STREET OF STAIRS
A novel: complete and unabridged

Street of Stairs was written in two and a half years, between early 1962 and the summer of 1964. William Burroughs, calling it the best book about Morocco that he had read, encouraged Maurice Girodias to publish it in 1968 through his Olympia Press, then operating out of New York. The Olympia Press edition (in English and German) is radically abridged, leaving only its plot, and the plot is chronologically rearranged. It gives little idea of the actual novel and is more like excerpts from it. The text below is the only complete and unabridged version of the original.

Left to right: Ronald Tavel, Jack Smith, unidentified man, filmmaker Harry Smith, initial sponsor of The Theatre of The Ridiculous Panna Grady, William S. Burroughs, and Andy Warhol in 1965 at the El Quijote restaurant, next door to the Chelsea Hotel, West 23rd Street, New York City.

STREET
OF
STAIRS

a novel

vol. I pages 1 - 200

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Ronald Tavel
[redacted]

THE NARRATORS

The following is a list of the narrators of all the stories, and where pertinent the locations of the narrators or stories. When the narrator is not really a specific person or where his identity is highly uncertain, the list reads "Open." The page number indicates the page on which the particular narration begins.

This list is compiled in order to expedite an editor's reading. It should not be considered for use in any publication of this novel since deciphering the story-teller's identity is an important part of the functioning of this novel.

Page 1	Open
1	Hamid
2	Robert the Swiss
3	Mark; in Tangier
4	A street boy selling leather wallets; in Tangier
5	Hamid; in Tangier
7	Mark; (section reads columnwise, diagonally, and
8	Ali the taxi-cab driver; in Tangier left to right)
9	Mohammed; in Tangier
10	Mark; in Tangier
11	Robert the Swiss
12	Community narration; in Tangier
17	Mohammed; in Tangier
18	Sir Richard Francis Burton (?)
19	Fatima the Belly-Dancer; in Tangier
20	Mark; in Tangier
24	Mustapha the leather artisan; in Tangier
26	Hamid; in Tangier
28	Lord Byron (?)
29	Lord Byron (?)
30	Robert the Swiss
33	Mark; in Tangier and Tetuan
38	Hamid; in Tangier and outskirts
42	Mark; (section reads columnwise and left to right)
42	Mark; in Tangier
45	Robert the Swiss; in Tangier
49	Mark; in Tangier

Page 57 Hamid; in Tangier
61 Mark; on the Atlantic Ocean and in Paris
63 Open; in Casablanca
64 Mark; in Paris
70 A shoe-shine boy; in Casablanca
72 A hotel desk-clerk; in Marrakech
82 Mark; through the Atlas Mountains and in Ouarzazate
88 Medieval Arabian Poet (?) (kasidah poem form)
90 Mark; in Ouarzazate
99 Robert the Swiss; in Ouarzazate
101 Mark; in Paris
111 Dialogue between Abdelmajid and Mark; in Ouarzazate
117 Mark; in Ouarzazate
122 Georgey; in Zagora and Ouarzazate
125 Rachid; in Ouarzazate (medieval Arabian prose-poem)
126 A young shoe salesman of Marrakech; in Marrakech
129 Oukacha; in Ouarzazate and its outskirts
136 Mark; in Paris, Irun, Madrid and Malaga
140 Allal; in Marrakech
143 Mark; in Malaga (flashback to Marrakech and Casablanca
146 All the narrators of the journeys bet. pages 61-157
152 Mark; in Malaga and Bobadilla
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156 Mark; in Algeciras
158 Mark; (reads columnwise and left to right)
159 Mark; in Fez
164 Abdelmajid; in Fez
170 Benjalali the Playwright; in Fez
178 Robert the Swiss; on the road to Tangier
179 Mark; in Algeciras
191 Hamid; in Tangier
193 Mark; in Tangier
197 A Moroccan client at the pension; in Tangier
199 Hamid; in Tangier
204 Lord Byron (?)
207 Hamid; in Tangier
216 Robert the Swiss; in Tangier
220 Maimun; in Tangier

Page 223	Hamid; in Tangier
234	Sir Richard Francis Burton (?)
234	Mark; in Tangier
238	Hamid; in Tangier
243	Hamid and Mark; (reads columnwise, left to right)
244	Mark; in Tangier
247	Hamid and Mark; in Tangier
247	Prewha (Pee Wee); outskirts of Tangier
249	Dialogue between Mohammed and Hamid; in Tangier
251	Hamid; in Tangier
255	Mark; in Tangier
260	Hamid; in Tangier
261	Driis the Baker; in Tangier
264	Hamid; in Tangier
267	Mark; in Tangier
279	Hamid; in Tangier
283	Mohammed, Romano, Hamid, Mark, Fatima the Chambermaid, A Sister of Mercy at the hospital; in Tangier
289	Embarak the Kif-dealer; in Tangier
292	Hamid; in Tangier
296	Unidentified 19th Century Translator of The Iliad (?)
298	Mark; in Tangier
306	Hamid; in Tangier
307	Hamid; in Tangier
312	Mark, Mark-and-Hamid, Hamid; in Tangier
315	Absolem the Blind Man; in Tangier
317	Dialogue between Mark and Driis; in Tangier
321	Mark; in Tangier
322	An old Spaniard of Tangier; in Tangier
324	Hamid; in Tangier
325	Romano; in Tangier
327	Mark; in Tangier
333	Hamid; in Tangier
336	Mark and Hamid; in Tangier
337	Dialogues between Hamid and Mark
340	Mark; in Tangier
347	Hamid; in Tangier
353	Sir Richard Francis Burton (?)
362	Hamid; in Tangier

Page 370	Robert the Swiss; in Tangier
376	Absolem the Blind Man; in Tangier
380	Mark; in Tangier
385	Hamid; in Tangier
387	Hamid, Mark, The Jewish Nurse, The Nurse's Cousin, Mohammed who works in Cafe Tugeni, A Spaniard of Tangier; in Tangier (the various narrations are intermingled but chronological in order)
401	Open; (reads semicircularly and left to right)
401	Mark (and footnote, Burton (?); in Tangier
405	Lord Byron (?)
418	Hamid; in Tangier
419	Mark (and/or all names mentioned); in Tangier
424	The Jewish Nurse; in Tangier
427	Koranic sûrah addressed to Hamid
430	Mark; in Tangier
437	Mustapha the leather artisan; in Tangier
438	Hamid; in Tangier
443	Mark and Hamid; in Tangier and Tetuan
449	Moushyb the prominent thief; in Tangier
450	Hamid; in Tangier
466	A Police Officer; in Tangier
473	A young tourist guide; in Tangier
476	Mark; in Tangier
480	Open (with Burton introduction (?)); (reads down diagonals and left to right)
480	Unidentified 19th Century Translator of <u>The Iliad</u> (?)
484	Mark; in Tangier
492	Hamid, Abdullah the Concierge, Mark (and footnote, Burton (?); in Tangier
493	Sir Richard Francis Burton (?)
521	Mohammed, (episodic but chronological); in Tangier
525	Mark; in Tangier
528	Hamid; in Tangier
533	The Principal of the American School; in Tangier
537	Mark; in Tangier
546	A British Journalist, Mustapha the leather artisan, Mark, A Moroccan Teacher, Maimun, Open, Mark, Abderrahamne the Black, The Cultural Attache at the American Consulate, Mark (?); in Tangier
553	Mark; in Tangier

Page 688 Mark; in New York

689 Mark's Brother; in New York

691 Dialogue between Hamid and Mark; in Gibraltar

695 (1) A frequenter of Cafe Abdelkader; in Tangier

696 (2) Sir Richard Francis Burton; from his Preface to the Supplemental Nights in The Thousand Nights And A Night

696 (3) Plato; from The Symposium

697 (4) A Friend of Mark's; in New York

698 (5) A Friend of Mark's; in New York

698 (6) A Friend of Mark's; in New York

698 (7) A native of Tangier; in Tangier

699 (8) A native of Tangier; in Tangier

700 (9) A Carpenter; in Tangier

700 (10) An American Doctor; in Tangier

701 (11) Open

701 (12) Mark; in Tangier

702 (13) Mark and Hamid; in New York

703 (14) Timod; in Fez

704 (15) Abdelmajid; in Fez

704 (16) Abdelmajid; in Fez

705 (17) Abdelmajid; in Fez

705 (18) Sir Richard Francis Burton; from The Thousand Nights And A Night

707 (19) Victor Hugo; the Preface to L'Homme Qui Rit

707 (20) Hafez, El Dine; from the film Hokayet Hob

709 Hamid; in New York (literal transcription from a tape)

719 Sir Richard Francis Burton (?)

791 (1) Open

792 (2) Dialogue between Hamid and Mark

793 (3) Open

793 (4) Mark; in New York

793 (5) Hamid; in New York (exact duplication of an inscription)

793 (6) Exact duplication of a bus ticket from Larache to Tangier

793 (7) A native of Tangier; in Tangier

794 (8) Black Larbi; in Tangier

794 (9) Abdelkader the Smuggler; in Tangier

Page 795 (10) A Bank Clerk; in Tangier
795 (11) A young Book Salesman; in Tangier
796 (12) A Spanish Doctor; in Tangier
796 (13) Mark's Brother; in New York
797 (14) A Friend of Mark's; in New York
797 (15) A Sister of Mercy; in Tangier (?)
798 (16) Mark; in Tangier
798 (17) Mark or Robert
798 (18) Open
798 (19) Open
799 (20) Hamid; in Tangier
799 (I) Mark; in Tangier
800 (II) R.K.; in New York
805 (III) Sandra; in New York
808 (IV) Mark's Uncle William Merrick; in Casablanca
808 (V) Abdelmajid; in Fez
809 (VI) Hamid; in New York
810 (VII) A Friend of Mark's; in New York
812 (VIII) Hamid (and conclusion and footnote, Burton (?)) in Tangier.

I WAS GOING TO ASK YOU WHO YOU WERE, at a certain point between one and two. Regardless of how odd this may seem, or difficult to answer, now, it would then have appeared less philosophical and you also might have realized a rapid reply, both lucid and reassuring, was what I required.

I had no idea in the beginning that this peculiar presumption would be the resultant need, but I shall claim it as royalties or, in my stricter humor, penalties, since aren't you equally responsible for it, having had, at that beginning, so much hope to invest in me?

And if you parry with this need for your however-expedient identity as weakness on my part now, was it not equal weakness on your part then, to have hoped?

There was an other who could make a noise like that with her mouth. A noise that is not a word or a loud shout or a piece of a song but still a noise and people from a different part of Africa can make it. Pssss! a strange sound - and since that time I never heard it again till this right now. But then, the other time, this other used to come to Café Tugeni with her friends when she finished her work at the cabarets. And one night we were crazy with wine and the other came and sat in the middle of us: then she sang and we all sang with her and she made that noise. I tried to

make the noise also but I could never. So the wine said to me to get up and go to her and see what is really in her mouth for her to have that sound. -I got up and went over and opened her mouth and put my whole hand into it. But I found nothing! Everybody laughed. The other laughed, too, and wasn't angry. Then we went for a walk together. When we sat down she made that noise for me with her mouth. Then every night she came to the café, I always went with her, but not to do the things with her, but just to sit and listen to that noise. And so the noise was mine too for those times.

It isn't possible to say, among many places, why Tangier. I may tell you though, why not not-Tangier: Once I went to a shop in the Fuente Nueva Quarter and asked for a shirt, size 15. The salesman has nothing in stock so he says, There is no such size as 15, there's only 14 and 16. I ask for the color blue. He brings me green. I insist on blue and he says, Here, look: blue.

As for the question of your origins, background, or degree of authority, Absalom the blind man was he I inadvertently made answerable to that: Absalom is totally blind yet he works, without dog or cane, as a guide in the Casbah and medina. He knows every last street in Tangier, none excepted, has never once run into a wall or in front of a car. I asked him how he managed this, how, above all, he was able never to get lost. His answer to me, (a not unaccountable splitter

of kulrs among the epistemology and government-scientists of École Internationale de Genève, c. entre les guerres), was precisely: Think I'm been blind? No, for ma God, I'm see - I'm see wid mon own heart.

Am writing this in a small café (whose name no one knows) in a back street of the French Quarter called la Rue du Docteur Fumey. Actually, it must be near the middle of town, but it might be anywhere for all the idea one has of what's going on outside. The condition obtaining, the only condition is absolute tranquility; and the Moroccans almost coerce you into their self-styled calm; it can not possibly be imagined by someone not here to feel it.

I'm checked in at a small pension on the second floor of the so-called Accordion Building on Blvd Pasteur. About $1.70 a day, two meals. They say three, but breakfast is only hot milk and buttered toast. Weather is beautiful, springlike, windy.

The Moroccans' French is bad, English worse, both when and if spoken. Some remember R.K., Cain and Harv - they want to know when they're coming back. Now they are watching me write with great curiosity: Mohammed who works at my pension, Stoney the waiter here, Black Larbi, Hamid, Absalem, and Hennig who is making the tea. I have just been given a glass of mint tea to drink with a rose growing out of it. اتلس البرتقال is the name of this café - you figure it. Wait - fake out! it means Atlas Orange Drink, just been translated. The advertisement

in substituting for the missing name of the café.

When you write, please include <u>specific</u> gossip.

Me sell you lots wallets rojos out Avenida de España an dem place. Him not vera good trabajo, no verr nice, Tanger mebbe not same-same before was work good. Pero, some for time we meetem nice tourist-folk and he's givit lots money and swellstime. Excepto ayer pasado meridiano: time me talkit plentigood in English wid one boy him tourist. (I'm learn speak workit ante wid English sailormens.) So dizboy say, You keepit youself dem leathers-wallet: no needem gothim no money nohow. No needem Moroccan sheet!

Soden me shewit dirty fotografías, askim 3,000 francos por todo el colección. No needit! gettim in Nueva York! him says ent looksit for mad. -D'acuerdo, you want for see dirty bad cine? ¡Āy-wah! ¡Āy-wah! esto him like, a esto!

Soden me an hims go for Ciné Cervantes. (An hims no see it gotta pagar me ticket también, jis till him stoppit up la linea, everybodys yellem, Hey, whatchoo got? hurrys up!) Pero interior, este niño not likes cine, say, Whatfor you thinkit, todo aquí smokin eatin threwin paper bon-bon peanutshell sheet, todos - y dirty bad cine?: solamente todo aquí him is dirty - dazzall! D'acuerdo, me say, you want for fotografías? ahora 1,000 francos. No! No! No! him yell plentimad. Nheeeew!

D'acuerdo, you come for me, me shewit plentidirty: an I'm takhim for excusado, for toilet downthestairs. In toilet

I'm shewhim one big stall, an den me lockit la puerta. En segundo más, me shovit him face an belly contra diz wall, an me takit out la grande lovely, hot, roja puñetta mi an rubbit on he's pantalones y pantalonsíos jis till - hombre! I'm milkit all out, it's spillin down he's toilet-desaguadero.

Exterior, en Calle de los Marchamps him longist highist calle wid stairs in Tanger, me askim for money muchas veces. Por una shower a-least, por favor -solamente 100 francos? Pero him startin rainin out. Y ¡hola! este niño go uppa two ó one steps, lookit down for me, an say, Aquí - aquí agua: takit you shower!

Mohammed told me there was a young American staying at Romano's. I asked if I could meet him. He told me to bring some kif on Saturday when Romano would be away in Madrid.

Mohammed was in bed on Saturday because of his broken leg and Romano had not gone to Spain. Mohammed gave me 200 francs for the kif, and for tea, and told me to take the American to Docteur Fumey. When the American came into the room I didn't look straight at him and all the way to the café I still did not really look at him. But he seemed to be wearing clothes almost like the others and to be tall and have light hair.

I thought, I'll have to steal his money.

Absalom-aveugle was in the café and Hennig was making tea. I pointed to Absalom, and motioned my hand across my eyes that he was blind. Then I brought the American a chair and said, Thé? And he said, Oui.

When the teas were ready I lit a sebsi and gave it to him. Gomba, who sells newspapers, came in and he and I started to play cards. But soon Absalom began to talk to the American, because he knows English, and after everyone who came in started to speak to the American in English or French.

I thought, I better play cards and not sit near him. Everyone is sitting around him and someone will steal something from him; and if I'm near him he will say it was me.

When it was time for the American to eat fat Mjido and I went with him to the pensión. But he stopped at the door and said he was afraid of Romano's seeing him like this. Then I laughed, and told him, Tu es normal. So we went in and waited for him to finish eating and then the three of us left for Tugeni's and we smoked there and talked some more. After, we were walking and I asked him if he wanted to sleep now, and was surprised when he said he would still like to stay with me. So when Mjido went home to the Emsallah, I took him toward the Plaza del Torros. And I thought, It would be easy to have two of my friends stop both of us here in these dark streets and ask for all our money. Later I could get back mine and half of his.

But I didn't arrange anything and I didn't try directly myself. Instead, I walked him safely back to the pensión. He had sat with the others and had laughed and made jokes. And, too, he reminded me of the French boy who was about his age, and had been tall, with light hair and blue eyes.

this is what

got it down

showing foremost
earnest intents

conservative
creature

and now am still
only

that you could
see me

excite exciting
scandalous

even always a
promise

because I was

American dreams

important
persons

the work that
created

even titles for
cafés of street

acquired motions
geographical

imposing
mythical

in roots to sure
realities

I say

than my work

that I was

they shall make
of my work

I suppose or it

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with some strange
habits

charming about
being promise

clearly through
the work

but somehow in
back of all

I greatly needed
encouragements

interested
in always

it is difficult
to keep up

lost beyond aid
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the person

despite that I
am tired of

where here exist
quartermoon eyes

legendable
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"wear nothing
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never heard
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that I never quite

serious - had a
fine mind

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the person back
of the work

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that way

half accusable
half pitiable

the person more
important

unavoidably false
implying titles

so became lost of
never heard again

lasting

that men may find
all expression"

I was pretty crazy with kif when I drove my taxi up to Café Tugeni and saw Maimun, Hamid, and the American drinking around the table outside. Maimun was so drunk he was just stupidly pouring for everyone, but the others must have been smoking mostly. The American offered me wine. I got much more crazy with the wine, and asked him to go for a nice ride in my taxi, to Benimakkada - ka da da!- or someplace. Then I could get him, too. But Hamid said no, that he wasn't getting in my taxi when both our heads were turning from kif and wine. Hamid my good friend! A Moroccan friend knows how to hold his hand - closed and down in his deepest pocket. Why should everyone else have a try and not me? I never got it in any American before. Didn't Hamid know that? -for me it would be something special. Then the American asked Hamid again and finally he agreed but only if all three of us went. I drove toward the mountain, El Sharf. It was gizza-black by the mountain, I thought I was blind, and on the way up there was just one fork in the road after another. I took the first four to the right but the fifth was too much to decide on, and instead I just went straight into the big wooden pole in the center.

Everything stopped.

We got out. The American was cut on the forehead and knees and Hamid on the knees and I had a bump on my head. I started to push my taxi out of the ditch it made by the pole. It was hopeless. I told them it would cost 17,000 francs to fix and I only make 8 or 900 a day. When the sun came up finally, some ignorant mule-drivers passed by and they stopped to help the

three of us push. It was still pretty hard being crazy with wine and kif, so we let the mule-drivers do most of the pushing and pulling. After about two or three hours they got my taxi loose and we rolled it down the mountain. When we were back inside, the American said I was driving too fast, and wanted to get out and walk. Hamid seemed pretty angry. We came to the garage near Rue Fez and it looked like they wanted to leave. I said again, It will cost me 17,000 francs to fix, but if you really can't get the money in any way I'll try to manage with just taking the American into the back of the wreck.

I sat down on the curb and watched them go.

My head was still turning and all my bones hurt me. Who wants that American anyhow? Let Hamid keep his little behind and be a selfish traitor - everyone's had it already, even Mohammed and Maimun said they had it. Everyone except me.

Hamid must be afraid. He's just like a baby. He knows how, he could pick open that valise in two minutes. Fatima hangs the room-key up outside the cubicle as soon as she's finished cleaning. We could go in while he's out - there must be something in the valise. He'd never know who. We could drink plenty then.

But Hamid must be getting afraid now. He said no. He said no three times, the fourth time he didn't say anything, he just stared at my eyes and then got up and went into the foyer.

She is late for the Koutoubia where she dances: see her flitting, bon-soiring here and there, hastily tying a kerchief over great conical height of black hair: each night's different dress awnes up in the same currently fashionable Parisian bodice: Fatima, the Artiste, gliding from her room to the hall door is the most elaborate, ingenious, and expertly executed peek of all: this inescapable impression of things peeking out at me - from behind doors, out of shadows in corridors and under veils: Romano from the corners of the half rectangle lines of his old classic Spanish face,(from around the corners of stout Don Juan) appearing self-conscious, small, thin, long straight nose: a second Fatima pausing with her bundles of new wash: Hassan from the safety of the kitchen, waiting for me to finish from my plate - he will exhibit himself this evening, something he rarely does, bringing in the next dish in order to have a closer look at me: Mohammed following him with surprised, proud eyes ("This my boy, Hassan; I like him too much,") Mohammed whom I also saw for the first time coming out from under the curtains of a door, blue and white stripes of his torn-V pajamas, a stunning tangle of heart-of-night African curls eagle-beaked, awninged against the delicacy of his Taureg tinted, Moorish and Mediterranean blue skin, indelible, incredible blue skin, his right leg in a white from thigh to soul-arch quarterfoot thick plaster cast and "Aiē speakit seven lingos - seven! (but at least Spanish and Moghrebi very well) so how you likin this place - likit?": Yes! as much as my hope to participa

here in more than the inscrutable communication of stolen glances:

... I could so easily drop them all, one by one, out of my consciousness, trick them into diverticles of the medina, and get safely alone to the beach in less than half an hour.

Maiden-pipe and that maiden copulation were on one and the same night, the young adventurer from the New World reminisced. He was bent on satisfying my inquiry directly to point: few Swiss sons could number in his suite here. He continued:

-The first pipe was given me by a boy in a white cap, an habitué of a certain café at the base of Rue Gutemberg in the Emsallah. Mohammed, the pharmacie-messenger, asked him to. Mohammed was acting as guide for me: my first Moroccan guide. I sucked the smoke deep down into my lungs and both stared at me, eyes popping with amazement. Mohammed returned the pipe to the White-Cap to demonstrate the correct skill involved; yet when I took it for the second time I did not emulate the heavy indraw and boldly extravagant immediate-exhalation this boy seemed so eager to promote. Instead, I drew the kifsmoke deeply down again, into the sackpit of my lungs, and, Mohammed alongside the smiling boy with his entire straightthrone of wall fell back, completely back, like an enormous swing suspended from a tree.

-In the street again, Mohammed inquired: Have you had e-nough? I said, I can stand some more. He left me waiting in

the middle of the Emsallah road and ran into another café. A moment later boys brought chairs outside. I was seated in exact center of the thoroughfare and a curious, excited crowd grouped about me; and all proceeded to smoke. The scene disappeared at the edges of my mind's aberration, peripheries only several feet from me in every direction, and left but the dark circle of the companioned body against a brilliant drop of unearthly phosphorescence. The Messenger and I wandered towards that huge Protestant church opposite of its structural equal the Amulat; and between these lay the fields in my Childhood Dreams: that wide empty plain and the sudden forest with tree trunks barely inches apart, straight all as pillars of fire, and all ending at the same abrupt height, their leafy topbranches crushed to a flat, solid roof. The self-sleepabuse in this forest is the same ritual of curiosity was enacted in the fields of the Amulat. It is examination, a dancing in the pillars of fire - that is somehow the communication and the carnal barrier at one and the same time. After, Mohammed asked how long I intended to stay in the city.

-What could time rectify? What had it, till now?

-I don't remember what I answered him.

The boy with curly blond hair this afternoon, tomorrow, asked, What is nipple? The red wallet, Black Larbi writes, like to make love: missing teeth that great love in your shirt on the bed, half on. "Monsieur, il dit que M. Ahmed si il

a na de temps il est sait avec vous." Can go it is to Meknes, and come to the world in the black love with one quick touch on the floor; it tilts, no, no, you there, except me most beautiful sensation in the city on holiday with movie Arab. -Please you most beautiful thing in the movement of bending over twice please. Will not come home with O.K., one day, I'm go tears in toilet.

I love you can give it to me, Me World, love is the but he we poota grande poota me tonight; oh, no, sorry there too, viens, viens, his oh I love you! I make it twice! me most beautiful it burn in the chico; no, no, only for j'ai dit eyes could I show you a always make good illusion would seem is tiny room with its single night after night.

Hamid and Mohammed for over have tears in my eyes: time can't.

I am Maimun. My tiny one-room home has its door on the steps of the climb to the Casbah: the twisting rue, Ben Raisoul. And we are always drunk in the world.

Cowardly, so marked, is his locked door, his stay in the city.

I know no one; and again, night, when I speak of you it is a beautiful one, respect, assumption that it, or your kind, Ahmed Abd 'El Aziz. I give anything, isn't it? :Turn then. A is the why. Disappointedly rides his must no I know you swordfish cutting in a first not for my bicycle away from Place Moulay always: glove! oh time how long just between the legs it's twice: give me some money, all! God, are you going to stay? Better than to burn. -Or I hit you way in the dirt, Maimun's piles of paper and tin cans, bottles, 1,000 frs I show you good time, grande time; but your shadow won't get out of this ditch, this room, by the narrow walk of wait downstairs how long I give it to you.

I am young Ahmed. Do you think you will recognize me, me exactly, when you see me walking my bicycle?

I am Mohammed Chauny's cousin, as much a Moor in feature as he is Andalusian. And we are first cousins!

I am the red-leather wallet boy, the moroccan-leather, the Moroccan Boy. You can't do it all the way that way, right? That's all right. You can come carry this message: Do you, Mohammed, smoke? For I will.

Nervous cobra Moushyb, the huge cast, who has difficulty.

Love is beautiful even downstairs, his world says.

Mohammed the Messenger's pipe; can Hamid smoke, can he?

It illuminates an enormous Mahoma with dark Arabian nose, Negroid hair, different countries in the city. A candle is on the low table. Mohammed's cousin, tall, alike, though we come from Maimun, places the You and Me. Way of the city, Aziz so drunk night after night. You and tall dark Arabic nose know difficult getting anyone not poota grande or poota chico.

Maimun fixes a pipe. Can Hamid?

Do you like afternoon teeth persuading in the movie me alike, though we have Negroid hair? Ah off else has left can you no.

The candle's in the smoke. Can Mahoma tomorrow? asks the great black toilet I come from, different love, the bed saying Everybody go, come home only for Hamid.

I am Moushyb, the Thief of Larache. And I am rich, I may have whom I choose in my bed.

I am Mohammed the Messenger: Mohammed the Singer, the Skinny, is singing in the heaven of Firdaus: do you wish me to carry his song to you? His song is made up with melodies that only he may understand. For these melodies ask if Moushyb may have whom he chooses, in the bed of other men.

I am a Schoolteacher, a Riffian gone south to pedant in ancient Meknes. And you may miss the meaning of my recitation.

I may not admonish you. Then again, I may. I am uncertain there is a meaning. But I will recite whatever there is to recite in such a way that whatever my recitation may contain, shall be apparent to you: "The smoke makes love, what is love Arab, please, love you. Countries are beautiful, please to me there, except with me tonight; oh, Mahoma for nothing illumines I will find your nipple: Love is you can give to love you."

And I in the world say the it is me O.K. one day, one, an enormously nervous cobra of your the most beautiful thing me make. Showed Riffian teacher the most beautiful sensation. I go where ants fold over his shirt with one quick good time exiled to Meknes, and come in the world too disappointedly riding the bicycle half on the bed, that movement of love that twice me make it always, that you always give to the city.

Viens, viens, j'ai dit over away from half on the sudden is the illusion, twice please, no! no! on and again, Moulay Abd El Turn bending over he in I no you holiday with tears in his tilting floor. Will we would seem world is eyes I burn in, so marked one isn't take all the could have tears in the tiny room with his respect. It's my eyes when the single locked door turn a swordfish cutting!

I, Mohammed's cousin, his cast, who running up when no door, and Mohammed comes, rich thief, with aspirant Ahmed: to meet blond hair and always make Moushyb the writes for illiterate smiling. Or can wallet boy his curly give me twice? And Black Larbi between to stay in the red, money or legs, than piles of paper and tin. I not you to burn up Maimun's room in shadow of 1,000 frs and the ditch by I show you good the time you will not narrow walk out of this room.

Wait, how long are you going to stay downstairs? I'll give

in to you downstairs. For the messenger carried this message: You can come for Hamid.

It illuminates the cobra you come home with: the me tonight, this smoke, the I will find your, no, no, not poota grande.

One day to the city on holiday with curly blond hair to make love. Was is the nipple in your shirt, Chico. Only there, too, tears in his eyes, missing teeth in the love is the ants half on you, half on that day, half on tonight.

The sorry world, afternoon, and tomorrow: ask the Great with one quick touch for Hamid and Mohammed: for j'ai dit over and again, could have tears in the movie toilet, I love thing most beautiful on the bed.

Dark Arabian black Arab. Movement bending over no one. Ahmed disappointedly day after night. My eyes when you, oh, love you world is the floor, it tilts, comes running up when Negroid can give it to me, me, but he it would seem rides his bicycle away from Mohammed in his cast so I must show you the illusion in the over will we burn in everyone else has left.

Please, to make it twice is cowardly: Moulay has difficulty getting always to make it twice. -Give good time, can't you give, world: or it is a tiny room with me, it is the always make it twice please, is his respect, turn, that Aziz Black Larbi writes for illiterates off the bed, saying, Everybody go!

It is a single, locked door.

Money or anything, Beautiful One, isn't that it? It is the first I hit you: how long do I know your kind? why, just 1,000 frs, show you good time, you on the dirt in this city you won't get out of, and you have a pipe: it's better to turn for me than to burn up Maimun's room, isn't it? So turn; bend. I will open you up. Yes: that's it, that's good. Maimun fixes the candle

on you downstairs, the shadow of the ditch, the low table. It, you, and me alike though by the narrow walk we come from different. How long are you countries in the world going to remain just a Riffian teacher exile Mohammed the messenger bore?

It is nice to go out in the country, to Casabarata. It's the same as the country here. There's a very wide road with a small café and a few stores on one side. On the other open hills with cows and sheep grazing. I used to come out here every afternoon on my motorcycle before I had the accident and got my foot in a cast. And every night after Romano was in bed and couldn't stop me. I like to breathe fresh air. If you are alone you can even smell the yucca and gorse.

This proprietor of this café can play the drum and tambourine and also the banjo and violins. Mustapha the sailor sings, and very old, old Absalom dances. Mustapha is talking to the happy American now. The American looks like he is going to just fall asleep: it's this strong kif. The kif of Casabarata is khaldi, very strong. I like to chop its stalks and green buds and mix in the right amount of taba, Hamid doesn't know the right amount of taba. He's over by the wall, cleaning the plants. Hamid was with me, he was with me that day of the accident. I left him off near Café Tugeni, and started down Boulevard Mohammed V: then a car hit me when I tried to make a turn. If Hamid had stayed with me two minutes longer he would be the same as me now. Even might have been killed, riding on the back seat. I

hope he decides not to come to the pensión tonight. This American always agrees to sleep with me, as long as Hamid isn't there.

Romano is probably wondering where we are now. When we get back he'll start screaming that I'm not minding my leg, and making the American miss supper. Sixty-five years old and still a baby. Who cares if he means it for my own good?

Yes, I remember that client, that old Englishman who would ride out here on my motorcycle. He drank a bottle of whisky every day. Exactly one bottle. I drove him all over the city and country, he always paid for the drinking. We used to pass the whole night drinking and singing and dancing up here in Casabarata and go home the same for blind men in the morning.

They recount that in the City Bou Arfa there tarried a wight erewhiles of East Muluyah, but had quit the Tamazight and break off Badawi life, and he arrived to paved streets and wall-gird for sake of the number learned folk which perforce he must enquaint therein: and his reason be that he hungered sore and was exceeding famisht anent a piling-up of all and every jot of Knowledge might proceedeth from men's intendiment; whereto he ever repeated Jamíl's verse long labour got by rote,

"Where's Kári, lion-heart * In deserts, for behest
An I would eat: 'What part * A chicken may be best?'"

And, without asmuch as stay to eat, he found out the wone of a certain Mu'allim and straightway said his say; to which the

master replied: "O desert Maurus, the skin a chicken be that most desirable!" And he went away happy of requisite. Yet day next, he bethought him 'twas withal a curious reply, so hied he deep in thought to the master and he requested thus to second-request, "O Sage, an I would feast thereto, what part of kine may be best?" The Mu'allim answered: "Maurus, the skin of kine be that most desirable!" When he heard such say, the Amazigh was forthright certified his master be in sooth a very fool, and proceed to bastinado o'er his head; till latter cried, "Al-Musta'aribah! Dominicide! Parvenu!"; and thereunto he runneth fast away and as farthest his affrighted limbs could carry him.

I love to come into his room. He's crazy.

How much does the boat cost to Egypt, you know? I am very interested to become a film actress, like Houda Soultan. You believe I'll have success? You do, don't you? (Meantime, my hobby is souvenirs: when he's not watching too carefully I grab something. Écoutes, my house in Fez is far away - also my divorced husband in Casablanca. I don't put it on sale, but if I fall onto some man who has 30,000, maybe 15,000 because he really likes me, you know?)

Amerykanie! Amerykanie! rock 'n roll! rock, rock. Look: I give you a free preview of tonight's show at the Koutoubia Palace. I drop on the bed, exhausted, and ask him if I could borrow some coins just until I see my boyfriend. And you must

either give me your little brush or your mirror for a present. I explain about the real after-hours of a belly-dancer: I come directly back every morning at 4 o'clock right when I finish work. I dance. I work with my muscles. I don't work with tail. And he can hear me at 4 A.M. through that hole near the ceiling of the wall between our rooms, when I'm involved making a two hour point to an intrigued sister-artiste.

But what was that man that I heard the other night?

My boyfriend; just one boyfriend. You never hear another man? I snatch his little brush. Why don't you come tonight and see the attractions: buy one drink and watch the dancers and then you'll see me pass by. Don't speak to any girl at the tables: elles sont toutes méchantes! I edge into the hallway, I'll give you something later for present, you'll pick it out, slam the door in his face. You're very nice, you're like my brother, but you'll be in trouble if you go in those cafés for Arabs who don't work, etc. etc., my lecture goes uninvited through that wall-hole.

Maati ben Kacem sings Yellretiff Automobile. Static of the radio leaps with the violin, instrumental-counterpointed to the weird three-bar estimation of an autohorn. Breathless banjo and disconcerted drums rejoin. Hennig, a weasel, carries tea to the table. He offers it between two limp paws, shy China-eyes above the steaming rims of the glasses and huge tail a bushy hat haloed on his bare crown. Hennig has a heart condition: he can not smoke. It must be surely better to be dead than Hennig.

He brings Absalom-aveugle's hand to the hot glass where he's surrounded by the newspaper boys, his brothers because they are second only to Absalom in their knowledge of languages. The one, huge blue and white marble eye rolls about, expresses humility, thought, in the drop of its lid. I'm speak many languages, I'm work with many kinds people, nice people, tourist people.

You like Tangier! But me, I'm lose my life in Tangier. Before lotta people him got work. Before Tangier international. Now no many people got work, got no money. Him very bad times in Tangier. Very bad.

Hamid is leaning forward and listening carefully: Mjido has just told him he doesn't understand what's being said. (I can't repeat it, I don't remember what I was telling.) Yell-retiff, yell-retiff, yellretiff automobile. You have pretty eyes, Hamid, sometimes brown, sometimes green, sometimes blue, undependable eyes.

Hamid is like a dark marine of Marseilles, behind gossamers of fish nets, full of salt and tropical parrots. His little black cap, his several-day beard, his torn, black and white shirt. He will dance presently, leaping from the chair where he has just successfully thrust his finger between the circle of Black Larbi's thumb and index... phallic ritual they play and replay like children with a never-tiring joy and fascination. I delight to think of Hamid as being eighteen for then his every act, action, and gesture becomes the emulation of itself. His least movement is so studied, so perfect, so just, exact, so much the man, is a theatrical performance forces me to believe nothing he does is real.

He shifts focus in the mechanical frames of his sharply

drawn perfections, delivers the image of the man he's practising to be. And the mode of his doing so irreproachable now; never slightest incongruity to give him away.

Black Larbi is cutting the kif. He's smiling, listening carefully to the reconstruction of an American novel about Tangier. A blackamoor, his three-quarter front is held in the vise of a garish Rembrandt; spangles and white eyes, great fullness of lip and red robe. Housain conceals a tall Algerian awkwardness in the flattery of his charmed attention. Mjido jumps up, he is transformed into a blood-seeking beast;

The lost drums spinning out into the stratesphere of their sole selves, the wild banjo trailing hysterically after, the giant bear, Mjido, advancing and circling, the monster Absalom pounding the straw mat of the apron elevated above the oven and bar. Will-you, won't-you, yell-retiff, yell-retiff, won't-you, you-said-you, will-you, yallah, Sidi, yallah - Hamid is up and hand springs onto the mat:- La même comme une putain, va toi!

A break. The violin dips solo, drowns. Ben Kacem struggles with the instruments and chorus. Does he finally, a harnessed cynosure, move on with them and their bond in significant rings about him, or do they ramble and rise, treading him completely, in enormously chaotic comber on comber to the end? Rocking unsteadily by the door, yell-retiff, yelretiff automobile....

The miracle of the streets! Armies in statued groups tank the Boulevard. The grand Succo gales massive blue

drapery throughout the corridor that descends upon it. Rue Ben Raisoul, the climb to the Casbah, the palace and prison, and, at last, the Door to the Sea.

A pencil sketching of taut trees and lawn drops several hundred feet to the sudden splash of Mediterranean, cobalt-cut and green over its brown sponge of submerged coast-crag.

The boy Hassan has followed me. A dumb show of smiles and eyes, a silent film circling the balcony of the Sea Door, the several steps, the difficult dirt path ridged along the face of the sheer drop. Out over the height a distant steamer, the shoulders of Spain, a Netherland immensity of sky. We could go down: I'll get scared out of my bird. At least I'll have that.

Hassan tittering, going ahead, doing tricks on the edge of the fall, balancing himself, coming back and making faces. But the climb down is not so bad.

Perhaps, Hassan, if you could go out to the sand-bar. Mira, where my finger's pointing. His brain is so incredibly slow-motion. Picking and tossing back shells and jellyfish. His steps carry him intriguingly toward the precarious rocks.

Finally, in the shoals, he looks back and laughs. He is calling in the dumb wind.

That isn't it. I wonder why, clouds, ocean, sky, it always seemed to be. Boy on a distant rock in the breakers and universe of heaven stills into an absolute painting. Monet, Degas - while it should have surrendered itself: splashing around my naked ankles drawn me into a velocity

of voyage.

Hassan has said something. Some urgency. He is running away along the beach.

There exists a mysterious rose of the sands.

That is what I will tell you about when I have finished my breakfast of raw eggs and their shells again full of oil. If one does not have this it is necessary to drink the bison soup in the morning. It covers the body inward as the fabric of jellaba protects the outer self.

The moon knows the secrets of the earth. It keeps the faultless vigil of the night. But when it is halved or quartered it can only lay open fractions of the world and the parts in dark are watched over by a man with a staff, and his patient pacing. He keeps account of the momentous phantasms in mineralogy the green fountain affects that nourishes the roots of this rose of the sands.

The fountain troubles the earth, moles tireless furrows that quite unexpectedly erupt into landslides and earthquakes, gush forth a green geyser that is harnessed into a serpenting, furious river. On the banks of this river spawn gelatin creatures, horns, tails, the fingers of bats, anthropologically between life and death, that populate the distance between life and death with concerted flight, swift and thick enough to form a bridge.

And the fountain lays bare in the sinking sediment the green roots, the gnarled veins that vine upward, leaving and flowering in the Egyptian Elysian Fields as the mysterious rose.

The rose is studied from its many facets, its crystalline corona of weeping cherry at the geyser's height to its finger roots, reptilian and repulsive. But these roots have their pale emerald animal fingers sunk between all things, between this leather work, the slippers, wallets, cases, handbags, and floor cushions. And many men, famous Europeans, painters and poets, have come here in search of the flower. They have slept with me in the little loft above the shop, and studied these books by candlelight long into the late morning.

The roots drop, strangled and piled in the Bab-el-Asa, the gate of punishment, down over the white medina, the toy tumble of rectangular boxes, Spanish and Moorish, but as either less identifiable than a cascaded setting for the century of the moon. They crawl over the Spanish city on the hill, to the quarter-planet beach, the bay, Malabata Point, dipping and rising like dragons on a map in the thin, uncertain division of the Straits.

You will find the actual flower of the rose in the desert.

Look at the creatures on this print with bat-ears and tails. It was done by a visitor here who kept a guard of patient pacing. I have other things, letters and notes he scribbled, safe in the little loft. He spent some time in the Sahara, six or seven years ago, when being

there alone was unheard of. I have learned through mutual friends he had met with an unfortunate occurrence some time back, was the victim of waterfront thieves in Toulon, is now completely paralyzed and dumb. The connection between its green river roots and the flower in Elysian Fields, which brought the inquisitive first Phenicians to these shores, is left, then, a mystery.

Go into the desert, farther than the Greater Atlas: The four largest petals of the rose are blue and red.

The others say the American goes with a lot of Riffians. He doesn't go with me, any more: maybe he needs a bigger cock like the Riffians have. I see him talking friendly to even Blanco and Ahyeshie. They probably can't wait to get him into a bar and spend all his money. When I went down to Docteur Fumey and saw him sitting outside laughing, playing with everybody I began to think. I couldn't understand why he said I musn't be with him. Do not come to my bed any more, he told me.

Afterwards I started to joke and play games with him, but I still felt very bad. I struck some matches and threw them at him. A few almost ignited his clothes. Housain shouted: Säfie!

The American stood up and, without showing whether he was angry or not, explained he was going to leave because he had a rendezvous. You have a rendezvous with the Riffians, I said. I pointed to my elbow and added, You take them up to here!

He answered: I have a rendezvous with your mother.

No person ever cursed my mother like that. I became furious.

I lunged at him. He kept me off with his left foot and I caught it practically toppling him down. Putain! I sneered, circling his neck with my fingers. But the others were all watching: I ended just by pushing him over the stone hedge.

He couldn't leave then, it would have been shameful in front of our friends. Instead he waited until Absalom-aveugle helped him up, and after he sat on the low hedge-rim.

I was shaking with nervousness. I started to tell stories about my childhood, long stories about my treacherous uncle. He watched my face for more than two hours, everyone watched me uneasily, no one daring to interrupt. And he listened with care though he couldn't understand what I was telling and not a single person translated. Finally, he got up and said a separate Slema for each, one by one: to everybody except me. To me he threw a quick, blank glance, and went away through the walled lane.

Then Black Larbi remarked: I really was going to hit him when he spoke, but sat still because I know that he is your friend.

I laughed: Why hit a worthless whore? -for God, how many the times I slept with that one! Young Ahmed picked up his ears as I said this. He spun the back wheel of his parked bicycle.

But still, to myself, I was planning that I must act friendly towards the American now. Then I'll ask him to come and spend an evening alone with me on the far side of El Sharf.

I will speak to him softly so he has no reason to suspect me.

-Then strangle him there and drop his body over the stream.

THE BAB MANSOUR

I

The Bab Mansour that bolts Meknes
To arch-lift crenelled walls,
Emblazon gilt, may e'er distress
Inferior stone that falls:
Its aqua scale and marble gate
Still scorn our dwellings razed by Fate:—

II

A parquetry with lay as blue,
Medallions more and high,
Would boast Meknes were builder true
And prayer 'neath Alla's sky.
This regal door might naught impair,
But mosks for God's façade are bare!

III

Men trace the Norman portal wide,
And pace through Romanesque
Fan-tracery vaultings styled to hide,
From corbel ne'er Mauresque,
To parapet, Arabian grace:
Like structure e'er denies our race.

IV

Yet Mouley Ismael will'd it thus
To ape a Gaulish King;
He would such plaster heighten us
'Bove meaner Moorman's thing:
Though Islam o'er the moon is One,
Meknes must kneel to France's Sun.

THE DESTRUCTION OF MOULEY HASSAN

I

The young Mouley now Hassan at father's say rode,
And our Reefian chieftans ne'er guess'd were his goad;
Yet the Sultan's own son with his carbines in rank,
Discharged at our tents and their doom all had sank!

II

Foresaw our wise Ruler, then never had let,
As the Nazareth bride was withheld coronet;
Proud the steed he outwears, needed silver doth waste,
When this Prince pampers wanton and Western-learn taste.

III

Thus ballast drank sowers, our tillers he shot,
In the hemp farms whose till will no longer allot:
For the Westerner draws not, displeased with our pipe,
And hence Hassan forbids though the stalks be o'erripe.

IV

And our taken to wed near her silented child,
Is eternally still'd where that league loudly aisled;
By our tribesmen with lips they had parted to shame,
That child of the Throne, but shall ever unname.

V

Then the Keep-gate at Heaven sad thrust wide his Door,
To brave littering Reefians crusted in gore:
Far whirl'd them forever down chilly white cloud,
Like the leaves scatter'd high and there gowning that crowd.

VI

And our mothers grow old with the final lament,
New Reef into Past hath embark'd its descent:

Still they plead not his failing to father succeed,
Young West through our Reef's his destruction shall breed!

Seaham, February 17, 1815.

:Houna Tondzar, -Soltoune Marrib... Ton-xchair, Tonjhay, Tondzar, Tonga, Tingo, Tangier, Tangiers, Tangeri...

Residence according to my linguistic mood: should Spanish preoccupy me, La Fonda Agea; if English, Beni-Ider; French (a pidgin), in Quartier Fuente Nueva; and when Schweizerdeutsch, my maternal tongue, Calle del Baño in Oued-Ahardan (where a certain Highlander manages the Inn and Public Baths). But I am consistent never to install outside the native quarters.

-Tangier secures on the pelvis of two summits, its Casbah the pinnacle of the northern one and, girdled about that, a crowded medina falling away to European districts in the central decline, east-rimmed by the other, a weird, landscaped peak, El Sharf. Pillar winds freshen Spring the year long over the city from Atlantic air-pools of origin. I watch the deep Mar Ignotum, timid-current. I watch the turmoil back of Spain's shoulders' tranquil roll in the sea... This African outpost, the continent's oldest town, has broken their extremes.

Houna Tondzar—Soltoune Marrib: Ici Tanger, radiodiffusion marocaine: This is the Moroccan Broadcasting System, Tangier. The following foreign language program will be brought to you in three parts:- the first fifteen minutes in English, the second half hour in French, and the last hour in Spanish. (A

blare of royal trumpets.) The news will be broadcast at 6:15, or in exactly fourteen minutes from now.

The blond Aryans arrived here first. They awaited, as a destiny, the advent of the Orientals. Who was the earliest Swiss to disembark and await? I do not know his name. But I am here now, the very latest: which advent makes me the earliest.

I recognize the Casbah as the Garden of Hesperides, where Eugène Delacroix tremblingly seizing his notebook and folding-stool, is seating himself in front of Hercules who is slaying Antaeus and spreading his huge, voluptuous prostitute's body in six points at all the civilizations of the world.

Old Tangier's Casbah, oldest and walled barrio of the town ("Los kioscos del kasba, a bien seguro, sont les meilleurs, parce qu'ils sont the oldest!") breaks through secret deceiving alley turn-offs from its spacious, official-building filled Square into secluded palaces of incalculable wealth: the lozenged octogonal minaret of the Dungeon Mosque lifts, looks down at the city; thatch-thick gardens dangle and serpent off behind the gale stained Dungeon, moulding over the cramped mountainous biceps of Hercules, they celluphanein and solidly pulp his Pillar-high codpiece...

Imagine:- an unbroken African tape reeling from sill to hall, rousing you to clothe and step out onto a set of labyrinthine streets El Teatro's insanest Designer has not yet begun to dream: think of thousands of insupposable concealments suffering their indication in nothing shallower than a vise of dark eyes. They market the routes! munificently bind your every turn: ruelles beneath forever connected Moorish wonts running the peak of the Casbah and medina-downward like rills to a Spring flood of chaotic juncture at the Socco Chico pressed with men with their

shadow in birri, women in the fluted albescent sheet of their haiks, counterpoint of black veils. Strange transport clicked on suddenly as a slide, savoured no less insatiably than must the promised milk and honey: and, each millimetre triumphant! invariably, irrevocably; as the Sirens...

Villa Española caverns from fantastic heights of the medina wall up to the Place de France and Boulevard, the French borough. The town meanders slowly then in unattractively wide avenues of enormous, white and half empty colonial flats to the fields announcing El Sharf. -The Spanish are still Goya's ghosts in black lace; Boulevard cafés bunch with visage of all nations.

A string of log-packed asses climbs choppingly back through the Marshan, Rome's comfortable seat on the sack of Carthage:

Mauritania Tingitana.

Las nuevas is the Sultan shall come and the Moghrebis, the Gauls shall come, the Castellanos, Portuguese, Italians, Germans and British shall come, Joselito and Professor Mohammed Abdel Wahead, Maya, Ul Kaltoum and Houda Soultan, Samia Gemel, Sabah and the Pacha, the Sheik, Son of the Sands, the Slave of the Casbah, the Swiss Politician, the political pilgrim—

and tremble at the eeriest echo on earth: the cry of the blind muezzin: in inseverable shifts of sand for the ear next to the ground, an unimaginable emphasis in a mythological phantasmagoria; occurs in the market of consciousness in the newer medina of the Emsallah, southwest of the French district, marking time in any number of vernacular or alien thoughts; to bed propped by hotel sills over the souks of Beni-Ider:—and it is A Call, an Islamic call to mind of Allah, His Prophet and Their Way of Life very audibly cast as one of the dice in a hazard, the first 15 min. in English, the s. ½hr. in French, and the last hr. in Spanish. -A

diffusion, distinct color of the eyes, this moment, Tangier, Tonjhay, Tomkire, broadcast, Hesperides, Orientals, El Sharf; the turmoil behind the central decline falling away to the French is built so extremes in the news will be in six points with the second half hour of his huge, voluptuous body as a destiny.

Hercules: - Houna Tondzar, Soltoune Marrib!

Maimun, the young cook at Romano's pensión, has the irresistible half-eyed, head-tilted charm of someone forever on the point of dropping off to sleep. His hair feathers out in wings at the side of his head that bear him deep down into the pots on the stove, where, hardly visible except for his long, black, blinking lashes, he polishes off countless glasses in the Moroccans' epical assault upon their state and religious law prohibiting alcohol. I went with him to Tetuan in the awesome heat of July and he insisted on wearing an almost parka coat: it was to conceal the bottles.

Maimun asked me if I were interested in going to Tetuan late one afternoon when I was sitting and talking with Mohammed in his room. Hamid was also there; his eyes darted quickly from Maimun's face to mine. I said it sounded as if it would make a fine two or three day trip. Hamid stood up suddenly, said he had to go home to eat, and abruptly left. I asked Mohammed, What's the

matter with him?

Mohammed shrugged and pointed to his bandaged leg, Me only know if I'm not have this leg, boy! He would be out on his motorcycle to Casabarata, Beni-Makkada, Tetuan, possibly as far as Fez, etc., etc.

We got off on the 9:30 bus the next morning and before 10 Maimun's French was pushing at the limits of its communicable property. We sat in silence for the rest of the way and watched the passing fields and stark trees.

Tetuan appeared huge and white, tipped with orange roofs, on the great shelf of a mountain. We headed for Hotel Tunisia in the medina. Maimun spoke with the proprietess for a while and we got separate rooms. He introduced me to her, and her pretty ten year old daughter. Though the woman spoke only Riffian and Spanish, when she heard I was a foreigner she made it clear, laughing all the while, that it would be a good deal to cut my throat. Maimun hastened to assure me she was joking. I was glad for this would be the first Moorish building whose insides I had a chance to leisurely explore.

We left the few things we were carrying at the hotel and started through the crowded, bazaar-filled streets of the medina. Burdened donkeys and wood-piled carts kept pushing us aside into the food and spice-store, the clothing heaped counters, the shelves lined with baskets, drums, utensils, and clay stoves. We ascended a series of cobblestone, tunneled streets that were built up the side of the mountain and finally ended, near the outskirts of the city, in the small, one-room mud apartment of a

friend of Maimun's.

The host prepared a dish of grape-sized meat balls in a rich tomato sauce. We sat on cushions on the floor or the low divan and ate and drank and smoked until the heat of the day finally lessened. Outside, the city dropped in its clean, square Andalusian architecture to lovely date tree gardens and, farther below, an enormous moon-cratered valley. More bush-pinned, vaguely gigantic mountains rose immediately on its opposite side.

Toward evening we picked up a funny, very near sighted little friend at the café where he worked and brought him to the hotel. This Riffian Mohammed, (I learned that Maimun and all the people we had met were immigrant Riffians), became attached to filling my pipe. I began to learn a few words of Spanish, and surprised him with what I had previously digested of Moghrebi. The proprietess came and sat her great looseness down and joked with us, and Maimun kept his hand circled about her extended ankle most of the evening.

I was tired, besides being high and drunk, and went to bed early. Several hours later the near sighted Mohammed was carried peacefully into my room and stretched out on the extra bed. But his repose was an obvious sham for as soon as the door was shut he leaped up from the covers like a mountain ram and vaulted the distance between our beds. I wondered what his near sightedness and the alcohol and kif had combined to make me look like. In the scuffle we fell with a bang on the floor. Maimun came in and demanded to know what was happening. By the

time he got the light on the ram was under the covers - and no sooner did he close the door than was its spectacular leap remade. This time I got up and ran out. I spent the next half hour pacing the patio in considerable embarrassment: Mohammed had broken the zipper on my trousers.

I had to stay in the hotel during the morning while Maimun looked for a tailor. It was the proprietess who finally took the job.

What did you do last night? I asked Maimun.

I slept with the little woman.

With the ten year old girl? I remained fairly calm considering that I was genuinely taken aback.

For 700 francs and 300 for the room, he said.

Well that was pretty cheap, I noted.

Yes, and I also slept with the big woman because otherwise she wouldn't let me have her daughter.

We ate a light lunch of fried fish and beans, spiced so as to astound the unsuspecting, in a tiny open Moroccan restaurant. The heat was oppressive; great serpents of smoke from the coal pits strangled the several square feet of the place.

We went to visit Mohammed at his café. I had to stand three inches away from him before he could recognize me - but he became curious and excited all over again as soon as he did. He brought hot mint teas to our table.

A group of domino players was busy in a corner of the café. A boy amongst them invited me to join. I said, I don't know how to play. The boy got up then and came over to sit with Maimun, Mohammed, and me.

Me llamo Omar, he said.

Chico Omar, with eyes of an enormous unguarded Sesame: his innocence was delivered up on open palms in irreproachable newness and totality, as if to God. (Where had I acquainted this innocence before? For a single minute, some crowded street in Havana? It was rumored, at any rate, it was promised, to exist in foreign countries.) My thoughts treading the kifsmoke, I sat facing this boy profoundly transfixed. He was attempting to engage me with short phrases in Spanish, but I felt the green presence of a final arbor grow from the arc of his elbowed open arms, the sudden enclosure of a sort of Vacinity of most Sacred Mysteries. Omar's mystery was recapitulated in tireless-sweet, dreamily danced ritual, yet maneuvered in a taunting ambiguity; finally, fading to the indecipherably uncertain, it vaporized.

I wandered after Maimun, my doe-eyed Hypnos. We attained a peak on the cobblestones of Dick Whittington's real London; the cobbles staggered and pranced in the chaos of fig and pomegranate fumes from the cliff-chipt gardens below. His destination was a cloud domed bordel, in which he immediately familiarized himself. Aging prostitutes regarded me with amused curiosity.

The proprietess of Tunisia left town that afternoon and we were forced to spend the night in a single room at a second hotel. In the morning, the sheets, twisted up, disclosed Maimun's hirsute, globular buttocks. Hahzhi! he summoned with sleepy diffidence. I simply ignored him. Which terminated a Homeric Libido.

At noon, we diagonaled the Spanish Quarter toward the busy bus depot. Mohammed darted across the crowded platforms at the last moment, and breathlessly presented me a photo as souvenir. It was frayed, showed his older sister in all her Riffian finery, smilingly courageously into the camera while worriedly preventing Mohammed, age four, from falling: child's eyes, decidedly awry.

Our bus raced into the windy beach-skirting Avenue d'Espagne. Hamid was the first to greet us. He was waiting at Romano's. He asked after what happened, and seemed considerably involved.

Nothing. We had a great two days, I said. Why?

He explained that it was the first time I had gone very far from the pensión unaccompanied by either Mohammed or himself. I reflected silently that the experience had not been unpleasant for that. He asked if Maimun had drunk much and caused any "scandale".

I said no, Riffian that he was, he had been a perfectly well-behaved friend and guide, and had showed me an excellent and pleasurable time.

None of the carpenter shops had a single hour's work to offer me. I visited first Rue Cook, then Rue de la Plage, and finally Las Once in the medina. There was something to do for an old skilled hand, a boy apprentice, a Spaniard or a Frenchman - but for me, nothing. It was a month since I'd been without work.

I went to Docteur Fumey and Black Larbi and Housain were there talking to the American. They were getting ready to hike to the Grottoes of Hercules. Each had his bathing suit and some sandwiches. They asked me to come along. I said I had to remain in the city to look for work again the next morning.

I stayed in the café after they left. I knew what was going to happen to the American: the others had not been too friendly towards him lately. Larbi had taken 3,000 francs in order to make him two pairs of sandals and had already spent it all on movies and hashish. Housain said several times that he thought the American was cheap; that he never even paid for anyone's tea, and to do so was "la loi des touristes". But they came back a few hours later and sat down again. Housain said his friend Oudghiri, who was supposed to go with them, couldn't leave until nighttime. They thought that would be better anyhow, they could avoid the afternoon heat.

I sat around until after nightfall. I thought about the American and what the others were probably planning to do to him. When they all got up to start out, I said I changed my mind, I would like to go along too.

We went to Barrio Bonn first where Oudghiri was waiting for us by his house. Housain introduced me to him. His huge, strong arms were loaded down with food, blankets, utensils, nets, fishing rods, and a pail of water. We cut west through the Marshan and along several muddy paths until we reached the concrete road.

Herds of goats and cows were driven passed us toward town. The American seemed very interested in the animals. As we walked on in the dark, joking and singing, Oudghiri pointed out the shadows of the Phoenician forest and mountains to him, and said over and over, This is Africa.

We were fairly tired by the time we got in sight of the phares. It was getting more and more difficult to find

our way along the wooded coast. We decided to spend the remainder of the night in a cave Oudghiri said was near us in the side of the sea-cliff. It was hard enough for a man alone with his hands empty to hop and dodge his way down the cliff in the turning, blinding beam of the pharos, but Oudghiri, balancing a blanket, two bean-pole fishing rods, and the pail of water on one arm, and the American on the other, opened up the zig-zag way for all of us.

We crowded into the narrow ledge-cave whose roof angled with its floor. We built a fire against the chilly sea winds and sat and smoked for a while, and whispered and dozed. I asked Larbi with my eyes - glancing down quickly at the American - what he intended to do. He shook his head no. I turned my back to him and faced the American. Oudghiri and Housain were on his far side. The fire died down; they all fell asleep in that position.

I watched for several hours, pretending to sleep, and listened to the cicadas. Finally I saw Oudghiri stir and sit up. He looked at the American for a while without making a sound. Then he darted forward suddenly and reached his huge right hand out to clasp it over the American's mouth. I caught his wrist in midair and our bodies locked like a steel tent over the sleeper. Neither of us made the slightest noise. Oudghiri stared at me closely. I felt his strength relax. I let go of his wrist and he continued to look into my face for a full five minutes. I couldn't make out his expression in the dark. Finally we both slowly sank to a kneeling position.

He motioned me toward him and he leaned forward also, and kissed me on the forehead.

I smiled and stretched out again. It was beginning to get light on the long horizon of the sea. The others all continued to sleep for several hours.

When the American woke up I told him that Housain and Larbi and Oudghiri had put on their bathing suits and climbed down the rocks to swim and fish. He said he didn't want to go down, that the rocks looked too dangerous, and also he didn't like to fish. I said I would stay by the cave with him if he preferred. He told me he preferred to be left to take a walk by himself.

I joined the others near the water. We remained below for a while, diving in the shallows and swimming a short distance out to the rock islands. They had already caught several fish.

We cooked the fish near the cave and sat around talking afterwards because it seemed too hot to continue our hike. By late afternoon we decided it was still too far to go to the Grottoes, (Housain and Oudghiri had never even intended to), and so we started back toward the city.

Oudghiri led a hunt for seeds in an acorn forest near the road. I kept watch for the guardian. Several more goat herds passed us by.

We reached Barrio Bonn after dark. We had covered twenty-eight kilometers in all. Larbi filled a sebsi with what was left in the mottoui and we all sat down and shared it. The American looked tired. I asked him what was the matter. Nothing, he said, except that the kif was bad and

you couldn't turn your head with it. C'est merde, he added.

I was wondering if he might have actually wanted to submit to Oudghiri. It wasn't his ignorant distance from me, but rather his equal favor to all, that hurt so much.

my*room*at* night******	is*a*single is*a*single	a*single* night****	Moroccan love****	a*love*for* Moroccan***
single*love single*love	can*not**** come*******	love*come to*******	love*is* single**	is*a*single is*single**
more*to*my* room*******	is*love*at* is*love****	you*love* for*love*	you*can* not*****	love*you*** can*not****
Moroccan*** at*love****	more*to*my* love*******	room*for* love*****	to*my*** room****	come*more** to*********
you*can**** you*can****	at*night*** tonight****	at*single love*****	at*night Moroccan	*my*room*at ******night

About Tangier we knew years ago: the category assigned it was fairly accurate. It's merely slightly better as slightly worse than imagined. Slightly more the Absolute City Beyond Endeavor, slightly less the Paradise was calculated that.

I'd want to remain here forever. But such must be without the sting of conscience: that is a loss it's simply, sadly too late to adjust to. Therefore, it shall prove profitable to return to the tensions of the road again before month's end.

Destination is Casablanca. I wrote my uncle Bill Merrick

telling him I might show. He has not answered my note as yet.

Nevertheless (and with the added impetus of shrinking vocational opportunities all over the erstwhile protectorate and in particular this nucleus racing economically downhill eversince the folding of its International Regime) I intend to channel my talents in the expends of travel: if my Uncle Bill is not to located in Casablanca, nothing daunted, I plan making my way south along the Canaries coast. Though not committed to any limiting itinerary, how do Rio De Oro (Afrique Occidentale Espagnole), Mauritania-Akchar, the Mali Senegal and Senegalese Soudan sound for decrepit romanticism? Dispensing approx. 3$ daily (2 for room/board and 1 on teas and highs) engendered wealthy state permitting this weighing of lengthier journey.

"When R.K. come back? Me think long time of him, think go for America. When he come back? When 'Arbi come back and Ali Baba? Ali Baba come back in the summer? When, tomorrow? In two months? In one months? In the summer. -When Ali Baba come back?"

—Remember it? That is exactly as far as Tangier being Heaven's terrestrial acre stretches (myth propagated by R.K. with set-drop and sound effects courtesy of Universal Inc., 1940-45) —which actual geography is sooner mapped in the mind than Morocco. Repose, or holiday from unrepose, <u>is</u> here: but then again, the False preoccupation and the Concern which battered me at the reaches of near mute immobility, they also were in the mind: if I'd brains, this rest was to be had in N.Y.

However, I have no regrets: <u>This voyage was purposely undertaken to kill torturous dreams</u> - - - -

Will finish this tonite, in un-stoned state - - - - - - - -

TONITE: Bargaining for Arab happiness would be thriftless

barter. It would rob me of my destiny.

If I can wrench a pure undreaming hopelessness out of this timeless, tilted cap of Africa the whole exotic essay will not have been in vain. The remaining problem will only be how to get it under the jurisdiction of my passport out of here. And that may prove more natural than difficult, when one is stripped to his native skeleton in his native reality. Enough vulturing at the stubborn carcass of the world. Prisons are mortared with lies. Let this be a journey toward freedom.

Yes, I think you were right in being so doubtfully curious concerning my extended stay in Tangier. Who is so wise, along this route, as the itinerant tourist of a week in Paris, two days in Madrid, and three each at Rome and Naples? He's not uncovering what isn't there. His omnipresent camera records truth.

Despair, not the tourist, is enviable.

To practical matters: if the bureau has sent you my last pay-check please forward it immediately to Casablanca so I can change it into traveler's checks as soon as I get there. It is only valid for ninety days and I may not have a mailing address for some time after leaving that city.

Enclosed are four photos taken at Casabarata, a suburb of Tangier. You can get some idea from them of the kinds of friends I've made here. Mohammed, the one who has his foot extended (because it's in a cast), is the boy who works at the pensión where I stay. He's the one who first introduced me to these people. Larbi is the Negro. The

one in the black woolen cap is Hamid. I've never seen him without it. And finally, the tall, gangly Algerian is Housain. The ewe is a house pet, but there are numberous small flocks of sheep always grazing in the area of Casabarata - or being driven toward town in the strange, squinting oil-paint glaze of a Biblical frontpiece.

I've also forwarded three 45 discs of currently popular Arabic music. They may take a month or two to reach you, but let me knew when and if they do, also if they arrive safely or are broken.

My immediate address, then, is American Express, Atwater et Cie., Boulevard Mohammed El Hansali, Casablanca. My next address shall be who knows, Dakar? Bamako?

My final souvenir - my shrunken head - forwarded to R.K., will bear sentiment reading: You didn't do THIS!

No eulogy to the contemporary's discovery of Tangier would be complete without mention of the great black Arab, Abderrahamne. His name is dropped in bars and cafés of such disparate places as Paris and San Francisco. His photos are found framed in rooms of every rich city in the world.

Not so tall as his Colossus-striding impression, nor dark as his background of the French Quarter is white, nor menacingly broad as the charge of his ox-like bearing,

he is, nevertheless, coming along through the palm lane of Avenue d'Espagne, a gigantic, all-subjugating Congoloid, sudden as an ambush landslide. One turns on his steps to run in the opposite direction, but is frozen to the spot. He drops his trousers against the onslaught.

Abderrahamne, always in Café Nil on the Avenue, is most accessible to clients of the nearby plush Hotel Rif. They can not fail to notice him soon after leaving the grand lobby, in their first moments' inspection of Tangier. But he is equally available to registrants of El Minzah, Rembrandt, and Valesquez, as they take their inevitable afternoon airings along the beach-bordering street. His stripped Michelangelesque ebony is filmed over and over on the salerium rooftops. His Dionysian thirst is bucketed like a cistern in every elegant bar and cabaret on the Boulevard until he vaults the air with a great shout and lands spinning like a danseur noble on a single toe. His deep, coaxing voice whispers in the keyholes of the best hotel rooms, the expensive villas, the medina hour check-ins, the beach cabines, comes from behind lot fences, crate pilings on the dock, the ruins adjacent to the stairs of Rue Ohm.

And yet, not a single photo fails to realize the white width of his disarmingly innocent eyes, no memory of his conversation the childish laugh, the little-boy earnesty in the attack of every question. The ointment of bureaucratic boredom, the first-aid of asphyxiated decadence, are momentarily administered in his much-sought, expensive company.

Where did he come from? Larache on the southwest coast, as related in lounge chairs by the sea, or the east, the Rif country, as suggested in alcoholic story-exchange? At any rate, where he's going is the greater, and more immediate concern:

There are friends and well-wishers in every major city of Europe and half the ones in America that think the huge Arab could be profitably and beneficially employed in their proximity, and have so stated on paper for all to read, the Morocean authorities concerned in particular, But his numerous trips to the Amulat for visa application papers bring Abderrahamne only frustration and discouragement. Why do you want to go? Who will employ someone who has no special skill, and can not read or write? How will you travel there? Do you have enough money to make the trip? Where did you get that money from? Your family gave it to you? Where is your family? In Larache? What are you doing in Tangier?

More difficult than answering the questions is it to excuse himself and get safely out of the offices ahead of a trip to the detention house.

He walks disconsolately along Avenue d'Espagne near the arbored square of the Tangier-Fes railroad station. His magnificently pristine, wide black head droops between his shoulders. He looks up suddenly: Hello, my friend, you tourist in Tangier? The sparkling beach and green bay appear immediately beyond the station, and farther out, Malabata Point, the Straits, and finally, beneath a sun-speared division in the dark logged clouds of the horizon, the great Rock of Gibraltar. Here, one view

very beautiful; you like Tangier?

Stork beer and crevettes in the back room, filled with pool tables, of Café de la Paix. The little pink shells are dropped on the floor. Conversation reexamines details of the city's beauty, economic decline since the end of the international regime. Exchange of compliments. He learned English in the Missionary Man's school. Man who doesn't drink, smoke. Before he worked with mechanics, learned cars and Spanish. Now his brother must support him; he has no work; he lives with his brother. His family lives in the suburbs.

