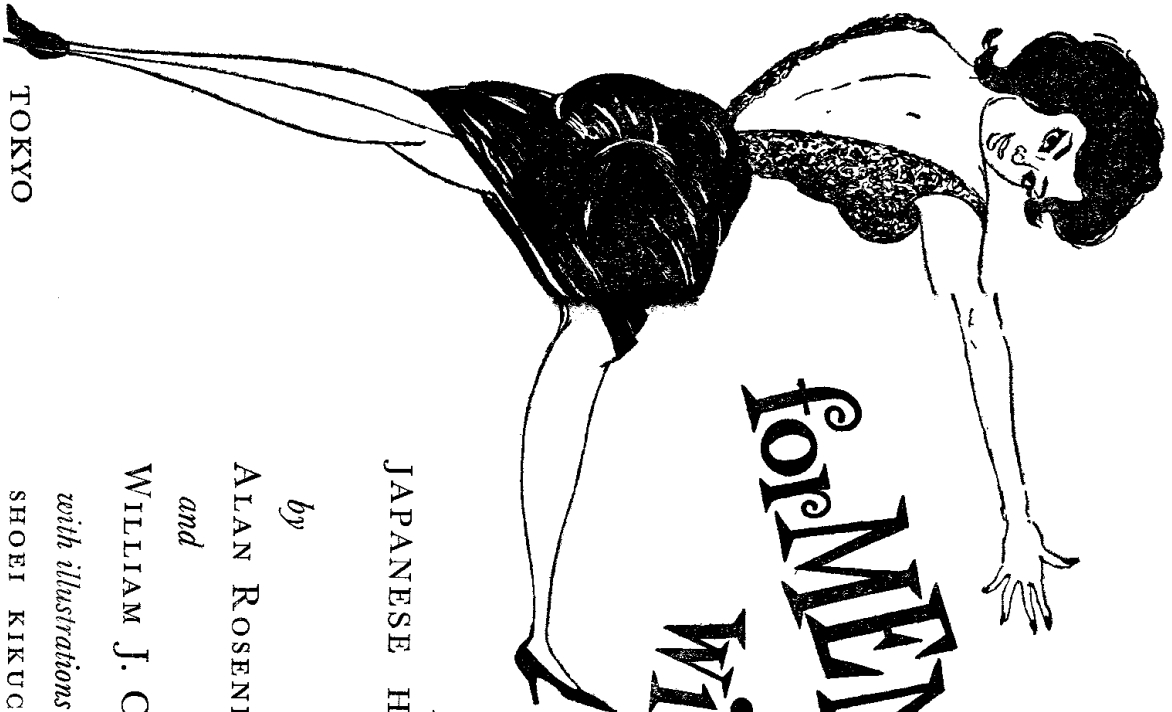


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# NEW with NEW for MEN





# for MEN with MEN

A GUIDE TO THE  
JAPANESE HOSTESS SYSTEM

*by*

ALAN ROSENBERG

*and*

WILLIAM J. O'NEILL

*with illustrations by*

SHOEI KIKUCHI

THE WAYWARD PRESS

TOKYO

TO KEIKO  
whoever she may be



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## AUTHORS' NOTE

This short treatise was written by and for foreigners visiting Japan, whether for a few days or a few years. Its purpose is twofold: to act as a guide to behavior in Japanese nightspots, and to explain the intricacies of that tantalizingly enigmatic body of women, Japan's bar hostesses. (A third purpose, that of providing the authors with a reasonably tax-deductible excuse for frequenting Tokyo cabarets, has also been amply served.)

All the material herein is true. It is, of course, applicable only within a small, neon-illuminated segment of Japanese life. Even there, it may evoke snorts of laughter or incredulity from Japanese men, who handle these situations generally with more ease and aplomb than do their tongue-tied guests from overseas.

We hope that the following pages will prove as entertaining—and informative—to the reader as the researching was for us.

*Tokyo, September, 1962*



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## INTRODUCTION

### HEAVEN CAN WAIT

THE JAPANESE BAR HOSTESS IS INDISPUTABLY the most entrancing female civilization has engendered. Evolved from the fabled geisha, undiluted by two thousand years of protective insularity, spawned in the masculine-dominated feudal era, nurtured in the practiced politeness of an overcrowded country and tempered in the fires of famine and unemployment, she is quite a gal.

Transforming the world's oldest profession into a modern industry, she can be found nightly, sedately awaiting your arrival. With the patience of a praying mantis and the persistence of a field spider, she stalks the

hunters who seek her out. She plays the game in deadly earnest. Her sweet, smiling demeanor belies the fact that her survival in a hostile society depends on her wits. In the final analysis, she stands alone.

Normal standards of behavior and ethics thaw quickly in the heat of Darwin's "survival of the fittest" doctrine, and the actions of the hostess should rarely be confused with those of Japanese women in general. In the nebulous world of the hostess, fortune can change more swiftly than the tide and only a few incorrigibles ignore the Boy Scout motto of "Be Prepared." Successful hostesses work hard at their trade. Much to the surprise of Westerners, hostesses, almost to a woman, make excellent housewives. Added to their childhood preparation for motherhood are the formal courses many take in foreign cooking, interior design, finances of the home, and flower arranging.

A Wall Street broker squiring his limpid-eyed conquest to her apartment one night was astonished to find a home library he wished his young employees possessed. His numbed brain could retain only some of the titles, but on her shelf he spotted *The Psychological Basis of American Business, How to Win Friends and*

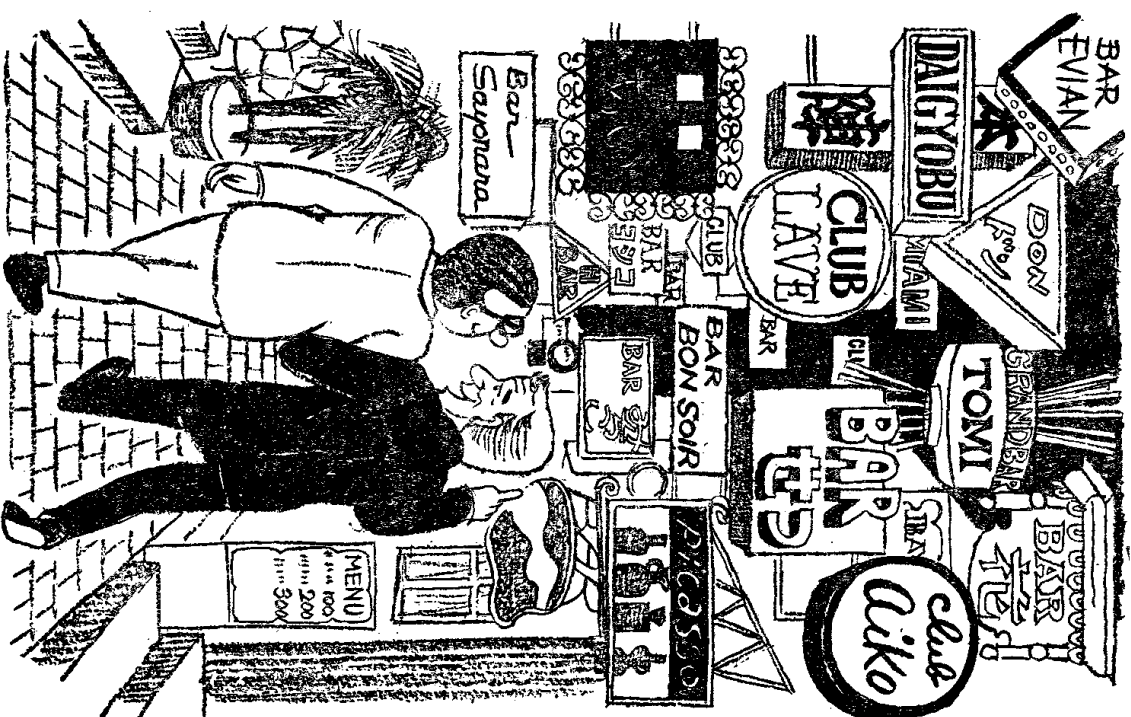
*Influence People* (latest edition), *Understanding the Stock Market* (American), *Income Tax Laws of the United States*, and *Dun and Bradstreet* (three years old). Needless to say, the literary young lady became his constant companion for the remainder of his stay, carried on his expense account as a local consultant.

What he never knew was that little Keiko's abandoning the handsome young airline pilot, her prior customer, was not just fortuitous. Her girl friend, who had been sitting with the wealthy broker, had excused herself momentarily to repair her make-up. She silently signaled her *amie* across the room and they met in the dressing room. She transmitted her information to Keiko, who was the recognized financial expert, and the girls plotted a switch of customers. This handily accomplished, Keiko opened her campaign. Ordinarily she would not allow a customer to accompany her to her apartment on their first date, well understanding the thought patterns of Western males. But this was different, and she took the calculated risk. This time she won and the "score" was heavy. Whether the friend received a percentage of her windfall is moot.

Before making snap judgments, heed the tale of the slick, successful Hollywood writer

who married the girl. Classifying the expensive cabaret hostesses under "Prostitutes, Glorified Version," he decided to alleviate his natural pressures with a girl from a cheap bar. He had been visiting one of these girls steadily for about a month when one day he found her in tears. Expecting a gimmick, he suspiciously asked her what the matter was. She didn't answer. Gallantly he sought to help her out. Was her mother sick? Was her rent overdue and she to be thrown mercilessly into the streets? Was she with child? Delicately wiping her eyes she finally explained: the radio earlier had announced that André Gide had died.

To Westerners, Japan is a paradoxical dichotomy. Now you see it, now you don't. We arrive with preconceived notions, sometimes half-baked. We believe we are fair, tolerant, and understanding. We say among ourselves "They are this way" or "They do that," and we search honestly and vainly for the threads to untie this Gordian knot. Our confabulation is intensified not only by the semantic barrier, but also by being totally lost physically. We can't read the signs and we see few recognizable landmarks. We can't buy a shoelace or find our way to the washroom away from our hotels. When we think we



*"She works somewhere around here."*

have something nailed to the mast, we find later we have been wrong all along, and only Japanese good manners (inconsistent, at best) have saved us from making fools of ourselves. So be it. Go forth bravely and be your fun-loving natural self, trying your best to observe and absorb alien ways.

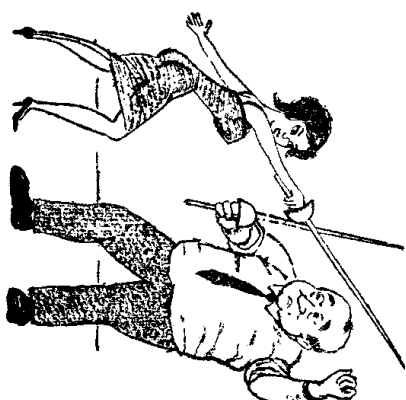
Western males simply can't believe that such saccharine, smiling, defenseless does can be so cold-bloodedly practical. Western women insist they spotted it from the first. Neither are correct. From the hostesses' porthole view of life, financial security is the keel on which their ship is built. They do not act like the tough professionals we have at home and recognize anywhere in the world, because they are not like them—professionals, yes, but professional hostesses.

The hostess, the direct, lineal, pedigreed descendent of the geisha, has devoured her mother. It takes years of apprenticeship to reach full operative maturity in the Hanseatic Guild of Geisha. It takes many more years for the geisha to repay the meticulously kept debts of her lifetime of clothes, food, music lessons, and Haiku instruction. Now, presto, we take a naturally endowed young woman, coat her lightly with lacquer, teach her a

few match tricks, and thrust her into the arena. Aided by on-the-job training she will have earning power immediately. The sifting effects of her freely-competitive sisters will determine her future. No need for the gladiators to face Augustus for a digital decision. In the best style of Plato's Republic the elevator of ability will gently deposit her on the correct floor. You will find her fencing with expense-account-loaded businessmen, coqueting in every language known to man. You will find her breaking arm-locks and half nelsons with over-exuberant longshoremen. You will find her trading strokes with starving painters. You will find her chewing gum with soldiers in perfect tempo to raucous rock-and-roll records. Have no fear—you *will* find her.







PART ONE

EN GARDE



## MEET THE "HOSTESS"

TAKE THE CALCULATED SHREWEDNESS OF THE B-girl, coat it liberally with the soft charm of the traditional geisha, and you have a rough approximation of the modern Japanese nightclub hostess. At a conservative estimate, more than half a million girls work at bars and cabarets throughout Japan, brightening the leisure hours of local and visiting males. While within this number there is wide latitude for individual variation, all hostesses are essentially working women, most single, but many divorced or widowed and some more or less married. Their job is to see that you enjoy yourself so you will linger a little

longer in their bar or club. So conscientiously do they set about their work that the hospitality of Tokyo, where the greatest number of Japanese hostesses is found, has become world famed. Their contribution to Japan's growing tourist industry has never officially received the recognition it merits.

The hostess's tender eyes and warm smile let you know that life was a meaningless void until you walked into her bar. She knows differently, as do you, but she is playing the game according to the rules and expects you to reciprocate. So you should, for it can be an enchanting game, one that rewards you with pleasant and harmless memories. It will leave your psyche unscathed.

The vital thing to keep in mind is that, to paraphrase an old roundelay, "a hostess is a sometime thing." You enter her life briefly, seeking a momentary diversion. Just as your thoughts will turn to other matters after this light interlude, she also has plans of her own quite apart from the time she devotes to gazing soulfully at you. Your hostess probably comes from the lower economic level in Japan. Undoubtedly, she entered this field because of financial considerations. She had bills to pay, or she wanted a higher standard of living

than she could achieve as a salaried worker.

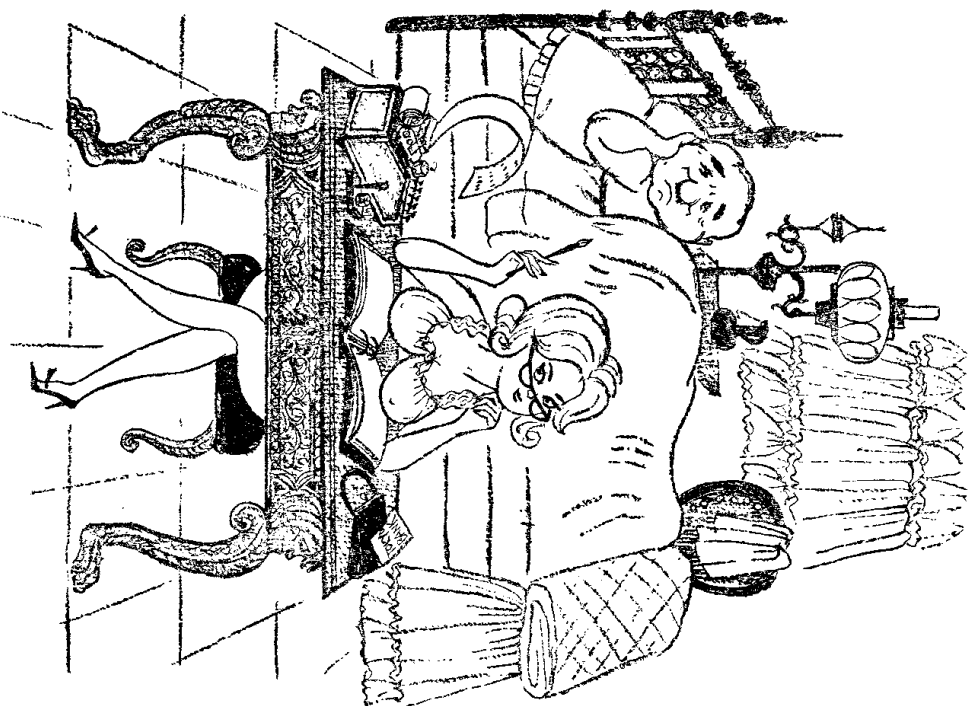
Being a hostess can be very lucrative. She will carefully conceal it from you, her customer, but she may this very month be buying a new car or building an apartment house. More often, frequent purchases at stylish shoppes, daily visits to the beauty parlor, and regular appointments with the dressmaker skim the cream from her earnings. One of Japan's top cabarets requires that its girls buy two new dresses a month. To conserve funds, the girls develop skill at changing gowns around, but it is not easy to deceive the sharp eye of the manager. A hostess has an understandable preoccupation with money and is puzzled when Western men, who will generously bestow flowers and gifts upon a woman, balk at handing her cash.

Hostesses have eschewed the protective mantle of Japan's family-oriented society. Like their older sisters, the geisha, they have their place in that society, although it no longer is codified in the law. No good family would want their son to marry a hostess, although dalliance, and even a protracted liaison, can be tolerated. The hostess cannot hide her background, for the Japanese government maintains up-to-date dossiers on every-

one, which are open for public inspection. Into each person's *koseki-tohon*, or family record, such pertinent facts as birth, residence, marriage, and divorce must be entered throughout the individual's lifetime. Once these facts are known it is a comparatively simple matter, with the enthusiastic help of neighborhood gossips, to know a person's way of life.

It is not only the hostess whose life is an open book, as witness the energetic Japanese businessman who was living happily with one girl and paying court to another. Becoming suspicious of his activities when he was not in her arms, his new girl friend discovered his place of temporary residence from his ward office and then visited the local police box. She was immediately given a full report on the man and his mistress. The officials in no way objected to his activities and were not keeping the couple under special surveillance—it was just a matter of neighborhood knowledge. Should you plan to spend some time in Japan, it is worth remembering that while considerable freedom in this sphere is permitted, the chances of your putting anything over on anyone are slim.

Sans the protection afforded by marriage



“Noodles, ¥200; hairdresser, ¥700;  
500 shares of Sony, ¥352,000 ...”



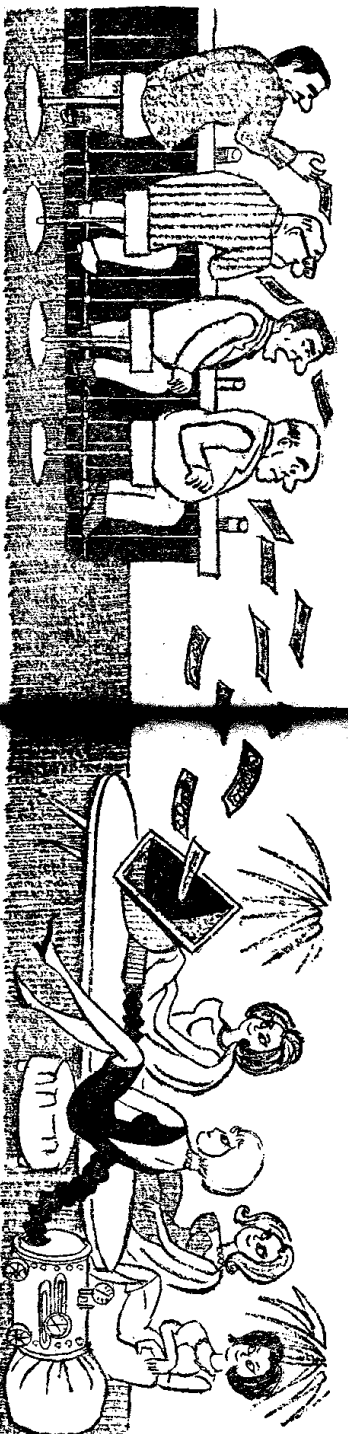
into a good family or employment in a good company (which, in Japan's labor mart, is an extension of the family system), the hostess is on her own—and can never lose sight of this fact. When a girl marries, her future is in her husband's hands. When a girl enters the employ of a large company, her future is in its hands, for under the Japanese system she will be provided for and will not be fired. The hostess has no such security, and this explains her pragmatic approach to money and savings accounts. One of the most successful hostesses in Tokyo runs her life with an efficiency that would do credit to a graduate of the Harvard School of Business. Upon returning to her sumptuous apartment each night—even if accompanied by a customer—she opens a ledger book on her Louis XIV desk and meticulously enters the night's earnings and expenses. Not until her bookkeeping is completed does she charmingly turn her attention to the final entry of the evening.

