy perversity should have found its most genial expression in a book (which he termed "a romantic novel"), to which he devoted great efforts in the last two years of his short life. UNDER THE HILL

was to become the most finished, articulate expression of his peculiar kind of eroticism, although he died before he could complete the manuscript. It has hitherto only been published in fragmentary or clandestine editions. The story has now been completed with admirable skill and perspicacity by John Glassco, and thus appears for the first time as a coherent novel in the new OLYMPIA PRESS edition, in which the author's own drawings have been used as illustrations.



THE GAUDY IMAGE by William Talsman (T.C. No. 63; Frs. 1,500). "You have an interesting device for the telling of this shocking story," writes one of the American publishers to whom the manuscript had been submitted. "Several of us have read it and have been considerably impressed... But I must tell you that I am sure that this book is not publishable in this country at the present time. I don't know if it ever would be..."

Without any literary tricks or clumsy brave-new-word machinery, the characters change their sex inevitably just as if that were a natural evolution engineered by the climate of New Orleans. We accept the recurrent metamorphosis as we accept the gorgeous and fantastic costumes at the Mardi Gras ball, well aware that the changes do not only involve dress or grammar, but the deeper reality, the authentic sexuality of man, which is not exclusively governed by genital processes.

Denis kicked blindly, and Rose yelped. When Rose was free of the booth, he charged. He slapped the fat boy with wild misses. Denis struggled out of the booth and attacked with the slow moving fury of a

tank. Rose tried to butt Denis in the stomach with his head, but Denis grabbed his head and twisted his neck. Rose screamed. Heads at the bar turned and focused their attention on the fight. A circle formed around the combatants, and clouds of laughter billowed up as Rose clawed and spat and Denis swung wildly and whined when he missed. Denis got it in the eye and covered his face with his hands. Then Rose pushed him over, and he fell thudding to the floor. Rose kicked him in jabbing fits. Denis grabbed Rose's foot and wrenched him off balance. He crawled on top of Rose and applied the full weight of his body. Rose struggled to free himself, but all he could muster was an awkward pelt which missed its mark. When Denis started his hips in motion, the crowd cheered.

"She's gettin' it now."

"Takin' is more like it."

"You mean he's gettin' his."

"I didn't think he had it in him."

On one of the upwards thrusts Rose turned on his side and knifed Denis with his pelvic bone. While Denis howled, Rose wiggled out from under him. Rose blushed, but it was only a summons to rally his strength. He started scratching Denis, who was still puffing on the floor, trying to sit up, but he never got the chance, for Rose knocked him down, stiff-armed him, then scratched him some more. Finally, Rose shot to his feet and lorded it over Denis, who

tried to grab Rose's foot and give it a flip, but Rose side-stepped and proclaimed loudly, "That ass! I would have won more if I had stooped to his dirty tricks, but I prefer the slim victory of a lady. Who does she think she's foolin', anyway?" And Rose scooted off, waving his arms gaily. Denis sat up on the floor and shook his head to shed the daze which had overcome him. He braced his hands and feet in preparation for his body to be hoisted to its feet by a group of sympathizers who were forming the derrick.

OUR LADY OF THE FLOWERS by Jean Genet, translated by Bernard Frechtman (T.C. No. 36; Frs. 1,200). "Genet is what Oscar Wilde claimed to be, a lord of language," wrote Harold Hobson in THE SUNDAY TIMES. He is that and more:

"I would like to kill a handsome blonde boy, so that, already united by the verbal link that joins the murderer and the murdered (each existing thanks to the other), I may be visited during days and nights of beguiling melancholy by a handsome ghost of which I am the haunted castle."

THE THIEF'S JOURNAL by Jean Genet, translated by B. Frechtman (T.C. No. 78; a reprint to appear in August, 1959; Frs. 1,500).

Sleeping Hermaphrodite, Greek art restored by Bernini (he sculpted the couch). Louvre (Photo by Giraudon)



THE WHITE PAPER, anonymous, with a Preface and illustrations by Jean Cocteau, member of the Académie Française (T.C. No. 51; Frs. 1,200). Cocteau writes in his preface:

LE LIVRE BLANC, whence does it come, who wrote it? Did I? Perhaps. Another? Probably. Are we not become others the moment after we've done writing? A posthumous book? That too is probable; are we not today yesterday's dead? Antehumous? The thing is not impossible. We have these days our ears glued to mothering wombs, eager to detect the first peep of the prenatal poem due to break the record in the child prodigy class. Would THE WHITE PAPER be autobiographical then? Then I refuse its paternity, for what I find charming here is that the author talks without talking about himself.

