

here, and no-one, as I know of, being about to come. This, however, makes but little difference to me, who cannot now walk and talk much, and to whom solitude is a necessity, if not a repose, in these latter days . . .

Beneath the nonsense in Lear's letters, as beneath his nonsense verse, there is sometimes unexpected gravity.

Kama Sutra

This is a book for the specialist
or the enthusiast. It is for those
for whom the yoni and the lingam are
the adored objects of constant delight
and continuous research.

It is for those who find nail and teeth marks,
the many kisses and artificial devices,
no less absorbing than the eight stages
of oral congress, the sixty-four arts
and the eighty-four postures.

This book is not for the half-hearted,
for those who like everything easy.
It is not for the ethereal or over-modest,
for those who lack dedication or have
little taste for the subject.

Nor is a great deal of it, my darling,
now that we have grown a little fatter
and slightly more lazy than the gods
prescribe, for you and me.

RAYMOND TONG