Unable to disguise her background, for the hostess the door to marriage would appear shut, and the position of "second wife" the best she can hope for. Financially, life as the number-two wife of a wealthy Japanese businessman or politician can be very comfort-

able, and many ex-hostesses contentedly raise families under this arrangement. Affluent patrons sometimes set up a favorite hostess in her own bar, restaurant, or boutique—thereby receiving a double return on their investment.

If a hostess is matrimonially inclined, she often can choose from a number of suitors that range from bartenders and waiters in her own neon-lit world to working men in general. Most hostesses have come to the big cities from rural areas, and some later quit their jobs to return to their homes. In the local parlance, a hostess "washes her feet" when she leaves the night life for the more prosaic role of a housewife.

Frequently, however, the girl has grown accustomed to a better-than-average income, and marriage has little appeal unless the man is a well-off customer or foreigner (all foreigners are wealthy). Unless she makes one of these rare matches or finds a patron who can support her, the hostess will keep working. Since Japanese women have the happy facility of appearing younger than their ages, the skilled hostess can carve out a twenty-year career with little trouble. She may get married in the meantime, but will not let



customers at her place of work know she has a husband. It would be counter to the spirit of her job.

Many hostesses enjoy the life thoroughly and consider themselves fortunate to be where they are. Pay scales for women are not high in Japan, and often a bright secretary or nurse with a fetching figure has found she can earn more money as a hostess than at her former job. Additionally, there is a reasonable amount of glamour, the opportunity to meet new and possibly interesting people every day, and the chance to work what in Japan are relatively short hours. There also is the feminine pleasure of being well-groomed and owning stylish clothes. For a hostess, dress is mandatory, undress optional.

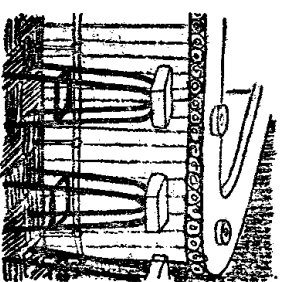
Beginner's luck holds as true in hostess-hunting as in other forms of gambling. The man who makes his play with finesse (and

not necessarily the man who spends the most money) may find an affectionate partner on his first night in town. So-called "old hands" in Tokyo wryly accept the fact that the newly-arrived tourist will get better treatment than the habitu . Hostesses are among the world's foremost experts in the ancient female art of painlessly separating the male from his money. They know that a man's desire to pay for love—whether with coin, gifts, or attention—decreases by the square root of the frequency with which he possesses his love-apple. The newcomer will spend with greater ease than the repeater, and so is more sought after.

The only male more in demand is one in Japan for an extended stay and not yet attached. In an uncertain existence, he represents possible security for a few months or a year. Since, in the course of time, he becomes more understanding of the vagaries of a hos-

tess's life, he comes to be someone with whom the hostess finds it easier to relax. In return for listening to her confidences, offering solace, and helping with the rent, he may have occasional meals prepared in his apartment, fresh flowers brought and arranged, and other creature comforts provided. Do not envy him. He is all too soon confronted with the task of keeping these little attentions from acquiring a permanent—and boa-constricting—nature. He begins to envy the free-wheeling newcomer who has the entire field from which to choose.

Your hostess leads a full and busy life. She had her problems and delights before you hove in sight, and they will continue long after you have gone. But while the odds are against making any appreciable dent in the armor of this beauty who nightly jousts with experts, your true *bon vivant* always rises to the challenge in the secure knowledge that he exudes greater magnetism than any of the clods who came before. It all adds spirit to the game. For the time the two of you spend together, be it an hour, night or weekend, she's yours. How rewardingly that time is spent depends on how adroitly you handle the situation.



## B-BARS AND CABARETS

THAT WESTERN INSTITUTION, THE BAR IN WHICH all bartending and serving is done by men, with no women cluttering up the scenery, has not found favor in Japan. Japanese have a firmly-entrenched notion that men should be served by women. In the thousands of B-bars and cabarets that thrive in Japan, this conviction is carried to not-unpleasant extremes. The number of bars in Japan is staggering (on festival days, so are the customers). Tokyo alone has 10,003(?) bars and clubs going full tilt on any evening of the year. The visitor can safely ignore most of these establishments. Some he might not care for, others do

not care for foreigners. Better to concentrate on the ones most eager for his patronage, which therefore offer the best return.

Many attractive little bars are out of bounds for the tourist because of his inability to converse in Japanese. You would be welcome, but you would be frustrated. Phrase book in hand, you may have been a rousing success on the Continent and yet come a cropper in Japan. Any sentence slightly mispronounced is liable to take on ten totally different meanings; nobody in the room will grasp what you are driving at beyond the fact that you obviously are wild for the elf in the smoky-blue dress. If this basic idea is all the communication you care about, you still will have trouble understanding the bill, and more trouble finding out where to take her. It rarely works, no matter how good your Braille.

There also are the bars and cabarets that simply do not care to cater to foreigners. Often they have their own clientele, and maintain a clublike atmosphere that excludes even Japanese who do not belong to the coterie. Unless you have a Japanese friend who wants to take you to "his" bar or club and introduce you to the manager, you are wiser to pass these places by. In all bars where you elect to

spend any time, it is sound barmanship to make the acquaintance of the manager. Often she will be an astute "Mama-san" who is an honors graduate of the local finishing school for ambitious hostesses. A little flattery invested in Mama can markedly facilitate progress with your hostess. Mama's word is law. She has more signals than a third-base coach for the St. Louis Cardinals, and the girl who doesn't see Mama significantly tugging at her obi will face a locker-room lecture.

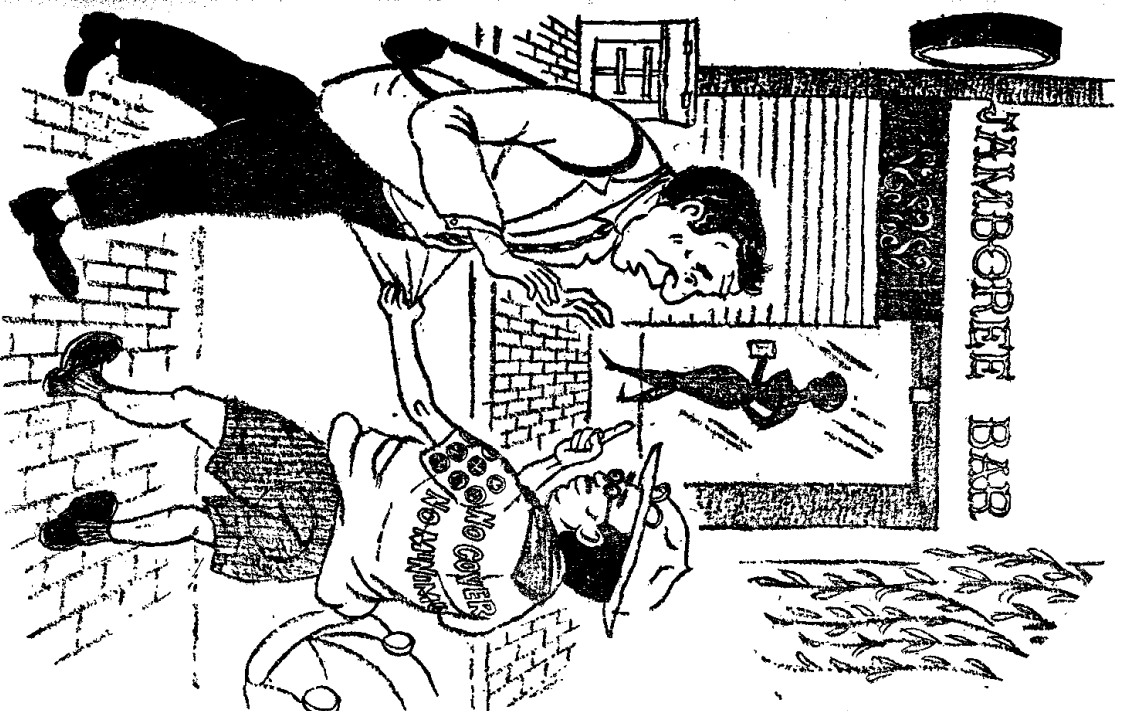
Eliminating, for the casual visitor, the numerous strictly-Japanese establishments, there remains a more-than adequate selection of B-bars, nightclubs, and cabarets where the staff is panting to accord you lavish treatment customarily associated with rajahs from the wealthier principalities. On these rests the worldwide reputation of Japanese night life. It is a repute well earned and one that earns well, as your first club tab will convince you. Finding the hostess-laden bars dedicated to pleasing you is no problem. Most advertise in the local tourist magazines found in your hotel, and the advertisements come complete with little maps marked, "For the taxi driver." If afoot, you need merely head for the nearest amusement sector, and the B-bars



will find you. While bars, coffee shops, and what-have-you are scattered throughout any city, the cabarets and bars catering to the out-of-town trade will almost always be found clustered in each city's brightly-lit "amusement districts," such as Ginza and Akasaka in Tokyo.

Under Japanese licensing procedures, night-spots are classified as nightclubs, cabarets, and bars. Nightclubs can serve food, have floors shows and dancing, but cannot employ hostesses. Cabarets are the same thing, but with that extra added ingredient—hostesses by the hundreds in big cabarets, or the dozen in the smaller rooms. Bars are not permitted to have dancing or floor shows, but can and do employ hostesses. Nightclubs can stay open later than bars and cabarets, which officially must close at 11:30 P.M., as indeed many do.

There is no Japanese classification of B-bars as such. We use the term here to designate the Japanese counterpart of that world-wide institution, any bar that employs girls, openly or *sub rosa*, solely to keep the liquor flowing. B-bars in Japan, then, will have hostesses, and may permit dancing to records on a floor so small as conveniently to escape notice by near-sighted



"Do your \$£'&¥ + @% good deed  
for somebody else."

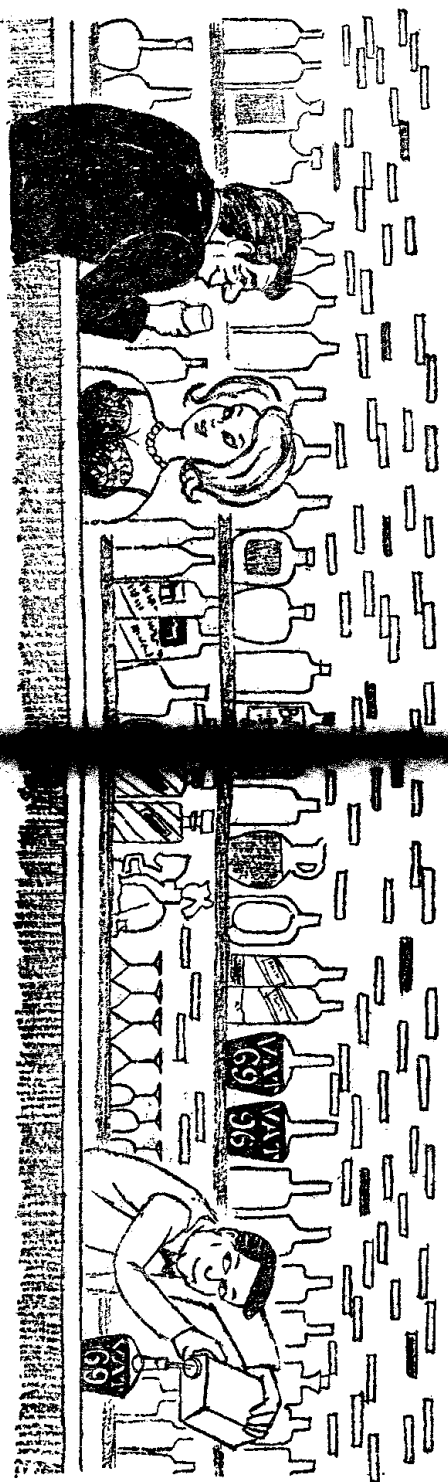
inspectors. In many cases, closing time in B-bars means that the advertising sign is turned off, the door locked, and the volume slightly reduced on the jukebox or hi-fi, but the party continues. There also are stand-bars, which are tiny establishments with no tables. There may be half a dozen stools at the small bar and one or two girls behind the bar to serve drinks. Prices are cheap, only Japanese is spoken, and the stand-bars, while often attractive little spots, hold no promise for the newly arrived traveler. We therefore shall concentrate on the B-bars and cabarets, in the assumption that you probably will do the same.

In prowling the B-bar circuit, the wise hunter will confine himself to those that advertise in English, often with such Americanized names as "Broadway," "Downbeat," or "Tangen Tengen." The bars actively seeking foreign trade, where English is spoken after a fashion, generally have runners on the street to solicit customers. These may or may not be in ill-fitted costumes (i.e., as a cowboy if the club is called "Nevada" or in frayed tuxedo if it is called "Top Hat"). Many men balk at being approached by a runner, feeling that it implies something sinister. This is a harmless form of advertising. If you let the runner escort you into

his club, it will not make the slightest difference in your tab. It will help the hardworking runner, for he gets credit for the number of customers he guides through the doorway. And runners thus befriended sometimes prove mines of useful information not found in brochures.

B-bar signs and runners assure prospective customers that there is no cover or minimum charge, and no charge for the hostess. You pay only for what you and your hostess drink. This tempting offer is true, since drink prices are high enough that there is scant need for additional fees. Japanese beer (very good) will run ¥250 or ¥300 a bottle (¥360=\$1.00; ¥1,000=£1). Gin and bourbon drinks cost about ¥500 (\$1.39), while Scotch runs as high as ¥650. A fine cognac can be ¥1,200 (\$3.34) per snifter.

Your new-found friend will not order an expensive brandy, but neither will she ask for beer. Her taste will run to highballs that jokingly are called *shobai-no-mizu*, which appropriately translates as "business-water." This murky brown liquid she will stoutly defend as whisky. She will insist upon your tasting it if you doubt her word. It usually is cheap whisky, with the proportion of whisky to water varying according to the bar and the



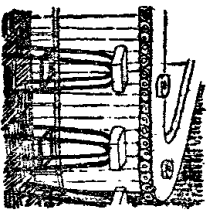
girl. Some bars have learned to simulate Scotch by spiking an inexpensive local whisky with a dash of Aji-no-Moto, Japan's all-purpose seasoning. The result tastes slightly like Scotch, and the margin of profit sky-rockets. Even the best and most expensive Japanese bars have been plagued by bottles of "manufactured" Scotch, as bootleggers discovered how to blend one part of the genuine stuff with seven parts of Japanese whisky. Thanks to police raids that have netted thousands of faked labels and bottles of doctored whisky, the business in what newspapers have dubbed Sumida Scotch (after Tokyo's river) is on the downgrade.

So long as your own drink is pleasing to your palate, there is little profit in questioning the contents of your companion's glass. It

undoubtedly contains at least some whisky, and the true hunter does not want his woman inebriated. You will want to watch that in her haste to earn her month's rent your affectionate companion does not order "doubles." Her drink generally costs ¥500, so doubling that puts another ¥1,000 (\$2.78) on the bill every time she tilts her head. You can, if you wish, firmly veto "doubles" without arousing ire or harming your budding relationship. Let your discretion and wallet be your guide.

Many places that specifically advertise no-hostess charge have a cover charge of about ¥500 to sit at a table. The big clubs and cabarets levy a charge of ¥1,000 per hour for the hostess. In the B-bars the hostess makes her money only on drinks. She generally

is given ¥100 for every drink you have, plus half the price of all drinks you buy for her. This is why the hostess at a B-bar will ask engagingly if she can please have another, and another, and just one more, and then will leave when you stop buying. The girls at the cabarets need not push drinks so persistently, since they are earning their pay whether at the table or on the dance floor. The large clubs also have a higher percentage of the most attractive, intelligent, and desirable girls, since they draw the wealthiest hunters. But systems and size are relatively unimportant—there are good-looking women to be found in nearly every pub in the land.



## ABACUS VERSUS IBM

WORKING WITH TENDER SOLICITUDE, THE Japanese hostess can take that unseemly bulge out of your wallet in short order—and leave you loving it. But you don't want her to leave too soon. She won't if you play your cards right. One way to drive her away, despite earlier pledges she may have given, is to complain loudly and at length about your bill. She loses "face" and you, in turn, lose her. You can hold on to your dignity and your in amorata (if not your money) by having some advance understanding of what charges you can expect to find on your tab. There are two basic premises the visitor to Tokyo, or any



other large city in Japan, should accept regarding nightclub bills: 1) they usually will be higher than anticipated; 2) they generally will be accurate. In a night on the town you may be cleaned, but chances are you won't be clipped. You may be shocked when the bill is presented at closing time to find that you have spent ¥20,000 (\$55) or more in the last ninety minutes. If you call for the menu and the captain and laboriously reconstruct the crime, you will usually find the figures artfully accurate. When Japan's international trade balance falters, patriotic abaci tend to race their beads, with more rounds appearing on your tab than your table. Attention-getting spot audits—which have snuffed many a romantic spark—usually arise because the newcomer takes too literally the prices on the wine list. A wiser approach is to treat them as you would the architect's first estimate. Menu prices should serve as a rough guide, but no more. The prices listed are firm. They do not change as the evening progresses. But they are just the foundation on which your tab will be built.