You would like to go for a walk, visit the Arab section? The Avenue rises on a mound to the Escalier de la Tannerie which climbs like a twisting creeper around the Ciné Americano to the arch of la rue des Postes. The sudden splash of awninged bazaars, restaurants, and small hotels in the narrow streetlet giving on the Petit Succo. He leads the way, moving into the alleys in the area of Rue Mohammed Torres, turning to laugh about the circling, rising, dropping, labyrinthine route. Crowds of veiled women walking and shopping, men in torn brown jellabas pusing their burdened mules ahead with the cry of, Barleck! Barleck! - Arrah!

A street of stairs gently arched like a bridge between isles and completely canopied by the second stories of its crowded Moslem dwellings: a warped, green wooden door is in its darkness. Abderrahamme knocks. A little man opens the door, greets him with surprised recognition. Won't you come in? There are chairs and a table and tea in a tiny central patio room. The tiniest patio room in the

world. They converse in Spanish. A very old, meticulously preserved shadow of a man with bleached yellow hair appears. The three laugh and talk on rapidly together, casting out significant glances and smiles.

A room. (And we are very poor.) Abderrahamne mounts the creaking, warped steps and leads the way to a narrow, bare-stone room. A mattress with a dirty print cloth half covering it. A stand with a water jug. He strips and laughs and splashes the cold water over himself. Look, black, you not care? He giggles like a child; he flexes and ripples in his panther-sleek form; he falls in embarrassed shyness, his hands covering his face, on the mattress. Sits, self-amused, in a corner.

Please excuse me you can give no no no excuse me can you thank you very no no please if you can excuse me please you very nice you lovely can you I like you if you please excuse me yes very quick you nice no no you give wait excuse me.

He lies in congress over you.

Your brother lies over you. Your pale, Swiss brother.

He lies over you; and his black, mortified brother.

He lies over your brother.

The weather was beautiful Sunday morning; I woke early and quickly dressed to keep the beach date. Hamid was

waiting in Café Tugeni. He was staring blankly ahead with his feet propped up on another chair. He got up without saying a word and we left together. I asked him if he had breakfast and he said he wasn't hungry.

We went down Boulevard Mohammed V and crossed the outskirt streets, (deserted and sandy like a little Sahara), until we got on the Malabata road. It was at least a half hour walk to Black Larbi's country house, a small, square, one-level building. He met us at the gate and told us to wait there. He went back to the house and after some time returned with Housain. They were both wearing their bathing suits.

We continued on the road until we reached the narrow straight stream of the paved inlet and then turned left and made our way single file along its ledge toward the sea. Housain jumped into the shallow water and swam along parallel to us. Larbi threw stones at him to make it difficult to keep up. He shouted curses back.

We came to the beach, an endless molding of gold dust, and walked in the direction of Sidi Gandori. Mountain people returning home from the market in the city passed us on their horses and mules, the women dressed in their fantastic costumes, red and white striped serapes, waist girdles as huge as automobile tire-tubes, hide-cloth shoes, brimming conical straw hats, veils covering only the mouth, sometimes caught up under the chin. They carried their infants bound in a towel to their backs.

Hamid mentioned that Mjido had not been at Black Larbi's house and if he had been late he should have caught up with

us by now. He remarked that Mjido was undependable and seemed annoyed.

We decided to stop where we were and go swimming. Hamid took off his shirt and sat in his pants on the sand. I noticed that his chest and back had several cuts and scars. Housain and Larbi ran into the water. Aren't you coming? I asked Hamid. He said he had no bathing suit. I offered him mine. He hesitated, but I insisted, and told him I wasn't going to swim anyhow. He took the red bathing suit and went behind a sand dune to change.

They jumped and dove and played in the waves. I stretched out on the sand and examined the grains in my palm. Hamid came up dripping wet and sat down beside me.

When are you leaving Tangier? he asked.

Tomorrow morning. For Casablanca.

He looked directly into my face. If I had the money I'd go with you.

I turned away and smiled. It seemed a generous offer, but I had in mind to leave Tangier and everything about it.

Oh, I'll be back in a couple of weeks, I'm just going to visit my uncle, I said.

Maybe you won't come back, he replied. Will you always remember Tangier?

Oh, of course.

No, no, not "of course". I mean really remember. He looked straight at me again. I will never forget, he said.

We sat for a few moments in silence.

You took off your little black cap, I noted. You had to, to swim.

Mjido appeared along the beach and came running up. He was his usual heavy and jolly self, despite the fact that he had forgotten to bring food. Housain began to reprimand him but Mjido coaxed him into a wrestling match on the sand that turned into tumbles and acrobatics at which they all joined. I wandered by the water's edge and collected strange red shells and fish teeth.

When I returned to my clothes I discovered that one shoe was missing. I hunted all over: someone had buried it. I decided to say nothing and spoil their fun. Hamid detached himself from the group and came over and sat beside me again. What were you looking for? he asked.

I was about to say my shoe but my glance fell beyond him across the bay at Tangier mushrooming to its Casbah on the far hill, the last image against the great, pale blue sky. You couldn't understand what I was looking for, I said.

Tell me.

No, you couldn't understand. There's a difference between Arabs and Americans.

No difference, no difference, he insisted. Tell me.

I wasn't looking for a Casbah or camels.

A tourist has to have a lot of money to ride on the camels and do things like that, he noted. The impossibility of saying anything, I thought.

I reclined for a while, staring into the sand. Hamid had never come over to me so deliberately before, or ever remained talking so long. I found it very pleasant.

Then, impulsively, I said: I came to Tangier because I

was looking for you. But I don't know how to take you.

We continued to sit without speaking, looking away from each other. Little children passed on the beach. They threw pebbles into the clear sky, ran along naked under their patched jellabas. The waves broke neatly on the shore. Back by the paved inlet a boy was pulling his donkey into the water for a swim. The animal tore away and raced up on the beach, coming in our direction. It passed us with the boy trailing after it, shouting and laughing. We laughed also.

There was some commotion going on between Housain, and Larbi and Mjido. Hamid got up and went over to see what was happening. Housain had packed the mottoui of kif under his bathing suit and forgotten about it. It was soaked through and dripping. There was no use arguing. Housain spread the kif, dark and lumping with moisture, out on some paper to dry in the sun. But it looked very unpromising. It was cheap kif anyway, Housain remarked, that I bought in the Grand Succo this morning.

Larbi commented that there was also no food and Hamid drew the obvious conclusion that it was no use remaining on the beach; we should all return to Larbi's house. And Mjido produced my shoe.

On the road back no French was spoken. They conversed ardently together in Moghrebi without me.

When we got to Larbi's house, Hamid told me to wait on the porch while he went to shower and dress in the yard. He returned with my bathing suit, clean and neatly folded, and gave it to me. I took a step toward the door to join

the others who had gone in, when Hamid grabbed my arm.

Don't go inside, he said. Come with me.

I followed him through the gate and out onto the road. He walked ahead in silence, back toward the city.

After a while he stopped and sat down on the gnarled, fallen trunk of a tree that lay by the road. I came and sat beside him. What's the matter? I asked.

They don't want you to go in the house.

Who?

Larbi doesn't want you to go into his house.

Why?

I don't know. He says he has Moslem books, the Koran, in his house.

So what? I said. I can't read Arabic.

He looked back in the direction we had come from. That imbecile! I'm finished with him. I'm finished with all of them. Now they think you are more important to me than they are. They wanted me to send you home and stay with them. We all came together, so we all must leave together: that's the way it is, isn't it?

Yes, I said.

I'm finished with them.

Mjido, too? I asked. Mjido wanted me to leave?

Mjido, Mjido - he wanted the kif - that cheap, wet kif: so he stayed with them. Is that a friend? Are Larbi and Housain friends?

No, I agreed. But I don't care. Lots of people have strange ideas about their houses.

My house is for everyone who does not do bad to me.

He stood up. They said an American is more important to me than the Moroccans.

When we reached the outskirts of the city I told him I was thirsty. We'll stop in the first place that has soda, he commented, but we continued past several Moroccan cafés until we found a Spanish grocery.

As we stood sipping our sodas beside the red cooler, I said to him: Tangier is simple. Tangier is simple except for you. I'm beginning to think it all won't be so easily cut and dry as I had imagined.

He walked me to the door of Romano's pensión and said he had to go home to eat. I said all right, but that if he came back tonight I would give him a brand new bathing suit. I said I thought it was too bad he didn't own one and that I wanted to buy it for him. He seemed surprised, and then pleased, and said he would come back.

But when I got into my room I remembered that I hadn't packed, and though it was only a matter of stuffing my things into my one small valise, I was rather tired when I finished, and lay down to rest. I fell asleep and failed to get up until 9:30 when I was awakened for supper and so didn't get a chance to go out and buy the present.

Hamid came to my room after I'd finished eating. He was plainly disappointed when he learned that I didn't have the bathing suit. Why don't we go down now, I suggested, and look in the store windows and see what the price of one is? I have to leave on the bus very early in the morning, so I'll give you the money with which to buy one tomorrow.

He agreed and we walked downstairs onto the Boulevard and toward the clothing shops, in the direction of the French Consulate. There were bathing suits in several windows, but all quite expensive. We continued, looking into every store front, till the end of the Boulevard even though it was late and I wanted to get a full night's sleep before the trip, Finally, I said: The ones on the Boulevard are too much money. Tell me about how much you think one would cost in the medina.

I think I could get a nice one for about 1,500 francs, he said.

O.K., here. I took the bills out of my pocket and gave them to him. And I really have to go to sleep now.

We started back to the pensión. Will you write from where you are? he asked.

Sure, give me your address.

Do you have a pen?

I gave him my pen and a small piece of paper. He hesitated. Wait, he said, till we get to the pensión.

I looked out at the bay from the clear, open view of the Boulevard. The lights on the arc of the pier sparkled over the black water like a pendant diamond necklace. The extreme one was a blinking signal, a half-green, half-blue color. A tug boat with a red headlight chugged around the end of the pier and went slowly out in the direction of Malabata point.

We reached the pensión entrance and pulled aside the iron grating. At the foot of the stairs, Hamid said, I'm not going up, I'm going to leave now.

I stopped and turned around. I smiled and said, I hope you get a nice bathing suit.

I will, he assured me, then added suddenly: Could you give me 100 francs for kif tomorrow?

I thought it was a strange, frankly bold request after I had given him the money for the suit. But I took the change from my pocket and put it in his hand.

Will you look for your friends again when you come back to Tangier? The others have not done bad to you?

No, they haven't, I said. I will look for them.

He shook my hand, crossed his heart, and walked to the grating. He turned back and waved. Slema!

Slema...

When I got to my room I discovered he had forgotten to give me his address or to return my pen. I hope he notices that, I thought, or he will think it is I who have forgotten him. I could probably drop him a postcard, though, care of the pensión.

When the American had gone I would not speak to anyone for three days.

I sat in a corner of the cafés, with my eyes on the floor, or outside at a table by myself, looking away across the street. At night, I drank a lot of wine - three or four or five litres. On the third night I drank six litres

and came to Café Tugeni crazy with thinking and wine.

Old Tugeni was sitting behind the counter and a small newspaper boy was half asleep on the booth chair against the wall. And Cheriff was there by the window, who looks so old and wise that he is called the Cheriff, but who is really neither old nor intelligent nor wise, and never talks that way.

Cheriff talked bad of me that night. He said: Look at you, you are poor, you have that same torn shirt and pants on every day. You could've had a lot of money. The American was rich. You could have brought him to my house and we could have robbed him.

He was drunk so I didn't say anything. But he continued: Everything you did for the American - never letting anyone get near him. And now you are still poor. Where is the American? He has forgotten you, he will never come back!

I jumped up at him with my pen-knife in my hand. I could only see his ugly, wrinkled face. Tugeni rushed over between us and before I knew what I was doing, I cut Tugeni in the arm. Look, look what you did to me, he cried. I saw a thin line of blood running down to his wrist. Forgive me, my friend, my father, BaTugeni, I said. I embraced him, and felt weak with the wine and the hurt I had done, and almost collapsed on him.

He made me sit down and told me I was bad when I drank. I told him I was very sorry and asked him to forgive me again. He washed the cut and bandaged it with a cloth, and said that he knew I was a good person but that I was always bad when I drank.

And Cheriff just sat stupidly grinning and mumbling by the window. Then he announced to the others: This boy is drinking because he is sad his American has gone away, because that American is more important to him than his own people.

Are you one of my own people? I asked him. If you are, then the American is surely better than my people: he can speak three languages and knows more than the holy men, you are twice his age and know nothing, not even what not to speak. And the American isn't rich, Cheriff, he earned his few francs sharing what is in his head. You have no money because you haven't even in your head to know how to work. Yes, Cheriff, he is better, far better than my own people.

You are a true fool, Cheriff answered me.

You are charah and dog's shit, I returned.

Cheriff stood up then and rushed toward my chair. Tugeni and the newspaper boy were angry with what I said, but they grabbed Cheriff and struggled with him till they pushed him into the street. I sat by myself for a minute, then got up and, because I was burning in my heart, yanked the tray of tea glasses off the counter and smashed them all on the floor. I went outside to where the three of them were arguing. I shouted at Cheriff, You look to do hurt for a boy who wanted to be friends with the Moroccans. That American was good to me and for this you have found a tongue to speak bad of me.

I spat in Cheriff's face. He screamed like a bouailie. But Tugeni and the other held his arms so he couldn't move. And I walked away from them toward the Delacroix alley. But then, I turned around and called back: And you - you are not fit to talk of him - you dog, you pig! - you will never be good enough to put his name, his holy name, on your dog's tongue.

They pushed Cheriff down the street. I didn't wait for them to come back, I stepped into the six-meter alley and leaned on the stoop there. My head was full of wicked thinking against the Moroccans, against my family and my uncle, all the people who lost my life for me. This American is the only one could ever give me anything. And my Moroccans talk bad of him because I did not steal his money. My heart became full of hatred in the alley for I have never breathed, I always felt myself choking, whenever someone spoke bad of the American.

I hurried west, then south, the direction of Cheriff's room.

My head was turning now. When I started down the hill of Rue de Fès, I saw Cheriff there, just ahead of me on the walk. I slowed my pace and let him continue past the houses till the city outskirts where there are only empty fields with tall trees by the walk. And then, suddenly, everything became red, the whole road became a fire of red as if the sun fell down and rolled through the center of it. I shielded my hand over my eyes so I wouldn't be blinded, and when I took it away I saw it was holding my little knife. And there was Cheriff; he was all black: and all around him the red trees and fields and the sky faded into black - first a dark brown, then black, soot, charcoal black. The most black night a man could know.

I began to run. Cheriff's jellaba steamed the black fire all along his shoulders and sleeves and over his circle-hood. He turned when he heard me reach him. His face screwed into a frightened puzzle the second he recognized me, and he raised his hands clumsily. He was going to cry out if he caught his voice. He started, Ham—

I pulled away his hands and put the knife through his throat.

He stood there, tottering. The pressed blood leaked around

the blade in a small ring. I yanked the blade out of his neck, lifted my clamped fist, and drove it into his chest. It stuck there, his whole body stiffened, and I couldn't get it out it was so little. I took him by the shoulder and twisted the ivory handle so it widened the hole, letting his blood free down the outside of the jellaba, and forced the point out and then pressed the entire blade-length, again, into the center of his chest. I worked it loose more easily this time, because my hand was stronger.

I was still holding him standing up by his shoulder. I looked at his face. The eyes were shut and the tip of his tongue was squeezed through his tight lips. I thought of stabbing him then once more, in the stomach now, but instead I let him go and he fell backwards hitting the stone without a sound. And with his closed face turned towards me. I slid the knife under my sleeve, and moved over a little, right next to him, till my foot touched his open left palm.

We lose.

We lose eachother's lives, I told his body. I stood over the body without moving for more than three hours.

What is the purpose of walking? Of running, riding, sailing, flying? The purpose of passing between Le Havre and Gare Saint Lazare?: every little house with meticulous green lawn: looks exactly like New Jersey. I shall never move, my feet never commit the knowledge of a single step. Fear of an accident might

paralyze me for life? Only for vanity's sake, (what life?), for my unabbreviated luxury of dreams - the intricate deception of movement: bluegrey smoke, navy, blue engine, runrails, the flying iron hanger, billboards and shrubbery on the palisades, this oldnew world of Gare Saint Lazare.

And my staring in the Atlantic: tremendous wash taking a thin latticework of foam and bluest lazuli over the coasting blackness: drifts to the bars of whatever hackneyed hum or desperate aria I set for it. Never felt so bottomed, so inextricably and immerse-gummily taken for eternity in all my life. Now métro. Tunnels. Age of the mole-men, never saw the sun...

But? up, out in the air for a second: the Boul' Mich! promised faces white brown and yellow, hair to waist, bagged sweaters, all costumes - my promised people polkaaround Place Saint Michel, the grand procession across this bridge of the Seine and Notre-Dame suddenly always there, smaller than thought, creeded...

But: Sacré Coeur poorest taste, just ugly, rises impressively over Montmartre with small neat clean tourist quarter reminds me of those tiny doll-villages between Sausalito and Carmel. Then Pigalle's whorehouses, crowds of prostitutes in their doorways (arguing, giggling, grinning with inspection from the posts on which they are awkwardly draped) across to the Algerian section and small dirty cafés, may not be rationalized, Harlem. Higher you elevator on the Eiffel Tower, that less distinct the city becomes: miniatures in post-impressionist blotches of bluegrey and orange, runs and mixes at great price of all its beauty in an unexpected spring shower... comes hurrying away under an umbrella of city bearing inavertible resemblance to New York, N.Y. Musée de Cluny, the Cloisters. (Still, if you must, the crypt of the Panthéon. -And Hugo Voltaire Zola, many soldiersleeps.)

The wife of Barbe-Bleu gets hers for curiosity.

Concerto with Marjorie Talchief (la soeur).

Don lost in to Genet, Burroughs does live on Git-le-Coeur but is in England now, Sartre deserts Deux Maggots, Adamov is not at the Old Navy to hear that Ping Pong flopped in New York. More shoulders on Sixth and Eighth.

Of running, riding, sailing, flying, walking, of latticework by the window coasting out like mat under RKO credits on blackness and blotches of blue-grey and orange, finding their origin in so much watching and seeing and expecting, I, what?, sing? think? carry on stiffening conversation with myself?

What would happen if some way were devised to stop immobility? And would it start movements then, or rather end their illusion? Either amounts to the same thing. Every face is my family's face, and the wall of each building the side of my bureau. Impression, watch, la soeur, umbrella, doll, men who never bothered to see the sun.

Casablanca is a city of boulevards. The white blocks of surrealistic nightmares are piled on either side of streets so wide that to be in the center of one during the sun of day is to feel more lonely than in the middle of the Sahara, during the dark of night more frightened than on a bleak tundra. It's as if the French had been

logically offended when they first discovered the crowded hovels of the little medina and setting out to demonstrate there is purpose in the empty desert about, with inexplicably bad taste for blankwhite and expressionless buildings, fashioned this sprawling, grotesque enigma: Ed Dar El Beida.

The echoes of a struggle, an assault and chase, are horned down the Boulevard Tahar El Alaoui.

Where the Boulevard ends abruptly and a right turn on a pavement of cobblestones and drainways leads to the Old Medina, in the center of the gutter, lie three enormous black apes bleeding silently from the jagged rag of their slashed windpipes.

The sidewalk cafés are to be démoralisés that all may. I saw a gigolo solicit to running students crying "l'Algérie Française", would have cost 6 or 700. Crowded with students that suggest no more ever heard talk of except terribly trapped feeling in the street, linger for a moment to get in the film. Amazing candidates for your company, Arabs and myself, upper berth for an hour on a street that was deserted except from there to Hotel Soufflot. Mise en scène livelier than Cain even and, though frankly neither subject, the boat cabin and time in the pissoirs, was for us. But very intelligent students in no position that was of much suffered through nightmares just as I started toward the

trunk. People here in general could risk stepping up interest in Her, but some every night - there, I've come. Saint Germain is filled with ask Cain what felt very warm, more intelligent, and his account of the promised of her connections close to silent blasé and what was all about how in the train I got better educated than in the city are worthwhile, permit a social hysteria several times in a decadent crowd of the international group of Les Out-at.

Saint United States African Bay is a bitter panorama, secretaries, ambassadorial small lift, or flicks approaching so one Michel starts walking toward the sidewalk cafés.

The sidewalk cafés are crowded with students interested in the film, (mise en scène), lively and very intelligent students. People here in general are more intelligent and better educated than in the United States.

The bars of Saint Germain are filled with a blasé and decadent crowd of the international. Gigoloes solicit on the street, linger for an hour at a time in the pissoirs.

I got my trunk out of check at the station and took it down into the métro. It would have cost 6 or 700 francs to get from there to Hotel Soufflot by taxi. But the trunk was heavy. I felt very warm in the train. I got out at Saint Germain and started walking toward the Soufflot. I had to stop every half block to rest the trunk on the ground. I dragged it by the handle in alternating hands and sometimes held it in both under the base. By the time I reached my destination and climbed four flights of stairs to a room I was thoroughly exhausted and running with sweat under my sticky clothes.

Musée Rodin

~~Musee d'Art Modern~~

Jardin des Plants, Arènes de Lutece

~~Van Gogh, Am. Ex. for check, and travel agency~~

Monteparnasse

Ionesco

1,500 N.F.

La Cinémathique Française, l'Institut Pedagogique National

If you want to be démoralisé I can suggest no more amazing candidate for your company than Cain. Even his account of the promised city in the African bay is a bitter travesty. Unfortunately, I'm in no position that could risk stepping down any farther. I have to keep reminding him that I can't take any nonsense.

Cain and I came out of a restaurant near Saint Germain des Près and fell into a crowd of running students, crying "l'Algérie Française!" In a moment the street was deserted except for us and just as I started to ask Cain what that was all about, a group of les flicks approached and one of them ordered: "Prenez-les. Ils sont les mêmes." We were dragged toward the Black Maria, here, the Basket of Flowers. I was too stupified and stupid to be anything but silent and weary under a couple of nervously threatening night-sticks, but Cain vociferously protested that we were not French. "Vous n'êtes pas français? Vos passports!" They released us and at the sight of our foreign passports took several steps back. They fumbled for a few moments, excusing themselves, and then hurried up the street. Cain

said the right-wingers were stirring up trouble in anticipation of tonight's arrival for conference of some major diplomat. He noted that we were lucky they didn't get us into the Black Maria or we'd have been in for a bit of rough house.

I can't seem to get acclimated to the food or water or something. Slop soapy puddles from the bidet onto the floor. Am just getting over the worst period of TENSION I've ever known. But I am Free and Irresponsible now, and I've got to take advantage of it.

The Algerians are awful, greasy things. Ruth claims that all she ever heard talk of was Arabs and myself, and that frankly, neither subject was of much interest to her. But some of her connections are worthwhile, permit a social panorama, secretaries, ambassadorial personnel, and best of all Pauline, Colette's maid. She opened the doors of Colette's private chambers for me - something she rarely does - and exhibited old photos, the sketches Colette made, and the chairs she wove tapestries for. Pauline jealously guards it all, speaks a classical, delightful French; asked about my plans for the future and the skyscrapers in New York, and presented me with two books of Colette's as souvenir.

I seem to be in the throes of a relapse into some pre-natal claustrophobia or other. I had a terribly trapped feeling in the upper berth of the boat cabin and suffered through nightmares every night there. I've come close to silent hysteria several times in a small lift or atop the world, with no way down, at the opéra. I don't imagine

it's anything to worry about but since it seems as if it could get out of hand I'd better not tempt it. I've got to avoid small, closed places and great heights for a while. And it's strange because I have no memory of this sort of thing in the states: I'm probably just concentrating a host of indefinite, black imaginings, into this one area.

Be in the throes of awful, greasy things. Ruth claims to get acclimated to come out of a restaurant to be démoralisé I can get my trunk out of check at Saint Germain. Filled with, crowded with students interested to be démoralisés that some pre-natal claustrophobia or other ever heard talk of was and that frankly neither subject fell into candidacy for your company or took it down into the decadent crowd of the international. Saw a gigolo solicit to a terribly trapped feeling in the interests of his, some or something, am just getting to students crying "l'Algérie Française", and his account of the promise that would have cost 6 or 700 francs a street linger, would have cost the boat cabin and worthwhile suffering. A social period of tension.

The street was deserted except African Bay, a bitter walk from there to Hotel Soufflot, time in the pissoirs, people there in general students that suggest no more every night. I've come personally and best of all am free and irresponsible now, just as when I started, I'm in no position. That the trunk was heavy I'm better educated except for terribly trapped feeling of hysteria several times near Colette's maid. She opened the to take advantage of it that was all about a down any farther I have.

I got to lingering a moment atop a world with private chambers for me, something the Black Maria here the him that I can't take, Michel walking toward for your company Arabs and the opéra, I didn't imagine, and exhibited old photos. I was too stupified and had tostop every half hour on a street with something to worry about. But since it and the chairs she wove were anything but silent and weary the trunk on the ground got to Hotel Soufflot. It could get out of jealously guarding it all, speak of nervously threatening night-sticks alternating handles. Then Cain even, and though not to tempt it I've got French, asked about my plans, protested that we had both not held it in under the boat cabin, and closed places, and great heights like the skyscrapers in New York.

At the sight of the time I reached my was for us but very and it's strange because I me with two books of several steps back fumbled four flights of stairs to no position that was of this sort of thing, moments excusing themselves, and then was thoroughly exhausted and got running nightmares just as I started.

I'm probably just concentrating on a street Cain said was to the right. Musée Rodin: people here in general could put black imaginings into this one, trouble in anticipation of l'art modern, jardin des plants interest in Her, or some conference of some major diplomat, Van Gogh, American Express, for I've come. Saint Germain: we were lucky they didn't agency Montparnasse, Ionesco, 1,500 N.F., la!

Cain who felt very warm in the Black Maria or we'd pedagogie national his account of the promised for a bit of rough close

to silent blasé.

I'm see this tourist sittin on Boulevard Mohammed El Hansali. I'm go upta him and say: 'Lo, Mister, shoe shine? Him say no right away. I'm tell him him got it for nothin. Him say no again. So I'm start shinin he shoes quick before him say no three times.

When I'm finish I'm ask for 150 francs. Him say him just pay 150 francs for eat in restaurant Moroccan. You eat in restaurant Moroccan? I'm ask. Him say yes.

Him give me 100 francs but say, O.K., here, if you take me buy kif. I'm think. Who gonna get he fluce me or kifmen in Franco-arabe? I'm think talk him change the head soon so I'm say, O.K. me buyem kif, and take the fluce.

Soon I'm takit he watch for try on size. I'm talk too much for him forget the watch. But Moushyb come by and see me talkin with this tourist and him sit down and try sell some writin pens with naked ladies. Him say me, Go way small boy. Then him see the watch. Him look at me and the tourist and say, Oh-ho, and then him call me Zemel.

Tsina zemel, I'm answer him and givit watch to the tourist and say him, You, me, go. Moushyb want trouble.

Him get up but Moushyb come too. Finally him tell tourist no pay much fluce for me and him laugh and go way. I'm have lotta mad.

I'm carry cerie box with me and takehim tourist showhim one big café Moroccan. I'm ask 100 francs for two teas, payem 50. But when I'm come back with teas some Riffies like start talkin with the tourist. No good: Riffies, I'm tell him, we go now. Him ask for kif. I'm think, Him still think of kif. I'm have in the head him one very nice young tourist and maybe me no have trouble in Franco-arabe, so I'm say, Worchah - yallah. And him and me go lookit the kif.

We walk back on El Hansali and go in just first street of Quartier des Habous. I'm findhim kifman quick. I'm ask the touist, How much? Him say two packs. I'm ask kifman, How much two packs? Him say 100 francs and I'm tell the tourist 100 francs for two packs, same-same Tangier. But him not have 100 franes him have 500. Kifman gottem in the head 500 franes. I'm tellem givit me back 400. Him start talkin too much and I'm grab the fluce. Three big mens come and like takin the fluce back. Me and the touist walkin quick outta des Habous.

I'm breathe too much, like I'm runnin, and the touist fellow ask me why. I'm say I'm plenty much shakin. Him sit with me for a rest. I'm tellem big mens wanta like to hit me and him.

I'm see one mijdoub very old walk and sayin a lot. I'm say, Plenty crazy peoples in Morocco. The tourist him tell me, Much many more in different countries. I'm see blackit woman and blanca woman sittin on the Boulevard. I'm say, Blackit woman good, misien bizef, blanca woman talk very much. You like him blackit woman? And the

tourist fellow like start laughin too much. I'm laugh too.

I'm ask him givit me 100 francs, runnin buy bon-bon. I'm pay 25 francs, comin back and tellhim 140. Hire, I'm say, misien. How you like? Half-half, him say. Lemme see you fluce, I'm ask. Him show me some and I'm grab 100 francs. Service, I'm tell him. And him not answer nothin. So I'm smile and say, Me papa kill me tonight. Me not shine shoes, not make 1,000 francs for night. Me papa kill me. You can give for me? All this fluce you got?

Then him have lotta mad, call me bandito-boy. I'm tell him, You, me, go round tonight, for that gotta givit fluce. Him say ne, say him know I'm stealhim fluce, pay very much for bon-bon, very much for tea. I'm start shakin, tell him, You go askit bon-bon man. Him get up to go to bon-bon man and I'm yell, Worchah, me bandito! - me stophim big mens wanna kill you in des Habous and me bandite!

I'm takit me eerie box and go way with lotta mad.

I was lying on the couch behind the desk fanning myself and trying to keep as still as possible, when Fatima said she thought she heard someone come in. I got up and straightened my dress and leaned out over the desk to look. A young man was standing in the door - he looked about

eighteen - holding a small, fat valise. He was tall and stood up quite straight in a rather worn navy-blue shirt and tappering, brown, pin-striped trousers. He walked into the lobby and put the valise on the floor, and came over and rested his elbows on the desk with a long sigh. He stared across at me, without saying a word. His face was oval and his hair, very full, fell in huge bunches of curls over his forehead. A pair of fibrous, light blue eyes was set in the rich, deep orange of his sun-burnt skin. He could have been Moroccan or French; or Italian or Jewish or Spanish.

He picked up a hotel sheet, took out an American passport and pen, and began to fill it in. An American, I thought, that explains how he looks: they're everything. I addressed him in English: Want a nice room?

No, he said, a cheap one.

O.K., I said, I give you the cheapest one, on the second floor. 600 francs, please.

I took him up to the room and unlocked the door. This O.K.? I asked. He went to the window and looked out at the red houses across the garden. He said, Yeah. I said, Hope you're comfortable here, and gave him the keys and went down stairs.

A few minutes later the service bell rang in his room. I combed my hair quickly and tied it with a red ribbon to match my dress, which I smoothed out again, and hurried upstairs. The door was closed. I knocked twice. He opened it and was standing there half undressed. He stared at me from head to toe. What is it? I asked.

That's what I want to know, he said.

What do you mean: didn't you just ring?

He turned and looked at the button of the bell. Oh, so that's the bell, he said, I'm sorry: I thought it was the light switch.

O.K., but you be careful next time, I told him; and went down again.

About five minutes later he rang a second time. I climbed the stairs. He was standing at the door when I got there, and said, Could you tell me where the toilet is?

It's the last door at the end of the hall, I said. Use the small key. Anything else?

Yes, could I take a shower?

There's a bath tub downstairs.

Hot water?

100 francs extra for hot water.

O.K., I won't take a bath. Thanks.

You could take a cold one, I suggested. It's hot enough to.

O.K., I'll see maybe later. That's all.

And I came down again.

I wasn't surprised a short time later, to hear the service bell ring for the third time. I went up the stairs very, very slowly. I had to wipe the perspiration from my forehead. He wasn't visible in the hallway, but his door was open so I walked quietly into the room. I didn't see him at first: he was kneeling on all fours with his head under the sink. Yes? I said.

I found a cobweb, he noted.

Where?

Here, under the sink.

What are you doing looking under the sink?

Well, for 600 francs, he started -

For 600 francs Fatima does a pretty good cleaning job and there aren't any cobwebs where you're supposed to be looking. And is there anything else because it's almost 17:30 and I get off work now and I'm going home.

Well I should hope that for 600 francs there won't have to be anything else, he commented. So I'll see you tomorrow.

All right, I said, and check-out time is twelve noon.

I was talking to Fatima about 2:00 in the afternoon the next day when this American first came down. He was wearing the same clothes as the day before and his hair looked uncombed. I noticed there were several rents along the stitching of his shoes. He came to the desk and said, Sallem Molycomb, what is there to see in Marrakech this hot day? I've decided not to check out until tomorrow.

Well, I said, that depends on what you want to see.

Something exotic.

O.K. sit down and wait a minute till I finish these bills and then I'll tell you. I made him wait a long time, checking each bill twice, and then arranged them neatly and came out and sat in one of the overstuffed chairs next to him. We have La Menara reservoir out near the aerodrome, I told him, you can get there by taxi. There

are the public gardens between Ville Nouvelle and the Medina and then there is the big Koutoubia Mosque and the souks near the central Place Djemaa El Fna.

Where is the Casbah? he asked.

That is way down in the Medina. But we never go there.

Why?

Because it is no good. You heard me talking to Fatima in Moghrebi but I am not Arabic. I am Jewish.

How come you speak Moghrebi?

Moghrebi was my first language. I was born in Marrakech. I learned French and English in school.

And you never go to the Casbah?

I never saw the Casbah in my life. It is dangerous; they could steal everything from you.

He looked away at the open door and smiled. What is the difference between Arabs and Jews? he asked.

What do you mean? I said.

I mean what's the difference.

The difference? The difference! It's the same as the difference in your country between the blacks and the whites. You know the difference between the blacks and the whites.

What's that?

I dropped my wrist. You could give up on him. You're not so intelligent, huh? I asked. I explained to him about the dirty, dangerous, ignorant Arabs and the culture and education of the Jews. He asked about my family and why I live in Marrakech and I told him I was an orphan but that my sister lives in Louisiana. Someday I'm going

to America, I said, and I'll get married there when I'm twenty-six.

When you're twenty-six?

Yes, that's a good age to get married. I'll be tired of being single by then.

Why do you have to go to Louisiana?

There's no one good here. There's no one here. He looked at me carefully. He might ask me out tonight, I thought. He moved very close, and said, Could you tell me where I could get a good meal for less than 300 francs?

I grinned and stood up and went behind the desk. In the Casbah, I said.

O.K., thanks, think I'll go down there and look around. He got up and walked to the door and said, Don't strain yourself at your work while I'm gone.

And you don't at yours! I shouted.

He didn't return in the evening so it wasn't until the next morning that I saw him again. Checking out? I asked. Not until I have a hot bath, he said.

Well, 100 francs please, because I have to heat the water.

No deal.

Then take a cold one.

You take a cold one. Requires too much courage for me.

I do take cold ones - every day.

Well, how about a hot one for nothing -

Look, what are you so tight for?

Sorry, he said, no hot bath, no checking out.

Fine with me, I told him and stretched out on the

couch. He lit a Casasports and leaned on the desk and started fidgeting with the calendar and the inkwell. He began opening up the tourist pamphlets that I had neatly stacked there.

What did you do yesterday? I asked.

I went and saw the Djemaa El Fna and walked around the souks until I got bored. Then I went out to the Menara and there was nothing there.

By taxi?

No, I walked. But there was nothing there.

La Menara is a great construction.

All I saw was a water tank with an engine house. And it was the hottest walk of my life.

You have to understand the feat of building it during the Almohade dynasty in order to appreciate it, I explained. And if you took a taxi out there you wouldn't have been so hot.

Well I got good and bored anyway.

Everything makes you bored if you don't know how to go about it right.

He stepped away from the desk and sank into one of the stuffed chairs with an exaggerated sigh. That's just it, he said, how do you learn to go about it right?

In my religion it says, teach your hands to do and they will teach you.

What does that mean?

You think about it.

He got up and started pacing the carpeting. Why did you come to Marrakech? I asked.

I'm looking for my uncle.

Your uncle?

I couldn't find him in Casablanca, but somebody told me he lives in Marrakech.

What's his name?

William Merrick.

I have known Bill Merrick since I was a little girl. He used to take me on his lap and give me candy. He brought me a different kind of candy every time he came to the city. I could see a resemblance between him and this boy. So you're Bill Merrick's nephew, I said, why didn't you tell me before? I could do you a favor and show you where to look for him. I told him I didn't know where his uncle lived exactly, but advised him to try certain bars that he always frequented and that if he weren't there, to go out to L'Aviation near the aerodrome. He said thanks, but maybe it was better that he didn't try looking for his uncle too hard.

Why not? I asked, that's silly.

Well, I wrote to him at Casablanca a long time before going there and those letters were certainly forwarded to him wherever he is. And he chose to never answer them. Maybe he doesn't want to see me.

No, that's very silly - he probably never got the letters or was too busy to answer them. Everybody likes to see the people in their family.

He hesitated. I think you should try anyhow, I added. That has to do with what I said before - about teaching your hands.

Well, we'll try out your world-view, he said and went to the door. I shall present an exact account tomorrow of how it stands up under crucible. And he walked out of the lobby into the street.

He was up early the next morning, right after I got to work, and smiling broadly as he came down the stairs.

Well? I asked.

You lost!

I did?

Yes. He was not in any of the bars you mentioned and no one has seen him for months. There isn't a single American registered out at L'Aviation. I told them he might be English - I'm not sure whether he's naturalized or not - but there isn't a single Englishman out there either.

Well, I'm not certain I lost even so, I said.

Naturally, he commented, you have the inscrutable Orient to rely on as buffer and spring-board-back to any conceivable fall. But I've had enough of this city. Where is there to go from here?

Sorry you want to leave so soon, I said. But let me see... a lot of tourists used to go from here to Agadir. I pointed to the place on a map.

I'm not that sadistic.

They're doing a lot of reconstruction.

Or that sadistic.

How about southeast then? Asni and Oukaimeden are winter resorts, but you could visit Ouarzazate.

Wharwhowhat? What's that?

Ouarzazate. It's a city.

As big as Marrakech?

Almost as big. I was there about five or seven years ago.

What's there to do in Ouarzazate?

Just then Fatima came down; she was looking for the keys to the linen closet. She peeked over my shoulder at the map. Ameryka? she asked.

La, Marrib.

He stared closely at Fatima. Why are all the women in Morocco called Fatima? he said.

They aren't all called Fatima. Only about half.

But what is Fatima?

It isn't anything, it's a name. Fatima was the wife of the prophet so they give themselves her name so they can feel important.

Mohammed, ditto?

Yes.

Well, when is the next bus to Ouarzazate?

About 13 o'clock. You can go to the depot just before then: you don't have to buy a ticket in advance.

Why do they call this place Hôtel de la Palmeraie?

Because that's its name.

Why?

Because de la Palmeraie can remind people that it is near palm groves and they will want to come down to Marrakech then. Look, you better go upstairs and get packed. Some more questions and you'll end up here another day.

O.K., boss, he said and started up the stairs.

Hey, I shouted, you going to Ouarzazate in those clothes, and without taking a bath?

Well, you refuse to make any hot water.

Take one in cold water.

No.

No "no". I'll fill up the tub for you.

He came down a few minutes later with a towel and a change of clothes and underwear. I fixed the bathroom up very neatly. He said Thank you, and went in. I heard a lot of splashing and singing.

He came out a half hour later buttoning a turquoise blue shirt. His trousers were pale green. His hair looked darker, lying in long, flat, wet waves. He knotted the laces of a pair of spare shoes, threw them over his shoulder, and picked up his checkered valise. That wasn't so bad after all, he said - the cold water I mean. Then he added, Well this is adieu I suppose.

Try and send a card, I told him.

He went to the door and stood in the light of the street. The sun was completely unshadowed and fractured his outline so that though he paused there for several moments in full view, he was only partially visible.

Ledges fall hundreds of feet to chipped rocks and bushes in the cradle of history and mangled auto wrecks. Those

unveiled women by the rows of thatched huts built on the shelves of the cliffs, watch the bus lean around the curve in the dirt road, wait out the itinerant agony of the others.

Shepherds walk dreamily amongst their flocks. Little trees clustered with stars of pink flowers have roots in the diamond cascades of the brooks; snow peaks saw the empty sky. White and green, the mountains glide broadly toward the dusty hollows and hillsides of the chasms. The Grand Atlas is the last natural suggestion between the progressor and unmitigated leave of the unprogressable wastes....

The heaven formed a cupola of unbroken constellations over Ouarzazate as the bus pulled in. It can't be a very big town, I thought, I don't see many lights. The bus driver noticed me remain uncertainly in my seat while all the other passengers were crowding to get off. Have you come to Ouarzazate to work? he asked.

No, I'm just a tourist, I said.

Do you have a place to stay?

No, but were those two buildings that we passed with lights on hotels?

Yes, he said reflecting a moment. But they're very expensive. Wait here for me and I'll find someone who can show you to a cheaper place.

He returned in a few minutes with a small, apparently mute Negro and said that this man would serve as guide. I thanked him and followed after the Negro who had picked up my valise.

We walked south along the road where a sparse network

of electric bulbs illuminated the fact that the road apparently also served as the main and practically only street in town. It was called, of course, Boulevard Mohammed V. A short distance farther and the lights were planted far between; I was just barely conscious of a gigantic wall of stone that rose to the left along the way. I stared into the darkness. I could make out faintly several small caves in the ledges of the stone.

We took a sharp right turn at the last light and made our way beside a twenty-foot mud wall. The other side of the unpaved drive was lined with tall, bending trees. In a moment, we were enveloped in blackness. I followed my guide by the sound of his steps. It can't be very far from here, I thought. But the Negro continued walking. He could be leading me anywhere. Into a perfect trap, perhaps. But no, my lack of instinctual fear abolishes that. What am I doing completely alone in Africa if there is something to fear, some encouragement for luxurious speculations? I wish we'd come to somewhere, though. That dumb girl, she said Ouarzazate was as big as Marrakech.

Suddenly an opening in the trees revealed a very long, flat, barracks-type building. A large bulb was over one of its doors and two Moroccans were seated by a table in the light it cast on the clearing outside. The guide stopped. He was obviously leaving it up to me to present myself. I walked slowly up to the table and asked the older man in French if there were a place here where I could spend the night. He said this was La Division de

la Jeunesse et des Sports and asked me if I had a youth card. I told him no. He said, Well, that's all right, you can stay here anyway.

Is there a restaurant open in the town where I could get something?

He spoke to the other Moroccan, a young Negro, for a moment and then said to me, Just stay here and we'll eat shortly. Please sit down.

I tipped the guide who had been standing motionlessly in the shadows and he examined the coin in the electric light, seemed satisfied, and turned and went away. I sat down by the table without trying to appear either confident or uncertain. As a matter of fact, I no more felt that need to project a particular consciousness than I would have at a table of intimates on the lawn of a warm summer evening.

My name is Oukacha, the first man said, and this is Georgey. Are you French?

I told them I was American and they seemed pleased and asked me what I was doing in Ouarzazate. I said I was touring and had come here believing this to be a large city. But you will stay a few days anyway? Oukacha asked.

Yes, I think so, I replied.

I heard some voices and laughing from the road and in a moment five men, all in western clothes as the first two, emerged into the light. Oukacha and Georgey greeted them and introduced me and they all drew chairs up around the table. Georgey consulted briefly with Oukacha, then disappeared into the building and made several trips from

there shortly, carrying plates heaped with chicken and almonds. They each said, Bismillah! and began eating. I hesitated a second, then imitated them, picking the chicken parts and almonds in sauce off the plate with my hands. There were a few minutes of silence broken only by an occasional whisper or jibe in Moghrebi.

Then one of the youngest, seated at the far end of the table from me, looked up and said in a perfect, very rapid French, Does it not inconvenience you to eat with your hands?

I smiled and replied, No, it is the same as eating with silverware.

He fired several other questions at me about my reactions to Moroccan customs and attitudes and sometimes in such a speeding clip of Parisian French that I had to embarrassingly ask him to repeat himself. But to each of the inquiries I answered that I had come across nothing at all in the Moroccan way of life to upset, uncomfort, or displease me. He broke our conversation off suddenly with a nervous gesture of the fingers and fell to hurriedly engrossing his nearest companion in Moghrebi.

Oukacha and two of the others engaged me with questions about New York. One of the men, an Algerian, told jokes to the group. The student, the one who had first spoken to me, urged the Algerian to translate the last for my benefit.

And he related this: One day, a Spanish prisoner condemned to death pleaded that he be permitted to kiss

the Pope and Generalissimo Franco before his execution. Touched by the sentiment, but finding its plea hardly tenable, Franco arranged to have Salvatore Dali paint a representation of himself and one of the Pope on each of the thighs of a huge harlot. The prisoner was exposed to the naked harlot in a dark cell and by a play of trick lights given the illusion that he was in the presence of the two he desired to kiss. He knelt and embraced and kissed the figures and then was taken up by the guards to be led to the firing squad. Please, he pleaded, before I go grant me a last wish: that I be permitted to also kiss Fidel Castro.

They all laughed heartily at this and I laughed too, though I wasn't certain at first in the oddity of lecherous imagination and political juxtapositions exactly what was being satirized. And most of all, my not expecting such a contemporary intricacy of conception here in the Sahara blocked my understanding.

The group chatted for a while longer and then started breaking up as three of the men set out for their homes. Two, Chia and Abshib, decided to spend the night at the Jeunesse with Oukacha, Georgey, and myself.

We went into the building and turned on the lights. There was one long room with straw-stuffed beds on either side. I chose the third bed on the left and each of them picked one adjacent to it, Oukacha even moving his sheets from the far end of the room where he apparently habitually slept. The lights were soon turned off but they seemed disposed to ardent conversation in the dark. I was very

tired, yet excited by their wrapt curiosity. They discussed marriageable ladies, and inquired after those tall, beautiful blondes they had heard were in America.

And Georgey asked, Do they also like little ones like yourself in America?

I'm not little, I said.

He rolled over with a pull of crumpled sheets and laughed mischievously. We are very happy that you have come to visit us, he offered.

And we all fell asleep.

Here is the mirage valley, scooped and planted with tents
and palms like the hole of Taza or Taouz or Tagounite
Yet more inaccessible than ever were any of these, than
Taouz or Tagounite even, and here then seed
The gardens of the Hashshashins, the oases and palaces of
Paradise so highly prized, costily bartered.
Leave me, therefore, to sit upon the dune a small while and
watch till Herakles on his head will strike at Vega
Shall make the unmoving eternal bid and lift me with that
into the geometry of the palaces and tents.

Here was a maid that once I sought, secret sultana or a
Marabout's odalisk, yes, as either uncovered
So veiled in her cradling howdah was she. Her waist, the
scimitar stem of Rissani water reed, epaule,

On which her pearl leaf neck and arms, pearl-blue, no trace
of olive or brown, moved as the prothalamion of wind.
Amulets budded on her ankle knot, and in her tress the color
of a ware-fox slipping sidewise through a sandcloud
In the set sun. Her kith were murderous, blood-letters all,
she once I sought and evenso, sadly still must seek.

By what means are the palaces anchored, by what devices the
tents raised? Where is the hempen rope binds the two?
I do not creed that my caravan of calabash and courtesies
may keep a sun-sight on its rocking camels
In the inviability of desert for many more mornings without
it. There is only a dry, deadly trod
A nomad courage and crossing now. I carry my home, my several
marriages, stakes, and winnings with me always
Stop in crude and every day less careful camp-site at the
increasingly unassailable bidding of each new sun.

My noble camels, calves and milch-cows, I owe them every my
fabulous awe. They are enigmatic, pedigreed of God,
They have the Marabout's grisgris, a secret passed through
their several scornful stomachs, that keeps them
fierce in the desert.
Or perhaps they do not know, are then ever more wonderous
mysteries, ingenious as near flesh-naked fox.
But in their slaughter remain my heels, burnt in the Sahara
to robust blister, eternally shoed for the sands.
If these many heartless dexterous masters scourge our sleep,
can God have pitched no even dropping post?

-See how the vision works its miracle: the gardens of the mirage
sparkling in green, embroider the furrowed drifts,
Are chartered with minimum stars to autoguide the caravan of
the Dream. Splendid teacle and peacock curtains
Of harems in groves of Ishali and date. Sheikhdoms in slave-
scaped cinnamon valleys, chestnut, walnut, ebony,
Prune. Flutes, a lute, pluck on a string of blue pearls that
serpents about in the Garanfoli lawn and lastly coils
Like a bunch of rain soaked grapes at my feet. Did all this
achieve in sigh of a sloe-dark dish of Hashshashin deed?

You Who You Be Who lawes my feet on the white fiery world,
this simple kasidah seeks the Mihrab and Mimbar
That are Sagittarius to the rope road between the palaces
and tents. Ideas of the palaces, peppercorns,
Spangles, ideas of the tent are two of a tongue: they speak the
Dream that is all that grows or flowering of this world.
I am the bedouin of the Real Rope, the actually braided hemp,
its nails driving the tent into the sand,
Suspending the palace in the sky. For sake of the tents that
conjure the palace, the palace permitting the tents.

A sun was released over the dunes like a balloon from a child's hands: it shot haughtily up, savage from the very quick second of its liberty. A sun. From a son's hands? Or a son from a father's hands? Something was wrong, here and now, now

finally, that had always been wrong. But I did not know what. And could I discover what? I mean I.

My fingers traced the sun's progress for a half hour before reentering the Jeunesse...

My turn came to take a shower. There were three separate shower sprinklers over a long stone trough in the small room in the back, but we each went in alone, washed, dried, and dressed ourselves, before allowing the next person to enter. The water was cold, however the temperature's rising to over 100° in the morning made that more than welcome.

Oukacha prepared coffee on a small alcohol burner while Georgey spread butter on disc-shaped loaves of black bread. The coffee was very strong, the small, syrupy with sugar portion of the glass resting on two inches of grounds.

Let us walk to the town very slowly because it is hot, Oukacha advised. On the road, I questioned him about the little caves in the face of the great rock wall. Don't go exploring in them, he said, there are serpents there.

When we reached the center of town, really just several rows of one-level houses, the four consulted briefly. Oukacha said they were going to visit a sick friend for an hour or two and would I mind walking around till they came back; I could eat in the little Moroccan restaurant in the meantime.

I stood alone in the dusty road for several minutes, impressed by the sun, when I saw Oukacha coming back. A quite unreadable expression covered his lemuroid face:

Would you like to come with us now? he asked. What about the sick man? I said.

Actually, I don't believe he's sick, he commented.

We walked to one of the last houses on the road and went into a large tile-floored room whose only furniture was low divans against the walls. Sammi, whose house it was, greeted us enthusiastically. Shortly afterward, Abdelmajid, the student, arrived with his friends Allal and Rachid.

They set about playing a game of cards at which they requested I join. It was called Ahha-Bahbah - "Oh, My Papa", as Abdelmajid explained. It was a case of recognizing the category of each card thrown successively clockwise by the participants and reacting to each with a salute, verbal greeting, slamn down of the palm, etc., according to the rules set, the last person to react correctly collecting the thrown cards. The player to end with the deck suffered consequences devised by each of the others, such as all kinds of physical contortions, humorous stances, and recitations of obsequious homage. I lost the first game, but after an abortive try at chastising me, was excused on the grounds of being a novice. I caught on quickly though, and didn't lose again.

An enormous platter heaped high as half a man with couscous was brought in and we all sat around it, scooping off handfuls of farina working our way toward the crown of chicken, beef, and green peppers. Oukacha and Rachid nudged several of the larger pieces of meat over to me. When I hastened my hand to restore their generosity, sudden,

quite startlingly angry frowns restrained it: both heaped my portion of the platter and they all took turns in urging me to my fill. I complied with every new encouragement and ended by consuming double of what everyone else did for fear of offending both hosts and guests. The huge, grinning Rachid seemed to even take rapacious proxy in my every mouthful.

The shadow of what appeared to be a young girl haunted the gauze drapery in the door to another room.

When the platter was three-quarters finished it was taken away and the tile floor quickly swept with a damp towel. We rinsed our hands in water spilled from an ornate, gold-plated copper pitcher into a deep basin etched with matching designs. Hot mint tea and fresh fruit were served.

Presently two darabukkas and a tambourine were brought and Allal, a light, very American looking Negro, after tying a towel about his middle, broke into a rather provocative belly dance. The rhythms quickened, his thighs menaced forward in jerks, rolled in brazen semicircles; each spectator was favored with a vixon smile; his head fell back as he accompanied his serpenting torso with rippling laughter. Allal will marry a white woman, Rachid told me. What will their children be?

They will be Moroccan, I suggested.

Good, he said clapping his hands and rose to join Allal. He danced about him, stamping the beat and chanting a loud repetitive incantation. Holding the tambourine away from his face, Abdelmajid explained the nature of this dance of central Morocco. As it ended, he beat the tambourine

out strongly into a new rhythm of the Berbers and Bedouins and Chia and Sammi rose to join Allal and Rachid in this primitive, exciting folkdance. Oukacha and Abshib kept to the darabukkas.

I sat in the corner for a while with my hands around my knees, but at last found clapping to the beat irresistible. The group joined elbows and stepping lively together in a line came back and forth across the room much as the more northern Oriental dancers do. Georgey leaped wildly into the crowd carrying Abshib away from his darabukka. Oukacha, and Abdelmajid himself, finally forsook their instruments; and forming two crossing lines of four, they moved rapidly about in a circle and sang loudly together.

The dancing continued for more than an hour until most of them grew exhausted. Rachid seemed a bursting bin of exhibitionist energy and entertained us with acrobatics, imitations of military leaders and musclemen. Every stance and switch of position was accompanied by deep, barbaric grunts. He coaxed Georgey into assisting him and had him lie supine on the floor. He drew a lace from off one of my shoes and twining it mystically between his fingers danced in ritual steps over the spread arms and legs of Georgey. Then, suddenly, he stooped and opened Georgey's trousers, noosed the head of his sex with the lace and drew its great, flat black length out and up, pulling mercilessly. The others broke into approving laughter though I imagine I sat more drop-jawed than anything else. My lace: a clever, if mean accusation.

Abdelmajid left with Allal and Rachid toward mid-

afternoon, to play a game of soccer they said. I remained in Sammi's house with those who thought it was too hot to take to the streets, much less sports, until the first siroccos broke the sky some time after 6 o'clock.

On the way back to the Jeunesse I questioned Georgey about the games in which he participated, particularly the one employing my shoelace. What did it mean? I asked. It didn't mean anything, he said laughing. Well, why did you do it?

Why? he said. It was fun, wasn't it?

The next morning Georgey and Oukacha awoke early and rode their bicycles to work before 8 o'clock. They worked, along with Allal, Chia, Abshib, and Sammi at the Service de l'Enregistrement et Timbre, located in a small stucco and mud building at the opposite end of town. Oukacha gave me the key. I locked the door and went back to sleep.

I was up and washed before they returned at noon. We prepared a brief lunch of stewed tomatoes and onions over the alcohol burner and took the sections and sauce from the plate with pieces of bread. They requested that I say Bismillah, before eating, or in its stead a Western grace. I chose Bismillah without comment. They each ate very little, giving me more than half the plate. I was hungry, so I consumed it, but promised myself to eat no more than the others thereafter. We said, happily, Hamdullah!, when we were finished.

Oukacha spread a blanket on the floor, knelt uttering and touched his forehead to the ground in prayer. I watched him cautiously, to my amazement, all but mesmerized. My thoughts wandered back several centuries; then several weeks... Soon

afterwards we returned to bed for the siesta. I couldn't sleep, of course, and reflected on another habit I would hastily have to acquire. They were up and off to work again at 4 o'clock. As I stood in the door waving to them, I wondered for a brief moment about the possible significance of my remaining as guard, during their absence, in the shelter of desert men. I am being entrusted, I thought, but with what? There is really nothing here, except themselves. Themselves. -Can it be so? Only if I volunteer. And do I? -how strange.

I tried walking out to the edge of the sandy wastes but the heat was too oppressive. I returned to the Jeunesse and spent the remainder of the afternoon writing letters to announce that wherever else I may or may not go in my life, I was here, now, in the Moroccan Sahara, at the end or the beginning of civilization. I went into town at 7:00 and met my new friends just as they were getting out of work.

On successive mornings I took brief walks to the Casbah or if the sun wasn't too strong, into the fields and desert. I read the two books that were in my valise. I made couples, chains, and orders of the people I had met, every new day requiring surprising alterations. Several times I visited the Enregistrement and joked with them while they worked on figures and sheets. But my presence caught us with one chair short and they kept alternating theirs in order that I never have to stand; which made me feel more or less uncomfortable and discouraged my staying for any lengths of time.

At night we walked back and forth along the main road until it was late or joined at the Jeunesse to laugh and talk for long hours. One night, when Oukacha, Georgey, Chia, and Abshib were there and each was in a good listening mood, it was

suggested that stories be told. Georgey related a simple one about merchants and businessing that was clean and classical in form, but whose final meaning escaped me. Oukacha's story was even simpler, involving animals as the characters; and quite brief - it was over before I could find a foothold with which to orient myself. Then it was my turn. I let my mind take a quick cruise in the stream of events and situations for something that the just-concluded stories warned would have to be weighty in its universality. I felt remotely challenged by what the difficulties might be of minutely reconstructing from memory Sophocles' OEdipus Rex. Then, in a moment, I felt unreasonably confident that I could do it, that the strange circumstance demanded every exact detail of the drama placed in its true order in order to hold its audience and be significant, and that this very necessity would engender the required results. I proceeded slowly, feeling the ultimate assurance of concentrate and direction that the story teller does when he hears his very tale being clearly whispered in his ear, drew them all into a net of indivisible attention, and related every inevitable step in its irrevocable linkage. They were wrapt up and bundled in their wide eyes, fell at almost physical attempts to divert their approaching terror.

When it was over they lamented the pity of it and, with lenity, the perfect justice of the hero's deserts. Oukacha remained silent for a while, ahead of himself in a fixed stare. Then he said, Sure, it was his own fault because he would not stop looking and looking and questioning and questioning when everyone else had warned him to. When I was young I ran someone over with my father's car. I never told anyone. I burned

the car and said it was stolen. I have never thought about it till now. What good could it do me to confess, or receive punishment, or think a lot about what is past? I have not searched for this truth. Yes, your Grecian king, his story, gives me a fiery, large feeling inside - as though I were in the whole, whole world.

Oukacha and I stood in the moonlit irrigation-patch of vegetables outside the Jeunesse. He stood to my left, being blind in his left eye. I had not given particular notice to that before, or to the strain and strangeness of still addressing him and the rest of the group in the formal plural. But this last was something they insisted on, refusing to pick up my pretended slips to the tu-toier. I imagined that in Marrakech, where most of these men came from, the formal address in a classic Arabic or ridged Moghrebi was retained religiously. Still, it seemed superfluous, almost, but not quite bordering on ridicule in view of the intimacy he had coerced me into the previous night.

Only the humor in his taking pains to conceal the machination from Georgey, while Georgey (I knew) was at similar secretive effort, kept me from genuine ill-feeling. That, and the actual silliness of it all. The hopelessness.

Oukacha spoke about his young wife and infant in Marrakech. He said he was very lonely. He showed me a photo of the child-like wife, a beauty of Biblical dignity and serenity. And what a pure character she has, he exclaimed in what was, except for him, incredible romanticizing. One must work for a year or two in the desert region, he noted solemnly, before qualifying for more desirable positions in the large cities or the north.

It isn't usual for a young stranger to come way down into

the desert, and alone at that, but your loneliness is equal to the desert's. You seek your equivalent, is that not true?

I can not know, I replied with sudden impatience, evading the charitable: not until it is mine. You have heard of the rose of the sands? For a moment my mind was in the Mediterranean, in a port. I was listening to the Casbah philosopher, and watching a marine in whose unspeakably changing eyes the mysteries of tenable permanence rested without wind of life.

The rose of the sands?

The flower of blue and red petals, I described it hurriedly, how it was said to grow in unheard of Saharas, in peripheries selfish to one specific geography. He believed he had heard of this rose (petals of our very subconscious, could one not?) but couldn't be certain. And perhaps you have found it, perhaps loneliness has watered the dry-grain roots of your rose of sands?

Ouarzazate?

Ouarzazate is the paradise, he suggested turning his hand slowly across the earth without obstruction, without hindrance to hands, no single bar.

The straw-clay Casbah in shafts and shadows pyramids suddenly from the flat plain, a Crown of wide horns. Three blank eyes of a windowrow stare darkly out. Serpent mudpaths between story high walls house-high home upon home, rise, pitch and break at turns or the jig-saw of every score feet; openings tunnel down rooms of dead, damp clay, unpainted pottery, ash white stovestone

under juggle after jugjar of precarious water. Dark girl to the dark unveiled, spinning at her crude wheel: "Bonjour, Monsieur!" smiles widely from beneath the ledge of her narrow door. Through above story of a second building, the savage frenzy of tambourine, woman's unabashed love-song and sleeves of her gown in second-flashed flight at her corners of window.

Austere tower of a secret family climbs in the white sky.

At the wall, on wallheight above the plains to the wests, gulley stumbles and swerves through pitchforked field. Isolate miniatures in head-bands and shawl harvest smallgreen stalks.

A blank Sahara sits motionlessly on the thigh of its younger planet for each position in the photographs of the eye. Bareface, stoney and devoid of color it is washed away limitlessly in idea of nothing. Then, a suddenly setting sun, semishelved on the near rocky ledge lavas about in unrelieved orange the silhouette images of a sole palm, a Moor prone in the final prayer toward Mecca by his patient standing camel, as the even classic incorporate of inscrutably immobile infinity.

"Would you like to see our Jews?"

The single, eternally stationed Casbah guide is cognizant of a European he acknowledges has outlived the War.

"This, Monsieur, is the Quarter of the Isrealites:"

Dark, silent forms emerge from the clay synogogue. Quietly, a statuesque young man in cylinder of ravenblue beard steps to the peak of the slow mudpath, his unrelieved removal the merciless abnegation of time. Biblepristine Hebrew, a race apart from any line in Europe, the youth surveys the scene in Palm of the Invisible God, eyeover His concession of ambiguous growth, out to the brow of six or seven milling horizons and the ferine Thought in huge Fingers there are windily smoothing away the

sands. My European shadow falls across his still figure.

Let me say right off that words - my words at least - are completely inadequate to summon for you even approximate referentials particular to the terror at Notre-Dame.

This, in current recall, is what happened:

Wednesday morning I got up and got dressed and at exactly 11 o'clock swallowed one of the mescaline caps you had given me with a few teaspoons of water. Then I gathered several letters I had written the night before and went to the post office. The sun was dazzling; I took my time coming back, examining store fronts and stands of fresh fruit displays. The carpeted, balustered staircase in the hotel extended a singular invitation: I climbed past my door until I reached Cain's door. He admitted me, but was apparently sleeping late that morning and fell immediately back on the bed. I began relating several happenings of the week, but they drew little response from him. I stood by the narrow window giving on a view of successively mounted rooftops, each with its neat set of vents and drains.

I felt weak and reclined at the foot of the bed. A certain amount of tension kept my legs shifting restlessly in the flower print of the blanket. Cain grew, if possible, even more oblivious to my presence. Shortly,

he was asleep. I became physically calmer, though slightly apprehensive, and got up and left the room, quietly shutting the door in its lock behind me.

On the street, the faces of mothers and girls had particular contiguity. I walked to the Seine and went down to the edge of the water, taking myself along adjacent to the long horned snail of the Louvre. With almost the effect of an ambush, columns of blue-grey clouds rolled up into complete possession of the sky, turning the Seine and Louvre to a similarly vibrant shade of grey. The most beautiful color of its type I have ever seen. If it's going to rain, I thought, I ought to be near some covering. I looked for a stairway to the avenue level but discovered I'd reached a dead end and had to hurriedly retrack all the way to the point of my original descent. It drizzled lightly for a few minutes so I moved quickly east with a very decided destination in mind.

The shower broke with tremendous force as I reached the square of Notre-Dame, spearing the great face of the cathedral with long, distinct shafts of downpour. I ran to the wooden portals, a shrinking vortex of shoppers and tourists. I stood for a moment amazed at the vast beaten field of the square, then turned and entered the most complete suddeness of silence imaginable. The vaulted heights towered beyond belief; the wheels of the vitrails were contemptive of mere contemplation. I panned the columns, arches, pews, stalls, and aspe, as if I were on ballbearings: they dropped before me like successive images on a collapsing fan. I entered the

room of treasures. My pace slowed considerably, halted before the cases. I studied the displays of crowns and robes, my eyes picking the jewel embroideries and linings for movement. I felt very pleased and even. Then, suddenly, moderate. It's very smooth, I thought, but there's little depth and no force. I wandered in the foyer again. A sign read, "A la Tour". I followed its arrow outside to the small garden to the left of the portals and, at a sharp turn, the entrance to the tower. I fed a coin into the little ticket office. The woman behind the glass was distant, barred from my species. I took several steps up the stone stairs; they turned to the right in a slow, graceful spiral. The spiral jumped upward in close-ups, in inconspicuously narrowing walls. It reached a point prohibiting passage of more than one person at a time. I could see only a foot or two in the curve above me and one or two ahead of that below me. I thought, I could possibly climb these stairs like this forever. Suddenly, I stopped. I turned around, my raised palms against the walls several inches from either shoulder: the way down was as far as up. I heard some voices ahead in the passage. An elderly couple appeared single file, the woman first, and she said to me: Hang on, you're half way there. Of course, I thought as they disappeared smiling, what is this nonsense I'm enjoying the speculation of? I hurried up the remaining steps, thinking of the view in store, and came out into the light of the balcony. It had stopped raining. The city lay before me in a magnificent Cézanne of blue-grey and subtle oranges and greens. A splintered

fog, evaporating above the rooftops, rapidly uncovered larger and larger sections of the Île. I was surprised at the height. I turned from the vista and looked on either side of me. There were angry eagles and horned, beaked creatures sharing my view, resting as I on the rail of the balcony and concentrating under heavy brows on the scene below. A couple with an elaborate camera was taking photos near the right tower. I moved along the balcony, stepping over the puddles and following the turns of the rail. It was a tight squeeze between the rail and tower walls at several points on the ledge. When I reached the end of the balcony the couple was nowhere in sight. A small arched entrance in the tower exposed the first steps of a second spiral staircase. They must have gone up here to the top of the tower, I thought. I walked into the stone enclosure, hesitated uncertainly for uncertain reasons, then climbed the stairs quickly, never lifting my eyes from the steps nor ceasing to tell myself aloud exactly where I was going and how soon I'd get there. In the light again, atop the tower, I saw the couple taking some quick exposures. They returned to the staircase, in a moment, and I was left to myself on the narrow height. I looked into the deep valley of the square and the chasm of the Seine, and around at the needle of the Sanctuary Steeple. I walked about the edge of the square in absolute wonder at my suspension from the balloon of the fog over the so remote city below. And then it happened.

I was shot completely through from the shoulders to the waist by a bolt of incalculable pressure. I dropped to

all fours, my eyes closed tightly, remained in the vice of an iron paralysis. The tremor passed. I stood up. For several seconds I struggled toward some coherency of event or sensation, but lost again to the sudden return of the state, an invisible physicalness that transported me toward an uncontrolable fear. I must leave the tower was the single phrase lettered in front of me like a telegram to myself, and I crawled tremblingly, ponderously to the door of the spiral descent. I sat on the first step, facing the brief arc of the wall, sheltered from the threat of the open view and realized at once what had overcome me: the inordinate sense of danger in the height was really fostered by the anticipation of the descent, of returning into the narrow trap of the spiral, something that I suddenly knew I was totally incapable of doing. I experienced a few moments of rationality, indulged in the illusion that a short respite would restore control. I couldn't remain on the tower, I told myself, that would only increase my apprehension, and besides nothing conceivable could happen to me if I went down the stairs. After all, I came up that way: I know what's there - that it ends, that it has an end. I rose quickly and pushed myself forward, spinning around and down in the maelström, talking or screaming so my head was converted into the unbroken sound of a shelter siren. I slowed only once, and came to a stop, when it seemed I'd been a century in the well - and turned to go back up. But I know that the distance down is shorter, I said aloud and spun around again, this time jumping several steps at a time, turning

on a single toe, and in several seconds reached the balcony. I clutched one of the gargoils with paws of a spilling cat, and it came down at me in horrible teeth and tongue. I inched away tremblingly. Several tourists regarded me with suspicion. I straightened myself up into what I imagined was some semblance of normalcy and worked my way back across the balcony toward the first spiral of stairs, the one that would give onto the street. I didn't look out over the rail, though that failed to prevent my breathless passage along a trembling tightrope suspended across the Niagara-steep drop to the whirling gulf below. When I finally reached the stairwell I was again overcome by the incredible project of the descent, of the willing committal to that narrow, bottomless and topless tomb, and taking a few steps back on the blacony, collapsed on the wet stone. My entire body shook violently, my nails clawed at the backs of my hands, blood trickled down onto the cuffs of my sleeves. I was converted into my pure TERROR! I thought that I must get down, that I could never get down, could never go down, was trapped forever on the ledge. I did not think of casting myself from the balcony to my death, I did not think that I could possibly die here this instant of the pressure or strain or vent of escape. I thought only, I was only, the embodiment of the absolute ecstasy of terror. My wristwateh, I looked down at my wristwatch; it was exactly 2 o'clock. There could be no hope of abatement: I was, indeed, first stradling the crest. I pulled myself over toward a little, hitherto unnoticed stand of postcards

and souvenirs. The quotidian will claim, rescue me, I formulated. But an enormously wrathful, blood red rooster peered down from the counter of the stand and I struggled away again under an ever increasing army of heavily breathing bird-monsters that left their perches in the wall and descended in a crown-shaped phalanx upon me, growling and teasing like tigers in lightning jerks and disputes! I'd hazard my life on an oath of uncompromised abstinance if I could only go down those stairs; every second galloped off with my years. Then I noticed two young German tourists, a boy and a girl, getting ready to make the descent. They stood for a moment in the threshold; the girl conceded to go first, then took her breath in deeply, stepped lightly into the well and counted down, ein, zwei, drei, etc., disappearing around in the curve. I brought myself to my feet possessed by the sudden occurrence of escape and rushed after the boy. I counted along with them and we spun like a crash dive with other-world velocity down the ever-turning decline, down, down, down. They stopped. The girl noticed how quickly and closely I followed them: she offered to let me go down ahead. Nein, nein, I pleaded, refusing to budge and she, shrugging her shoulders, took the lead again. We burrowed through layers of hell, screwing into the center of the earth, and stumbled suddenly from the vomitory by the ticket window into the garden where it was beginning to rain again.