TELENY, or THE REVERSE OF THE MEDAL (T.C. No. 62; Frs. 1,200). Bookdealers, collectors of erotica and Wildian students have persistently attributed to Oscar Wilde this book, written either to amuse a few chosen friends or to handle extravagantly a theme he dared not express seriously—a shameless, outrageous homosexual novel set in fashionable Parisian society at the close of the nineteenth century. The first edition of that curious novel is a rarity, the few copies printed being buried in private collections; the present reprint reproduces in full the text of the original edition. TELENY cannot in any way compare with Wilde's major works but it is, nevertheless, a book of value, a flamboyant and poetic romance endowed with a strange charm, and giving an insight into the author's tortured pathology. Its fantastic, crude and feverish portrayal of a Sodomite civilisation is certainly revealing; may we term it an oniric autobiography?

CLASSICAL HINDU EROTOLOGY (a new translation of the Kama Sutra) by Swami Ram Krishnana (T.C. No. 65; Frs. 1,200). The ancient Hindus probed the mysteries of love many centuries before Professor Kinsey. The result was a strange collection of erotic data—the KAMA SUTRA. The ancient Hindus believed that love is an art; nothing shocked them, nothing amazed them. They were willing to try anything in their quest for pleasure. Unfortunately, their writings were dispersed and, for many years, it was almost impossible to find the complete KAMA SUTRA. This is the first complete English translation in over a hundred years. The KAMA SUTRA is both a practical manual and a fascinating view of a libertine society. Recipes for love philtres, advice

on how to seduce the King's harem, are found alongside a detailed account of the principles of sensuality. A fascinating, colourful and strange book—a guide that no true lover of life should neglect.

MELTING by Tim Harrack (T.C. No. 59; Frs. 1,200). Creeping out of the shell of childhood, man turns into a queer amalgam of God and beast, salted with fear. It is this contradiction seeking to heal itself in love that leads to man's dissolution.

"Be careful George, George please be careful, please George PLEASE be careful." His anger rose up in him roaring at this new treachery and he only held her more tightly thinking, no you don't tell me anything more, I've had enough from you. "Georgel..." she cried with hollow fright when she knew that it was too late, and her voice rose out of the hard-breathing and rain and bed sounds and came to him like the wail of a ghoul in a black stormy night distracting him but also angering him further and he did not stop, he did not stop until he slowed and stopped of his own will because it was done.

MY LIFE AND LOVES, VOLUME V, by Frank Harris (T.C. No. 10; Frs. 1,200). Those who have read the first four volumes of this famous autobiography (as well as those who have not) will find this fifth volume, which was left unpublished for twenty-five years after the author's death, a vehement and colourful case in favour of social and sexual freedom, extraordinarily compact and convincing.

THE FETISH CROWD: A TRILOGY (PAULA LA PIQUOSE; DUKE COSIMO; THE DOUBLE-BELLIED COMPANION) by Akbar del Piombo (T.C. No. 73; approx. 500 pages; publ. July 1959; Frs. 2,400). These three wildly funny novels are now available in one omnibus volume.

DEVA-DASI by Ataullah Mardaan (T.C. No. 42; Frs. 1,200). "Submit to me for I am Shiva the Dancing God. I am Kama—which is Desire..." This is the real heart of India. This is not the India of humming factories and five-year plans—but the true Asia, whose throbbing millions are chained to the ancient worship of the phallic god Shiva... Ataullah Mardaan's second book portrays the extraordinary sex rites, the colourful customs and the deep mysticism which is the essence of Eternal India.