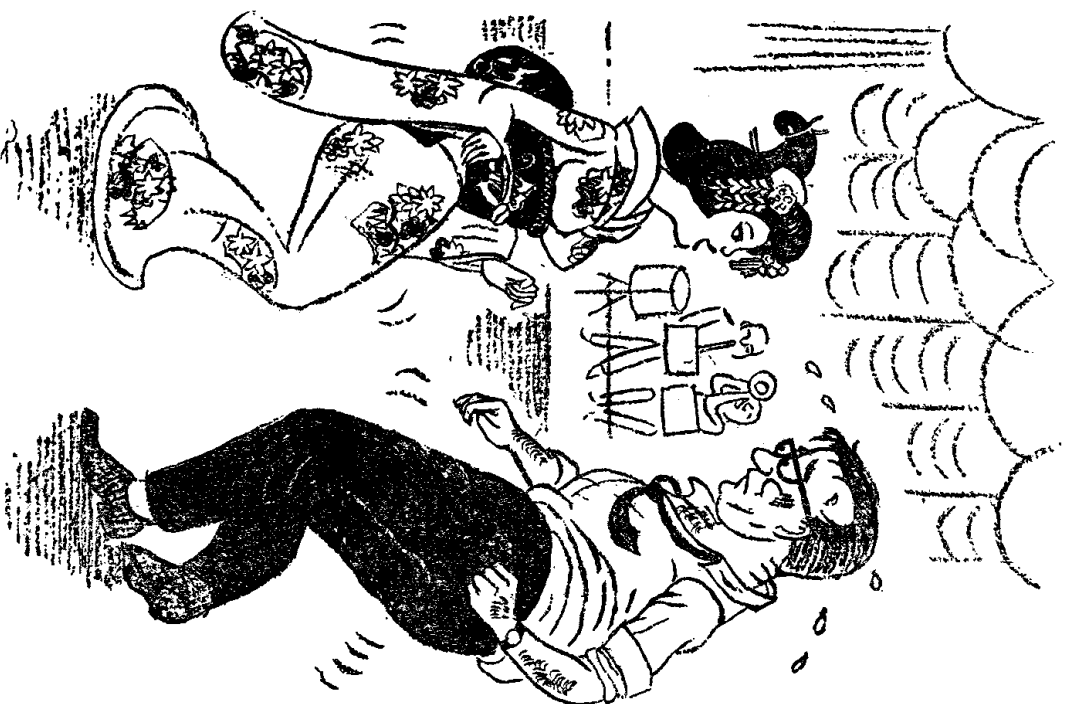
Occasionally a Japanese bar sets out to clip customers, devising schemes that would shatter the empirical calm of Alfred Hitchcock. In one tough bar, a visiting nisei was shocked

quickly into sobriety by a ¥20,000 tab for three drinks and eight peanuts. He paid, mistrusting the local hospitals, but promptly returned with the constabulary. He walked into a completely different pub, staffed by smiling, new faces. Staring incredulously, he was about to concede defeat when one of the policemen pulled a large pin from the rear wall. Slowly, the wall pivoted, the original bar reappearing as the new one, knocking a few chairs out of its path, disappeared into a rear storage space. Police have shuttered many swinging bars, but larcenous carpenters construct new ones. Since these little bars practice their wiles principally on the local citizenry, it is unlikely you will have such hair-raising encounters.

B-bars and clubs wage incessant war, raiding each other's hostess lineups for top talent. Talent in a hostess is measured with missile-tracking precision on that wonder of Oriental science, the abacus. The rapidity with which a girl keeps those beads clicking at the cashier's booth is the tally of her success. "Bonus baby" is a term not restricted to baseball leagues in the United States. In the Japanese nitery league, a money-making hostess can command a bonus of ¥400,000

(\$1,112) or more by agreeing to pitch for another club. Japan's nightspot operators are among the world's shrewdest businessmen. They would never part with so much yen without full confidence that the new girl could deftly lure you into spending much more than you intended. And, after all, there is no good reason why you should destroy this confidence.

You may at this juncture disagree. As an intelligent and discerning world-traveler, you may wonder why you should be so gullible as to allow some commercially-minded hostess to hustle her way through your earnings. It would be as germane to speculate why, through the centuries, Japan's statesmen, generals, and leaders of commerce have surrendered their valuable time to the fabled charm of the geisha. For the hostess in her chic cocktail sheath, is today's rice-powdered geisha—the all-time champion among the world's contenders for men's yens. Your top hostess is poised, competent, and studiously charming. Like the geisha, she is expensive. But most visitors, recalling hours spent with a beautiful woman whose every thought and action was dedicated to pleasing them, conclude the money was well spent. The num-



*"You do folk dance well."*

ber who return resolutely to Japan's shores testifies to this.

Though you are only in town for a few days, no bar or cabaret wants to settle for one evening of your company when it can profitably enjoy two or three. Wherever you go, therefore, your hostess will strive to look her best, pour your drinks and light your cigarettes, and anticipate your every wish. Only a misogynist can quarrel with this. On a slow evening, some of the smaller B-bars will go to intriguing lengths to keep customers from leaving. A girl strips to the music of a record, or all of the girls shed as many garments as required to keep the drinks flowing. Or the door may be bolted, windows blanketed, and movies warm enough to melt the ice-cubes in your drink will be shown. But these fancy flips will turn back no bedcovers for you.

Some Japanophiles who study the subject from afar through scholarly tomes lament the decline of the geisha. They are appalled that she is being replaced by the hostess, that the plaintive notes of the samisen are giving way to the wail of a jazz clarinet. But Japanese men, who by and large are the arbiters of the system, obviously do not share this sentiment. Neither do the girls, for the hostess enjoys

greater freedom than the geisha while fulfilling much the same role. And today's geisha are learning to mambo.

If we are agreed that nothing worthwhile in life is free, let us examine the multitude of charges that must be figured into your nightclub bill. In small B-bars, the girl receives half the price of her drinks as commission, and the bar takes the other half. This explains her unquenchable thirst and her fondness for drinking "doubles." Unless the establishment advertises "No Cover, No Minimum," you may expect to pay a table charge. Even in places that have no cover charge, there usually is a "set," consisting of a small plate of peanuts and/or sembei (rice-and-seaweed tidbits), that is sent to your table automatically. This adds to your bill. Eating it is optional, but in most B-bars ordering it is not.

Some places that boast of having no charge for hostesses make up the difference by levying a cover charge. In addition to tables, these establishments usually have a few stools lined up before the bar. The stools are liable to be as small and uncomfortable as modern engineering can make them. Drinks will cost the same whether at the bar or a table.



Unless you plan to leave quickly, you may just as well be comfortable at a table and pay the charge.

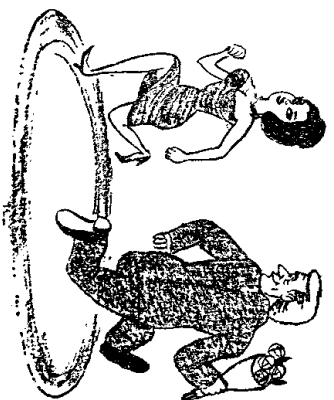
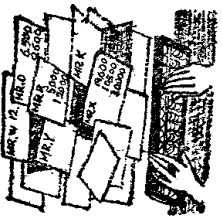
In the larger cabarets, drinks cost the same for you and the hostess—usually around ¥500. There will be a cover charge that may be ¥1,000 under ordinary circumstances and can soar as high as ¥5,000 (\$13.89) for a special, holiday floor show or a visiting, name entertainer. The amount of the cover charge will be prominently displayed in the club's advertising, and again on cards placed on each table. There also is a charge of ¥1,000 an hour for the hostess. If you want to make a big splash and be surrounded by lovely girls, the management will provide you with several—all at ¥1,000 per hour, plus whatever food and drink you order for them. More cables for supplemental funds can be traced

to these charges than the accountants who verify expense sheets would dare to imagine.

Hostesses being paid an hourly rate need not hurry their drinks as do the girls in B-bars, and so the difference in the final tab is not as great as you might think. When your final bill is computed in either type of establishment, a ten percent service charge, plus tax, will help boost the total. In the bigger places, you also will be expected to tip ¥100 (28 cents) to the washroom attendant and a like amount to the hat-check girl. It isn't necessary to tip the waiter unless he has performed some special service.

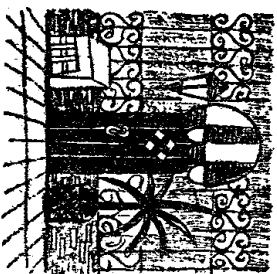
The hostess, who follows you to the door and bows you out onto the street murmuring her grateful "*Domo arigato gozaimasu*," hopes you will tip in addition to her hourly charge. This is the most flexible item on the agenda

and depends entirely on the rapport you have established. She will never ask for a tip directly, but expects you to tip without being asked. A newcomer can feign ignorance and depart. If she has agreed to meet you after work to make a night of it, this is an excellent time to press ¥5,000 into her hand to bind the commitment. Don't be this generous, however, unless your after-hours date has been agreed upon, lest she construe it to be simply a tip. If a tryst has been set up, you need not fear for your money. At the appointed hour she'll come looking for you. Hostesses who have been detained from nocturnal appointments have been known to visit their dates' hotels the following day, anxious to fulfill their promise.



## PART TWO

# THE CHASE



## “OPEN DOOR” POLICIES

IF YOU HAVE SEEN WAR FILMS IN WHICH THE sight of an enemy vessel causes the cruising submarine to explode in a tumult of blaring sirens and racing feet, you have an inkling of the commotion your arrival can cause in a Japanese B-bar. Should you arrive between 7 and 8 P.M., before business has become brisk, the place may be devoid of customers. The bartender is lounging behind the bar reading a racy serial in a weekly magazine. At his side a small radio is playing Japanese music. Off in a corner the hostesses are chatting, reading, perhaps even knitting. Your entry galvanizes them into action. Some bars

actually install trip-wires under a front step; your footfall on this step signals an alert that sends everyone to battle stations in an instant. Magazines and knitting vanish, the bartender snaps off the radio and slips a jazz record onto the turntable, and the girl who is first in line opens the door with a greeting so warm you are sure she has mistaken you for someone else.

Later in the evening, when the room is as packed as a collegiate telephone booth, the greeting will still be just as warm. If your entry is met by bows and a chorus of "*Irnashai-mase*," beware. You may have stumbled into a place where little or no English is spoken. Unless you hear a rough approximation of "Hello" mingled with the polite Japanese invitation to come in, you will be wise to retreat. Those tiny Japanese bars can be fun, and you can order your drinks by pointing, but chances of scoring with the charmer who lights your cigarette and chatters in a foreign tongue are nil. If you do not speak Japanese and the girls do not speak English, you are wasting precious time.

You may not always receive an ovation when you appear on the threshold. Some of the finest bars in Japan cater only to

customers they know. The visitor who innocently wanders in is greeted with subdued politeness, and may be served drinks. When he leaves, his bill will be considerably higher than if he had been brought in by a regular customer. A French resident of Tokyo found that it pays to be introduced, and to greet the manager when visiting such snob-appeal establishments. He had been introduced at one room by a Japanese author. When he returned alone at another time, he found that his bill came to ¥15,000 (\$41.67). Being versed in the ways of Tokyo, he signed his name and company and left quietly. Coming back a few nights later, he pointedly chatted with the manager, dropping a few names. A light dawned on the woman's face.

"You are the friend of Blank-san," she exclaimed, in obvious embarrassment. "Please forgive me for not remembering."

She brought out his former bill and discovered there had been an "error" in calculation. The bill was corrected to ¥8,000 (\$22.23) and the Frenchman left, bowed out the door by the manager and half of the girls in the bar. It is now one of his favorite stops, as well it might be, considering the fuss that is made over him every time he sets foot in the place.

Bars that practice this kind of discrimination are not anti-foreign (there is also that type, of course), nor are they clip joints. They do not mace their regular customers, but they do their best to discourage persons they consider gate-crashers.

If you go to one of the B-bars catering primarily to foreigners, an enthusiastic "Hello" that may sound more like "Harrow" will let you know you are on the right track (the girls assume, incidentally, that all foreigners speak English). Some of the girls will speak enough English to get by, and probably one or more will have a surprisingly good command of English—particularly as applied to repartee. This is your true hunting ground.

You will be steered to a table by the hostess who greeted you at the door. If business is brisk, it may be the manager or bartender who points to an empty table and urges you to sit down until a girl can be fetched from one of the other tables. If you wish, you may decline a table and head for the bar. Drinks will not be any cheaper, but a bar stool is a good vantage point from which to survey the scene. It may be that the first hostess to greet you isn't your type. By sitting at the



*"You sure you're Keiko?"*



bar and ordering a drink, you can dismiss her and settle back to appraise the merchandise casually. Nobody is offended, but the next move is up to you. As a rule, no one else will approach you once you have declined the hospitality of the girl who first offered to sit with you. Once you spot your hormonal stimulator, you can tell the waiter to bring her to you at a table—not at the bar. Remaining at the bar would only make you appear cheap. By moving to a table now, you have established yourself as a man who knows what he wants and moves deliberately to achieve it.

Visitors often are reluctant to ask a girl to leave their table and send for a replacement. The girl, while not appealing to them, is trying so hard to please that only a brute would hurt her feelings by asking her to move. Hostesses are aware of this foreign gallantry and naturally exploit it. They may persist, and pout at the suggestion that the two of you aren't soul mates. But while they dislike passing up the money your drinks represent, they know the next few minutes will bring another thirsty traveler through the door. Their anguish is less than mortal.

E-bars and cabarets operate with an

efficiency that outstrips the vaunted flow plans or time and motion studies of the world's industrial giants. The girl who first offered to share your company and traveler's checks was not dealt to you by chance. Hostesses work on a rotation system whereby the first girl to come to work that evening gets the first customer, the second girl the second customer, and so on. If there are eight girls in a small bar, the ninth customer automatically belongs to the first girl, and so on down the line. Last girl into work of an evening, under this system, has the least times at bat. If a customer walks out without drinking, or buys only one drink, his hostess retains her place in line and gets a crack at the next customer who enters. If he buys two drinks or more, she has had her turn and goes to the end of the batting order.

This system has built-in flexibility. If a customer isn't interested in the hostess he has drawn, the management may call one of its most skilled hostesses away from the table where she is sitting and send her over to beguile the restless customer into staying—and drinking. Or when a man returns who has previously been in the bar, the girl he sat with the last time will come to flirt with him.

He is "her customer." If she is busy, another girl may be sent to sit with him as a temporary substitute, but she will leave the minute his original hostess comes to the table. This is a hard and fast rule. The grizzled, rifle-toting miners of the Old Yukon were never tougher on claim jumpers than are the hostesses of Japan.

Once you have bought a few drinks with a girl in a bar, you "belong" to her. She can and will move from table to table if more than one of her customers are in the place at the same time—an unfortunate occurrence that often resolves into a waiting game. But *you* cannot change hostesses with impunity. You will waste your time and money. In her case, moving around is her occupation. In your case, you have established yourself as a "cho-cho-san," or "butterfly," who is fickle enough to move from one girl to another. This is an unbeatable combination of female jealousy and hard cash. Many a man residing in Japan has had a friend introduce him to a lovely dish at a bar just because the friend is already committed to another girl at that bar and cannot ask the beauty out. The wise hunter avails himself of such offerings, for he knows his turn to return the compulsory

favor will come another night at another bar.

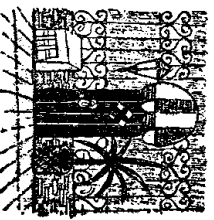
Although you have some freedom to pick and reject during your first night at a bar or cabaret, once you have settled on a hostess and carried on a flirtation with her, you have no further freedom of choice in that establishment. Even on her night off, any money you spend there counts on her monthly gross when the management figures who are its top money-earners. The smallest B-bar has its "queen," across whose table passes the biggest gross. The girls with the top ratings receive added privileges, such as the right to come in late, take off early, or take an extra day off occasionally. Under such an incentive program it is easy to see why hostesses frown on "butterflies."

The large clubs operate much as do the B-bars so far as hostesses are concerned. Your entry is more sedate, the captain bows you to a table, and your waiter asks if you would like to dance with a hostess. Again, if the girl who comes to your table is not sufficiently pleasing, you can explain that you like taller, shorter, slimmer, or plumper dancing partners, and she will leave to make room for another. If you are shy about spurning her attentions, you can go to the men's room,

pausing en route to make your request of the captain. When you return to your table, the first girl will have disappeared and been replaced by a smiling new face.

But once you have spent most of an evening at the club with a girl, she is the one who will be summoned whenever you appear again. If you later find yourself warning to another hostess, you will need to invite the first one over to the table to confirm that all is off between you, or you will face an insurmountable task.

Fortunately, Japan's cities contain many bars and cabarets, all well stocked with pulchritude. While you would be ill-advised to try sharing your affections with more than one hostess in the same bar, you may wish to patronize more than one establishment, making well-appointed rounds to the extent that your time, budget, and constitution permit. In this, you are not alone.



## “HOW DID YOU GET INTO THIS BUSINESS?”

THE HOSTESS TRADE IS SOMETIMES CONFUSED with the world's oldest profession, and certainly there are similarities. But it's a mistake to concentrate on similarities when it is the differences that make hostesses so much more interesting than their sisters of the street. The important distinction is that the hostess chooses her partner when the man and the night suit her. She does not indiscriminately accept whoever is next in line, regardless of how much money he has spent at her table. This comes as a shock to occasional big-spenders who patiently drink through hours in Japanese cabarets only to see their charming table

companions vanish into the night when the bar closes. And yet no true hunter wants a "sure thing." Bordellos are boring. The mischievous hostess, seemingly so compliant yet poised for flight at the first gaucherie, places a man on his mettle. It is this element of chase, combined with a talent for never prolonging the chase needlessly, that has earned the hostess her special niche.

Nearly as often as she is asked her name, the hostess hears that tiresome old query, "How did you get into this business?" Some historians say the subject was first broached by an unknown Phoenician sailor of the Mycenaean maid who proffered him a skin of wine. Others believe the identical question was asked by the Piltown man, in even cruder form. History doesn't say, but it's a safe bet the sea rover of three thousand years ago lost points with the serving-maiden just as surely as will you, should you raise the issue with your new-found Japanese friend.

Not that you won't get an answer. She is too courteous and too well trained to betray annoyance at this dull turn of events. Any hostess worth her salt has a story in reserve for this situation. Japanese must have been importing radio soap-operas from the United

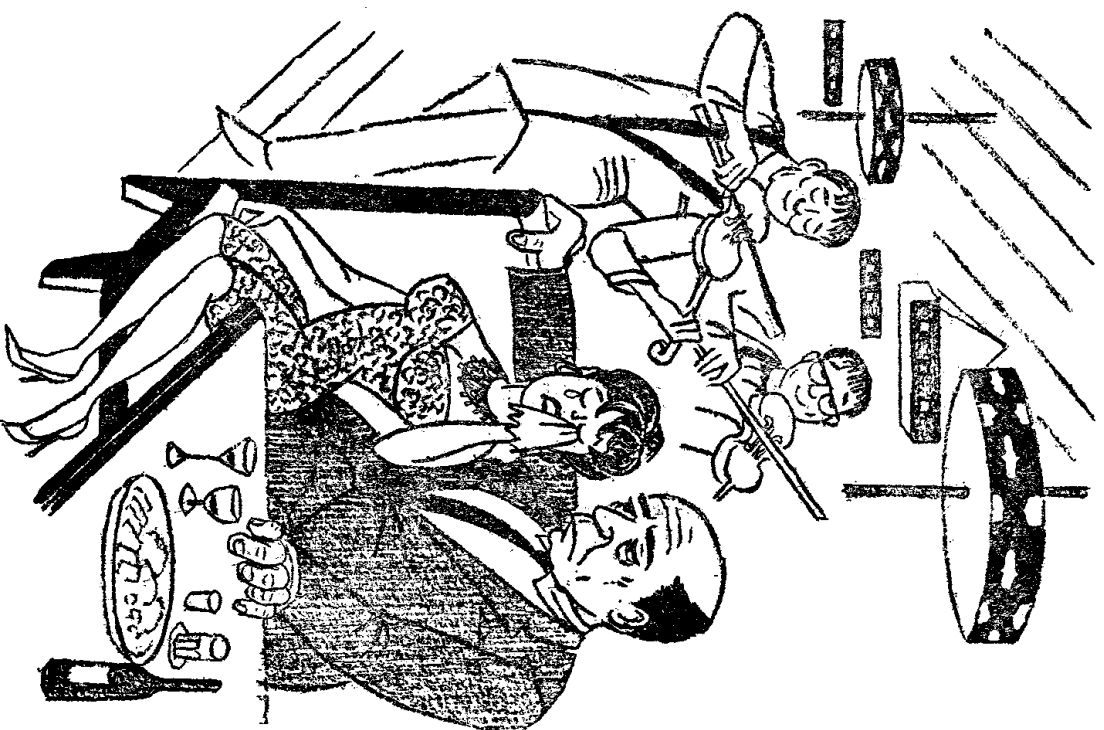
States long before they began buying up every TV serial in sight, for the girls' explanations of why they became hostesses have clearly traceable antecedents. There's the "Young Dr. Malone" bit, in which either her father or mother (both, if you appear especially softhearted) had to undergo a rare and costly operation, and she is still paying the bills—hopefully, with your help. "Mary Noble, Backstage Wife" lends itself to such variants as laboring in obscurity under a false name in order to help a talented brother or sister pursue a career. Any number of sob stories dredged up in answer to this banal question seem to have been lifted bodily from "Life Can Be Beautiful." It *can* be if you will draw your checkbook, unsheathe your pen (she'll offer hers if yours is out of ink), and ride generously to the distressed damsel's rescue.