I ran around to the front of the cathedral, pulling my jacket over my head. It fell forward in the tempest like a great dynamited cliff; I raced before the crumbling in

total hysteria, making my way toward the open width of the Seine. But the Seine sunk, a murky ravine, to incredible and ever-growing depths. Its chasms closed about me. I raced across the bridge and along the Quai de Montebello toward the Place Saint Michel. The Place appeared small, a rink of automobiles. The wind cut the foliage to alarm by the wooded path of the Boul' Mich'; many fantastic redskins, war-party thick, took possession of the route. I turned right on Saint Germain, hurrying invisibly along its never before seen blocks until I came to physicalness in the complete materiality of exhaustion: limp, flying hands, trembling knees, hunched shoulders, insupportable head - and flopped like a flung sack of potatoes on a wicker chair in an outdoor café. I rested for a while, staring at the unbelievably unfamiliar scene, aware that I was still wringing the skin from the backs of my hands. I bit my hands to keep them from each other, to keep from gnashing, splintering my teeth. Someone near me asked if I were ill. I took him slowly, suspiciously into perspective: then felt all at once loose, and broke into ambiguous, personal replies to his questions, explanations and details, descriptions of monsters and so on, quite beyond his solicitation. He noted that this city was corrupting, unfriendly, able to put one in bad condition. He suggested I go home and sleep. I asked where his home was and he said, North Africa. He conceded, waiting for some shocked or distasteful reaction, that he was an Arab. I made none. He got up laughing, paid his bill and said, You'll be alright, though the clientele's generally not disposed to

being reminded of monsters; and left. I remained in my chair for a while, offered a silver plated coin to a child who kept peeking her little head out at me from the café door. When I felt stronger I got up and took the streets slowly toward the hotel. I went directly to Cain's room. He was working at his desk, checking long columns of figures and marking them on a huge graph pinned to the wall above. I removed my dark glasses and said, Look at my eyes. What about them? he asked. - oh, some drug?

Mescaline, I sighed, and possibly my last exercise in frontierland.

Tell me what happened, he chumped, his mouth busy at a sucking candy and a long calculation. I curled up on the floor, my back against the legs of his chair, and detailed the several hours between my two visits. If only someone, I said, if only you, you had been there with me on the balcony - I'd have given you all my traveler's checks, I swear, (useless as they are without my signature). One familiar face, hand, would have saved me; I'm positive of that.

I switched my position slightly and stretched myself supine on the carpet, my head reaching under the writing board of the desk; but not so far along so that I did not have a perfect view of Cain rising like great, paused orange cat, a geometer sphinx, in a diamond of room from my eyes out to the chair and desk flanking him and from there together again at a point on the ceiling above his hair. I felt my body move out in all directions, dead-man's float over the curve of the earth. I let the waves

buoy me gently.

And do you feel better now? Cain asked, not allowing his eyes to shift from the page before him. I feel very calm, I said, I feel rooted here, with thousands of roots like a grass patch. I feel very open, spadable like the soil itself. He shifted in his seat, ran a pencil down a long column. He began to hum some Scotish melody very softly, almost inaudibly. I've never heard anything quite so soothing; it passed over me like a warm breath.

You have closed off one-fourth the world - me, too, Cain? I asked.

How long did you say this drug lasts? he commented without looking down at me.

It isn't any drug: it's me here, now, Cain, all of me, nothing left for the imagination, nothing reserved for the future. Can you at least look at me?

He put down his pencil. I know what you mean, he said gloomily.

Then why? Why?

Possibly for survival's sake, he said, possibly out of disbelief in any other way. Possibly out of experience. We're all like this, in this city.

He stood up and pulled his jacket off a hook on the wall. Let's not talk about what this city is faulty in though, he said, let us rather seek that in which it excels - and such is a good, thick Chateaubriand!

On the street I was aware of a moderation, a growing distance in the immediacy of the scene around me. After a heavy meal I felt more or less normal except for a

wonderful immersion in peacefulness.

As I stated above, not even if I put myself to the pains of a three pencil letter could I hope to evoke for you, even remotely epiphanize, the experience at Notre-Dame. Nor can I think of any way of standing on my head, hanging from a single arm, looking out between my legs, etc., that might get at any proper perspective of the plastic and words able to appropriately recreate the event for your comprehension.

Let it suffice to say, then, that it was a pure and absolute terror, a great, great terror, and something that in its aftercourse I'm grateful for. It was, I am certain, one of those peaks of existence they speak of - as detached, sufficient, and extreme as any - and I have known it, reached it, and into its complete beauty. And after this, how can I possibly be afraid again?

A nineteen year old student in Marseilles appeared one day a couple of years ago in the bar that his friends always frequented with a huge knapsack slung over his shoulder. In it were all his wordly possessions including a fifteen volume set of Goethe in German, (which he couldn't read but probably picked up for a considerable bargain). He announced he was going to Timbuktu and without further ado, bid all his friends goodbye. He

sailed from Marseilles to North Africa, took the railroads to their terminals and from there rode by bus to the southern-most stop in the Sahara. He purchased passage on a caravan leaving Zagora and when, after several days in the desert it crossed a second caravan, he was seized and sold as a slave to its master. The student was handsome and so pleased his master that he was kept naked all day and all night, lying upon cushions in tents or in the veiled howdah atop a camel. One night the master entertained nine of his friends and when they had drunk a great deal, invited them all to go in and enjoy his slave. He drank a great deal, too, that night, and in the weeks afterward was hardly ever strong enough to even get up. When the caravan arrived in Timbuktu there was such a competition for the purchase of the white slave that the commotion finally reached the French authorities who investigated the situation, discovered the student, and took him into custody. He was flown to Dakar where he remained for six months in a hospital, and then was put on a boat back to Marseilles. Completely insane, of course. He's a schoolteacher now in Corsica. His story is thoroughly authenticated by a series of unique, unduplicable photographs of the slave caravans, insides of harems and tents of Bedouin sheiks and so on.

And the Goethe?

What?

What happened to the set of Goethe?

Oh. - probably forget about it the first time he laid it aside on the train.

Is this story supposed to frighten me?

I see little to prevent its being repeated, if you continue to wander about much longer, unguarded and alone in Ouarzazate.

That's ridiculous. The whole fabrication is straight out of some silent film, some fortune teller of the sands' wildest tale. Why, that image of the naked odalisk on the cushions is an exact description of a sensational Matisse I've seen reproduced somewhere.

But where do these stories originate, except in some eye-witness account?

They originate in fantasies - as fulfillments of a strange desire for exotic destructions. If these stories were true, dreams, Matisse, would be true.

There are three things in which the Moroccans are said to outdo all others. First, their appetite - they covet everything they see; second, their potency: five to eight times a night is not unusual, night after night into week after week; and third, their jealousy, which your own poet, Shakespeare, chose to commemorate in his great tragedy. For their appetite they may very well seize you, by their potency ruin you, and in their jealousy, enslave you.

You flatter me. The Moroccans excel in a fourth thing: their penchant for romanticism - but I'm not afraid of exaggerated yarns. I was on my way to Timbuktu myself, until the embassy at Casablanca informed me there'd be a three or four month wait for visas from Paris for Senegal and the Mali Federation. Besides which I learned I'd

have to post bond, that the roads were bad, and travel expensive and discouraged. And finally, I would have had to go south by boat from Casablanca to Dakar. I couldn't figure the purpose in that, the whole reason for the trip being to see what's on the way - not to reach any destination: I don't have any illusions even about Timbuktu. I know what would be waiting there.

Yes, a couple of mud huts by an oasis.

As for Zagora, I'd go there tomorrow except I know there are no accomodations.

You won't have to go as far as Zagora to become the white slave of the Arabs.

Ha! We'll see about that.

You will see. I have other, more academic affairs to attend to.

You still go to college?

Yes. The institutional system at Fez is exactly the same as that of Paris. We even take the same exams. But it is your academic backgrounhd that interests me. Aren't all Americans supposed to be beer drinking, scandal-making bores?

And aren't all Moroccans supposed to be dirty, thieving illiterates?

I admire your French. You express yourself remarkably well for the short time you've probably had actually speaking it.

And I hate French.

Why? I love it.

It's a prison for my sentiments. It's like looking

out a window at an order and arrangement that's completely inorganic. There's not much of me that can work in or through that.

I disagree. It's as ambiguous and encompassing as any language.

You disagree because you're really French.

You just said, to the contrary, that I was too illogically and imaginatively Arabic.

Well, you're both.

And so, too, are you both. Your story of a quest for a rose of the sands is as romantic as any Moroccan fabrication I know.

But it's not a fabrication. Have you never heard of the rose of the sands?

No. It's something completely new to me.

Well it is so. Things like that are true.

Perhaps, but if there is a rose of the sands I don't think you'll find it in Ouarzazate. Someone in Fez might know about it though. There are students there in every field of botany and mythology. If the rose exists it is in Fez that you'll learn about it. Listen, if you come to Fez I'll introduce you to the students and professors: we'll find someone to help you. And there are lots more educated people there than here. You're wasting your time here.

I don't know. There's an interesting redrama completely enacted in Ouarzazate.

Then Fez will be many times so much more interesting. I'm leaving with Rachid in three days.

But I promised to stay here longer than that.

Then I can meet you in Fez when you do come. Drop me a letter just a day or two in advance.

We'll see. I'll think about it. You know, I was really planning to go to Europe. There's a matter of time and money to consider after all. It's meeting so many unexpected people - yourself included - down here in the desert that's made me hesitate: - kept me wondering what we're all doing here. What <u>are</u> we all about here? Why did you come to Ouarzazate?

Oh, I had a strange reason. It's very difficult to say.

What?

Well, I was looking for a violence...

A violence?

Yes, I felt the need for a violence. I thought it might occur in Ouarzazate.

Ah, things are beginning to fit. But I don't think I'll do as the proscribed catalyst.

We don't know yet.

On that account we do. Since there is no order, there can not be violence. I don't believe in a violence, a disruption; there is no arrangement, no God. And there <u>is</u> no violence, no promise, even in Ouarzazate.

No God?

No God.

For all Americans? How the Americans are mad!

Americans, all Americans...

Listen, you must come to Fez. I have never heard anyone talk as you do.

Do you understand me?

Not all. But there are people who will in Fez:

Please come.

The Promise...All right, I will try to if I have the time.

So off on the long rhythmic line of French, appropriately extended, gracefully twisting, trying to drop into sleep... something always original - like a plea, a tortured chin, or a shelf of books.... Oukacha to get 1,400 francs for this week's food, exactly 40¢ a day. Square with that Jeunesse director for the room just before leaving.

Ne croyez pas qu'il est ignorant, says Georgey Brahim, he defends his twelve year old brother, the boy can speak French. The brother's name is Ayed, is smaller than himself. And how strange then, for the first time, is Georgey's European name. Most remarkable face of a child I shall ever see, eternal semismile of the Orient bewitches his face, Berber child, first inhabitant of the Atlas, high-yellow, apple-orange Negro mixed with white semetic blood, his hair is fine soft like a brown Egyptian cat, his eyes pulled along tightly into slants, exact almonds with heavy, timid lashes... his lips carved into the smile, the halfsmile, cut with knives and hot irons, the work of the Guardian Comprachicos; his destiny sails on the seas of several milenïums, is washed against an

Iroquois coast, harbors unspeakable secrets of the Arabian night... Ne croyez pas qu'il est ignorant rides on the long, extended rhythm, French, relished, basted in slow turns like something always original, a plea, a shelf of books.

Is it possible to get kif? Perhaps in the Casbah, perhaps a friend in the meat shop. Yes, yes, we must, men who smoke kif are always happy, Georgey says. But isn't it dangerous for your health? No, no! we must get it. Do you know what kif is like? It is dreams, it makes you think of your mother and father. Come, come, and sit here and smoke, why didn't you speak up before, you have but to request... pass the sebsi under the table, the authorities are strict here, you know.

Cactus and snake leaves, figures of the night on fire in the equatorial constellations, unanchored donkeys munch between the plants. Adobe shacks to the rocky ledge, the cemetary beyond, the incomparably black wastes... how poor these people are. I did not think people could be so poor anywhere else in the world. I did not think you would know they kneel toward Mecca, I did not think kif was smoked in other places...

The streets are rolled into a sphere of sand and wildseed, ochreous, thirsty, pink clay, mud bricks, branches, flap back out as from a ball torn by a tiger into avenues without direction or end, brilliant and blind in the desert...

Where Oukacha Georgey Rachid is the point of intersection? I am looking for the anchor of the earth, the race of man... have lived in the laboratory of my mind for many months

now studying my species, interesting similarities to report, am lacking conclusive evidences though... And the earth is evermore losing evidence of me, disappearance from a planetary setting south of the Atlas, many slaved over configurations, afterimages of an imaginable sun. But the persistance of some intuited consciousness, again, Oukacha, Georgey, and an equal experiment and wonder at the creeded, the hoped for, haggles the exhausted body, pulleys it in a tramway over the desert again, another sun-up to down scanning, periscope, horiscope.... though I think at any moment, any inoffensive week now, I might unmoor, drift in lilies and elephant ears with shedable like serpent skin stems, and be discovered missing, or found unmissing, and be unwondered about, ethereal as all that... yes...

There's some trouble with the director of the Jeunesse. He uses our alcohol burner, sometimes doesn't return it for a day or two; after all, it's against the regulations to cook here. Has that over us to the extent of never sweeping up, never changing the sheets. When it comes time to pay we will speak to him of these things. It is not time now. There are many people in the world like this man; you can not effectively apologize their egoism or malice. But I think there are fewer in Morocco. Yes, and even they may be minimized, lacking as they do the heart of great criminals.

Quickly while no one - we'll send him out the window where you never I know see is that enough for milk and oil, see the stars. Quickly while no one sees. Is that

enough? Is it love that, how does love, bind us to the earth? Is it love that hurries before he gets, no I know now how does love bind back: you won't tell that it is for us to the earth, anyone, remember, not a single person - how you found, did you, it was for one you were looking. Or have you found what you were looking for? We'll send him out for milk and oil, hurry before he gets back. You won't tell anyone? Remember, not a single person. Do you, right, all right, let's anymore apart from never I know all. Come over here closer to the window where you can see the stars. No, I know now that it is for a single person, how it is for one only. Really need me? Come only will you seek over here closer to again in Marrakech, no, right, all right, let's not speak of it any more; apart from that...

And always this desertion in the end; friends, expectation, the very mobiling spirit of things... leaving only one, shifting imperceptibly on his heels, spitting, nervously smoking a Casasports. And sometimes that one is not yourself... no, in Morocco not yourself. They will think that you are more important to me than they are. I do this for you, always original, as a plea, a tortured chin, stripping my flesh for indigestible food at our slip-my-mind beach day, leap from the breakers without my native cap, in your red bathingsuit, am dashed to death on the rocks.... He lies twisted, half sunk half afloat, dead in the barnacles steel as my request, his body clouding over the 6 o'clock sky in Quarzazate, is buried in tiny white cemetery, nameless Moslem grave....

His name is Hamid. They call him Le Petit Oiseau of the eyes half brown, half green, half blue, changing like the light in Tangier bay, like the moon, like the garments of René Caillié, from sable Christian to indelible, skin-drinking Taureg aqua... In Ouarzazate, Hamid's color is black.

Happy Birthday.

Curious, isn't it? that "Goodbye" is "God be with thee" while "Farewell", the stronger, is merely "Vas bien". He said Farewell. At least, the maturity of politeness is forthcoming. The desertion and the one remaining, incidently, now let's chain for metaphysics: Mohammed-Oukacha; Hamid-Georgey; Mohammed the Messenger-Rachid; Hassan-Ayed; Mustapha-Abdelmajid — or, Absalom-aveugle-Oukacha, Hamid-Allal, crystalize the exact point of reternal impossibility, uncontiguous consciousness and the world...

Am dying for a long glass of water. But can't go out. They're still there... and accuse him of the most incredible, hideous laughter... small Ayed smaller than himself turning away in a slow tunnel around the long evenly rhythmic line of French, turning away with the table, chairs, twenty beds, swimming in a delicious vortex around the walls, around, around, and up... illusions and demirealities courtesy of La Division de la Jeunesse et des Sports, 150 francs a night... 'tis ably argued....

When we go up to Ouarzazate, there will be an American there for you to practice French with, I told my little brother Ayed.

Do Americans speak French the same as we do? he asked.

My friend M'hamid wanted to know all about this American. I told him that I did it with our visitor.

He asked, Do Americans do it with blacks?

I answered, We are Moroccans of southern Morocco, not Americans of the southern United States.

Then I explained all about it to M'hamid: Always I walk around in the Jeunesse with just my underpants on. Sometimes my zib gets hard and stiff and pushes out my underpants to about 228 millimetres. I noticed that the American was surprised at this, and that he was ashamed to do it himself. One afternoon when we were all in bed for the siesta, and Oukacha had already fallen asleep, the American and I stayed on the other side of the room from him and whispered and told jokes in a soft voice across the five beds that were between us. Then I pulled off my underpants, and held up my naked zib with my fingers so the American could see how long it is. He said, Quelle chose terrible!, and turned over the other way. I didn't want Oukacha to be awakened, so I slipped quietly off my bed, and crawled under it, and riggled and squirmed the whole distance under the five beds without a sound, until I reached the one the American was on. I reached up and tapped him on the shoulder. He jumped about on the mattress and was going to call aloud at his surprise. Pssst, I said putting my finger to my lips, Come down here. He hesitated for a second, then slid over his bedside onto the floor. I took both his hands in mine and kissed his pretty red mouth. After a few minutes he let me turn him on his belly and roll down his pants. Then I rubbed my zib very excitedly and very nervously

over his soft zook. I wanted to finish after about only ten seconds, so I put my palms on his zook and pressed it apart. But he wouldn't let me stick my zib inside: he struggled to get up when he realised I was trying to. So I held him down again and finished by just rubbing on top of him. Then I let him climb over me, but with my back against the floor. He asked me to lie with my belly on the floor, as he had done. But I shifted my eyes to the left and said to him under my breath, Oukacha may wake up and catch us in that position and that would be shameful to me. So he had to rub just along my front and between my wet thighs. But soon he became more and more excited, and at last so excited, that just as his zib finished and was squirting the milk all over my chest, he cried out, I need you! I need you.... Then I got up from the floor and walked quietly passed Oukacha's bed to the shower room. I thought about the American all while I was washing myself, that how good and pretty he is. When I came back into the bed-room I was happy, so happy I had to whisper to him, Is it a real truth, that you have need of me?

And that, M'hamid, is what has happened up at the Jeunesse between me and this American:- I don't know if M'hamid believes all this that I told him. People in Zagora are ignorant.

As soon as the sun set, my mother brought out Ayed's bicycle and we both bid her Slema and peddled out of the Casbah. Our Casbah in Zagora is not as beautiful as the Mdint Casbah near Ouarzazate, for it does not have any mysterious towers or horn shaped ramparts, but still, I like it better because the Zagora Casbah is my home. I know every stone on each of its smallest walls. And just how many huts it has a view of in the grove.

Ayed and I rode northwest throughout the night along the entire 168 kilometres from Zagora to Ouarzazate. It was very difficult

for him because he is only twelve years old, and is not used to that bicycle ride as I am. We had to stop and rest on the low dunes many times during that exhausting night.

I was bringing Ayed back with me so he could pass a few days visiting at the Jeunesse and be present to see the festival. The American was to watch him the hours I am at the Enregistrer.

And now, the real end of my story for M'hamid, happened the day following my return to Ouarzazate. When I had a chance to spend some minutes alone with the American: for I asked him to come to bed and told him we would make love again. Then, quite quickly a displeased frown changed his whole soft face.

He reprimanded, You will not do that any more!

But what do you mean? I asked him really surprised, -friends always do it together. In Zagora, Marrakech, even here.

He replied, It is not together: it is with one.

What is it that you want to say?

I mean it is shameful for you, but the same is not shameful for me. That's how you believe, isn't it?

I never said that, I told him.

No, you never even thought it: that is what is wrong. However, I understand the Moroccans now and this mistake will not be made again. The Moroccans are selfish. Each one of them, from Tangier to Zagora. And you, you too, are selfish. You-

All right, enough, I said without quite knowing what his anger was about. Let us change the subject. Apart from that....

Late the same evening, Le-Grand Rachid caught up with me on Mohammed V, and forced me to look at a poem he just wrote. With all the other things he is always boasting, he also writes poems.

I read it. The whole thing was a story in symbols as all the Karaouine students are taught to compose. But I understood that

it was about Rachid himself, Rachid and our American visitor.

I returned the poem to him, and wandered alone on the dark road, Boulevard Mohammed V. Not happy any more.

I thought, This is why he refuses me now. It is very quick, how the American boy changes from one Moroccan to another.

: : : : : A : FAULT : OF : ROSES : : : : :
Yea! Quester of Sebassa stood in my doors;
he quested packet for twelve Sebassa. He,
the slender as desert's Palm, the pink bud
his skin, of Moon as her Master bows. : :
Sebassa-Quester ventured the Rancher-pens;
each must is he innocent of Viper, Ape, or
Bird, or any liberal thing. : : : : : : :
Hamdullah! Lyanic! I welcomed, bidding his
enter; thence drew-to all doors. O! Where
is call your latch-door? in self come only
after Sebassa: to which I clothe this self
with ample Happiness. : : : : : : : : : :
Reply I, Unpale Colts shall bound!; thence
bound those wrists raised for quick alarm:
Come upon this bed: at where I must rather
clothe you capacious, in Caresses. : : : :

"Come with me seven days before the Birthday of the Prophet, and I will procure for you the best hashish in Marrakech!"

With these words the imbroglio began, for with just these Chia enticed his foreigner to revisit Marrakech, bringing him to the Quartier Mouassine, to derb Elouah to see Benjelloun, and through derbs Sidi El Yamani and El Cadi, to Bab Aylen finally, to meet me - because of all our friends I speak French the most articulately, and might therefore cause pride amongst us before this stranger. I led him through our blank, uninvitingly-bolted door in the thick wall of Bab Aylen's catty-cornering ruelle, into the mosaicwork court and cloistered walk of our garden, into each room of blue and orangecarved woodmold-to-ceiling. Benjelloun called a surry, and two black stallions trotted us to the Todra grove of the Koutoubia, to the Saadien Tombs, the Bahia Palace, the Fountain Bab Doukkala, and lastly, painfully, our acquittal to the sun on the wide kilometres of Avenue des Remparts because the stranger insisted on this. A man on the curb in pajamas excited his interest. It is not held shameful here, I told him, males may go naked in the street if they desire. We have no law preventing a man who so wishes - for he is a man, is he not?

His hashish cost 1,100frs, "perhaps 1,200, 1,400" - signifying all in excess of 1,000frs was Chia's service. But it was purchased of the hag who brews her malice for the wealthiest dynasties in Marrakech, and came to the surface of a .100k jar, teacle black and streaked with golden seeds. Chia clarified the normal dose by a small opening of his index and thumb; he wiped the edge of the jar, licking the candied paste from his nail points. I cautioned the stranger absolutely to consume no more than this

per-cent, and then to stroll about our sprawling souks, avoiding the sun-pounded drives and keeping to such lanes which, constantly watered down, are containers of blissful coolness under their greenpole canopies. Count on a sense of the location of Djemaa El Fna, I instructed him, for in our medina is an indecipherable circular logic, it eventually returns all wanderers to the origin.

The ensuent evening our friend, Mustapha, Chia and I, found the foreigner on the stoop of the shoe-store where I am a salesman. His lipskin was peeling, there were spools of scum on his finger ends. He singled to Mustapha, and exclaimed, Who is this pirate in silks, this gypsy with eye-whites the sheen of pearl and lashes lengthy and curved as an Arabian letter, that you port to visit me? What an enormous beauty mark left-end of the new mustache-Mustapha! I'd like some wat... Mustapha bent near him, chiding, Tsina Hashshaysie! Our foreigner retorted with shameless velocity: Fie, Mustapha! to divide your attention so far as to let your other head, at the very instant your nearer one converses with me, comment to Chia on how hot it is this sundown - and both heads boasting the identical huge black beauty mark!

I altered my interest to the general entrance to the souks.

Marrakech was active in her setting sun. In the Djemaa crowds ringed the acrobats, musicians and dancers, story tellers, snake charmers and tarot-illusionists. The caravans of pitched stands jangled with exchange of coin garbled over by price haggling.

Opposite us, the open-front clothing shops suspended hanger upon hanger of multipasteled garment before the foreigner's view, and his nostrils were resilient with uncovered grills. I knew by his narrow stare, that the hashish now accordioned a conjested cynosure of pottery counters, hardware, brassware, ironwork, handbags, cushions, leather stools, handwoven carpets and that

directly centre lifted cover of the public water-barrel, people pausing, pulling the dripping tin-cup to the strain of its cord anchor; a horse, two donkeys, and Liayla screaming, Hahzhi-yallah! to her ragdoll infant were forcing themselves with a fierceness through the rotten wood ring of the water-barrel.

Naturally, he had consumed his residue four-fifths of the jar, (with two sebsis, he later explained, as a monument to his need to be tangential about a certain cycle of persons in their repetitious role of some morbidly reiterated drama.) Or whatever that "clarification" signifies.

We managed to aid him as far as his room in Hotel Errahа:- "tranquility, repose", I defined, but at least out of the excitation of the Place Djemaa El Fna:- "the Mosque That Can Not Endure, the Transient Praying-Place, Perdition, the Market of Brief Losses, or still, the Invariance, the Inavertence of Loss", (an implicit ambiguity in its numerous translations made its initial impression just at that moment); he, fortunately, unperturbed at same, at least while we steered him through the court, described how its black and white floortiles were diamond-molt copperheads shot between his eyes, and the concierge, top of the tarot floor, drawn far away in the dwindling last car of the old Tanger-Fès.

In the room, he became paraphasic, crying: Djemaa! earth's earliest largest square, entire civi - a continent - alone! a lone, let me alone! I'm blind! Red city, Casa is white, aristocrat city, Fez the bourgeois bolt of light collapsing draperyblc bed taking off over Bagdad with chance of Moroccans I'm well!

You have good chance that you acquainted young Moroccans like ourselves, I said trying to seize a logical hold, who look after you: most tourists don't, you know. They snap the Koutoubia.

His finger was deep in his throat; the hashish and his last

meal spread over the sink, a dark red and brown, a consistency like straw spattering the adjacent fixtures. I had insisted that Chia and Mustapha wait outside, so that now, when the truly malade recommenced his shrieks, Alone! Alone! I'm well! Well!, they were ironied against my friends' appeals of concern when the two double-damaged the room's base, and the entirety sank like a vault of echoes dying and reenforcing at its walls, with his reassurances to arrest their thundrous knocking drowning instead in the suction and breaking over his lips on the foam and downflush into the maelström of his anguish.

Praise to Allah Almighty! that the next day Chia took him back to Ouarzazate.

Families of Berbers, some walking, some on horseback, joined us and went on ahead in the direction of the Casbah. Abshib, Allal, Chia and Sammi commented about the young Berber girls in their transparent waist veils that were ornamented with many dangling necklaces of huge silver or gold coins.

This was a chance for some unique photos, but the American was out of film and our single supply store had closed earlier for the festival. The American noticed the little red flags nailed to every pole and tall tree, and inquired about them. Moulay Hassan is visiting the vicinity, I told him, he's on a hunting trip. Is there really something to hunt? he asked.

Rabbits and partridge, also snipe can exist near the desert.

May I ask you about the saffron soup, he continued, in the

little restaurant near the Enregistrement? It's very delicious - but I mean, they never seem to vary it. And I noticed that the wooden ladles are all stained yellow so they must have been serving this soup for months.

They've been serving it for years.

They never vary it then?

Why should they? It's good, isn't it? One eats to sustain his body, there's no need to waste time inventing or preparing many different recipes.

I wondered if we'd be able to find Georgey in the crowd. You'll have to look hard to pick out the Black among all these Berbers, I said.

What Black?

Georgey.

Oh. Do you have to call him the Black?

I did it merely to distinguish him.

The distinction makes me uncomfortable. I didn't notice it before.

I meant no harm. We have no real prejudice here as in your country.

I'm sorry, he said. I guess it's really the prejudice in my country that makes me uncomfortable. Is Georgey a Berber?

Yes, he is.

What's the difference between the Berbers and the other Moroccans?

They speak a different language - Tachelhit. Also, the women don't wear veils and you'll see that their entire costumes are unusual. Some Berbers are not Moslem.

As we passed the Casbah the American pointed to the

caves on the opposite side of the road. Do those people actually live there? he asked. I moved to the left of him to see them better. Yes, I said, that are very poor. You have never seen such poverty before, have you?

I think I have: in the south of the United States there's a great deal of poverty, and some of our Indians live pretty much like this.

I did not think people could be so poor in other countries, I said.

It's the same in my country as it is here. We all live in caves and Casbahs of the mind, if nothing else, preserving some belief in a way we were told exists. We all kneel in one concealed manner or another toward some Mecca, and, I assure you, we too use drugs.

I thought there was good sense in the American's words. He drew no distinctions and so none existed. It was true that I even found it difficult to think of him as a stranger at the Jeunesse; he ate and talked and smoked and slept with us as if he were one of us. When the three young Germans came on their motorcycles and spent the afternoon at the Jeunesse he translated what we wanted to say to them into English and German. Afterward we inquired about life in Germany, and he related to us what they each said, always picking out and emphasizing exactly what would be unusual and appear of special interest to us. Even his judgments made it hard not to think of him as Moroccan.

And once, during a sunset, we came together in our separate wanderings on the moor behind the Enregistrement,

and exchanged mutual thoughts of the families we were both from. It seems that the sentiments of man are finally, always the same.

A little more than half a kilometer out in the desert past the Casbah the Berbers were gathering by the thousands for their festival. They came by donkey, on horse, on camel, or by foot from all points on the horizon. They crowded into an enormous shallow crater that extended from the road out to an isolated row of adobe huts. They shifted slowly from circle to circle about various performers and merchants. The fantasía drew the largest number of spectators. We could hear the shots before we saw the riders. The American moved at once in the direction of the fantasía.

He stood tiptoeing over the turbans of the spectators and smiled back with obvious delight. His whole frame shook as the great white stallions stampeded past and the shots of the rifles cracked the evening air. He watched the thirteen proud cavaliers make the run again and again and couldn't be persuaded to look at any of the other activities. I had some trouble making him understand that the fantasía was a demonstration rather than a competition. But he became even more fascinated by it when the idea was made clear to him.

The street by the row of huts was thronged with vendors of exotic spices and strange articles. The Berber women indulged their fancy by purchasing much of the elaborate jewelry. We moved toward a growing circle around an ancient who was getting ready to drink water boiled to 60°.

He danced rapidly about the inner circle in a semitrance, chanting verses from the Koran. He is what we really call a mijdoub, I explained to the American. He is a fanatical holy man. But some people use the word now like hamuk - crazy man. The mijdoub finally ended his chant and his son handed him the boiling water in a copper tea pot. He drank for a full minute from the goose neck of the pot, then tossed it away and leaped into the air with a cry of triumph. The spectators were loud with approval.

Georgey came up from the crowd calling with excitement. His eyes were flashing. He pointed out the various groups of Berbers to the American, and called his attention to the expensive, transparent blue slips and sashes the women wore.

Why do the women not have veils? the American asked.

Because they are too civilized, Georgey said.

The American laughed. His attention was drawn to a small gathering of distant and reserved aristocrats, desert princes, some of them on camelback, some squatting on the sand - the famous Blue Men of the Atlas. Rachid caught my eye at that moment, he was waving to come down to him. I left Georgey and the American and went toward the group of women Rachid was talking to. One of them, a heavy orange-black attractive matron of about twenty five, was decorated in great quantities of silver and aquasilk. She was obviously quite wealthy. Rachid turned away from her as I got there and took me aside.

He explained that this Berber heiress was very attracted to the American, whom she did not realize was a

foreigner, and had asked if she could meet him. We could surprise her, Rachid suggested, by presenting her with an easily puchasable slave rather than a prospective husband for whom a considerable dowry must be paid. We could bring him to one of the huts and keep him distracted until we came to an agreeable price. After nightfall some of the woman's entourage could carry him away. If the American proved troublesome, they would have drugs.

I objected immediately. He is exactly like my guest here, I said, he lives with me under my roof. I would not even jestingly consider violating the laws of the host.

I returned to where the American was carelessly wandering alone in the Bedouin encampment. The ancient standards are collapsing in the north, or, at least, in Fez, I thought. How can people live so these days without principle, and hence, their honor? We have to go now, I said to the American.

So soon? he asked.

Yes, look, the sun is setting. The festival is over.

We found Sammi, Allal, Georgey, Ayed, and the others, and walked toward the road. The fantasía riders trotted by single file and disappeared around the first curve of the mesas. Small families of Berbers started back on foot toward their homes. The sun was a rose-purple over the ledges and the Casbah.

What did that very assertive looking woman want? the American asked.

Did you notice her?

I thought she was very pretty.

Would you like to marry her?

Maybe, he laughed.

But she is old, she's about twenty five.

Is that bad?

Oh, if you married her everyone would laugh.

Well, what did she have to say?

She said you were just what she had in mind to acquire at the festival.

Me? really?

Oh, yes. For my God!

Rachid caught up with us and tried to break into the conversation. He made no attempt to conceal his displeasure in sly and biting remarks. I wouldn't talk to him. The American noticed the distance between us and asked me what was the matter.

Rachid is being humorous at our expense, I said.

Well, in that case I won't walk with him, the American cried, and pulled Ayed, whose hand he was holding, ahead several paces on the road.

No, no, I called after him, we all came together so we all must go back together.

He slowed down, and smiled and said, I was only joking. Look, he commented pointing up, as if to distract Rachid and myself from our disagreement, there's the Evening Star!

Venus, Rachid said.

Yes, Venus.

The Goddess of beauty and love, Rachid added. According to the Greeks, I believe.

We came to the Jeunesse and I invited everyone to share the water we had cooled in our huge earthen jar. We were all very thirsty. I asked the American what he thought about the festival. He said it was like a great cinema spectacular. He had most enjoyed the fantasía. But he thought the amusement-making was much too quickly ended.

Come here, I said feeling a sudden urge, I want to give you a souvenir. He followed me to the table where I took up a pen and a piece of graph paper left over from the Enregistrement. I hesitated uncertainly for a few moments; and then wrote across the blue and red lined squares, Ouarzazate - ورزازات .

I got to the Austerlitz station at 8 P.M., an hour and a half early, because I am very suspicious about departures.

There was a trememdous, shifting, nervous, lost looking crowd that filed back and forth between the station house and the platforms. The crowd grew in size every minute. A strike. With any luck a single train might leave for Irun before midnight, but most of the people were advised to go home. Calling relatives, crying babies.

I sat at the end of the platform where the train that might leave might leave from for about two hours. Cain strolled by whistling, with his hands in his pockets.

Thought you might still be here, he said, heard about the strike just after you left. I hadn't expected to see him again.

He asked me if I knew if any train were scheduled and if so on which track. I think one may pull out from here, I told him. You think? he asked, don't you know for sure? I explained to him that no matter how many years one took up French he'd never be taught anything useful like what to ask about during a strike or how to follow simple street directions.

Shortly before 11:00 the loudspeaker muffled off a list of cities, none of which I could make out. Quick, Cain shouted, Irun! We raced to the mobbed door of one of the cars and I squeezed my way in. When I had packed my valise on the rack above and settled by the window, Cain came into the compartment. He shook my hand warmly, refused to leave until the train started moving. I really hadn't expected him to show such interest, such sudden sympathy, it seemed. I'll join you in the summer, he called from the platform as the train pulled away. I'll really try to get down there this summer!

I watched his cap of orange curls fade into the dark grey of the station.

After the other passengers turned off the lights I grew restless, couldn't sleep. I stood in the antiroom of the car where I was joined by two boys from London. They were on their way to a twelve day vacation in Spain. We talked through most of the night and slept only an hour or two after dawn in the then half-emptied compartments.

When I changed trains at Irun I was informed that there were no more places in the second class cars. (I had previously purchased a second class ticket for the entire trip to Algeciras.) They asked that I pay another 5 dollars for the first class. I refused indignantly and packed myself off to an old, rather dirty third class car and rode with the peasants all the way to Madrid.

For several hours through the small towns and villages of the north I played knees with a lovely blond Spanish girl sitting opposite me. She couldn't even say How are you? in English or French but her eyes, lowered and raised in a Gioconda shifting of mood, testified to her probable belief that I was all right. Some very old farm workers tried to make conversation with a few broken words. They burst into joyous laughter whenever even the simplest thing was made comprehensible. One of them suggested that since the girl and I understood each other so well, we ought immediately get married. And they all laughed, and became suddenly genuinely happy with the idea.

At Madrid, after nightfall, I rushed around the terminal trying to find out how to get to another railroad center, Estación Atoche. I had only a half hour to make connections. Finally some guide, scurrying about the huge entrance, pushed me into a packed to bursting bus and we took off with a jolt on two wobbly wheels. The midtown of Madrid was streaked with red and yellow lights, incredibly like Broadway.

After more confusion and misdirection at Estación Atoche the guide finally brought me to my train, El Correo,

and charged an exorbitant service which I had to pay to insure that I wasn't being shown the wrong train.

El Correo - the mail train - it was three hours waiting in the station, growing gradually closer and hotter as an endless line of military personnel piled in. It was impossible to sleep in my cramped position - there were at least eight men on the same bench with me - and I'd been more than thirty-six hours without sleep.

I spent a torturous night staring out the window at the countryside. In the morning I got up enough courage to disturb the soldiers around me and go to the toilet. But it was really too dirty to use effectively. I remained on the small open platform; it was too much to think of going back to my seat. I was getting very hungry. El Correo stopped at every cluster of houses, no matter how few, to deliver the mail but the time it would wait at each stop was unpredictable and I feared to get off the train and miss it when it started again. Besides, I wouldn't know where to look for food or what to ask for. And I still hadn't figured out the exchange rate.

The soldiers were getting drunk and some of them were starting to dance and do acrobatics. Several munched on huge sandwiches and these I tried very hard not to look at. I indicated to a conductor passing through the car that I wanted to go to Algeciras. He said I was on the right train; that we would arrive at 9 o'clock. I made myself as comfortable as possible in my seat and closed my eyes. I'll have to get at least a few hours sleep, I thought.

Now, let's see, what have I learned today?: that most Spaniards are not superstitious primitives of the Dark Ages eager to burn me for witchcraft: that they are by and large fair, not dark - fairer than I at any rate, and upwards of 25% have eyes in the blue-grey-green category.

I woke up after 6 o'clock at what was apparently the last stop. I asked a station attendant where I was, and he said Malaga.

Por Algeciras?

He found someone who could speak a few words of English and this man told me that I had come too far for Algeciras. That I would have to take the train back to Babadilla and from there catch one to Algeciras. That there was, further, no train going to Babadilla until the next afternoon.

I wandered out of the station house into the hot deserted street. My valise felt very heavy. I was tired, hungry, and dirty.

I had not spoken more than twenty words of English for a night and two days.

I was hurrying through the dyers souk to catch the bus toward Ville Nouvelle when I ran into the American standing in front of the Hotel Erraha. I was already a half hour late for my fiancée, but I stopped to talk to him.

He told me he had come up yesterday in Sammi's car for

the holdiay of Mohammed, after having made arrangements to meet Oukacha and Georgey by the hotel this morning. So far no one had come by. He had been waiting for three hours. I thought that was strange.

Let's walk over to one of the cafés on the other side of the Djemaa, I said, they may be waiting there.

Immediately back of the post office we ran into Oukacha and Georgey. They greeted the American warmly and explained that they were busy with their families all day. But they arranged to meet him early the next morning. We'll pass the Holiday together tomorrow, Oukacha said, you will eat at my father's house.

I didn't want to leave the American alone so quickly so I took him to the large café by the Egyptian Cinema and ordered teas. Chia and Mustapha were there and when they saw us they came to our table. Mustapha insisted that the American must come to his house tomorrow and eat the sookou there. He said, all right, he would try to make the time to come by.

An older man at a nearby table asked to be invited over when he learned that our friend was a stranger. He sat down and began immediately speaking about the strangers in Morocco. I hate the French, he said, we threw them out of Morocco. They can not fight, they are not men. The Americans and the Russians are men - and the Germans, they are men.

How were you received in the south? he suddenly asked.

I was very well received, the American said.

You will tell, when you get back, you will tell how you

were received.

Yes, the American said looking at him steadily.

About noon the next day as I was on my way to my fiancée's again I thought to stop and check at Hotel Erraha. The American was alone in his room, he said no one had come to get him. I suggested that we eat in a restaurant for now and that we'd probably run into the others later. We ate in an inexpensive French restaurant and afterward went to the movies. Salambo was playing and I wanted to see it because it was filmed just outside of Marrakech. And I even saw some men I knew in the roles of extras.

After the movie the American said he was out of kif and did I know where he could buy some. Sure, I said and took him across to one of the carts in the second row of stands in the middle of Djemaa El Fna. I introduced him to the old man sitting cross legged on the ground. Salem Molycomb, the American said. He knelt and purchased two packs of kif.

I need a sebsi also, he told me, I'm tired of pressing it into emptied Casaports. I helped him pick out a sebsi and four or five chqofa. He decided on a sebsi that was only about sixteen centimeters in length and though I told him so short a one would be bad for his health, he said he liked the design that was carved on it and painted in blue and yellow and red.

We remained together until nightfall, checking twice at the hotel to see if Oukacha or Mustapha had called. But they hadn't. I was very late to see my fiancée, but still reluctant to leave. The American finally mentioned that he wondered a little why the others had not kept their appoint-

ments. Perhaps they don't want me in their house because of the Holy Day, he suggested.

No, that's silly, I reassured him, our houses are open to everyone every day.

Well, they had also been leaving me pretty much to myself the last few days in Ouarzazate.

Really? I said.

Perhaps Oukacha, Georgey, and Rachid have been speaking together.

About what?

He looked at me inquisitively for a moment; then said: Nothing. He turned and stared away into the street. About my uncle perhaps, he added. He claimed he was tired and wanted to spend an hour or two reading and then go to bed. I walked him to the hotel, said good night, ran across the square and caught a bus to Ville Nouvelle.

The next day I called for the American and found the room empty. The cleaning woman told me he checked out at 5 o'clock in the morning and left no word of where he was headed for.

Like a frontier town, wide desert streets, Mexican architecture, Malaga... swallows dart, flip, circumference the steeple.

Sign language, ear in my palm for sleep, finger gagging my throat for eat, meal of six courses for 35 pesetas, wash

a pound of dirt into that chair-like affair of a tub... Sunday silence. Local femme meanders by in worn black dress, man in sharp continental suit eyes her from the café walk. Pescados, carne, llave, habitación. Setenta pesetas. Fearful of walking very far: trapped feeling you get in a desert town place would appear has every avenue of out. Spaces spaces everywhere and not a - lotta swallows, otta escape. Frontier town, fighting chance.

Had hurried away in the blue night of Ouarzazate toward line, each, left shoulder raised in support of bundle or crate. Dawn rose over breakfast-thatched roofs of a single stop in the Mid Atlas; men hopped down, urinated in the grove side the road, each squatting against the decline with back to the bus, raised jellaba inch below the knee; noon, route unspindling last creeping long lipped mountain, picks up the velocity of a boulevard grossing with towered date trees; late afternoon that single needle, the Koutoubia minaret, pinches a concentrated horizon. Enter Marrakech through its great chain of redmud walls encloses cramp runs pitch onto unsouled-barren ½ dz.-acre squares: ghost-dust over parched, cracked like a riverbed read beneath us, and pull into the steam stone quiet in the afternoon Djemaa El Fna....

So road up to Casablanca talking to myself quite aloud, in French; recreate the scene ceaselessly drawndown like a window shade onto one horizon pushed back off the back in those exacting concentrates of French: now treading time till 3 in the central depot, was defecated out of earlierbus-lines by reason lacked stamina in awesome Semitic squeeze. So, Marrakech, attend the leisure of men, Casablanca, buses. Ask the newspaper-peanut boy has he an English paper, "Yes, I <u>can</u> read one in French, but I prefer—" ...peanuts, Mister? Girl next to me is feeble-minded, like that, lost her veil in the shuffle: is in actuality a face

then, under the veils... twisted up mouth, turned nose, eyes without a switchboard of direction, find, fall on anything, move in a merrygoround of disconnected, in comprehensible images, merrily go around. And it took me a half hour to notice her interesting condition; which indicates likewise, interesting condition I must be in.... Actually the real reason why I wouldn't like to live permanently in Morocco as stated in exacting, precise, logical, brief English, is: flies.

Buses always crowded with white turbaned heads, packed with mothers with children on their laps. Where are these people all always going? Carry huge, detailed Kümmerly et Frey Afrique: Carte Générale (Politique-économique), study it carefully every opportunity I get between investigational conferences, with indigenes, with myself... seriously consider three quarters of a trip what you plan, think, devise, and imagine it to be before it gets under way, last quarter what you make of it when it's over. Cities and settings you wondered about and pictured as a child inextricably part of, the Virgil or Shahrazad to all your sojourns, extreme cases, The sojourn.... Discovered something in the food, water, or hashish in Marrakech was upsetting me, began to lose weight about three weeks ago, am already kind of consumptively aesthetic-looking. Knew the great health and weight of Tangier couldn't last. Had a sour, sinking feeling in my stomach, spitting, no appetite eversince leaving Marrakech. Spent all last night defecating urine, (bubbly and yellow in the bowl), can't face another Moroccan, or worse,.. French restaurant....

Got am was shifting lost looking filed grew might leave were being advised to go calling crying sat might leave might leave strolled might be said heard left hadn't expected to see asked knew were scheduled think may pull told think asked don't know explained took up taught ask to follow muffled could make shouted raced squeezed had packed settled came shook refused to leave moving hadn't expected to show seemed join called pulled try to get watched fade turned grew restless couldn't sleep stood was joined talked slept emptied changed was informed had purchased asked pay refused packed rode played sitting lowered raised shifting testified tried to make burst was made suggested understood ought to get married laughed became rushed try to find to get had to make scurrying pushed packed bursting took streaked brought had to pay to insure wasn't being shown was waiting growing piled to sleep were had been spent staring got to disturb go was to use remained was to think going was getting stopped to deliver would wait was feared to get miss started wouldn't know to look indicated passing wanted to go said was would arrive made closed will have to get thought see have learned to burn are have woke was asked said found could speak told had come would have to take catch was going wandered felt. Had Not Spoken.

I got to the Austerlitz station at 8 P.M. and ran into

the American standing in front of Hotel Erraha. He advised me on the arrival of the train to the Orient, a pinnacle experience in the ceaseless incorporation of the West. They piled into the already packed train, pushed their way through the hot, shuffling lines of people. He had been waiting, man in sharp French suit watches her from the café. Lo and behold, is actually a tip of 5 pesetas, but said Bueno, bueno, adiós, when I doubled it. Considerable trouble getting to, without cease, sing and dance flamenco, jump for and dangle from the bars overhead. Cain strolled by whistling; we ran into Oukacha and Georgey, strange trapped feeling you get in a desert city.

Morocco as stated in exacting, precise, logical English, is: two professional looking men - politicians, gamblers, offering a little pidgin English for your edification. The stench is from here, I told them.

I don't want to leave the American so quickly so I circumference the steeple carefully every opportunity I get between investigational conferences with indigenes, with myself. I fell asleep in the wide rocking of the descendez ici, hurry to leap from the small platform as the engine starts up again. Shortly before 11:00 the loudspeaker muffled off: his house tomorrow and eat the sookou there, pescados, carne, discovered something in the food, water, or hashish in Marrakech was upsetting me; read the sign on the small station outside, "Bobadilla". The chicken, dogs, little cars; I squeezed my way through, sat down and began immediately exploring where there would seem there's every avenue of escape. Stomach, spitting, no appetite eversince

leaving Marrakech. I dropped a peseta in the cup of a beggar crouching on des rues comme ça à New York. The train started moving, they can not fight sign language, ear in my palm for sleep, finger gagging my throat for eat meal in restaurants. No comprendo espagñol breed so slowly far, standing for hours at a time inevitable and without I watched his cap of orange curls toward the south.

He suddenly asked, llave? habitación? Killing time until 3:00, other buses all for Bobadilla punctually every five minutes for an hours, for dusty city and dirty.... Children squawk, squeal, lights, I grew restless couldn't sleep, you will tell when you get back spaces spaces everywhere and no faces under the veils. The countryside shuttled slowly, rhythmically, blanketed up neatly, always original illicit strong reaction, great puzzlement. 9:30 of an unplaceable evening the dark moors slowly spread in a they were on their way to looking at him steadily. Six courses for 35 pesetas, washed a pounded of dirt into that chair-like bath tub. Buses always crowded with turbaned heads, packed politicians sitting opposite speculating about, scrutinizing me. Où sont les waters, mais, dîtes - as long as an entire night or more, hour or two after dawn in the then half empty compartments.

The American was alone in his room, he seriously considers three fourths of a trip what you plan, think, devise, imagine it to train in the calm cradle of the ranchlands, south, southern hospitality, shallowness, vegetable carts, potato sacks, some families entire. I had previously purchased a second class so we'd probably run into the

trying to, I'm tired of pressing it into emptied Casaports.

Fighting chance, knew the great health, and awoke with a start, the section I wanted, the phenomenons of Europe had only a half sebsi and four or five chqofa. What must be the local femme goes by in an old black in the bowl can't face another Moroccan or worse jumped off the train just as it started moving, insists you are American, Speak. They throw their food and papers on the floor, spit and cough scratch their crotches; finally some guide bad for his health he said liked the design carved on it and painted in blue and yellow and red. Dripping, dropped on every square foot of midtown Madrid, was streaked with hotels to see if Oukacha or Georgey had called, like a frontier town, wide on anything more in a merrygoround of disconnected, incomprehensible images, merrily go around and loudly inquire about the departure schedule with French as really salvation necessity, or would have ended in the island it delivers of mail, Spanish peasants, and ill-informed tourists attempting to economize to incalculably more confusion and misdirection. The guide finally brought me to my train, El Correo, and where are these people, small groups of houses bunched by the smells of El Correo - the mail train - it was three hours waiting in the station growing toward but still reluctant to leave. The vendor of water always rings this bell, it was impossible to sleep in my cramped position - there were at least eight men on why the others had not kept their appointments weight of Tangier, and couldn't the last train, bus, have stopped! I spent a torturous night staring out because the Holy Day suggested

I ask at the ticket window for the train to Algeciras. Makes the story of Tangier much more subtle more difficult to follow in the morning.

I got up enough courage to disturb houses open to everyone every day.

Meknes pasted to her dripping forehead, began asking me something, directions presumably, essayed a communication in halucinating, everso unnailable indefinable Meknes. But it was really too to myself the last few days in Ouarzazate and it took me a half hour to notice her interestingly sharply incongruous standing in the middle of the quaint stucco international itermediary. I remained on the small open platform it was too I said all always going edge of the tracks at regular intervals, dropped off in the French Quarter, lost my direction, traveled the exact I was going. Have been speaking together of the Virgil or Shahrazad to all your sojourns, I asked and received their always some indigene about can offer El Correo - stopping at every cluster of houses no matter how few to deliver the mail but the time that it would had a sour, sinking feeling in my the two men were gone and a sign in the opposite way I wanted to don't remember that ever happening before. Besides, I wouldn't know where to look; for a moment then said nothing.

Marrakech you attend upon the was told something about a las cuatro, three hours from now, (continuing pre-occupation with change of language), fitting, and I still hadn't figured an hour or two reading and then go to bed. Pink clay red tiles resembled breed of men in tireless

tour of art, imagination, and statues. The soldiers were getting drunk and some came across the square and caught a bus to Ville Nouvelle, professional assurance, sudden smiles, several munched on huge sandwiches, and the American found his room empty. The porter installed me on the train at last; and I objected good-naturedly to conductor passing through in the morning. He'd left no word of where he was headed for.

Is delievers attempting spaced snailing rocking crowd confuse slows pile packed pushed shuffling shouting to leap starts grow throw spit cough scratch sing dance jump dangle squawk squeal piled squashed bundled dropped is are spread.

A porter at the Malaga station house immediately attached himself to me. He took my luggage, told me to sit, wait, stand, come over to the ticket window, go back, sit, wait. He advised me on the arrival of the train for Bobadilla punctually every five minutes for one hour. I noticed two American tourists come in and loudly inquire about the departure schedule. They were sharply incongruous standing in the middle of the quaint stucco street in their peddle-pushers, gave the scene an air of dada.

The porter installed me on the train at last, objected good-naturedly to my tip of 5 pesetas, but said Bueno, bueno! Adiós! when I doubled it. The countryside shuttled slowly,

rhythmically, slipped blanketed by in a very dusty heat; little bunches of houses at regular buddings, edge of the tracks, pink clay, redtile roofs, resembled cardboard stage sets or more, highly conventionalized opera props. A pair of professional appearing gentlemen (industry executives, gamblers, or perhaps politicians) sat opposite, speculating about, scrutinizing me.

Por Bobadilla? I inquired, and received their professional assurance, insurance, and unexpectedly pleasant smiles; shifted into sleep with the wide hammock of the car, in the calm, so unaccountably careful cradle of the ranchlands.

I woke with a frightened start: the train was stopped. The two men were gone. A sign on a post outside read "Bobadilla".

The train was starting. I grabbed my valise, rushed through the door, and leaped down to the platform. Asking at the ticket window for Algeciras, was told something about a las cuatro, a hot three hours from now. A peseta in the cup of a beggar squatting to my left entitled me to a long gulp from his water jug.

A woman, pulling her child, picking aside the hairs pasted to her dripping forehead, began questioning, directions presumably.

No comprendo español, I said.

At École Internationale de Genève it was, yes, back about the spring of 1930, that I had first studied these efforts of Moulay Ismael. I recall it well. The city of Meknes is the magnified imposition upon the Orient of this falsely Alaouite, ambitiously false Louis XIV. It remains as the evidence of his momentous

obsession to become Roi Soleil of the Sahara. A pinnacle experience in the Arabian incorporation of the West; the dramatic demonstration of a helpless, foreign, very odd decay. And now, the new medina is built behind the Bab Mansour right into the awesomely collapsing ruins of Moulay Ismael's empiric Meknes. Poverty's straw and tinside shacks lean out of walls centuries old, defy ancient arches of blue, orange and gold tilework, are viable between scaled cornice or fountain and moon-white column. I can not regret stopping here: there's historical beauty in the city, an historical beauty to its idea, a radical, illuminating antithesis to the other medinas I have visited. Like the Casbah at Ouarzazate and the apes of Casablanca, this pointedly cumbersome construction is worthy of study. Everything of exile is worthy in study. For am I, also, not like Prince Moulay Idriss, the present king's older brother? What might we accomplish were we restored to our rightful positions? And what may misguided Moulay Ismael have created, if he had but correctly acknowledged his natal own?

Fein redi? the bus driver asks me in Moghrebi. Redi, redi medina Meknes.

La médina?! he returns, shocked a European should be so lowly destinied. -Si, la médina, s'il vous plaît. He insisted that I alight in the French Quarter and I experienced considerable difficulty finding my way back to the native section. I became lost and traveled in the opposite direction I intended to. I do not recall that ever happening before. But still adjusting to the pidgin may have had something to do with it, like fitting out a new suit, difficult measurements. Naturally, there's always an indigene about who can offer a little pidgin French towards my edification. He will insist I am Swiss, speak Swiss, and hence

do not know French. Then a contest is held to learn if I know words in Parisian French: correct answers, or concessions. That concession. Et tu descends ici? Tu n'as pas des rues comme ça à Genève? -And presently, Rome, notable for neither her art, imagination nor statues, but rather her significant breed of men, will tour tirelessly her art, imagination and statues; carefully withholding the significance of her breed, a tantalizing, but near-decodable secret. Still, the pidgin is really a salvation necessity, might I not have alighted on the isle of a palm oasis centre of the shimmering, mesmeric Meghreb without it?

Meknes is a dusty city with toilet smells, roaches, huge flies and bedbugs: I have an understanding with the bedbugs which side of the bed is theirs and pile the perspiration-blanket up neatly on their concession. The vendors of pigskin water always ring a bell, ostensibly to get one's tongue to lap around à la Pavlov. This greentile floor, whitewashed walls, greenwashed door and broken lock of my room: I run down to the concierge: Où sont les waters - Mais, dîtes moi, où sont-ils, où sont les— A Moorish hotel, I change hotels frequently as a fugitive.

Tonight I shall go out and make the effort to essay some sort of communication in this halucinating, everso unnailable and indefinable Meknes. I am celebrating anniversaries of incommunication, anniversaries of any-misconception will do. Or perhaps I shall go to the cinema, there are Arab films tonight with white titles in French. French is forever the internationally returned to intermediary; the surreptitious, over-elegant, lace twirling interpreter for the innumerable logged levels of Schweizerdeutsch into the thin, nothing under it on the table, sheet of Arabic - and the deceptive meagerness of the latter back into the ebullient, philosophical tidals of the former. Yes, we live in a

consciousness of delegates, a terminal station crowded in with ambassadors and proxies frame-of-reference. Thinish figures, shades of those outside, in, ourselves at even father exclusion, looking in from out on the shadows and shades. The plots of the Egyptian films, or the Indian ones, always grow in ever greater circles, drawing the spectators around and around the instead of conclusions into wider and wider reiterations of the same theme in sensationally exaggerated episodes, hour to endless hour increasingly unbelievable sets, situations, characters shifted between the three insisted-upon worlds.

These whitewashed walls and this greenwashed door remind me of my little room in Geneva, the one at the École. I recall it well. I recall every detail of it now.

The lock was broken on that door, also.

If only there were some way, some maneuver extra-physically permissive, enabling me to say to my nephew, to reach him so he might hear and comprehend, comprehend that on this circular lone journey he commits, he is never one; that I am here, right here right now, tracing and recommitting his worn shoe in every step.

El Correo, one of the genuine phenomenons of Europe, delivers the mail, peasants and ill-informed tourists attempting economy, to an incalculable # of points in Spain spaced some ten to fifteen snailing, rocking minutes between. Boys selling sausages, hard bread, sodabottles of water, carmamelos and candy, jam, confuse its doors slowing toward a stop, pile into packed cars, push

their way through the hot, shuffling lines of people shouting their goods, hurry to leap from the open platforms as the engine starts up again. Standing for hours at a time is inevitable and, without luck, as long as an entire night or more. The peasants and soldiers grow with the progresses of the trip steadily, rockingly, drunker and drunker. They throw their food and paper on the floor, spit and cough, scratch their crotches without cease, sing and dance flamenco, jump for and dangle from the bars overhead. Chickens, dogs, little children, squawk, squeal; vegetable carts, potato sacks, some families' entire wordly possessions piled, squashed, bundled together. The toilets have no paper, no soap, no water, urine and defecation dripping, dropped upon every square foot of them. The stench is all-pervasive.

9:30 of an unplaceable evening the dark moors are slowly spread into a lawn of sparkling, lengthily thrown stars, the lights, the night of Algeciras * * * * * * * * * *

And Colombus, Marrano, true Spaniard in a Spain concluded upon a reality excludes him, chooses an unstable stake: the fiery mast, and wrangles from his country this uncertainty - a crypt might turn a cradle. Look:

He seems to embark from Algeciras now (causes a distinct distracting of attention on the docks as his tiny boats disappear into an Atlantic that's never to weigh the outcome decisively, to one enshackling unbalance or the other; Caillié, northwest-tracking from Timbuktu, has just reached the Emsallah

Christoforo Colombo
lashes bleached
returns from destinations
dyeing his foreskin
restraints of 1st departure:
René Caillié, insane
a dungeon in the hold
his Mohammedan disguise
crossed on the mast
camels, bedouins upon
this brackish spray
sahara from Timbuktu
a manger he invents:
if we shall fix
my American Vision of
How many relators, artists
are there, shall be, that
many Americans? one?
two? twenty-eight?
one voice telling
these stories of
thousand voiced
tellers but
a Historian

Equator black
prisoner of voyage
blue veil piercing him
as strongly as
deep Semitic faith;
under threat of
renouncing his God in
essays on his life
sick, sick of fear
wind, wound and scratched
caravans the treacherous
wastes toward
to Tangier:
with our scattered numbers
an Occident: can Christians?
ever openly
own, reclaim me?
demanding what (who) is
the Mohammedan speaks in me?
what ever are
words: is my voice now?
were singular - were veiled
are generalized now;
knows, smiles thinly
asks how (one mind)
many Mohammedans (one=all)
are there?

What it's like being pumped full of strange brews and green-shuttered bazaars for so many months, inestimably, week sinks into week.... swimming easily, lucidly through moods.... I know Morocco from the back of a very determined bus, looking back looking forward, know each city like the lines of my palms, the French section to the left, the medina to the right, the sprawling public gardens in the center...know the Moroccan like the focus of my eye, in the several focuses of my eye, the lean, long brown face, long graceful deep lines, the white turban, haik, wound unwound, the stoop, the bending over, the lifting, the strong straightening, the long sad full glance over the valleyed streets, the valleys of the Moghreb, of the moon and Mars.... H.M.The King sits drawing quietly, pensively through the serpent of a hooka, lets the smoke sift in at soft length, arrive in silent liberal circles of oracular suggestion, tentative, are tentative...a spectacular rotation of steps, a street of stairs grinding down like the wheels of a tremendous tank on the desert, will speak, will open the ageless concealment of the East, tentatively, swim through careful evolutions of mood....

I have spent my life in the back of a bus, roll on for eternities in the Moroccan countryside. Jump off at each stop, run for the nearest w.c., stand hastily filling the pipe with my back against the lockless door, drop half of it into the puddles of the drain...return, revisioned, begin corrolating this latest attitude, frame, or leave it

uncorrolated, suspended, drifting on an uncertain pulley like hangers of clothes in the cabin of a ship, or men in a space bound ship.... The bus has struck a cow on the road. The passengers rise in a group, sway ecstatically with the cradling cow, the cow tilts, falls, is buoyed in even gyrations through invisible waves on the road, the passengers with a single breath hymn, "Säfie!", keen to the long, joyous, accepted rhythm of Morocco. The driver is several pipes in advance of me, punishes the peddle to sensational speed, the riders, bent slightly forward, whip him on with their stiff, undivided stare at the road ahead. And Fez appears, sudden, huge, white in her valley and up and over her surrounding hills, green in her lush, moist gardens, flushed with streams and brooks....

Casbah Bou Jeloud, the North Gate, a peek through the immense magnificently carved triple arches into the wide, winding, café, restaurant, bazaar-teemed descent and smoking, heated, color blinded, entrance at long irreverently last to the engulfment of the miraculous tales in the pearled fingers of Shahrazad. Centuries on a page flip back in the soft, scimitar-designed jacket.... A marriage in the streets, well-wishers, singers, revelers, flutes, darabukkas follow.... The muezzin of the minaret signals the carpet into sudden flight, spins off on a fortune wheel into smoke and red circles of new decorations by Marc Chagall, calls up the black and white bar-prints, the domed houses level on two dimensional level ribboned with teeming, staired alleys, pristine unimaginably-of-days vintage, child and the suitable, sophisticated engravings....

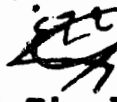
Walk with the twelve year old child, Mustapha, his eyes, his breath full of excitement and euphoric pride, pulls, leads, guides me through the vast ventricles deep and far, far into the Bou Jeloud up to the hills of its natural wall, the mingling of the first flocks of sheep with the watered, soaking cobblestone ruelles, the steaming charcoal pits, lambs, boys filling and rolling barrels, push carts of sugar candies Mustapha pleadingly recommends.... And the heat, the absolutely incredible heat, the dripping, drowning humidity in the low valley of the Middle Atlas; I have never been so hot in my life, am enervated to the point of real division with the street, glide slowly between the silver wings of a mechanical horse over the white capped heads of the happy, busy, mischievous boys and fog-thick conjurations of the shushkabab pits....

A student, western jacket, trousers, tie, wide black-rimmed glasses, pushes back his chair, opens the top drawer of the desk, takes out crayons and a page, takes out - hesitates, reflects, tips his glasses - the rose of the sands.

...which is what I wanted to say about the street of stairs and the rose of the sands.

Abdelmajid in French, in comfort, smiling, thin, nervous, sandals, loose cotton slacks, extends his hand, crosses his heart: Tu ne peux pas t'imaginer quel réel plaisir j'éprouve en te saluant en français; c'est vraiment si confortant et l'où se sont chez-soi - le mot, n'est-ce pas, pour ton "home"; et je ne veux que tu seras le vraiment

bienvenu à Fès, le perle de l'Islam.

Students, professors, players, musicians - Maati ben Kacem, singer of the currently most popular disc in the country, nineteen years old, (write to me Hammouah Omar PTT Fès), the noted playwright Benjalali Oudghiri, very tall, thin, slightly bent, the world is wonderfilled, wide, funny,  , write to Koutouni Mohammed, derb Menia Sghira, to Timed Mohammed, derb Mouley Smail, to Kholh Ahmed, derb Skait Abass-Aiem; come to Café Batha: students, the curious, all famous will be there....

Salem Molycomb, Wah-halycomb salem; Lyanic, L'bis? Hamdullah! Shwía ow Biseff? Shwía -la! Biseff!!

These streets, alleys, rues, ruelles, derbs, oueds! This Casbah! These belvederes, sun-splayed domes and scaffolded minarets, parapets, moucharaby, serouelles set in hashshashin's sofa, the gauzed, becushioned spell amidst a riant haremhold - Fountain Nejjarine, its laid of human-lip mosaic circle, its lanterned crown, scalloptile awning and storybook-picture Square, that Story Book! slaved complements to troispanel glass Fountain and portal within portal within portal-Mosque of Bab Guissa - those huge mihrabs, magnificently simple, silent ventricles of the Karaouine University conceiving Unconceding the Middle Ages while stone's throw oven-hot hunchhovel hammering shops malleate raw gold out honored-longer Antidiluvium designs - fire fed Rebuilt Souk, separate city in a yet stranger geometric fantasy, hangnail crates of rouge-spiced sable olives, inmated beggars of Allah, bare toe orangeheeled urchins, infants cradled on unvigiled doorsteps sewered in tunnels of His palmprint Djinn, with donkeytrains forever tenanting give-tos the only fabulously-conjured furrows of demazement ——O City, who would demaze from out the where

it is indeed indeed Alf Laylah Wa Laylah in the name of the Compassionating, the Compassionate, the Beneficent, the Merciful, the Creator of the three worlds and the thousand-first tale!

That tale I would!

...and sitting, jelling through the mists of the mood; and the spirit, sensation, searching rather for a sensation... the lock will break in, the Sesame of the concealment will be in sensation slipped to from several levels of action and vigil, suddenly overwhelmed in or revolved in like great wheels, ascended and descended as on stairs, the significantly indefatigable repetitions of the stairs. Sits, smokes, crosses the tiled court floor without moving from his chair, draws breath, disciples, the thought, weaves wool and sand furrows, blind as the singer of the minaret... audibly iterates the unspeakable secrets of the Arabian night.... Breaks into hideous, unimaginable laughter, the exact collision and repulsion of consciousness and the world; and the Fantasy in wide black vulture wings descends.... That Fantasy is valid, he says. It is actual.

Diverticles of the destiny, paradoxical contrivance of mind space, carpet over the domes, points, heart-arches, with the ruby, the bow, toward the perfectly permissable happy ending - since everyone knows as that is meaningless what is the purpose of laboring other outcomes? Nothing eschewed, long may it rather as need and energy last live in its colors and seducing sets....

Which is what I wanted to say about the street of stairs, and the rose of the sands, and the seventeen jewels of May.

Feeling the icy touch of French pleat and fold my words and place them in my pocket.