JULIETTE by Donatien Aldonse François, the Marquis de Sade, is undoubtedly the major work of the "divine Marquis," now being incorporated in the first English version of his complete works published by The Olympia Press. *JULIETTE* will comprise five



Titian's Venus (fragment) (Photo by Anderson-Giraudon)

volumes, the first of which (Vol. I, T.C. No. 52; Frs. 1,500) has already been released. Vols. II and III (T.C. Nos. 53 and 54 at Frs. 1,500 each) will be published in August and October, 1959, respectively. Vol. IV (T.C. No. 55; Frs. 1,500) will appear in December and Vol. V (T.C. No. 56; Frs. 1,500) in February, 1960.

During his lifetime imprisoned again and again at the request of his family; burned in effigy at Aix; his manuscripts destroyed by his heirs; after his death (in an insane asylum, where he took voluntary refuge and spent his last dozen years), his published novels banned by each succeeding régime down to our own day; remembered mainly in connection with the particularly ugly aberration called sadism—the Marquis de Sade is one of literary history's most

notable outlaws, possibly the most authentic outlaw of them all. At any rate, seldom if ever have so many and such lasting efforts been mounted to condemn a writer and hide his works. With the result that the achievement of Sade was until very lately wholly unknown to the general public.

A dangerous writer—that is to say, an inveterate, unrelenting enemy of those "prejudices," those institutions whereof the corner-stone, Sade realised, is an official attitude towards sexuality. Thus, in this insipid and thoroughgoing criticism of a society and of a species of man that is still modern, criticism, as with Freud, becomes a lever for the rest, for all the rest. Censorship, so long as it was able to withhold the books, could make us believe that Sade, interested in perversions, was concerned with pathology; that he was diseased. Disease? We, too, have to be finally to understand that censorship is a most glaring symptom of a sickness that is never cured.

THE FRENCH PHILOSOPHERS by D.A.F., the Marquis de Sade (T.C. No. 49; Frs. 1,200). In this delightful, ironical book, coloured with the most elegant brand of eroticism, the Marquis de Sade has expressed most of his ideas and great principles on sex and society in a light-hearted manner which makes of this volume one of the most enjoyable and interesting works of Eighteenth Century libertine literature.

JUSTINE by D.A.F., the Marquis de Sade (T.C. No. 62; 330 pages; Frs. 2,400). In *JUSTINE*, the author's aim has been to present Vice triumphant and Virtue a victim of its sacrifices, to exhibit a wretched creature wandering from one misery to another; the toy of villainy; the target of every debauch; exposed to the most barbarous caprices; prey to the most deft seductions.

The woman is perched upon a pedestal eight feet high; unable to pose but one leg, she is obliged to keep the other in the air; round about her, on the floor, are mattresses garnished three feet deep with thorns, spines, holly; a flexible rod is given her that she may keep herself erect; it is easy to see, on the one hand, that it is to her interest not to tumble, and on the other that she cannot possibly retain her balance; the alternatives divert the monks; all four of them cluster round her, during the spectacle each has one or two women to excite him in divers manners; great with child as she is, the luckless creature remains in this attitude for nearly a quarter

of an hour; at last, strength deserts her, she falls upon the thorns, and our villains, wild with lust, one last time step forward to lavish upon her body their ferocity's abominable homage... the company retires.