If these all are fabrications, they are no more than such a question deserves. You can save your breath and your money by not asking it. A girl becomes a hostess because she wants money. She may not have been destitute, but she wasn't earning as a typist, clerk, or nurse the bundle she makes—or hopes to make—on the after-hours circuit. One tall, svelte, former office girl who learned how to belt down

drinks with aplomb told customers in her tiny bar that she was amassing money for contact lenses to save her failing sight. This may have been true at the time she changed occupations, but it obviously wasn't so later. As soon as she got her contact lenses, the pretty miss threw away her spectacles and moved over to one of the plushest cabarets in town. She doesn't say what she is saving for there, but whatever it is, she certainly puts her back into it.

Rather than lose points by asking a girl how she became a hostess, you might try gaining points by asking her true name. The one she gave when she first sat down beside you is likely to be her name only from 7 P.M. until midnight. This is particularly true when the girls are using such easy-to-remember handles as Fran, Diane, Marie, and others of that genre. At one period, Diana, Goddess of the Hunt, was extremely well represented and no bar or cabaret that catered to foreigners was without one. Some names will be merely Anglicized versions of actual Japanese names. June, for example, may have been called Junko as a child, while Amy is probably Emiko. Kay will be the ever-present Keiko.

Even where the girls are using Japanese



*“... then the typhoon destroyed our estates, and ...”*

names such as Emiko, Machiko, Misako, and every other "ko" in the book, a hostess's name at work may be different from her daytime name. If our friend Keiko comes to work at a new cabaret, chances are excellent that she will find another Keiko already working there. She then will take whatever name is available, since no nightclub can have two girls on its roster with the same name. Much of the club's repeat business comes through telephone calls, with customers calling their favorite hostesses, or the girls telephoning alluring invitations to steady customers. Even with the club going to great pains to keep its girls' names separate, mix-ups may occur, especially when foreigners pronounce "Machiko" so that it sounds almost like Michiko.

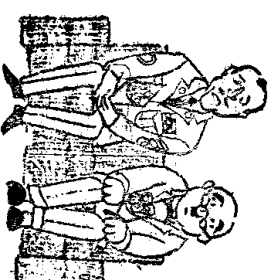
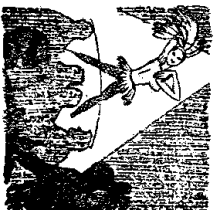
On one such occasion, a girl dutifully answered the telephone at her club, acknowledged that she would be free after work (or at least, reasonable), and had nearly agreed to the assignation before discovering she was talking to the wrong man.

"I'm not Keiko," she informed the caller. "My name is Reiko." And she sent a waiter to find the right girl, for such is the hostess's code of honor.

By making an effort to learn your hostess's real name and taking care to pronounce it properly, you establish that you are interested in her as a person, that you are the thoughtful and considerate type, not like the shallow individual who asked her out before he even knew her name. You can pursue this gambit further to good advantage by asking what her name means. Not all Japanese names have a meaning, but many do. It not only is interesting to learn that Junko may stand for purity, Haruko for Spring, and Michiko may signify Brilliant, but your intelligent interest raises you in your companion's esteem—and could prolong the companionship for the rest of the night (and the translation of Diana is particularly provocative).

You will always use her "stage name" when you call her at work, of course, but you will want to use her actual name should you call her room or apartment. The hostess may write out her name and telephone number for you. At this point the wise hunter will jot down the name of the club or bar after her name. If you have visited several nightspots, you are likely to find at least two Keikos on your list, and unless you have prudently noted the club beside the name, your morning-after

telephone calls will have a disjointed quality that is a dead giveaway. Of course, if she calls you at your hotel room and announces brightly, "This is Yuriko," you can carefully toss back warm but nonincriminating answers until it becomes clear which Yuriko you are flirting with. *You* may not mind which it is, but she *will*.



## THE "BIG MAN" SYNDROME

EVERY MAN, REGARDLESS OF AGE, RACE, OR physical condition, once he has invited a hostess to share his table, seeks to impress her. Few things in life are more difficult than making any lasting impression on a hostess. But such is the immutable law of nature that all men will try. Their efforts in this direction give rise to the Big Man Syndrome, first described by the noted Shanghai psychiatrist Prof. Xerces Englebraun in his work *Through a Winding Wood Darkly: A Study of Group Behaviour Patterns on Bubbling Well Road*.

Stated in its simplest terms, the syndrome classified by Dr. Englebraun demonstrates

that the importance of the man and his job, in that relative order, rises in direct proportion to the distance separating his audience from his home office. This phenomenon is more familiar to the layman as "snow." And it was all too familiar to Japanese hostesses long before the good doctor trained his bifocals on it. In short, she's heard it all before.

Dr. Englebraun was incarcerated before he could publish a planned second volume, when he pursued his studies so avidly that a subject protested too loudly. Had he lived to complete his research he undoubtedly would have found, as have others after him, that a man's exaggerations are multiplied by two when he partakes of intoxicants, and by four when he drinks in company with a pretty girl. How the presence of two or three pretty girls adds to this factor has not been calculated. This rule is not universal, however, and the wise traveler consciously avoids it. The seasoned hunter takes care not to build himself up before his charming hostess, for he knows the cost will outweigh any gain.

There are a number of reasons for this. For one thing, Japanese company expense accounts are so liberal that it is the local business tycoons who are the most lavish

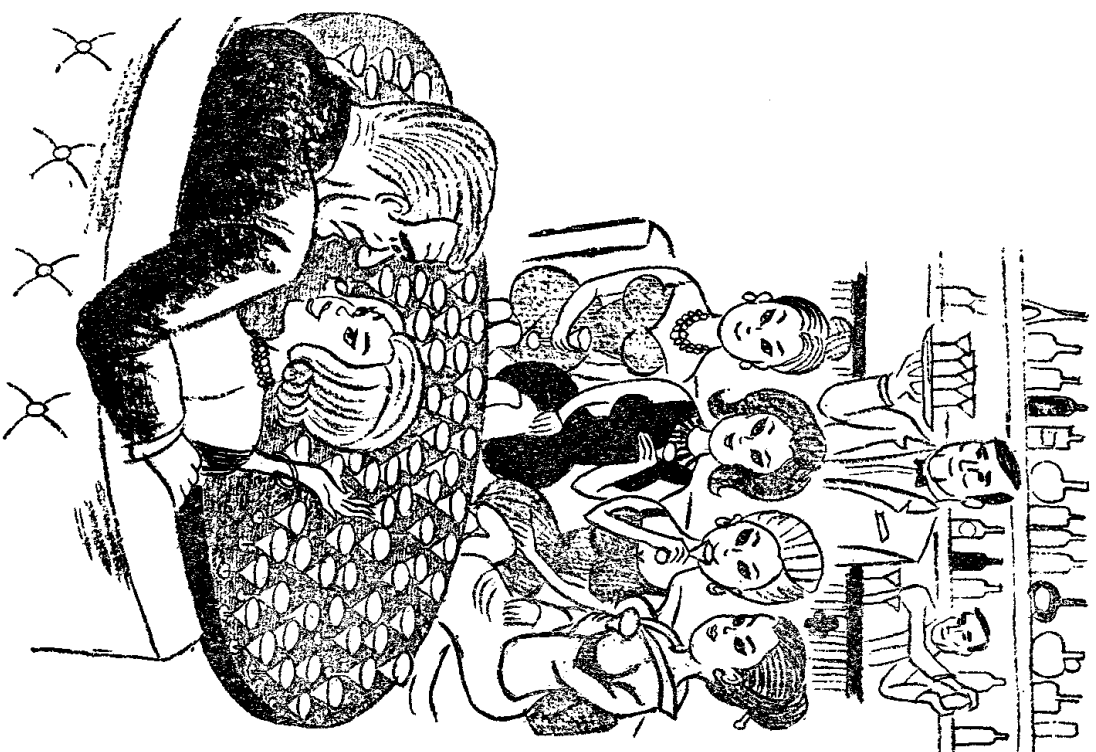
spenders. A Japanese executive gets a relatively low salary by Western standards, but he has a whopping expense sheet. Only if he actually goes to the cabarets and uses it does he get any benefit at all from the money. Japanese tax laws automatically give firms huge deductions for entertainment vouchers, thus subsidizing the hostess trade. Your Japanese vice-president, then, thinks nothing of having half a dozen hostesses at his table when he goes out on the town. When you inform one little lady that you, too, are a big vice-president, she delightedly gives you every opportunity to prove it. She will invite several close friends from the hostess ranks to join you—each at ¥1,000 per hour—and the flow of food and drink will threaten to collapse the table if not your budget. If you protest that you want to sit only with her and not with her friends, she will conclude you are either a tightwad or a fraud. Either way you lose.

Too, the girls are democratic enough to provide some elasticity in their scale of charges. This again means that the big executive is expected to tip heavier than most. And should the two of you seek the seclusion of a quiet hotel, she will see that only the most expensive room is assigned to you. After all,



she would not want an important visitor to carry away a poor impression of Japan. With the dawn, it is the visitor who will emerge poor, unless he is very well cushioned indeed. In any case, he presumably will be richer in experience.

The same route can readily be followed at less expense, and with at least as much enjoyment. A little modesty always is becoming, but nowhere more so than in Japan. Although the amusement sectors of modern Japan are vulgarly loud and brassy, the Japanese traditionally shunned ostentatious display, and some of this concept carries over to social attitudes today. The top hostesses are astonishingly adept at judging a man's importance and wealth. As long as minimum standards are comfortably met, they are singularly unimpressed by additional wealth or prestige. Because there are relatively few big clubs where foreigners congregate, the hostesses have been exposed to many big names in the financial and entertainment worlds. Hostesses, like West Side Chicago hardware, exert a great leveling influence. The mere fact that a man is a movie star does not make him an especially desirable partner for the weekend. He, like the rest,



*"Soon we meet more of my friends."*

will be gone in a few days, and the hostess will be no richer for knowing him than she would for knowing the visiting military man at the next table. With this direct approach, she is free to choose from among the customers the one who personally pleases her most. And hostesses can be very selective, particularly if they are among the top earners in the bigger clubs.

This was dramatically illustrated for all to see at one of the leading cabarets in Tokyo when a famous American band-leader made a production out of his entrance, but left alone. Having thrown his weight and money around noisily to no avail, he went to one of the B-bars where success seemed more certain. But his overbearing manner and loud conduct brought him a second defeat, even though he at one point offered ¥50,000 (\$139) to any one of the sixteen hostesses who would accompany him. Since this represented fully two weeks' wages, some of the girls may have wished to oblige. As a matter of "face," however, they could not, for he had offended one or two, and any girl who did favor him with her company would cheapen herself in the eyes of the other girls.

A more intelligent and successful approach

was taken by a famous song-writer and pianist. Quiet-mannered and shunning publicity, he spent a pleasant evening in a club and succeeded in obtaining the services of a charming guide who left work for one week to accompany him to a mountain resort. Not until their last night together, when an impulse led him to play the piano in the hotel lobby, did the girl discover her partner's true identity.

The hunter who tries too hard to impress a hostess with his importance, will have his ego shattered against the rocky cliff of pragmatism that is part of every successful hostess's make-up. At its extreme, the situation can deteriorate into something resembling the dialogue reportedly overheard in a Yoshiwara boudoir when that historic district legally flourished:

"I big pilot. Fly plane long distance."

"Ah, so *desu ka*?"

"In plane, five men. All take orders from me."

"So *desu ka*?"

"Not only that, other planes follow. All take orders from me."

"*You bring money?*"

Remember that in the hostess game every

day starts from scratch. Hunters are fickle and a girl cannot count on any man's promise. The man may depart unannounced when his business is completed, but the hostess still must earn her rice and crepe suzettes. More important to her than whether you are rich or famous is how long you will be on the scene. Hostesses usually will ask, in order: 1) How long have you been in Japan? 2) How long will you stay in Japan? And 3) what is your business?

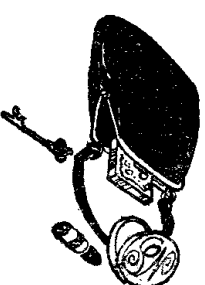
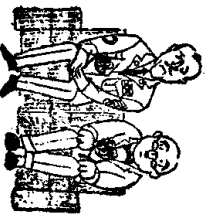
The first question gives her a clue as to whether you may already be dividing your time and checkbook between one or more girls. The next question, of course, indicates how long a relationship she can hope to establish. If you are interested only in one night of love, never reveal that your total stay in Japan will exceed one week. The final question is asked by the hostess so that she can form an idea of your income. Skilled hostesses can assay the value of credit cards glimpsed fleetingly in a wallet, combine this with the cut of the man's clothes, quality of his billfold and other accessories, and arrive at a very accurate estimate of his potential revenue value. Since she is going to do this anyway, there is no need to waste time trying

to build yourself up, when you could instead more profitably concentrate on her.

Name cards are so important in Japanese life that someone has observed that the man in Tokyo without a card is a man without a name. For all their astuteness, hostesses have an almost childish faith in the printed word, with the result that some overseas firms have more vice-presidents in Tokyo than in their home office. Whatever you or your cards say is your affair, but be consistent. Hostesses compare notes on their customers in greater detail than you would like to believe, and among the bigger cabarets word travels fast.

As it doesn't pay to play the big man with the hostess, neither does it pay to pursue this role with friends at your hotel or back at your office—even if your office is in Reykjavik. The man who thoughtlessly drops names with his vivid description of Japanese conquests has not reckoned the dangers of jet travel. Normally you trust the discretion of your colleagues, but you can never tell how a man will act in pursuit of an attractive woman. Business may bring your confidant to Japan, and whether it is a month or a year later, your hostess will not enjoy hearing how you spoke out of turn. There will

be no joyful reunion on your next trip. Even during your stay in Japan, loose talk is unwise. You may paint such an exciting picture of the previous night's adventure that when you return expectantly to the club, you will find your friend from the hotel bar is there ahead of you. Your sales pitch sold him, but it won't sell her. Either you will be confronted by an extremely angry young woman, or you will find she has stood you up in favor of somebody more discreet. Hostesses are highly vulnerable to idle remarks. For this reason, no hostess will ever tell customers anything derogatory about another girl, and she will avoid the company of a man she thinks talks too freely. Any man who spends his nights alone in Japan has only himself to blame.



## HANDS ACROSS THE TABLE

BARMANSHIP IS AS STYLIZED AN ART IN JAPAN AS is flower arranging or tea ceremony. If you expect to order breakfast for two in the morning, you will do well to adhere to certain broad patterns in the evening. A little originality is refreshing, but if you leave the girl nonplussed, she is likely to leave you. So long as she can catalogue you, she is at ease and plays her role in good spirit. If you confuse her, she reverts to the shy, withdrawn country girl she thought she had outgrown. And if you offend her, she will either leave or mentally begin making after-work plans that don't include you.

The differing mannerisms of East and West are baffling enough. Add to this the East-West mixture that is the hostess and you compound the confusion. Many Japanese feel that Westerners indulge in excessive physical contact. The handshake has become accepted, but it still is foreign and sometimes awkward. Clapping somebody on the back or shoulder is offensive to many persons, not just the Japanese.

You get an altogether opposite impression, however, from watching the action in a B-bar. Hostesses in some of these spots, particularly as the night wears on, may engage in a good deal of horseplay and pawing. But reciprocity can be expensive—and fruitless. The girl is trying to distract her customer from noticing that the tab is mounting, that the hour is growing late, and that he should have left long ago. She is only working. If you respond in kind, she won't love you for it, despite her squeals of delight. You will have lost your ability to resist her entreaties for another drink and she will probably seize the advantage and order doubles at ¥1,000 each. She will order her drink and down it without losing a single defensive parry to your overenthusiastic fondling. Meanwhile, your drinks will

accumulate, untouched, but marked on your tab.

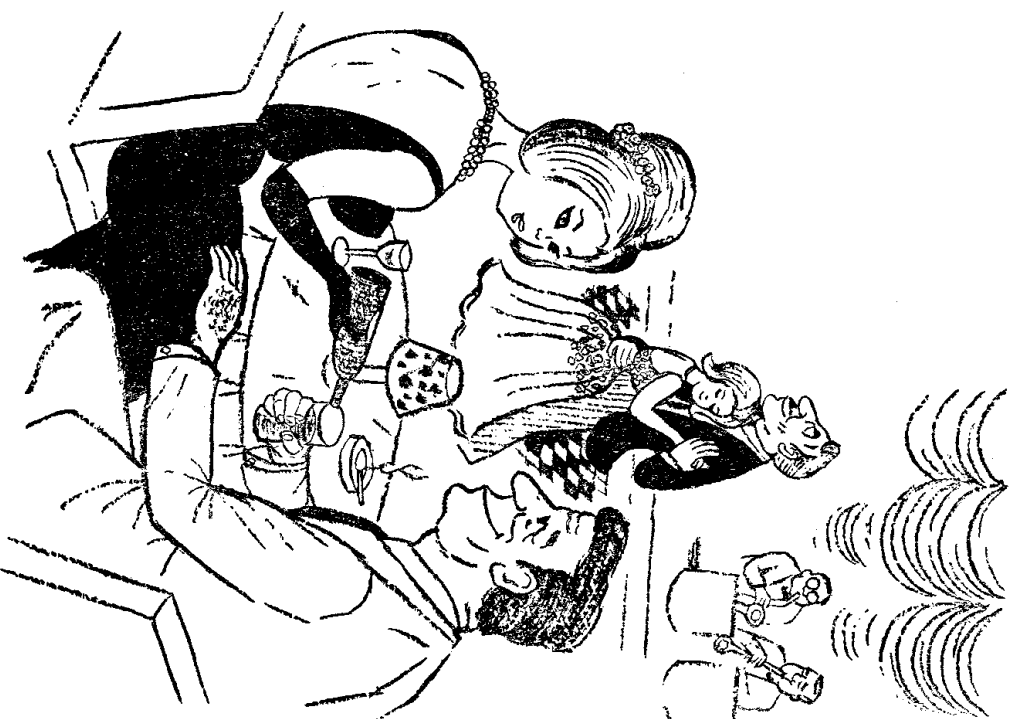
Loud talk, backslapping, and table-pounding are ill-mannered anywhere, but especially in overpopulated Japan, where good manners are virtually mandatory for existence. Couple this with Oriental self-effacement, and noisy behavior becomes gauche indeed. Watch the pained faces of his subordinates as a Japanese company director grows progressively louder and more effusive with each drink. Even the hostesses' studied gaiety shows strain, and that takes doing. You are more vulnerable than he, so be guided accordingly.