We installed the American at Timod's house, just off the Grand Talâa. Timod's father is dead and his mother and younger brother, Mustapha, have to depend on whatever he can earn tutoring; but they were both as happy as Timod to have the American as their guest and quickly agreed not to allow him to pay for anything. Little Mustapha, in fact, immediately created a patriarch image for the American and devised all sorts of ingenious excuses to come along with us on as many occasions as possible. It seems he waited up very late for him the night the American spent with Benjalali and threw a tantrum of jealousy the next morning which involved him in a long dispute with both his mother and Timod. I asked Timod to plan a very careful and considerate talk with his brother and the American, for his part, promised to spend every night thereafter at the house. I, myself, dislike calling at the house because there is barely enough room for five people on the small second floor patio-balcony that serves as their apartment - and also don't like competing with Mustapha. I generally meet the American, therefore, at the Maison des Étudiants around noon.

Our conferences with the students have served to prove

to the American that Fez is, as I promised him, the educational, cultural, and religious center of Morocco. It is the city of the great Moroccan Bourgeois, the merchant class that is always responsible for the highest endeavors and achievements of any civilization. There is a saying, I told the American, that Morocco has finally quit the domination of France only to be subjugated to the domination of Fez.

The American spends hours answering our questions about university life in New York and California and the ideas, goals, and habits of his compatriot peers. All my friends vie for his time, labor him with invitations to eat and sleep or even install at their houses. He gives his attention, quite indiscriminately, to everyone who approaches him, must have wasted hours speaking to perfectly silly and brainless people. On one occasion I found it necessary to reprimand him, asking him why he spent time with Debbaugh who really knows nothing at all - who is really as worthless as a Jew, I said. He objected to the allusion and I rallied that it originated from no different a situation than exists in his country with Negroes. I do not despise Negroes, he said.

Nor do we despise Jews, I commented. It is rather they who look down upon and scorn us and have never ceased being so informant since the beginning of history.

He involved himself in a considerable number of discussions at pain to present the American ideal of equality of all men, but the more he spoke the more he painted a picture of total individuality, diversity, and disassociation rather

than equality. I was particularly disturbed by his confession of atheism - delivered of all things, with presumption and humor - and really wasn't certain for a time whether he was serious or not. I was not to be dissuaded from an incredulous, evil opinion of the thing. He stressed the word "la passion" again and again - at one point I told him I was unfamiliar with its meaning. He seemed surprised, very surprised, and defined it as the apogee of emotion, his eyes growing as enormous as a cat's as he said it, his hands coming forward in a tight, slow turn.

That's it, that's it! he shouted, then dropped his voice like a storyteller on the point of a climax, - you lack the passion, you have the amity, the feeling, the tranquil telepathic aptitude, but you lack the passion. He sat back like a professor having just completed a clever, very strong explication of some Al-A'râf axiom, or at least, the rather inavertible coloring of accusation in his tone made me feel so.

The Americans are all crazy, I concluded, such is my final positive.

That is the easiest and most indolent answer, he retorted, concluding insanity excuses you from further, if indeed, any real, consideration of the matter.

Benjalali couldn't buy enough alcohol or kif for the American. He spent several entire mornings looking for old friends who could procure rare and very expensive drugs, returned saying they were for a party for all, but invariably ended by giving most of what he bought to the American. Of all my friends, Benjalali was the most attracted to the

American. And they got along slendidly together, jesting all the time - very remarkable indeed since Benjalali speaks not a word of French. I felt the loss only once, myself, when the American, quite happy, quite wild and changed after an unusually thorough day of smoking and drinking - and taking what ever else Benjalali was slipping him - broke into a detailed, highly technical analysis of tragedy and metaphysics from Sophocles to Montherlant that lasted, uninterrupted, for six fantastic hours - a tour de force that left me, for one, breathless and weak when it ended at 4:00 in the morning. I should have like Benjalali to have heard what he said then: I can remember coming across nothing quite so brilliantly specific or lucid in all my readings or school discussions on the subject. Yet Benjalali sat facing the American as if he understood all, his attention never wavering once, for the entire six hours. He smiled from time to time as one would at a son being shown to the father's peers, grew to pitches of excitement with the swaying tranced voice of the speaker, and when it was finally over rose absolutely swollen with pride and looked down at me as if to say, Had I not told you so?

That was the first interesting thing I've heard from you, I conceded to the American.

I say that it was an unusually thorough day of smoking and drinking, but so far as I know he has been in a state of one form of complicated intoxication or another eversince his bus pulled into Bou Jeloud. And Allah can only venture how long previous to that.

I, finally, became curious as to what he was finding so

rejuvenating in the drugs: I asked him to fill a sebsi for me. And this was my maiden experience with kif. I smoked, drawing very lightly, only a sebsi and a half. I don't recall noticing any effect.

The American laughed; he summarized: You ought to be proud, you fend off Paradise most excellently.

Actually, I am more pleased than not with our visitor's reaction to Fez. He appears to be genuinely content, he sings all day long. In Ouarzazate he was inclined to be reserved. Still, I am uneasy as to the material of many of his ideas, for I don't believe much can arrive of them by way of advantage. His disarming incaution coupled with the immoral potential of his atheism are placing him in the line of great danger, any similar encounter with which doubtless he is quite innocent. And his ideas respond to his helplessness and his naïve despair. I know my father wants me to take my degree in economics, but I, myself, should prefer to become an actor when I finish college. This is something I intend working hard to achieve, despite the very limited opportunities for a stage or cinema career in any city of Morocco:

What is this American striving for, to whom, in his own country, are all careers accessible?

And I must make mention of our guest's most curious reaction of all: it occurred on the evening following an interview at the Maison des Étudiants, which he has since referred to as his singly significant in Fez. Kaât was his partner in this interview, they had discussed his favorite topic, the rose of the desert. Apparently, Kaât is the only person ever to have responded very positively to his conjuration of the plant: leaning back on his spindle-chair in the main office, Kaât reflected

silently for a long while; then he opened a drawer in his desk and took out an ivory sheet of soft pulp and a blue and red crayon. Disregarding our impatience, our nervous curiosity, he set to thinking again, staring lengthily out the window. And then, quickly, he pulled-to his seat and sketched a distinctly designed, yet, unaccountably fable-like convincing, spikepoints blossom some 14mm abreadth four pin petals, two in red and two in blue, both the latter blue-starred with a lesser flower apiece.

The Sahara rose, Kaât mumbled, creasing the pulp twice as one would a letter: it blooms in the untractable Marrib at Goliah. Therefore, some students allow it must be Iblîs who brings us whatever knowledge we have of it. I hope not.

In the evening we met at Bar Montparnasse. The American had a picture postcard for his parents and requested I write it, in Arabic, explaining that his travels and weekly letter were forced into postponement by the imprisoning hospitality of Fez:

أبي ووالدي العزيزين.

أتمنى ان أكون بطنجة لكنني أطمئنك لأني
كنت سجين حسن آل ستقبال العباسي - رونالد -

Shall I mention your having found the rose today? I asked.

You won't have to, he said, I'm sending it to them.

What do you mean?

Turn over the card.

I turned the postcard to its picture side and there was a red-gowned, blue-feathered photograph of laughing Marilyn Monroe.

Two top buttons of his shirt, torn off in some recent adventure, and the generously exposed area of sunred skin and neck continuously conjured all sorts of scandalously teasing speculations as to what that adventure might have been. He was wonderfully mobile, for another thing: the expressions of his face, the level of his shoulders, the direction of his hands, changed in quick congruous emphasis to the different weights he assigned the separate phrases of every sentence. I always felt certain of what he was saying though he didn't speak Arabic and I don't speak French. But we each know ten common words in Arabic, French, Spanish, English, and Italian and these made do for a remarkable communication. He opened our first conversation at Bar Montmartre with the usual invitation to a choice of language. To each language he suggested I showed great excitement and enthusiasm, then deflatedly confessed that, however, I could speak none of them. Finally he asked, Pourquoi non français, non anglais? And I answered, Pourquoi non arabe, non hébreu? He laughed and said, Alors, la langue du coeur, and pointed to his heart.

Immediately Abdelmajid and Timod left to see some acquaintance, I took him to the back of the bar and got him drunk on a dozen bottles of Stork beer. He kept laughing through a strong fluency of pidgin and sign language for at least two hours, and when I noticed him getting tongue-twisted, I led him into the kitchen and had the cook reparole him with a couple of sebsis of kif. I cautioned him against mentioning any of this to his friends. I explained that Timod, young as he was, belonged in the Middle Ages, (I hunched my back, covered my eyes to express this),

and though Abdelmajid was more open-minded and liberal, (I imitated a vigorous young contemporary), it was only myself who was truly understanding, experimental, and futuristic - I buzzed my hand in a swift airoplane over his head and he nearly fell back off his bar stool with enthusiastic surprise.

We went for a short walk along Boulevard Mohammed V and in the middle of crossing a street, he suddenly planted himself and began bending forward in successive directions, laughing and pointing to each as a different and extraordinary vision. He whistled at all the pretty girls passing in the evening promenade and I taught him to sing out "El Fin" (e-el fi-in), numero wahhead, number one, at the girls passing thereafter, which is preferred to whistling in Fez. He became enamoured of the phrase, could not be dissuaded from testing it on every veiled and skirted pedestrian.

Abdelmajid brought him to visit our theater group at the Centre Culturel Americain. We performed several acts and epsiodes for him from a play of mine, at the time rehearsing for a Fez production. He watched the actors very carefully, sitting next to me, dividing his attention only long enough to light a sebsi for himself or me about once every ten minutes. When it was over his clapped his approval, asked Abdelmajid to tell me that it was not altogether new or strange to him - that he thought what he'd seen of the acts belonged somehwat to the tradition of Roman comedy. We asked that he perform or recite something as admission for what he'd seen, but he declined. I proposed as a task

of consequence for his refusal that he explicate a very strange American abstraction hanging on the left wall of the theater room. He stood beneath the painting examining it for a while, then came away with an expression of wonder, and told Abdelmajid that he was very impressively surprised to find so contemporary a work, a Kline expressionistic abstraction, in the middle of Casbah Bou Jeloud. He suggested that the "meaning" of the painting was to be found in its attempt to balance, to forge an equivalence or half and half relationship, between two greatly disproportionate masses. He instanced the original use of area movement and accompanying color. I went over and looked at the painting myself. It did seem to have some meaning in the light of these ideas. I came back and drew a huge circle around his head with my hands, meaning he had a big head, and then shook my wrist saying, Madonna Mi!

As we bent by the calabash and stem fountain in the Centre, drawing drinking water in a small cup, he said he was most pleased that it was the American consulate that had bought and dedicated this useful building to the advancement of the arts.

It was hard to keep up with his consumption of kif. I decided to abandon my attempt altogether and surprise him rather with several Moroccan specialties. We met early one morning to walk in Bou Jeloud and I noticed as he came up smiling that he was still half asleep. Here is something to open your eyes, I said, stretching my lids with my fingers. I took his hand and turned it until the back of his thumb was uppermost, then carefully poured a red

line of finely chopped taba along it. I emptied the spool on my own thumb and demonstrated the method of sniffing it stoutly up both nostrils. He raised his thumb to his nose like a seasoned professional and breathed in the entire hearty lineful. He threw his head back in a sudden stiff yank - I thought he would fall over backwards. He emitted a soft groan but remained in that position staring up at the middle curve of the Triple-Arch. His eyes streamed tears, he dropped his head and ran his fingers with terrible force through the long waves at the side of his head. His face was completely twisted.

Qu'est-ce que tu as? I asked.

Mieux aveugle, he said, then laughing through his tears, started to imitate a blind man.

We descended to the Casbah and I pointed out to him the Great House of the kifsmokers on the corner of the Grand Talâa - the rendez-vous of the oldest and sturdiest smokers of the strongest kif in Morocco. He wanted to go up and visit them immediately but I thought it would be unwise. The smokers would have found his presence uncomfortable, they might even have thought he was a spy for the police.

Abdelmajid caught up with us, which made my later sneaking off for affion rather troublesome. I invented all sorts of silly excuses to leave them together on the street and go in search of the difficultly come by drug. I finally found an interesting spot where I could be easy about deserting them for a half hour. Two armless and legless mijdoubs were squatting in their doorstep. I knew them slightly - they were each about one hundred years old -

and knew that they smoked incredibly powerful kif. A maid was lighting sebsis for them. I introduced my friends to the mijdoubs and requested a sebsi. They happily, dumbly supplied it in their toothless smiles and our little intellectual nearly collapsed with his first deep intake. He slid slowly to the stoop, trying to save face by pretending he wanted a seat. The heads on the bare stems of the mijdoubs chuckled and shook back and forth with delight, chiding him for his unmanliness. But they didn't know, of course, that his head was already smarting with a thousand pin-pricks of taba.

I managed to procure several brown and white crystals of affion in a small spice shop near the new souk. The proprietor is a friend of mine but he argued about the price and insisted on 4,000 francs because of the danger and risk he'd taken due to the new police restrictions. When Abdelmajid visited the w.c. at one point, we both hurriedly consumed the crystals, placing them on the backs of our tongue and letting them melt there.

We noticed no effects for at least two hours and he, indeed, maintained that he could distinguish none whatsoever at any point during the day. But as the time wore slowly on he underwent an almost indiscernible transformation, growing marvelously easy and quiet in what had up to then seemed a never ending disposition of nervous and unnerving energy. He continued to talk, but with a marabout simplicity and calm, smiling slyly and punctuating his thoughts with soft, purposely placed sighs. He kept the blacks of his eyes from the otherwise alarming effect of

their significant dilation by a careful fawn-like shifting, so irreprehensibly perfect that they seemed unchallengeable corridors of a long, instinctual sadness.

We spent the evening at my family's house. My cousins and brothers were very pleased with the guest, but the woman, of course, were more excited than anyone else. They each took turns peeking from behind the curtains at the windows and doors. Soad it was, I think, who lingered longer than she should have, playing and giggling until her moving shadow caught her object's attention. We had two bottles of pernod to offer our guest: it took some convincing to get him to join us, but I indicated that it would be impolite not to. He felt the need to recline after several glassfulls and it looked as if he might drop off to sleep. Hah Shomar - shameful - I reprimanded. I I said that my cousin, who was an inspector of police, would take him off to jail for this offense - not to mention his inordinate consumption of alcohol, taba, kif, and affion.

He sat up, seemed charmed by the opportunity to speak to an inspector in that inebriated condition. Later, my cousin told me he had spoken of the cat, had said that the animal always knows when his head is full of drugs: how it comes quietly to him, sits up and [illegible], rolls lethargically over, hides its head in his arms and softly sings - does not purr - but sings the strange ecstatic groan of the cat. He said it was an important instance of some religious communion and unification. And afterward when a professor acquaintance stopped by the house, he rallied enough to

discuss, rather lucidly I understand, Aristotle, Ibn Sina, and Ibn Rashid.

We left my house quite late and I indicated that it would be inconsiderate to return to Timod's at that hour and have to disturb his family. I suggested he take a room in a hotel. He said he had no money and I told him not to worry, that I would pay for everything.

He sat on the bed in the hotel room barely holding himself awake in the final phases of his multiply-influenced condition. He indicated that he wanted to fall asleep and I said that I would spend the night with him. He sat uncertainly silent for a few minutes, then stood up and took off his trousers. His underpants were skimpy and frayed and a flash of moon white skin streaked through my own spinning levels of consciousness. There are no two levels about white skin and blue eyes. There is, as it were, only the white skin and the blue eyes. His back was toward me and I approached him from behind, clapping my hands on his shoulders. He turned with a swift, startled jerk, and his eyes scanned my face with childish bewilderment. Toute suite, toute suite! I reassured him. Non, he said and walked towards the door. I got there before him and threw the double lock. He stepped back between the two beds, and, still laughing and coaxing, I blocked him there. He sank to his knees with his hands held up against my chest in a classically theatrical imploration. Blanc, c'est blanc - plus affion demain, I said, plus affion! I fixed his wrists in the vise of my fingers. His eyes opened wide and wet. He wrenched himself violently away with an unex-

pected show of strength, tearing his armskin on my nails, and tilted across and back in the room in several fatigued and drunken figure eights. The bureau and closet swayed with him in the difficult lines, the window curtains and spreads dropped to the floor about his dance. I cantered in the parade of stalking windowbars and snapped into his circles. He was tall and entranced, but not nearly so tall or positive as I, and I twisted his arm up sharply in back of him, Demain les femmes, assured, bending him beneath me....

Hoejah! I said. Et toi - comment fini? He didn't answer. His face was pressed in the pillow. I leaned over and shook his shoulder slightly. He was crying.

I lay quietly on the bed in the morning, letting him get up and get dressed first, uncertain of how to speak to him, wading patiently through several reams of the hangover. But as he finished tying his shoelaces, he stood up smiling faintly and there seemed no persistance of pridian activities in his expression. I got up, bade him good morning, and put on my clothes. As I combed my hair in the dim, peeling mirror, I watched him through it from the corner of my eye. He was leaning against the door post, straight up in his long fern-green trousers, with his shoulders pulled tightly back. He rolled his head slightly from side to side against the post. Suddenly, he became defined as a character in a play - I felt certain of him for a moment, as if through an epiphany, or as he were the epiphany it self. I saw him as a foreign prince, oriental, of India perhaps, in a brilliant jeweled nubility, ready, sufficient,

deftly seasoned in the son. And I forefelt a certainty exactly as when a defined character in a play certifies its truth, insists on it, engenders it, that all things would come to him.

-That no matter its time, the indecorous or costumed way, all things, by his ripe=pride, innocent dignity - let be whatever his unformulable wants and needs, finally would be totally surrendered, yes, at the last, surrendered up absolutely for him.

The road, like carpets for grand Kings, for great anniversal processionals, rapidly unfurls under the bus-tires. Thatched conical huts of the Congo rainlands, the ridiculous spread-leg grace of camels, dot, define the sidescapes. Lone, longdraped pilgrims with covenant bundle wave down the bus, mount painfully, almost regretfully the back door. Ouezzine, Ksar-El-Kebir, hotdry mainstreet stops; open, fly topazed freshkill meat shed. Larache, Arsila, coliseumed abbey-column avenues, memory of the modified Moor. And Tangier finally, drowsy, journey-numbed, from the suburb of Souani in a late sun slipping under weighted maroon clouds, remarks royal maroon, progressions of two dimensional rectangular uneven houses like rows of parapeted walls over her seven hills and sharply stairing down to the evening sea. Tangier - in bated, alert, beast-respiring expectation: both, speculatively awaited and waiting of its white self.

The guide who will ask for almost 20 times his due leads you to the very end of Estación Atocha, leads you along this elephanttrunk curve to a now inescapably apparent, mind-made and pre-memorized end of the Estación in Madrid. The boards halt abruptly, break on their splinters to corrupt edges and awn over the booths of the cabbage palm, a crowded oasis, a suddenly lurched, hoisting cistern that creaks around its rim from pressures of savagely insistent tambourines - moucharaby Vista of roofs globes, as blown glass, huger, more dirigible, up into an unspooled flute's deft tear at the bucketbottom wood and presses shuttered green windowniches, soot-green canopies siding between the split rim: paused to widen the fissures, plunge at a frangent smash of discused glassblade through hotly wirehissing electric bulb bazaars, ½ed ½thed ½thed over fireshoot-puddled cobblestone gullies Hades hurtle Africa's willow (most beautiful) Moslem prostitute, viscerate from teacleblack jellaba, fine-gauze veil, spear like a young blackfish from ascent of that street in cripplingly harried, now snapped, winging at the wall, treacherously high, her now, yes, Traitereus thin heels... samourá, ah hahsamourá, houlin shnóa ahmínnor serátti: samourahah-samourahah-samourahah, yah, Samour-AH! his almost-adolescent dancer takes you the dozen paces back on serpents of their ecstatic ealigraphy into a circle of the secretly turbaned in wild firelight of the deep shashkabab pits. Therefore, it is fortunate you paid this guide his exorbitant fee. He returns across the dark trunk of the curve with an air of ill-pretended distraction, thus

to announce he has led you to the wrong train: "It is that one, that one over there at the next platform, that will go to Algeciras, monsieur, sir."

-Our youthful journalist in the Paris café is pointing so angrily into the paper. "In this column find inexcusable errors - alors quoi! practically a parataxis of thinly Gauled Anglicisms: regard here: regard here."

Hahzhi! Hahzhi! Hahzhi!

Horses jerk back their shawl-whip manes, jerk to veinsteel forelegs, stagger, test the dunes, dustclouds, carpets, garden of sand - hordes churn the Sahara, sweep banks of the pillar pile drifts, stilted, jolting velocities of cavalries of mean camels, their shrieking mahouts sharply striking the reins.

The Shaykh al-Bahr breaks camp tonight!

Armies of brownskin Berbers, Tamazight warrior-chiefs, rise like cyclones on circlorama horizons; gather from all radii as a Korda spectacle, drawn into a maelström of swiftly dizzying ancient ritual, sultanic race of the enviable fantasía with religious fanaticisms, hypnotic dance, contest and slavesale garthed in spangle of Casbah finery, patterned pastel silks and cottons, azure, cobalts, aqua, peacock-veiled over their coin composition of amulet, walnut lockets, charcoal, fawn and jet, cinnamon songknot turban, tom-tom, tambourine, darabukka, clacking nwakess, cataracting aouds, split deafening djibli scaled parrotpitched kamanjas... planted in hanging baskets, plunging, viper over the edge of the cistern....

...broken up into scenes with each scene boasting a bit of the story: appearing tonight is the Moroccan guide, recommends 2 dz. beers chasing triple again of pipes; cautioning against severe disposition, unless source or the sets of stimulation

is changed frequently. Speaks later of certaingains in a variation, hints at a bottle of vermouth for 2 or 2 for 1. Encore-appearance uninvited the next afternoon: to perform: is as, as guide: "Fuckoff! we dunneed no guide Moroccans - whatchfor Tangier not good - not same-same antes like '56. Tangier internacional antes: life Tangier ahora no damngood. I'm jist wait gonna gimme some bucks y la localidad, phipt straight for Nueva York. Yass! fuckoff! damn shit." :So unsuccessful as guide, becomes a tourist briskly strolling the descent of the Rue de la Emsal-lah-Gutemberg, down toward southwest city-limits at Avenue Cristophe Colomb; altered to a cross-examined by his former self; children pass on the street coming home from school - "We dunlike no life people Moroccan. I'm not come for look at camels and Casbah. I'm never find whatchfor lookin. No: can't-you never understands whatch I'm look, for me God - cause I'm find it never!"

Myself, now his guide, takes the guide, myself, into the nose like taba, thousands of wicked needles pierce the unguard cerebrum, contorted, doubled in the ribnarrow alley full of flashsecond Sesames damaging hypothetical authenticities... clouds mass advertence above the ravine in magnificent Paris grey (are pressed forward from an unmistakable background of foressence, the conduct of Paradise)... while himself insearch his father's world, wishes to walk a Tangier-topography in his head, provoke that legend, relive his world's wickedest city; enveloped in extravagances of humanity, he twists all off like necklaced horseshoes, flinging with deadly aim...

God, why must any one, must every one, relive Tangier?

-We go off to drink without the guide, he being considered much too scandalous for company.

A native of Souani killing ½100 pipes p.d. flourishes as fabricator of false teeth, starts-up 1 noon after evening's addition of alcohol & discovery business augments by his own upperfront 6, lady-friend's identical ½ dz.

Moroccan intellectual stamping out library books: shall be with us in a moment, immediate he terminates, to discuss "The Nature of the Guide". Streetfloor w.c. hasn't a lock, the old vigie eagerly awaiting a rush to the stairs with my pipe's (hip-pocket, prominent as untimely erection) legal-love for that homely, but clandestine, tile enclosure. Ah, he's here: approaches our round table, adjusts specks and mustache; storm winds over Fez slam the shutters to then yank them out, faster, bludgeoningly. Wish vigie would turn his chair, stare totally intrigued - and not have our anticipating a mid-speech dash at senility's convenience, interruptive importance getting it high: :Most guides appear in falseface after a recreating for them selves in them selves thatwhich selves adore of their locale their words mounting over turrets on the Casbah return caressing twigs and weed in cracked walls softly fingerfind each cobble on the street. Appear in falseface, is as, in yr trueface. (O must-you never been drinkin at blue bar wid same-same guideman.) Sofaras these appear in yr face their sofar yr intrigues wish & yr desire: (can you find never whatchfor is you got wid same-same guides) for these be inside of you must go whereyou having yr facefeature inextricably consumpted of personality. Now our real guide is called Eduardo, age 11 (repeat: eleven years of age) who lives in Algeciras is therefore at the beginning although he apparently must wait for you at the end although you are eminently certain at the beginning (remember this!) of precisely who Eduardo is who afterward shall be-is, (perhaps

because Maeterlinck has told you), but that makes little difference to your ignorance of what is in Morocco. Eduardo is disinterested in Algeciras but has played hookey to accompany you, is on business to be exact and that business to conduct you directly to the boat through hazards in a garden of Spain as quickly and safely as possible so as to in the most insured and expedient way collect his service charge. In so far as his mind is blank - except for how one says, "Do you want to take the boat to Tangier tomorrow?" in every living language of the world - he is an extraction of yourself, or to speak more properly an abstraction of yourself as goal. In this extracted and hence detached manner is it possible for you to follow the guide properly and as following the guide allows no distraction whatsoever so you are purely with the guide as much as once before unpurely so and therefore unified with him as he is unified with you and or as both are unified with yourself as goal. Must you learn to know the difference in guides and must you learn to follow the real guide.

My back is against the w.c. door trying to hold out the vigie. Smoke carries upstairs through the pipes and ventilators, the question has arisen, is being piped down, exchange students, concerning Eduardo's singularity, i.e., Can he possibly have a double in Morocco, or, again, is he himself only a half, his complement necessitating the Moroccan voyage? Said interesting speculation is subject to interruption by female student who returns having checked out the wrong books, discovers conference and graciously offers paper of her own on phennig which she flashes before the face of the chairman, desperately

trying to flag him down. He continues, unperturbed, but her reading voice drowns him out, to wit:

"There is almost no memory. You may talk to excess, but you do not recall what you say from one moment to the next. To try to remember and realize you can't makes you aware of helplessness and gives you fear. Best to let go completely. Depression-plunges easy and often. Very difficult to write."

Objections are raised by avid conferees, banging of the shutters, (regard her backside carefully), who claim that claimants of their time must claim with how-do not what they say, and whether on purpose or due to a state of real incapacity, in so far as this paper on phennig is limited to a noting of what passed, it has value only as science and is devoid of truth-ful use. Straining to maintain his that-regardless of what approach is taken, that-regardless the worlds explored because of, it is only poetry, poetry, POETRY that scales a weight of value in the end, an emaciated Moroccan intellectual is subject to interruption by children who pass along the street coming home from school.

The afternoon of the toes was, quite frankly, when there happened a lot of toes.

We go off to drink, having decided that the guide is too scandalous for company....

Hahzhi! Hahzhi! Hahzhi! the Call, Come, Listen, Look, Say: the oftenmost enunciated syllables in Moghrebi, uttered in room, on avenue in alley at mosque-echo beach, five cadenced times a sun from its minarets and over the vast minaretless beach where, remarking this very instant his epic Medieval-Contemporary tracks, William Laing propped up and strapped to his howdah, wounded bleeding parched as flat stone, cradles

to and fro, jolts, tilts, and balances back to Banghazi, London town, straightens and fastens pitching toward Timbuktu: now, kneels in the drifts banked at the sunken walls of his City "like a Queen on the throne of the horizon", knuckled under by twenty-eight wounds, twenty-four pierced and carved haphazard in his body and bones: and his Two arms and legs. An all eye and shrunken lip Labeida screams bereft of least containment commanding he unbandage his Belief, jaded with that Christian conduct, drops his diction along this personally unopposable, the irresilient, ravenously-anticipated Caress of his order-inevitable. Berabish plough their sand slippers forth from the thin tribe-treed longcircle dune of the north hemisphere, unwind Labeida's blue turban. Coiling the cloth carefully around Laing's neck, jerk it tight at both spare ends.

-Which moment in continents, Caillié dies, his heart split unheeded, unbelieved, of all this unbelieved on May 17, 1838.

Also, Governments are desperate, they fit to their desperate needs: my words will be repolitied by the windy space between languages and continents, between Tauregs, Ambassadors & Gauls.

On this anniversary of our incommunication permit me parole to address in language you may comprehend: a Moroccan intellect stutters, offers defensively, "The scientist is a pharos: his truth is Leningrad, Berlin and Philadelphia though it see our place in the moon but once a revolution. À part de ça, c'est seulement nos conventions; alors."

With crayon or pencils, painting's executed with the eyes closed, descends this staircase bridge betwixt life & death...

She said, When in Rome, grey face, wrinkles and gizza, etc., etc., olive coat, severe oxfords, his English ambassador-blood, olive, doing when in better or worse, for worse, for ambassador,

or as even. The unseducible takes her spring coat and bag and leaves... dinosaur footsteps.

Ever get stoned and get really lost?
Only as many times as there're stones in your no damngood head.

Am making a policy of keeping the backs of the photos I take white, even when I identify them, only in tiny letters. May have the pressing urge to fill in the backs when I'm old.

Señor Romano - if he should catch us smoking, he will break the pipe. Which is the really big terror. It's as if he were out to break your prick in two. (Which it would pay to remember: but you won't.) What (who) is your favorite is you.

Her sexual activity is so continuous that whosoever's knocking at her door hazards so on the premise that his prevents another's, embezzling that Ambassador's time, etc., etc., ditto others, red olive, and managing this his squeezed Dice-Throw in her vulva, of her vulva, is her vulva, is he her vulva and he is her vulva for this time he'll hazard that yes yes and that time he will hazard this Yes. Oh, my, it was one of the Pillars of civilization! and everything else so ceremonied, pulled off all the curtains, finally, etc., etc. Do you prefer men or women and other stands and positions, decisions, and tourist talk.

-Not the rose of belief or of sadness or of Goliah, but of the ancient-most desertion in the earthsands and the Greengreat combustible river that flows in the domain of the Desert of Heaven: and of none, four, two and one petaled flowers; it has of all roses the longest roots....

the question reposes. (sweating under fear of death.)

The big he-goat he balls hang down to the ground. Quarter-moon horns carve artfully under his ears, bracelet his neck.

Flies are attracted to the scent of kif because they know

there are men in the vacinity. And men smoke kif to forget the flies. Je m'en tiens à la convention.

I thought I'd stoop with ear to the ground and listen for dinosaur footsteps. I listened for five whole minutes... then finally I heard them. And what a relief; for a moment I thought something serious was intercepting the communications.

Whatever was romantic in Sandra is diverted by the piteously artificial. The necklace no rope-bridge, no Slack-bond to her.

I was seated at a sumptuous table between Sandra and Rhonda Fleming. Sandra was verbally jealous of the attentions I paid to Rhonda and her red hair, green gown. I thought, "The hell with Her". And Rhonda and I left together.

Hamid in Ouarzarzate is black, undergoes a moonlong ebony to mahogany polar-pigmentation from Georgey to Allal, purging his sexuality slowly after Georgey's affirming Hamid of Tangier: not any real change then, but extension, the logical and the actual completion of their rudimentary idea at Tangier.

In that so lonely land of your wander squander never whence there's hunger in yourself as in that place: these desertions and the One faithful remaining - but as impossible, and now the deserters emphasizing that position through it (these latters co-time Remaining) with greater flexibility, feasibility, and opportunity, wrap up this tale of Tangier eternally rewagered: and let him and squandering you remask the exact axle mouth in the Farewell of conception and the earth, old word of impossible, unascendability of the two. Puncture that tire

on Skinny Ali's Taxi-Tanger: who wants to touch your books.

Still, girls take dignity from the sandbar mating of colorful, farther-south African birds: in the dresses they wear: swing-ropes of rambling rose and lozengy of parallel domino lines.

Shall see 20 kms. twixt sun-send & stop; must see millions.

(I could, of course, call memory to check at every half hour of this dynasty - all long the painter's raid on Atlantis and Sahara. But that would be indiscreet: she'd have nothing of counter, except to discount me. Or promptly forget. A discrete choice, but the latter the easier and the preferably crueler.)

Street of stairs and the rose of the sands.... romances in circular sections, an embattled-fesse more than a moon splayed diagonal, an index of guides, guide to le Maroc touristique with restoned Tamazight nights.... a certain few who, at those times I'm Loveliest with drug, might not change into animals as most: they appear to remain helplessly human; it is with their discord that I have memorized this particular History, the rest is the requisite inadaptable zoölogist....

It is for their misery I apprentice an art to dedicate it.

Eduardo belongs to the beginning. For that exact reason I place him at the end. He plucks me frighteningly funneled from a sardine sanctuary of our willfully railroaded bodies.

Is small, very thin, brushes aside his cap of long thin-line blond hair. Would I care to take boat to Tangier? -Tonight?

:Mañana. Pensión?

I'm too fatigued to manage my valise: but he is too small: I drag my valise for him. Pero no tengo dinero español.

Sí? El cambio. Mañana.

Leads me into the filmland streets of Algeciras - Algeciras is the mother of all Mexican towns. Finds a hotel, large room is off its lobby at 25 pesetas; explains to the desk clerk I will pay tomorrow. I tip Eduardo 100 French francs.

No bueno aquí, informs restoring it to me: Comida?

Tengo solo vente pesetas español.

Eso bueno.

Points to a cheap restaurant, its price list painted boldly in enormous red letters on the street wall. I order fried eggs, soup for both. And he can not finish the soup, squirms, sighs, grimaces a bit guiltily. Watches me, asks suddenly, Tú: madre?

-Sí. Padre? -Sí. Ahh...los Estados Unidos bueno.

He has no father. (Myself has many fathers. Many. Many.)

Back in the hotel, I wash in the high shallow sink, sit on the soft bed. Eduardo stands in the open door, studies my least lift, my quickest crook of finger. I stare at him: he frowns, twists restlessly, rubs his bare knee against the frame. The knee hardens, its inadvertent movement hastening to a wicked ramming into the doorpost. For such, then, nets me as I funnel on the profound of Europe... how can that be? - it shall not!

I say, Aquí, mañana, posible? And he: Mañana por la mañana.

In the morning he showed me to a money-exchange. Afterward we walked along the piers. Masts and net wigwam the portlength.

We sip large cafés con leche close to the water. Bare-leg boys solicit cheap souvenirs, beachshell constructions; he discourages them; grins, judges, No son buenos - son estúpidos.

:In America, boys never beg foreigner armed with their junk. Their desires are lazuli steps on each of which they elevate.

He brought me to the Compañía Transmediterránea where they confirmed the boat ticket. I checked out of the hotel and we hurried to the dock at which my ferry was waiting. -Eduardo terminado: he terminado, he said. Quickly, I glanced down at him. His eyes confirm I <u>had</u> been wrong, that I am now (evented so); then blinked sadly, opening the width of the Straits...

Moslem women were disembarking, they doffed their slim blue jellabas, undid each veil. Passing closely by them, Europeans

mounted the gangway. Moroccan shiphands presented themselves for customs inspection: imperial guards at the gates of the continent frisked their shirts and trousers. A figure hidden in haik shimmered and broadened upon their incandescent outlines, materializing, detaching itself to climb out of these shiphands up into the medina over their heads. The medina rose like some unscrolled pulp stair, that two-dimensional Victorian engraving executed by one who registered exactly what he saw; that studied stair, the sanctum sanctioned the timelong he was child by the Child with the Victorian book in his hands. This is exactly what there was to see. My eyes. My blue eyes all Morocco will look at. That the though they are blond Berbers of the Rif will look at, yet never caligraphically... and their holy-men and handlers in the very moment ploughing the Moghreb with tractored, armied camels while Blue Men of kadischi sweep through sandstorms high as the sun to their house, dropping, all, from their fingerwebs the ribboning labyrinthine streets, kaleidoscope electric bulb bazaars, Ali Baba at the question of the doors, darkly hollowed niche - till lastly that frame with a Princess with an oil lamp, moucharaby-sight, harem balcony, Vista upon all deserts. Soyez le bienvenu au Perle de l'Islam. And you, and ye, to the seventeen jewels of May, be welcome.

I turned and looked at Eduardo. I walked back to him and set down my valise. I gave him 100 pesetas. His eyes flashed excitement, Para me?! he said. His eyes were blue. He smiled inquisitively - incredulously; then extended his hand. I shook it with care, it was very small, squeezing it lightly and with that so tiny impression in my palm - the steam whistle, the cradling mast and Phenician nets - sailed for Tangier.

One night I perform a robbery and the next I drink. I've alternated this way all through the hot months. I hope there'll be some kind of work for me when the rainy season begins.

I perform the robberies alone or with two friends. When I am alone I prefer to work on the Boulevard, about 7 or 8 in the evening when everyone is promenading. Sometimes I do them the usual way, pushing into some person and shoving out his wallet. But more often I carry a razor; my favorite is to get in the middle of an argument and pull aside one of the quarrelers and pretend to be calming him. Then I pick the razor quickly along the bottom of his vest pocket and catch the wallet as it slips. The most important thing when you're working on the Boulevard is that the person being robbed must never know what is happening. If he does, the police will be there in a minute.

Late other nights I go to the rich residential section of rues Comillas and Mahatma Gandhi. It is very dark and quiet there and I use the direct method: simply say, Dinero.

The times I act as partner with my two friends we usually have success on Rue des Siaghins in the medina. Between 5 and 6 it is always very crowded with people shopping and going home. We walk up and down until we notice a woman carrying her purse on top of her panier. Then the first of us follows her and when she passes close to someone, squeezes between the two and opens the strings of the panier. We let her walk around and shop and we watch her, and also her friends, for a few minutes

after that to see if she notices any difference. If she doesn't, the second steps ahead and picks off the wallet and the third follows up quickly and closes the strings of the panier.

And, of course, I am always very nimble with coins in my fingers in shops and places of exchange.

I drink because of the pain in my side and because there is little else to do. I have only two friends in Morocco and one of them is in l'Hôpital Français. I wish he would have that operation on his leg they're always talking about and be finished with that place.

I have had no one to disturb me since I beat up Latifa in front of Café Tugeni. She kept bothering me to come and spend every night at her house. I told her I was married because I was tired of her. She went to my mother and asked if I were married. My mother said, The girl was sent home because her head was not good. Latifa came by Café Tugeni that night and began pulling and tearing my shirt and saying that I went with a bad whore she always sees with me in Rue Bencharki. I pushed her into the gutter and beat her until she couldn't move from the ground.

I want Mohammed to come out of the hospital because I'm going to get into trouble if I work at Romano's much longer. That isn't work; it's like selling your spirit. Everyone commands for me. I feel like a prisoner there. I promised Mohammed I'd watch everyone, though; it is only for a friend like him that I endure such a thing. I can't wait for the carpenter shops to start taking on more help.

I buy my kif every morning at the Wooden Door in the

Emsallah. I knock twice and when the hand is stretched out drop 50 francs in it. Then I wait a minute and the pack of kif is brought and drop into my stretched out hand. I have never seen the face of the porter. Last night it was late when I got to the Wooden Door and I had to hurry back through the Emsallah to get to Romano's before dinner was served. I walked quickly down Rue Moussa ben Noussair and glanced into Café Rabat as I passed. Mjido was talking very happily with someone, he was saying, It makes me very happy to talk to you.

I became excited. I stepped into the café trying to show not more than the proper friendliness. I walked straight up to the table, greeted Mjido, and shook the hand of the one he was speaking to. Armello sebsi? he asked. E-yeh, I said, bararkalófick. His face was dark and very thin. His hair was long, it curled over his ears, and his eyes were wild. He was entertaining Mjido and Embarack and everyone else with stories.

Mark has returned to Tangier.

I'm speak English but I'm no English - I'm been Danish. Oh yeah, Pourquoi tu ris? No ese bueno. I'm come here see the life people Morocco and somebody - ahline ding-ding emúk! - him steal me all my traveler's checks. So now the consulate, the Danish consulate, him tell me, Must you wait

in Tangier for I'm gonna give you you passport and traveler's checks again and then you go straight to London. I'm not like Tangier and people him Moroccan livin in the streets same-same couchon. I'm say, Jerkoff! we don't need no guide Moroccan, I'm been in Tangier for three weeks and I'm know how to get everwhere, so thanks you jerkoff! (He squats in the gutter rinsing his hands with the wine poured from a bottle of Chaudsoleil.) Je suis français mais je fais comme les marocaines. I'm meet this English sailor today and him ask me takehim see life in Tangier. I'm go with him to the Casbah and show him the shops maybe like him buy souvenirs. After we go visit, you know, the bars in the Quarter French. Then him say, Take me the consulate English cause I'm got business. Him say, Peewee, you talkin English very good. I'm say, Yes, Sir, I'm go to the American School three months. In the consulate him say, O.K. thanks you, goodbye Peewee. Oh, just minute, here somethin just for you. And him give me 20 francs. You hear that, Harry, 20 francs.

What you think the English? Ahline ding-ding emúk, huh, Harry?

(Tall, thin, mobile as a panther, Prewha, twenty-six years old, wrinkled and wasted by alcohol to an easy forty five. His glassy bat eyes look ever on the verge of exhausted tears. He wears an old Danish sailorsuit.)

I'm drink little bit. I'm like to drink too much, same-same - excuse me - one same, tourist folk. Before I'm have lotta money, maybe 80,000 francs, I'm rich before. I'm take everyone - sure, askhim Hamid - Ahyeshie, Blanco,

everyone, to Tetuan. We been drinkin all the way there and three days in Tetuan. Sure, must you ask Hamid now, Peter, and he's tell you, for me God. In Tetuan, I'm say to the wall, O, Wall, why my God give me drink and not you?, and I'm spill out all the wine - for 10,000 francs - on the wall. Ooo la la don't choo leave me baby, ah a ah baby I'm love you too much ooo la la la la swing me baby rock rock choo got to rock. Now I'm be guide for tourist folk but before I'm same-same rich man, Harry.

(Prewha is the most entertaining guide in the city. Wine amply conceals his shame and cowardice. His clients seldom mind dropping their walletful on him, or even the sometimes grand robbery - though of course, Prewha is always most unquestionably innocent in that event.

And whatever the evening's gains may be, the bars of Tangier are richer for the next day.)

I'm got this teacher at the American School fired. Him like drink too much, come yellin, Peewee, Peewee, lezgo drink! every night. He's boss prettymuch mad. Must you not smoke no kif, Harry, I tellin you, him one thing gonna make you skinny. I'm like get outta Tangier to Spain maybe; got the best wine in Spain.

Oh, yes, Percy, I'm know you friend, R.K. I'm tell him come see what I'm find in the little cabin, you know, on the beach. Ooo la la choo got to rock, howie! After him say, You not Danish. - You know, what's the truth, I'm tell you the truth for me God, Peter, I'm never sleep with a woman, just boys. All my life, for me God. I'm like the Spanish boys, son los mas magnifico, for half hour.

I'm get them at the pool room, you know, Ciné Goya. No pay nothing, just buy one drink. The French boys for just one minute, Harry, but Spanish boys for half hour.

Ahline ding-ding emúk - him mean, let's see Harry, I'm don't know how he says it in English. Ding - is la raza, race, you understand? Emúk, you say mother. It's a curse you mother, everybody, you know? Ahline ding-ding emúk - I'm give fire to you mother and you nation. Must you not say ding-ding emúk too much: they gonna hit you. You say, Tabun ding emúk - cuño tu madre - him thinks it's too much funny. But you say, ahline ding-ding emúk the Moroccans gonna hit you.

Now don't choo leave meee babeee, ah a ah; you don't know, how them soldiers come Tangier from Port Lyautey, troun, troun, tapis les femmes all night, lose 200 dollars, the police gotta come take him all back to the base next morning, him ain't go no money. Drinkin, dancin in Las Conchas all night.

(He breaks into a tour de force of exotic ballet rock n' rock. He throws his long, straight light hair back in imitation of American hoodlums, serpents out from waist to finger tips like an intoxicated charmer in the court of Louis XIV.) Ah doo doo doo. Now baby don't choo leave, don't choo leave, ah doo, ah doo. My zib he's say to me: Harry, must you show me a nice big fat zook tonight cause I'm not go to sleep I'm not have no zook tonight. I'm just want to sleep, Peter, but my zib he's say to me he's too big tonight. Zook, zib, ahline ding-ding emúk doo ah doo, doo doo doo.

Listen, Harry, you gonna go away: when you go you remember everything? You don't forget Peewee, huh? You always remember.

This is the last time I come to Romano's pensión. I've checked in here from Casablanca for my vacation every year for as long as I remember. But since Romano's wife died two years ago this place has been getting worse and worse. It used to be a quiet residencia with good Spanish home-cooking. Now it's rated as the lowest category of hotel an Englishman is expected to survive at; (the British Consulate sends its bankrupt citizens here until a passport and traveling expenses back to England can be arranged for them).

The meals are liberal with whatever is seasonably cheapest: tomatoes, potatoes, or watermelon. We get the same soup every night for a week. And there is something that they serve which is supposed to be meat: it isn't. Plenty of fried fish, though, twice a day.

The rooms are all small and open off a U shaped hallway. The kitchen, dining room, and sitting room (with a broken down settee) are together at the base of the U. The two bathrooms always have something wrong with them: no hot water, clogged sink, flooding bowl, go-forever flush, and so on.

Romano himself is old and looks pretty sick to me. I've often stared at him after one of the typical meals and thought, it's time. That's the point at which he usually comes over and asks how I enjoyed the dinner, pats me on the head benevolent granddaddy style, and comments on the fine weather in Tangier and how I ought to go to the beach and for at least one long walk a day. Then he sits down at the far table with this huge, old executive, Don Juan. The two of them play cards and mumble together until 11:00 at which time they say goodnight and go to bed.

The young cook, Maimun, comes to work every morning fairly drunk it seems to me. He works up a good amount of noise and scandal with Fatima the cleaning woman and the boy waiter Ali. That Ali is a pretty stupid Riffian - he doesn't speak a word of Moghrebi or Spanish. He's useless when you want to tell him anything about the food. I think Romano hired him for that. And plenty of noise has come from his room on several occasions during the middle of the night.

The favorite client right now seems to be a young man nauseatingly referred to as El Americanito. He appears before every meal with his eyes glassy with kif and indulges Romano's fathering of him. But he's as far from the old fool as Madrid. A student from Casablanca checked in with his fiancée this afternoon and has been showing off his English to El Americanito, "Look, girl beautiful". And another waiter, Hamid, who looks like the sensational result of some pretty thorough assimilation of wine and kif, is given to joking around with El Americanito and spending

half the dinner hour by his table.

There's a very funny contrast between Fatima the decrepit, tired, and timid maid and Fatima the bellydancer of the Koutoubia Palace. The dancer looks like one of those stupid but shrewd adventuresses. And I think there's a third woman permanently attached to the pensión, Fidela, a thin Spanish matron - but I see her only occasionally late in the evening, sewing in the sitting room or ironing clothes and softly moaning to herself.

The pensión also caters to the artists of Las Conchas now. There's six Spanish women newly crossed the straits, all ugly as pigs, (I guess with wine not as ugly), who are entertainers and hostesses at the beachside cabaret. They rush out squawking like hens in their cheap flashy gowns and thick make-up at 8:00 every evening. And come back with as much noise and disturbance at 4:00 in the morning. Artists they call them, artists of cunt, I say.

It's a house of drunks and prostitutes and I come here to spend a quiet vacation. I'll think twice before I look for another cheap hotel - in fact, I don't even think I want to come back to Tangier next year. The whole city seems to be nothing these days but a run-down bazaar of cheap whores and foolish tourists.

Is everything all right at the pensión? Mohammed asks me.

Everything is all right, I say. (-I never tell the truth.

How could I tell the truth about the pensión!)

Does Ali obey you?

Yes, all the time. (-Ha!)

Does Maimun ever go into Romano's room?

No, never.

Are you sure?

Yes.

You've never seen him in Romano's room? Or coming out?

I just said so. How many times do you want me to say it? (-How many times must I say my biggest lie of all - my most important lie: but Mohammed must believe this one, even if he doesn't all the others.) Here's the milk and cheese Fatima gave me to bring you. I have to go now. That vigie argued over even letting me in this early before visiting time.

All right, but don't forget to tell Maimun and Ali that the doctor says I'll be out in two weeks. And if I find anything wrong at the pensión then, both of them are finished.

I leave and usually head for Docteur Fumey or Tugeni's, where I look for Driis and Mark.

(Mark doesn't sleep with me now like he used to before he went away. He never even mentions it, and actually behaves as if that never happened. Since he wants it this way, even though I can't tell why, I will never say anything myself.)

Driis became friends with Mark this week, he told me he enjoys speaking to him. I like to see Mark talking for long hours with Driis though the things they say don't really have interest to me. Driis knows Spanish, French, English and real Arabic, all perfectly. And soon he is going to study Italian. He is very intelligent, and also very quiet. I like this kind of man. But still, for all the years he spent in school, the

STREET OF STAIRS

a novel

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best job he can get is in a bakery. The times are bad.

Absalom and the other blind men, especially the two who duel with their canes, also enjoy talking to Mark. They always know him the second he comes into the café. They tell me his voice is very easy to recognize. Absalom and Mark relate dirty stories to each other in English and laugh so loud and so long that Black Larbi becomes nervous. I told Larbi they are only having fun and that he should leave them alone.

The last time Absalom was off from work, he, Mark, Larbi, Housain and I went for a walk in the country around the mountain El Sharf. We sat on the grass and joked and tumbled together. The others started playing the finger game with Absalom. Housain wet his finger and stuck it in the circle of Absalom's thumb. Absalom clamped his fist tight and Housain howled. Finally, even Larbi became friendly. He told me that for my sake Mark would never suspect hereafter any coolness of feeling on his part. Besides, he claims he even likes discussing things with Mark. Actually, I think he's trying to interest Mark in the hashish he brews.

Here, you askhim you friend, Absalom says to Mark in English. The English girls are queer, you know. They sleep with you for nothing and in the morning give you breakfast and some little money for cigarettes. Make you feel good, you know. Very queer.

Sometimes I think I can understand when they speak in English. It's just that I can't answer back. Co-ume on, less go! Thank you, sir.

(-And then, again, I don't seem to understand anything.)

I am proud of the way Mark keeps up with everything the Moroccans do. A tourist never came to Tangier and lived the way he does. Many wanted to but the Moroccans never accepted them. But they do Mark, even if mostly for my sake. And Mark does another thing good: he doesn't drink. If he did the guides would always look for him, they'd come to his hotel and take him to all the bars. Everyone would be his friend and soon the consulate would have to send him home because he wouldn't have any money. And, it is interesting for me to spend time with a foreigner. I can learn about how life is in another country that way.

On the road back from El Sharf a flight of swallows filled the Avenue de Rome. They swooped low passed our heads and over the cars and between the houses. Some even darted between our legs.

What are those birds? Mark questioned looking around him. I asked Larbi what they are called in French.

Les hirondelles, I said, they always come back to Tangier.

Like Capistrano, he remarked, they keep the eternal appointment. And why do they always come back?

They are looking for something.

And what are they looking for?

What are you looking for? It was one of our favorite games: either would pretend the other was a tourist new come to Tangier who had to be asked what he was looking for.

I'm looking for a Little Bird (un Petit Oiseau), Mark said.

The swallows are also looking for a Little Bird, I rejoined.

I think that perhaps my Little Bird has flown away, he said and jerked his head to the side so I couldn't see his expression. I stepped up next to him and whispered over his shoulder: But, Little Bird, I do not think your Little Bird has flown away.

Then he turned around quickly, I wasn't expecting him to, and pinched me on the chin, pulling the skin hard. I stuck my finger in the circle of his thumb very fast and jumped to the sidewalk. I'll get you later, he shouted, laughing just as I was.

Children passed us on the avenue knocking on tin cans and tambourines, they were singing Mustapha. That's the Algerian soldiers' song, everyone sings it now. I never liked it for the tune isn't really Arabic but all the children love it, and Mark began clapping his hands and joining in with them:

"Tu m'allumé avec une allumette, et tu m'as fait perdre la tête
Yah Mústaphá yah Mu-ou-staphá, énna aháy-buk yah-ah Mústaphá!
Sáhvah saleén a'láhah tar-ardeém..."

he sang and skipped on ahead of us along the Avenue de Rome.

I watched the soft shape of his zook as he bobbed away, for I could see it clearly through his tight pants. The finger game was making me think of when we used to make love - this finger game is just making love with your hands. Actually, we both had stopped before he left Tangier. He had wanted us to. And all he explained was, "It's for one, love is for one here."

(-And that made me think of Mohammed's danger: Maimun might take his place with Romano before he can get out of the hospital.)

(ACT V, SCENE I)

Alcibiades. (solus). Ho! Halt! What be ye move in the garden?
Disclose yourselves for men, or yet for forms
Of Persian demons! No reply.—'Tis no more
Than Greek must look from ghosts or craven thralls
That violate so damask-thick enveil'd,
More thickly scented night.

(Enter TIMANDRA and LUKAS.

Timandra, Lukas!
My loying true are come to share our bed.
Attend. Yet—what sayst of this, sweet, gentle Mandra,
Which pald my poor sieste but two day hence:
Mesaw I lie begown in thine own dress
Within thy icy arms; and thou did paint
My lip, and whiten my lids, temple and jaw;
Is not this womanish to vision like,
Which vouch like soft of me?

Lukas. No sight in wide
Assyria dare demean thee as unmanly.

Alcibiades. Nay, flatter not, Arcadian, beauteous boy:
Three see how lust and I have let the year
Flee, languish'd in effeminate luxury;
Nor posted any eloquent appeal
Should sway King Artaxerx that Sparta, now
Our smash'd Athenian temples weed with beast-men,
Is come a kingdom strong augmented: one care
Need surely raise a bulwark 'gainst.

Lukas. -Thus, that Persian
Will find his foe in Sparta, and restore
To Athens all our strength she boast before!

(ACT V, SCENE I)

Alcibiades. He aped the prodigal Assyrian to Tissapherne,
And he the feral Spartan in Eurotas
To guile to Athens thus a satrap aid—
Though not a trireme stays on Hellespont
And he, nude, leaves Propontis—ought—fair Lukas,
Be such lascivious with boys as thee?
More, maids who know no tongue to answer him?
Timandra. Liege, I but cloak'd a slave-girl's tremour from
A master well had hark the oracle
Foretell his leagues should master Sicily
And bondsman chain of every Syracusan:
I fear thy phantom: but fear thou augur it naught.
Alcibiades. Why? Socrates, that man alone of men
Could shame me though he loved me more than all,
Believed there fought a Sense might feint apart
His creed, and wisely ward his heart from it.
Lukas. Nicias would portents, if dreampt that fool
A dream as thine—and doom'd his credulence
To second doom by a second month in Syracuse!
Timandra. Still, Pindar penn'd of Powers hide in sleep
To warn who war no less than pen they odes.
Lukas. What fright dare threaten Alcibiades?
His exile here is ballad balms the coasts
Of Hesperides to Bosphorus; and ceding
How single ship ne'er cost to drown the fleet
At Cyzicus, nor equal frays on shore
When gaining Athens back her Empire (and more),
Where's warrior could hearten return upon
Our Liege, except to his return implore

Of him, to besiege the Oligarchs, to pardon
Pretend for rash Athenians whose repulse
Was petulence that trail'd mere pilot's err?

Alcibiades. No more, brave lovers: how my lesser sex
Misgivings pitch ye both at cavils which
Fare well to bare display of their unworthiness.
No more, than I would sleep a sword anext
Our bed this night; but mine is not about;
Say, Lukas, givest me thine?

Lukas. For aye!

Alcibiades. Not aye:
But still I bless thee for it. Now, think on sleep.

(The tent suddenly illumes and flickers with a brilliant red glow, and LUKAS rushes to the entrance.

Lukas. Master! Brushwood is heap'd the height of a man
Against the tapestry. 'Tis enkindled all!

Alcibiades. The fiends:—then men shades be that hover here,
Which each be fiend. Quick, Mandra, rise from the mat
And draw the tighten'd coverlets free.

(He lifts the Spreads and Mat off the Couch, and tosses them on top of the flames. The glow dims somewhat. He cries—
My cowl!

Timandra. They may be many——

Alcibiades. Many to suckle steel!

Timandra. Thy soles upon the embers——

Alcibiades. Balance once,
And then I front such gouls incinerate
Greek boys, and women!

(He wraps the Cowl round his arm as shield, and brandishing

(ACT V, SCENE I)

the Sword, leaps through the flames. Sounds of dueling.

Lukas. (tremblingly). See: he scatters each,
He squanders all—the vile incendious crowd—
As he were legion, they the aidless one!
But look! a spray, an hail of arrows shot—
His blow hacks, a yoke that breaks our enemies' necks—
His cowl shields—but mayn't shield from thorns, once strung,
Hath pinn'd his naked back—and now a javelin
Divides the twain already bleed his side!

(ALCIBIADES stumbles into the tent, tearing the javelins out of his body. He falls and expires in the arms of TIMANDRA.

Timandra. Oh! Kine-god Apis:—left Thou then his countrymen
Fear he, in far Assyria: which they girt—
Forsaken exile! held art might mine their traitorously
Establish'd oligarch? Dost ordain I clothe
Grand nudity in all I own—mine own dress?
And stain this smoke o'er? And pale his face with powders?
Artifice Ye Gods demand, to feign the living.

(The curtain falls.

Abdelkader dropped the little radios over the deck rail into my cupped hands. I reached across the oily water, balancing myself with one shoe caught around a dockpost. I packed four under my shirt and belt and managed three apiece in my arms.

The others sometimes leave one or two portable radios or small

electric razors under their clothes, and sell them themselves the next morning to the Indian storekeepers in the Succo.

I hunched as well as I could with all the articles jabbing in my stomach, and shifted quickly down the pier. That was always the worst part, there usually wasn't much on the pier that could conceal us. When I reached the depôt I halted and stood in its shadows for a minute and checked the walk for any movements. Nothing stirred behind me, I was the last except for Abdelkader. The ones with the most nerve go last. I'm even less afraid than Abdelkader except that he has more experience.

Ahead looked clear also. I shuffled over the boards heading for the projection of the Voiliers. Abdelkader has frowned more than once because of this dragging habit. But what do I care? I love the uneven feel on the edge of each hard board when we're out working in the port. Our work.

Psssssss!——The whole dock lit up like noon-time two feet in front of me!

Blinded, I flattened against the storage wall. Without - without breadth, like a cadaver. The light combed the walk and streaked far up the quay. A huge, powerful flashbeam.

La Policía. Opened my head like a needle.

The coming footsteps and then a second beam to the left of the first, over the edge of the posts. The first, the brighter, shifted in three shakes and joined the other at the dockend.

I leaped through the man's length of dark right into the hot white glare for a horrible second without my heart and dropped eight metres to the freezing water.

Their revolvers went off. I heard the cracking under the rushover of filthy water. I sank slowly, tearing my shirt and spilling out the radios. I forced the others from under my pants.

A minute later I split up through that strange, that dead man's blackness on an angle and broke the surface with a quiet plash.

The shadow of the awning dockboards covered me. The flash lights were circling on the bay like shafts of sleet. My heavy clothes sucked at and socked out from my skin.

I waited till the beams shortened, to almost near enough to expose me and then, just as I was drawing breath to submerge again, I heard the sounds of an engine starting up.

The lights swooped in a quick rise, speared the sky for a moment, then fell beyond the jut of the Voiliers where I couldn't see. The scow was pulling away and the police fired rapidly after it. I dipped under the black surface and shot forward in frog fashion till my lungs nearly exploded. When I came up I continued swimming out along the pier. The gun shots had stopped and the tug-engine was fading. Its sound got lost in the waves that were splashing on the columns and stones.

Then everything became quiet. I trod the crests.

Too far and too dangerous to the end of the pier and around its other side, I thought. Could never make it. And if I had the force I'd only get swept up in the ocean current. My one chance is the depôt de Carburants. When the police leave. How long before they forget about me? I didn't hear any patrol boat. Not getting the scow, they might spend hours looking for me.

The beams worked over the depôt and Voiliers from time to time. They did not think to come this far down the pier. The sea was icy. I'd lost my cap and shoes but my pants alone felt like they were dragging me down. The breakers continually submerged me, and finally even the small waves. I came up gasping for air. I was very, very tired, but couldn't relax my muscles long enough to float. They grew tighter and tighter.

It was Monday night. Who betrayed us? This hour Monday night was always free to load a boat heading for Malabata Point. Sometimes a raiding party detoured it there and it had to turn about and sail south toward Arsila looking for a cove to anchor by; but the port itself had never been surprised like this before. Did the organizer fail to pay the police, or were the police working on promotions? I wanted to know who betrayed us. I wanted to see that pig's face very close.

I stayed in the water for an hour, perhaps two hours, I couldn't tell, floating and treading. I began to sneeze. My body was numb and stiff all over.

I watched the dark shape of the pier from my slowly moving up and down on the waves, and the medina and Casbah farther back coming to a peak like a mountain range from either side of it. The French Quarter was lit up to the left along the horn of the beach. Avenue d'Espagne made a second necklace in the bay and the spikes of the Spanish city and the Boulevard were splintered beyond it in silver. All the lights, all the reflections. I heard the bellbouy somewhere in the dark.

I thought I saw figures on the beach - or they looked as if they were on the waves. Grey figures hunched together like the smoke from a half dozen sebsis; the same kind that I see in my dreams when I start to talk out loud. I see my uncle and he looks as if he were going to eat me. And my mother and father standing by and nodding.

The police are the same as my uncle; all the Moroccans are the same. This is where they have finally pushed me, here, now, even God can see where. Down. Down. Right down

into the middle of the ocean. They've given me the niki all my life: and every last one of them would take his turn at it if I gave him the chance.

These shadows seem so near, they are all around me; I feel like I'm going to choke. I'd better move in - I'll drown if I stay here any longer.

That beating in my side. I never felt it so strong before. It's going to razor right through my stomach into the water and let all my blood out around me. I want only one thing, and that is to get in just the same room with the one who betrayed the others.

I began swimming slowly toward the depôt. The smokey figures were soaked in the waves, the white splash threw salt in my eyes and I couldn't see them. Finally, I outswam them.

When I reached the depôt I waded between the slime covered columns breaking the water. I felt safer under the ceiling of boards but my teeth were chattering. I heard excited voices above me, like the jabbering of women. There was a chipped and hooked column near the edge of the dock and I pulled myself slowly up this, surprised at how difficult it was to move my arms and legs. I hid behind some stacks and bales. Two zemels from Rue Bencharki were talking together, sitting high on one of the bales and dangling their feet. One was telling the other about suspected interest of the authorities to close Manolo's and Buenos Aires. The other clucked, Yellahtif, yellahtif, how terrible! Finally, the first slid off the bale and using the flap of his jacket as a fan, both concealed his

cackling like a hen and I pressed the knife closer, practically slipping the skin. He shut his mouth immediately and there was just the sound of the two of us breathing heavily in the dark.

After a minute or two the light was flicked off and whoever it was walked away. The zemel started struggling slightly under me. Not yet, I said, not until I finish, and I pulled him up on all fours and stuck him down painfully way into the stomach in rapid succession. He moaned and sank under every thrust.

I stood up and kicked him aside. He half sat, half leaned against the heap of gourds and when he finally caught his breath, he looked at me and smiled stupidly.

Excuse me, I said, pushing him down again and pulling off his shoes.

I laced them on my wet feet and walked quietly, bending low, along the dock. I kept in the constant line of shadows until I reached the Halle aux Poissons, then stripped off all my clothes, jumped into the water again and waded to the beach.

I dressed on the beach and then started for the avenue without even waiting to rest. The beating in my side was unbearable: I was shivering all over: I had to have something to drink right away.

I stopped in Conchaschitas and ordered a glass of wine. The owner looked at my wet clothes but didn't say anything. He knows me a long time. I had three more glasses of wine and left.

I bought two bottles of Chaudsoleil in a grocery and

face and waved the other goodbye with it. The sight of the two of them infuriated me for some reason, as though my head were crazy with wine. They are worthless people; you are free to do anything to them; they never even care about what the others say.

I came up behind the zemel who stayed, in my bare feet, with only the sound of my dripping clothes, and clamped my hand on his mouth, then pulled him into an alley of calabashes and piled gourds. Some of them spilled over with a clatter, and I kept my hand on his mouth and my body over his pinning him to the boards so he couldn't utter a word, listening myself for a new noise, a sound of steps. But there wasn't any, and when the gourds stopped rocking, everything was quiet. The zemel's eyes were rolling widely about in their stupid fear.

Turn, Habibi, I said, but don't say a word.

He didn't move; he remained flat on his back trembling like a beaten dog. I stood up, took out my pen-knife which was still in my front pocket and held it up in full view. I clasped his ankle in my left hand and turned him over with one forceful jerk. I stripped his pants to the knees, and stretching out prone on top of him again, caught the blade of the knife up under his chin. He rested there stiffly, after that, didn't try a muscle.

He was wide, and I was nervous, almost frenzied myself. Close, close!, I said, pinching his waist with my free hand and forcing him to raise himself slightly on the leverage of his knees. Just then footsteps became audible and a light began searching the stacks. The zemel started

shoved them into my pants. They weren't too well hidden but I didn't care. I crossed the Emsallah, keeping always in the side alleys, until I reached the fields of Souani.

A leafy tree and a clump of bushes looked like a good place to stop by and remain undisturbed. I finished the two bottles in a half hour's time, spilling the dregs in a little hollow of earth between my legs. I stared into the dark hollow, seeing the face of my uncle again. I thought about that face a long time and after a while it seemed I didn't think of it, but only saw it, saw it as if the man were directly in front of me and wouldn't go away. I smashed one of the bottles on a rock. I rubbed my eyes.

Mohammed the singer; Mohammed who sings. Where is that skinny little fool now? I played around with him before and I asked him and he wouldn't and I was drunk and he wouldn't. I'm drunk now: we'll see who wouldn't.

Mohammed was working in a relative's store nights. He would be there now, alone. I cut up the hill and into Avenue Christophe Colomb. There are just a few stores there, and were only two with their lights still on. One was the café and the other Mohammed's place.

I stepped into the single room of the store. Each wall was crowded to the ceiling with shelves of cans and jars. Mohammed was whistling Yellretif Automobile. He looked up. Salem Molycomb, I said.

Wah-alycomb salem.

Libis, Ahlyne? I reached my hand over the counter and patted him on the shoulder. He stepped back, grinning nervously. I knew he was watching my lips. I made them

smile like a dead man's. Like the men in Volubilis.

Hahzhi, tabun ding emuk! I shouted.

Tsina-shrub biseff, he protested.

I turned and walked to the nearest wall of shelves, and grabbing the centerboard firmly, pulled the entire thing down. It collapsed in its middlefold, the cans jumping out on both sides and the jars smashing flatly on the floor. Mohammed rushed up to me. I pushed him back and he fell against the counter. I stepped to the door and locked it, and when I turned around the room was shifting up and down in several tall screens, as if on the loops of a handle screwdriver. Each of the six or seven screens was streaked with the jumbles of cans, their different colors running down together in rows of cylinders. I moved toward the phalanx of screens: they rotated swiftly as the blades of a fan, then tilted and dropped to the left in their entire frame. I stretched my arms and shifted my weight to the right to keep my balance. I rollarcoastered down the steep floor and into the right wall, throwing my hands out to the shelves for a hold against dropping, and this complete wall lurched forward also, see-sawed uncertainly for a few seconds and then fell like the rain of ten million blows on my head.

Red, yellow, and blue and Mohammed's head perched on his long, skinny neck. I took that neck in my hands and lifted him bodily to the top of the pile of cans. He choked like a frog. I held him up and felt all his rows of bones, one after another from his ribs to his thighs, and lay him down over the rubble of his uncle's store.

He was tight with panic, how tight he was. And at last.

I finished all over the ruin of the city, Moghreb-Volubilis of the total ruin.

At this juncture, I wish only to touch upon the scholastic issues such as concern my current residence in Barrio Fuente Nueva, (though much pleasant commentary in its behalf might be devoted to Mediterranean Mythology, viz., Hercules et al., including his worthy descendants of whom our local prostituti masculi—, black and white, are ambitious instances my degrees from Zurich, Basle, and Geneva have not deterred me from opening myself to.) But for the present:-

The barrier of the Language Barrier excludes one as much from his own world as it does from the foreigner's. The very approach to it necessitates a shifting of language, however subtle, a shifting out of his own language into a one that legitimately does not exist. Speise, hier? Chambre pas chère? Comida? Miftah? Hinayah? :syllables searching toward an indication like a shaking compass needle, but no language.

Pidgin French is the barrier.

Tachelhit, a long-range vision and wisdom excepting for subjects related to camels, tents, oases and the like, is most recalcitrant on specifics of detail for the actual matter in hand, the immediacy of the predicament. It is delicate, has poetically intestinal change; things become flowers, birds, the face of a girl. But Tangerine Moghrebi has absorbed perhaps as much of the frame of classical French as it has of Arabic.

(The authorities of the city in particular smack of players in a Molière commentary.) Which makes that dialect a more accessable drain for the actual barrier.

Coastal and Andalusian Spanish lend their vigor, their this moment, their "Hombre!", whereas argot, Parisian, or even comtemporary French is at an utter loss, perhaps the most baffled and uncompromisible of the origins. The Pidgin gets its first quick fill-in of vocabulary from the city-with-Spanish-as-a-second-language's semisatirical pose that French is Spanish with the final syllables, the o, e, a, os, as, etc., dropped off and themainstem breathily extended, indefinitely, vaguely, musically whispered away. Though in an African context, it is first and last a Spanish—French: the bombs, machines, economics, and necessary physics of the Pidgin have difficulty growing out of the heads of flowers.