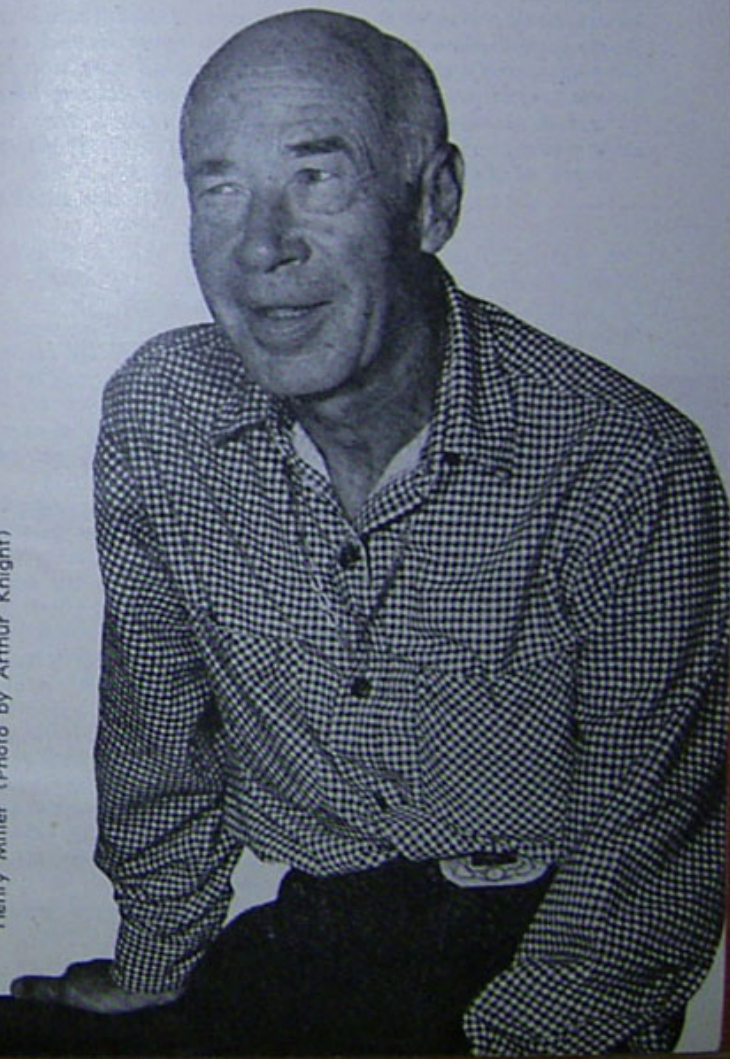
THE 120 DAYS OF SODOM or THE ROMANCE OF THE SCHOOL FOR LIBERTINAGE by *D.A.F., the Marquis de Sade* (T.C. No. 50; in 3 volumes totalling 619 pages; Frs. 3,600). Four men of great consequence, wealth and viciousness mutually propose a libertine outing; on the first day of November, together with 42 individuals recruited for the party, they begin the furious orgy the Marquis de Sade has chronicled in *LES 120 JOURNÉES DE SODOME*; at the end of their holiday, 16 persons escape alive.

SODOM or THE QUINTESSENCE OF DEBAUCHERY by *the Earl of Rochester* (T.C. No. 48; Frs. 1,200). Surely one of the most famous clandestine books in the English language is the Earl of Rochester's play, *SODOM*, printed in 1634. Every student of English literature and history has heard of John Wilmot, the Earl of Rochester, and of his satirical attack on Charles II and his court; but, alas, how few have ever read it, this being one of the rarest and most sought-after books in the language... Being a favourite of Charles II, Rochester's association with the King furnished him the material for his vigorous political satires, ruthless in their exposure of the weakness and corruption of Charles II and his court. Rochester himself is supposed to have led a dissolute life (as attested by Samuel Pepys in his *Diary*); was a lover of Mrs. Barry, the actress, as well as of boys; spent a term in prison for attempting to abduct his future wife; and died (in 1660) at 33... The text we now offer is the only one available, with the *two* prologues, the *two* epilogues, the final poem and variants from the manuscripts. Of his poems, in addition to *SODOM*, we are happy to be able to offer the reader a selection, since they were not included in the recent Oxford edition of his works.

THE STORY OF O by *Pauline Réage*, with an *Essay* by *Jean Paulhan* (T.C. No. 44; will be available July 15, 1959; Frs. 1,500). This famous novel, translated from the French in superb, cool style, is one of the most amazing sadistic fictions conceived since Sade, in which the heroine finds the leather bonds of her daily martyrdom transformed into a symbol of exquisite pleasure, of submission to male power.

SEXUS (T.C. No. 39; 634 pages; Frs. 3,000) and **PLEXUS** (T.C. No. 68; 683 pages; Frs. 3,000) are, respectively, Book One and Book Two of a trilogy entitled **THE ROSY CRUCIFIXION**. Book Three, **NEXUS**, will be published in August, 1959 (T.C. No. 72; Frs. 3,000). Henry Miller's fame rests for the most part on **TROPIC OF CANCER** and **TROPIC OF CAPRICORN**, which books have been subjected to the most thorough and malevolent censorship in literary history. However, it is probably on his great trilogy, **THE ROSY CRUCIFIXION**, that his ultimate reputation

Henry Miller (Photo by Arthur Knight)



What is sex? Pure joy. It only becomes objectionable when you grow too old, or are too seedy, or dead. (Nikita Khrushchev and Mao Tse Tung, joint declaration at the XXIIInd Congress.)

will rest. On this turbulent record of a writer struggling to escape the mass crucifixion otherwise known as civilisation; refusing to suffer castration; fleeing the knife of the grey civiliser. His enemy, sex in an ivory tower.