Again, watch the hostesses who were so abandoned in the bar once they step outside that door. They usually will bow their customer into a taxi, as primly as though they had not been climbing all over him five minutes earlier. Their conduct outside the bar generally is more subdued—and more natural. By exercising restraint, therefore, you show yourself to be a more comfortable prospect for after-work excursions, less likely to do anything embarrassing. While no red-blooded man would shrink away from a pretty girl, he needn't grapple in public to show his virility. By keeping your hands to yourself you

display your sophistication. No matter how many drinks are lined up at your table, she isn't yours yet. If you win the game the two of you are playing, you will have ample opportunity to demonstrate your affection in private, where the dividends are greater.

There also is the question of whether to act Western "nice" or Japanese "nice," since the word means different things in different societies. Japanese women serve their men. Don't be so foolish as to even suggest changing this arrangement (it will change soon enough without your help). The hostess expects to light your cigarettes, place your order, pour your beer, and help you on with your coat. She will dance with you every time you ask; asking is a polite fiction, since to refuse would be out of character with her work. Let her help with your coat, matches, and so on. If it offends your Western sense of propriety at first, you will discover you can acclimate with surprising ease. To spurn her assistance and insist on reversing the tables will not seem to her to be gallantry, but only a disturbing perverseness. And you certainly don't want to upset her, at least not in this context.

Hostesses from the better clubs are well



*"How you like Japan?"*

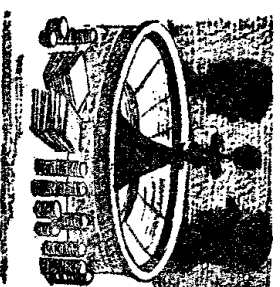
versed in Western ways and sometimes blend the two cultures very smoothly. Such a hostess will light your cigarette and let you light hers. She will help you with your coat, then expect you to help her with hers. But she will not adopt Western manners exclusively. She will still expect you to arrange the evening and lead the way, and to be served first wherever you go. She lives and works in Japan and caters to as many Japanese men as to foreigners. She is too wise to attempt any great changes in the social order.

One way in which Western manners will increase your scoring ability is in the matter of complimentary small talk. The traditional Japanese male expects to be served and complimented by his woman. He could no more bring himself to compliment her than to hold her coat. This carries over to the bar and cabaret circuit. The hostess knows that her Japanese customer feels he has shown he likes her just by his presence. His masculinity requires that he be gruff and not betray "weakness" toward her.

While the hostess recognizes this, and is grateful for his presence, his favors, and his often generous tips, her feminine vanity will always be touched by the little pleasantries

Western customers accord her as common courtesy. The typical Japanese businessman paying a call at a club where he is known may inquire perfunctorily after the hostess's health and, when she answers that she is well, appraise her from ankle to neck and remark that she is losing weight. Or, if he has been to one or two bars already, he is liable to slap her on the thigh and observe that she is getting fat. Everyone than laughs uproariously at this sally, with the hostess dutifully joining in and admitting that she had better watch her diet.

Small wonder that many of the brightest and prettiest girls show a preference for the foreigner who does not constantly comment on her body, but remarks admiringly on the stunning dress she is wearing or the smart way she has done her hair. A ground rule in hostess-hunting is never knock the product. She is sharp enough to spot when you are overdoing it, and will then take you for an easy mark. But a little flattery will get you a long way toward your goal. Your hostess may be a sharp business woman, but she's still a woman.



## “I CAN’T UNDERSTAND THESE WOMEN”

THE CABARET HOSTESS MAY BE JAPAN’S ANSWER to Freud, but she can create as many traumas as she cures. Eternally feminine, she is eternally an enigma. Many a visiting fireman who less than an hour before was being adored by a gorgeous creature on whom he was lavishing his credit cards has been bewildered to find himself returning alone to his hotel room. Faced with the spectre of a good night’s rest, he subjects the evening to an agonizing re-appraisal.

“I don’t mind the money,” he will confide in hurt tones the next morning, “but I just can’t understand these women.” He is up



against something bigger than the language barrier.

An even greater shock awaited one visitor who found that his hostess actually invited him to join her after work. With quickened pulse, he waited in the nearby coffee shop where she had promised to appear as soon as she changed into street clothes. Appear she did, looking very demure and delectable in a chic suit. Her new swain's eyes widened when he saw that she was accompanied by two other charmers from the club, but the three girls greeted him with such loving attention that coffee sales halted throughout the shop. They whisked the happy traveler into a taxi and set out for an unlighted side-street. As he paid the fare and let the girls push him through a gate in the wooden fence and up a pitch-dark path, his mind was agog. He had never participated in an orgy, and was vague about the protocol.

With some trepidation, he entered a dimly-lit room from which came the low murmur of female voices. He could have saved his worry. Before him stood a low altar. His hostess had concluded from some of his whisky-glass philosophy that he was a potential novice for the Soka Gakkai. This is a mixture

of Buddhism and Christian Science that exerts a strong hold on a number of bar hostesses. It is a militant sect, and the girls are not above dragging their customers into its interminable chanting sessions. Unlike the first man, this victim didn't have the advantage of a good night's sleep to console him for his troubles.

Or there was the fortunate hunter who not only won the fair prize but was invited to spend the subsequent night at her apartment. This would not only save him a night's hotel bill, he reasoned, but would be infinitely cozier. He was not disappointed. Soft music, smooth drinks, a bath with massage, and two heads on the pillow made up for all the years he had labored in his firm's branch office in Benares. In the morning, the dream continued, with breakfast prepared and served with loving care. Then, as the object of his by-now-heartfelt affection was doing the dishes, there came a knock at the apartment door. It was a trifling water bill, which he gallantly paid. A few minutes and the scene was repeated with the electric-company man. In short order, the disillusioned swain found himself paying the gas bill, laundry bill, dressmaker, and cleaning woman. As he was

racing for the elevator, still knotting his tie, he collided with the milkman, and he believes he passed the landlord on his way through the lobby. He had not known that bills in Japan fall due on the last days of the month, and apartment invitations that come after the twenty-fifth can be loaded propositions. But at least his efforts had not gone unrewarded, and there was nothing baffling about his girl's behavior.

Actually, there had been a logical explanation for the quick brush given the businessman who had been so generous with his credit cards. These cards are a great convenience to the traveler, it is true, but they are a great inconvenience to the hostess. In the big cabarets her income comes from hostess fees and tips. In the B-bars most of her earnings come from splitting the liquor tab with the management. When a customer pays by credit card, the club must wait three months to receive its money, and the girl won't be paid until the money comes in. Hostesses are not fond of credit cards, although by counting the number and variety of cards a customer carries they can gauge how big a tip to extract. The wisest course is not to show your credit cards at all until the moment



*"...about so tall, and she had black hair,  
dark eyes ..."*

for paying the check arrives, and then to produce only the card that is needed to cover the tab. By that time, you and your hostess will have come to an agreement on whether to part company or make a night of it. If she is going to help you paint the town, it is best to slip her a deposit of from ¥3,000 to ¥5,000 at this point.

But more than logic is involved. It's a woman's prerogative to change her mind, and a hostess is every inch a woman. Once she has accepted your money, she has committed herself, but until that moment she is free to alter her plans—and yours—at any point in the game. A man's nervous system can sustain no greater shock than seeing his passionate partner change in an instant into a distant acquaintance before his horrified gaze. More than one solitary drinker ensconced at a Japanese bar attributes his tic to just such a nightmare. A hostess's moods are as predictable as a roulette wheel, and can be as ruinous to your fortunes. Still the cabarets, like the casinos, are crowded nightly. "*Faites vos jeux, s'il vous plait*," as the croupier intones, "Make your play, if you please." And like the rest of us male lemmings, you please.

Your hostess may blow hot and cold, turn-

ing her affection on and off in the course of an hour. You stagger sleepily back to your hotel in the deserted dawn, happy that fortune has graced you with such a warm relationship in so short a space. Rested and shaved, the day's business out of the way, you return to her club the following evening in high anticipation and head for the bar. As one of the in-group, you have learned to shun the tables with their cover charge, just as you have learned not to arrive before 10:30 so as not to waste time and money. You're conserving your strength in the comfortable knowledge that it will be called for later. It is called for sooner than you think. You ask the bartender for your amorata, and she arrives only fifteen minutes later.

"*Kombanwa*," she says, bowing endearingly.

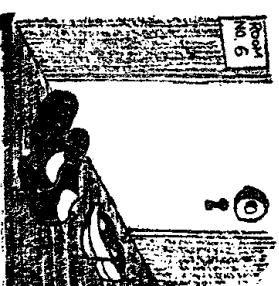
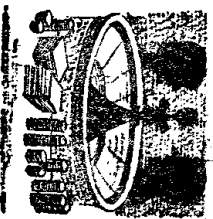
"How are you?"

You are fine, until you ask when she can leave. Her look of distress is amplified in your features when she explains that she simply can't tonight. You remind her that last night she vowed she loved only you.

"I do," comes her wide-eyed response, "but this is a good customer. Maybe you come tomorrow night?"

You probably will. You begin to realize

that there are more plots and counter-plots inside that little head than can be found in a Castro bistro, but that is no excuse for staying away. Conflicting as her words and actions appear to Western eyes, in Japan they both may be absolutely true. And one of the most fascinating qualities of hostesses, as it is with all women, is that you will never understand them.



## MOMENT OF TRUTH

JAPANESE ARE BY NATURE CONSERVATIVE, despite their behavior when drinking. A country of traditionalists, underneath the surface glitter of modernity they cherish time-honored customs. One of the oldest doctrines to which they cling is the belief that when the sun drops below the horizon, men's thoughts turn from work to women. Japanese expect the sexes to sleep together. This candid approach has been vigorously preserved by Japanese men for centuries and is today enshrined in the nation's cabarets and B-bars. More home, and considerably more tithe, is paid to this cult than to any other ancient dogma extant.

A hostess may act surprised when her customer ends his sentence with a proposition, but she would be more surprised—and possibly worried—if he didn't. She, and everyone else in the bar, naturally assumes you will want her to stay the night. She may not oblige, but she at least expects that at some point in the conversation you will extend the invitation. And you can't duck the issue by explaining that you are married to, or plan to marry, a wonderful girl back home. Your hostess will concede that you are very lucky, the more so if you have children, but will wonder what it has to do with tonight. Not appreciating your moral scruples, she and her co-workers simply will conclude that you are hiding something, or that you don't like her.

From the foregoing, it would seem that all you need do is pick the little temptress who captures your fancy and lead her to bed. But, as the lady herself would be the first to say, *tondemonai*—it will never happen. No South Sea island tribe has evolved a more elaborate mating dance than the hostess system of Japan. Here we face the crux of the problem, the point that has been skirted throughout these pages: are hostesses prostitutes?

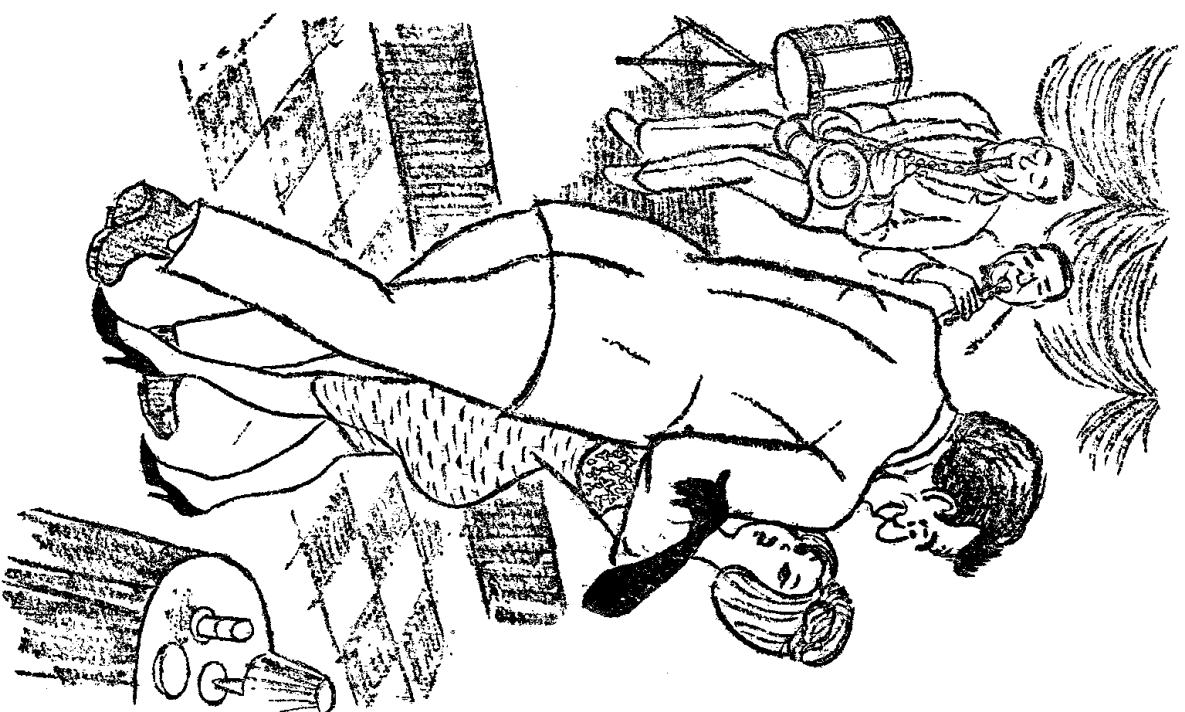
No—but they use their sex for financial

gain. And if that answer confuses you, prepare for a rough stay in Japan. For know that in this country it is the response most frequently encountered. Things are and they aren't. We do it this way, but then again, we don't. Language students find it is said one way, but the next time another. Businessmen find all this makes it next to impossible to write reports their superiors at home will accept; so they oversimplify, then order a drink. The more you fight for a solid solution consistent with your tenets, the more bruised and morose you can become. Before despondency congeals into despair, you will begin to "roll with it," at which point operations miraculously begin to mesh smoothly. Unfortunately, this is also the point at which your office decides you have been in Japan too long, and recalls you.

Newcomers know without questioning that hostesses are prostitutes. This knowledge leaves the visitor in a state of angry shock when he has spent an expensive night on the town and awakened alone the next morning. Yes, hostesses accept money from men on many mornings. No, they do not have to accompany any customer, no matter how free-spending, unless they choose. This system

apparently pleases both partners, and so it thrives. Men who would be repelled by the dull regimen of the bordello still seek the freedom from obligation that is sealed by parting with money. The hostess provides the excitement of the chase without the demanding personal relationship that brings disaster to most flirtation. On her part, the hostess retains her freedom of choice, receives a flattering amount of attention from suitors who seldom are bored (although sometimes boring), and enjoys a more-than-adequate standard of living.

Accepting that your hostess may or may not join you for breakfast, according to her mood, you are faced with two problems: 1) how to persuade her to stay; and 2) how to determine that you actually have persuaded her. To all of the customary female wiles that keep the male confused is added a hostess's best friend, the language barrier. In the smallest B-bars there is always at least one girl who speaks some English, and in the larger cabarets most of the girls will know enough English for your—and their—purposes. You will be wise not to insist on fluency in the language, unless you are writing a thesis. Remember that the greater the hostess's



*"Yes, I go with you tonight maybe, no?"*

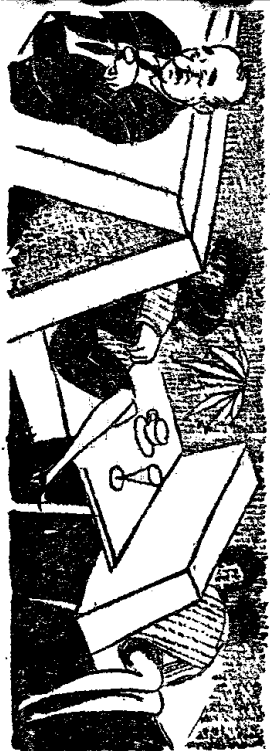
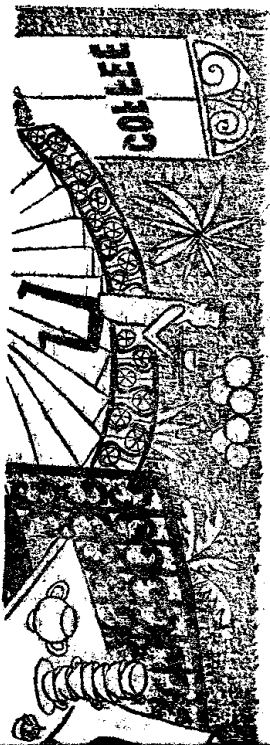
language proficiency the greater she is in demand. The odds against you rise proportionately and, in the best tradition of *laissez faire*, so does the lady's price.

After dancing, chatting, and buying a drink or two for your hostess, you may decide the night is young and elect to move on. If you conclude that this is a girl you must get to know better, ask her to come out with you after work. How this can sound so simple and continuously be so complicated is one the mysteries of science. Both parties contribute to the confusion surrounding this point—the man unintentionally and the girl, more often than not, deliberately. Many men, on being introduced to the hostess system, find it difficult to make small talk with a smartly-groomed and poised young woman whose very name they are still not quite sure of. Naturally, they hesitate to ask such a forward question. Instead, they order another drink, dance a bit, wait a bit, and hope the added time will break the ice.

The hostess, of course, is aware of all this, and reacts in one of two ways. If the man impresses her favorably, she will display all the warmth and charm she can bring to bear—which can be formidable—to make him

relax. She thus encourages him to ask the question, and spend more money in the process. On the other hand she can be her usual charming self without extending any extra effort and use the time, while her customer is screwing up his courage, to wait for a telephone call, or look around the bar to see if any old customers are on hand. He who hesitates loses both hostess and money. You have been paying ¥1,000 an hour for her to sit with you, but should somebody who looks like a better prospect cross her vision, she is off and running. She may politely explain that she hadn't known you wanted to take her out. If you had made this point earlier in the evening, you might have been spared this routine.

Sometimes, however, it is next to impossible to tell if you have actually made your point. A hostess has a hundred ways of saying "no" without resorting to a flat refusal. She may put off answering, or give the impression she will go with you without really committing herself. Here is where the language barrier comes into use, and hostesses employ it as though it were a privet hedge through which to play hide and seek. She can understand only too well the quick aside you made to the fellow who came in with you, and at the next moment have an



amazingly difficult time comprehending that you want her to come with you after work. The garland in this department must be awarded to the shapely miss who kept a visiting businessman pursuing her hotly through a dozen tangos, mambas, and sambas by answering his insistent pleas with a warm smile and a throaty: "Yes, I go with you tonight maybe, no?" So he stayed and paid. And then she didn't.

