

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΟΘ

THE BAL BULLIER

Some men look into their minds into their memories, and find naught but pain and shame.

These then proclaim "The Good Law" unto mankind.

These preach renunciation, "virtue", cowardice in every form.

These whine eternally.

Smug, toothless, hairless Coote, debauch-emasculated Buddha, come ye to me? I have a trick to make you silent, O ye foamers-at-the mouth!

Nature is wasteful; but how well She can afford it!

Nature *is* false; but I'm a bit of a liar myself.

Nature *is* useless; but then how beautiful she is!

Nature *is* cruel; but I too am a Sadist.

The game goes on; it may have been too rough for Buddha, but it's (if anything) too dull for me.

Viens, beau negre! Donne-moi tes levres encore!