

Is this the end for the words on the wall?



Novelist Henry Miller—there is a warrant out for him in Brooklyn, New York, where his book, *Tropic of Cancer*, is banned as obscene.

A REVOLUTION in the printed word which could bring about a revolution in our sex thinking has begun in Britain.

It started with the publication of D. H. Lawrence's novel, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*.

Now the erotic Indian classic, *The Kama Sutra*, has been released.

Next month, the long-banned sex novel, *Tropic of Cancer*, by Henry Miller, will be on sale here for the first time.

The argument in favour of the publication of these books is that they are great literature.

They are literature that has torn down the last veil of modesty and prudery shrouding the written words approach to sex.

Great writing, it may well be, but what concerns me—and it should concern all thinking people in this country—is the impact of these books on the sex life and sex thinking of us all, and especially young people.

Their publication heralds a new and frank approach to sex—an approach which could bring sex out from under the counter and sweep every dirty-book shop out of business.

When you can put great writing and sex on your library shelves, what chance will cheap pornography stand?

But more important still, these books—and those which will follow them—are indicative of a cleaner and not a dirtier approach.

The smutty joke, the scribbling on lavatory walls, will lose all point when sex becomes something that nobody wants to joke or scribble about.

What are these books?

THE KAMA SUTRA was written in Sanskrit sixteen centuries ago at a time when wise men, realising the importance of a successful sex life, for the happiness not only of man out of woman, sought to give instruction in this matter.

It is a distillation of all that the East had learned in centuries about love-making. It contains a lot of wisdom and a lot of nonsense.

There are, for example, outlandish recipes for increasing men's virility, and instructions on magical love charms which can be read only with amusement.



THE TROPIC OF CANCER is an autobiographical novel in which Henry Miller describes his own youthful sex experiences—often promiscuous—in detail, and in violent language.

Blacklisted for years as pornographic, it has sold more than 3,000,000 copies in America since it was first published there two years ago.

Figures would have been much higher if some States had not threatened action under obscenity laws. In Brooklyn, a suburb of New York,

where the book is still blacklisted, there is a warrant out for Miller's arrest.

Is there "dirt" in these books?

There is "dirt" in everything—even in the Bible—if you have a dirty approach to sex.

Especially is there dirt in secret corners—and I believe that the new, strong and seemingly violent mind of the new thinking will sweep out these corners.

Not all that is in these books is good. Nor all the heroes and heroines desirable examples.

But would anybody seriously suggest that after reading *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, thousands of our young people—and most of them have read it—dashed off to emulate the game-keeper?

Will *The Kama Sutra's* advice on seduction of married women and young maidens bring about a panic in the coffee bars?

I think not.

Would anybody like to be a Henry Miller? To my mind he has led a miserable existence.



Is there good in these books—as well as good literature?

Yes. Isn't it good, for instance, that *The Kama Sutra*, in its quaint, poetic way, tells a man how to go to bed with a woman to the greater happiness of both of them?

There are many wives in this country who would be happier if their husbands had been brought up on some of the precepts of *The Kama Sutra*.

What proportion of nervous and uncertain men and women would find courage by learning from Henry Miller that sexual doubts are common to most adults?

In the "nice" novels approved by all—even public librarians—the sexy bits are always shrouded by four dots

Four dots in a novel teach nothing. Tell us nothing.

It is the death of the four dots which is heralded by the release of this new literature.

I FOR ONE WOULD NOT BE A MOURNER AT THE FUNERAL.

Audrey Whiting reports on the Death of the Four Dots