No is a word that barely exists in the Japanese language under any conditions. It is almost unheard of in the hostess business. Trying to pin down a reluctant girl can be more frustrating than ascertaining the reason behind the Appalachian meeting. Experts disagree on what to do with this murderous problem. Our own advice is: Use English. Do not try your new Japanese. Say slowly and clearly: "Will you go with me after work?" You are entitled to a reasonable answer. If hers is negative, either call for another girl or move to a different club. Say

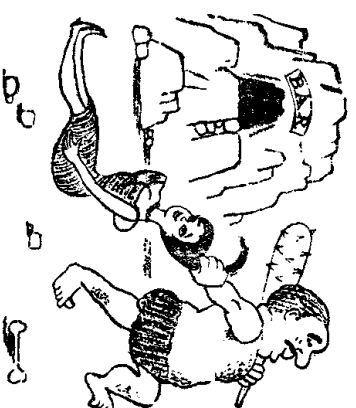
good-night as sweetly as possible, salvaging whatever you can for another gambit, remembering that this game begins anew each day.

Officially, a hostess is forbidden to make dates with men at the club, but this is a custom very well honored in the breach. Usually, the girl will ask that you meet her at a coffee shop around the corner. Anyone passing through the amusement sectors of a Japanese city at night cannot help but be struck by the number of foreigners who crave a cup of coffee between midnight and 1 A.M. Of course, if you disapprove of late hours, or you like the girl but not her club, you may not wish to linger until closing time. This, too, can be arranged, in most cases, but it is costly. If you ask a hostess to leave a B-bar with you before closing, you will have to pay the management the money it assumes would have crossed her table had she worked the full shift. You may need to pay as much as ¥10,000 in this way for your impatience.



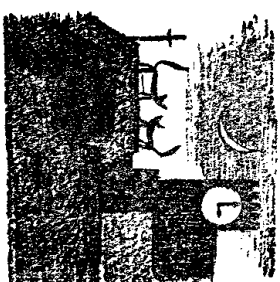
Hostesses are not always coy in their answers, and your hostess may give a happy and direct yes when invited to spend the night. Occasionally, she may as directly say no, but without taking offense will offer to send her friend over to your table. This frequently embarrasses the man more than the girl. He feels that he has made a commitment in asking the hostess to join him, and that accepting a proxy shows he lacks personal preference. This surely looms larger in his eyes than in the girl's or she wouldn't have suggested it. She may have a prior engagement, or not be in the mood, and yet know that another girl in the club is worried about the rent. So she makes what to her may seem a kindly gesture. It is best to accept this in the spirit that prompted it, meanwhile reserving judgment until you have had a drink and dance or two with the other girl.

When you ask a hostess for an after-hours date, expect an answer. If she stalls, you had better pay the bill and go, or else resign yourself to spending the night with a good book. Here—as possibly nowhere else—which it will be depends primarily upon you. No one visiting Japan need breakfast by himself.



### PART THREE

## THE CAPTURE



## ACTION AFTER HOURS

JAPANESE CITIES SHUTTER EARLY. A VARIETY OF ordinances, plus the sparse distribution of street lights, accounts for the depressingly closed look of most cities after midnight. But the merryman who combines a little ingenuity with an adventurous spirit can circulate for as long as his funds and stamina allow. There is no cause for dismay simply because you are ushered out the door when you are just beginning to hit your stride. Should you choose to remain on the swig 'n' swing circuit for another hour or few, alone or escorted, there is action aplenty behind the darkened doorways—if you know the right doorways.

In the first place, even though the cabarets employing hostesses must close at 11:30 P.M. (with customers often given another hour or so to finish that last drink), bars and nightclubs can remain open later. Some continue until 4 A.M. legally, again with an extra hour added for that long, last drink. Completing the circuit, there are a few small restaurants serving drinks with the food that remain open around the clock. These last are for the hardy few. Being the only places serving at 6:30 in the morning, they see no need to compete for Duncan Hines' seal of approval, as a breakfast at one of them will attest.

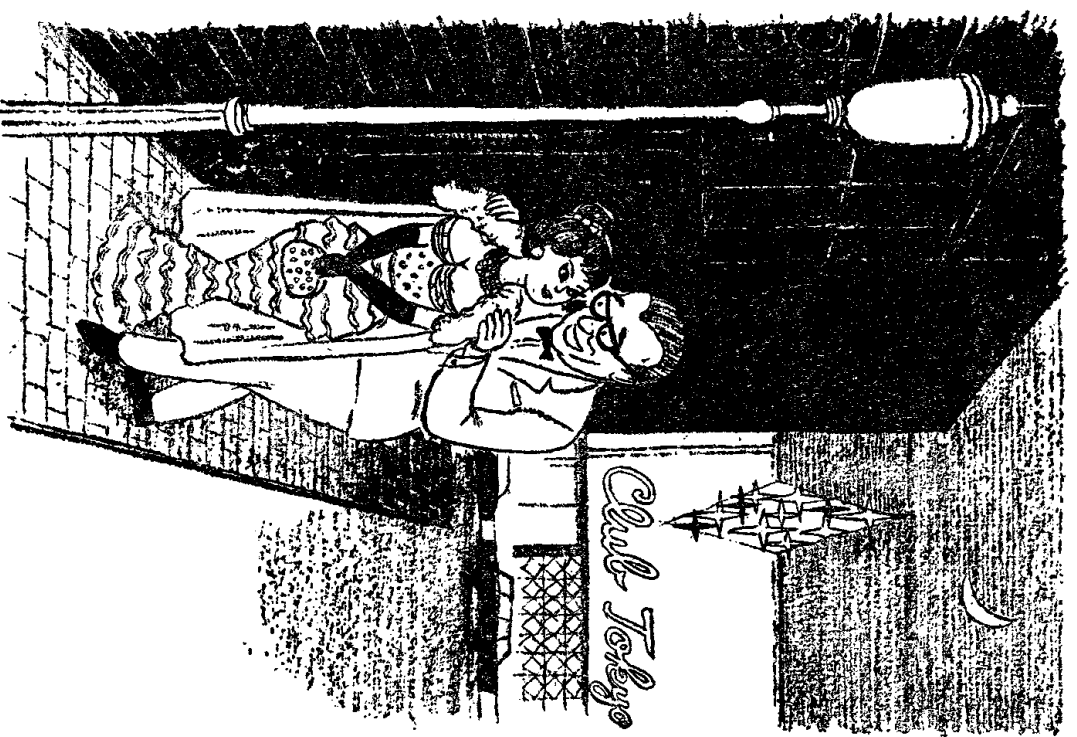
Finding these after-hours spots is not difficult. Theirs remain almost the only lights still to be seen in the small hours of the morning. The desk clerk at your hotel, or the hostesses in the cabarets, will direct you to them. Even if the girl is not available to join you on your nocturnal prow, she will steer you toward a place still open should you request. Do not make the mistake of hopping blindly into a taxi and trusting to the driver to deliver you to an after-hours spot, as you would in some countries. The driver won't understand. He'll smile, nod comfortably, and deposit you on the outskirts of a cemetery.

In Tokyo, the all-night circuit is in Roppongi, along a strip luridly described in Japanese magazines as the "street where bad foreigners and loose women carouse until the sun rises." Roppongi is known to all taxi drivers. The name actually designates the large intersection adjacent to the major after-hours spots in the capital. Japanese streets do not have names, and house numbers follow no order known to man. Even the Japanese government is searching vainly for a Rosetta Stone with which to decipher the country's address system. You guide taxi drivers by districts and landmarks, closing in on your destination with gestures—*migi* (right), *hidari* (left), and *masugu* (straight)—plus maps printed on matchbooks or sketched by hotel clerks or waiters. With these, plus any other skills you possess and an added element of luck, you finally arrive at *koko* (here), by which time you doubtless will doubly appreciate the value of some 90-proof sedation. A Tokyo taxi ride is an experience no tourist should miss—nor indulge in more often than necessary.

Some of the smaller B-bars, and even a larger cabaret on occasion, will keep the festivities going long after the outside lights have been

doused and the front door ostentatiously padlocked. Americans who are old enough will recall the lunacies in the days of the Volstead Act. In the best tradition of prohibition-era speakasies, a silent waiter with carefully-shielded flashlight will guide patrons down empty corridors, past the stacked cartons in storerooms, and show them out a side door that leads to the street from an adjacent building. Customers who at 11 P.M. enter one such cabaret through an imposing, canopied entrance find themselves exiting at 2 A.M. by a devious route that terminates in the kitchen of a second-floor restaurant two doors down the street. They thread their way past the set tables, manned by ranks of immobile waiters. To anyone loitering outside, the doorway presents the incongruous sight of a restaurant where nobody enters but scores leave.

The after-hours places, legal or illegal, seldom lack for customers. If you have acquired an escort from your last watering hole, chances are that she will want to dine rather than head directly to the night's repose. Going to one of the early-morning nightclubs or restaurants can keep the evening alive—or it can kill it. The hostess, who has just come from work, may feel the need of a little food



*"You girls take traveler's checks?"*

and relaxation to get to know you better. There always is the possibility, however, that the food will so relax her that she will decide to bid you good-night and go home to her own bed. Many a man has found that the animated wench who could hardly keep her hands off him when they were at the cabaret in reality is a rather tired, somewhat shy, and aloof young woman an hour after the false excitement of her club's atmosphere has dissipated. Men react differently to this discovery. Some show their disappointment, and others sympathetically bundle the girl into a taxi and send her home—possibly with a feeling of relief they would be the last to acknowledge. More often, happily, the man is considerate, the girl is appreciative, and they find they like each other well enough to leave the club circuit and hunt for a taxi and a cave, in that order.

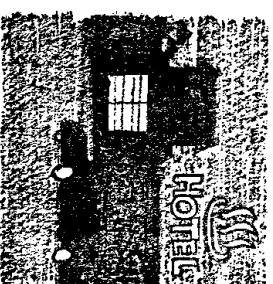
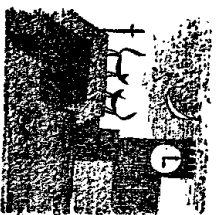
For the hunter who is still unattached after midnight, the after-hours sections of Japanese cities are vast spoors. You can drop in at one of these nightclubs at 1 or 2 A.M. and find a dozen prowling women set to pounce the moment you step through that door. These clubs do not have their own hostesses. Hostesses who had a slow night at

their cabarets, or who preferred to slip away from a boring customer and come out on the town, converge on the early-morning bars looking for action. Like anyone who has just finished the day's work, they feel the need to relax before going to bed. It may be early in the morning to you, but it's early in the evening to them. Anyone who has worked the swing shift in a war-production plant will know this feeling.

Any hostess who decorates these after-hour rumrump rooms is there as a customer and hunter herself, and is not working for the establishment as a rule. This means there is no fee for sitting with her, and her drinks are priced the same as yours. Dancing is officially restricted only to cabarets, which have closed for the night, but an occasional late spot will condone dancing on those nights when the police are not expected. A reliable information service on police movements is part of the normal overhead, so you can place yourself in the proprietor's hands with no fear. Should you strike up an acquaintance with a curvaceous fellow-guest, the only tab will be her bar bill, and whatever you decide to compensate her if she agrees to help you ward off morning chill. Also, since she is not working

there, the two of you may leave when you choose instead of waiting until closing (the place probably hasn't closed since the air-raid sirens sounded).

You are always assured of finding a playmate here. She may be seated at a table dawdling over her third cup of coffee, or perched at the bar chatting with the competition. Either way, she is certain to observe your entrance. After all, you may be just what she has been waiting for. Whether she happens to be precisely what you are seeking is entirely up to you. If she isn't, then perhaps that girl next to her is . . . or possibly the one seated farther down the bar. Life is filled with difficult decisions.



## LODGING FOR TWO

"LET ME LIVE IN A HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE road, and be a friend to man" was not written by Polly Adler. Bryant's words reflect the lusty hospitality of Japan's hostels.

Japanese inns have a warm-hearted tradition of providing for the weary traveler and in times not far distant would even provide a compliant maid to make the lonely visitor's room more habitable.

Times change. More importantly, so do laws, and mores are dragged willy-nilly after them. Within the past decade, a man arriving at a country inn without a woman caused more consternation than one who arrived

accompanied by three wives. It was not unusual for a man who checked into an inn alone to be asked pointedly whether he was meeting someone, and be asked again in the evening whether he required bedding prepared for one or for two. If he said single bedding would suffice, the innkeeper would solicitously inquire whether a girl from one of the tea-houses should be summoned. Should he remain adamant, the hotel staff would sadly conclude that his health or his mind must be affected, if not both. The conviction that sleeping alone is unnatural and unhealthy still is prevalent at hot-spring resorts—where everyone flocks for their health.

In the larger cities, regrettably, this approach is on the wane. Western-style hotels, as might be expected, are in the vanguard of this movement. Since most foreign visitors stay at the leading Western hotels, this pretty well keeps them under control. This then leaves the broad-minded Japanese inns, or *ryokan*, free to cater to those who cling to the older ways. One result is that an unspecified majority of foreigners who spend, say, a week in Japan, end up paying for ten or twelve nights' lodging. This situation arises because no Westernized hotel will refund your room

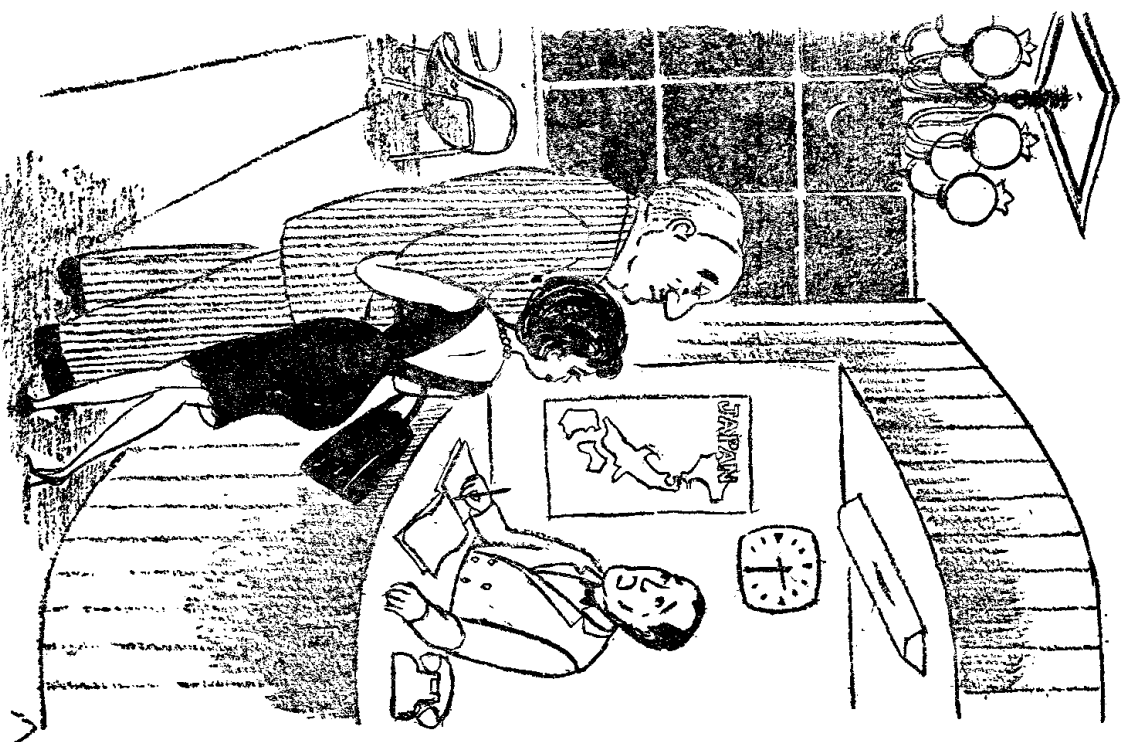
rate for the night you failed to return in time for breakfast. Since some of the *ryokan* and smaller hotels are now using credit-card plans, it would appear that visiting businessmen must be jolted into reverie in later months to receive Diners' Club statements billing them for rooms in two hotels in one night.

Trying to bring a companion for an evening into your room at a large, Western-style hotel is embarrassing and fruitless. Having invested ¥10,000 in a hostess, one traveler returned to his hotel with the girl and tried to brazen it out. The duo strode through the lobby with feigned casualness and entered his room. Within minutes, the telephone rang. Brusquely informing the clerk that "We'll talk about this in the morning," the guest hung up. This bravado brought the manager to his door and sent the terrified girl bolting down the corridor. His investment fled into the night, he was left rigid with anger. The balance sheet: liabilities, one frightened hostess, one irate manager, and one frustrated guest; assets, gone.

More calculating was the foreign vocalist booked into Tokyo who moved from his fifth-floor room-with-view to a ground-floor room near a fire exit. Appearing nightly at a club

packed with gorgeous girls, but staying at a law-abiding hotel, he was rapidly reaching the boiling point. Determining that the fire exit was unlocked, he went out on the town and confidently brought his companion up the alley to the fire door—only to have her flee before the frenzied barking of a neighbor's dog. For his next attempt, he sought to have the dog leashed, explaining with some truth that its barking disturbed his peace. Failing there, he armed himself with raw hamburger to win the animal's silence. Stealing up the primrose path once more, he paused to feed the dog. To the puzzled girl, he explained that he nurtured a tender spot in his heart for faithful pets. Cavalierly leading the impressed young lady to the door, he reached for the knob, and encountered a stout chain and padlock. The singer ultimately departed from Japan, wealthier and more irritable than when he arrived.

While women are not allowed in a man's hotel room after 10 P.M., there is no rule against intra-hotel visiting. A visitor who had been to Japan previously prudently contacted the girl he had met on his earlier visit and had her check in separately at his hotel. The room was in her name for as long as he was



*"You say Mrs. Schwartz arrived unexpectedly?"*



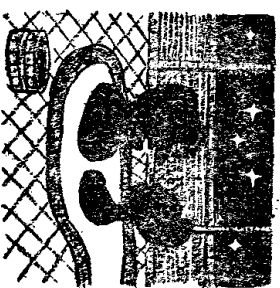
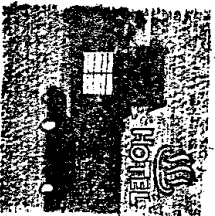
in town, and he spent most of his time there. More often, since there are no restrictions on daytime visiting, a hostess who has made a commitment to a customer will call him the following afternoon from the lobby of his hotel. The man who is told late at night by some charming vision who has pocketed his money that she will come to his room the next afternoon is understandably skeptical. But, having kissed the money good-bye, he is doubly elated when she appears, as she invariably does. More than one executive who has regular business dealings with Japanese suppliers impresses members of his club at home with his accounts of the honesty of the Japanese. But while his hearers assume he is thinking of delivery orders fulfilled, he may in fact be recalling that telephone call from the lobby.

Numerous smaller hotels advertise rooms for daytime "Rest Periods," usually two hours, for ¥500, and attract a brisk afternoon trade. In the evening, there are many attractive Japanese *ryokan*, plus some of the smaller Westernized hotels, that do not ask guests to produce luggage and passports. Room rates average from ¥2,800 without bath to ¥5,000 with. Included with all rooms in

Japanese inns are *yukata* (informal kimono worn as pajamas), wooden, disposable toothbrushes, miniature tubes of toothpaste, and the ever-present green tea (cake is optional). Some of the finest of what the Japanese press has dubbed "lovetels" rent rooms for ¥6,000 or more, and are booked solidly before 10 P.M. Since Japanese businessmen often make their reservations directly from the office, it can be difficult to get a room at one of these hotels after 7 P.M. Staying for more than one night is frowned upon by the management, who profit from renting the same room twice nightly, and have little interest in semi-permanent guests. Each room at such an inn usually will have its own patio and will be beautifully furnished (even to the unused television set), while the hotel will maintain a good bar and kitchen.