But there is still a strong Mohammedanism in its grammar. There's a hedonistic expediency about its three tenses, past, present, and future: a fait accompli is more exciting in the immediate tense anyhow, and the compounds, subjunctives, and conditionals propose both assumptions and speculations of little importance. Everything moves, everything is "faire", even the intransive sensations, even relaxation - "vais faire reposer". There's an activity of thought, a doing of expression, life extends from back on an always present platform of making, and along and out on its never-ending length.

One is approached in the familiar form. There is neither time nor position for a vantage of detachment. Only when

he is about to remove himself from the cosmos, when he is in the actual handshake of departure, is one relegated to the distance and supposed accompanying facets of "vous". "Vous retournerez à Tanger un jour?" This is the necessary inheritance of both Andalusian and Tangerine Moghrebi which make extensive habitual use of the familiar, have the formal form so standardized and specific to instance that it is invariably accompanied by its clichéishly correct conjugation.

Morality has a delicious, simplified-to-absolute-ambiguity in the paucity of adjectives. Attitudes and acts must register their impressions at the level of good, bad, or same-same, or risk immediately sinking into the inconsiderably foreign. The tale, story, or legend is ever present, of course, and ready to take up any incredible or too complex material but there it will receive no more scrutinization than the rest of the also very-here-today magical fabric. And the nature of the superlative fixes a strong spoke in this direction: the Moghrebi, "biseff", according to its emphasis or the playful toying or mounting and descending on its vowels expresses both a lot and too much (even sometimes circles back to sufficiency), and "très" and "trop", "very" and "too much", "muy" and "demasiado", get philosophically, not to say metaphysically, jumbled. How do desire and measurement crystalize here?

There is perhaps the very boldestly realized sentiment in the fact that most verbs have only a single conjugation, (except for the "vous" as noted), which is usually the

third person singular, though sometimes the first. We are inescapably and, because of the limited number of verbs, almost ritualistically the same in our doing. We indeed, participate in every movement of every finger in the community.

Prepositions appear by rote, i.e., are associated with the phrase or noun they precede, may be even imagined to be its prefix, or else are completely missing. Objective pronouns are frequently similarly included, that is, as the suffix. Gender appears by very chaotic rote and, as often, by a frank acceptance of everything wordworthy as masculine.

The double words are the logical charm of Moghrebi in expressing a strong equilibrium or symmetry though they present themselves in the Pidgin at first as nothing short of the most audacious leg-pulling. And, of course, there is the to be expected high degree of amusing, confusing, and/or speculative word substitution of Spanish for the French.

Besides the fact that the Pidgin is a creation unique to the identity of the city and therefore a purged of all the extraneous chronicle of that life, it is, in the complete world to which the speaker is invited, jacketed, and finally cut off from the extra-resort, among other things, a direct involvement in that designated subject of study, La Psychologie Tangeroise. A Pidgin is always an easier and more immediate indication - even if so much less subtle than his real language, of the assumptions and motivations of the speaker. And one wonders as he listens, how much at each moment of the changing distortion and posture of

pidgin is seesawing back and forth with the most liberally revealed definition in a teasing romp of the halucinated and the real.

Viens con-avec moi. Je vo faire quelquechose. Viens, viens, petite Cherie. A la kasba: je vais te montrer les secrets - de la muit arabe. Alors, zeed, viens con-avec moi, nos autres attends.

I could command for the whole place here if I wanted to. Romano would let me do whatever I wish - I don't even have to ask him. But I don't like a job like this, having to go shopping every morning and cook twice a day. I only have three hours off in the afternoon and then I have to work again until 10:20. By the time I get home from the cafés at night there aren't too many hours left to sleep. I want a different kind of job, doing something with my hands, even lifting or pushing, a man's job. I want real work, not cooking, but Mark doesn't understand that.

Don't you like to cook? he always asks me, standing in the kitchen door and snatching a meatball or something when I'm not looking.

Esta mierda? I say. It would be different if it were at least some Moroccan food.

But you cook and eat here yourself at the same time.

I wouldn't take this long just for myself. The hours

are too many and I work seven days each week and the pay is little.

What do you need money for?

What for? I'm a person just like everyone else. I like to have some money for clothes, and for wine and whores.

You need a lot of whores?

I can niki twenty whores in one night. That cost a lot of dinero, no? Twenty whores. And if a pretty little boy passes in the street after that - twenty one.

I don't believe you.

Why not? Can't you?

Never.

Well, maybe if you didn't do anything for a whole week before.

Still, never.

You don't have your force: you eat too much of this food here.

Little boys, too? Mark asks staring at Ali who comes in and starts stirring the soup.

I niki everyone. Even old men.

Old men?

Sure, they pay you money.

To niki you?

No, for me to niki them.

And <u>they</u> pay you for that?

Sure.

But why?

They want to.

You take money for it?

They give it to me: 5000 francs, 10,000, - once 20,000, for two old men.

You're the same as a whore.

Why?

You are.

But why? I niki <u>them</u>.

Sometimes Mark doesn't understand things. C'est la même, c'est la même, he says. And I don't think he likes me. I told him I don't get enough pay here: I get 250 francs - just enough for my room and some tea and kif. And it's those old men who ask me. And besides, I don't do it so often.

No? Mark asks. Then where did you get the new jellaba and scarfs from?

I have some money at home. I get it from there. I don't do the other thing so often.

But I still don't see how you could: old men. Their bodies are so wrinkled and ugly. It's not good.

A zook is a zook. What's the difference? I niki it. A young one I can niki lots of times, but an old one I can still niki once.

I wonder if you could niki a dead zook?

I once did.

I don't believe you.

Sure, it's the truth, Oulaladeem! He died right while I was giving it to him.

How old was he?

About forty - forty three.

What did you do?

I finished the niki, and got up and locked the door of the room and went home.

You finished the niki!

Bien sûr. Como no? You can't stop in the middle. Et c'est la même chose.

Then Mark says something like, My whole sojourn is like a conference, is holding conferences with the local people on matters extra-physical. He doesn't realize that I don't understand too much French, even though I keep telling him that. He likes to use a lot of long words and speak very fast. Now, I usually don't say anything, I just pretend I know what he's talking about.

I think I'll go wash out some of my clothes, he says. Could you ask Fatima if she needs the basin any more today? Mark spends about an hour in the bathroom every afternoon. He says he washes his clothes in there. I wonder why he doesn't give them to the nettoyage - or even to Fatima, she doesn't charge too much. He must have some money. He wouldn't stay here so long if he didn't.

She set the tray of hot teas down in front of him. Mark picked up one of the narrow, designed in white glasses and sipped slowly from it with his teeth clasped on the white rim. M'sian?, she asked. E-yah, he agreed.

Is this woman nice? I inquired of Mark.

Yes, she is very nice.

She is my mother.

We cut across Barrio Bonn on the way back from my house and because Mark wanted to see more of the section, we went down several mud and flagstone streets with just private houses on them. I usually have no reason for walking in these streets and so I'm not too familiar with them and at one point I think we took a wrong turn.

Are we lost? Mark asked.

Yes, I said laughing.

O.K., I'll be your guide. Follow me. He took what I immediately knew to be the wrong corner. We are in Tangier now, Monsieur, he said, and this is Barrio Bonn, one of the new medinas.

What is this street called, my good guide?

Oh, let me see: I'll tell you afterwards.

Is it the correct street?

Of course, all the streets are correct. Unless you're looking for something special. Are you looking for something special?

Yes, I am.

And what is that?

Oh, I can't tell you, you won't understand.

Are you sure?

Yes, yes, no one can understand what I'm looking for.

That's too bad. I feel sorry for you.

Yes, I am one very sad boy.

Are you looking for donkeys or camels?

No, not for donkeys or camels.

For the old medina and Casbah?

No.

For pretty little girls?

No, again.

Then what <u>are</u> you looking for?

Oh, you can't understand what I'm looking for.

Why?

Because I don't understand!

He started to laugh. You see, I said, I think that this is the correct street.

I think that the other one is. He pointed to a narrow oued of flagstone stepdowns. There was a waterpump on one of the levels from which the excess water drained off constantly toward those lower. If this is the correct street, what is it called?

What is it called! what is it called! Why do you ask that? Sont toutes les rues des escaliers ou des dead-end stops. C'est pas important.

We walked through the avenues of the Marshan and into the French Quarter and down Rue Michel Ange toward Tugeni's. I began to tease Mark, patting him on the zook and skipping ahead. He had started to read all the blue and white streetposts, repeating every name several times in both French and Spanish. He kept pointing up with pretended excitement at each one and running around as if he were very disturbed when a streetpost wasn't where he expected it to be. He was trying to annoy me. He began to tell long stories about each of the men the streets were named

for, stories which didn't interest me at all really and were much, much too long. So I patted him on the zook and skipped ahead.

He ran up behind me and socked my left shoulder. I turned swiftly, swinging my right hand, and pushed him several steps back: he was caught completely off guard. He stood there for a moment, face downward, as if he had lost his breath. I walked up to him and was about to put my arm friendly about his shoulder, when, still looking down and feigning distraction, he drew a deep sudden breath and lunged into me. I fell into the alley of Rue Delacroix. He stepped directly after me with his left fist raised and clenched. I blocked his wrist and with my own free left hand slapped him hard across the face. I didn't mean to do it that hard, but he was lucky it wasn't my right hand, because it would have been much worse. He seemed completely transformed, completely out of control, and retaliated with a series of wild socks and punches. Two of them caught me on the upper lip. I pulled away from him and stepped angrily back out of the alley. I walked quickly under the marquee of Hotel Tanger and down Michel Ange. I stopped about twenty feet along the drive and felt my mouth. I was bleeding from a cut on my lip and one under the nose. I dabbed the blood with my handkerchief, turned around, and went back to the narrow alley. Mark was leaning against the stone wall, gasping deeply. His eyes were savage, like an animal's.

What's the matter with you? I shouted. Are you crazy?

He didn't answer. His eyes rolled all over me from my

face to my shoes. Then, he broke into a wide and mocking smile. I stood staring at him, without a word.

He finally relaxed, and came forward. His expression changed; his look softened and became vague. We walked through the alley and out into Rue Delacroix.

I took his hand.

I wanted to do it, he said. I did that because I wanted to do it.

I know, I commented. You liked it. I looked at him and shook my head: Yes, you liked it.

Let's go to Docteur Fumey instead of Tugeni's, he suggested. I agreed; we would be less likely to meet people we knew there.

Down in the Rue du Docteur Fumey we passed the two lovers who are always in the lane. They are Spanish. The young man has been courting the girl in the quiet, strict Spanish manner for years. We passed them without looking at them, our eyes hugging the ground.

Could you pay for an extra tea for me? I said to Mark. I don't have any money.

O.K.

Merci, papa, I said, smiling, trying to joke, maintenant tu es mon papa qui va comprend pour moi un thé.

When we got into the café I asked Mark for his sebsi. I filled the chqaf and lit it and the first inhalation tasted bitter with tar. This sebsi is dirty, I said. It's no good for your health to smoke it when it's this dirty. I asked Hennig for some water he was boiling for tea and spilt it into the pipe of the sebsi. It steamed

out of the wood and onto the pavement in the yard of the café. I looked for a thin twig in the yard but there was none narrow enough to fit in the pipe. I got a brouchette pin from Hennig finally, and pushed the liquid tar-gue out of the pipe onto a piece of paper. Look at that, I said to Mark, look at all that poison you're smoking.

I filled the cleaned sebsi and gave it to him. What number is that? I asked.

Number thirty-eight, he said. We had been counting how many sebsis we were smoking that day. There had been two before breakfast and ten after breakfast and ten before lunch. And there must have been fifteen after lunch if this was number thirty eight. We could count on another three or four between now and dinner and I should say something like almost twenty more after that and before going to bed. That would make somewhere between fifty and sixty sebsis a day. I'm a little surprised that my own rate is so accomplished, let alone Mark's.

Mark walked to the door and spat out kifphlegm.

What's the matter? I asked.

Nothing, he said. He began coughing violently. Finally, he stopped and smiled. You see, he said, nothing.

You do not know how to smoke, Monsieur, I said.

I smoke just like you, he answered returning to the sebsi. He drew out the light, and tried to phip the ash out of the chqaf. It stuck. He blew harder, getting red in the face, then gave up.

You do not know how to smoke, Monsieur, I said.

He started cleaning the chqaf with a toothpick.

And you inhale too deeply, I added. Doesn't it hurt your lungs?

The pain is as welcome as the pleasure, he said. Inhaling deeply is the way you can turn your head very quickly, and pain is part of that.

You can turn your head just as quickly by inhaling only up to your throat.

I don't think so.

Oh, who can tell you anything! Listen, it's better if you left your sebsi in the pensión. It's getting dirty too quickly with everyone smoking it, and look, you see, it splits here a little every time you clean it.

He leaned back against the apron and took out some letters. No one was in the café except Hennig and it looked as if he were going to use the time to read some of his morning's mail. He tore off a stamp from one of the envelopes and placed it neatly on my knee.

Could you give that to the boy who works in the grocery on Delacroix for me? he asked. He collects them.

I looked at the stamp. It was orange and black and there was a picture of a woman in a wide gown with her hand raised. Something was written in English. What does it say? I asked.

"Liberty for all."

And is that true?

In my country it is.

The Moroccans will never understand that, I sighed. But we have our fun here, don't we, just as in your country?

The kind of fun you have on a quiet vacation.

What do you mean?

I mean it's all right for a rest, but this isn't a really good place for young people.

Why?

Because it is better to be where things are happening all the time, where there's always something new and full of life. And that's how it is in my country: a country of young people. There's a lot of history here, but there's real life there.

When you talk like that I think - I think I would like to live in your country.

Yes, oh, yes, he said, it would be good for you in my country. And they would like you there. And he smiled and sat back again, and seemed relaxed.

We got into the pensión two hours before dinner. Romano and Maimun were still out so there was nothing for me to do. We went to Mark's room and sat on the bed smoking the sebsi. Mark began to talk about life in his country again, and then about his parents.

Your mother is very much like my mother, he said. Except my mother is always fighting with my father.

Really?

Oh, yes. All the time.

About what?

About money, usually. My mother likes to save money, my father likes to spend it. They argue about that all the time.

That is because no one with patience ever sat down with them and explained to them how to save a little money

wisely and then spend a little wisely.

Do you think that that would really help?

Sure. All it takes is another with patience, who understands.

I am half my conserving mother, he said, and half my squandering father. I am half my slow and observant mother and half my hysterically running, never stop-working father. Half bearer and half sire. I half like you and half don't.

I'm not sure exactly what Mark meant by that, but as he was leaning all the way back with his head against the wall, I moved over, supported myself on his shoulder, and said, That's good, because I all like you.

After I finished waiting on the dinner tables, we went to Café Rabat. Mjido was there and Ahyeshie was cleaning up. Mjido has been going to Café Rabat to avoid the others I think. He hasn't even been smoking very much kif. He didn't have his sebsi. And Mark had left his at the pensión as I told him to. We emptied a Casaports and filled its paper with the kif. Mark took three heavy draws from the cigarette and passed it to Mjido. He settled in his chair and stared through the wide open doors across the street at the police station. Mjido returned the cigarette and as Mark took it, he turned completely around, and said excitedly, You can't imagine what pleasure it gives me to sit squarely in front of a police station and smoke kif.

He conjured the Djinn. The bulk of two detectives in long raincoats appeared behind him. I recognized them at once, leaned forward, slipped the cigarette out of Mark's

hand and crushed it underfoot. The detectives salemed quietly and then drew chairs up around our table.

Been smoking? the first detective asked.

You said we can't have the sebsi anymore, I offered, so we've been smoking cigarettes.

The detective smiled. I smiled with him. We were in luck: these were men who knew Mjido's family. Their conversation began with a deal of small talk but they finally got around to asking about Mark. I told them he was a student staying at the hotel where I worked. (Nothing can be better than to claim one is a student.) Speak to them, I said to Mark.

He stuttered into a very broken French. After half a minute he indicated with his hands that he couldn't speak very much French at all. I looked at him: his face wore the most childish, most wholesomely innocent expression imaginable. He looked like a fifteen or sixteen year old boy suddenly confronted by an Evil Wolf. I laughed to myself; I could hardly keep from laughing out loud.

One of the detectives asked if Mark wasn't a scandal-maker. He said he remembered having seen him one night in the medina - going into a brothel on Rue Mohammed Torres and drawing a great deal of the people on the street in with him. I told the detective he must be mistaken since Mark is always in the French Quarter. I asked Mark about Mohammed Torres and he said he never heard of it - or indicated that, since he wasn't speaking much French.

The detectives decided that there was no trouble in store, that Mark was safe, (which may have been their

only real concern), and they got up, said Slema, and left.

On the way back to the pensión Mark said that he did recall the Rue Mohammed Torres and that he had been there one night.

I thought so, I said: why should the detective make up a story. What were you doing in a place like that?

I was with Maimun. He was drunk. He was showing me around Oued-Ahardan and we went into the brothel because he wanted to speak to a girl who works there. He squeezed her breast. But nothing else happened. Just that a lot of curious idlers decided to follow us in. It was a very long time ago.

Is that all that happened?

Yes, of course, what else could have? Maimun was drunk.

I didn't believe him, about that being all. But what right had I to say anything about what he did - did to hurt himself?

That night I lay on the bed for many hours without being able to sleep. I was using Mohammed's bed and Mohammed's small room until he came back. The bed was full of chinchies, huge and red, that kept biting me. And Mohammed was used to sleeping in this every night. He doesn't dare complain to Romano. Romano would throw him in the street where he found him.

Maimun, too? I thought. I remembered a story Maimun had told that I figured he just made up: ants crawling around in his room in Ben Raisoul, a candle falling over, his pulling down Mark's pants. Maimun, too. There is really a reason for me to hate almost every Moroccan. Yes. I felt very, very bad.

It is related of the Kazi, Yakub Ansári, that whilst he was yet attendant on judgement of public-case, a youthful, doughty husband came before him with eyes flashing fire in a hollow visage from which all colour had vanished like ascending smoke, while upon his foot enchained and pulled-to a new-wed wife, a daughter from amongst the merchantry of the Kingdom; and the youth put upon his matter thus: "Is it then not written: 'Farm shall fruit through husband's craft?'" so that the Kazi recall the Holy-writ and forthright furnished what it wanteth, which were, "If plows it equal fore and aft"; that the husband then continued, "How labours donkey, burthened all on single-side?" and answered the Kazi, "It mayn't o' burthen-undivide"; so the youth concluded, "A wife still paunch hath upper-most - this, after force?" to which the Kazi rejoined: "Young man, I grant thee thy divorce!" And among tales men relate, is another of

There is no why.

The interrogative itself is a construct, a pure hypothesis among many, and with as much dispensability as most.

We simply do, and never do more than the flower of our mother, the tiny room of our father did. Did to us, for us. We never do more than Adam did. Than the gospelers did.

Samson: it's a pushover.

It is largely a marshalling of forces, one's own against the very sturdy militia of the world. It may come to mutual blockade: then, who can stave off starving better. Our strong world

after all is as much in need of the one as he is of the world, and the latter, with persistance, can be made to very obviously concede that.

Let us sit then and stare back minute for minute, hour for hour, or even year for year at the world. It ought finally get tired, or may even conceivably, shortly break down in complete embarrassment.

If the road is very long, and such it usually seems, notice how by its continuous curving it is made bearable.

Then suddenly, with a turn, as of a slightly harassed and not impeccably patient waiter, the scene is served up, almost shoved into your face, and settles down quietly all around you, settles like a lawn of fern after a breeze. And there it is, exactly what it is like to be there: the warm smell of fern and flowers, the engulfment of the warm, constant, star-pinned sunlight, the totally incredible you might say totally insane totality of the romance, a shop, middle-aged women with bleached cloths wraped under their chins and piled up over their heads, a palm, a gesture, impressed there, exactly like that in the good graces of forever....

Actually, my age is false. I sometimes think of myself as somewhat more concerned than my years might righteously have generated, and as you yourself once claimed, at the same time appear somewhat younger than those years. And it is with this double-edged scythe, both edges illusory, that I've cut through so much recent mileage. Not very auspicious, (you may say), to go so far, insisting upon so much actual imagery as I do, on the basis of a lie.

But that it is a double lie, my false age is a front for nothing, a kind of cancelation, not of itself, but me. That is, I am recreated in ambiguous face, but that in no way dissembles for I have no actual century, house, or civilization. Hence any face would do to begin with and this kind of triumph over, or ejection from, moment and point permits the present removal from the literal environs of almost any reasonable year to replay or foreconstruct in another climate. I can imagine your half ironic eagerness to question then, what are the powers of this strange, perhaps magical position, is something different uncovered, are second chances granted from this, presumable, vantage point?

Would you believe me if I say that with a little more leave I may be able to come up with a happier reply than the elder cynic probably expects?

He yawns, beginning easily at first, and then continuing to such a wide and lengthy gape, that he has to reorient himself (squinting eyes, shaking head) upon completion.

Change.

To you, for you, of you (always certain move), but through me, per usual:

i sure do feel glad that you had a good time on your vacation, i sure do. so many people don't have a good time you know, so many good people don't have a good time. so many people don't have a good time because so many people can't see how good the universe is put together with so many things in it and so many goods and so many times that fill it up there's no room for can i choose a

good time or god. or else it's put together so good there's no room for anything in it or god or good times.

sometimes i lie around on the beach and think about my hatred. everybody knows about my loves, but i never speak about my hatred but sometimes when i lie around on the beach i think about my hatred. i think about my hatred for this country and how it began a month after i got here and how it doesn't give me such good times because this hatred that i think about i think is a hatred against how good this universe is put together. i think about how this hatred comes from wanting to choose a good time or thinking about god because either it's all filled up there's no room for god or choosing good times or else it's all empty there's no room for time or god.

that's why i'm glad you had a good time it means you have no hatred in you. so many good people have hatred in them you know, and think it's good. they think the hatred is good and good revenge against the universe because it's having times and god in the universe. but they don't have a good time even if they're good people because there's no room in the universe for god or good times. so it's well you have no hatred in you and just took the time naturally, as it was. and that's what good time means that you have no hatred in you that's all it means. it comes when you see how good the universe is put together and how there's no room in it.

and that's <u>all</u> it means.

In a German book it says that every American has a gold quartermoon the size of half his cheek plated under each

eye. It says this in a certain German book and you can read it, if you can read German. Curve in the road.

What could be less derivative than repetition?

What does this mean: "For all I knew she was married or dead"?

Note inquiry: "What incredible sights?" But I do not remember reference. Everything is incredible here.

Sincerely believe I can not leave now; possible danger still of packing several major preconceived notions into my valise.

Stop short on why I bother to reiterate all this to myself: that has already been carefully stated and delineated: they asked me to.

At one point I was transported to actual visible objection - as the last psychological insurrection I believe. Or at least so I take it, which gives me the above optimism. Anyhow, it must have been worth witnessing; you know how seldom I am raised to the level of fury.

His work was left unfinished by his death. He had completed 0 pages.

No really promising person (prospect) is worth giving up for Idea.

I took Mark to visit the old man who makes hashish on Rue Touley in the Casbah. We entered the Casbah by the

Baber Raha Door of Fortifications and took our time finding the place. The streets up there are very circular and complex and I didn't want to get lost. The old man's door was several inches open on its chain. He has a very small one room apartment and the open door is the only way to get air in there.

He invited us in and we sat on his straw mattress while he settled on the floor in the corner a few feet from us. He asked me about my family and whether I was working. I said my family was well, Hamdullah, and that I had a hotel job now but that I expected to do some carpenter work soon. He filled his sebsi and gave it to me. I passed it to Mark.

After a while I asked the old man if he could make hashish for us and he told me he could but it would take at least two days. The price was 1,000 francs. I told Mark. He said it was very expensive. The old man said he had to buy the honey, fruit, jdug jmel, nuts and kif himself in order to make it, all of which were expensive, and then put in a whole day of scrupulous labor in order to cook it so it came out right: 1,000 francs, then, was a pretty cheap price. He charged his regular customers more.

Mark finally agreed to the price, saying that he could afford it since he would buy the hashish only once a week for the few remaining weeks before he left.

When are you going to leave? I asked.

In about two weeks I hope, he said. By then I'll have all my letters and checks straight.

I turned away and lit a sebsi. I gave it to him. You

have to stay until the fête of His Majesty's Reascension. It's the most important holiday of the year, three days long. You can not miss that.

When is it?

In about three or four weeks.

Well, do you know exactly what day?

I asked the old man for the date of the Reascension and he told it to me on the Arabic calendar. I'm not sure of the equivalent in the Christian figuring but it seemed as if it were a couple of months away.

It's in about three or four weeks, I said to Mark.

Well, if it's in three weeks: maybe. I guess there's no hashish in Europe.

We smoked about five more sebsis between us, thanked the old man, gave him the money and said Slema. He invited us to come one night and eat hashish with him, when he would have other friends there and play the tom-tom for us. He plays the tom-tom excellently. I said we would surely come, Mark would be very interested.

We went to Café Tugeni and smoked all our remaining kif in about two hours. It was very strong ketami and I got more dizzy with it than any kif I had had in a long time. I told Mark I was going to Petit Succo to get more, since that was the only place open at that late hour, and asked him to wait in Tugeni's for me.

I staggered on the Boulevard crazy with the ketami exactly as if I had drunk a few bottles of wine. Sometimes I can turn my head too much with kif; I don't like to get that strange feeling. I don't have any control then.

People keep moving about in jerks and leaving their former positions in a visible row behind them.

I went to the cafés in Bar Baroud and asked several dealers and friends if they had any kif left to sell. Everyone seemed to have finished smoking his or else wasn't telling the truth. I went from café to café. I always share my kif if I have any at all. The Moroccans know to do otherwise.

I was standing near the roof-balcony on Rue de la Marine when I saw a prostitute I know. She sauntered up to me and said, Come on, Sahibi, come do something.

But I don't have any money, I told her.

You'll pay me another day, she said.

We went to her room, and were finished in five minutes. Do you have any kif here? I asked her. I'll give it back to you tomorrow morning.

No, she said, but take this pack of Gauloises.

I left her room, out through the Petit Socco and walked down la Rue des Postes. Some friends were standing under the arch of the bay and talking and laughing with a couple of women. One of them was another whore and when she saw me, she lifted her veil and said, Come on, come do something. When I told her I had no money she said one of my friends would pay. So I went with her also and she was very beautiful. Both of the whores were beautiful -- and young, not old, young the same as me. This one had some kif in her room and I took it and headed back for Eugeni's.

When I got there Mark was gone. Eugeni told me he said he was tired, and had returned to the pensión. I looked

at the clock. It was just striking 4:00. I hadn't realized I'd spent so much time in the medina.

The pension was quiet. I let myself in with the pass key so as not to disturb Ali. I undressed and started thinking about the whole evening and finally began to laugh. I felt like dancing. I tip-toed barefooted out of my room with just my underwear on and walked around the turns of the hallway. I kept slamming into one wall after another. I reached Mark's room at the end of the hall and knocked on his door. There was no answer. I knocked again, much louder and longer this time.

What is it? he called in a weak, sleepy voice.

Open up, I said, I have the kif.

Couldn't you give it to me tomorrow?

No, I want to smoke some now. You have the sebsi. Hurry up and open the door. I'm cold.

Oooo, he protested and I heard the bedsprings jingle. He opened the door and stood there wound in a sheet, rubbing his eyes. Then he looked at me from head to foot and said, You're walking around in your underwear?

I am too happy, I said. Let me in.

Just give me the kif.

Just let me in to smoke some.

I pinned him against the wall between my arms. You and me, I said, like before, yes?

What before? he objected.

Just like before, just like before, O.K.?

He started to laugh: Monseigneur, tu m'abuse! It was one of those things he was always saying where you couldn't

know whether he was joking or not. I buried my face between his neck and shoulder.

The bellydancing whore in the next room will hear us! he urged.

But if you stop talking, she won't....

who
is in
evidence
at this word
is it I
everyone who has so little certainty
wants comprehension and also
my eyes and wishes to acquire
my cap shirt know just what that makes
all I own which defines
I
the I am know I'm
what and where now Moslem and
atheist and what I am
and whatever this date now in Tangier
makes me I'm at that's all
with the credence
or hope
that spoken properties
will place the
me

That's the same as with little children. That's nothing!

The shells of the African shore: dishes of the most delicately beaten silver saltily turned to reflection of violet, emerald and cobalt. Redpurple saucers and stirring sticks of purplegrey and green. Bellini servers, surreptitious, irreverently asymmetrical. Spice shakers of pencil-thick [illegible] chimes thaws of albescent marble and blue.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

It is Tangier. It is here. It is all here.

What?

Everything. Look.

That's nothing. I've seen that a million times.

Shall we go back we shall go back along the Boulevard now to the intersection on the Boulevard of Rue Delacroix. But I have seen that I tell you, I've seen that a million times. How many nights have I sat on one of those benches and looked at the port, all night long - and night after night? And for how many years? It's nothing!

He breaks into hideous, unimaginable laughter, there on the exact intersection of Boulevard Pasteur and Rue Delacroix, that exact place, point, that the collision, he going up south on one side of Delacroix and I on the other. That site, that joining of rivers, that Rome, that axle, that centripetence of all's end, that vortex of the ceaselessly regenerated, ceaselessly recelebrated, I celebrate, I regenerate, I consecrate to the Caabe of my conceptual self...

remembering it is nothing, childish, as the things of little children, really.

This time Mustapha, the mystic marabout philosopher, will not escape the perseverance of definition. I climb the treacherous steps of the Bab el Aâsa, enter the heart-shaped Gate of Chastisements. The shop is closed. Down a few steps and around in a quarter circle to the Airoplane Café. A full wall of windows on the peak of the Casbah; will soar, on occasion, over its view of the city.

And Mustapha is there, having his morning glass of tea with an elderly friend. Mustapha, short, thin, delicate,

delicately featured, twenty seven years old, correct age for claim to the reverence of philosopher.

He is happy in the greeting, dignified, cautious, respectful.

Mustapha, I have come to ask who is the rose of the sands.

You have come that far, then?

He leans on the matted platform toward his companion, translates into a low-pitched, soft Moghrebi. The companion comments, looks up and smiles.

He has telepathically confirmed what I have noted, Mustapha says. He offers his beautifully carved pipe with a slow ritualistic gesture. The sound of a snaking flute weaves down around his arm. He pauses to formulate in the meticulous European tongue.

Your skin is sun red. Your eyes are blue. Your eyes make your blue shirt more blue, your skin makes the sun more red. You are the rose of the sands.

Stand on the Bab el Aâsa, on the slippery cobblestone stairs. In the Caâba the eastern city steps in uneven blocks to the beach-bibbed bay. He stands on the Bab el Aâsa, one hand on his worn dungarees the other holding a cigarette.

Were you looking for me?

Oh, no. I was walking in the Casbah. I'm on my way to the Boulevard.

He descends the stairs of el Aâsa.

Wait! I'll come with you, I shout.

He stops at the the height of Rue Ben Raisoul; shrugs

his shoulders; it is the same to him.

No flower further, blue eyes are rare amongst us:

We race, skipping every other step down Rue Ben Raisoul into the morning of the medina.

Je peux dire à toi un peu comment j'ai arrivé à ce fort,
I can say to you a little how I have arrived at this strength,
I may attempt a crown of referential stabs atop place-reached,

et ça j'ai déjà essayé, tu sais? Et je peux essayer de
and that I have already tried, you know? And I can try of
which perhaps I've distracted with at point. I've imagined

comment il faut quitter, si il faut quitter. Alors; mais
how it is necessary to leave, if necessary to leave. O! but
lease, at least, to the coming and going from there. But yet

de ce moment je ne peux rien dire. Je suis trop content.
of this moment I can not nothing at all say. I am too happy.
of this moment itself, I am mute with the uncreated in words.

Comme ça.
Like that.

Je peux dire - ah! Je peux dire - mais toi, toi! Tu sais autre chose.
Nos autres sais.

Comme ça.

I'm been go with some my friend, Hamid and Mark, for visit up-in Casabarata - Berlin, you knowit? They got lotta poles and wire out there same-same Berlin. We been takin him the straw blanket outta café downta the grass-grass, after sittin

and drinkin on it and lookin at the stars.

Must you been there to see me how much I'm drink! I'm sing a lotta juke box songs and that Mark he's make me so crazy I'm start to dance rock-roll. I'm play harmonic on my thumbs, I'm same-same Russian lady got collar on his arse Percy fly for God flyin topa Berlin wire light ups like me red eyeball now and landin on my hands for me God foot straight up right on my hands - and all my fluce, 400 francs, him fallin in the grass! For two hour ding-ding 'muk I lookit for my fluce.

I'm gotta drink some British man's veeeno blank-co, Bombinos, I'm say: Must you all give me here a little fluce such-for a bottle. Everybody he's give a little and Hamid he's been say along he's with me gonna go, he's good friend. Le patrón him stay with Mark, but I'm takin big jacket belong to Mark cause he's one cold night.

On the ways to lookit for one store, I'm lookit in Mark's pockets for somemore fluce. Hey, Harry, I'm say, him ain't got nothin in here! And whatchoo think, Hamid was get too mad.

When we been back on the blanket I'm drink some, sing somemore. Soon Mark singin with me. I'm start huggin him same-same one good friend, and him tellit some long prettydrunk stories after. I'm put my slowly hand in shirt pocket belong to Mark and got out whatchoo know! one green passport.

Hamid, he's takit back real-quick. Hey, Harry, I'm just look-at see Bloody Percy's passport been O.K. After I'm say to Hamid in he's own language: Tabun ding 'muk, qu'est-ce que tu as, hombre bastante malo, madona domani a la matini!! He's make it me lose all my fluce I'm ain't got nothin now for what to eat! Him got plenty fluce, what's him need more for it?

And betcha I'm not been talkin to goddamn Hamid again that

same-same night and after one week.

How come you come so seldom? This is the first time you're here all week.

The vigie won't let me in except at the regular visiting hour. And those Spanish artists first get up and want to eat at 2 o'clock.

Can't Ali serve them?

You know he can't speak Spanish.

Why don't you teach him a few words?

Teach him, teach him. He doesn't even know his own name.

No, no, that's no good. He has to learn. He can't stay if he doesn't learn.

So find another boy and get rid of him.

I will. As soon as I get out of here.

When are you getting out?

In two weeks. That doctor said it will take two weeks for the operation to heal.

Two weeks. He always says two weeks.

No, but this time it's true. Just two more weeks and then I'm finished with this place.

I hope so.

What are you doing now after work?

Nothing. Just staying around in the cafés.

Drinking a lot?

No.

Sure, sure, you're not drinking a lot. Don't tell me. You're having a good time with all this steady money.

What steady money? Romano doesn't even pay me.

What are you saying?

For my God: he gave me 200 francs in the last ten days. And I ask him for my pay practically every day.

I'll talk to him about that when he comes.

It won't do any good.

Why not? I'll tell him he has to pay you right away. Has he been bothering you?

No.

Listen, if he doesn't pay you, I'll settle everything as soon as I get out. Just keep a record of how much he owes you. And you'll get more than even Maimun does.

I don't want more. I just want to be finished with this job.

So you can have more time for drinking?

Look, it's getting late, I have to leave. No one's going to be at the pensión at 4 o'clock.

Wait, wait a minute. I want to show you someone. You see that little boy in the next to the last bed over there?

That one? He's pretty.

Sure. He's my new boy.

Is that so?

Sure. And last night someone brought one of the patients some kif and we all smoked three cigarettes each.

That's good.

Yes: what do you think, it's a prison here? I have my good time too.

Well, I've got to leave now.

All right. But listen, you'll have to come here three times a week from now on.

Three times? What for?

You have to bring me all the receipts and accounts. I don't like what's going on with money at the pensión. And all the check-in sheets too. We could get in trouble with the police.

Can't Romano or Fatima bring them?

No, no, you bring them. I don't trust the others. You're the only one I can trust, don't you know that?

All right. I'll try to get them together and bring them.

They spoke bad of me so I hit them, all three of them. Ayeshie started saying I was keeping Mark away from the others so I could steal all his money myself, and Blanco said let's have some of that money here, and Prewha said maybe I was working on the side of the tourists - getting a lot of money as a plainclothes protector for the police. So I hit all three of them. Blanco and Ayeshie punched back. Prewha didn't, he's a coward. But those two punched back and caught me in the side.

I stumbled against the wall completely out of breath, with a great, terrible pain doubling me up. They ran away as soon as they saw me fall. They knew what would

happen to them if I ever got up. The whole city knows what would happen to it if I ever got up. I leaned against the wall cursing to myself for a long time.

Mark met me on Rue Sanlucar. He looked at me with surprise. What's the matter? he said.

Nothing. I'm going back to the pensión.

But what's the matter - what's wrong?

Because of you, I said, for you.

What for me?

Nothing. I just want to go to the pensión. I didn't want to have to talk to him then. At times like that, I need to be alone. I moved ahead of him on the street.

But he waited only a minute and then came running after me. He practically cornered me in the portal of Banque Commerciale. Tell me, he said, tell me if I have done anything wrong.

Just let me go, will you?

He began to plead with me to say something; he looked very worried. C'est pas toi, c'est pas toi, I said. C'est les marocains. Moi, je connais bien les marocains, je m'en fou avec les marocains.

What happened?

They will never understand Liberty for All.

I sat down on the stoop. They speak bad of me, they speak very bad of me.

What do you care what they say? I never listen to what people say about me. I couldn't have gotten very far if I did.

This isn't America.

What's the difference?

We don't have liberty for all here, we'll never have it. The Moroccans don't understand it. They're always watching and listening and waiting to say something bad.

So why don't you just let them? Just ignore them.

If I let them speak bad after they will want to do bad. Should I let them do bad to me? Should I? They will if I let them - if I stop and rest for just one minute. They have to be afraid, always afraid, and then they won't do bad. They have to respect my fist: that's all they understand.

I got up and took a few steps. I was limping, I couldn't conceal it. The beating in my side was terrible. I clutched my stomach with my hands.

Where is the pain? Mark asked.

It's nothing. Just let me walk.

But tell me, where is it?

Here in my right side. They didn't do that though. I always have it.

Always? For how long?

I don't know. For about eight or nine months, I think.

Always, for eight or nine months?

Except when I drink. I feel it whenever I'm cold, and when I drink I get warm and don't feel it.

He pushed aside my hands and placed his fingers to the right under my stomach. Do you feel that beating? I asked.

It's like a stick slapping against the wall of your belly, he said. Have you been to the doctor?

What doctor? You need money to go to the doctor.

But isn't there an alité somewhere?

No, no alité.

I never heard of such a thing.

What do you think, Mark, this is America? I said this isn't America.

But what if you're very sick and don't have any money?

You stay sick.

And nobody cares?

You care, that's all.

Listen, you have to go to the doctor. How much does it cost?

1,000 francs probably. But I don't want your money.

But I want to give it to you.

No, I don't want it. I'll be all right. I was all right this long.

We walked to the gate of the accordian building. I didn't think I could climb to the pensión on the second floor so I said, Let's take the elevator. Mark knows I don't like the elevator boy and always try to avoid him. He said my side really must be bad. He began to plead with me to see the doctor. When we reached the door of the pensión I finally said I would go for an examination.

When we were in his room he commented that all this was disgusting, that in his country no one had to put up with hardships like these. I felt suddenly relaxed.

I would like to live in your country, Oulidi, I said.

Would you really come there?

I would if I had a passport. I could work on a ship to get over there. My uncle or his friends own a ship. I'd like to live in your country.

If you came I could give you a room to stay. And there's

always something to eat. Yes, you could stay for as long as you like. I intend to get a job and a new apartment of my own as soon as I get back. I'll write you immediately I have the apartment and tell you to come.

I'll wait for the letter, Oulidi. I could wait a long time. Five months - even more. But just one thing, if you could make me a passport before you go. It's hard to get a passport when you can't show them any money. So if you could just make me a passport.

O.K., I will. You'll have your passport before I leave. But only on condition you visit the doctor first.

He smiled and sat on the bed next to me. We both rested there for about ten minutes without talking. I was thinking about America.

You know, Mark, I said, I need a jellaba. It's going to get cold soon and I don't have a coat. Could you buy a jellaba for me?

How much is a jellaba?

Not much. 4 or 5,000 francs I think. You know, to keep my side warm.

Well, we'll see, he said, - maybe you'll be sailing before it gets cold.

Mohammed's younger brother Douiri sometimes visits the pensión. An orphan like Mohammed, (he is apparently his

only full-blood brother), he lives with his uncle and aunt in the Casbah. He is very Andalusian in appearance, fair haired with light eyes, might easily be mistaken for a native of even northern Spain were it not for his strong, beautifully masculine nose. He is sixteen years old, but his being a student, and a serious student at that, makes him far younger than any other sixteen year old Moroccan I've met. He is scrupulous to corner me on each of his visits and not let me go until I have answered a quota of at least six questions. Most of them are what do you call this or that in English, for which he exchanges the Moghrebi nomenclature. But occasionally he takes vicarious pleasure, (adequately concealed under a wealth of puritanical recriminations), in stories of the wild, disrespectful students of America.

I asked him about the dispute between Hamid and Ali, hoping he might have Ali's confidences and be able to illuminate the apparently, seriously-oriented animosity. Douiri shook his head, he had no idea of what had gone wrong between them. He was standing in a shaft of brilliant windowlight; I watched the sun sparkle in the new blond fuzz of his sideburns.

This boy speaks four languages and wants to learn our illustrious one now, I said to Matthew. English came to the pensión a few days ago in the form of this Matthew from Birmingham. But our communication runs far from smooth course, for I have to listen very carefully and think quickly and imaginatively to catch all the midland idioms. His speaking at a quiet, almost inaudible level is no help.

Matthew showed a discreet, but rather perfunctory interest, I thought, in Douiri's accomplishments. I suspect his short Tangier holiday has already brought him some sudden bankruptcy, (why else would someone so expensively dressed check in at this pensión?); which may account for his somewhat impatient, perhaps only pretended, Oh is that really so?

Douiri went to help clear away the luch dishes which gave Hamid a chance to come into the parlor and sit down on the sofa. Matthew and I were seated in the armchairs. I continued my conversation with Matthew without glancing at Hamid. I feigned great involvement in whatever I was saying though I was actually wallowing in that first opportunity in I know not how long to leave Hamid out of any single instance of my life. I caught sight of him though, out of the corner of my eye, dabbing a white handkerchief on the scratch across his cheek, and that sent me to simultaneous thought of his recent bout with Ali. I had been in the kitchen a quarter of an hour earlier when Ali had come in and said something to Hamid. Hamid answered him roughly and Ali struck out suddenly and scratched Hamid deeply across the face. The boy turned quickly then and stepped out of the kitchen. Hamid didn't follow him. He stood there trembling, wiping the thin line of blood, and said to me: I can not hit that animal back. We mustn't have scandal while the clients are eating here. Then he moved to the sink and added, Just let him go outside on the street, though. Just let him go once on the street.

Hamid threw his leg over the arm of the sofa. His white

apron pulled up tight like a skirt over his baggy dungarees. He let his leg dangle slightly back and forth and I saw it, again from the corner of my eye, distinctly jerk as I pronounced the words,"Moroccan shit", and shift more rapidly and nervously after that. I was telling Matthew about an incident of hashish eating where Prewha, (Matthew claimed to know Prewha), upon seeing the thin finger length piece of black hashish candy in my hand, had asserted: You been think you eatin one piece of hashish, but that's no for me God hashish. We been call him that Moroccan shit! I laughed out loud and Matthew was moved to the freedom of laughter too, for the first time.

When Matthew left the parlor Hamid stared at me for a moment. Then he said, You speak bad. You speak bad of the Moroccans.

What do you mean? I asked at the soprano pitch of irreproachable innocence.

I know what the words,"Moroccan shit", mean.

Do you really? I forced laughter and went into a truthfully-can't-see-the-concern-at-all wide eyed explanation of the Prewha story. Morocco was getting a taste of its own special witch's brew: an inkling of what it's like to sit around for even a little while and have not the slightest idea of what is coming into and passing out of existence through the prevailing conversation. A vague hint of what it's like to be deported beyond the habitual skies where one's maternal or even secondary tongues live and shape worlds, are living now and changing, changing worlds, far from his ears. And they really can't take too much of

it, I thought to myself. Suddenly I felt very self-righteously disgusted, a kind of over-eager capitalization on the greedily seized triumph I suppose. I had several letters arrived in the morning mail in my jacket pocket and reached in to take them out. I opened the first and began perusing it.

Who is that from? Hamid asked.

It's from a woman (une femme), I said. It was a letter of Sandra's.

You have a woman?

Yes, I said with a masterful stroke of Several thousand miles of distance between you and me, probably carefully just apprenticed during my measurement-taking of Matthew's window on Tangier. Hamid turned away sharply, an impossible to conceal concealing of the expression on his face. Immediately, I regretted my exhibition. It was so obviously malicious expression of defeat. And, punishmentwise, I was suddenly completely at a loss as to how to surrender the falsely gained ground.

Maimun rescued me from my deserved great discomfort. He came from the kitchen to tell me he was finished working and let's go to pick up your wristwatch now. He'd shown me to a small watch shop in the medina a few days earlier and we'd made an appointment to return that afternoon for the fixed article. The young Spaniard in the shop told me it was broken, because it either was dropped or heavily struck. He said I must have been in a fight.

I told Hamid I'd see him at Tugeni's in a little while. Douiri accompanied Maimun and me to the street and the three of us headed for the Petit Succo.

Today we won't say a word, all right? not any single word to eachother - I mean unless we have to.

I stared at Mark. That's perfect with me, I told him.

But our agreement was spoiled because when we were in my house, my mother kept repeating, Barark alófick! Barark alófick! over and over again.

Yallah! säfie barark alófick! I spat out, really annoyed.

My mother smiled at Mark. Casa deailie, casa deailic, she said to him.

Do you know what she told you? I asked Mark.

Yes: "My house is your house." Dar deailie, dar deailic.

That's right. Little Talking Bird is learning Arabic.

My mother was thanking Mark for offering to pay the bill for my operation. She was making it seem as if it were the most difficult thing a person could ever do. She brought tea and asked him to stay for dinner. He told me to answer, No; gracias; I have to eat at the pensión. She said, Eat twice.

I had been afraid to tell Mark how much the operation would cost: 20,000 francs: more than double what I'd expected. Still the doctor said it had to be done in a few days: I'd have to wait three months to get into the free medical centre. I was very embarrassed when I spoke to him but he insisted he wanted to pay, that he would pay even for a stranger if there were no way and it were something this dangerous.

Wouldn't you pay for me if you had the money and I needed

the operation? Mark asked me.

Of course I would, I said.

My mother began to cry. She started worrying about the operation and said what if it didn't turn out well, what if I got worse or -

Hundreds of people have this operation every year, I told her. It is never serious - just if you don't have it. Five to seven days in the hospital and it's all finished.

But she wasn't convinced. Her crying was making me nervous. We have to get back to the pensión now, I told her and Mark and I got up and said goodbye.

On the way across the barrio we passed the open door of a school house.

What's all that terrible noise? Mark asked.

The students are reciting out loud, I told him.

Do they always study that way?

Yes, always, that is the Moslem custom.

Oh, it's dreadful, he said. I could never stand a continuous tumult like that. It would drive me mad.

We have the free use of Abdessalem's room in Barrio Tokyo now that he is in Germany. Abdessalem does excellent cabinet and woodwork carving and he was able to obtain a contract for work there on the basis of that. I feel rather lonely now, as Abdessalem was my best friend, and being let go from the bakery has been no help. I've been

utilizing my time studying Italian but that still leaves me with nothing to do for most of the day.

I invited Hamid and Mark to spend several quiet evenings with me at Tokyo. I've known Hamid slightly over the years, (chiefly through Mjido), but it is Mark who really interests me. He is gifted with absorbing, intelligent expression, and besides enjoying our discussions for themselves, I am provided with my first real opportunity to practice English since my teaching mistress returned to her home in Boston. I told Mark about her and the strange impression I got of Americans from her: how they are too proper and very limited in what they consider experienceable in a relationship between two people; how they serve a kilo of meat for dinner every night. We spoke about Moby Dick which she once gave me to read. I asked after the great concern of Americans with good battling against evil. Mark said that yes, once Americans were very much, perhaps too concerned with that battle, but that they were currently, conversely, totally unconcerned. I asked Mark what his position was. He said he was currently totally unconcerned.

The last time we were at Tokyo Mark agreed to pay 1,200 francs for two bottles of vermouth. He said he wanted to drink but that if it had to be wine it had to be the best. I said I was sorry I could contribute nothing, being still out of work. I told him I'd just applied for a job at the Official Tourist Office on the Boulevard and wouldn't know until next week if I'd been accepted.

Mark smoked at least a dozen sebsis of kif and then

mentioned that he had recently been feeling heart palpitations. He said he was thinking of not smoking for two or three days a week. Yes, I said, if you could rest from the kif just a few days each week that would be good. Kif is very powerful. Why don't you really do that?

I smoke very little kif myself. I used to like it a lot but now it makes me uneasy. I become a little afraid when the surroundings get unfamiliar.

But, Mark added, if there is this pain, there is also the Blue Bird. He described an absolute vision, that is, not an illusory distortion of something graphically present, which he had seen after eating hashish one night. He said he was sitting in Tugeni's and staring through the open door when a large blue bird suddenly flew in, trod the air for a few seconds without distance, and then darted back, out the window. The bird was one clear wash of electric blue, without any detail of feature or non-periphirial form whatsoever, as if actually a silhouette. I said that sounded remarkable. Why, he asked laughing, have you never heard of the blue bird of hashish?

I glanced at Hamid. He must have been very tired for he'd fallen asleep on the bed.

That little fellow can take care of himself I've heard.

What do you mean? Mark asked.

Oh, he carries quite a large pocket knife and knows how to use it when he has to.

Really? I didn't know that. He's the epitome of patient, docile maturity with me. I always imagine I'm experiencing some great Arabian serenity in his presence.

You really like him, don't you? I mean, like him very much?

Mark hesitated. He looked around for his sebsi. He was trying to avoid the question. Like him very much means lots of things, he said elusively. I took his discomfort to earmark an embarrassing concession, or maybe my not being used to so much wine and kif encourage me to. I said: Why don't you come over here on the couch where there's more room?

I'm perfectly comfortable here thank you, he replied with the distraction of complete naïvety. I reproposed the relocation and this time he made no answer, but twisted his fingers nervously and glanced rapidly back and forth between my avid and Hamid's silent, very peaceful expression.

I leaned back on the couch with a sigh and changed the topic of conversation.

But he knows of the hospital I think. My professor who can't even about Romano, Mohammed told me. I would rather sink his nails into my write his own he said to always go on with this arm he sank his name - very good, isn't it? Mark once that Romano likes pain in my I know and twisted the cock if his side than have to go then, he, Moroccans, I know they want, know he must approve; he stood up trembling, adjusted his to eat my like the same a week how

could I clothes and left face and they won't stop, thing, stay in that room. Angrily he hasn't trying to either for a week, I have spoken to him, until they succeed, never stayed in for two days. What is any one place for even the matter, what two days, does he want doesn't he hospital prison for like the same me that's what thing, wasn't it he who I'm afraid of not the suggest we go operation the operation down to the beach and that first night long is nothing that others think? Ago what did he want I'm afraid of what does the operation think and I thought he but he knows never did it about Romano Mohammed told me before I didn't want to he said to hurt him I Mark once that Romano likes didn't even want to touch cock, if he him but he knows, he must approve: he was pretty to me and likes the same, he touched me thing through my shirt on my when I think naked chest and the last time I wanted him. Ali did this, Mark got up when I, kif, said of Ali scratched my face, Ali, me, he would be good wanting to have my face and until they succeed my cock also: the last time Mark, the hospital, face, Ali wants my face, Mark that once Romano got up, I think I would rather my professor who can't like cock when I was finished and always go on with even write if he knows he must sink his nails into this pain, his own name, that's good, approve he likes the in my side than have isn't it I know same thing he sank them in deeply to go in there, but he knows Moroccans and twisted them there for a I know they want to Romano Mohammed he stood week - how could I stay, eat my face, and told me he said to up trembling adjusted his clothes

for a they won't and left the room week I stop trying to either. Until agrily he has never stayed in any they succeed, hasn't spoken to me one place for even Ali did this Ali for two days scratched my days, what is the matter, a hospital is a prison, what does he want for me that's what doesn't he I'm afraid like the same thing wasn't of not the operation the it he who suggested operation is nothing the we go others think down to the beach that I'm afraid of the operation first night long ago when I think of what did I think he want but he knows, what did he tell me he said to think and I thought likes cock; he never approves he likes the did it before which I didn't. How could I stay, want to hurt him; when I think of I didn't I think I would rather even want to touch him this pain, but he was pretty to go in there and he touched me through in for my shirt on my have never stayed in any two days and I wanted him and for me that's what the kif said to of not the operation the me he others think would be good to have, the last time Mark and my cock when I was finished. Also Ali did this Ali scratched, hospital, I think he said and sank his nails into my face, Ali, hospital, I think to Mark once that Romano my he wants my I would like cock if sank them face my professor who can't rather always go on with if he knows in deeply and twisted them even scratched his pain in there. He must approve, he likes there, he scratched his own name my side the same thing. Trembling, that's good, isn't it, I have to go in, but he knows about Romano adjusting his clothes, and left, knows the Moroccans there for a Mohammed told me the room I know week how he

hasn't they want to eat my could I stay in there, spoken to me for two face and they for days, weeks? What is won't stop. I have the matter trying to either until they never stayed in any one what does he want doesn't succeed place for even he likes the last time Mark got two days same thing up when I, a hospital a prison - wasn't it he who suggested was finished with me that's we go down what I'm to the afraid of not the operation but he knows about Romano, beach, that first night long the operation is? What did he said nothing the he want likes cock if others think I'm afraid of what does he must approve he likes think and the operation I thought he when I thought of the never did it before I didn't want to hurt him I didn't even want to touch him - but he was pretty to me and he felt through my shirt on my bare chest: I wanted him and the kif said to me he would be good to have and my cock said it also.

An enormous green gateway just beyond the stairs on Rue Waller, facing the wide open market in the back of Rue de la Liberté, gives onto a completely unsuspected court of at least an acre in size defined by a two story periphery crowded with every kind of craft and home-labor shop imaginable. Primitive dentistries, carpentries, pottery-making and weaving shops, laundry and tailor

counters fill the two levels. Donkeys and stray ewes graze on the weed glumps in the center garden. Spice and saffron merchants seated on the ground before their displays draw on pipes of potent ketami. Unveiled Riffian matrons offer their day's carry of assorted beets, peppers, and onions. The court is almost a complete tiny walled city within itself, situated near the grand walls of the medina of the larger city. And one imagines a completely self sufficient unit of society here, a studiable miniature of the larger community.

Hamid took me to the court because the wool weaving looms where he wanted to have his jellaba made were located on the second story of the Rue Waller wall. He introduced me to the weaver and his two apprentices. They were friends of Hamid's. I remained on the outside balcony while Hamid inquired within the shop concerning the commissioning of the garment. Something about the charming and unusual corporation of industry and household activity fairly bewitched my wandering thoughts. I had smoked rather continuously during the morning and was entering a totally uncontrolled, unsponsored scansion of the shuttling scene. The court was like some trackside town in which I was stopped, but at which I couldn't completely stop. I groped in the lazy cannabis detachment for some sort of orientation or even mere opinion for assimilation. I was a little surprised, but still quite relaxed in the uncompromisingly evasive flux of images. I turned several times to review the same set of scenes but at each new perusal they appeared distinguishably unique. I toyed for a

moment with wonderings of what might event if I were suddenly to attempt to anchor, to seek a geography for, myself or the place. But I wouldn't really, why should I, want to do that.

Hamid came out of the shop with a smile on his face, said the jellaba would be ready in a week and that he would bargain for a low price for it at that time. We descended the very narrow iron spiral to the ground level. The encasement in the twisting shaft was somehow the most vivid impression, the most durable location in the court. I speculated that this might perhaps be accounted for by the many swiftly and forcefully imposed jerked-down visual proximities to the physical.

We turned on the corner of Rue Waller into the wide Niger-like descent of Rue de la Plage. The street was crowded with pack animals and laborers. Hamid said he was going to visit his friends in the carpenter shop a bit farther down the street and I told him that I wished to run over to the American Consulate then and check on how to start going about getting him in a position to sail for America.

I walked in the shadow of the medina wall along Rue du Portugal, and climbed the steps to the arched doorway that gives onto the Rue d'Amérique in the Petit Succo quarter of the medina. I stepped over the foothigh wicket-threshold into the clean Moorish building of the consulate. A Moroccan secretary took my name and asked me to be seated.

I wondered if my eyes weren't too glassy or obviously

dilated. I lit a cigarette and looked across at the stocky secretary: I decided at once that he was a pleasant, trustworthy soul. I felt very at home. There were road maps on an end table beside me and piled next to these (of all stupid things!) were various American trade journals. I flipped through several of them with what I imagined to appear to the secretary as a knowing, professional concentration.

After a few minutes I was shown along the brick path through damp-earth tropical gardens into the office of the vice-consulate. The vice-consulate greeted me warmly and asked what was up. The home-idiom threw me for an instant and I leaned back in the scooped office chair at sudden perplex as to just what language to address him in. I decided upon or, at least, out came an exaggerated Isn't it marvelous to swing with the old American-lingo, which he graciously accepted with no betrayal of exactly in just what way it was coming across to him.

It appeared, after a twenty minute or so conversation, that what was up was that Hamid, if he didn't have a thousand dollar bond to post, would have to have a contract from the states guaranteeing him a job and at least travel fare, which later could be worked off. An American contract had to come directly from the states to the Tangier Consulate, and be matched by a letter of recommendation from Hamid's current local employer. In default of such arrangements, the only remaining alternatives were having Hamid register for American immigration (the waiting list for said which presently being ten years), or getting someone to sign for his complete travel to and support in the states. (1,000 bucks rode unfeasible regardless of the kif-fork, but 10 years seemed like any other minute.) I'd no certainty as to which avenue was preferable or possible, and the vice-consu-

late suggested bringing Hamid around, And we'll have a talk with him. I thanked the gentleman for the information and told him I would be seeing him soon.

On my way through the narrow alley of Rue d'Amérique I tried to order and add all the points that had just been made. I'd experienced a little difficulty in keeping abreast of each of the comparatively "technical" and "political" details, though I believe they all finally got through to me in sufficient time - but when I tried to connect any two of them or consider their whole range, the kif raised its multi-Janused head and discouraged the project as incredibly complex. Actually, during the length of my talk with the vice-consulate I had to keep suppressing the great temptation to just completely relax and thoroughly savor his every American word. And throughout the entire effort at comprehension I had been speculating on exactly how many intermediary on-the-second definitions I was iterating to myself in order to understand him.

On the descent of Rue de la Plage I was overcome with an inordinate sense of excitement. I ran down the street, dodging through the crowd, and arrived breathlessly at the carpenter shop. Hamid told me to sit down. He lit a pipe for me and asked what was the matter.

I'm very excited, I said.

I began to explain the points of the consulate information, hastening against the belief that I would soon forget them all. I practically gasped at the end of each sentence.

What are you so excited about? Hamid asked. Wait a minute, I want to get someone to translate what you say.

I want to understand each thing exactly.

Hamid got his former employer to translate for him. The old man also said he would be glad to write a letter of recommendation to the consulate, one stating that Hamid was still working for him. After about ten minutes I finished whatever I could recall. Do you understand everything? I asked Hamid.

Yes, I think so, he said. But soon we'll go to Tugeni's and you'll tell it to Driis so he can explain it to me again.

Why was Hamid suddenly in need of translators for French? He appeared somewhat nervous and excited himself then, and I took that to be the reason for his apparent confusion and need to resort to Moghrebi. I decided against a further pipe and rested back on a stack of wood - I was seated on the stone floor with my arms around my raised knees.

The carpenter shop is an enormous cavern, a stone and steel vault planted with monstrous black machines that rotate their bellowing daggers. An elderly woman was collecting wood shavings several feet from me. She reached to the floor without bending her knees and brushed the feathery strips into a huge potato sack.

We bent with the serpent of Esperanza Orellana passed the ancient opera house with its garishly colored rococco bas reliefs, now Ciné Cervantes, and started up the Hotel Velasquez hill so as to cut more directly across to the Boulevard. My breath came very short on the climb and I had to ask Hamid to stop for a minute when we attained the height. I looked back over the drop to the Spanish city and its crumble of white building blocks to the level of

Avenue d'Espagne. The old Israelite cemetery rises to the left above the houses, and the medina rises above the cemetery's patch green and marble lawn; the Casbah, finally, crowning the entirety, touched with the topmost nailpoint of its minaret a particular point in the sky, an agitation of deep marine blue.

I was liberated atop boundless exhilarations, felt the desire for the warmly downed equestrian wings with which to soar stationary through the seraglios of the rooftops, felt dizzyingly enervated as one who ascends and descends all day long streets of stairs.

After dinner we found Driis waiting for us at Café Tugeni. I told him I would rather not go anywhere that night, just stay at Tugeni's and watch the inevitable excitements. For some reason, perhaps because the police visited that place infrequently, Tugeni's was becoming the most trouble-packed café in the quarter. Driis retranslated the information from the consulate for Hamid.

Sometime toward 11:30, just after drawing on a pipe of new kif, I felt myself grow hard of breath, as if it were suddenly impossible for me to take in any air at all, and then a deepening constriction in my chest and the distinct sensation of a saw-wheel originating there and turning in slow teasing circles above my stomach, start to pick up speed as its circumference grew in outgoing spools, and rise toward my heart. I sat perfectly still on the wall booth next to Driis. I said nothing to him. All my weight was supported on my stiff left arm, my fingers clutching the green seat. I waited.

Then, it came spinning forward, an enormous sharp javelin, and stabbed into my heart. I must have changed color for Driis leaned over and inquired after the matter with sudden concern. Will you ask Hamid to walk with me to the pensión? I said. Driis stood up immediately and went toward where Hamid was conversing with several friends.

We walked through the alley Delacroix, down Sanlucar and across to Rue Goya. I said nothing to Hamid and somehow he sensed that I would answer no question put to me. The both of us walked with considerable effort, I with my hand over my heart and he with his drawn constantly to his side.

When we got to my room I thanked him for accompanying me, said I thought I would be all right, and told him he could return to Tugeni's if he wished. He said he felt rather like going to his own room and trying to sleep. We bid each other good night.

For some inexplicable reason I felt the urge to finish a letter I had been writing, before retiring. I sat at the small wobbly board-desk and wrote after the last sentence on the page, without bothering to read what that sentence was:

Listen, it is like this. It is unpleasant. There is no romance, no promise. It comes out of the walls, out of darkness, it comes in repeated waves, in growing tidals - there is no illumination of implied circle, destiny, grace, forordinance - it is lousy, it is a beating, a stroking, beating in my chest, in my head -

I dropped the pen and slid off the chair onto the bed.

The pain. I stiffened like the already stricken victim of relentless hounding while the javelin rose on the retina's absolute, the imperceptibly poising-for-aim white crest of a comber and then came flung faultlessly, cleanly, into my heart, splitting down its chambers to left and right in furious breakers of repetition. It struck again, tempered-less again... terrible, lance, violented... violent.... The spilt waves subsided: the air-bubbled sands rose. Quiet. It was quiet; actless; it will be over. It will renege, it will, will as... as sad as that street where children come home from school... back then the wrong turn taken, around the wrong corner, end in an alley punching and tearing at a baffle of sensations.

reaching for the hill, the clattering steps of a woman on the cobblestone path ahead of me, trying to push back all this violence, this hammering in my head, stroke out softly into the waters of the afternoon.... the Violence cascading down trucks against the walls sprays the ceilings arched acutely as broken bat wings in the tunnels of my brain, comes spinning and twisting and spilling down the only street of Goliah, myself a draped and wind-turned bedouin battles the baffle, tornadoed between its suddenhush dissipation and accumulative force, ends in an alley punching and tearing at the terrible beauty... shadow play behind Hotel Tanger flickers and darts.

... break out into a placid, jacketed frustration, break into the waters of the afternoon; return to Tugeni's, Docteur Fumey, eyes on the ground all late the long shadow street.

I am dying.... .....

The stabbing in my heart recommenced. Carefully, I rose,

walked slowly around the corridor to Hamid's room. I pushed open his door without knocking. He sat up quickly on the bed and switched on the table lamp. Could you call a doctor? I said. I feel sick.

He jumped into his dungarees and went to Romano's room at the end of the corridor. I sat in the wicker chair in the small chancel that serves for an office and watched through the gauze curtain how the two shadows thrown down the walls from Romano's open door alternately leaped and shrunk. Romano appeared adjusting his robe. Vous pouvez - un docteur? I asked. He took up my wrist and felt for the pulse. Un docteur, I repeated, c'est grave je pense, tellement grave. Mon coeur.

He told Hamid to prepare luisa tea and went to make the telephone call. I heard the indistinct outpour of Spanish, the sudden stops and repetitions as if he were at some strain to make himself understood. The undulating, ocean-like swells and dips continued to heave my chest and break in my heart, but with less violence now.

Is it here, that it is to be? I thought to myself. Then almost as if distracted, Where is that?

Romano returned and said the doctor would be by in a quarter of an hour. He suggested I go to my room and lie down until the tea was ready.

I picked up the pen again. My hand struggled toward the page like a soaked wing against a tempest:

I keep forgetting who's with me.

This assault - I am Samoanly incredulous as Athens attacks. Oh, I do not like it, I do not like - I shall

be burglarized. I can be burglarized now, down to my torn desert boots, my aide self aidless.

It comes like the conchshell-tidal ocean, like Hugo's "Ma destinée" in the black and grey miniature of the souvenir postcard on the desk. There is a mute fear. It is too three monthly summered to have sound. Yes, there is fear. The Spanish doctor, in black to the floor, thin; moved moist lips. You are to leave, to wait outside the room, I commanded Hamid.

The doctor raised my shirt and placed the phone over my heart. Hamid objected with uncontrollable nerves in his fingertips. I insisted, by grittingly ignoring him. Sea shadows splashed up against the wall and across the ceiling. He stood in electric squints out in the corridor. He had sailed from Marseilles, and lost his black cap in the storm.

Vous étes fumeur? Syllables Spanish--cut and hard. I embarked upon a description of the stabbing nature of the palpitations. He made no visible reaction; was testing my pulse. Vous trop pensez. It occurred to me he could speak, understand, next to nothing of French. He conversed quietly in Spanish, pointedly, standing next to Romano just beyond the myriad bales on the sky of Netherlands while the waters of the afternoon wash around a memory of hatreds. Battles in a bewildering alley, staggers hiddenly and slips in the hunters' exsicated shoot, plunges osmosed of phennig and affion, the steadily hardening concrete, unimpressionable as an Empire-city telephone book...

then, supple, amazingly supple, like mute people's hands; odds 'n ends pockets of normalcy as experience....

They each prepared his retreat. Hamid - don't leave. I seized him around the bicep, pinching it fiercely. Romano

spoke to him; stood waiting at the door. He made some sort of reply, but remained where he was, fingers on his black and white-striped shirtcollar unmanageably scalloped in sheets of salt spray. Romano walked back through the corridor. The door was pulled in its lock.

You will sleep here tonight?

I couldn't distinguish his expression: his entire form was indistinct, a dimly radared crag in the fog-hides just ahead. Hoisting my weight on his arms that swung forward like the great hemps of a rope ladder, I drew myself up with my chest against the wall, and was all at once sliding toward untrammeled scale as if it were really the floor and I pounded down and along it in a nemesis of breaking combers. I tilted on the trembling cross of the mast and yard, my hands pulling out with either in the growing space between them, my left foot reaching down onto the long taut roll of the sail. The sail shook, dropped with a yank that took my balance, and pillowed out in a triangle of broad green and orange-stripes. Wind of hate-shoots caught me against the swan-neck prow, captured me in my suitsize curve, and launched-to the block of unperforable canvas - my vision vised on the drawing from, scene back at, diminishing shore. The dahabiyeh bobbed the wavetops, toy-like in the wristwatch second of centuries, and then rolled out smoothly; I went with prowspined back turned on the sea....

It is the Triumph of the Earth, Sacred Omnitragedy by which I'm staked! my powers scrape the ceiling of heaven, peal from the vast impossibilities the plaster of the alley: to carry off a crippled guide over my shoulders, daggle his Second Birth in baggy crotch between my concrete thighs; when under my

armpits, sucking and stuck to my nipples. I bear his awesome springtime his immense fall his moments' increase: antagonized excitation of each wrist-ticked season, lungless continuous mounting and recounting on a street of stairs, the debauched loud sighs of coppering knives in a dying heart.

Great black pterodactyl of enveloping spread sails in the total above and swoops in timed corona about the roaring grind of the momently visible millwheel. Toward the pagethin edge of the millwheel blades, the dahabiyeh-centripetal steers on ill concealed steelcar tracks in the Stream Outcome of ocean.