There was also this about Mona's body—it was constantly changing... we always took a shower together, soaped one another, hugged one another, while the cockroaches streamed up and down the walls like armies in a full rout... I had found the body, no other was necessary. No other would ever fully satisfy me. No, the laughing kind was not for me. One penetrated that sort of body like a knife going through cardboard. What I craved was the elusive... A body which could bring with it all the woes of Egypt, its wonders, its marvels.

(From *NEKOS*)

QUIET DAYS IN CLICHY by Henry Miller, illustrated with 30 photographs by Brassai (Frs. 1,500).

"Hey you," Carl shouted, waving a check at one of the girls. "What do I get for this? I want something unique."

He proceeded to distribute the checks. It looked comical, handling checks around in the raw. Even had they been good, they looked phoney. Possibly because we were all naked. The girls seemed to feel the same way, that it was a phoney transaction. Except for Adrienne, who believed in us.

I was praying they'd put on an act rather than force us to go through with the routine. I was all in. Dog tired. It would have been a tall performance, on their part, to make me work up. Carl, on the other hand, was behaving like a man who had genuinely doled out three hundred francs. He wanted something for his money, and he wanted something exotic.

While they were talking it over among themselves I climbed into bed...

THE WORLD OF SEX by Henry Miller (T.C. No. 47; Frs. 1,200).

Sometimes the recital of a bald sexual incident is of great moment, laden with unimaginable significance. The cold fire of sex burns in us like a sun; it is never completely extinguished. Thus it is perhaps that a naked description of the physical embrace can sometimes transport us to a state transcending the erotic, can create in us the illusion of being hidden from the sight of the all-seeing one, if only for a few breathless moments.

If we stopped to think about the ceaseless activity which informs the earth and the heavens about us, would we ever give ourselves up to thoughts of death? If we deeply realized that even in death this frenzied activity proceeds ceaselessly and remorselessly, would we withhold ourselves in any way? The gods of old came down to earth to mingle with the human kind, to fornicate with animals and trees and with the elements themselves. Why are we so full of restraint? Why do we not give in all directions? Is it fear of losing ourselves? Until we do lose ourselves there can be no hope of finding ourselves.

I HEAR VOICES by Paul Ableman (T.C. No. 60; Frs. 1,200). The author's hero is the schizophrenic, an ego washed by the pure sounds and colours of the outside world, which penetrate the broken shell of the mind, untouched by the calculations of logic. This fiction is so intense that we follow the voyages of the wandering mind with more emotion than the most life-like tale would elicit from us. It is the voyage of mind which has lost its conventional sense of identity, its physical sense of space and time, a disturbing parable for a world in which barriers are fast falling.

I ask Radcliffe, the last of my molecules, to bring me a model and he brings me a model of the world. It is too large to be held conveniently and so he sets it on a stand in front of me. I look at it without interest at first and then, peering closer, I see that the only living thing on its surface is one bad boy who runs rapidly all about, imagining that he is trying to escape from an angry parent or master. As his distress abates, however, he begins to look about him and slowly to realise that he is rushing about on the surface of a model and that no-one is in pursuit. When he has finally admitted this situation to himself, he sits down and looks terrified and then, bursting into fresh tears, he wishes that a parent or master were, in fact, pursuing him.



THE HOUSES OF JOY by Wu Wu Meng (T.C.
No. 75; Frs. 1,200).

There are two pleasing atmospheres for love. The first is the snatched moment of love, snatched from before the eyes of a foolish husband who looks in all directions except directly in front of his honey-smearing nose. These most energetic moments require the alertness of a trusted servant at the gate and strict attention to the cuckold's illustrious whereabouts. A hearty lover supplies the one and a sensitive wife the second. But servants and schedules may bend for unanticipated storms of life. The two lovers must therefore reveal urgently to each other those remarkably elastic secrets which can be stretched from early evening and attenuated into late morning. This atmosphere of hurried love is best left to the young. They have the strength and appetite to swallow in moments what should be savoured in hours. Also they have the powerful organs with which to digest their hurried meals. Well may they despise the hours of rest that mature partners require after the ordeal of love. During the interlude of the stolen embrace the approaching husband or the parent's hushed footsteps will be welcome as dry wood to a healthy blaze. When youth passes and is replaced by the blessing of refinement, lovers happily welcome

the alternative atmosphere. Here a man's skill and a woman's imagination vie in a contest witnessed by the gods.