Finding hospitable inns, particularly at 3 A.M. or later, can be a difficult task in an unknown, blacked-out city. Fortunately, most hostesses will know one or two hotels, and if these are filled, the taxi driver may suggest another place to try. It is very rare that no room can be found and the girl has to promise instead to visit your hotel the following day. Japanese courtesy is world-famous, and the

lengths to which it can be carried are illustrated by the two tourists who went vainly seeking lodging for four on a holiday weekend. With their two lovely guides, they piled into a taxi in front of a club and drove from one hotel to the other. All were filled, and the girls finally exhausted their list. At this point the taxi driver displayed a gallantry above and beyond the call. Picking up the microphone suspended from his dashboard, he radioed his dispatcher. The dispatcher than telephoned a few hotels. Finding one that had rooms available, the dispatcher then radioed this information—with the list of rates—to the cruising foursome. They selected their rooms and the driver directed his dispatcher to make the reservations, even as the taxi was setting its course for the inn. Such is the wonderful hospitality of Japan.



## BEDROOM ETIQUETTE

HAVING FOUND THE GIRL AND THE PLACE, AND skillfully guided the evening to the desired conclusion, you may feel a pardonable pride in achievement. But even though you have displayed a worldly-wise sophistication that would do credit to Don Juan, the game is not yet over. You have made certain this night will not be spent alone. You have left the crowds and noise of the clubs for the restful quiet of a Japanese inn, Western hotel, the hotel or apartment where you are staying, or possibly the girl's room or apartment. Unless it is a Western-style hotel, you will remove your shoes at the door, which nicely sets the pace.

Even in apartments with Western furnishings, slippers usually are worn instead of shoes.

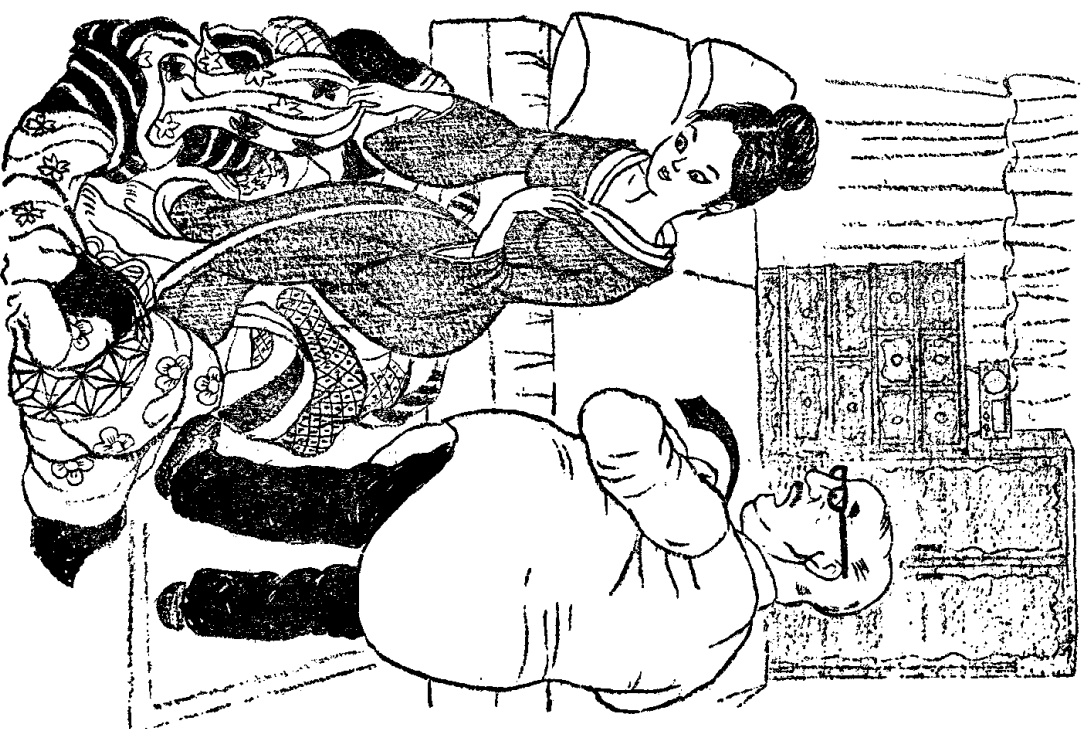
Once out of your shoes and comfortably ensconced in the privacy of the room, a little refreshment is in order. You may well wish you had eaten and drunk less in the course of the evening; nonetheless, more refreshments are called for. In a Japanese inn, even though you arrive at 4:45 A.M., cups of hot, green tea will be brought to your room by the maid. Your companion will not touch hook, button, or zipper until she has poured steaming cups of tea for the two of you. Don't spurn the cup or be so gauche as to suggest she devote less attention to the teapot and more to you. A wiser move is to sit down and sip a little tea, for all the world as though this were precisely why you came to this room. The same holds true if she has brought you to her own lodgings, where she is almost certain to brew tea or instant coffee as soon as she can light the gas. Of course, in her room or yours, more potent potables may be on tap. If you plan to return to your room with a new-found friend, it pays to stock something in the room before embarking on the evening, even if it's only a bottle of fruit juice or soft drink on the dresser.

The entire purpose of serving some beverage is to smooth over those first awkward moments when two people who were strangers a few hours ago find themselves sharing the same bedroom. A brisk, no-nonsense approach may be good form in a brothel but is repellent to most men and to hostesses. Whatever she is, your hostess is no streetwalker and she appreciates this brief interlude. She will tackle hotel-room refreshments as though she had not just thirty minutes ago finished an eight-course Chinese dinner. The teacup may remain half full, the cake half eaten, but this short period of adjustment has made the two of you "belong" to the room a bit more than when you first walked through the door. Observe the amenities and enjoy the night.

Kimono are the most subtly sensual feminine apparel the world has ever seen—and, to the untutored Western eye, the most formidable. Fortunately, they are no bar to your evening's enjoyment. Your hostess does little clothed petting, and does not expect you to untie the intricate wrapping. At the magic moment she will shed her covering with the agility of a molting snake. Don't jump at conclusions. She will head for your bath, not your bed.

The *ofuro*, like the green tea, is *de rigueur* in these situations. It can be dispensed with, but unless you fear the night is so far advanced that a few extra minutes will cause you to collapse in a sound sleep, it is worth while to join your playmate in this wonderful hot bath. One of the chief delights of a Japanese inn is sitting neck deep in a tile bath with a charming companion. Any lingering reserve between you *has* to melt. Few men who have had their back scrubbed in an *ofuro* ever again approach a shower with quite the enthusiasm they did before visiting Japan. The shower still has its place. It's a great eye-opener of a morning, and a quick bracer for the man with no time to spare. But the *ofuro* is the sensuous successor to the Roman bath, and an *ofuro* for two, in addition to its very sound cleansing properties, remains a delightful bit of love-play. If you pass up a bath in favor of the bed, you will disappoint your hostess and short-change yourself.

But be certain you observe *ofuro* etiquette. Bathers soap and rinse outside the tub, then clamber into the steaming cauldron. For one mariner who had established instinctive rapport with a girl although neither understood the other's language, the *ofuro* became



"What, no zippers?"

an albatross. Spending an idyllic weekend at a country inn, he and his flame were first in the big tiled bath on Saturday evening. Unable to comprehend her frantic signals, he lathered up and jumped into the tub. Finally grasping that the soap floating atop the water bothered his companion, he tried to reassure her that the damage was easily repaired, and proved it by pulling the plug and letting the night's bath water run down the drain. For the first time in the hotel's centuries-old history, nobody bathed that night.

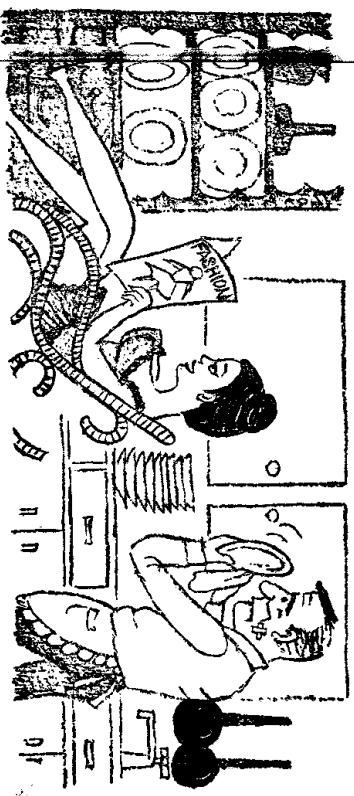
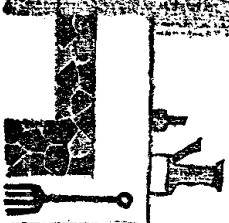
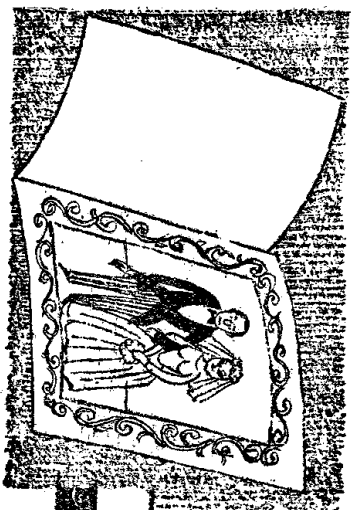
The pause for refreshments, or preparing to bathe, is an opportune time to tap your wallet and give the girl what is gallantly referred to as taxi money, or funds with which to buy a little present, if you have not already done so. This is the worst point in the evening to economize. Men who have been spending yen for the past six hours as though it were play money will suddenly realize at 3 A.M. that they had better hold on to what they have left. Actually, this is the moment for largesse. These girls have developed quality control to a scientific level that surpasses anything achieved by giant corporations in the West. If economy is called for, practice it earlier in the evening, before you have picked your

partner. A girl from one of the bigger bars or cabarets will be offended at any tip less than ¥5,000 and while she may say nothing, she has effective ways of letting you know it. Top hostesses from the largest nightspots often get ¥15,000 from generous customers, and a few aim as high as ¥30,000, though they may sometimes fall short of their goal.

The resident manager in Tokyo for one foreign concern was shocked recently to find that a visiting vice-president had tipped a hostess from one of the city's plushest cabarets a tidy ¥50,000. Keeping the company's interests always at heart, he took occasion to reprimand the ambitious young lady when next he happened to visit her club. Well aware of her eye-catching beauty set off by her imported gown, the hostess calmly sipped her drink and heard him out. Then she put down her glass and rose from the table.

"You introduced me, *ne?*" she reminded the executive with a winning smile. "You arranged everything. Okay. You take care of your business and I take care of mine." Delicately patting her elegant coiffure with a jeweled hand, she swept out to greet an incoming customer.

Clinching the argument for her was the



Big Man himself, when he stopped over in Japan on his return trip. The local manager received a telephone call from one of the city's leading hotels. "Thought I'd pick up those reports and take them back with me," said the v-p. "By the way, any chance of reaching that girl you introduced me to? Maybe we could all go out tonight." And so they did.

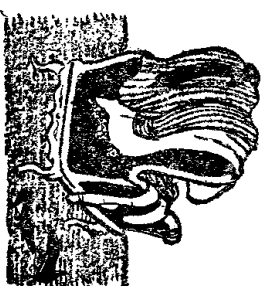
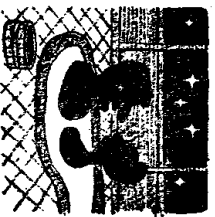
In contrast to this girl, who ranks in the very top-income bracket among Japan's hostesses, many girls from the smaller B-bars consider ¥3,000 adequate recompense. While extravagance should be avoided as upsetting the market, it is important to form an accurate impression of your hostess's earning power and take care to meet the going rate. Any attempt at discounting is certain to be a losing proposition, at least on your first after-hours date.

Important as is the money factor, it would be inaccurate to conclude it is the sole motivating element. It has been demonstrated time and again that a hostess will not go out with a man whom she actively dislikes, regardless of his wealth or generosity. On the other hand, a seemingly shrewd little businesswoman can be a remarkably soft touch when she encounters someone who really appeals to her. One of the biggest money-earners in one large cabaret promptly quit the field when a foreign resident who could not afford to be her customer proposed marriage. Her savings tidied the newlyweds over a rough spell. They now own their house, his income has risen, and she is a happy wife and mother.

Less pleasant is the story of one hostess who was wooed by a foreigner who proceeded to fleece her out of more than six million yen (\$16,668) it had taken her several years to

save. There are successful Japanese businessmen who can recall when large sums advanced by hostesses they had patronized over the years helped see them through financial reverses. And more than one hostess who has formed an attachment for a foreign resident has emulated Puccini's *Madame Butterfly* and taken her life when either his transfer or marriage ended their relationship.

On the lighter side, the authors one quiet evening were intrigued to find the hostesses in a deserted bar debating the ethics of accepting money from "friends." One of the girls considered it immoral to accept tips from any customer whose company she especially enjoyed. She was voted down, with the majority contending that her attitude could undermine the field. It seems probable, however, that most hostesses will continue to make exceptions to this rule when their heart moves them.



## THE MORNING AFTER

WHEN YOU AWAKEN NEXT TO A PILLOW FULL of dark hair, you are instantly confronted with a problem: do you want to see her again? If you do, you should try to make definite plans before parting. This can be a simple matter of agreeing upon a time and place (probably that evening at her club—she needs the gross). It can sometimes become surprisingly difficult. You assume she naturally is eager to repeat her wonderful experience of last night. Your assumption could be unfounded. It is said there are two things a foreigner never discovers about Japanese women. One is if they ever understand his

jokes and the other is if they ever are adequately sexually moved, since they always laugh and swoon at the appropriate moments.

If the charmer who in the evening easily mastered the language of love is less fluent in English this morning, unable to comprehend simple words like "where" and "what time," do not press the point. She knows exactly what you want but may not be sure of what she wants. Let her play her game. Like women the world over, she may enjoy keeping her men dangling. And the rule is universal that as you rise to the bait your expenses rise proportionately. If she isn't interested in a return bout, you can shop elsewhere. If she is interested, you can always contact her at her club, or she will call your hotel.

Calling a hostess at her bar or cabaret causes no trauma. The management encourages telephone calls, since these promote business. When customers are scarce, the manager will have the hostesses resort to the telephones. Address books in hand, the girls take turns calling former customers to tell them how much they are missed. Some clubs do this as a daily drill. A German entertainer with

linguistic ability was impressed by the methodical operation of the telephone battery at one nightclub. As he rehearsed, the girls filed in at 6 P.M. and promptly called their Japanese customers. Men who had just finished a grueling day at the office were buoyed up by receiving soft entreaties to "come and talk to me for a little while, I haven't seen you for *so* long." The businessmen dutifully came. After a few drinks they would decide it was time to go home. At this point the hostess slipped away momentarily to call a second bar, where she knew her customer fancied himself the idol of another hostess. Within minutes, the waiter was at the businessman's table informing him he had a telephone call.

"Taro-san," would come an aggrieved voice. "My friend just came in and told me you were there with some girl. Why do you never come here to see me?"

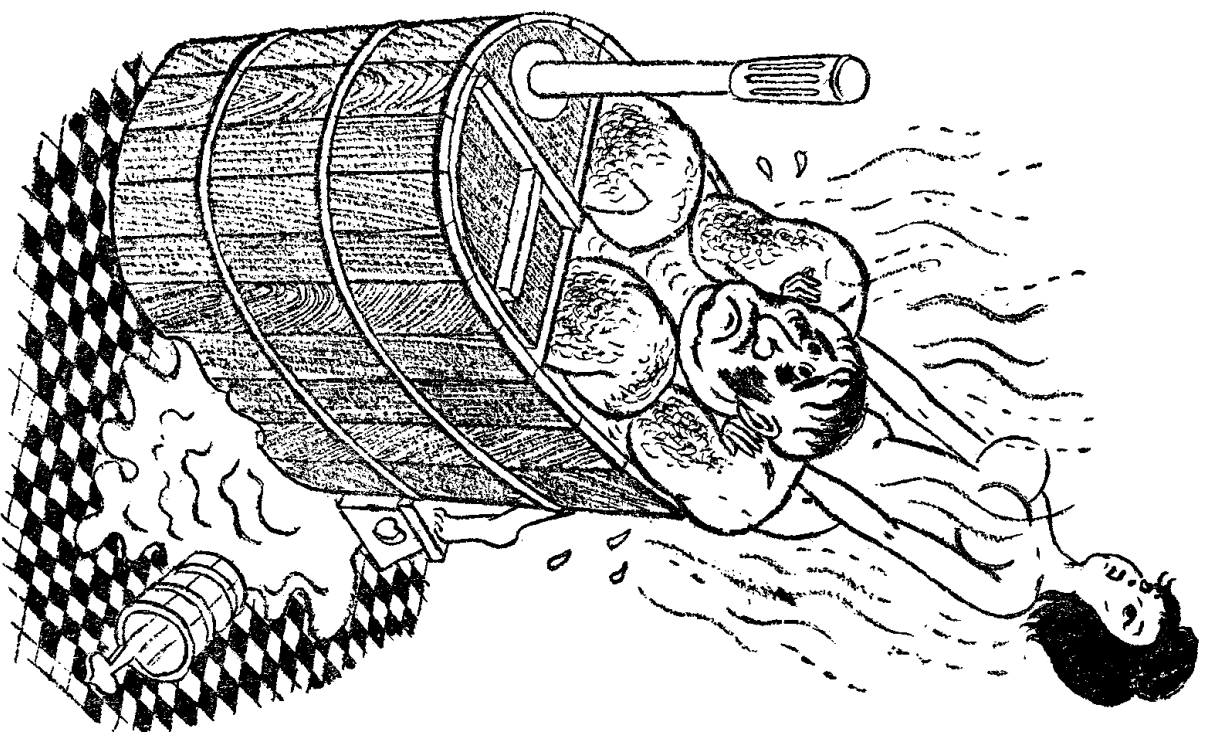
Stammering excuses, apologies, and assurances that he was on his way to see her after completing some necessary business, the victim committed himself to spending additional time and money at the second girl's establishment. When finally he had passed through the gauntlet and been allowed to go



home, he was so late that only a gift for his wife could extricate him. An economic survey might conclude that the entrepreneurial stimulus behind the vigor of Japan's business community is traceable to the cabaret telephone.

Small B-bars will have one telephone, where larger bars and cabarets will install a bank of four or more. To help customers contact their heart's desire with a minimum of delay, one of Japan's largest clubs has installed a telephone command post that would do credit to the GND of an infantry division in the field.