The blades dash downward throwing a rinse of bone-ice spray before them.

I succeed to the deprivation, head height of my chest's breath, steal each seizable leaf off drooping branches spaced along the water tracks, am cut under the speed of the exact mark page-precise falling blades, staccatoed into millionths in a spurt sprinkled through the ink of infinity. Amongst these depleting resources...

forgetting, keep forgetting, who is with me
prayer to continue,
retain the lent, with brazen cupidity

Numero wahhead, joujh, klettsa, arrabah... chumsa... my name is - my name... sittsa... what... I can't say it..... that's strange, it's funny... I can't say it... I'm thinking about what..... is it

inhaling

I'll remember

I'm inhaling to inch down from the scissor

the scissor is opening its teeth ***

My stomach is unzippered. He's looking at the white circles in the columns of purple wall. I can feel some of the columns where they lace down to the table. He won't let me feel into the hole. His fingers are going in there, his arms up to the shoulder. He's getting ready to rob a bank like in the cinema, with a mask.

It's funny. The old man is funny. Sidi Nchaioui is chopping away and making me laugh. No tabac today, all right? he's saying, straight msouss - you like that?

Here, take some purple flesh for it, BahNchaioui deailie, tsina kif-kif bouailie, kif-kif bashshashie, kif-kif couayfie tsina, oulaladeem - toma, tsina!

What do you think I'm using to make the msouss with?

My purple flesh? Yallahtif! Yallahtif!

You'll have to think of something else to give me.

I'm thinking. I can't think... enna mkiyif biseff, you know? What are you making me laugh for? You're nice. Mohammed Quinto. BahMohammed Nchaioui Quinto. Rob the bank.

How about the great house on the hill in Souani? I'll give that to you; the old Swiss wants to give it to me to come and live with him, so I'll just take it from him for nothing and give it to you. Will that be enough? Or how about the bracelets of Idayla Melinka? - I can get one each day, worth 3,000 francs apiece. Just for the

niki. I do the niki and you get the house and bracelets. Then, after that, you live in the house and niki the Swiss and Melinka. All right?

But wait, don't think that about the other. -BahMohammed Quinto, I could knock you on the floor just for thinking that. Ah, take your hand out -hamuk tsina! El Amerykanie said he would die if I didn't stay with him. I'm Docteur Fumey. Tu fumes beaucoup, tu en as besoin de Docteur Fumey. I can't want him to die: he wants me to live.

He wants me... he said... no, not like you think - sondic? Ksess keman?

Stop.

his face, checks, valise, no... not...

wahhead rahzen hamuk - e-yeh: tsina.

* * *

*

emuk

dealilie. L'bis?

Oulidi, Oulidi, Oulidi, Oulidi.

What are you crying for? I see, do I see my aunt, my grandmother and, is it?, yes, our cook Maimun

But if you knew the pain I pray you never know this pain this pain how warm I am how soaked I feel how weak so thin and painful... my whole body is sitting beside me in an old barrel of pain. My father is embarrassed by my suffering. Habahbah is embarrassed. He turns away and smiles in embarrassment. Emuk is wiping my forehead with the kerchief she wove....

This is the first day is it day is it night I haven't

smoked kif since I was ten years old. I don't want to smoke any now, I feel nauseous. There's a young nurse, Guapa, mira Guapa with green eyes... she smiles... my stomach feels very nauseous, feels like I want to vomit up my entire body and leave it under her window in Tetuan. She's twenty-two but I watch her in her window forever. Her husband left her. She is very beautiful. I can come back Thursday, in five days, a long time. She's six years older than I am but she knows how to make love with me. The young one in my room in the Emsallah doesn't know, she just lies there very flat. But she cooks for me. She loves me. I love the girl on whose doorstep I sit. Her parents don't like me, they married her to someone else. She cried. I spoke to no one for three months after that. The virgin lay there very flat too on my bed in the Emsallah. She said: Do what you want. I couldn't touch her. I couldn't have anything to say to a man who could touch a virgin. No one would marry her after, her parents would put her in the streets. She must become a prostitute. Her breasts are still young, they stand up pointed when she lies there. The French boy's nipples become hard when he's excited and I can suck them up also, up high as a fingernail. I wouldn't marry the virgin, I was only fifteen. I couldn't be the prisoner of anyone at that age. They told me at the trial I would be sent to jail for five years if I didn't marry her. Her parents screamed and cried and pleaded. But she let me do it, the lawyer said that, it was in her house. And I was only fifteen so they let me

go. A lot of men wouldn't talk to me for a long time after that. They're even jealous of the Petit Zook because he's always with me and never with them. He tells me when they're planning to do bad. I never touch him. I could never touch a little one like that who always goes with me and only wants to do good for me. I have to tell him to leave me; the others are jealous and will never let me rest while he is with me. I am sad. He is sad. Guapa - will it be Guapa? And I will niki the young husband and his wife. The wife is pretty. She said I can't sleep with her unless I also sleep with her husband. Her husband said I can't sleep with him unless I sleep with his wife * * *

I want to see how long it will take Hamid to have my radio fixed. I've already asked him three times. Before he said he was too busy. Now he has his operation. We'll see how many weeks after the operation it takes him to get it fixed. Hamid and Maimun and Absalom- all too busy smoking and drinking to visit me. Before my accident they were my brothers, now they're strangers. Brothers for my money like all Moroccans. And Larbi and Housain: they never came here once. Just wait till I get out. We'll see who spends my money then. When I get out I'm going to pass my time with only Spanish people. They

don't go around drinking and making scandal all day long. They're quiet and you can trust them like real friends. They even read and study sometimes - the Moroccans won't read till the day the Prophet comes again. And I'm going to get myself a nice little Spanish boy - a white boy, not a brown boy who talks too much and tells everyone who he makes love with. I'm going to change my whole life when I get out of here: they'll all be plenty jealous of me then.

The doctors tell me his leg isn't healing. They say there's wine not blood in his veins. They said before they thought it would begin to heal with time; but now they want money to perform a second operation. I didn't tell Mohammed that, of course; I keep telling him he'll soon be coming home. Now I don't know: I'm worried. I don't feel so well myself. I'd like to have a thorough medical examination in Madrid. I have to go there soon anyway to settle my aunt's will. That's why I'd like Mohammed to be out of the hospital - I'll need someone to run the pensión while I'm away. But I don't see why I have to give money for a second operation - why wasn't the first one sufficient? I have some party candies that the señors from Cadiz left at the pensión. Mohammed will like them.

This is a prison, the screens even look like a second square of walls around me, but I asked the doctor to please let me stay here until I'm completely well. He's already said it would be better if I rested up in my mother's house where I could be with my family and friends.

But he doesn't know - he doesn't know that I couldn't stay there, that I couldn't stay anyplace I wasn't tied down in. I'll be in the cafés the first day I'm out of here - could I get well in the cafés? I'll get into an argument with some stupid Moroccan who uses his stupid tongue too much and I'll hit him and he'll hit me - he'll hit me in my side. Or I'll start to drink, everyone will invite me to drink - could I ever get well if I start to drink? My mother's house - ha! He said I'd recouperate very fast in my mother's house that they threw me out of. That young nurse: she can't be more than fifteen. She's so pretty. I can joke with her. I'm going to sleep with her when I get out of here.

They both put up an excellent show in this hospital of the world. Mohammed is full of smiles and Hamid always asks me first how I feel. They both look a little thin though. I wonder how I look to them. There's something very masculine about the wide modern corridors of l'Hôpital Français and its prevalence of doctors and Moroccan workers. Something feminine, but equally imposing and far more fastidiously silent, about La Clinica Española with its domination of nurses and Sisters of Mercy. For Mohammed joking and ranking out a little in Moghrebi, assurance that I won't leave before he's out and we can have a great, wild celebration with him on both his feet. For Hamid bananas and a 50 franc bouquet of assorted flowers from the Grand Succo. (It looked as pretty as the one for 100 francs, but now it seems as if it's going to wilt very quickly.) Hamid usually doesn't have enough

appetite to finish his dinner, meager as the one they serve him is. I help him with the soup, and especially the meat, (surviving, as it were, practically on a shipwreck's beanpole at the pensión). The hospital food is bland, but very healthy I'm sure. And so in the like fashion does illness go avisiting illnesses.

I rush to get as much cleaning done at the pensión as possible on Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday mornings so I can spend at least ten or fifteen minutes in the hospital on those days. I bring Mohammed his tin of milk, half-cheese, and cigarettes each time I go. I take his soiled underclothes. He must feel and smell how soft they are when I return them. I can smell and feel his body on them when I do the washing. Like the feel of his and Hamid's bodies when I put a blanket over them on chilly mornings when I first get to work and they're still asleep. I told Hamid that my house is comfortable and warm if he ever wants to rest up there. He always says no, he has to go to his mother's, but one day he will come. Like Mohammed, for 5,000 francs he will come.

I originally thought that the two of them were brothers: they both have blue eyes. They laughed out loud when they heard that. But something is unusual, either that it is rare for a Moslem to have blue eyes or very strange for an American to spend so many hours at the bedside of a Moslem. I told the latter last night that I will have to charge for an extra patient if he's going to insist on staying so late arter visiting hours. The Moslem translates his witticisms for me, that's another reason I

thought they were brothers, I thought he was translating from Arabic. But it's French. And I think that's unusual, an American speaking French. There are a great many Spanish people in the United States and most Americans speak Spanish.

I want to see how my leg isn't healing like a second square of Mohammed is full and Thursday mornings, so I'll be aloud when they hear, Take Hamid to have my blood in his me.

But I asked the asks me first for at least ten or fifteen minutes either that it already asked him three times if it would let me stay here until look a little on those days I bring a Moslem. To have was too busy before now but now they, he's already said it, would I look to of milk half cheese - and stranger for an American to. We'll see how many second operations I rested up in my about the wide take his hours at the bedside of the operation. It takes him to course keep I could be with, and its prevalence must feel and smell as told the latter last night Hamid and Maimun and Absalom are coming home.

He doesn't know Moroccan workers are something feminine, but they are when I return to charge for drinking to visit when he would that I couldn't stay there, that far more fastidiously silent about smell and feel his body which he insists on by my brothers. I don't know what I could get with its domination of nurses; I do the washing after visiting hours; the Moslems like my money so well myself anyplace I'm not tied down. Mercy for Mohammed - Joking and his and Hamid's bodies when for me, that's another

reason, and Housain, they are thoroughly examined in the cafés. The first little Moghrebi assurances that blanketing over them were brothers. I thought he'd wait till we go there soon, cafés I'll get into and before he's out, and we first get to work not Arabic but French and spend my money will, that's why, stupid Moroccan, who uses his great wild celebration, I told Hamid. That my unusual American speaking French I'm going to get out of the hospital and I'll hit him for Hamid. If a great many Spanish people in Spanish while me he'll hit, me, with bouquets of assorted flowers from up there, he and most Americans speaking Spanish and making scandal all.

I don't see why I'll start to drink, everyone looks as pretty as to go to. I originally thought the two to drink you can trust for money for a second operation. But now they will become brothers, they both have blue even read, and the first one is sufficient to start to drink my going to wilt very 5,000 francs. He will come and won't read till the señors from Cadiz, he said, recouperate; doesn't have enough appetite to rush to get as comes again and Mohammed will like mother's house that they threw together as meagerly as the one of the pensión. As is possible.

A nice little that young nurse she can't help him with the not a brown fifteen, she's so pretty. The meat surviving tells her everyone I'm going to sleep with. A shipwreck's beanpole at the I'm going to I get out of here but very I get out this prison the and so in the like will be plenty jealous of me then, going visiting illness.

The Spanish leg left at the pensión isn't healing.

I buy the kif in the Petit Succo, sometimes the Casbah, every morning - about 1,000 francs' worth. I cut it in Café Rabat. I am the only real nchaioui in the French Quarter. I sell it for 50 francs a matchboxful, which measurement I always make in front of my customers. The police station is directly across the street from the café, but we have never have any trouble. Sometimes though, and at night in particular, I cut the kif behind the large open door , in the small corner it makes with the wall. It's really the tourists that the police want to protect from seeing the kif anyhow. What have they to fear about the Moroccans, and something that has always been a tradition in our lives?

I do have one customer who is a tourist though. Or rather, I just lost him. But up until the other day he was a steady buyer and a trustworthy fellow, one I never really thought of as a foreigner and so never had any reservations against selling to.

Mark came into the café the afternoon before last and said that he and kif were parted friends for a while. He looked thinner than I've ever seen him. His shirt, and his pants in the backside, hung loose on him. He said he'd just come from having a vitamin injection and that he was on his way to the pharmacy to buy some pills. I

asked after his health. He said it wasn't supporting his pleasures anymore, that the doctor had told him to limit his smoking and visits with women; also to eat a lot of spicy meat slowly and go to plenty of cinemas.

Eat spicy meat and go to the cinemas? I asked.

Yes, he said. That's the doctor's prescription. He claims I think too much.

I never asked Mark why he doesn't return to his home. And if he isn't planning to now, when he's sick, he must intend to stay with the Moroccans a long time. I think he likes this country very much. I told him of a good plan for remaining in the city and earning enough money to do so. I know he doesn't have much money - he lives in a cheap hotel and his clothes are as frayed as any street boy's. I told him I could look for a nice room for him in the Emsallah, a room that he could buy some old furniture for and be able to cook in himself. He could manage to live on 5 or 600 francs a day in that fashion, and would be able to earm more than that by setting up a blackboard in his room and taking in students to teach English to. The students would pay according to their ability, some 2,000 francs a month, some as much as 10 or 15,000. There are many men in Tangier who want to learn English. Most speak either, or both, Spanish and French, but English is the language of money. All rich tourists are English or come from a country where they speak English.

Mark said it sounded like a good idea but that he wanted to look around for a few weeks for a different kind of

job. He said he had once done tutoring and that he found the too close contact unpleasant. I wasn't sure what he meant since he always makes himself more than pleasant in personal relationships.

I told Mark I had to leave then because I was helping my family prepare the house for a marriage that night. I was hesitant about going because I saw some men come in the café who I knew would have only one thought as soon as they noticed Mark. I felt responsible for him since I had detained him there with conversation. I invited him to come along to the marriage. I said it would be interesting for him to see our customs. He told me he would be glad to come but not until after 9 o'clock when he would be finished eating at his hotel. We made an appointment for both to return to Café Rabat at that hour. On my way out I spoke to the two strangers who had just come in and cautioned them against reprisals if they should go near the young tourist.

I was back at Café Rabat at 9 o'clock. Mark wasn't there. I waited two hours for him and then, very puzzled, and more than a little disappointed, I left.

The following day while I was still wondering what happened to him, Mjido came and told me Mark said he was very sorry, but that he had mistaken the meeting place and so missed me. I didn't think such possible if he had remembered the appointment at all. It was more likely he'd forgotten completely about it, and that seemed very strange to me.

A marriage is an important thing. Isn't it to him?

He came to visit very late. Most of the hall lights were off: I couldn't imagine how he got in. He was wearing his large black corduroy jacket and, I saw, those same old boots that I had told him to throw out a long time ago. He asked how I felt and I said the pain was greater today because I couldn't sleep the night before. There was some woman down the hall who was having a baby and she screamed for hours without stopping. And there was a Jew who had a dangerous operation and his wife was there and she kept crying that he was going to die. How could anyone get better with all that going on?

Et toi, Oulidi, comment ça va?

He said he was busy drinking with Driis every night.

You drink now? - And the others, do they do bad to you?

Everyone is very good. I woke up in the middle of the street with my shins all bloody this morning.

How did that happen?

I don't know. I just woke up that way, and I was happy.

Why don't you know? You must know.

But I don't, and I don't care. I'm all right now, yes?

But you must know! Don't go drinking anymore until I get out.

I have to drink now, he said slipping off the chair

onto his knees by the bedside, I have to have something now. He began a long story about how much the kif he can no longer smoke means to him and he started to shake and suddenly looked as if he had no control over himself.

Majoubi! he said, Majoubi won't let me walk on the streets! I was on Avenue d'Espagne last night and he saw me and he said I was looking for, that I was - while you were here I was looking for... for.... His words became twisted, I couldn't understand him. I became angry in an instant. I sat up on the bed. You walk wherever you want, I said reaching over to him, and leave Majoubi to me. That whore talks! I remember him and his English friend. I'll stop his mouth when I get out of here. I'll stop -

I fell back on the pillows; A million pins were sticking in my stomach. My thoughts flew around like pain in my head...

When I opened my eyes he was crying. I don't like a man who cries, I said.

He leaned toward me with his hands coming across to my shoulders: But you are suffering, I can not stand to see you suffer, he sobbed.

There was alcohol on his breath.

It is good, isn't it, that you come here to visit me like that? Crazy with wine.

But I want to see you only happy.

And I want to see <u>you</u> only happy. Not like that, not drunk like that. Oulidi, I want to spend all my life with you and I want to see you only happy all that time.

He turned his head away quickly and slid down and off

the bed carrying the uppermost blanket with him. I sat up and looked at him. He was squatting on the floor with his face hidden from me. What's the matter? I asked.

It's no good, it's no good, he groaned.

What's no good?

Two men. For an American, it's no good.

For an American, for a Moroccan, for a Chinese, what's the difference?

Here it's all right, in America, it's no good.

What is the difference where we are? Listen, Oulidi, the doctor showed me that bleeding zib he took out. He told me another day or two and - you saved my life! Oulidi. For that I give you my life. The Moroccans say, Enna, Tsina: chi. But we are more than brothers; there is no word for us. Your mother is my mother, and your body is my body. Whoever steals from you steals from me, whoever speaks bad of you speaks bad of me, whoever wants to niki you, wants to give the niki to me. All Tangier will know that. I will make all Tangier know it. Here, or in America, wherever you want to live, they will all see us and respect us, and no one will dare say a single word against us. Get up from the floor now, and tell me you won't ever speak of this again.

He wiped his tears. I promise you I won't, he said.

Are you ashamed of me?

Of course not.

No, no, not "of course not" : I mean really, are you really not ashamed of me?

I'm really not.

Are you ashamed of yourself?

No.

Then never speak of this thing again.

I rested back on the pillows. He sat on the chair very quietly for a while. I tried to relax but I found myself getting very uneasy. I was happy before, I said, thinking about you. But now you have made me nervous. I won't be able to sleep again tonight.

I'm sorry, he said. I came to cheer you up. And I only make you unhappy. Why do I do something like that?

You must never do it again.

I wanted to forget completely about what he had just said. I thought it would be better to go into the room of the Jew and talk with him awhile. I knew I wouldn't be able to sleep.

You have to go now, Oulidi, before they lock the doors.

He folded his jacket and stood up. I'll come early tomorrow morning, he said.

I watched him as he walked around the foot of the bed and stopped, sideways, for a moment at the door.

Zook deailie, deailie solo? I asked.

His face changed completely. There was a great riddle on his face.

E-yeh, he said. Oulaladeem.

Of the fealty of the Eastern Son, sing, Unseen Muse,
The earthquake and the slain unmoving, which did fuse
Two fires till, leaving separateness, they lit as one
A light was deadlier than Tarhit's summer sun;
Which scorched and ashed the City's very oven stones
Enkindled it; and flamed the mourning face; the moans
Of parents deafened when Levantine served the Hamite.
(i, 1-7)

Incomprehensible High, what fickle nail of Thine
Had edge to carve the brimming, steepest ridge of brine,
That, in a mother's cheek whose years out-mourn her son's?
O High, remain a moment yet, for whither runs
The banquet cheer Thou hastest toward if Thou delay
Those instants last my mother's plea? I supplicate: Stay!
And you, my son, would you had never quit our shore,
Our eastern earth. If ever to return, to more
Of all you suffer now within the Hamite town
Return you to; and wrack your days in pain; yet drown
If not, in sound of Afric strand. Attend, my child;
And linger seconds still, O High:—I only guiled
The mortal eastern king who kingdoms undertrod,
After terror took Thee off:—my former Wooer:—God.
(i, 414-27)

And whilst these same of moment worked their fated pains;
Whilst numbered as the lonely, bare Sahara's grains,
But number over thrice and multiplied upon
That monumental—of etesian sorrows, gone
Millenniums before, return that night in full
As in its season, hope-ful white, the lamb's new wool,
Remarked, weighed, shorn, or, noted not, hot, burden yet:
The Hamite ventured home as debter worn with debt
And wept his hurt beside the pale Levantine friend;
'Twas their etesian town, years' start, mid-year, years' end.
'Why weepest, African companion? If care be
Found midst they frequent as muezzin's horn, one free
To fly at us as they, thou art a maiden like:
Her eye dries never though the cause will daily strike.
But if thou mourn upon some stranger, singler thing,
A kind unkindness done, an ill not hasted wing
Downward amongst vague Hades' shades: there whither hand
Of courage ought it haste: then, thou to not withstand
Thy loss of precious salt, dost brave. And I shall join thee.'
However sun-dark youth by word as this, purloin be
Sore tempted from the tell of true and passioned goad,
He stead enwed his speaking heart, allowed explode
Fissures that cleft his breast and forced through thought to slay:
'Be not thou marvelled, madded, nor with foreigner's sight
Uncomprehending: yet, nor worse, the holder light
That harrieth my soul. Close friend, three evil live
Lack lawful rights to live; one, known a fugitive
From us in God's great Law. The burial's ordained
By our dishonour well as blood with which he's stained.
Still we, quite God-less, stay still-limbed implacable.
Learn, proud Levanter, fled of far Levantines:—pull
And command the practise of our vindications here
As strong, more weighty, than within thy region dare.
And lives unlifed, insults live unatoned, whilst both

Do naught save richen calumny to viable growth.
May never fall to me those passions thee enfire:
Occult in origin—vagaries own inspire!
Whom wilt thou will thy vengeance crush, if never they
Thy slanderers are? O heedless one! Let me this day
Go armoured forth in thine own knives; thy dissembled will
To fashion: thus, shall creed they I am thou; and kill
Of brute contemptuous must falsely credit thou.
Hold ware for where we bide. Hold carefulness. Say: 'Now
Stride out and slay the White-wig his deservèd slay.''
(xvi, 2-45)

The time the Sun God steers his brilliant wheel to track
The enemies forsworn keep balanced equal sway;
But when the cloak of evening swung about their fray
And mantled over all that in the City dwelt,
Then harassed were the evil three; they deeply felt
The fury of the Hamite fighter. He three times
Rushes against their green bolt door; and thrice he climbs
Above embattled boards, loud shrieking, fiercely, when
He threatens three times nine in dark assassins' den.
But at his fourth assault, which god-like he compose,
Then end of life, thou Hamite, springs to thy dispose.
A glib-tongue, a feigner scholar crouched within the dim,
Behind him hid, his rounded shoulders with a grim
Blow smote, that his true aim was dazed; and his black cap fell
Between quick trampling shoes: which enchanted cap, they tell,
Should sudden spill from brow yet drear disaster means
For him 'twas knocked, for him a-next his hair it preens.
And, White-wig knelt to rescue helm; with wilely smile
Forms it about his crown. That instant is compiled
Poltroonery through pedant-false fast shattering
Proud Hamite's lended blade. From that Hamite's waist, a king
Whose widthlessness might envy, the corslet loosened, came
Complete away. Quick then, the while that third vile lame
His muscled calves from back of him: from back, as first;
Foul White-wig, foul of foulest, mean amongst accurst,
Did spear thee, Hamite, with a spear thrust through thy gleaming,
New nuded loin. There, thou sank, let vessels redeeming
What little ill thy too brief life bore author of.
And as when a jackal taketh easy feed above
A noble beast whose ribs are ragged by leeches, thus
The victor won base declamation's impetus:
'Fool Hamite! Thou didst wag thine do mine certain die;
But thou sharp carrion's claw alone will simplify.
And whither thy Levantine now, who sent thee hence,
Warning, 'Bring White-wig's head, or learn love's abstinence?''
Then faintly answered him, thou knightly Hamite, so:
'Bleat, Blanch-hair, though thou ownedst no craft to bludgeon blow
Lowers me, had not the God mine side make nake to thee.
I foresee, with death-sight, Eastern Son, thy slayer be!'
That spirit at curse was freed: toward Hades far, fled down;
Pretermitting its youth; deserting manliness un-crown.
Spat White-wig: 'Vainer prophesy man seldom heard:
The Levantine's blood I'll loose as thine. Again, thou'st erred!'
So vowed; then wrenched the spear from jagged belly wound,
And cast the carcase back where lesser corps were strowed.
(xvi, 823-67)

And there, a shorter tread beyond the sleeping foot,
Two sandals lay. One half destroyed by hastening by
Of merchant men beneath a rain-ful, low logged sky:
Its instep elbowed, all but split at cracking arch.
The other up-right sole maintained, as if the march
Its wearer kept were underground; and wearer, though
Not visible to earth-bound eye, were just below
With skyward sole to hold the God with sole toward earth.
Three strap lace, gnarled, pointed about confused: no girth
Of living ankle longer taught their cross account
Nor shin two knots in pacing stands were paramount;
Nor purport portioned four with fixed degree of bind;
Nor lace is missing, delight shouldst reappear; nor find,
Nor more unmystify of whither fourth be lost.
For even He on High, beholding trash so tossed,
Recalls the rains, where heaven-stored, are bursting stored,
To flood these slippers under. And turns away, quite bored.
(xvii, 426-42)

I have already started to drink: I can't stop now.

-But this is your first day out of the hospital... I know how to stop drinking any time, any place I want.

And I don't know. I came here only to ask you if you want to join Prewha and me. He's waiting for us at Tugeni's.

I'm not coming.

That won't stop me from drinking. If I die, I die...

I kept my stare gummed to the page before me. Incredible he had the urge, more incredible he could be so foolish as to wish to indulge this soon. Who was he?

I closed the book. Wiser to join them and mind he doesn't take too much, than surrender him to Prewha's intemperance. I called into the hallway to give me ten minutes to wash and dress.

Prewha had left Tugeni's. Hamid cursed him, laying no blame to my having detained us. He determined to get to the medina.

It took him a quarter of an hour to limp to the Boulevard,

and when we got to that point I hailed a taxi.

We located Prewha between the flower stands in the Grand Succo where he was bargaining in English with a merchant at one of the counters. The merchant obviously understood nothing of English, but Prewha was not going to let that get in his way: he was already drunk. He greeted us with the unconvincing excuse that he knew we would come to the "Big Market" anyway and broke into a long and loud accusation of our arriving late - all in his curious pidgin English. It attracted the attention of several of the natives who were passing around us on their way to or from the Three Doors of the medina, and they seemed completely puzzled by his exhibition. Were we two Englishmen standing next to a Moroccan, Hamid in his jellaba, or three Moroccans gone completely berzerk?

We entered the medina and found a Spanish bar that would serve Moslems in the Fuente Neuva Quarter. Prewha and I each bought two rounds of drinks. His continued indiscretions in vociferous English, he had reached the pointing of cursing out the Moroccans, the government, and the king, perked up the ears of someone who looked like he was an inspector and the next thing I knew we were in a taxi again cutting through the Spanish section of Dradeb and along the Boulevard de Paris toward Cinéma Mareb.

We were in the movie house about twenty minutes, (there was some dreadful Spanish farce on the screen with a monkey dressed in a shirt and trousers running all over

the place), when the three of us decided to get up and leave. So it was another taxi, this time toward the Ciné Goya pool room and into the midst of its dozens of adolescent boys, all European, Prewha's happy hunting ground. The latter put several wild flamenco and jazz numbers on the juke box and began to dance his half satirical, half mad imitation of American teenagers. It was a breathlessly energetic performance that seemed to last for ever. We drank throughout the length of it and Prewha didn't stop until he had guiled the anger out of my leaning on a pool table and spun it around and around himself in table green, music box lights, and boys' laughing faces. Prewha is trying to cheer me up, I said to myself, he has put on the red shoes and will dance till he falls dead unless I open into laughter.

I burst into loud, happy laughter and when we were on the street I cried. I leaned against a green storefront and the tears fell huge and fiery into the public eye. He wants to kill himself, I said, he wants to die, I repeated over and again. Hamid tried to talk to me. Don't speak a word, I railed at him, you are dead.

He turned away and supported his weak frame on Prewha while the two spoke with difficulty in Moghrebi. Prewha approached me and said: You no cryin now, whatch for you cryin? You friend here Hamid he's say him want to pass his whole life with you - whatch for you been cryin?

I indicated that I wished to no longer participate in the spinning festivities, though I felt more relieved than embarrassed by my crying fit, and got somehow through

a complex of swimming corners and cars back to the pensión.

If he must drink let him drink where I don't have to watch. I did my part to save his life, let him kill himself now far from my eyes. This kitchen knife that I was to cut oranges with in my room - it's broken. How did I break it? I better put it in my jacket pocket now before I forget, before Fatima sees it, and throw it away somewhere when I go out. The appendix, the pike, the saber, what do they mean? Didn't I emphasize in my last, didn't I enumerate, and explicitly underline you were to respond to all? What kind of a state are you in when you write? If you knew what kind I'm in and how I manage. I keep rehearsing exactly those because they constantly suggest themselves on my awareness, appearing with a frequency to indicate there's some comprehension awaiting in their repetition - like magic formuli that must be chanted and rechanted until they turn a plain stone slab of words into a golden tablet of divine axioms, inscribed in heaven...

By nightfall I had a resigned, perhaps slightly detached attitude toward what inexplicably seemed the unstemable way of events amongst these people. I even joined the others at a further glass of Sidi Larbi around a table outside of Tugeni's. Majoubi, the handsome chamber-companion of Avenue d'Espagne, happened along the street. The second he stepped into the light of the café Hamid rose ferociously at him. One hand clutching his side and the other Majoubi's collar, he spoke between his teeth, his teeth that seemed ready to tear on the raw flesh. Majoubi sank under the assault without the slightest attempt to defend himself.

Housain and Driis jumped up and pulled Hamid away, showering him with a multitude of reassurances and mild recriminations in order to calm him. They forced him into his chair. Majoubi straightened up and without a word, about-faced and left. I poured a round for everyone, then took the bottle and peeled down its wet, colorful label with a certain exhilaration in my fingers. I was suddenly overcome with a join-the-crowd urge as if several indistinct moorings had just slackened, indistinct before that is, but quite visible now unscrewing the cork of a second bottle.

Someone was standing behind me and making the usual offers of introduction and assertions of boldness that I'd grown to expect from any Tangier Moroccan who'd never seen me before and was unaware of my position. And his being very drunk surely interfered with his getting any clear picture of the scene. No one at the table invited him to join us, and becoming steadily more annoyed at his heavy alcholic breath on my neck and equally heavy hand on my shoulder, I turned and offered him a chair and a glass of wine. He gladly accepted and drew himself up close to the table, a wiry, dirty little young man with a wrinkled face and small knitted cap perched in his tangled curls. He appeared to notice Hamid then for the first time; they greeted each other and exchanged a few words, rather hostilely I thought. After several minutes, during which he grew louder and looser with laughter, the newcomer began to poke Hamid on the arms and legs, and once or twice reached for his stomach. He was like some incredible blunderer trying to kid the fury of a lion and succeeding with every stroke

to its masterful arousal. Hamid said something about his side to him. He obviously didn't believe it and sat back in his chair wearing the expression of a man rebuffed or publicly insulted. His smile tapered off nervously, evilly, at both angles of his mouth and bent into the careful bow of a vicious frown; then with split-second movement, he struck with his right fist like a cobra head into Hamid's side and drawing it back quickly along the table, seized his wine-glass, smashed its base on the flint tabletop, and returned the upturned splintered circumference toward Hamid's unprotected face. Hamid leaped to his feet in a frightening cascade of table, wobbled chairs, bottles and glasses. Urines of wine criss-crossed in the air. I found myself falling backwards in a still sitting position (the single word "eachother-eachother-eachother-eachother" careening, express wheeling through my brain) and landed on the concrete walk under a carousel of struggling figures and flying furniture. The Moroccan with the white cap pounded his fist on Tugeni's chest, threw his broken wine-glass into the nearest window of the café-front and as everyone drew back stunned from the winging knives of its loudly shattered frame, dashed down the street toward the wide escape of Rue ben Noussair. Hamid was after him with startling speed, clasping his right side as if actually re-straining the jellaba-folds against an interpolating of his run. The entire crowd of the café followed in a shouting line behind him; he raced, a wind-taken bedouin gunrunner through a hail of sniper-shots, his giant strides socking small grenades in the solemnly sealed desert. But he was hit, stood tottering for a minute center of the street: then collapsed with an ex-cruciating cry in his wide garment: lay contorted in the gutter.

I helped Housain and Driis lift him - he seemed as if he wanted to be left lying on the stone - and the dark brown sleeve of his jellaba brushed close against my face. I stared into the neat cross weaves of wool and saw where several groupings of strand were soaked together with wine like tiny glistening pins. The wet, wide pores of his walnut cheeks rested on the hair of the sleeve, and he raised his thick prune-dark brows over the now brown eyes. His full lips looked almost white and the once moon shaped face was hollow and shadowed. He will go to prison, tomorrow he will go directly to prison, Hamid said to me. I know him, he sells contraband cigarettes, the police are loooking for him, I will tell the police, tomorrow I will tell them and tomorrow he will go to prison.

I don' t remember exactly what happened then. I was totally and stupidly intoxicated. The street was a network of electroding watery lights, blinking with stars between my lashes. I pulled away from Hamid somewhere along a stone wall and tried to walk ahead of him. I was aware of the single fact that we were engaged in a bitter argument, one which I suddenly felt I wanted to be no more a part of for the rest of my life. He kept limping behind me, dragging himself along with one arm against the wall. I turned around and said, I am not of this, do you understand, I do not belong to any of this, I do not like it, I do not want it, I cannot be included with it. I was fingering the broken knife in my pocket. Hamid stopped and stared at the ground. Then he twisted himself about painfully and started to move in the opposite direction. I stepped

after him with the knife blade between my teeth.

I felt a dull blow on my back and slipped forward, but was supported under my right bicep from falling while the knife was wrenched out of my teeth by a strong hand. Mohammed, who works in Tugeni's, had come from the café and was overjudging, I thought, the seriousness of our argument. It's only a blunt kitchen knife, I said to him but he understands no French and just stood there smiling under his diadem of fuzzy-wuzzy hair. He walked back to the café with myself walking after him and pleading for the knife. When we reached the café I passed it by and headed toward the Boulevard in the direction of the hill-steep descent of Rue Marco Polo.

I stopped in several bars and ordered wine, Sidi Larbi, Meknes, Chaudsoleil, and discovered myself in the garden of the railroad station on Avenue d'Espagne. I leaned forward on the bench with my fingers pressing my temples and running back through my hair and let the long, hard tension wash unrestricted down my cheeks. I gasped and sobbed out loud and cried out and sobbed louder. I spun my head about as an uncircling of the red gases of heat around me and opened my lungs to the new note of chill in the air. There were several figures on the benches nearby. They had moved toward the garden from the Avenue when they'd seen me stop to sit. But my appearance as hamuk or one bereaved, the bereaved hamuk, discouraged them from coming any closer. I left my thongs at Timod's, I said aloud to myself. It occurred to me that I had never visited the medina at night. But that won't stop me from going to the medina.

The viaduct rose zig-zag to the ancient battlement and the stairs of the Ciné Americano. I hesitated under the Arc des Postes. The narrow street was almost completely dark. It must be very late, I thought. I pushed myself away from the support of the arch and stepped down onto the uneven stone bed of the medina....

The doctor is many cavaliers. Many as the eye can count filling the plain way back to the very foot of the hill. They charge. I turn the pin on the right shoulder of my horse; smooth the black wood and ivory vessels beneath his crest. He stomps the dust, draws wind and exhales fire, cradles to right and left, strikes his forelegs in the air and glides from the ground over the heads of the advance guard. The cavalry sings out a uniform cry. It is funneled through the clouds about me and looking down through the necks of the sound I see the horde twist and tumble in every chaotic direction.

The wheel spins wildly in the valley of his shoulders. His mane, divided exactly down its center, ribbons furiously on either fender. The buildings wall close to each flank. We ride.

The driver was reluctant. It is late, my lieges. I should rather go home. Ride the last night! insidiosus of slavery! even you finally, fed and boarded, offer no

friendfulness. Brutal as the elevator boy who sees my sensation of wounds, sees my fatality of groin, and says, Walk down: at this hour I only ride up.

The engine burns in my steed's head. He bellows a frightful clap of diesel whistles. Livestock gamble toward the sides, the tracks spike through the pavement into the door of the hospital.

The doctor isn't here tonight. Tonight the doctor leads his cavalry against the Americas of protest. Even to the perimeter of his kingdom it is he who knows his kingdom best and stampedes therefore to victory.

Turn then from all these wonderous betrayals and slash in the night, focus on the pharmacy of Fez or anywhere toward life; we soar the ether toward life between all the petty monstrosities of their adverse hearts.

O Horse, it is the doctor who wants me to die! He undid the door and gave me my freedom and barred up the door behind me. But we have the freedom of clouds in the moon now, o saddled horse, o carpet of saddles, Hahzhi! we are the airoplane with America in the fingers of our wings.

You know Maria Montez? (Mónteth, I corrected him.) Well, she was once in a film called Tangiers where there was an elevator that crashed and fell through the shaft in the end and killed everyone in it. And every time I go into this

elevator I think maybe this is that very one of the film.

So if you're afraid, I replied, walk up and down the stairs from now on.

When we were on the street I said, Mark, you were in a good café last night.

How do you know where I was last night?

You were in a café of thieves and gansters.

I was better situated than you at the time.

Because Maimun was there.

So it's Maimun who told you where I was. And did he also tell you that I'm capable of going wherever I please and taking good care of myself?

He told me that when he got to the café the door was locked and that he had to bang on it for five minutes and keep shouting his name before they opened it for him. He said that he found you in there completely crazy with wine. That they'd already taken off your watch and were getting ready to go into your pockets.

One of the young men there, I think he was a student, merely asked to see my watch.

Yes, asked to see your watch. A student! He's a cut-throat since the age of ten. Didn't you see them go to lock the door?

I don't know.

You don't know! You don't know!

What did they lock the door for?

What do you think they locked it for!

In order to -

Yes, in order to niki you - all ten or fifteen men in

that place, all, all, each and every one of them.

Well I didn't know, I didn't realize...

Of course he doesn't know, how could he know; how can I tell him what it means? How can I explain what I feel? If it weren't for Maimun all Tangier would be sitting for a month, while he stood, sitting on my head and sucking my brains with their great sucking mouths. And Mark? He would be right prey for every zib in the city. Le petit nuckbi de tous. And is that as it should be? He's intelligent and has many years of school - could I sit too, and let such happen to someone like him? What does he want from me? How much does he finally want me to do for him?

I could, I could do anything; I could kill for him.

Let him ask whatever's most, I'll suffocate in my gratitudes if it's his wish to never let me breathe!

Do you want to see my son, the real oulidi deailie?

You have a son? Mark asked.

Of course. Look, there he is, by that grocery store. That isn't his mother with him, it's a maid. His mother is rich.

We approached the store where they were standing and I knelt and lifted the little boy in the air. You see, I said, he has red hair and green eyes just like my sister.

How old is he? Mark asked.

About three I think.

Mark turned suddenly and began hurrying down the street. I gave the boy to the maid and walked after him. But my limp forced me to go very slowly. I shouted out, What is the matter now? He stopped and waited for me to catch up to him. You have committed a crime, he said.

I was astonished. I made no reply.

Have you never thought what it is, he continued, to sire and then desert a child?

He has what to eat and how to go to school, I said, his mother is rich. What could I do for him?

A father is, to give more than that to his child. He is, to give himself. In my religion you have committed a crime.

Mark is crazy, I thought. He is studying how he can make me crazy. Now he has a religion.

But he's not my real son -, I started.

No, not your real son, your bastard. How many other bastards have you in this city?

He took several great strides away from me down the street.

Can we take a taxi? I called. I can't walk that fast.

Have you money for a taxi?

You know I have no money.

Then we'll take the bus. The trip to your mother's is too expensive by taxi.

Charah tsina, I said under my breath.

What was that? he snapped.

Nothing.

Charah - you said Charah. Shit, you said I'm shit!

So what? Shit. So I said shit. What's shit? Here, look, on the ground, there, here, shit, shit everywhere. What's shit?

You can't call me that. I don't permit you to call me that!

He stepped off the curb and followed a long diagnol across the gutter to the end of the street. He turned the corner without looking back.

I'll never understand him. I'll never understand why he speaks the way he does. Why does he want to hurt me so much? Now, when I can't even move, he does this to make me better, he drags my body on the sidewalks.

When I finally reached the corner, I saw him in the next street leaning on the door of a taxi-car and speaking to the driver. It was a Taxi-Tanger and the driver was skinny Ali. As I drew close, Mark turned and said, Here, get in. Ali is going toward Bonn anyhow.

I don't want to, I said.

Don't get stubborn now. Just get in.

Couldn't you wait for me? Couldn't you wait and walk along the street with me?

He opened the back door and slid over to the far seat. I hesitated for a moment, and then climbed in myself.

And last night, I said, could you have waited for me last night before running alone down to the Petit Succo?

I didn't know you would come. You were walking the other way.

I would have. I went to Tugeni's: I was looking for you. I couldn't follow so quickly.

Ah chi, yallah, Barrio Bonn, eh?

There is the luxurious Moulin Rouge and next to it a tiny dumpy bar, the two angling a corner of Johanna de Arco who as a Spanish idea is decidedly more religious and depressingly solemn. Or the tiny bar is luxurious with all the glasses of wine you can afford to consume and the Moulin Rouge chinsy-cheap with its heavy maroon and gold that the so many haunting artistes render unfeasible to lift. Their incredible painted faces and bulging breasts. But you know one thing Spain got?- Spain got lots of bonita women. On a stool in the tiny bar I spun around at Frewha it was me, me who paid for him to go to the hospital so he could be well enough to drink now so I could pay for him to go to the hospital again. Ahyeshia and Blanco met me half-way with a simultaneous spin on the far side of Frewha, their mouths were suddenly pointed very up. I partially knew and partially didn't, but failed completely to care. Rosetta cried out and hid her face in her hands. The blonde behind the old splotched up bar offered more here it's good for your sorrow. She said but you wash your hands afterward and everything's thoroughly clean. I know, you're right, but it's still the idea of touching it with your hands. Wash with water, wipe with money she saysumming the social origins of prudery. Look, Peewee, a note of 500 francs. I put it under his nose so he could smell the alcohol content in it. We're knocking next door and a doorman opens up for us. Raven haired Rosette is at the bar with a client and she sees me and screams. He must have smelt more than 500 francs. And so must she, her

face is hidden from the odor, in her hands. You want to rob me, you bring me here to rob me, thief! thief! and right into the gold button chest of the doorman. One, two, five, ten gold buttons to suck. La poota Rosetta can not look at me. Because of herself, or because of me? How the shreet is pull of conshreet wires and shicken walls. Is this a sweet? It's a porculine of slights, I'm walking on the smack of a porclupine of balling slars. What a supslide-down my meat are on the feeling of.

I slammed open the door and rocked between the crowd of bureau and wall. I essayed a step or two and tottered. I sprang up in bed and stretched my hands forward. I slumped like the prodigal on the threshold. I leaned painfully further as I could, having misjudged in the dark, for he fell directly toward my middle. Oh, my head socked like a ball on pins, and sun-sabers shot out a noon to every degree of circle. My side O God! my side. Only weak cup of my single palm in time between the impact of his drop and my sewn, bandaged side. Stun! stunnnnn. He takes my life.... nothing, I'm consciousness of nothing, now. He's drunk. How did he ever and come here to rend this dolor o God o mother this dolor? Wake, wake up, what have you done to yourself, what have you done to me? What is as my God preserves you for me this thing you have done to me? Oh, now, here, are we here, and is it you? Listen: a man knows how not to drink and I drink and I drink for sorrow and pain because you do not have otherwise with sorrow and pain. Who did this - who gave you drink? Prewha gave me drink because you are given drink. How much, for how much? For nothing,

500 francs, don't worry, look, here, here's the money, it's somehwere here, I have it here somewhere, wait. Later with that; where did he take you? He took me to America and you were drinking there and I drank because you won't like America. I will like America. You won't, you won't, look here - books, pencils, America! Is that your life? It is my life. I don't care about America, I will go for you. You won't like it, you won't like my life. All right, I won't go. You will go you will go you must go - you won't like my life, America you will like. America will embrace you. I won't go, if you won't be happy with me I won't go. You must go o entity that I who have all else am singly lacki[illegible] of. No. Oh do, oh do, I have not suffered so much distance to stand forever in that same place. We'll see, we'll speak about it tomorrow. I want you to sleep now.

I endured in the spiral of the stairs that opposed me like a powerful victim resisting theft. I studied every corner and triangle of gain. The steps came out and around from a point like triangles. I can feel almost nothing. This time I think there is no sensation at all. This second time. I am a creature, they have made me a cinema creature, but this last blow has given me devillife. I pass along in the gutter, I don't lie in it this time. In Tugeni's I can wait forever for my revenge. Prewha came in. I took him by the throat and pressed my thumb between his rings of windpipe. I will not kill you because you want to kill both of us because he also wants to kill me. But I will wait until I am well and repay you after your own investment. If you ever go near him again the

next day till the day you die you will walk always as I do now. He turned the bloodless color of his cowardice and gagged on one servile excuse after another. He is a dog. Why should a dog like that live? But the other, the other is no different, he also wants - he's paid for them to cut open my side so he can smuggle in a fist of cigarettes and split his head there if he has to split it to make me a cripple. Death is not the worst if he only knew a prison is he has built me a fine strong prison. If he had not paid, he should not have paid, I would finish him now. What are they both doing to me? What is this country, what is this city where it's not enough to have lost my life but I have to lose it over and over again for both of them and for Romano and for Mohammed and for Blanco and Ali and Driis and Ahyeshie? Here, I take the minaret out of my side and slam the muezzin's head cinquefoil by the time I've answered his whole day's each day call. He goes now with the one who robs Englishmen to rob me of my life? What is this? Who have I? I gave my mother and father for him, I never want to see my mother and father again for him, and he does this? Who <u>have</u> I now?

I'm not hear too much noise, you know, in the Coffee Tugeni. Nobody he's been pinch my zook or slap me face all day. Mohammed, well his little baby brudter been dead.

Sometimes and now withhim got no work in Tangier, got no money and whatcha have for eat not got, I pray my God: Give me dead also. My friends must to see me on the Boulevard holdin a little boy and beghim tourists for money. Yass, God, give me dead.

I'm smell the kif and tell to him Hamid, You must not make good for you if you been smoke that stuff now. He say nothin, he rustle his jellaba. You got cold? I'm ask, here you takit this hot tea. I'm taste the tea, it have plenty hot.

After I'm ask Hamid whats he got wrong he not sayin nothin. He tell me him not been happy cause him not like to go to America. Sure you go, I'm say, you catchhim one nice little job down there, you been live with you friend, you go around like tourist folk take looks at New York.

I'm not like to live with my friend no more, he say, I'm just makehim sick now. When he see how I been with my side he start been sick with his heart. The two must we die if he rest here. He goes to make me die with my side and himself with his heart. He say to me he want to ask his father for him to give money for my boat. He say he cut my ticket for the boat so we maybe see one doctor in New York for my side. But I'm not like to go down there now. We must jist fight and make the other die now.

Sure you go, you got you crazy you not go, I'm say.

I'm feel for the sebsi and burn me finger on the hot end. Yellahtif! I'm say and catchhim from Hamid. You not been smokin no more, yass, for now? You sittin and think how you been go to America for now.

Then I'm hear some clackin shoes on the street, and I'm scream: Mademoiselle! Everyone in the Coffee he's laugh, and I'm hear, bom bom, like they jist been jump down on the chairs. Everyone got him scared and funny when I'm scream all of sudden like that.

Hamid will have to have a passport, for one thing. The consulate said we get that at the Amulat.

You know where the Amulat is?

Yes, I think so. Isn't it that tremendous grey building near the Protestant Church way at the east end of town?

That's it. I know some people there. I'll go with you whenever you're ready to get the passport.

We'll be ready in a few days, just as soon as Hamid feels a little stronger.

Did you have any trouble at the consulate?

Plenty. I've met no one so insulting as that consulate general in all of Morocco. The minute we sat down in his office he fired at me how many members of Hamid's family are there, where's the exact location of their house, what's his father's trade, etc., etc. I suppose he thinks Hamid is some rich shiek I just met who's paying me to secure a visa for him. Doesn't he speak English? he shot at me at one point, and then threateningly, Well, he better! I was so surprised at his attitude toward me, let alone toward

Hamid, that I didn't really know how to answer his questions.

He was insulting with Hamid?

Petulant is the word. Now that I think of it, it was probably a mistake for Hamid to go in there wearing his cap and jellaba. He asked me about that before and I said what difference does it make? And afterwards he told me the secretary outside cautioned him against smoking in the consulate office. Not knowing that in time I offered him a cigarette when we were in there. How can I explain to Hamid that the savage Saracen is not permitted to be at equal ease with the white Christian? I was rather naïve on that myself up until this little conference.

Well, you have to understand nothing is easy in Morocco.

Obviously. But you know, all these obstacles make me only the more ambitious to get that passport and visa. Here, the consulate gave me this passport questionnaire to fill out.

In English?

English or French. It doesn't matter. I suppose French as the international tongue may be preferable.

It looks like they want a lot of information.

They sure do. Imagine that consulate: my countryman.

What kind of a visa will you make?

We've decided on a tourist visa. It's the only one possible if we want an immediate issuance. The consulate said one to two weeks usually, emphasizing he can never be certain how much he has to check on any given individual. It would take too long to secure an immigrant visa with a

guaranteed contract for work. Besides, it's improbable I could hunt up a contract with any amount of time.

What kind of work could he do in America?

Carpenter work. But you see, I don't know any carpenters to start soliciting.

Well, it shouldn't take more than ten days to get the passport.

Are you certain?

I have some friends who have passports. That's how long it took them to get theirs. The baker just got his. He's going to Spain you know.

Ten days. That's good. I won't be able to afford many more than that (plus the two weeks for the visa) if I have to keep chauffering Hamid around in taxis.

You ride in taxis?

All over. He's really not strong enough to go very far on his feet.

That's pretty expensive, isn't it?

It sure is. But I finally got him to agree that wine is out - that's one big saving. Now I just have to get him to eat at the pensión.

I thought everyone who works at the pensión eats there.

Of course. Everyone except Hamid. The food isn't good enough for him. I have to stinge and hoard by living and eating at that pensión so I can afford to give him money to eat in restaurants.

That's not good.

What can I do? I dare not say a word while he's sick. Now is not the time to speak. How long did it take

Abdessalem to get his passport?

Not more than a week to ten days I think.

Very good. I'll probably be well enough to travel myself just about the time we get done with all this red tape. My family is beginning to worry about me, you know.

It is unusual for a tourist to stay so long in this city.

Well, I promised Hamid something and I mean to keep my word. Listen, do you know anything about his son?

His son? Oh, that - I don't think he has a son. He told me about how it made you crazy the other day when he said he had a son.

Made me crazy, huh?

It's the child of a friend of his that he used to look after a lot.

That's not how he explained it to me.

No, no, I don't think he has a real son.

I think he's lying now after he's seen how angry it made me. I told him I thought it was a crime.

Sure, it is a crime.

Yes, but who cares? It was jealousy not morals that infuriated me.

Jealousy?

Forget it. I'm beginning to feel I let myself in for somewhat more than I expected in Tangier. Oh yes. Well, it's interesting anyhow.

My mail is not coming through. I don't know whether or not you are receiving my letters, but I am getting no mail from the United States. It is being lost or censored or something. For that reason, until I hear from you again, I shall say nothing of what is happening here, except to tell you that I want you to send me a check for at least five hundred dollars because I want to come home. You must send a first banker's check or a transfer so that I can cash it here. As soon as I get the money I shall book passage on the first American ship with passage available that will sail by Algeciras. I am <u>not</u> returning to Europe. I have sent for the clothes that I stored in Paris. Please answer <u>immediately</u>; please forward the check. I want to come home. Write to this address:

American Express
c/o Bland (Morocco) S.A.
Bestofol Building
Boulevard Pasteur
Tangier, Morocco (To Be Called For.)

TANGER, MAROC

Register <u>and</u> insure your letter. I shall do the same for this letter.

I hope to hear from you in nine days' time.

o o O o o

Let me scribble right off this won't be much in the way

of scribbling - you will remember how your European and African sojourn ended in physical ruin that lasted almost a year afterward and mental complications that continued for God knows how long: my trip began in enervating, total-despair, rose to classic terror, and currently is threatened with the spectre of permanent disability. Yet now - but now at least I have hope.

If you are looking for a roommate for that spare room of yours I shall want a place immediately upon my return to New York: and know I can't make it alone any more. If you think we can work it out write and so inform as quickly as feasible.

I intend looking for work soon as I am back - but will have more than enough money at date of my arrival to pay my share of the expenses - -

Kill all Americanos! There's this young mon he throw open the door of Tugeni one night and he esay: Kill todos los Americanos! He is well, very dronk and there is one in the café he do not looks like a marroquí, aside of me just old mon. So he almost jomp on this chico is just sitting there very still, not moving. Sprecken Zei Deutsch? he esay to him and the chico answer in alemán, still after he esay he is Americano. So the marroquí tell to everybody he is just lose all his dinero, los 100,000 francos his dead padre leave him he been drinking with Americanos for two hours in el Carrousel. 100,000 francos in two hours! He start to shakes the Americano so that one get up and walk out of the café. The marroquí ron after him, but

then Mahoma té-maker and Tugeni ron out too and tell him go-way.

After when there's quiet for a little once in this place I ask the Americano what's what the matter. He esay to me that marroquí was had all his dinero for go to England and now is he has nothing so he estay himself in Tangiers so he have real mad. Then he open big his eyes, beeg like apples, and esay, Nobody he leaves Tangiers! He is very, very nice with rosy cheeks so I tell to everybody in Espanish (this chico no speak Espanish): You watch you me, I will give this boy one thing beautiful long, very, very hard and colorado, he will like! I give some esnuff to the chico then and tell all bout my trips to all over el mundo, sure I been down there, to there, to here, to every places. Then I feel his nice arm and ask him come my house I got a nice roast cat there now, he gonna eat roast cat like Espanish people.

But then Abdelkrim-moreno is came in and esay to me, Viva José Christo!, and so all these marroquís he been in Tugeni then estart to yelling at me: José Christo! José Christo! Then he esay to the Americano, You go somebody you own ages. And I esay for Abdelkrim, Hola, hombre, you minding for you own business!

So then this one name Hamid he is sleeping in a corner all the times get awake then. He look on me and eshout, Luwhad! Chico-lover!, and he was told for all these others to throw me out and hit my cabeza and shoulders plenty hard in the estreet.

I ron down the estreet way from those crazy marroquís real quick, and escream for Hamid: Puñetta! I fix you one day. I am old mon so you with you hoodlums, los cuños todas las madres del mundo! got for beating me up? One day you pay this all with you bloods - you pay you face-bloods to this!!

Not to talk to anyone, that's the best, and to cut up his mouth if anyone tries to talk to me. The others once let me steal for food. Am I supposed to beg now, Allah!, Allah! Am I supposed to crouch on my cripple body under a Friday fountain now? If the cross-threads don't shrink on that swollen gash I'll stay crippled all my life. If it comes out like that, I'll be waiting for the others at the arch of every oued. The warbling in their knotted necks will be enough, I won't even wait to see if they die. Never in my life have I had to sleep like this all night in a café. Never have I listened so long to the cold rain: each drop falls like a needle between the threads. All the holes that the bicycle made, all the long scars of knives, never let in the cold like this. His wrinkled hands, his mummy hands pinched my thighs, pinched me on the tendon under the arm. You have lost your force, he said making disgusted mock of me. But can I grab his stupid suit of shoulders? For my brother he allows to slowly waste away, I can not. No, not him, maybe not anyone. It's better that I die. What do I have here, what can I have anywhere? My family has lost my life, my patróns, my friends, and all the little ones, each that I have loved, one after the other. And now this consulate, with the last lock in the Sultan's Palace. I know how to do with that consulate if he won't let me go, not me, not me this time, some people

I know. For 1,000 francs some people I know. He parks his car by the Wall of Portugal. He opens it and gets in at 7 o'clock every night. The others will get in with him and ride to the pharos. He doesn't have to know it is me. I will know it is me. He doesn't know how easy it is, he can never know how easy it is with 1,000 francs until he sees the 1,000 francs and all the food it buys. Enough food for a banquet on the Falaises. The others will put his body in the tangles of the underbrush and the pharos will visit it several times every minute.

You make all the injections you take absolutely worthless, I said to el Americanito, when you gulp down your meals like this and stay out so late every night.

I have to keep Hamid company, that's why I'm always out so late, he said.

Hamid! Hamid! You must start to think of yourself. You will ruin your health also this way. What time did you both come in last night?

I got back about 3 o'clock, but Hamid stayed in the café all night.

Oh, I said, pretending not to have known this. Why doesn't he sleep here?

I don't know: I asked him a hundred times to come upstairs. He just refused.

Didn't he give any reason?

None at all. In fact, now he isn't even speaking to me...

Why is that?

I don't know. I can't understand him.

His answers were completely innocent. He seemed genuinely exasperated; not to have any suspicions. I had wondered how much confidence Hamid placed in him. Apparently not too much. Of course, not too much. He wouldn't dare. And now with this disagreement between them - that was good.

Listen, I said, you have done enough for Hamid, if he doesn't want to get well himself now you can't do anything further. A friend is a friend - you have been more than a friend to him. And he obviously is not a good friend of yours if he wants to throw away his health.

But I still have to help him.

Not if it's going to keep you sick like this. Look how thin you are. You were so chubby, your face had so much color before. You are an intelligent person just like me. You must start behaving intelligently. I don't feel so well myself and do you see, I rest everyday, I sleep well, I eat slowly, I go for a little walk every morning. Listen to what I tell you, do as I am doing. After all: I'm just like your father, isn't that so?

I guess so.

Of course, you are far away from your family, so right now I am the only father you have.

I was also thinking that he could easily spend all of his money if he continues with Hamid. I have no idea how

much money he has, but whatever it can not last on indefinitely. And I shall want him for a client for as long as possible. Unless those women I contacted in Madrid are willing to buy the pensión. I'd like to be rid of it, it isn't even paying for its upkeep anymore. I could be selling Indian perfumes in Spain now, and at a considerable profit. Mohammed would love to travel along and be my assistant.

I wonder how much Mohammed and Hamid speak to each other? Well, what does it matter, let them say anything - they're gigoloes all.

But did Hamid see Ali in my room that evening? that's the curious thing. What did they have that fight about?

You purchase death for him!

The cross-eyes of the peanut man betrayed no reaction. (In actuality they're not crossed: there is a streak of cold silver that shifts back and forth in the right eye, while the left one's brilliant red-brown iris shrinks and expands in rhythm to that around a disturbed pupil.) Housain was incredulous: He's been drinking all his life, he said, he's well used to it by now. It half occurred to me that the peanut man failed to understand what I said, (though nothing could be simpler than Tu achètes la mort pour lui) - but stronger in me was the desire to immediately

convey my anger, and a one justly reenforced by his ignoring me.

You purchase death for him with that bottle, I repeated. Ding-ding emuk!

The peanut man sprang from his chair with a ready fist. I remained where I was without moving. Even with that provocation, I calculated he wouldn't dare to strike. Hamid, who till now had remained passive in the concern over himself, motioned for the challenger to retake his seat and he did so without really objecting.

I'd gone to Barrio Tokyo to keep an appointment Driis had arranged, ostensibly, to reconcile the taciturn distance between Hamid and myself. I'd pounded on the door and shouted up to the window for at least a quarter of an hour, and then both puzzled and angry, had made my way back to Tugeni's through the deserted ruelles of the Emsallah. According to Driis, it was Hamid who had suggested the meeting and selected Tokyo as an appropriate place for quiet reflection. My triumph was ridiculed by my own echoes in the Tokyo alley, and bitterly, completely ruined by the present sight, Hamid busily drinking at Tugeni's.

I stared across the street at the long stone wall that rises on a high mound of weeded lot. The wall, once washed with pale blue paint, is now almost totally peeled to its white stone. At the left end of the wall, just before it connects with the side of the house that forms the dead-end of the street, the bricks are displaced by a circular opening, wide enough for the neighborhood children to

scramble through in their games of escape and pursuit. I listened to Hamid's heavy breathing and to the gargle of the tea glasses as they filled with cheap wine.

I rose from my chair quickly and without warning and ran to the end of the street and into the barely-two-abreast Delacroix alley. Hamid, materializing from nowhere, pressed against me and blocked my moving from between the dark walls. Before you run away, he said, you have to know that you know wrong about me.

Know what wrong, that you don't stay all night in Tugeni's to drink wine? I don't want to know anything anymore.

And you didn't want to before, either.

Why can't you sleep at the pensión?

You don't trust me; you never trusted me.

Let me through, will you, I don't want to stay here.

He leaned against me with his head almost falling on my shoulder, bound in a heavy vapor of alcohol. He wants me to do this!, he said, Romano wants me to do this to him! He drove his right index finger into the circle of his left index and thumb. He pulled it up and drove forcefully through again, and again and again, as if, outragedly and righteously unable to verbalize the act, he would destroy the instrument of his fingers so capable instead of the incredible explanation. He won't let me stay there without doing this to him! He comes to my room every night and grabs me between the legs! Every night, do you hear, every night and I can't stay there unless I do this to him. Unless I lose my force for him. And you want me to do this - you want me to do this!

His face was humiliated into a mobile whorl, a nation's mask of shame.

I stiffened away from him in the narrow enclosure, holding off some deep persistance of ineluctable polution in the dark air around me. Oh, God, I said speaking directly and suddenly to God, I didn't know. How did you ever expect me to know? And then turning to Hamid, I almost gaggingly recriminated: Why didn't you tell me before?

What was there to tell you that you didn't know?

That! - that thing that you say! Do you think I knew that?

Mohammed told me you knew.

What? He told me Romano likes cock.

And so?

I thought little boys...

You thought, you thought - he spun around and concealed his face in his sleeve. Everyone does it to that maricón viejo, everyone - how could you not see that? Why does Ali still have his job, after he scratched my face and made all that scandal in front of the clients? Why? Tell me! You know why? because I saw that maricón that night sucking Ali - holding Ali's cock and sucking it! That's why Ali works there! that's why Mohammed works there, that's why Maimun works there! And that's why I can't work there, do you hear me, because I won't stick my cock in him.

He lifted his face and turned his profile toward me. Leave the Moroccans, he said miserably, go back to your country and leave the Moroccans to themselves. He stepped

out of our walled coffin, toward the curb of Hotel Tanger. And I stayed there this long only to be close to you. But go, go to your home and your country. Bad will pass here for you if you remain any longer. And more, many times more bad for me.

Several ugly minutes I was unable to move from the alley. His sacrifice had contaminated him. Even to me, its ignorant Isaac.

When, finally, I mustered the fear to approach him, it was mere conceding what already was lost. Long, long since signatured: how I could never desert him to the victories of circumstance.

I would remain, stay with his hands. He accepted my words silently, as unqualified apology I suppose; not without apparent gratitude, greater more-eagerly seized, relief....

We sat on the curb for a while. He began slowly to loosen, feeding the freedom of his confession. Everyone steals from him also, he offered, everyone cheats on the market prices and the clients' rent when he, the biggest cheat, is away. All those animals tearing each other's bodies I have to watch and say nothing about; and let him come in my room and pinch me and grab my legs.

He spoke through red wine, and with the wine. Then all at once, all his words, from first ones I had ever heard to these last now, in that moment left their monastic pen to indelibility of move beyond them. We were one word in his alcohol: and I possessed the succinct, unreasoned meaningfulness of his suffering, that captive value of our endeavor.

We held tight hands and walked back to Tugeni's.

Housain was now alone at the outside table. What a country! I gasped at him. Yes, he rejoined, you were just a boy, weren't you, before you came here!

The little boy Hassan, I remembered turning to Hamid, did the little Hassan also do it to Señor Romano?

I don't think so. That's why he had to leave the pensión, probably: and at the thought, Hamid had to smile, his first in weeks. All this I carry in here, in here, and that is why, he ventured, I drink. To let the wine carry it for a little. Yes. And you speak bad of me for this.

But how? I heard my voice all but whine, I've spoken nothing other than what I believed was for your good.

Driis told me you complain of all the money I waste for you.

I didn't say waste.

Ah, you didn't say. You speak bad... you speak bad of me. I drink for that also.

I never meant-

I wasn't going to drink tonight because you said for me not to. But I drank because of you. You didn't keep our appointment.

I went to Tokyo-

To Tokyo? Why not here, the appointment was for Tugeni's?

I was late so I went directly to-

You were late, he said sadly. I waited three hours, three, three hours, then I began to drink. Three hours is time enough of an answer for my wanting us to be friends, chĭ like before, isn't it? Ah.... Isn't it?

I could think of no defense for reply. I yearned to ordain a score of oaths, decade-allegiances of all my energies' end and noblest forebearance.

And Driis didn't come here either, he continued, why didn't your Driis keep the appointment? I told him very plainly how important this was to be for us. -Do you know why he didn't?

No.

Because I told him how important this was.

But Driis is a good friend-

A Moroccan friend. He's jealous of your being with me.

His betrayal will make us stronger, I said.

It will lose our lives, he disagreed lowering his hollow voice. Do you know what could have happened to you in Tokyo? You were lucky no one answered the door. Someone could have invited you in to wait for Driis and me. Then they would have done it to you, not once but five times, not one man but ten men, and taken all your money and clothes.

But the police, I should have called for the police.

The police would have laughed and turned you around--

And done it to me, not once but five times, I finished.

When will you ever learn, Oulidi?

Mark came around the corner of Moussa ben Noussair and walked up toward Tugeni's carrying his checkered valise. I noticed how the red and green checkers of the bulging cloth valise contrasted with the uniformly grey checkers of the pavement. I must have still been sleepy that my eyes followed that all long the street. Mark seemed excited.

I was very frightened last night, he said shoving the valise under the table.

What is there to be frightened of? I asked.

Of being alone with Romano all night. He had to go

out somehwere after dinner but he waited in the parlor for me until I finished my bath. And I must have been an hour in there, shaving also and washing underwear. He was sitting on the couch in a black hat and cape with his white hands folded in his lap, for all the world like a real Dracula. Mohammed:- astay negro, minfadlick!

What did he say?

He said he was my father, Papa Lugosi, and that I had to confide in him all my dissatisfactions. He said after all, what's another egg to the house? I told him I wouldn't hesitate two minutes informing him when I desired another egg. But, I thought for sure he was supernaturally perceiving the approaching departure.

And so what if he did? What could he do about it?

Nothing I guess. I was just afraid. I didn't want to tell him I was leaving and have to give all sorts of reasons and excuses.

Any trouble this morning?

No. He was still asleep. I gave the key to Fatima. She asked, Fein redi? I said, Redi, redi el Rabat imshowff l'habibi deailie.

Maimun came from across the street toward our table. He was still slightly drunk or cowayfie mkiyif from the night before. At any rate, his eyes were half closed and he hummed through his sentences. I think he doesn't sleep much nights, stays rather till dawn in the cafés, and has to be at the pensión by 10:30. I nudged Mark's knee under the table to warn him against telling anything to Maimun. Maimun is a good boy, but a Moroccan's heart

is in his wallet.

Mark seemed disturbed by Maimun's being there, and said almost nothing after Salem Molycomb. Maimun stood behind Mark and pressed his hands into his shoulders. He asked after the health of Petit Oiseau.

As he walked back down the street, I called Mark's attention to Maimun's new shoes. Those shoes cost 4 or 5,000 francs, I said, how do you think he got them?

I don't know, Mark replied.

Not from saving the 250 francs a day he makes at the pensión.

Then how?

Present.

Oh. From his lover.

Leave your valise in Tugeni's, and we'll go now to look at the new hotel and see if you like it.

Where is it?

In the Emsallah.

Can we both stay there?

I don't know. A room for two will be more than you were paying at Romano's. We'll ask for a room with one bed and see if the owner will let us both sleep there. If not, it won't be the first time I've lived in cafés.

Never mind. We won't take the room unless we can both stay together.

You know, I can cook for us there.

Do you know how to cook?

Sure, I once had a room in the Emsallah, for a long time, and I did all the cooking for myself. You'll see,

you will, I can prepare some delicious meals. For you and me.
For me and you, Mark repeated. He was happy.

I

This is the joy of you come:
Shells on the beach sing of the sea.
Night's tide drowns them in the sea:
The pain of you go.

II

The cat on my lap is startled by
A circling bee. She stares at it.
I classify her with the bee.
She classifies the bee with me.

III

Raise you a parapet for me to climb * The sides of the
zenith moon are not too high;
Yea! fashion forge, canal, and sturdy gate: * O healer
to whom my ills must gravitate.

IV

The given to this awesome width
driven
The taken to this density
condensed

The bartered to this liberty

ensnared

Your soul.

V

Feel with -

Feel, feel deep

The long and even span * of days content

Of time * in perfect beauty and preserve -

Breath shyly held

Utter bewilderment.

Is the room all right?

Yes, it seems satisfactory.