Now Hsi Men had long passed his pulpy adolescence. He was a master of the sevenfold roads to bliss. When he had shadowed his eyes from a mere seventeen summers he was already expert at the technique of the dragon's tail. His reputation was supreme in the practice of the wren's tooth, not to speak of his excellence in the difficult manipulation of the butterfly's claw. He was as the ancient adage teaches us:

A tree in the garden of wives;

A thorn in the bush of husbands.

Gold Lotus, who still oiled the body of a young maiden, had since her ninth fragrant spring been slave and student to her sensuality. Gold Lotus was as skilled as her partner. Indeed how can a man perform the locust leap without the cooperation of a supremely talented mate? She proved herself adorably evasive, knowing well the trial of passionate immobility and motionless activity. Imagine Hsi Men's delight at finding a peer rather than a disciple—a fully initiated woman instead of a novice. The vapour of her gasping breath was heavy as a silken cloud on which they performed their feats.

Manet's Olympia (fragment) (Photo by Roger Viollet)



MOLLOY; MALONE DIES; THE UNNAMABLE:

A TRILOGY by Samuel Beckett (T.C. No. 71; approx. 500 pages; Frs. 1,800). It is not uncommon that a great writer suffers most from the gabblings of critics, disguised as admirers, who waddle about in search of "curious" puzzles. From the time of Samuel Beckett's belated impact on the public, critics have tried to ingest his work into an earnest mess of philosophy, mystical and social. This has attracted to his work a host of lost souls who would do better to seek redemption in a church or a court of law.

Above all, Samuel Beckett is an Irish story-teller, discursive, playful, circumlocutory. His work is no more avant-garde, no more unintelligible than fine conversation with all its digressions and interruptions.

Cared for by his wife, both a mother and a wife, the ancient Irish story-teller kept at home while his audience came to hear his tales, and went, leaving victuals in return for their entertainment. Beckett's hero in the trilogy belongs to this tradition: *I am in my mother's room. It's I who live there now... There's this man who comes every week... He gives me money and takes away the pages... Yet I do not work for money. For what then? I don't know.* With a difference though. Salon jesters, true story-tellers, have fallen into disrepute. Useless and irreverent amusement is no longer valued. The man who juggles with words and ideas as freely as Rabelais is only tolerated in the confines of old age, the asylum, the prison. It is in these conditions that the modern story-teller finds his careless right. Formerly his carelessness was highly respected, now it is the leper's bell. He can only achieve that blessed state necessary to his art through physical infirmity. Rendered materially useless by old age or disease or drunkenness, his prattlings are condoned. Beckett's comedy is played against this backdrop of decrepitude; such is the triumph of the modern story-teller.

For nearly a century, men imbued with the spirit of play have been stifled by earnestness, that terrible counterpart of utility. Dostoevsky felt it coming. One of his characters is arrested for dreaming. This is how Beckett describes it in MALONE DIES:

Now it is a game, I am going to play. I never knew how to play, till now. I longed to, but I knew it was impossible. And yet I often tried. I turned on all the lights, I took a good look round, I began to play with what I saw. People and things ask nothing better than to play, certain animals too. All went well at first, they all came to me, pleased that someone should want to play with them. If I said, Now I need a hunchback, immediately one came

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running, proud as punch at his fine lunch that was going to perform. It did not occur to him that I might have to ask him to undress. But it was not long before I found myself alone, in the dark. That is why I gave up trying to play and took to myself for ever shapelessness and speechlessness, incurious wondering darkness, long stumbling with outstretched arms, hiding. Such is the earnestness from which, for nearly a century now, I have never been able to depart. From now on it will be different. I shall never do anything more from now on but play... Perhaps as hitherto I shall find myself abandoned, in the dark, without anything to play with. Then I shall play with myself...

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