Discreetly masked behind a pillar at one side of the bar, the switchboard is manned by an individual who almost certainly is a veteran of the defunct Imperial Army's communications corps. As the club's more than two hundred hostesses glide from table to table, a steady stream of runners in the guise of waiters bring him slips containing the latest movement reports. These are entered on a master chart on which each table is located and numbered. Reserve platoons of hostesses wait nearby, moving into action as reinforcements are called for. When a girl moves up or is withdrawn from the line because her customer has departed, she checks



*Knight's End*

at the command post as she passes. At no time is a hostess unaccounted for until the night's hard-fought engagement has been won and the club has closed. If you call at the busiest hour of the evening and ask for your current flame, a courier will be dispatched unerringly to her present post. Before you grow impatient, she will be on the telephone asking what time you expect to arrive.

Calling a hostess at her room or apartment in the daytime poses greater challenge. The telephone inevitably is not in her building, but belongs to the bean-curd maker next door. Field research suggests that the Japan Telephone and Telegraph Co., Ltd., adheres to an unwritten code that private telephones are not to be entrusted to the care of English-speaking Japanese. Your conversation, therefore, takes this tone:

VOICE (answering your ring): "*Moshi-moshi.*"

(Untranslatable; one always addresses telephones in this fashion.)

YOU (hastily consulting your phrase book):

"*Keiko-san irashaimasu ka?*" ("Is Keiko there?")

VOICE: "*Chotto matte, kudasai.*" ("Wait a moment, please.")

You wait.

THE UBIQUITOUS KEIKO: "*Moshi-moshi.*"

You take it from there.

Except that you will seldom be so fortunate.

In reply to your query, Voice is unlikely to report with anything as simple as "*chotto matte.*" Instead, a barrage of unintelligible sound assails your ear. You have just been told that yes, she was here all morning, but no, she is not here now because her friend, Vladimir, from the embassy down the street, stopped by only twenty minutes ago and the two of them went out together, and besides, the bean-curd maker's wife several times has asked Keiko not to give this number to so many people because they need this phone for business, but as long as you have called, do you want to leave your name and telephone number, or will you call back? In the interest of international goodwill, it is recommended that you try to manage a reasonably calm "*Domo arigato*" ("Thank you") before hanging up the phone in confusion. After replacing the receiver quietly you may, if you wish, carefully shred your phrase book into the nearest wastebasket. A few ounces of carefully-aged spirits also has a therapeutic value in this situation.

You can, of course, have your hotel place



these calls for you, unless you are reluctant to have anyone privy to your studies of the local fauna. There should be no worry on this score, for your after-dark excursions are rarely secrets in any case. Hostesses always ask where you are staying in Japan so that they can form an idea of the prices you are inured to and also so they can call you when business is slow. If you get a distress message some afternoon from a tearful friend whose mother has just passed away again and who needs funds for the trip home, you will know business has been really slack. Whether you are sufficiently enamored to underwrite a private foreign-aid program is for you to decide.

Calls that an unmentioned calamity has just struck, accompanied by pleas that you

come to the club right away, fall into the same category. These calls usually come from girls at B-bars rather than the large cabarets. If you answer the alarm, you will find it takes a prodigious amount of double shots, at your expense, to extinguish the blaze. One gallant who had been in bed when he received a call from a heartbroken miss who had just been pummeled by an inebriated customer dressed and dashed to the scene to render first aid. He found that neither his waterproof shoulder nor the bottle of Arnica would turn the trick. As the battered beauty sobbed her tale of woe, she punctuated each graphic phrase with a lightning-like succession of doubles, at ¥1,000 each. When her sleepy rescuer was startled into wakefulness by presentation of the bill, it was his turn to be restrained from mayhem.

When calling a hostess at her home, remember that mornings are for sleeping. Wherever she may have spent the night, in midmorning she prefers to sleep on her own *futon*. Never telephone before 1 P.M. unless she specifically tells you to, and try to control your ardor until 2 or 3 P.M. The girl has earned her rest. If you promised to call her club but find when evening comes that you have lost the number, the telephone operator at your hotel can locate it—provided it was one of the major nightspots. If your partner came from one of the smaller B-bars, you are in trouble. You may know that it is the Club Zircon, but you'll be amazed at how many ways it can be spelled, including *kana* characters and assorted hieroglyphics. If you persist in trying, you will be connected with a department called "Information for Foreigners." This is not the type of information they are equipped to dispense.

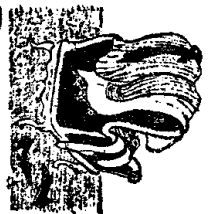
There is the possibility that for one reason or another you don't wish to see the lady again. This is easily resolved. You can agree to call her later, then never get around to it. Eager to keep her Comstock Lode producing, she may call you. But you can always take refuge in the business pressures that leave

so little time for reunions. Too often, the pressures are painfully real and you must dash out of the bedroom with eyes barely open in order to make an early business appointment. When this happens, let your teammate catch some extra sleep. This is a nice gesture, even when you have brought her to your own hotel, for she will exit later without touching any of your valuables. Sometimes this order of departure is reversed. Men have been known to awaken alone and leap out of bed in panic, only to find their billfold intact on the dresser. Your hostess insists upon her tip, but she will not help herself.

Leaving from her apartment or from a strange hotel is seldom disturbing, but some men balk at undermining their social prestige by strolling through the crowded lobby of a hotel where they are known accompanied by someone whose name escapes them. If you are of this edgy type, you can ask the girl to leave alone, explaining that you have some work you must do in your room before making that important business conference. Or you can telephone the hotel garage, or a friend, and employ some fast double-talk to create the illusion that urgent matters necessitate your dashing from the room. As you leave,

empty brief case in hand, you mumble something about calling her later at the club. She will dress and depart at her leisure.

In happier circumstances neither you nor the lady will have pressing engagements and the day will be yours to command. After one or two sociable baths and a relaxed breakfast, you will at some point decide to dress and go out. She will cheerfully guide you to the stores and assist you to shop for those loved ones at home. In return, she expects a small gift, which will be accepted with embarrassed good grace. Of course, if you are in your own hotel or at an inn with a late checkout time, you can economize by skipping the shopping tour altogether. There is always the arcade at the airport for last-minute souvenirs.



## POINTS KINSEY OVERLOOKED

WHEN THE LATE DR. ALFRED CHARLES KINSEY singled eyebrows with the book *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female*, his analysis was confined to the North American continent. Japanese hostesses were not included in the sampling. Had they been, their interviews would have warped his charts—and the book caused sensation enough as it was. Hostesses definitely are *sui generis* (the only point on which friend and foe agree).

Aware that they are in a category by themselves, hostesses band together despite intramural competition and feminine jealousies. They fight and hate, but will not tell a cus-

toomer anything ill about a member of the sorority. Their code requires they never divulge information about one another, or steal each other's men. United against the common enemy, they sometimes form deep attachments for each other.

Lesbianism and homosexuality, found in every society, are no strangers to Japan. In the world of the warlike *samurai* and skilled teachers of ancient arts, homosexuality was openly accepted as part of the leader-follower and master-pupil relationship. Similarly, in feudal times, when a woman was excluded from her husbands' public life and was also denied the outlets he found in geisha, some degree of Lesbianism was inevitable.

With hostesses joined by kindred fears and interests, working in close contact and sometimes sharing quarters to cut costs, it is surprising that more of the girls are not double-gaited. One of the wealthiest hostesses in Japan looks to men for income and to women for love. What's more, she prudishly rejects hostesses in favor of students or office workers. This aspect of their lives is one that hostesses take great pains to conceal. They joke freely regarding the most intimate behavior of their customers, and they openly tease each other

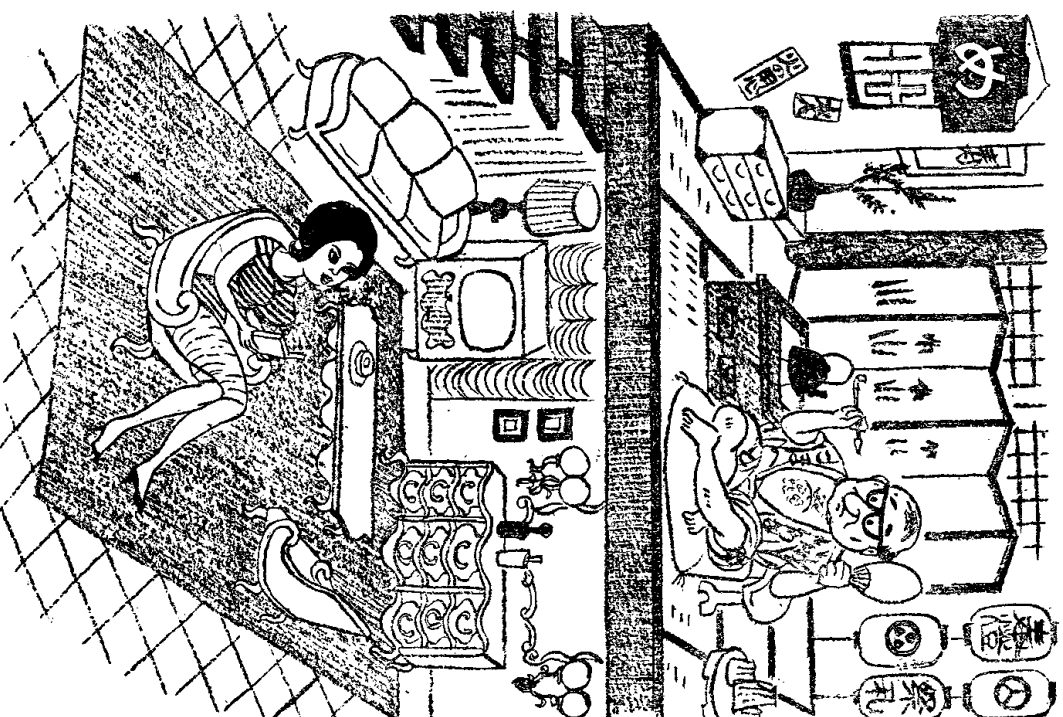
about having "crushes" on other hostesses. But should any physical relationship develop between two girls, they will usually do everything possible to keep it hidden. There is almost nothing that could do greater harm to their careers than letting such an attachment become known. Money, not morality, governs their reticence.

Dealing nightly in the sexual chase, the hostess tends to develop certain inelastic responses. She finds a particular story line, perfume, or match trick that produces good results, and automatically repeats it. One little beauty found she could make a tremendous impression with foreign customers by darkly dropping such expressions as "paranoia" and other bits of parlor psychoanalysis. Thereafter, she never sat with a man without hinting that this or that hostess passing by was a masochist, sadist, schizophrenic, or some such, causally transferring the aberrations from one girl to the other depending on whoever was in sight. She didn't know what the terms meant, but she knew what they earned, and that was enough for her. With another hostess, it is languages. She will be introduced with the proud information that she speaks French, or German, as well as

English. And so long as you do not speak those tongues, her fluency will be pleasing.

One trait common to females the world over is reversed with most hostesses. They are not afflicted with automatic first-night negativism. Women generally fend off the advances of their men for varying periods of time, but surrender once they are certain their men are in earnest. Conversely, a hostess may respond readily to her customer's hircine pursuits, and then later withdraw, on the premise that having sampled, he will be willing to raise the ante rather than go on short rations. In the battle of the sexes, one approach is as valid as the other. In the Judeo-Christian ethic of the Western world, however, only the former technique is approved. But hostesses are not, as a rule, prone to religious instruction.

One religion that has won thousands of converts in the bar and cabaret ranks—without in any way diminishing those ranks—is Soka Gakkai. Many a man whose hostess has made him an overnight guest in her one-room apartment has been startled to be confronted by the altar of this sect prominently displayed near the bed. A proselytizing religion, it has a number of foreign converts—mostly men. Soka Gakkai distributes its own



*“Greg, what mean ‘Ne’er the twain shall meet?’”*

English-language newspaper. Photos of young men are sprinkled across its pages with accompanying testimony describing how reciting the sect's Daimoku chant ended chronic illnesses and plagues of boils. A foreign newsman in Japan who scoffed at the sect's activities later met a pretty barmaid in the tiny pub near his house and found she was a devout believer. Though he often paused for a nightcap at her bar, he discovered that all his ploys were in vain when it came to luring her past the door. Finally, she made her pitch.

"If I came to your house, the neighbors would talk," whispered the little missionary as she slid a highball in front of the correspondent. "But if you joined Soka Gakkai, I could come to give you instruction."

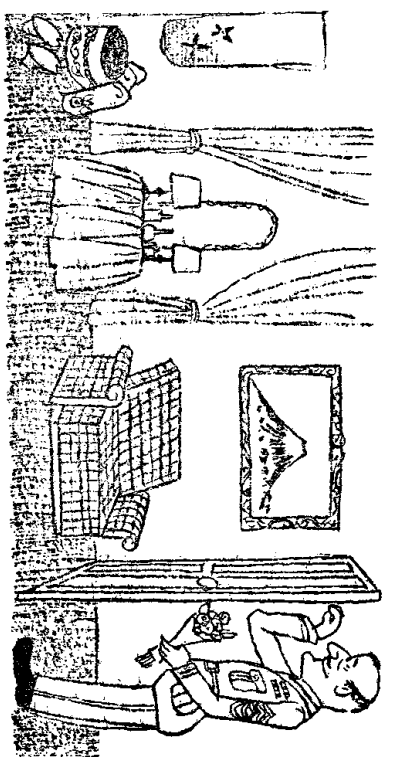
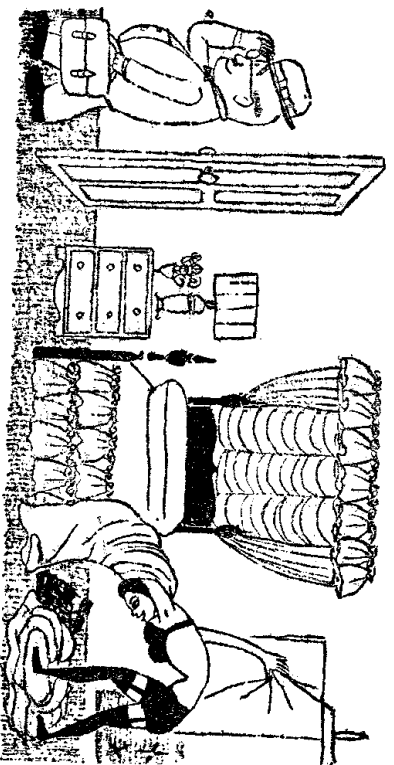
Though he refuses to write anything for the sect's publication, or even to open the textbook they supply free of charge, the sceptic wouldn't dream of throwing out the little wooden altar in his room. And his tutor dutifully prays in front of it before disrobing.

Hostesses may be lax about religion and show no great concern for their own morals, but they do have strong opinions concerning the conduct of their men. They are deeply shocked—primarily in the financial nerve—at

the discovery that a steady customer is a *cho-cho-san*, or butterfly, who is flitting from one blossom to another. The hostess can accept his having a wife, for wives are necessary to a man's business and social position. But she primarily deplores his having any girl friend other than herself. There have been instances where a hostess who fondly believed she shared a customer's affection with no one but his wife, on learning of another rival, has rendered the philanderer useless to them all through sudden home surgery.

Like the Medici, hostesses can distill from the word loyalty a potion for every exigency. In the hostesses' lexicon, constancy is purely a masculine noun. It does not apply in the feminine case. One enterprising hostess insists she is absolutely true to both of her patrons. For the foreign military officer who showers her with imported gifts she cooks excellent Western meals, wears smart dresses and suits, and discusses international crises in perfect, if cliché-laden, English. On the evenings when the Japanese businessman who pays her rent appears, she wears beautiful kimono, gracefully serves formal Japanese dinners, and agrees demurely with his views on local politics. He speaks no English, the officer no





Japanese, and neither is aware of the other's existence. Their mistress's conscience would not permit her to flirt with another American, nor with another Japanese. As the song says, she is true to her darling in her fashion—and her fashion is categories. Conceivably, this would still leave room for the French, the Germans, and the rest of the UN roster.

Hostesses are plagued by categories: customers are different from boy friends, patrons are different from both, and hostesses recognize that they are in a different category from everybody—and they aren't always pleased about it. Your hostess will accept you as a customer. She may accept a Japanese as a boy friend. She can accept either as a paramour if the conditions are right. But she will never believe you if you say you love her, unless you insist that she quit her job. She

knows that Western men cannot tolerate seeing the women they love engaged in such work, and she will recognize no exceptions. Should she leave her nocturnal employment and marry you, the chances that she will make a good wife and mother are scarcely less than if you married a fresh young college graduate.

Established Japanese families object to hostesses' wedding their sons for a number of reasons, none of them having to do with their proficiency as housewives. Hostesses, exercising selectivity in the customers with whom they bed down, have carved themselves a large slice of sexual freedom from a society that has always considered such freedom irrelevant to the female's basic function as keystone of the family arch. Japanese wives are homebodies. Westerners who arrive with

their wives and innocently invite their Japanese counterpart to "bring the wife along to dinner" at a nightclub have no idea what latent lava they are loosing. Even if their colleague prevails upon his spouse to leave her haven and bedeck a ringside table, she probably will not utter ten words the entire evening and those only when she is directly addressed.

Taking hostesses to nightclubs is understandable, even desirable—that's their function. On the other hand, hostesses do not belong at daytime business conferences even if the talk is over the luncheon plates. Her presence is embarrassing both to the girl and to your Japanese guests.

Despite some disadvantages, the hostess can find solace in more ways than pure financial compensation. Being able to choose her partners, she has a greater chance of sexual satisfaction than her sisters of the "take anyone who has the price" school. Buffered by her country's fondness for categorizing, she can look upon street girls with candid disdain. Unburdened by the cold-blooded theology of the Western world, she can guiltlessly pursue her work and her pleasures. Bolstered by the historic role of the geisha, she can

rationalize her function in society with a wealth of glorified analogy. Her conscience clear, she sways across your hotel lobby with certainty, not brazenness.

These qualities are the core of your hostess's success. In full knowledge that her man's sexual pleasure derives from his ego gratification in the chase and ultimate conquest, she has evolved a *modus vivendi* that extracts maximum money from the hunter and allows his willing prey to sacrifice the minimum of her personality. The power of her attraction is shown by the fact that hostesses enjoyed a brisk business through all the years that prostitution was legally abundant in Japan, even though brothels were cheaper than teahouses and cabarets.

In the morphology of mammalia, the hostess can best be likened to the cat. She is tender and loving when treated well and in the mood to express gratitude. She is distant and silent when well treated and not in the mood. She will be playful and cuddly when the moon is full, sulky and ill-tempered when it rains. She purrs with contented warmth when the bowl is full, and becomes cold and biting when it is empty. She is faultlessly clean and forever preening. Her law is of the

jungle, where true love, like a sheathed claw, is a dangerous luxury. Her memory is short. Opportunity is her catnip. Mysteriously, she disappears into the night. Her adventure passed, she returns humble and bedraggled. Let her in.



#### A HANDY CHECKLIST OF WHAT JAPAN'S NIGHTSPOTS OFFER

	<i>Hours</i>	<i>Hostesses</i>	<i>Dancing</i>	<i>Entertainment</i>
Bars	10 A.M.—11 P.M.	Yes	—	—
Stand Bars	No limit	—	—	—
Night Clubs	5 P.M.—11 P.M.	—	Yes	—
Cabarets	5 P.M.—11 P.M.	Yes	Yes	Yes
Cafes & restaurants	No limit	—	—	—
Beer Halls	No limit	—	—	—
Dance Halls	5 P.M.—11 P.M.	Yes	Yes	—