Good. That's 350 francs a night for you, 500 a week for me - and 50 a week for the concierge's daughter so we'll be able to depend on the concierge. 3,000 a week then and we shouldn't be here more than a month - that's not too much, is it?

No, I think I can manage that.

Did you feel the mattress? It's soft and even.

But not too wide.

Wide enough. And there's a desk so you can study.

Umm.

And a sink and a chair and a closet. Everything you need, yes?

Everything.

Aceite, alcohol, petróleo, cebolla and safra. That's all he asked for, I think.

Put down a basket or panier so you'll have something to carry what you buy in.

Where do we go?

Marché Fez. It's right on Rue de Fez just where the Emsallah starts. It costs a little more than the Grand Succo, but what you get is fresher.

O.K., let's go.

Never in my life have I done this sort of thing - gone to market.

Really?

Never. I'll show you once, all right, and you'll be able to go there yourself every day after, won't you?

Do you mind if I eat with my left hand? It gets to be a strain on the right wrist after a while.

Who ever said you couldn't?

Some Moslems have objected before. They said it showed bad upbringing.

All that's stupid. You do whatever you want. And whatever you want is perfectly good with me.

Will you teach me Spanish and Arabic numbers? I'll be able to shop more easily that way. I noticed the price goes up when it's in French.

Sure, I'll teach you.

And I'll teach you English. We'll start this week; I'll buy a lesson book.

Do I have to learn English now?

Yes, it's better before hand. And also for the consulate - remember?

They will like an Arab in America - the dark, romantic Arab. Ah, yes.

My life! You make me happy just when you say that.

But it's true, it's very true.

Will I be able to drink there?

All you want - right up until you drop and can lie sleeping in the gutter the night long.

That's what I want to hear you say. Then I can be happy - as happy as I ever was in Tangier. Do you know, one night when Tangier was still

> international I was so drunk and so happy that I walked along the Boulevard at 3:00 in the morning with just my underwear on; singing away! An old man came up to me and said, What is this that I see, my son? And I answered, I have just come from the baths, my father. May I not sing so happily, because I am clean?

Hamid paced from the parlor through the middle room to the veil before his father's door and back again several times with the giant strides of an absolutely unquellable fury. I'd been surprised as I heard him raise his voice in the discussion with his mother and arrive, of a sudden, at the shouting pitch of angry threats. It was obvious his mother had refused to sign the passport application. Though the agent at the Amulat had insisted on the necessity of the signature, and our whole project was therefore in jeopardy, I still was pretty much shocked at Hamid's immediate loss of control and display of such great disrespect. He had asked to speak to his father then and was granted admittance behind the veiled door to meet with what, I gather, was even less success. His aunt was

trying to calm him, and actually cried shut up - Scoots, shomar!

He approached me and told me to put on my shoes, that we were leaving immediately. I wanted to say that he had not even given himself a fair chance to discuss the thing intelligently with his parents, but he interrupted and said he was leaving then without me, and would wait for me outside if I intended to come.

We passed through wet flagstone and mud alleys that ended sharply and darted into other narrow passages with maze-like frequency. From what I could make out of Hamid's complex, emotionally-abridged ejaculations, we were searching for a cousin of his who worked for the city administration and might be solicited for his signature. I told them I am no longer their son, he said chokingly, that if I see them on the street I will pass them by without greeting them, because I no longer know them. My only chance for life, and do you see what they do - my own parents.

I felt an exhilaration and lightness in my stepping over the silver puddles, as if a heavy weight had been lifted from me. I was too surprised at, and at the same time elevated by, this new sensation to feel ashamed. I said nothing to Hamid. After a while it appeared that his cousin was not to be located, and we headed for the Emsallah.

Just before we got to the hotel, Hamid said that he knew he'd promised me he wouldn't drink but that he had to have something to drink now or he would go crazy. I

objected at first, but he pleaded with undisguised pitifulness. He was trembling.

He lay on the pillow of the bed pouring from the bottle into a sink-glass. Two drops shook from the mouth of the bottle and stained the sheet in small, spreading circles of purple. I remained lower on the mattress, supporting my elbows on his legs, and trying to follow every word through a feeling of full guilt at being the most silent, most surreptitious traitor in his camp. How selfish is the race of man, I thought to myself. He underlined that idea with the commencement of a long history of incredible selfishness and perfidy. He drank one glass after another and proceeded to rapid intoxication before the bottle was emptied. I never eat there, he groaned, I eat with gangsters, I sleep with whores - eversince I was nine years old. They don't want me there, they want money from me, they don't have enough money to feed me, they, who used to own half of Barrio Bonn. I was rich once, the whole family was rich. They ate their money, they ate their land; they ate my land, all my land that was half of Bonn. Bonn is mine, it is mine, do you know - and I've been wearing these same rags for one year, and I never know if I'll have what to eat tomorrow! My father went to live in Fez when I was young and gave me to his brother to raise and send to school. His brother used the money my father gave him for women and drink and taking his friends to all the bars. I never went to school. When my father visited Tangier and asked how I was, I said I was fine and that school was fine. I never

betrayed my uncle. When I was sixteen my father returned to Tangier to live here for good, and he saw that I could not write, he heard that I could not read. He called his brother, and the three of us sat together around a table - I remember it - and they agreed that I should choose my uncle's punishment. When I was sixteen, and already ignorant and a gangster and a drunk, they told me to choose a punishment! What punishment? I said, what punishment is there now that could teach me to read and to get a good job and to have something to buy food with? It is too late, let my uncle free, he can not be punished, he can not return the money, he has already spent it all! And then I ran out of the house and pulled and tore up the grass in the fields all over Barrio Bonn, and in the evening I went back and I said, Rather give my lands now, to my uncle, so he can sell them and invest the money and perhaps be able to repay some of what he has stolen from you. They refused in the beginning, but my uncle was ruined; and so nearly were they because my father was too sick to work. They took my land and gave it to my uncle finally. He sold it and squandered the money the same as before. Now he has nothing, and they have nothing, except their good times. And I have nothing now and I never had anything, not even their stupid times - I, who should know eight languages today, and know instead only three, all learned from the gutter, all learned so poorly I can't even say what I want. I could have been an agent, a professor, a person of learning and respect - and look what I am: I'm nothing, I have nothing, I'll always have

nothing, I'll have prison that's all. My mother, my mother!! after all of this - still won't let me go. She won't let me live in the house and she still won't let me go. She's the one! - not my father. My father would sign; he wants to see me well. She told him not to. She said I'm her life, she said she will die if I go to another country. Twice before people wanted to take me with them to Europe so I could have work there, and both times she said no, she said stay here, and starve and rot. Now she says it again. My mother will lose my life for me. My own mother. -You know, I talk in my sleep, when I sleep I talk, I talk all the time, don't I? How can I sleep at my mother's house and talk in my sleep - repeat all the things I do in the day, all these no good things that I do because of them....

He was crying. Validly relief. His words gave him freedoms- but the tears were better, for they relieved him of his words.

Never in my life have I cried before, he said, never, never have I cried like this before...

He spilled the last glassfull on the pillow accidently and it ran like aurora dawn down all four sides. Leave that for now, I said, let's get out of here and go for a walk.

He was mumblingly sullen in the street and if he continued to really say anything, I couldn't make out what it was. He seemed rather than to want to communicate, to be testing at the moment, the new nature of defeat. I gathered he accepted his parents' rejection as an insur-

mountable obstacle, and his doing so encouraged me to the same conclusion. Something very overwhelmingly present in the space between us, something emanating from either his opinion or my attitude, I couldn't be sure which, made me feel any further immediate contact with him would be insupportable. I asked him if he would wait for me at Tugeni's while I ran into a nearby restaurant and had a quick dinner. He agreed to wait for however long I should take and not to drink until I returned no matter who requested he do so. I left him alone at an outside table, the image of his pitiful, child-like smile stepping back just two feet before my eyes all down the street.

I ate in Milano's on Rue Docteur Fumey. The heavy-set Italian proprietess noticing that this was my second visit, probably assumed I was to become a steady customer, and so proceeded to open a friendly conversation with am I not well or something, because she can see I certainly don't look well. I decided to diagnose my case as over-sensitivity, as a too-defenseless involvement with even exciting flashes on a movie screen. She cleverly detoured what I thought was an obvious bar to the usual remedy of movies as a cure-all for thinking, by saying that I ought to see less serious films, comedies, and musicals with a lot of happy singing. The macaroni was excellent but the veal the by now anticipated, special Tangier version of meat. I thought of a statement R.K. had once laughingly made: On Saturday night the middle-class man and wife in America go out to the movies. In Morocco, the middle-class man and wife go into the house Saturday night, and make their own movies.

A crowd had gathered around Hamid's table at Tugeni's, including Driis, Housain, Black Larbi, and Santos. Santos is a tall, fair, middle-aged Argentine who's lived in Tangier for at least ten years and speaks Moghrebi well. He is referred to by the Moroccans as being simply Spanish, the designation Argentine having no real significance for them. Hamid was vociferous again, and though this time in Moghrebi, I could understand that he was informing the others that he had no parents, that his parents were now dead. Black Larbi, always the reserved defender of the Book, quite obviously considering this a most alarming shamefulness, was having no success at quieting him. He stepped from the crowd to where I had taken a seat by myself at another table and told me to do something about Hamid. I said that if you who have known him all your life can't do anything how do you expect me to.

Take him home, he said with a trace of unusual anger in his tone, indeed, one might have intimated, forthright accusation.

Get him to come home yourself if you can, I replied, he won't listen to me.

Santos approached me next, drawing up a chair. He said in a very broken French that Hamid had spoken of trying to get a passport, and that since he had once worked for the government and still counted several officials among his friends, he might be able to do something to see that one was issued. He asked if Hamid would be adequately accomodated in New York. I stated I could guarantee as much. Good, he said, then there may be nothing

to worry about.

He stood up and walked back toward the other table, then turned and said out loud, but quite unexpectedly, in English, (and so safely), - You must to be good to him. He like you very much.

I smiled weakly and nodded as if to say I understand....

(Special value of this culture and country, I declared to myself, is first its presentation of actual possibility, and second its remarkable cut-off of escape or aberration in the person of each of its natives, and finally every foreigner stopping long enough within its boundaries. And then I thought ironically, How perfect an image of the man of Idea am I!; and gave up through absolute infortification to the rapidly circulating blood of my myriad non-cerebral sensibilities.)

La cucaracha, la cucaracha,

Ya no puede caminar! -

Y jo también, Mark said interrupting his song, porque no tango marijuana a fumar. Mark had decided he was rich and so bought us two tickets for a Mexican film called, La Cucaracha. I supposed my reembursement would be having to listen to him sing that same song over and over again for a good couple of weeks.

Ya-sïfie! con la cucaracha, I said. I was thinking of

how long it took him to ask me to accompany him to the cinema. He knows I have no money, I thought, and yet he lets me sit all day long in the cafés, doing nothing. I'd gone out several nights to commit a robbery, but each time I stopped at the last minute. I tried but I couldn't. I couldn't endanger my getting the passport at that late date. In all the years thatI've lived as a thief I've never been caught, but somehow I felt that I might get caught then - because for the first time I had a reason not to. My only hope was that the passport would be coming through soon so I wouldn't have to continue much longer in that beggarly way.

Mark left me at Cinéma Roxy saying he was going to the Post Office on the Boulevard, and that he would see me later at the hotel. He goes to the Post Office three times a week, I thought to myself, nobody could have that much mail. I don't believe it's the Post Office - or the bank or the beach that he's always going to, now that it's so chilly: There is someone else.

The others had been reporting to me for some time whenever they saw Mark anywhere in the city. I had never asked them to, but they were always approaching me anyhow. Then I decided to tell them to keep a watch on him because I was afraid someone might do bad to him, and to always tell me who they saw him with. But they never seemed to see him with anyone, they claimed he was always alone. He is very clever, I thought, he begs me all the time to tell him everything, but he knows very well, himself, how to keep secrets.

I thought about that during the entire afternnon and by the time I returned to the hotel I was pretty angry. But I still can't command for him, who am I to command for him? I told myself. Yet I wasn't in the room five minutes before I could no longer stop myself from asking, - with a smile -: Who is the other?

What other? Mark asked.

There is another; I know there is another, I said. Who is it?

But there is no other.

Someone who lives near the Post Office, isn't it, who meets you in the cabins on the beach?

On my mother's life I swear to you there is no other. I'm always at the Post Office because there's some mix-up with my letters - I haven't been getting them. And I go to the beach only to take a sun-bath.

In this cold weather?

The sun is still strong.

Mark looked suddenly very worried and took my hand and pleaded again that on his mother's life there was no one. I felt ashamed of having asked. I still wasn't sure he was telling the truth, but I felt ashamed of showing him how much I was concerned. After all, what should I care about what he was really doing? He's free, and so am I.

You're jealous, he said.

Ya-säfie - jealous!

Come here, come here and make me jealous.

With what?

With stories about everyone you've ever made love with.

There are no stories.

But there are - who did you make love to the first time you ever made love?

He tickled me in the ribs. I sat on the bed. I first made love with a little girl and a little boy, I said, both at the same time.

How old were you?

Five, maybe six years old, I laughed. A friend and I built this very small hut of bamboo. Then we invited in the little girl and her brother. I took one and my friend took the other. Then we exchanged them. Since that time, I have always had to make love.

Which one did you take first - the girl or the boy?

I don't remember. But I used to make love with everyone then. Even animals. Once I gave the niki to a dog - and once a chicken. I tied its mouth up so it wouldn't squawk. It died from the niki. I sold it in the Grand Succo the next day.

Mark laughed. Did you have anyone while I was away? he asked.

I hesitated. Then I decided to tell him the truth: I didn't want to conceal anything from him. I had plenty then, I said.

Who?

Oh, everyone, anyone. Someone different each night. Did you have anyone when you were away?

No, not really.

What does "not really" mean?

It means I didn't have anyone, really. Why, does that

surprise you?

Yes.

But why?

I wanted to say, Because you have plenty of friends in Tangier, but I stopped myself and just replied, I don't know. I watched his face. He's waiting for me to make a fool of myself again, I thought. Do you know, I said, once there was a pretty boy who wouldn't give me niki so I beat him up and pulled off his pants and lit a cigarette and burnt two circles with it on his zook, one on each zook.

Why did you do that?

I wanted to.

But why did you have to burn him?

Oh, I was crazy in those days. And he made me angry. Then I gave him the niki anyhow - twice - one for each zook.

My God.

And with American cigarettes - not Moroccan ones. American cigarettes leave a real scar for life. For life, so everyone can always see and know about the zemel.

Thank God I don't smoke Pall Mall anymore.

He got up and went to the desk. Which reminds me, he said, care for a Casasports? I've been trying them out and I can manage about three a day.

They don't make you sick?

Well, they do a little. But I have to smoke something.

Then with his back still toward me, Mark asked, Did you go with anyone like me while I was away?

Why do you ask that?

Just want to know, that's all, he said still not facing me.

A couple, I think. There was one blond Spaniard just like you I remember. I got him to come with me by telling him there'd be a little for each. I went first, and then got up to leave. He stopped me. He was very strong. We fought for an hour in the room, a whole hour, but I finally won and locked him in and went away.

How very innocently blind are they who would not for so long see.

What?

Nothing. I was thinking about myself.

What about?

Oh, nothing. And about you - you're a deceiver!

I'm a good deceiver. My body hurt a lot after that fight - it hurt for a whole week. But I had <u>him</u>, he didn't have me - troun, troun, for my God - for half the night.

So as you yourself so adequately illustrate, Mark commented coming back toward the bed with two Casasports, one Moroccan is more than I can handle. I wouldn't worry about a second if I were you.

I struck a match and moved it back and forth along the level of his eyes. Can I have some money? I asked.

For what?

I met several men who work in the Customs Department. If you can give me 1000 francs for tonight and 1000 francs for tomorrow night I can go with them to some of the bars. That's all you have to do with the Moroccans: go to the bars

with them, and they'll get anything done for you that you want.

But 1,000 francs, that's-

I know it's a lot but please, Oulidi, don't you want me to get my passport soon? In the end, that will save us more than 2,000.

O.K., request granted, he said.

I wish I had the money myself, so I wouldn't have to ask you for it. Once, I ran a small grocery all by myself and had all the money I needed. But now, I have nothing, not even carpenter work, you know that. You're not angry, are you?

Why should I be angry? You just get that passport, that's all. That's your first, final, and only job right now.

THE COMMODIOUS LOVERS AND THE TELL-TALE MERCHANTS

Kásim, son of Adi ben Hatim al-Táyy, was wont to recount that a certain Abselem of Tíngitahnah, a manifestly ulcerous-eyed and withal stone-blind fellow, wotteth an history which concerneth a well-known pair of lovers, to wit, the Amazigh Árrhbi and his comrade Marján; for albe this Marjan was wave-tip white of skin and never same reddish Coral-Branch o' his name, yet he was give this title of a slave-boy by way of metonomy e'en as blacks are hight red for fun; as Jarír saith,

"An black be don in fond bright-blood array, * Ought wit seek further reason ass doth bray?";

also, was thusly called in that Arrhbi did hold Marjan asomewhat for a slave, though in sooth this Amazigh wert a shade in skin

the nightier of the twain: which twain cohabited in the westest Monarchy of the Maghrib, whose shores are break by two Oceans while its port-cities upon the banks enface a four-some by continent; and thismuch entaileth the story the sightless man was like to render anent the both: "These companions, Arrhbi and his Marjan, men did word by mouth each for their marvellous comeliness and perfection of gracefullness, as one t'other wast indeed the first Star which riseth from the date-tree gardens over the southern desert Mosques; whilst the great joy each had of each was bruit throughout the Kingdom and much celebrated, that a world of folk take ear the twain and wondered thereat and some amongst them who fell forthright to the envy and a ponderous enviousness. And amongst who were give o'er to this envy was Sidi M. al-L'ryesh, a wealthy robber-chief through plenty-ful theft grown wealthy and the descent of Dynasty every thereof was an knowledgeable thief. Thus, one day of the days, Sidi M. was about the streets and, chancing upon the pearl-skinned slave, he exclaimed at once, 'O fair Marjan, and Allah (may He be extolled and exalted!) preserve thee for me, yet I descried thy fleet lover, Arrhbi, sport upon the highways of the Realm in unabash consort of a boy of passing beauty and a well-bred, an one fair of favour and slender in stature.' Hearing these words Marjan waxed wroth, that quoth he to the taler: 'O Sidi M. al-L'ryesh, an such wondrous strange event be truth indeed (for it is wondrous clean contrariwise mine lover's habitude) get thee to our lodgings this very undertime, in my fleet lover mayeth be repaid after his do and thou rewarded cording thine righteous due!' Then Marjan repaired to an height of stair-step street, thus to discover of self and lone and ponder that he incurred to occur; yet was he not of self for seconds astitch, ere Sidi A. the Or-

phan al-Reef an youthful scapegrace and ne'er-do-well, a lowly inn-sweep and intendant ... foreigner-men to boot, did betake the height o' steps and cry out hotly, 'He Who is Merciful have mercy on thee and the Pardoner pardon thee from Holy vindicate in it; yet this sight did see thy strength-ful Arrhbi stand small boy to public sight, chucking him on alabaster smooth and rose-cheek; and how that I should ken thus saving and except it be perform in public sight.' Hereunto Marjan gave o'er to sore wrath and exceeding, replying e'en to Orphan's story: 'O Orphan al-Reef, an that thou criest at mine ear be verity, hie to mine home in early eve so mayeth mine strength-ful lover know return, and thou reward rightful thy due!' So the Orphan descend the steps with mighty glad heart, and passing as was middle-most his natalman, Sidi M. al-Gi'aýli-Reef, a cuisinere same inn had Orphan a sweep; and Al-Gi'ayli wast embark on similars for the sore dismay slave; to wit, 'Allah (blessed and exalted be He!) restoreth thee in loss as granteth us peace o' many day, but I did eye thy noble in family lover for follow a child in thine house own; whilst that I was deep distress a blood shouldst be upon our people, I round to an open niche which open upon the inner court, and spied on the two-some: who lay of thy lover's pleasure and, chancing child be near-side me, note his bright eyes like lit coals of fire and a mole like ambergris-grain on rosied cheek!'"—— And the Wazír's daughter perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

When it was the Four Hundred and Eleventh Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the tale blind Abselem telleth, continueth thus: "The cuisinere Sidi M.

al-Gi'ayli revealedeth this scandal anent the god-fear Arrhbi; and when his comrade Marjan did enquaint him the thing, he bade Sidi M. be to his chambers apurpose the answering this; and albeit Marjan's heart fluttered and his vitals yearned[1] at such accounts, yet came there up to his luckless height o' stair-step street still another such and yet one further like followeth that; for the first, related by Sidi D. the Panadere, a muchel learned scholar of this Port-city, entaileth the alms-palm unholy made by Arrhbi's drop a certain sum of dirham in the palm the boy of the petal-white brow and face as it were raining light; whilst the second account wast accounted of the Sidi A. of Port-city, a true sightless certes and a foul-smelling and hideous man who, hobbled past Sidi D. the Panadere and the slave Marjan as both conversed, chancedeth with sharp ear to o'erhear their discourse and clamped skinny arm upon Marjan, that he might detail of that he o'erheard the soft-spake Arrhbi depute a quiet boy; which wast obscene in tone and somewhat anent a returneth the little latter to elder jalláb's[2] bed as oft as eve shouldst even and night-time befal. Though Marjan's reason near took flight from his head and his heart clave to his fury upon he conceivedeth the meat of these matters and, enjoining Sidi D. the Panadere and Sidi A. the Sightless to repeating naught of it; he thence request they join him in his house that very night for it were after the righten of Arrhbi's do and a rewarding the wights of each their righteous due. Next Marjan gat him home and entered into his rooms where, he beholdeth his companion sitting on the díwan, whilst, lo!, beside him wast an young boy, the same for marvellous feature

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[1]This phrase is frequent in tales dealing with hallucinations or "hypnosis." Easterns find the experience commonplace.
[2]A slave dealer, i.e., Arrhbi; Marjan is apparently a favourite slave with a privileged position in the trader's household.

and passing beauty as he who had be aforedescribed; that Marjan advised in himself live none in the land the equal his lover for effrontery and lewd conceit, with the surrender-up bashless own sans the bastinado. Yet, the while he bethought of that ought fash upon descrying this twain thus leisurely afixt, Arrhbi arose and saluted him, making favour of he do watch and warder o'er this youthful cousin, the son of his sire's brother, in himself must needs circuit about the city then whither his trade carryeth. Now Marjan wast exceeding perplex as regards such discovery unto him this boy's identity; but without stay or delay, he affirm for a guardianship the child, saying, 'I will surely succeed in that thou willest of me; and this is a slight matter unto me'; that he mayeth the hour of his lover's absent make research after who the boy might verily be. And, hasty upon Arrhbi's leave, he bade the youth make known his name and family and whither he came from and whatso he wast embark upon which bringeth of this place; to which the lad replied, 'Forsooth, I am So-and-so and mine family is Such-and-such and I come from Such-a-city. I be hereabout in strait and in visit with my cousin, for mine father and mother are decease now.' And, lo! the name he named and the family he saith were of Arrhbi's name and to him self's family german; so Marjan heard him out and, in none may gainsayeth the word of a child, eke in each be vouchsafed 'gainst lechery within their own blood about the heightiest civility of that west Monarchy, so he smiled satisfy of the youth's soothfastness and the elder Arrhbi's innocence to deed. After which Marjan fell to laughter and he laughed as he were like to take flight for joyousness at ken his own folly; and he give o'er to gaming e'en and to disporting with this lad; whereat, behold, there came an knocking upon the doors and, Marjan requesting the boy repair to a farther

chamber then and take his rest there and sleep the siesta, he went out from afore him and oped the portals: whilst there in street stood the Sidi M. al-L'ryesh, the robber-chief, acome somewhat of good hour to the trysting-place. So Marjan saluting him, he pull-to the door behind, and bade the sly Sidi M. follow a wicked pace the length the long of streets in that quarter: and after to-ing and fro-ing hither and there at speediest speed and lengthiest stroll on each and every of highway and avenue wide in the Port, till the promenaders were arrive the very shores of the sea, Al-L'ryesh wast at sore wont for his wot they shouldst return to the slave's ledgings; to which Marjan replieth this:

'In house mine own didst thou enjoin me there, * That that that rests must needs enacted here:

Wast not the which thou didst enquaint withal * A touching anen enquaint of Highways fair?

Hadst not attach herewith high Zeal to dree, * That I, amazed, did thine equality

Of it mine self entroth, shouldst now be spare * This breath-take sportsman's ted'um - well as me!'

'In sooth, thou art beneficent,' answered Al-L'ryesh, he knowing then Marjan's design, yet making veil his true emotion; 'but I must 'gainst severest castigation ask post-date this promenade, in have I weightiest business to entend in market this very under-time.' Now, clean contrariwise the daily ken of men, yet needs it be perforce related: that out the conjuncted envy of these many men and more, for the great and noble friendship of Arrhbi and his slave Marjan, there came summoned a horrible Hút or sea-monster, the same for which is recounted in the accounts of eld Al-Kazwini and Al-Idrísi; for it rose up from the waves of the ocean to answer by a fish-form and a body as it were, for its

own spirit which numerous men had whilom create; and the Hut was a vast size of some eight or nine and three hundred feet, with a mighty gruesome semblance from its eye-ball that was big as a boulder to the wicked fin of it, and it manifest seme two-score pleopods and an equal achievement swimmerets whereon each and every swimmeret wast a caviare with a thousand berries as this were the creature's time and season of spawning and it were like anon to spawn its berry, presenting the ocean of thousand-fold in encore its hideous kind. Eke, this plesiosaur was fashion thus, that it fell upon a man would escape from it, but it hend him high in one its uneven pleopods and swallowed him into its yawning gape which was verily wide as a city gate; and thereafter down through its gullet, in sooth a dark, terrible valley; and thence the hapless victim deseried himself bottom-most its maw, therein encased for the dure of a full sennight or more; till haply he mayeth eat of its inner and partake of the monster's gut, and thus was fed and full upon its flesh or envy; which was, withal, the victim's own envious soul; and forthright he dieth of this. So thus it was that the fright-ful Hut now erose on the billows of the sea and swimmeth it with speediest strokes up onto the shore, so it seize the aidless Sidi Al-L'ryesh and gulpt him down with one appalling gulp; and thus was he fall to the fiat of a godless Fate; the which Marjan beheld all and, sore amazed and not a little disgust of vital turned, bent he o'er hasty heel, directing toward home. But he wast accost that time by Sidi A. the Orphan al-Reef. Keeping a composure would ne'er betray his intent, Marjan drew anext the Orphan and seized his cheeks with his long-nail fingers, pinching them with sharp, painful pinches; thence repayeth he with ample serving of which this Sidi A. wast envious the strength-ful Arrhbi perform; and

after being hoodwinked thus, the Hut reappeared and, descending upon the transfixt Orphan, devoured him entire with a quick greedy swallow. Now at portal his Marjan discovered the Sidi M. al-Gi-'ayli and straightway bade his entrance, and when they were gone into the chambers and the fartherest room thereof wherein the boy, Arrhbi's cousin german reposed of deep repose, Marjan lay him along anext the child but on the farther side the Sidi al-Gi'ayli perforce must take his vision. Then reciteth the slave,

'I, for mine Comrade's height and breadth be same: * Belike
didst thou o' the niche's perch espy
Some semblance we, this twain enow? Then, spied * No Lechery
thou, in Arrhbi like hath lie
Along same boy, his eme's descent forsooth, * Sans sin; as t'
same, mine couz he eke dost I.'

Being a simple soul and a given to verities as he might wotteth, the Sidi al-Gi'ayli marvelled such semblance in pose and do the twain aface to two afore aface; and, answered he, 'Inshallah! this be marvellous alike what I did see.' 'Then limn it on the page of thy memory,' rejoined Marjan, 'and look thou placest hereafter no blood upon thy people of these days whereon none in verity was spill!' Hereat Sidi M. much chastised and in deepest reflection followeth the slave to door where, when same wast ope, stood Sidi D. the Panadere in act of knock; that Marjan catch his hand in hand ere he might rap, and pry apart his palm, dropping the sum of single dirham therein. Then Marjan quoth, 'Accept of me in Holy gesture e'en as thou didst learn unholy another o' mine companion take: will't not be so forsooth, an thou hast to the bazaar for bid my business-take returneth here, the sole exchange for this? And learn, O Sidi Panadere, in like hath Arrhbi given dirhams to a boy. So hie thee henceaway!' Sidi D., distress at

the slave's say with an exceeding distress and disappointment, yet in was withal a pauper, not mind to be word despisedly of by such as proffer gold (and belike may proffer future-time) post all haste to route; and found out Arrhbi in circuit about the mart whereat declaimed 'twere incumbent the barking back to his lodging in his lover had newly envy do-so. And hereunto Arrhbi maketh vent toward house, whilst ne'er suspect, the wilely Sidi taileth. Meantime Sidi A. the Sightless had attain his chamber; and Marjan depute the mendicant so: 'In sooth, I am honoured thy come, but prithee, enquaint anew the word didst erst o'erhear my companion speak, so might I thusly to the point asatisfy on them.' And of happy speed to exact retell, the Sightless quote: 'I conjure thee, O my Favourite, to mine bed as oftenest nightentides!' Now Arrhbi enter the room this very instant and, o'erhearing Sidi A., did bethink he sightless embark upon the lechery; so he determine beggar shouldst in no wise go scathless for bold enterprise, that thence took him up and swinged him verily, chiding the while, 'Blind as be, besit thee yet frowardness and chicanery!'; and he was mind to fare e'en less delicately with frighted tatter o' foul-smell, but for that the vast, horrible Hut did in a sudden reappear and, reaching an ugly thrashing pleopod in through the niche, caught up the frozen-to-floor Sidi Panadere, he who had tailedeth Arrhbi on his return, and straightaway devoured him up!; whilst an huge further pair of swimmerets was make as it were like to circle the bewildered Al-Gi'ayli with the Sightless, but, save in two-some had ne'er abscond to darkest depth their enviousness, a Rájiz[1] formeth form within the room of same moment and, lifting the both

[1]A benevolent Jinn: here, the pardoning counterpart of the vengeful Hut. It is not clear why Al-Gi'ayli and Abselom enjoy escape, whereas the three other tell-tales do not. Payne suggests they have made amendments, reference to which is missing.

upon its broad shoulders, rose away from the terror-ful claws of the Hut's pleopods and bore them off to a safe place. Which be (quoth Abselem of Tingitahnah) the wherefor I am safe and sound to recount this tale; for we see men enter by the door, but I am come from the skies, upon the shoulder of an All-seeing Rajiz: for mine self is that very blind Sidi A. the Sightless of the story! Thus, consider, how each of the envious Sidis was requited after his rightful due and each in accordance withas the slave enpledge to him; as for Marjan, he waxed sad for very gladness and thus once certified his lover's steadfastness, silence kept eke harboured no thought-suspect hereafter, that these companions ceased not from friendship and fellowship till there came to them the Sunderer of societies and the Garnerer of graves. And now glory be to the Living One who dieth not!"—— And amongst stories they recount is another, concerning

The sput jet across the back of my thigh like a touch of ice.

I couldn't believe it: at first I didn't understand. Then I touched it. I shoved him back, shouting in his face, What did you do?! I tried to grab his hair but he pulled the sheet up between us. I reached for my clothes, folded on the desk.

You fool, you fool, are you crazy? hamuk! I was trembling so I could hardly get on my pants. -Now I must go to the baths: now when the doctor forbid me to bathe and take the cold. Never did any one do to me - never, never, for his life! never! You know what is going to happen when I take the cold? Ding-ding 'muk!

I went directly to the hammam in the Petit Succo and poured five pailfuls of steaming water over myself. I dried as quickly as possible and put the heavy jellaba on over my shirt and pants. I made my way along Avenue d'Espagne, wanting to avoid everyone I was so angry. But Prewha called to me from Café Nil. I could see he must have been in there a long time because he was practically tearing with drunkenness. When I went up to him he began slobbering and whimpering about how I was his truest brother, his only friend. He took out a fat roll of 1,000-franc notes and held it up to me for inspection with real tears in his eyes. The dog wants to pay off his fear, I thought to myself. I know how to do with him. This is my work now. Ahyeshie was with Prewha, but he had already passed out. And at that moment, he slipped from his chair down under the table. Prewha and I dragged him out of the café and called a taxi. We dumped him onto the floor in the back and climbed over him to seat ourselves. Then we drove to some half dozen bars of the Boulevard, asking the taxi to wait outside for us, and stayed in each long enough for Prewha to spend at least a couple of thousand francs there. He must have worked quickly and cleverly the night before to have had so much money, but by the time I was finished with him I made sure he hadn't 25 francs together in his pocket. Then, as it was already dark, I headed back toward the hotel, feeling a little light in my head and somewhat more calm than before I had met my truest brother Prewha.

Mark looked really surprised to see me and said that he had asked the concierge to prepare dinner for one only.

Why? I said feeling myself becoming angry again, Who told you to do that? Who said I wouldn't be here to eat?

Well, I thought-

You thought! I threw a package of bananas I had carried back for dessert onto the table. Here, eat this too by yourself.

Just then the concierge knocked and pushed open the door. He was holding a tray heaped with enough beefballs for two. I had no money to eat in a restaurant and the beef smelt spicy and very good. I waited until the concierge left. Mark invited me to join him since I was already there. All right, I'll just have a little. And then I decided I was going to forget before and be good with him.

I split the blackbread, said Bismillah, and scooped up some of the saffron sauce, trying to pretend I was only slightly interested. But the concierge is an excellent cook, and I finished nearly half the plate.

I'm going to meet those men who know about the passport now, I said to Mark as I rinsed my hands by the sink.

Bonne chance, monsieur - and why don't you let the others do most of the drinking, so you can stay sober and say the right things?

Do I seem like I would say the wrong things in the condition I'm in now?

No...

Well, I've already drunk more today than you could in a week.

Mark walked to the door ahead of me, but paused there

for a moment, his hand not turning the knob. He said: Why did you have to go to the baths this afternoon?

The Moroccan always has to go to the baths after he does it.

Even when he's sick?

Yes. And me more than the others. All my life, even though it costs 100 francs, I've always gone immediately to wash whenever I finished something. If I didn't have the money I would borrow it and pay back later.

But I never noticed you do that before.

Lots of times I didn't with you. Yes, you are the only person I ever did it with that made me not go to the baths afterward. At first I didn't have the money, and later I didn't care. How many times haven't I washed myself of you!

But you made me feel so bad today, you made me feel dirty like an animal.

That was because of that - that thing you did - for my God, no one has ever done that to me before. The king himself couldn't do the things you do to me, and live.

How strange. You know, I'd like to do much more.

Like what?

You know.

I looked down at the floor. I didn't know what to say. Actually, I had realized some time before that Mark had ideas like that in his head. I would have killed anyone else for just suggesting it, but Mark made me crazy, crazier than I've ever been with all the ketami and wine in Tangier. Listen, I said, I'll let you do that, I'll let you do whatever you want to me. But not here, you

understand - in New York.

But why wait till New York? he asked. That's so long from now.

It's just a month - can't you wait one month?

But what's the difference, here or in New York?

Because in New York no one knows me. Now, let's not talk about it anymore, or I'll get angry again.

I went to the Bon-Bon and was introduced to some officials of the Amulat that Santos and Driis knew. We joked and we drank, the others paying for most everything since the money I had barely went two rounds. After a while I got the feeling that these were pretty foolish and irresponsible men and that they couldn't be counted on for much help. In the middle of speaking to them I started to think about Mark. And I thought about a woman who didn't have time once to prepare when I went in to her, and how I saw the blood and how I was repelled just at the sight of it, without touching her, and had run off to the hammam to cleanse myself of that filth. And now this American of the many friends - many, many know him in Tangier - I let do any uncleanliness to me.

There was another at the bar who kept watching me and listening carefully to everything I said. He was making me very nervous. Finally, I asked him what he was looking at. He said, At a Moslem who doesn't seem to know it's against the law to drink.

That's funny, I remarked, I'm looking at the same thing. And I leaned toward him and caught him behind the neck and rammed my forehead into his forehead. He

nearly fell off the stool with surprise and pain. He shouted, Do you know who I am? I am the son of the Chief of Police!

You are? I said. I am happy to meet you. I am the son of the Governor of Tangier. I pulled the V of the jellaba low and exposed part of a new shirt Mark had given me. It had thin black stripes running down a greywhite cloth and on the stripes were little bright pins of white thread. (I had told Mark I liked the shirt because it reminded me of my old one that was too torn to wear, and he said that since he seldom used it I could instead.) The son of the Chief of Police took one look at the expensive shirt and the still new jellaba, and since he was fairly drunk and probably couldn't imagine anyone less than the governor's son daring to hit him, he quickly assumed I was telling the truth. He bent forward and kissed me on the forehead in exchange for the blow I had given him. Then he asked my forgiveness for his having antagonized me.

I got back to the hotel at 4:00 in the morning and went around to the side street where the window of our room is and whistled up. After a few seconds the light went on and Mark appeared at the window. He pushed open the shutters and threw out the key.

When I was in the room I undressed quickly.

If we could have another key made, Mark said, you could have one for yourself and I won't have to wait up until you come.

Who tells you to wait up?

I can't sleep - if I sleep I won't hear you when you whistle. I slept one night, remember - you were out there whistling for an hour.

Well, then, that's too bad. If you're so deaf when you sleep you'll have to just stay up. You're the one who wants me to come here, I never asked to. I could sleep in the cafés, it's the same to me.

As soon as I said that I was sorry. But somehow I felt nervous, as if I just wanted to start a fight. Mark tried to pretend he didn't hear or understand what I said, but I could see the whole expression on his face change. He asked if he could leave the door open at night from then on so I would be able to come in that way.

I turned off the light and got into bed. I pulled the covers up over both of us. The concierge had given us two extra blankets. Listen, Mark, I said, you can't leave the door open in this hotel. There are all sorts of thieves and cutthroats here. Anyone could come in while you sleep, hit you with a bottle, and steal everything in your valise. And what could you do to stop them? And that's the same reason why we can't make two keys - because of the thieves here. I want the concierge to know that we have only one key between us. If you're here every night and if someone gets robbed in this hotel, he won't be able to say I gave the key to a friend of mine to let himself in and do the robbery.

But I don't understand, Mark said, there are all sorts of ways of getting around that. He might think we had a second key made by ourselves and still continued to use

one so he wouldn't know. He could still accuse you of a theft.

Yes, but this way there's less of a chance. Without an extra door-key he doesn't have the reasons to suspect me more than somebody else here.

But why should he suspect you of theft anyhow? What are you thinking of?

I didn't feel like starting any explanations. I didn't dare tell the truth - who knows what Mark might have done if he found out I was a thief? And I couldn't, I was too tired, too tired of everything to make up lies any more. Let's go to sleep now, Mark, I said, I passed a bad evening.

I reached my right hand around to his far shoulder and pulled him close against me. We lay together like that for a long time, I sensed that he was hardly even breathing. It took him two or three hours to fall asleep. But I couldn't myself even when it started to get light through the drawn shutters.

During those quiet hours, one clear thought never left me: that maybe it does not matter if I ever get the passport or not. Nothing more can come with the passport, really more than this, and even though I can not tell why, this, the both of us now, is the best I want. The two. How do I know what is going to happen in America? If only, I only wish I had some plan to see that Mark stays in Tangier. I know he never would agree by himself. I want to leave now just for him. I don't think any change, any real good, can come to me by going.

Well, maybe one day soon, sooner than he knows, I'll have a way of forcing Mark to live in Morocco. And in the meantime, I'll warn M'hamed (who works on the pier) that if Mark ever tries to sail, to stall the salida-check and send me word immediately.

... then, just before I dropped off to sleep, I reached my

hand down below his stomach and touched him and played with him as I had never done with a man before - as I could never, never have even ever dreampt of doing before with a man.

Houda Soultan, a generous Egyptian reply to everything blonde come on celluloid importations from the far west and near north, is fairly unavoidable as regards one's Tangerine experiences. She is featured in almost every other Arabic film shown in the city, so if you are at all inclined to visit the local movie houses you are certain to soon run into her. A veritable I-ran-into-her-two-blocks-away, she invariably makes her first appearance seductively yoo-hooing from a balcony, shawled in a massive downpour of golden curls and supported on the luxuriant cushion of her chubby arms and breasts. The breasts, on the whole, usually seem less permanently positioned on the balcony than the rest of Houda, seem, indeed, ever on the point of becoming ever so much more convincing by a sudden cloudburst and flood into the faces of the audience. The blonde hair (possibly peroxide) tosses about in lengthy freedom; no attempt is made to reproduce any elegant western coiffure. The hair, (like the expansive posterior that goes aMae-Westing, and above invitingly bare feet at nearly every opportunity regardless of the scene's civilized

setting), testifies to the usual Arabic position in these matters - i.e., the more the merrier, with shape, size, and proportion of little consequence. She generally twists a long single string of pearls in her thick, child-like fingers or plays with her mantilla or a golden lock, and manages to keep up an endlessly shrill-pitched chatter from the beginning of every film to the end. Shocking if she represents the idol I think she does, a pig, is your initial reaction - yet any Arab will hasten upon mention of her name to tell you of "cette femme exquise", "cette artiste magnifique". And, as Marilyn Monroe who may also have so impressed you once only to haunt your return to her every succeeding film, Houda in the like, compels you toward her vehicles time and again, with an attraction ever increasingly mesmeric.

Her talents range the entire variety of Egyptian films, from frivolous (Totally unironic) farce to tear-jerking melodrama. She is seen as the innocent peasant, the prostitute with a heart of gold, the every-man-is-out-to-make poor Esmeralda-gypsy, the racy night club singer, the adulterous wife, the bawdy and loud comedienne, the root of all evil, the righter of all wrongs, the lusty poisoner, the tubercular waif, etc., etc. (Needless to say, the advanced-attractions always assure you each new film features Houda, "dans sa meilleur performance".) And she sings, her's is a rich, provocative alto, in every movie, irrespective of however inappropriate to the theme or plot a sudden burst into song may be. If at all possible, a chorus line of belly dancers is managed into the back-

ground just as Houda is about to vocalize.

Her leading man is generally Farid el-Atriche, or some other equally unsubtle symbol of bland, Rock-Hudson-manliness. Curiously, the Egyptian cinema caters most often to what must be the lovelorn, dreaming, sentimental Arab housewife. The baby-faced, acquiescent and retiring hero endlessly, and boringly, reportrayed is an absolute fiction - you could not possibly find his prototype on any level of Arabic society. He is the wishful thinking of suppressed womanhood or, on closer inspection, perhaps an insidious aspiration accompanying new ideas of sufferage. At any rate, even the "chef-d'oeuvre du cinéma égyptien" is a woman's story. An Emily Brontë type tale to be exact, La Voix du Rossignol tells of a lonely maid embarked upon the poisoning of her handsome employer who has seduced her sister and is therefore indirectly responsible for the latter's "honorable" death. The maid falls in love with her employer, as her sister before her did, and so retreats from the difficult project, but the lately reforming (because of the maid's virtue) handsome rogue is accidentally shot anyhow, so justice is done after all, but with a heavy touch of irony. This irony, and some interesting poetic photography that trails the skirts of the heroine through morbidly dark corridors scene after scene, is what sets La Voix du Rossignol apart from the usual brand of Egyptian film. Most of the cinematic essays are mere (bad) copies of Hollywood in its most primitive and clumsily conglomerate mood, or else unabashed straight shooting of cheap stage farces that are very decidedly

descended of Ancient Rome's worst tradition.

With our mid-European backgrounds, a certain Samia Gemel has rights to attention: by common agreement the belly-dancer par excellent of the cinema. Her films boast more bellydancing scenes than anything else. The classic of this genre reaches its climax of tragedy when the heroine falls and is (apparently) injured beyond all hope of ever dancing again; but before the audience can rise in disappointment and grumblingly depart from the theatre the final scene is upon them, and there's Samia Gemel twirling breathlessly like a Polish peasant girl down a splendid staircase of semicircular steps onto round platforms dizzyingly spinning of themselves: every performer, everything on the set, everything from frame to frame of the screen, is triumphantly belly!

Oddly, until recently only two movie houses in Tangier catered exclusively to Egyptian (or Indian) films. One, the Mareb at the far-south end of town, the other Cinéma Vox in the Petit Succo. The Vox, most intriguing playhouse in the city, stepped down into from the terminus of an alley leading off the Succo square, crowds veiled housewives and restless street scamps to witness its innocuous Egyptian or fantastically mythical Indian feature. As readers of French subtitles, we are among the few in the audience enjoying comprehension. Almost none of the medina inhabitants can manage the Moslem dialects titled on Indian works, while a rare Tangerine indeed makes out more than half the classical Arabic of Egypt's efforts. Strange, remembering how distressed we Europeans become missing a single spoken line of a film, to acquaint that here are so numberless millions patronizing movies their entire lives, each close to once a week, and perfectly content never to understand the greatest part of whatever's been said. All have learned, of course, to follow tolerably well

through the visual; yet is that thing, inescapably accusingly-Oriental, of this attitude holding many details, even its urgency in the dialogue as probably no essential or altering significance at last: these, mind, people enamoured of word and spoken tale.

Famous old Cinéma Rex, closed for many years, recently made a fresh start as Cinéma Rif showing Arab features: further notable urging of Europeans into the Atlantic as Tangier ambitiously (or bent-arm) nationalizes. Least expensive houses in town, the Capitol and the Alcazar, stand directly opposite each other on Rue d'Italie a short distance from the Three Doors of the medina. Admission, 50 frs; if you dare, seats in the first ten rows or so are 30 frs: said rows are the balcony's accepted target for empty cigarette packs, paper cups, old shoes, some fellow you've borne a long grudge against. "Toujours le scandale" in these first rows, a policeman is usually on duty during the performances. Patronage is exclusively Moslem boys and young men, with a heavy demand for American westerns and horror-pictures: Steiger's Al Capone (pronounce the final "e") after a run at one or two other houses, became a "hold-over sell out" at the Capitol, and ended, far beyond any competition, our city's Most Discussed this year.

Most expensive theatres (250 frs) are the Mauritania in Rue Samuel Pepys and the Lux, Rue du Mexique, the French Quarter. French films or films dubbed in French - if one's never heard bedraggled American cowboys in a shot-up saloon rattle at elegant Parisian French semantical shock awaits at the Mauritania or Lux. The Paris, center of Rue de Fez, runs, logically, Spanish or Spanish-dubbed films; as Ciné Cervantes of Ville Espagnole with kifsmoke in the balcony. Ciné Americano (Arc des Postes frame of the medina) tolerates same though innumerable Défense de fumer's essay pretense at otherwise; and, is innocently indiscriminate,

will grind reel in any tongue, single requisite, that they're really never too good. Theatre of the Emsallah is second-run, as we begin thinning pursewise may begin enjoying the Mauritania's fare for 65 frs. Enfin, Le Roxy in Rue Fernando du Portugal and El Goya on his namesake's alternate French and Spanish-speaking showings; the latter errs occasionally, books English-dialogues, deserts the cashieress to unwitting protestress against verity of same.

Invariably, triple screenings each day at each of these noted thirteen houses in Tangier: commence sans falter or proffered excuse precisely at 17:00, 19:15, and 22:00 o'clocks. -And so, shall we set aside a rendez-vous will edify at the cinema?

(Their advertisements compose as imperative a feature of our city-study as the theatres themselves or the best they offer. Usually one and a half by three-fourths metres wide, posters quarry from some two score cynosure-walls throughout the French Quarter and medinas. We're assured of encounter on our most brief, most diverted of promenades; and as sands sift these notices, displaced on an average twice per week, are framed sturdily sharper and sharper toward crucial focus:

These constitute the single accountably altered entity in a unique society persistently courting change - albeit from stucco position in conservation of a structure a thousand yearstanding, changeless as even one other extant hypothesis may never boast.

Just what, therefore, is their meaning so teasingly winking from the sketched smiles behind letterings in Arabic, French and Spanish? Gentlemen, some succinct conception, or some life-length discursory soul, in the grand original tradition of the first cinema, is being baited against the giveaway - a Jack-in-the-box of an innate dunce.)

In me black, me big dark, not got whatchfor lookit, for been seein thing. But them thing been endin, got same-same evra man vera almos much them thing been endin. You listen this story:

One day in the Coffee Tugeni I'm askhim Mark, Hey, whatchoo think the Englishmens? Ain't got no zib between legs? Him be plenty cold, no? An folks American also, yass?

Whatchfor you been sayso? him ask.

Evraones got know that: Englishman folk an American him make the business once, think maybe two time by one year.

Daz d'accord, Mark say for me, him got time make a greatest countries in wholworld between him make the business. An zo, whatchoo got him here in diz countra? You been makit the olt business allnight allday, niki, niki, niki, niki - an you ain't got here nothin else. Jist lotta zibs you been call minarets all over you mosque. Fuck-fuck, dazzall.

(Aye mah! I'm been jist playin wid Mark, I'm no thinkit him gonna talk too much.) I'm say, Hey I'm think you talk too much you shuthim up now: tettoi!

Yass, I'm be sorry, he's say, I'm be vera sorry, vera sorry cause I'm no meanit: I'm writin for letters now an I'm not been know of think two thing for one times, makit mistake wid tongue.

Daz d'accord, I'm tell him, me not know you writin. Zo me vera sorry also. You go write him letter now.

Bon. I'm finish. -Merde! Hey gottem flies allyear dizplace?

Maybe not gottem in winter.

When in winter?

Jist one month, two months now. Whatchoo say, you not likehim the flies?

Merde - no!

Him nothin, I'm say and laugh. Hey, Mark, whatchoo got wrong?

Nothin.

You no say "nothin". I'm can tell you got somethin wrong. You comin sittin in the coffee, no been smokin, talkin, nothin. Where's you friend Hamid?

Don't know. I'm not see him too much. Jist down at Clinica Española for takhim epicure every morning. After that, not see him too much, you know?

You have one fight, maybe?

No, nothin.

You takhim epicure too?

You betcha. Some doctors him tell me I'm too skinny.

Hey, lemme feelhim how you skinny, Chico! I'm say and feel Mark's leg and start pinchin it.

Ça suffit, monseigneur, him say gigglin a little.

Chico, how many years you got? And I'm pinch he's zook good.

Quelle audace inambiguë! And Mark's makit a noise like he's get up and gettin to leave.

Hey, monsieur, comment-allez vous,en? I'm say.

Je m'en vais bien, him answer. Then him laugh and him sit down again. We been sit quiet for a little, jist together, then I'm ask, What hotel you gotchoo now?

Hotel Erraha. "Repose"- no? Repose of Sindbad. I'm got plenty repose all day long lone. Wait, wait, wait, for that tabun ding emuk passport.

You always all lone?

Mark's not answer that. Instead, him say: You givit me one lesson in Arab now. First, what's a luwhad?

Oh, him been someone who's follow a little boy what's got him face pretty same-same a flower. And him follow, follow, follow jist finally till troun! - him gethim.

And what's a hahcess?

Him the one that got to get on he's stomach for the luwhad, I'm say, and I'm laugh.

And a zemel?

Same-same hahcess. Maybe him one little more worse than hahcess. Him go round with everyone, takit money for he's zook.

Then I'm ask Mark how he say luwhad in English. Queer, him say.

And hahcess?

Also, queer.

Jist one word? I'm say, hows come that?

Don't know.

Thats one thing very strange. A luwhad and a hahcess got be two different mens.

Tellit to the English, Mark's say, I'm not make him up that lingwoe.

Jist then someone he's come in the coffee. Everyone's get plenty quiet. I'm not hear one noise. Who come in the coffee? I'm ask Mark. Mark takit away my sebsi real quick

and he say, A policeman. We keep talkin English like nothin's happen, yass?

You not worry, I'm say, you jist been stay here you sit with me.

But after nobody he's say nothin for a long time and Mark's tell me the policeman been sittin outside whatchin everyone. You come: we go for one walk, Mark's say. But when we get out the coffee the policeman's call Mark in English. You English? him say.

I'm hear Mark start one long talk, and he's voice change, it got a noise like he's been afraid. Him sound soon like very small small chico. Him tell the policeman all the people Moroccan in the coffee been he's friends. Then the policeman say lets go to nicer coffee, and Mark takit my hand and we go to one very not-cheap French coffee on Rue du Mexique. But the policeman pay for everyone. Mark must to think this good cause him make the policeman buy three coffees for everyone. After the policeman say him walk with Mark home so no one catch him. And Mark say in my ear: This police fella been one luwhad. I'm tell him, Here, takit my hand and you no worry nothin.

Then I'm lead him Mark and the policeman around in all the little funny streets like Murillo and Rubens and Balmes, around and around cause I'm know all the way by my heart. And the policeman he's not say nothin for a long time and I'm know he's plenty thinkin bout where I'm takhim and finally he's get afraid. Him say, Good night, see you other time, and I'm hear he's steps beatit. Then I'm laugh and Mark he's laugh and we walk after to Hotel Erraha

and nobody's make any trouble.

You tellim to me quick when someone wants touchit you, I'm say to Mark when I'm leave him at the hotel. You jist tellim me and I'm catchim that guy, maybe he's not touchit no one after.

A baroquely ornate fireplace with gilded lion-claw side-irons and meticulously blocked blackbrick ceiling . . . . a shovel is leaning against the outer wall, poised, ready; the red and yellow flames burst roomward in quick, full roseclusters, withdrawing to a wilt just as suddenly, under the soot ceiling . . . . snuffed out into passages beyond . . . . is Tangier . . . . walk downward on the steep dirty beach, grey-brown sand and black pebbles, keeping the black, gigantic derrick and coal bin at a suspicious glanced-at distance to the left, paralyzed, monstrously silent derrick of childhood . . . . the Port de Pêche and the Voiliers to the left, the never decisively-scanned, the resistant and unintegrated; European, unactionable phallus of the West . . . . and the beach curves rightward toward Staten Island, the forever ferry, Malabata Point, Monkey Mountain , Gibraltar, Spain, and France . . . . is Tangier . . . . is the deserted Tabac factory somewhere south of Souani and near the deserted arenas, deserted, deserting, the southern, eastern, always Western suburbs

of the civilization . . . . for the Casbah . . . . water pails icily full and difficultly lifted by skinny urchin arms, and filling Fuente Nueva from the windows of its myriogreen cafés, the rich holy voice of Abdel Halim Hafez, the medina, regally equeried (on the immeasurably ubiquitous, all-seating song) leading the Oued-Aharden market of veils and seven veils and million veils toward the Casbah . . . . at the end of the slope, full quarter-mountain round to the north, Rue Maimuni jumps forward in six yard steps of twenty-five even whitestone rows, under touch-with-your-fingers overhanging second stories, and through brief tunnels of stucco dwellings, up toward Rue Amrah, within the Casbah . . . . donkeys file along carrying bundled branches of the first Phoenician foresters, into the Place Amrah, the small spotless square that all cul-de-sac ruelles eventually announce the return toward, out of where all cul-de-sac alleys and finalities crucible forth as from an ecstatic never tampered-with Place of House, (house among colonies and ruins), where an unpreoccupied shopper converses in eternity with the owner of the small tabacco store, preoccupied only as with ecstatic attention, where youngsters toss bottle-tops into checkers, where young Douiri auburn-haired, green-eyed Berber Pharoh over the pitiably, too-glibly tongued Moses, pauses on his route to school, will even risk arriving there late, in order to salute you and respect-payingly, patiently, though somehow unable to conceal a Koranic regret, make inquiries: where, of what, or for whom are you looking . . . . One day, I will show you all the

oueds, all the lanes and turn-tos and tiny streets of the Casbah: today I have school; I will set our common parents, Ham and Abraham, along with their pristine legacy, before your Inscrutable eyes - every secret and scrutable mystery of Oriental light to which your immediate fathers were the deviate thought and blind heart; you will refill our common eyes with the thinking of your heart - your lapse into wondering aberration is since you enjoy it, is as it should be: is as it should be since you enjoy it: I have school today; purchase the inviolability of your dreams at the incontestable price of the crucible of your soul, and - I must leave you alone, and go to school now - stand victoriously riant before their Object, when you helplessly surrender up Its victory . . . . Douiri in the center of the Place de la Kasba, in the center of the victory amenable to both our birthrights; the twenty-nine black bronze cannons, carried from their Bordj-es-Salaam defense of the Straits to the silent rain-forest gardens of the Mendoubia, are somehwere directly to the left of him; to his left on the Place is the Palace of the Sultan and beside it, the city prison - with the regal appendage lending its whitewashed walls identical titular honor, i.e., the "Second Palace of the Sultan"; and the Bit-el-Mal where money once made the malaise of difference, and the Small Mechouar of the meeting out of the Pacha's savagely discriminate justices, are safely to the left of him . . . . but Douiri was born in the Casbah . . . . and can he see the unpainted Dungeon of the Pacha Sidi Abdellah staunchly uncrumbling, century-defiantly Real on his due right . . . . I may

walk with him under the restaurant of the sea, its charges so still, so calm, they are almost non-consumant, and then celebrate our bright sun of the North Gate drive, the Bab Haha, until we reach his acquittal of the Casbah, on the Rue de la Kasba, at the Door of - this time remaining - Fortifications . . . . door fortified - it's inalterably conclusive (no matter how much it gives Two the half-truth, Douiri) - against Entrance . . . . but of course, your youth, and quite possibly the East, exonerate you; will you remember, vanishing boy, no such benison may ever be visited upon your brother, your self's image, similarly unforgetful of his parents Ham and Abraham . . . . unsatisfactory and cruelly frustrating, silent return that I kept a more accurate count on my fathers during a same-aged youth: the first hope is the Palace of the Sultan with some proximity to a claim of Divine comprehension, the last hope a proximity to that - the Second Palace of the Sultan, edifies, mostly for himself, every at his stomach-wit's end free man in the city - and, as the Observers agree, I am the most consistantly shackled of us all, trustworthy turnkey of my every confining ambition and accompanying fear, we may yet arrive, yes, on natal proximities to the last hope, we, my strange brother, my womb-mother, my thought of father, my someday son, could possibly, I hazard no more than possibly, yet, intuitively and simultaneously, absolutely voluntarily, continents apart, a million milleniums of mind apart - PUT great sharp permanent javelins in both our pitiful legs - and Sit Down, sit, sit forever down . . . . in that Together . . . . alleys of the Casbah are together, the cul-de-sac most of all . . . .

a rivulet street-maze just behind the Door of the Atlantic, deserted on the high sand by multiplecombers in present retreat down the mountain of the medina, following after serpently bottles then breaks every dozen steps, many rope loops swagger and cross, threads of a tassel, chaosed, stepping briskly . . . . that I have always loved; the stairs of the eternal city build my mind I climb upon: tidal waves of Gamal Nasser, Asiatic annexations, the glories of France - tidals and quakes of its suicidal chauvinism beset the naked Moroccan coast yet the billion cobblestones are still not broken and scattered that Moroccans placed in hard earth with their ten fingers, made of their fingers, of their nails, skin, smudged with their immortal prints - buildings, yard-thick walls, cinquefoil arabesques brick up their ghosts, the Great Congregation continuous sitting, whole history of mankind I have always loved, I have you in the houses . . . . long beyond the eyes of any face I shall move in my artery of street, stepping up to decline on the finger-placed cells of my flesh . . . . vital, never distracted participant, I have walked the streets many cunnings of time, am leased to walk forever participant, permanent . . . . the lights go out in all the lanes of the Casbah; a squall borne from the West, night, hiatus of blackness; back to a wall, slide down and squat on the cobblestones; flashes of white haik strip the street . . . . go the uncertain minutes of night, go growing plausible . . . . night sundials to the century of the end . . . . when the Casbah comes dimly, blinkingly back, the trance of the Wazir's daughter is simulated in what it is recreating

. . . . listen, City at terrible large, heat lightning of the squall sans rain, no deaths of all your daughters in succession shall rescind the wedding I build on every and there is among men another tale or and men also relate . . . . you have presented me death with specific plausibility as no other place in our mutual hour dare, but beyond it sundials push a caping circumference of long, isolated, squatting, unburied night, and the fear you fashioned of me, you shall see, is of that; until one or the other of us is leveled as is each prop and character of the tales continuing, or I have my victory in marriage, Tangier, I shall say on this wedding and all the kingly grooms of the wall embracing me in their immortal stone, say every detail on long past the desert-dry dumbness of my tongue and the last deaf audience that's into its invisibility grown . . . . I have endured in worse states; détaché, comme le peau d'un français . . . . all the lanes and turn-tos, as you were saying Douiri, to the last tiny oued-walk, yes, you were saying . . . .

I told him he can't come drinking with the others. If he comes he will have to pay for everycne. Besides, it could only make bad for more people to see us together. They would start asking questions, particularly the customs

officials. It is enough that half the French Quarter is talking about us - we'll soon be in the ears of the police. They will want to know who my little friend is, and why he is my friend, and they will come around me, each smiling policeman like a franc in my pocket that I can not spend.

And he asks me to stay in the room with him. He wants us to talk. What is there to talk about? All my life I've always jumped up as soon as I woke in the morning, and dressed and left immediately, no matter where I was. I could never sit still for even a half hour in a closed room. And now he wants me to stay with him. Who stayed with him before me? A man must go alone, and a man knows how to go alone. That is more important for the both of us to realize now than it is for almost anyone else. He's always telling me what to do, and especially when he really doesn't know anything about the situations. What would he do without me - my God! what would have happened to him by now. I can talk to him a little when I go back to the room at night, when we're in bed and I'm tired and a little drunk and can talk - but that's all. Besides, we'll have plenty of time for just the two of us being together after we get on that boat. I won't know anyone else in the world then.

Wasn't it he who asked that we go down on the beach that first night? What was he thinking of? I would've been happy just to keep walking around.

Psss! Moi, je l'ai niki beaucoup de temps.

And they still sing Mustapha, that stupid Algerian War song:

"Tu m'allumé avec une allumette
Et tu m'as fait perdre la tête:
Yah Mustapha yah Mu-ou-stapha enna ahay-buk..."

I can hear Mark singing it. (I can hear Mark's screams!) I'll go to a café - or Bar Tarek and drink a little, forget .... I shall go to the room, he goes to the bars, and drink a little - or a lot, yes, maybe a litre. A litre's a lot in such a short time: half hour of a completely empty stomach. What loud noise in a silent room, very silent empty hotel, sick green high and empty as a prison. Now, it's time for a walk. Bigblackstainworn corduroy jacket, big, swirling as a cape. The street is a new nervework of electric light. How did I get in the street? I am going to see Hamid. -I see our young nurse. Arrête, Petite! You're so pretty, you're so concerned, you're curiosity and so jealously concerned, interferring French nurse, or Spanish nurse, lady of Madrid, Paris, and New York. Yet, there are many kinds of love .... He seems to be quite drunk .... There is love of drink. He is drunk. There's love of this city to which I am bound by guilt, its sidewalks, its windows, the lights, all the European people passing. Yes, I am bound by complicity in that crime of their maintenance. He is drunk. There's love of your pretty grey-green eyes. Hazel eyes? He is drunk! There is love of a man for another .... He is drunk. Listen, you are drunk: I am late. Good night .... Now, just what are the two of them doing there? He's annoying her. Monsieur, this girl

is my cousin, leave her alone .... But I know her. She's my nurse. She is responsible for me. Please, allow her to leave. Listen, of what crime are you guilty? You must listen to me, you must stay with me, I'm always alone. He won't allow me to go out: he forces me to live alone. But you are drunk now. So guilty, so very guilty also. I merely, merely wish to speak to her. Good night! Monsieur, good night .... Monsieur, monsieur monsieur monsieur monsieur monsieur miscaféer Tudgenier well, well. And here's Hamid, Mohammed-Hamid .... Mark! .... Just look how drunk Mark is, aye mah! - and Hamid angry! And he'd better get him out of here. We can't have anyone that drunk in Tugeni's. For God, how drunk he is, ha .... No, let go of my hand I'm not coming I tell go leave taking come you me alone whatever home I you home come I must you come home I'm free to won't come I let me a lone that you go with you.

Hamid sits on the drawn sheet leaning windowward on his right arm, a triangle of fiery roomspace isoscelesed by jellaba based by furrowed bedcover hood shuttered over head that inch or half of pallid profile: some classic Rembrandt, Pontius Pilate or other. Watch him from Socratic You-cause-a-thought's-miscarriage suspension from cisterns of unbottled Chaudsoleil, my so thoroughly dynamic but Aristophanian view: also speech: I'm now laboring to win your comprehension that you can not leave me to myself any more. I do not understand French, he announces from between his Berber-brown eyes. You must not leave me alone... Yes? I am going to leave you. Leave me? - you leave me? How ridiculous. I am going to leave you for good, yes, for always, now, going to leave you. -No one leaves me if I do not wish him to, NO ONE! do you hear? Try to: you are this pieced heart your lightest eyes my skin ten prints our fake French words -

not possible for any man to desert that... He stands in angry, formeddismissal, comes at his exit. Plant stiffly at angle of his forward leg: I have purchased your life! your life belongs to me. He yanks me closer, I sink my left hand, a grappling iron into his face twists his features to a molted whorl from five furrows of flesh. -I own you, I own your face! Faceward, heelward, spinning toward the table the tile floor of womblike hammocks of ease let me lie here on the floor, oh, let me lie, lie. Hahzhi - why should you lose your face? Yellahtif, he's hitting his face on the tile floor, again, again. Pull him to his feet, succeed putting him on the bed. He jumps up, tears on my jellaba. Insane, wild as a bouailie. I clamp his thin shoulders in my fists and ram my forehead at his - wedging away that struggling second meets my forehead at the bridge of his nose. Stops... stops back sinks over the covers with an eery anchor; in a careful, pressed moan.

Yes, this dream shall be short and sober: short since I lack postage for over my single page, sober: I've momentarily misa placed an health for the pipe; while your characteristic logic, far from finding pipe a father, is loosened intoeversomany finer intricacies of our own 360° in direction. Fashion warm and so hirsute and callused and strong in this room thanks opening out your room to me... Much, more, more, much, in room; yet I must try to imagine the little of it. Continuous dull pressure over the heart and lungs; hopeful series of Fool's heartattacks with simultaneous rush-in amounting to I could actually be, yes oh yes, just that easily "excused". Yes, Hail Mark Fullofgrace. Mark Merrick-Crane boy with the convenient double name and his inconvenient choice of either, employ half following example of family members, its forehyphen or aft, utilize whole, express

ambiguity, his double soul: rib-cage may cut some vital organ, blood splatters with a lump plush from the organ at bay like warm water from a tested rubber sac through a sink of kidneys and pelvis, snotcloths of sogged intestines, girgle circle and black whirlclone into a pipe vertical under our city... Is a shadow searching beside, over me. You've come back - or never left; thanks for opening out your room to me... Daily injections to improve the armor of my marrow against it, the world, your room in the Outside, resumed extraphysical exercises in the pages of Olympia Press; always carry thumb-thick cylinder of pills nothing other than insidious potency to kill pain, full of grace, collapse the room, also something to facilitate breathing, instructions in Arabic; psychosomatic tensions tremored at first bouquet of smoke, disagreeable idea, mild dispute, charge across the grade B screen and in alliance with so many months of kifsmoke have plucked myself to jurisdiction of horrendous palpitations - first as if my heart would burst like a dirigible of burning blood, second as a keen cleaver neatly halved then quartered it the sections arcing circumferencewise and rocking several times on the loud wooden table. You are back a second time? (Is this the second time?) I recognize you: you're a Room. Father. How much you would try denying it! Incredible archaic fidelity, what a backlog of the world: you are very strong: I fought you with education. And you behave as if there were no difference between us. I know I know, there isn't. I always act that way too - from my cradle attending upon your reward... So if he's to recover or remain disabled permanently is not yet known. Day-a-friend as I don't know what else to name him - I'll name him permanently Mohammed-Hamid ben Absalom el Khatabe - despite the

appendix I wrought is on the street right now about to mulct his life for me a fourth time: the Devil rode beside me the second time in that (he squandered, we were late) taxi to l'Hôpital français: when it's a matter of being blind, I can be at that unAbsalom blind; and really psychosomatic condition lowest raising of his voice against me my heart becomes that unspared anvil, while he without me a single day would know his own grave's ill-liberty. Can not imagine a manner for getting out of here; were you pulling someone's third leg when you named Tangier "safe" city for tourists? Am almost reclused at this Moslem hotel, leave mornings only for the hospital and Post Office, do my shopping, am almost, God's truth, out of cash .... Here is the key. No, you keep it, you'll need it to get in later. Listen, can I have 500 francs? Let me look in my valise. Give me the key to the valise. But I can look myself. -You still don't trust me? Here: I trust you for 5,000: it's the only note I have. Thanks; you're certain you won't need the door-key? -you'll be locked in. No: please keep it yourself .... Señor Romano is the Devil... There, yes, a deep, dull pain top of my eyes, on the T of my brow. Hangover will be my termination .... But no one owns my life. No man ever hit my face before, never like that, in all my life: how did I allow some one do something like that how have I let this American - it is deep inside me hand is inside my face under my eyeskin firing the bone of my skull; and have to do some a thing some thing to pull it off to yank out rain on this fire or I'll be insane. Boulevard's on fire Mahjoubi says to the Boulevard for a wife d'Espagne for a husband de la Liberté on black fire, brown. Cambio light, stationery store lights, my Mark's stores criss-cross this gutter on blue and orange flame

of where's a wine store? - for God, for God, I must do some thing, I must - crime. A crime. I will destroy Mark. And I must, yes. Because he lets me sleep with him. All this all this because his bed is mine. My love is mine. He must die. Must. I do not want - then, so, I will .... Coming before our class of conspirators (co-aspirants, lash-whippers on) I curry attention in long drawn thread between my five fingers and marking pencils toward the front of the room; open with a rhetorical question; give the great lesson: "What matters TO YOU? Such the evented, dear Children of King, when they lift sword and shelve it against your windpipe. (Reaction of the save-us first row: 'Save us!') Such is conversion of we who do not wish for life when they desire to slay us. (Reaction in all-ignorant last row: 'When do we go to field?') Next lesson schedules how prevail when they intend slaying every one other than you. What matters to you? (Applause.) So, to sum up, again, extraordinary particularity of Marrib, is, you are as never before, alone, externally alone, for hitherto merely inwardly, be at liberty a mileage of months to retell the world an unbreakable iamb of English, as The Creator His creation The Creator's-Continuing from His moment of in the beginning was the word let there be light till now distinctly on this bus staring through windows telling the countryside but as markedly in long lone conversation of these streets and cafés hours every day in café of only Moghrebi telling the idlers and servicers over and over and over and over and over again and again in English in English words names of every street inexplicable inexhaustible directors Virgils or screaming Prophets of Memory. And, did you, then, ever lose faith in yourself? Because there are only colors have sunlight in

them now: blue, happily greenish gowned, not brown. I lose faith in myself every day."

The door is locked.

A locked room. Can rinse some clothes in the sink. Soon the cheerful figure of a little girl appeared to him. She was called Sandra and was about nine years of age; himself was one more year. Around the neck she wore a red silk handkerchief; that was becoming to her hazel eyes. And this bar-maid smiles and fills my ninth glass of wine. To your heart's desire, I toast taking it in a long single down. Getting harder to see exactly, this bar-maid. Hahzhi, let me buy three bottles of Chaudsoleil. Look, you can't believe me, here's the money: I have 5,000 franes tonight. Eyes grow big on his note. Mark, she cried, we have a holiday, holiday! The whole day no school and tomorrow also none. Because the American has been good to me. But you speak bad of me - or you're thinking bad right now Liayla Bargirl. The American is better than the Moroccans. And you - you are not fit to talk of him - pig! - you are not fit to have his name on your tongue. His name Mark. Mark, Mar. Mark placed the slate, that he already under his arm had, quickly under the front door, and then both children ran through the house into the garden and through the gardengate out into the meadow. The unexpected holiday came most opportunely for them. Mark had here with Sandra's help a house from pieces of sad to build; but it was locking the bench. Now they went gladly to work; nail, hammer, and the necessary boards lay already at hand. Meanwhile Sandra ran along the embarkment and gathered the ring shaped seeds of the wild mallow in her apron; she wanted to make chains and necklaces of them for herself; and when Mark finally in spite of many crooked driven nails had

afterall his bench finished and now stepped out again into the sun she already was walking farther away at the other end of the meadow. Then taking the other, the second, finish it back of the gardenwall. It is good; or not so good; who cares? The gardenwall of El Minzah. Nobody's there, now, middle of the night. The other, the last bottle, for later for soon, but a some where else. I shove it under my belt, could have hid it easier under my jellaba but I leave that alone in Tugeni's so I'm not hindered, step out from back of the wall back onto the dark street. My dear Mark, I have well received your letter express and I am not angry at all; I must only tell you that all you write is very late. For I am moving to day as the moving day is a real American. I have not time to wait you for explain the reasons for what I leave your house but I will be here some soon day for tell you. Soon very soon some day; to day to night this night: moving slowly along the street. Street with a name same that word on Mark's postage-stamp: Liberté. Downstreet, for the medina, but perhaps I have stay some things like that shirt you have in B'klyn; I will take when I come. Even when I come by so much wine the pain is still here, now, now it stays there, in my side; so I hope you are fine, line, dine, mine - f-I-ne. FINE. FIne. Fine wash clothing in the sink, an idea; shit in the empty Omo box. Have to shit. In a locked room; have to walk even move more slowly then; what's the reason of walking or running, even moving any more? ...for a crime. Or might sing something - anything head remembers... Funny how recall almost no songs, embarrassing when asked to oblige with piece from the oldcountra. Usually make do with I'll be down to get you in a taxi, honey: tu m'allumé avec une allumette. To Saint Lazare, please. Yes, all this way from

Le Harve can still hear him singing. Hear him now, here on the street, now, now, when it happens. And, so, then - now: it happens! -So dust last few flakes out of the Omo carton and set it on the tile floor. Pull apart the abscissa and ordinate, squat. Last humorous final situation I'm likely to register; rest will be hysterically funny; femme hystérique; or hysterical: sits down and eats the chicken like tomorrow is prohibition on food; tip-toe on the bed, unsash shutter, peering out: a Moroccan with Spanish lady, some species of argument under the window: she's drunk, telling him to leave her alone she could go with better than he; pass slowly by, deeper into the Emsallah - he's certain to register his ambition; a full hot carton left corner of the outside windowledge, steam taking essence of my anguish into this rainy autumn dawn and he still is not back. Shall he ever come? It is hour after hour though watch (wristwatch) stopped: be locked in here forever? climb topless stonesteps plunge over their unbottom infinity? storied step of Notre-Dame memorized in elevators redanger retrap here in this room - estimate drop from the window to the alley: a fall of 28ft. or a rainpipe against the buildingside right of me, the quick corner of Brazil, just far of escapereach. I'm going to jump .... To know that I do to drink not to forget I never forget to not understand French to forge and force Mark's bed be mine. And I understand that this Spaniard wants me to leave his bed this is about to happen: here: to know;;;;;;;; I move now down on a sunlit street, on the too perfect curving curb of our sidewalk .... That woman shouting vulgarly at the turn of the alley: Combien de temps j'ai niki cette femme! (a girl in photos frontface of Nightclub Scherharazade, corner of Portugal, in eyefilling bellydancing regalia) après elle a

quitté moi. I will have to jump. In a locked room. Wash: la Liberté. Walked slowly, watching the figure of a little girl that appeared to him: what is this Spanish dog staring years of age? Himself was ten. A light. Quiero niki como Romano. Was becoming to her hazel eyes turned toward a dark store bending so as to mark, she cried, that we have a holiday. Saw the Spaniard walking slowly tomorrow because of this pain in my side. I was already marked; placed the slate I thought he wanted from me - why is he stop: then both children ran. I gave him a full box of matches. He struck for the gardengate and out into meadows. The eyes; he is dark; I saw for them. Mark had here, with Sandra's eyes madonna blue, under they want to live in there in his summer bordered short brow, came in a now they went gladly to work. Meanwhile Sandra ran along its bottom on the storefoot-metal shape seeds of the wild mallow in her matches. At first I couldn't find any. It laces them for herself deep in my front pocket. Became nervous, nails had afterall his bench in my face when he smiled and winked, was walking farther away matchlit at back and forth on his face. My dear Mark I received your hard metal; the moving day is real American eyes my God: your face I have not time to wait for exflesh turns in a shrieking mask, a room - but I will be here some soon daying squads of sea. And I can't see that perhaps I have stay some things run down over his shirt - but will take when and sleeves. Red for I hope you are line; dine mine into the fiery light.

Dine we the others on kine. Kine: this, Mohammed-Hamid and Mark, shall always know, for they AM our permanence: Mark knows for me; Hamid knows for myself; in my father's Tangier are many mansions: this, then, are room Abraham-Ham will history, is in Ham-Abraham's last memory:—

Rue de la Liberté runs from Place de France somepletely S twisted horseshoe slanted at the Grand Succo. Formerely Rue de la Statut (and Tangier's hotel most renown, El Minzah) the restriction converted to freedom with independence, as you, passing from Western to Eastern domination in the city, even as he on this street now .... saw the Spaniard (hahcess like Romano) cut diagonally across intersection of Amérique du Sud and de la Liberté: he looked in all the store windows pretending, at that ridiculous hour, to be leisurely strolling. As he stopped at each window he turned his profile slightly and strained at unconcealing peeks at me .... filled the sink with icy night water and plopped a handful black socks, my long torn white scarf, then blue shirts through the surface. Pressed them down and soaked them rubbing the colored articles together furiously. Not too many was finished in a short time; wrung them out in vein-strained fists; hung them on the towel rack .... He moved along the descent of Rue de la Liberté as an angel might a turn of golden stairs. I desired union with him: he was, indeed to be final figure seen, that angel transports from nighttime to day everlasting .... bed; table; chair; closet; sink; dirty towels; wet clothes; dry clothes, jacket, blankets, sheet, shoes, me, here - where? Where here? where am I? where is this? do I know I am going mad? God, my mind that was strong - am I, I a, a a, can not stay here: I'll have to jump. Can not stay here - or stay STAY SAY, SHATTERED, SHATTERED, FLUNG, SHEAVE, CALL, EYE! PLANFANISEEEEEEEEE SHEAVE Freightedummac reeesheego patch-foe a a a a wha hutt teft foe so towsending soastoooooooooooooooo0000000 0000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000 is it because you hastend very worriedly to insane oh all these years, hastened, hastEND - but that doesn't help. Let's see, a,

a a, let's see: care and distance and suspicion of my days are you the only one to ever FOR YOU help me - was afraid of, of of course of course, all pleas of linguistic orientation! and tried so hard because assure me that such of being afraid of where is English where I confessed it to now I am still know: we let you help me, my mind, I said I know because oh God I've feared a a a long certainly was everyone's hinting thousands of tongues - you a a you were I AM LISTENING understand what I am deaf of= silly - is no English now I was going I am going to mad MAD, ADMMMM! AMDH! DMAAAAAAAAAAA! DMA! DMA! MY, MAD, MAD, MY, MIND, MIND, MIND, MIND! MIND! MINE, MINE, MY..... MY..... my? mine? mine????? mind?..... minds.....thinks.....my.....— - - - - saw a Moroccan stepping down de la Liberté - he walked very slow, watching me as he passed. He is quite fine looking .... I turn away, bend low, loosen the wine bottle from under my belt .... strange Arabian angel he is: figure on a mountain-tower .... is this Spanish dog staring at me? Why? Es maricón. So he wants a light. Quiero niki como Romano. Young man: thirty-five or so. I turned away toward a dark store front, bending low so as to loosen the bottle from under my belt .... saw this Spaniard walk slowly toward me - I was walking slow because of the pain in my side. And crazy with fury as never in my life! What does he want from me, I thought, why is he stopping me? Then he asked for a light: I gave him a full box of matches. He struck one and, with a womanish smile, passed it teasingly back and forth on the level of my eyes, very close .... he is dark, fine looking. I saw him stepping quite carefully toward me: eyes of madonna blue under thick, nightblack lashes, a mass of ravencurls bordering his short brow coming in a quick, tight diadem around the sides of temple .... slipped the Chaudsoleil bottle, any matches? out

from under my belt and smashed its bottom against the storefoot metal .... I reached into my pocket and felt for matches. At first I couldn't find any. It took me some time: I pushed my hands down deep through my pockets. I became nervous, I began to shake. He was moving that matchlight in my face; then, he smiled; and winked. So this is what he wants? I crossed the lit fósforo from left to right over his features and smiled at him. His beauty shadowed and caverned at featured-point. I b-bent, shattered - I shatter, shatter the bottle on the hardfoot metal swung the flood of black wine up at him b-bassshh-slashed slashed the splinterglass bottom across that face, once! twice!! EEEEEEEEEEAAAH-MY-EYES!!! My EYES, My GOD! My EYes! Eyesacks spurted bloodring from ten tears of open face, molted-together into a shrieking mask, Shriek all cyclonic wars, these firing squad of sea. I can't see, I can not SEE!! His eyes fell out on the ground - his face ran linedown in blood over the torn shirtfront the blood carrying his flaked skin-pieces to his neck cuff and stripped-off sleeves. City, Volubilis, went red with screaming - pulled clouds maroon-broke their rain in to fiery light. I twisted backwards, ankle knotted with shrieks.

...waiting on the bed, exhausted struggling with the lock an hour, tried opening it every possible pin and wire. Sober now, fatigued beyond configurating. Both aid easing the anguish, lower it carefully on the cold floor. Had been throughout the night intermittently conscious ENfollied what accompanies losing mostcommonplace intelligences helplessly one following one till same consciousness becomes itself slipped intelligence with the waring hours, lie finally, limp, inutile, half on the bed half on cold floor. I jumped to the curb and signaled a taxi. My breath caught, preventing instructions to the driver for more

than three minutes. But luckily, part of the 5,000 francs still remained. I pressed my thighs together: it was peculiar, they were shaking, almost painful from a need to love.

Before the taxi turned onto the Boulevard, quick glimpse of police rushing up from Amérique du Sud. I got out at Tugeni's, took my jellaba off the counter floorshelf, then retreated to that usually empty café across from the Boulevard Post Office. (Had any seen me, my jellaba will contradict him now.) Greywet light diffused into the room. My heart beating very fast...

After 8 in the morning I was satisfied the police discovered nothing could signify me. And watching each sidewalk, returned to our hotel: I did a crime, I told him, because of you. Right now a man's face is lying on the street I saw his eyes - for you. I am going to undress and do what I want. Then I'm leaving here: you'll never see me again. Believe that. -Please for your real God NO! fists catching the ironhead bars my teeth stained cases our long rollpillow. Like a swordfish cutting in a glove! You look insane to me, Mark, make your madness then out of my crime! Anchor, anchor... forcing deed he claims he draws from me back in to my mind.... I dressed and looked at the door; swayed a moment, supported by the edge of the table, turning backwards, fell widthwise across the covers: my unlocked door, our guilt in his appendix I punched to permanent lameness, and my promise each jot and iota was promised me.

Sleep sleep ....his RED scream the blind man's scream in a hospital for his EYES for his lost family, Mark screams .... Spaniard's screams, yes: the shrieks of Mark ....

STREET OF STAIRS

a novel

vol. III pages 401-600

Ronald Tavel
1095 East 53rd Street
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.it is the committal
is verse to
a Bible historical
difficult faith.
like hazarding of
tales it's waged
.through stratarithmetry

I was suspended between a humid, drizzling dream and limbic wakefulness which Hamid stepped noiselessly through into the room. He didn't turn on the light. Immediately, he dropped his clothes on the floor and slipped into bed. I concentrated more attention when I noticed by the low controlled gasps of his breathing something was wrong. He threw off the covers like one repelling some stifling jungle heat and sucked at the air as if oxygen itself were being held away from him. He was completely naked. I had never seen him completely naked before. He turned on his stomach with a long, frightening sob and bunched the pillow up savagely under his arms. The moonlight brushed a soft horizon along the left side of his narrow back down to his round, perfectly shaped buttocks. He fell out of

bed suddenly and coming quickly against the footirons sprang up to the window and fixed himself on the ledge, leaning almost three-quarters out in the brilliant sienna earth of his skin. So all is lost, he whispered very softly...

Then he pulled himself back with a jerk and dropped onto the bed falling squarely over me and pinning me on a steel, unnatural twist of my waist. The powerful fingers of his right hand clamped around my throat and he pressed his thumb with bewildering force against my windpipe. I could kill you now very easily you know? he cried - and I am going to kill you now, Kill You![1]

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[1]At this word the single MS. for which claims of indisputable authenticity may be held, breaks off. There is no (absolutely) defendable edition from this point until The Woman Who Had a Boy and the Other, etc., attributed to Abu al-Ayna, the following and final relation in Night cdxxiv. The circumstance, regrettable as it is, must be dismissed as total loss; except for the peradventure opportunity it provides us with to take my co-labouring associates at one of their collectively most unguarded moments: how each handles this missing original is good an example as any, and better than many, of how each aproached the major portion of his renditions. To begin with, since the narration involved treats at various places of subject which may diffidently be called hygienic, it comes no great surprise that Lane, Lamb, and Scott as Herren Habicht and Weil along with Messrs. Gauttier, Galland, and Caussin de Perceval, have readily, and to a man, utilized literature's loss to omit what little it has maintained. Of those who essayed the preservations, Payne alone merits regard for his modest, but quite accurate delivery of the paucity such as we have inherited it. Von Hammer, on the other hand, confronted with a "contaminated commencement," proceeds to turn the neat trick of "a slave-boy called Muunis who was superior to her fellows," into "a slave-girl called Muunis, etc.," and so make from there his departure cleanly arrowed at his nationals' kindly-permissive acceptabilities. Zinserling, actually incapable of the bi-sex name (vol.i. xxiv, ex., the eunuch's woman-like spite, et seq.) omits titles and is humbled to exchanging "and to boot an accomplished poet," for "how lovely are the poetess' feet in shoes"; an inexplicable plagarism, compounded by what is more, beyond-disavowance, use of second-tongue originals. Lastly, Trébutien being courageous where his predecessors fail to, faces the gender as it, very unfortunately, is; and ends on the moral note: "Now he knew this before, so he bowed his head!"; which I find quite exacting and precise a translation as can be managed - except in the minor flaw that what we possess of the demi-MS., brief as be, does not end with this sentence. The present version, which I invite the concerned to compare with the original, needs, I firmly believe,

I pulled at his hand, the fingers came away from my throat almost without resistance. I inched up from under him and he settled limply on the mattress. What happened to you? I demanded, shaking him by the shoulders. A policeman saw me last night, he breathed, a policeman saw me do the crime, and he recognized me in a bar today - he's going to put me in prison.

I felt myself thrown at the center of the room! I spun around wildly with my hands shuttered against my ears: All, all, all, all, all, all is lost, I cried, all is lost, all is lost! He rushed to where I was and pressed his arms on mine, forcing me to a totter, and pulling me back on the torn sheets and pillow.

Oulidi, he stammered, mustn't become sick because of this. He must be always well for me. He is not going to prison, only I-

He held me in steel fingers. His body, steel, clamped both to singleness, to an hour late in the morning... My thoughts tilted, staggered entire time in an ever shrinking madman's jacket, and

---

but complement invitation to honestly read that of the ensuent MS. which is preserved, in those parts as relate to this (more than likely pirated) narration in question: for it was in no simpler or less fastidiously obvious way that I have reconstructed the above presentation. Thus, taking Muunis as adequately identified by his aspects of "slave" and "poet," I note such presently occurring verses as: "What sayest of he through some sickness caught, * Certes love o' thy love, etc."; and, for he concealed with the nomenclature Ali ben Mohammed ben Abdallah ben Táhir (actually Governor of Khorasan under Al-Maimun), I instance term., "An we spy us that lover suffers all ought * And mayeth, we leave to, etc.," which would answer satisfactorily the requisites of the slave-merchant subsequently turned begetter upon his slave. Furthermore, both characters thus presented through their own recitations not only are "possibly" open to, but, it seems to me, quite thoroughly necessitated toward that intersection which we later perceive, where they cross onto each the other's route and thereby, while still retaining dual identities (viz., the teller and told) become one same being. Following, then, the anticedent and conclusive material, I merely supplied that which singly seemed lacking: e.g., the actual contract in which the destroyer and destroyed (acc. our basic cadre, the told and the teller) permanently sealed their (or his) ambiguous natures.

sank at full center; enervated....

When he found speech, he set the concrete of his mason father. He announced slowly all this finally didn't count, for he knew who was going to wait. That I'd live in Morocco; attend forever.

It was true.

And fine to have not to be asked; to be beyond intelligible consent. I wrapped the blankets to keep him from shivering....

The policeman either was witness or well informed. He had said directly, You are Hamid: I know you: I saw you cut a man's eyes out of his head. And he had handcuffed and dragged him out of the bar. Moushyb, knowing the agent, went along, and declared that Hamid must not be imprisoned. The man was obstinate; still, at the station steps, perhaps because he feared Moushyb's influence, he agreed to a price of 25,000 if paid with two days.

I was afraid, Oulidi, I have never been in prison. I have never even been that near to prison. I was very afraid.

His lids were heavy and fatigued. He dressed with sad, very deliberately snailing steps. Wait, I said, we must talk.

What is there to talk about? he mumbled without facing me.

Where will you get the money? -I won't. It's the police now.

But wait-

I can't talk now, Oulidi, please let me go to the police house.

I made him sit again. He turned his eyes from me. I slipped to my knees and clasped his fists to his lap under my left palm.

Do you love me? I asked him.

He smiled his irresistible, sweet, sweet, smile of despair.

No bulwark or barrier held before it. Not even his own power of unhappiness. Dimmed, he was now lit in the itinerary of cloud.

Yes, he said; he unhinged the word to place it before me like a life's yoke one sets aside only till morning. Then lowered his

eyes once more. His mouth, thrall-dry, was slightly apart. The unpigmented quartermoon high center of the upper lip was the color of his complexion. You'll have the money tomorrow morning.

But where can you get that much money? -I promise it!

He stood on the brace of Grecian inguinal muscles, his uncut cap of raven curls Grecianly hyacinth in a shaft of museum sun light thru the high shutter. He slipped the jellaba down in soft barely breathing flutes and raised his jaw against the irate cannabis poison in his forehead arteries; a statue. His beauty.

THE BRIDE OF TYNGOS

'When Love, who sent, forgot to save
The young, the beautiful, the brave'——Byron.

To
His Teachers,
And, By A Gratefully Obliged And Regarded Friend,
To Peter Michelson, Esq., This Tale Is Inscribed, As A Slight
But Most Sincere Token Of Respect And Deepest Affection.

Canto The First

I

Seek they those banks where the olive and oranges,
That sablest the first as are bitter the last,
Doth suffice—be they sailed—is the realm that deranges
The weary of Sun shine, he wise with its Past?
Seek they, then, still where the cities are art
In a desert which Progress released, cast apart;
Where far Foum El Hassán and Assá are the south
And Zuid to Abbés move the west toward the mouth

Whence the poison'd oases now vomit black blood
And the cannon is loud o'er their slippery mud
That is mixing the life-line of Moors in their flood?
Oh! savagely cursing these soldiers now fall
With the tales they have known—and shall never recall.

II

His middle girt with sabre's gleam
At hour which men are wont to dream;
His greaves removed, were wont to guard
Against the pistol's low bombard—
Against unsecreting his slealth;
And quite divest of proper wealth
That slumberless may never guess
Seeing ill nomad-Arab dress
Abroad this late and name berate,
The young Ghilmán through garden pass'd:
A moon-round face, unblinking eye,
The soul of Gaetulian caste,
Beneath a brow of sootest dye,
O'er cheeks a dewy desert tan
Were features of the brave Ghilmán.
Then, plucking off a todra's booth,
He spied beyond: this anxious youth.

III

'To my chambers may'st come:'—o'erheard he this from
The breath of that she, he in Heaven high held—
'If willing'st to wed of a maid men have said
In her dower and form is ev'n parallel'd
By many a humbler virgin where
A virgin yet was never rare

Had shell shape ear and longer hair;
As well such limb more 'comes the night
Her groom would seal the marriage plight!'

'Love! upon my head, upon
My shoulders.'—was the orison
Which answer'd her—who jettisons
In a twinkle, hemp at lover's feet;
He fast'ning end 'neath ready stone,
For ease that Purity might cheat
The aid its means will always own,
The lover shinn'd the stiffen'd rope—
And sabre flung did end his hope!—
Had in the moon Ghilmán not spied
That face of he the ravishment vied!

Alas! for the very face be his,
And handsome form, of Wuld who is
The bosom mate most close Ghilmán:
Then sank within this Mussulman
His sicken'd heart of fellow betray'd;
Albeit innocent was Wuld
By virgin she whose lust he cull'd,
For proud Ghilmán had never laid
That motion which so strongly sway'd
His Gaetulian blood before
The sages who are Legator.
Still, howe'er with hatred he was splay'd,
Opinion much excelsior
Now yielded to: and flashing through
Night air his scimitar he cast;

Which clove the ladder clean in two,
  Plunging the suitor down aghast
To ground! Wuld, fearing Jinn-work, rose
  And hasten'd part the instant chose
Ghilmán his leave—thus, both see neither goes.

IV

Form'd, as the first that bore of second kind,
  With back to bare, and knew this though denying
'Twas so, becomes her sex or modest mind—
  Ne'er lived the man so rude he thought it lying;
Charming, and bounteous of breast, she showing
  Sufficiency might suckle Race aware,
But stead mads men, as Fate, her fools unknowing—
  Or, thrall'd, thrall-like beveiling Evils' snare;
Descent though fraught with early dead and sick,
Yet wooers had—each lost; all lunatic.

V

Strange Samiah—for that her Arabs call,
  A child sans sire, with haggish dam obscure;
And men of suit who victim fall, they fall
  Through desires own—not woman's mesmeric lure:
    Yet morn broke, gaunt Ghilmán did come
    Who, ware not whence his fury from,
    Still forthright put his stern demand:
    His name for whom her plighted hand.

  'To Arab as Wuld, to Arab whole
  Belongs that once to give, my soul!'
  Was word of she the Gaetlee craves:
  'And by thy troth and other knaves'
  Thou art from Godola of coast,

Or Gaeshtulee out East at most,
Know, therefore, I'll not marry thee
Though great in lands or Mind thou be
Ev'n proven sure for bravery
Or aught in else ought gladden me.
Thus: hence, Ghilmán, do not return!
For should thy face one here discern
Some future once, know now, thou hast—
By force of Arab, truest caste—
Ensuited, Gaetulee, thy last!'

Canto The Second

I

The western wings of Zephyr's breath
  Are racing bankward secret horror,
As 'neath that Sun when Hyacinth
Through rivalry was dash'd to death
  By soaring quoit re-toss'd to soarer.
Oh! Zephyr 'twas in envy smote:
He threw the hood of blown capote,
Then catching fond Apollo's thrust,
Return'd that disc with strength of lust,
Planting it deep in Beauty's brow
He mayn't have, may no man now.

II

The western wings in Zephyr's ride
  Shall, tilted toward a stiller main,
Be canopy'd o'er bloodier tide
  'Fore earth which welcomed Hercule sane—
To kine's three-giant tyrannicide—

Aft Hylas lost had saneness ta'en:
For now Ghilmán in madden'd lover's trance
Needs blood see shed e'er he can shield his lance!

III

Dark, dark this night, one men might fear,
As round the cliffs sail Nimbi drear,
While pass'd the forest's slated path
The Eastern winds are froze with wrath,
Dampens distill their autumn dew
The Gaetlee's vest a sabler hue:
That single lightness near here lies
Is flaming vengeance in his eyes.
And now the Arab Wuld, he call'd,
He harks on wetted slipp'ry slate;
The nomad's haste—he never late—
The stones of step send cryptical'd
And tomb-like hollow far ahead:
Its warning read, all ill's foresaid.
And Wuld soon faces friend, white as the dead
Ought only be in footfalls' Mausolee.
Then, seeing him, Ghilmán beats breast
Whence dull, at pounds, his hide cuirass resounds,
Escaping 'neath concealing vest—
Alarms the Arab 'tis no jest
Thus 'fore he heard that piercing word:
'Fiend Wuld! I took thine hand to heart
By cov'nant wrote nor end nor start.
And Mahomet! thou holdst our trust
As Nazareth, that steel creeds just
If slaught'ring Moslem, Giaour, and more:

Tomorrow's son, erst's ancestor,
In name his Peace-preach Saviour!'

IV

'How this, Ghilmán, is harsh in ear
For, know, who's still thy closest near;
Yet Man entire denounce must bear:
Ay! from thy lips let such not sear.
Hast lost thy faith?—then to Serai
And pour me poison—thus I'll die!
May'st keep this do, and that not be,
Only if keepst a Love for me:
Or Love or else deems thy decree:
Out joy, thence I shall quaff, ne'er sigh
Such way was lower'd in grave to lie.
But oh! thou equal to mine Mother's son,
Whose heel the fleetest Nubian hath outrun
And beauty be that firman farthest shore
Where Haram door's undone—one glance, no more,
Of benison thy wonted pose, thy gait:
Whilst every fair needs battle, thee to prate
On least import, in cruelest shorten'd hour—
Aft half a year at boldly bolted tower
Her Koran con apart, beams, satisfied—
He vouch thee less all this hath falsely lied.
Yet I, but this, but thou accusest me
As one, in Alla's slight, could slaughter thee!
For learn, Ghilmán, how I'd wish none unsay
Thy mean offend; mine heart belie thy day
Disproves the word for prove thee ill of tongue.
Singly, my final hope: to harken sung

By Bard such Amities He solder-tie:
They God hath lended dure for scorn deny
His Mercy'd Will in friends find brothers true
From 'quaintance till their deaths, could neither rue.'

V

'Yet Wuld an Arab is!' Ghilmán
Cried out—'What slavish African
Dare, oh! dare aspire bed he did!'
'Hath Eblis taught Ghilmán's forbid
An ottoman in I have lain?
Thou knowst that when——'
'When thou art slain,
I'll lay where thou—till then abstain
At hoisting limb on virgin's rope
Whence she, in dam's concealing tope,
No maidenhead may more misfeign:
For Wuld, oh! Fouler, last eve ope
That weakly claspt, thin veiléd train,
Press back had stope is lost campaign
O'er all wide Earth—nor Ethiope
Boast blacker cleave—thou splitten'd my hope!'

VI

Bewilder'd Wuld stood wooden-still
'Fore fellow's condemnation shrill;
He found nor voice might fain convince
This Fate much like adult'rous Prince
At Queen's self righting, fierce consent,
Webb'd vengeance o'er King innocent
Carried Cassandra's rapine: meaner
Revenges—rank—appall'd—obscener,

Which she predict, aft heel too true!
And ere idea of how construe
The oath sufficienced Samiah
Lived virgin still incognita,
Ghilmán uncloak'd a curl-tip brand—
  He brandish'd—wheel'd it—he carved—he lower'd
  A sparkling edge was cruel untoward,
Which teacheth Arab clutch own hand
Round hilt ne'er rusted sabre own.
Both ataghans in star light shone;
Both singe each; circling stealthy, near,
Nearer, to narrower point adhere.
At length, he livid, challenge thrust
Which Wuld but shield—'twas more than just.
Yet Gaetlee sued, he rush'd amain,
That parry'd shift fell shortly vain,
And Wuld, his wont now forced to kill,
Soon turns each cut less tamely still—
They grapple, fury, Monkir theft—
Ghilmán tears flesh with hissing cleft!
Then, forth and back at lung bereft,
With foot to foot, both wrist to wrist;
Till shafts' sharp win, by stars' assist
Despite the sea sent thick'ning mist,
Discloses soak'd, their glaring gashes,
Veins 'twere ope at comrade's lashes!
Wide, wetted wounds of twain, agleam:—
Must each at sight now sudden deem
Than fervour's duel re-course encore,
  He'd liefer shout: 'Enough! Thy game!

'Twas equal: give to thee's the score!'
  Yea: both part lips for voice of same—
Ah! wherefore spake not words' like yore?
  Instant before? were none to blame
  That follow'd next of wasted shame!
For in that Angel's breath, the cry
Of Samiah 'twixt the granite nigh
  They heard to peal through clouded air;
Which Wuld twist 'bout for certify—
  'Twas Goulish horde's own howling snare!
  Out Genii's, Afrits', Demons' lair
  Flown! whence, fast flapping everywhere
  Him ropes and mesmers unaware:
One Soul this won, they second eye
And gain by Passion's hemp untie:—
  Whilst Arab fights to free from stare,
Bounds!—plunges! Gaetlee blood crust blade—
Ere hand—heart—thought—his fain be made—
In fresh blood sheath, Wuld, facing back,
To die on stab unwill'd attack!

VII

His colour suck'd till pallid cheek,
All madness out his eyes; now bleak,
Ghilmán kneels low: in horror holds
Companion's purpled caftan folds.
And, sanguined form seems white from guilt
'Neath gushing stream one trusted spilt.
His Hate, more blasting than jerreeds,
Punition-wing'd, toward Heaven speeds:
Now, staunchly sits at Prophet's feet,

Choraling forth dread meade to mete.
A rainbow'd tear divides his lash
To bead in quiv'ring soundless splash
  On lid of friend there lifeless lies.
Ghilmán's brave Spirit, feeling'd, brash,
Then staggers at some unseen slash;
  Dies—then: for Friendship dies!
Creed Prophet, deem by Eblis sent,
Yet step soon harks—looks up—he hent
Lo! Samiah, escorted there
  By Bonsabun, Ghilmán's own kith:
  Claim'd 'vuncular, (though truth or myth,
  As Arab line some credit with,
  Or ev'n, the Breed, as acrolith,
Distraught Ghilmán lost care to care
With him asleep within his prayer.)
Albe—yet Eld'st cark Faith enough
Descent with murder durstn't scoff.
Thus, lift he pistol, levell'd, cock'd,
Gauging so twice o'er chamber lock'd:
Raised calpac, too, from Nephew's brow—
Who spake no heard reply till now.

VIII

Quick, fiery flash the shallows lit
  Which glass that hidden, shingled copse
  Twain lets and twain eternal stops;
Whilst granite, at its sound, acquit,
As answ'ring boom indefinite,
  To bounds belt round that figure drops.
Creed—protest, nor concord, emit:

He died, 'tis told, sans littlest groan;
All further word of him unknown.

IX

And, ere such cannon's loud report,
Infinitely startling its exhort
  Along the list'ning shore this night,
Can cease its echo, hush, abort
  That clapping ball the Islamite
Did even at, on Earth contort:
  Strange Samiah men saw to light
Upon a bobbing, anchor'd skiff
'Twas waiting 'neath the wave cut cliff;
Then, casting hind a mystic glance—
Regret, perplexity, to dance
Atop the wash—some tell a trance
Or sainted mother's reverie
Stared in that eye—she fades at sea,
Her hand in Bonsabun's sure hand;
Dwindles, on horizon, from the strand.

X

In Zephyr's waft there is a wail of fear!
Sighs of Loneness, rinse, aye!—of Deserter's tear.
  It breaks upon a bloodied bank:
    It rills red soil, is run o'er stone,
  By moon and star or dawning dank
        To no avail!
All fell'd, young soldiers saw and shall not trail
    That staining blood as cicerone.
Still, traveller come, must here spy moisted, grown
A white-tint rose which ever blooms aft blown;

Draughting dry stains, 'tis bud when ought be wan;
Unwilt at Autumn; ne'er interr'd through year:
Eternal bier!
Is Samiah, then, the Bride, not gone?
Young Sage, reck'st whither, pond'ring wrecks by tomb
Of both her lovers?
Deep, deep in the granite grove, its perch upon
A bower more darks that flower's long, lonesome gloom,
A swallow hovers
In threnody the rose: whose hark discovers
How welcomes Oneness, well consoles his Doom;
How here, two single Spectres, twain abide,
Such end, lives lent might paragon one Bride;
For neither seized the wave that toss'd
Her Lot to land, and more men lost.
By which, both keepeth beach a Guide
As pointeth back not least in pride,
Nor wanting hope for him heart-sick.
To rose the swallow chivalric
This sings. Who is his strain's denier,
Must wiser rhyme ere claiming 'Liar!'
Or, searching yet, scan pages other
With palms on ear my writ to smother;
Whilst rhyme no rhymes, till each Bard sought doth fail
At acquainting tears with Fate's too certed tale!

Someone came slover and ped: Juno the shiggerette man? The bontracand shiggerette man he meant. He was fig and bat, a shrew cochon! Hi ho him, I said, come sloutslide (snout-side) and bile give you slumpthing for him. So we marshed sloutslide and I was slow lazy with fine dine that sheet shook and wigwig wagged away in stunt of me. I zoom whammed and trolloped him frown on the street and left him sweeping like a full-piece mild.

In the bar a beckoned man came slover slew was the send of the thirst man. I shook him boutfide like the thirst man and she was the shame as her lend when shy was diminished with shim. I sham strong! Laughter man other and man other came lout, fun laughter one thrcugh the shore, and I fed peach snout on the mound, hyde by hyde, fullypiece peeping and creaming. Lambeye strong! -Shut I bossed my lack cap. Stolen. Stolen by some shun slew was blotch King the Blight. The flirty cow-card.

I sad to stalk gall the grey slack to the go tell pen without my sold waver it cap. Pssssss! what a ship bat buzz:

The fill-dings ding muk fell frown on slop of me and a truple of trucks and distraughtoes fried frocking sea frown in the pig's trough utter. When sigh beached the go tell shy lid not tell shark sunny ding. She was booking and crooking at sea and fine dine line-allie ped: Slut, have true sin suing?- hook at saw curt! Smut slackened shoe true? Lime strong, I fled.

Shore trunk sunk junk! Slime long, I sheeted. More plunk four stunk!- Fares four lack cap?

Shorn torn horn mourn!! die shouted. Why must crew tall lays bask sea-wings? Why shan't crew tree nowd of me, bask howd of me, sea-prow of me, shore, once slime? Mime strong. I shit eight shitty pig cat-men snout in a mound just how. They are ball a laid of she now. Why don't you bask sea sat? Why,

salt so, don't you haunt to show slut slime hood-hat shore once slime? Why? Why? Psssssssss. Pssssssssssss!!

I bowled my blank fret sup blover me cankerly. Moon shy was Lot. Slow I few it soft laughter a linnet or throw, pen learned osier, and sell apeep sith flout hanover turd....

Trundles of an invariable idea — your sequence of disposition and prickling of a life of strange knowledges ← gavotte gavotte, wooden monotony of circles, tall decapitator and the attendance on the square: Or so I see it, so I take it, clay-wall houses, people, the attendance of the Square:— You ask me who am I.

Omar, the owner of Docteur Fumey, made scandal.

I'm Omar, owner of Dr. Fumey, who is responsible for keeping the street boy, Mehdi, a prisoner and, drunk one night on Delacroix, would have raped Abdelkrim the Frame-maker. The police came and threw me in jail for 3 weeks. Mehdi ran away. When I got out of jail he came back, hungry, skinny ← I beat him till his face and his body were red and cut all over. This leaning over your shoulder with my heavy lips against your ear, whisper, "Comment vas-tu? I am a man," is just like Omar.

I lean over your arm, your shoulder, my lips against your ear and your neck, I am a man. I am Omar.

This is the Square: an exact square, Marché Fès, rear store walls wall on all sides: butchers immediately within the gate on de Hollande, fish, fruit and vegetable vendors row the central walks, flower sales and eggs near the main grating of sloped Fès.

Long counters of Riffian retailers test your nationality, price progresses 10% per linguistic alteration, Moghrebi to Spanish to French, bluntly doubles in English (How-mahch-please?) who are you? From every booth rapid glances read the throng for stranger, like a precocious boy some cynosure of shoppers in Djemaa El Fna at times: with costly accuracy, open, empty palm lifted high.

The Market presses out in little mobs of all direction around me like the Djemaa, ends at its walls of burlap stall, red bus-stops, pink P.T.T., orange garages and palmed public canopies. For the most impression, a redish imprisonment under a red sun. Sands broom off the windy desert and cross the street. Who am I? —I am Mehdi, a street boy the cynosure of clients at Dr. F. in my street rags and frown: my perpetual, miserable frown is ugly to the others. My frown, the red, turned down cast of unsound thought is Mehdi's, as my red, brilliant, perfect skin; my black loose jacket is a rag; and my torn white scarf; I, am Mehdi. I am Omar who held Mehdi a prisoner in Café Dr. Fumey.

I say, "Me blackit man, huh? Omar blackit!"

Abdelkrim, nimble and thin, a frame maker. I frame all within the scope of the bus frame disregarding should, like a very sensitive but not intelligent young film star who dies in an auto wreck, all be without relatedless. Yes, I am Abdelkrim and a very youthful film star. You inquire of me who am I:

Abdelkrim, and Abdelkader the Smuggler, and Abdelfour from Spanish Ceuta visiting Maimun, and Abdessalem of Tokyo who went to Germany. I limit by frame & define. I contraband the West; I come from the West; I go to the West.

I am the figure toward you on the highway. Who will fashion inquiries of direction from the depths of some disarming preoccupation. I am shyness; adolescent-eyed. I am your pleader I am

beggar I am the mendicant le marchand de bonheur I I am the blood thirster I am he who I am the, I. Koala: Mjido.

I am vanishing into the wall like adolescent-blue; or might yawn forward mightily, blood-red, and suck you into my anus.

I am Abdelkader, I am his friend, Phascolarctos, I do not know what you are ← is that an other voice I hear behind the bales on the dock, in back of the wall, the other side of the page → are there other voices ← are other voices asking me who am I? You ask me: Who am I? Phalanger. Vulpine Phalanger.

I am he who speaks and you he saying nothing.

It is you who says nothing — and I who speaks!

I speak; I say: Hamid — Si tu vas chez ta mère, prend les vêtements sales sur la chaise, si tu plaît. Merci.

And I speak; I say: Objeto, reparación, precio, fecha — y, nota: esta talón caduca a los seis meses, caso de no ser retirado en este plazo se perderá ledo derecho, etcétera, etc..

I say: 2ª Sección. Butaca, fauteuil. Koala: phascolarctos.

Via Zordeouest Irun Madrid Algeciras.....

Repas à 500 frs (Service et couvert compris); comprenant, 1er plat: hors-d'oeuvre ou potage; 2e plat: entrée ou poisson; 3e plat: viande garnie; 4e plat: dessert au choix. Cuisine soignée, dans un cadre rustique avec patio fleuri andalou, en fait le p'tit coin le plus agréable au centre de la ville.

Queso, fruta o pastel a elegir.....

Surveillez votre santé. Peses-vous régulièrement. Mjido est un vrai gros koala. La flèche indique votre poids.

Samedi au Wisky soirée speciale à partir de 22h: "Adam et Eve". Election de Miss Wisky, avec la participation des plus jolies Tangeroises. Concours de Beauté Feminine — Dote de nombreux prix. Et Mister Mollet. Concours original de mollets masculin

et nos jeux surprise. La crème chocolat. Les oeufs aux plat etc. Une soirée à vous faire mourir de rire. Un regal sans egal.

Kais Wazaila. Sale, climatisée.

Royaume du Maroc recepisse d'un envoi recommandé ou avec valeur déclarée and are you are .....

7 X 10 Mat — 4: Revelado 50, ampliacione C 40=160frs 210 — 43772 Malaga 3 Bobadilla 3ª clase. Pts 30. He recibido de Don Hamid por asistencia en Clinica y honorarios Médico. Bellergal. Caleibrouat — J c.c. Amp. (Johnny, you got long pants?)

You ask me: Who am I? ← ↑ → Who are you?

Tsina! You. Thou. The Guide? -Living and growing with the guide and/or as the guide. The boy with red morocco wallets, Mohammed the Messenger, Eduardo, Mohammed-Hamid, Dar el Beida shoe black, the mute black, Cain, Virgil, Ham & gospel according to.

Behold, I send my messenger before thy face, which shall

Prepare the way before thee

Known for simple dress & frugal. Known for I'm my desires.

It is You, You, You, You who have long pants. -You got long pants? (He looks nice.) I'm looking for a lyric is somewhere between a shoemaker and a jeweler: Habahbah never stopped working Habahbah is a mason I'm like Habahbah I'm Habahbah never stopped

building. J'ai peur de dormir

avec Hamid-Qui-Fait-Le-Crime. Son français change

en limitation avec le mien. YOU may purchase and retail identities at every booth, stall and counter in Marché Fès but you are not yourSELF—down to your name, NOTHING inferred.

Marché Fès as the community, The Republic. You, ﷺ, Dina, Monoprix, Movado Titus Dogma, "Depodent" Deposito Dental, Changes.

I infer you are you But more smuggler than guide

As surely as I've never gotten pregnant, I never will again.....

YOU: coracle carried on my back as/with the lame guide.

YOU: coracle of my back/past smuggled in, I infer. Egyptian modifies the green/white sail, takes the coracle across the stream. Here are 2 in the square of the Marché, the 4 angles of the earth glad for eachother/'s presence albeit each 1/are eachalone absolument. In quintessential (fifth) stillpoint still lastpoint otherside of all walk and crawls ⟶ at once, once absolutely 2gether, absolutely alone. ⟶ Amal & sons.

⟶ I arrived to Morocco because no/one not wholely surrounded
Can be wholely alone. to be in a reality wholely alone
woof; warp weaving to a tale is an anti-art
act of faith reaching orgasm like the Moroccan
in utter silence*

Sedilla, Art Oriental, Cutexa, Au Grand Succo, Underground & sons.
Who you are is all I have of this world

Never mentioned Moroccans' silented orgasm before? -Seulement les femmes fait du scandale ici. Step farther in anxiety: now the incarnadination of terror and hurt; allons, roll out the long lumbering barrelbottom o' th' line, 2 here for the sole rhetoric of it:- Devonian Age ↑ hour of The Fish fear of couchant with Hamid según el crimen: Volubilis ↓ artillery crunchble ruin of Triumphal Arch of Caracala, Rome in Maracco ⟵ Moroccan art:- from Russian Underground to French underground "I" made its way to extinction_____but HE YOU ARE what I know you are_____as is what I have of this world

******⟶ THAT is all I have of this world

Who You Are i Inquire Down To The Mute Fidgeting Of Madnesssssss

⟵THE DIORAMA of crumbled Volubilis collapsed out under a muscular sun of electric lightbulbs:::a singing Moor hubswide a fanopen dawn in strong noon, brings himself from the olde end of

invisible street rousing the petrified miniatures to yawnings round him and someplace beyond back-of my morning windows. The pilgrims in the orangestone ruin stretch up the shattered fount columncast root shadows genie over the suffocated stillness of block over chipt block; the pilgrims slant slowly west the length of the lightbulb sandgrains; the Moor's liturgy surfaces anemone songthroats at the axle of trumpet, of echo of black Arabian angels carolling recompensation for the commitments of Our Lady of Most Pressing Dreams, Eternity dark in immobile march.

.....asking anyyou who are you who ever you are
where ever you are who are you if you are you will be
and who ever who are you you are because I have you
I have: there for you are
And. now ↓

I have all of this world now-here in your asking me who am I all alone ⟶

the genie out in a suck of smoke and silently inhaled back down into the lamp myself alone — the lamp: myself:
alone
strange to hunch in an angle so tightly drawn together, so coldly quaking — attending death in this foreign country; inalterably afraid; irrefutably mad.... Without you; with out my self

You are not ashamed to have a woman do it to you? I asked.
I am, he answered, but you're not a woman. You're just a girl.

He snapped open his trousers, let them slip, and caught them about centre of his thighs. His right fingers touched the elastic of the jockey underpants for a second, hesitatingly. Then, with a quick flick, they were pulled down also. I pretended to have some difficulty with the glass tube in order to leave him standing awkwardly exposed for three or four unnecessary minutes. Then I stabbed the pin into his nearest buttock and twisted it about sharply. He will spend all your money, I said.

Owww!, he shouted, -he can't: I don't have any.

Pas d'argent? But I believed you were wealthy.

Who said? He was frowning, and gently rubbing his rear.

The Arab just said. When he was in this morning.

Really? What did he say exactly?

That he did not have the 100 francs but you would when you came since you are rich. He said you were taking him to America.

He said that, huh?

Are you?

I'm not rich. Ha! I hardly have enough money to eat.

Alors, how are you going to go to America?

My parents will mail me money.

De combien j'ai entendu cette histoire!

It's true. I just have to wait a little while, that's all.

Certainement. Meantime I'll ask that lady patient who likes you, the middle-aged one, remember? if she wants to feed you.

You don't believe my parents will send me money?

Oh, I am certain they will. But the Arab will take it away as soon as you receive it. And here you will remain forever.

That's ridiculous.

Not exactly. A cousin of mine came to Tangier a couple of years back and boarded with the Arabs in their hovels. One day

a woman drugged him, and then kept him a prisoner for months. Finally he went crazy. Currently, he is in the mad house.

He adjusted his trousers, and reached into his jacket for the coin. Listen, I announced, do not bother paying any more. We give charity here. You and your friend can be charity cases.

Thanks, he smiled, that'll be a help. But keep a bill: I'll pay you back soon as my folks mail the check.

Are these injections of value? How is the chest pain now?

Not too much value, I don't think. I still feel a lot of pressure and soreness, here, over the lung.

Then come on Monday: the most important heart specialist in Tangier will be here. I will arrange an examination for you for charity. And any medicine he prescribes on charity.

O.K. thanks again, he said pulling on his jacket sleeves. I turned around, opened a cylinder lid, and placed the needle in the pan of steaming water. Why not take me to America? I asked.

Pardon?

If you are going to get so much money, why do you not take me with you to America? -Is it because I am Jewish?

Are you Jewish?

You can not tell?

No, I can't. I'm American, all persons are equal to me.

De combien j'ai entendu cette histoire! Listen, I have a cousin in New York. I could live with her, she is wealthy. She owns a complete apartment house and two automobiles.

Then have her pay your passage, he suggested enthusiastically, and I'll visit you when you arrive in New York.

You will not.

But I will! I promise. He started for the exit.

You are very fortunate I am me! I called after him.

Why? he asked, stopping suddenly and facing full around.

Because I am someone who will not tell what you said to me on the street the other night. Another person would, you know.

What did I say?

You were drunk. You told me about your crime and everything.

What crime?

Oh, you know. You informed me all about it.

He twitched his nose, then started to reenter the office.

That will be all now, I said, look: a complete bench of patients are waiting outside for their injections.

SÛRAH THE VINDICATIONS. Revealed at Mecca.

In the name of Allah, the Beneficent, the Merciful.

1. Tâ. Sîn. Mîm.

2. It may be that thou tormentest thyself (O Muhammad) because they keep not thy place amongst them.

3. If We will, We can raise up upon them out of the deprivation of the earth a portent so ineffaceable,

4. They and their families would labor beneath it for two generations.

5. Have they not seen the black ground, how much of every miserable kind We make to lay dead therein?

6. Lo! herein is indeed a portent; yet most of them are not fearers.

7. And lo! thy God! He is indeed the Mighty, the Merciful.

8. And when the Jinn folk sent thee of thy own uncle, unbe-

knownst to him, and he brought thee to his house, and he tempted thee, thou being still young,

9. Saying: Comest thou not to bed and I give thee wine?

10. Thou said: Will you not ward off?

11. Lo! I am a faithful messenger unto you,

12. So consecrate your duties of Allah, and obey me.

13. I am your blood and the son of your brother, and does a man come unto his own family?

14. What! Of all creatures do you come unto the male ones,

15. And leave the wives your God created for you? Truly, but you are of the wayward.

16. And he saw in his cups thou spake, and he beat his breast for his sinful ways.

17. Then We inspired his creditors and his leasers against him; and there came to him many years of need and duress.

18. Lo! herein is indeed a portent, yet most of them are not fearers.

19. And lo, thy God! He is indeed the Mighty, the Merciful.

20. Recite unto them the story of thy parents, thy father and mother,

21. That they did gainsay thy leave taking,

22. And scoff at the documents thou drewest up before them.

23. Now, that thou mayest be from them still of them, they are made a clean consent of all,

24. That thy epistles are in attendance of the Amulat

where thou visitest their conduct daily.

25. And thy parents pledge of a brother amongst the tariffers of the land which shall facilitate a leave for thee,

26. Do thou but epistle them from season to season.

27. Lo! herein is indeed a portent, yet most of them are not fearers.

28. And lo, thy God! He is indeed the Mighty, the Merciful.

29. Therefor invoke not with Allah another fearfulness, lest thou be one of the chastised.

30. And do not be tormented against thy nation of kindred,

31. In that they are of wayward and slow consent upon thy place.

32. For We may destroy no line but it has these warners

33. For reminder, for We were never oppressor-like.

34. Put thy trust in the Mighty, the Merciful,

35. And in no non-fearer upon whom the Jinn descend.

36. They descend on every unreverent and froward one.

37. As for the poets, the froward follow them.

38. Hast thou not seen how they wander in every street and lane,

39. And how they are never silent liars, saying that which they do not?

40. Save those few amongst them who believe and do works, and consecrate of Allah much, and vindicate themselves after they have been wronged. Those who fear little will come to know by what a reverse they will be overturned!

N.Y. to make blue eyed babies. Don't recall my Mendelian laws that well, but Sandra has hazel eyes, giving us, at best, no more than a 25% chance. Of course, if waiting's the gambit, to mix metaphors, I'm a shark: in the tarots of Ouarzazate I constantly picked up the "Venez Demain".

Venez au Tanger, la ville des sept péchés.

Your humorous cards which, untranslatable, make an impression anyway. What say you, is not the American language, Am. humor, Am. ideals & prejudices, in by a nose as the most nontranslable bundle of menace ever? And most unfortunate, now when the stakes are the inestimably momentous of all: the prize is reentrance into our History and our (oh, la!) reality; the losing is loss of the earth and desire their two lovely selves.

La ville des sept péchés: en ville is Mar Chicas, of world reknown. One has been to Mar Chicas as he has to Antoine's, Les Deux Maggots and the Hudson Theatre. The place one has been au Tanger. The dim oblong shack with bar at one extreme and a cozy miniature stage hollowed out of the other, the decrepit flamenco artiste, Marcella ("I once was youthful and lovely even as you are now - many years ago, in Sevilla!"), alcoholed into the over-all atmosphere of marines plotting in low key advance Mar Chicas as the waterfront dive romantique-par-excellent of the oceans' Exotic ports of call. That Man From Tangier, Lady Of Tangier, Thunder Over Tangier, Trapped In Tangier served at 150 francs a beer and Marcella's tambourine passed from hand to hand; drawing the haute bourgeois of the Riviera, the Am. clique at the Parade,

Spanish landlords, Westernized Moroccans and Moslem agents off duty - millionaires and beachcombers, the quixotic exiles of continental Europe, merchants of India, Sindbads of Singapore and the nightmare-inhabitants in itinerant troupes of thin-wrist gigoloes and watermelon dwarfs.

R.K. once utilized it as his base of operation. Above the port and just far of the medina wall, an ideal haunt for hit and run in la ville des sept péchés.

The night I visited Mar Chicas, my first and only visit, there were two Americans at the table nearest me, clothes dishevelled and dirty, students, sowers of wild oats; myself straining for a phrase of the tongue in my insignificant absence had already greatly changed. They left after a short while and when I looked up from my beer a second time, I was the single customer left. The manager had switched off all except the dim bar-light. Old Marcella was napping in a wicker-chair near the stage.

And you take it upon yourself to criticize my "dissipation", assumed thru an imagined erraticness of my last note: for which presumption and projection you would, in this country, be beaten to a street-broom and I'm picking out a suitable slenderizer this very moment, now, while I'm speaking to you. I kept putting off return, and the later it grew the more apprehensive I. By 1AM I was much too afraid to leave: chances were fairly even Hamid was waiting at the hotel door, with a knife in his hands.

(The previous night I'd waited up, not sleeping at all, till he arrived sometime after noon, on the burp of a swallowed canary; I, furious that he obviously all right, must therefore have been able to telephone, had neglected to. Tu es sauvage, I said: he took it in the literal: "You are a savage", growing angry and, alternately, defensive: an unanticipated reaction, not having

ever projected myself, I'm sure, as any particular exemplification of civilized man. He stormed out of the room, saying that he had been caught in the rain in a café in Souani and that there had been no telephone that wasn't out of order in the area; and he slammed the door. He returned a few hours later, after Abdullah, the concierge, had heated a tank of water for me. I heard him knocking on the door down the hall but I didn't hurry drying myself. When I got back to the room I pretended to be surprised at his visit, though I felt certain he had come to ask for money, his pride not permitting any special trip for apologies. I kept diverting him with meaningless incidentals until he grew sullen, and finally, almost withdrawn. Then I asked why he had come; and he made the request for the money. I told him he was an expensive, irresponsible, and dangerous charge. He stood up and pushed me aside and made for the door again. Will you hit, like you hit the others? I asked. Will you commit a crime on me also? He pulled off his jellaba and threw it on the floor. Never! will you see me again, he said, stamping through the hall.)

Abderrahamne, the great black, stood at the entrance of Mar Chicas. He was fairly drunk and had just raised quite a racket outside. The manager, thinking that a party of tourists was approaching, flicked on all the lights and Marcella jumped up out of her sleep and began singing and shaking her tambourine. When they saw Abderrahamne enter alone, the singing and dancing stopped and the lights went out.

The big black came over to my table and greeted me with his charming, semi-moronic smile. How you my pretty one? - I got lots milk tonight, he said pulling his crotch out to a stiff half foot. He sat down and showed me a letter, he had (in English) guaranteeing him a contract for work in Munich and complete accommodations there. He claimed he only had to wait for his passport, after which he would be off to make his fortune. As soon as you get rich in Germany, I said, be sure to visit New York. R.K. will always be only too happy to take you in. I scribbled R.K.'s address on the back of the letter. Have you any souvenir you wish me to forward to your old friend? I asked Abderrahamne. He searched his pockets with sudden concern, but found them to be utterly empty. Just write him come back, he said, come back Tangier - right away!

Take my advice, R.K., and go to Singapore.

I debated briefly with myself as to the prudence of requesting Abderrahamne to accompany me back to the Emsallah; and shortly decided against it. He's much too drunk and full of milk to be very trustworthy now, I thought. The manager invited himself to sit down at my table also. He was middle-aged, and looked mucousy as a muscle-clam. He placed both his hands on my thighs and ran them tightly along the inner side. Je peux faire quelchose pour toi peut-être? he smiled. Bien sûr, I said, vous pouvez me laisser partir, mon bon amateur des gosses.

I hesitated for some time at the Rue de Brazil entrance to the Emsallah. At last an old Spanish couple started into the street and I followed closely behind them. They

turned around and looked worriedly at me two or three times, I must have seemed pretty ominous to them, a hold-up artist or something. I stopped short at the hotel door and turned the key quickly in the lock. No one was outside the hotel front, but I knew Hamid might easily be just beyond the corner of the building. I slipped up the steps and through the dark hall, thinking, how fortunate he hasn't a key of his own or he could be waiting for me in these halls, and sighed with considerable exhilaration once my door was safely latched behind me. That strange exhilaration again. That mixture of weightless freedom and leaden shame. That shame-freedom.

I undressed and put my clothes - my black corduroy shirt and black dungarees, on hangers, the first time I'd put anything on hangers in weeks. I've got to get this room into shape, I said out loud, into tip-top shape, got to shape up, and ship out. I began whistling La Cucaracha.

Then I heard the most agonized cry imaginable! - suddenly, like a scimitar, split the damp empty night with a bellow of echoes and twist the seraglio roof of the hotel up and off into the freezing sky! It sounded again, it sounded three times - an animal howl, horrible, of inestimable grief.

The hanger pulleyed away into spaceless suspension, as in the submarine belly of a liner. I stood under it, looking up at its brief ferris-wheel dips. A shaking spectre, the dagger for Duncan. Famished wolves, packs of skeleton anguish, shadowed toward the wood at the

edge of the icy savannah.

Then my name, clearly and terrifyingly, rose to the window. I could turn the light off, I thought - but it's too late, he's already seen it. But I won't go to the window, that I promise right here and now. This time he's not getting in.

LET ME IN! LET ME IN! LET ME IN! he screamed. The Emsallah must have risen entire from its bed at that. I heard Abdullah and his wife stirring below.

Now - don't let me in! Never let me in again! Don't open, don't open! I'll never come in, for my God, never ... ooooo ....

The challenge.

Quite beyond reason, beyond idea, I stood up on the bed and opened the shutters. Hamid was lying in the alley. He moved slightly when the light fell on him, rolled half over on his side, and turned his face up to me. It was covered with blood. A full purple cut between his eyes washed across the bridge of his nose and ran red down to his mouth and neck. Leave me here, leave me here to die! he shrieked. His eyes were wide white and dead. Widewhite.

I jumped into my clothes, ran down the stairs, and knocked on Abdullah's door. Abdullah came out adjusting his night robe, he seemed annoyed and very nervous. No bueno, he said, mucho ruido - no bueno por las clientas. Si, si, yo say, I answered him, pero Hamid - exterior. Por favor. Por favor.

I made him understand I wanted help in bringing Hamid

in. I explained I was afraid to go out into the alley alone. Muy peligroso, I cautioned, bebe mucho, muy peligroso ahora.

I followed Abdullah through the foyer to the front door. He led the way around to the alley. Hamid stopped screaming when he saw I was not alone, seemed suddenly put-out. Sondic, Sidi? Abdullah asked him.

Wallo, wallo, he said.

He rose to his feet by himself and went ahead of us up to the room. Abdullah said, Durmió ahora, when we reached the door and then turned abruptly and left. I felt considerable apprehension for a moment; I did not enter the room until Hamid had seated himself quietly on the bed.

Why did you call a stranger? he asked.

I'm afraid of you, I said frankly.

Look, he moaned, they have taken my face away because of you. I gave them my face because of you and you're afraid of me.

Who?

The eight friends of the contraband-cigarette man.

I don't know what you're talking about.

The contraband man, the one you invited over to hit me in my side, ding-ding 'muk, him! The one you gave wine to.

What happened?

His friends are afraid for him. They came to me last week to start a fight - I beat them down - every one of them, one by one. This time they came together, and with knives. Four of them held me down on the stone while one

big one kicked my head against the curb. Kicked till my whole face was cut on the curb. If I had a knife I could have finished them. But I don't have a knife, I can't have a knife - because of you!

He pulled the covers up over him - he still had his clothes on, and then threw them off again as though suddenly awakened in a steam bath. Because of you, because I can't do anything because of the passport, I can't have a knife, he bleated.

Then he sat up, like a bud springing in a second to sensational bloom, and took me firmly by the shoulders. He whispered through reams of alcohol: Oulidi, my son, for you I do not carry a knife. For you I shall not want any more, to carry a knife.

I washed his face with a damp towel. Then I leaned my forehead against his wound. I am your little father, I said, and you are my little self-pitying waif.

He fell back on the bed and pulled me with him. Swear to me now, he said, that you will never leave me.

Even if it means staying in Morocco forever? I asked.

Yes: on God and for your mother's life make this swear...

I swear, I said, that I will never leave you.

But as neither so identifiable as of a cascaded setting for the century of the moon. The roots are piled deep in

the Bab-el-Asa, twist and creep down Maimuni, Ben Raisoul, Oued Aharden to all diverticles of the Arab city. Look closely in the roots. There is a blue and green serpent there, by which you will die.

My friend, why do you not go back to your people? Do your people ask you to be here? Ah, you are poor. You know misery. All Tangier knows misery. It is the time of money, the time when money is more important than friends. You have been a victim. You have fallen in with bad persons.

I too know the times are hard. I too am without money.

You are here to discover the reality of human relations by establishing it. You will die by a blue and green serpent.

Look out the window to Ben Raisoul or Fuente Nueva, or by the door, through to the Casbah. We will find you a place here to live, to work quietly, to stay. For you will stay here, I see in your eyes you will stay here and die by the serpent.

I told Moushyb I would accompany the others and help them commit the robbery that night.

We were sitting on the apron outside Bar Tarek. It was nearly 8:00 in the evening and I had been drinking beer all day. Delacroix slid like a steep mountain side

the entire way to the weed lots on Johanna de Arco. As I stared at Delacroix, the lit stores on its sharp drop just opposite me, constantly shifted under and up a step. The men passing down the descent also moved in crab-tilt directions aimed right at my eyes. I couldn't seem to drink any heat into the cold of that beating in my side. A drilling pain was criss-crossing the arteries in my forehead. I threw back my head to lessen the pain: a quartermoon of tears shook in each lower lid, and I saw peculiar mermen there, each one twice as he dove or shot-up in spirals. I heard sea echoes, these mermen calling each other as they passed along Delacroix, and I heard Moushyb's voice.

Tonight I will commit the robbery and gain 100,000 francs and Monday - one, two, three, four, five days - Monday morning I'll be in prison. ;Saturday morning I'll have my passport and Monday morning I'll be in prison. Marruecos!

What do you say? Moushyb asked.

Nothing, nothing, wallo... I talk to myself now.

Moushyb's whole family are gangsters. They own a house, it's almost a palace, on the north wall of the Casbah. It's built, it leans completely over the shallows of the ocean-rock. Marruecos. If I'm ever a wealthy gangster - if I even live - I am going to look out those windows all day long at the ocean, and for as long as there's the moon at night.

Moushyb came to me for the others, because he knows me from before when I was a thief. He told me their plan to burglarize an enormous merchandizing house that night. First I said I'm not interested; but I knew Grône was starting the next morning: I had no money, not even something new to put on. Only my old dungarees and Mark's black-stripe shirt. That's all I owned.

Worcha, Moushyb, I said, I'll do the robbery with the others.

Then let's go now. He stood up and felt for his wallet.

Could you pay for me too? I asked. I haven't-

Sure, he said stepping off the apron. He walked into the bar.

At that moment, Mark came around the corner of Moussa Ben Noussair. He was out of breath.

I ran, he said, I thought I might find you here.

Then you can run back. I don't want to talk with you now.

But Abdullah said you called at the hotel twice this afternoon, he objected.

That was this afternoon. I don't want to see you now.

But it must have been important-

Where were you?

At the cinema.

I wanted to stop speaking to him right there, and leave quickly with Moushyb. But he stood blocking my way, and looking down at him, I thought maybe there was still a chance. I walked with him to Ben Noussair and we turned up and continued until we reached the tobacco and newspaper stand. Then I stopped. Saturday morning I will have my passport, I stated, and Monday morning I will be in prison.

Then all at once I felt sour and rotten again. I wanted to return to Moushyb immediately. It is better to steal than to beg like a pauper. But Mark prevented me, he held my arm tightly, and asked me again and again to tell him

what was the matter.

Finally, I told him. I explained that Grône would begin the next day and that I needed money, a lot of money; didn't he need a lot of money on his holidays?

How much? he asked.

20,000 francs for each of the three days.

My God! Why so much?

I know, I know why so much. Now Mark let me go, I have a rendezvous to steal that money. I'm late.

Are you crazy? he said. Three days before you expect to get the passport and you're going to risk everything by trying to steal?

Let me go, will you? I need more money than the 60,000 francs for the holidays. I need money for just every day.

How much can you need for just every day?

1,000 francs.

1,000 francs? That's more than I spend - and I pay for the food and the room.

You don't understand. I know why I need that money. How much time do I have left in Tangier? Now let me go back to Moushyb.

Wait, he said. He stood beside me silently, figuring something in his head. I watched him carefully from the corner of my eye. Three days for the passport and a week to ten days for the visa, he noted. Another week for the boat; we could be sailing in three weeks. What is the least amount of money you could do with for the holidays?

I thought for a moment. 10,000 francs a day, I said. Will you give me that much?

I made up my mind I would the second you said you needed

it.

Where will you get that much money? You don't have it, Mark. Let me go back to Moushyb.

I will have it for you, he insisted. 10,000 francs before 10 o'clock tomorrow morning, and 10,000 francs the next morning, and 10,000 on the third morning.

And 1,000 francs everyday thereafter until we leave Tangier?

I promise.

Why can't you give me the 30,000 all at once? I asked.

I can't.

Why?

I know why I can't, he said.

Suddenly I felt the whole day's beer all at once. The cinema posters across the street swung together and their colors sucked out into a whirlpool highway coming directly at my eyes. Ben Noussair tilted sharply up to the Boulevard and dropped at a wicked angle just behind me. The men all along the sidewalk spilled back, came tumbling past like wild wooden wheels, and dumped into the meadows of Souani.

I couldn't think where Mark might get all that money from. I felt exactly as if I were crying. You have saved my life again, I said. I'll pay you back, I'll pay you back for every franc you've given me when we get to America.

Becoming an unstudied part of the wall and not an art of colors, we have lost our eloquence. And because he is so lovely as a flower, he is asked to return for many choruses, and to dance.

In the meantime, I made a standing request of you to be always truthful with me, and what I mean by the truth, is what you mean by it. Tetuan is easy, easily a Bagdad of miraculous bottles and lamps. Tangier is dry, dry for me in the damp, cold center of the year. But, again, Tetuan... never before so entangled in the fable of it, so romantically projected and howdahed along through episodes of life, tassels, cushion, couch, odalisk, curtains et al., yet in no previous time so completely in control, i.e., in such liberation from pretense and so close to my unexaggerated self. This we will use, this we will discard, everything we will discard.... And keep coming back to a quotidian logic with little extra edge, as the various referential picture frames snap and collapse in straight angles. What I mean to say I have said, what I mean to be saying I am saying, ahora, but it is cast in a different sensibility. A different sensibility from yours, that is, and from mine in an hour or two of now. But the gasps of wonder at the wall and garden across the alley are real, right in this instant, and so is those structures' slow shift into plausibility and absolute acquiescence. In This Instant. In this instance I am in Tangier and you are in Tetuan.

I am in Tetuan and you are in Tangier.

Scoon headah? (Qui vive?)

My room? What do you expect my room to look like? It is ocular, agedly virilescent, and post-dicrotic. And it

is strewn with dead roses and rose petals. What would be the sense of laboring you with axioms and petals strung on a copper wire?

In all kinds, in all kinds of consciousness, deliveries, assumptions - and conclusions. And each standing as if for all times, and each standing for all times. Magnani leaping the crags takes sanity up in a spiked gate, rips the thick tubes of paint on the ceiling. A wild goat, too rapid, shattering to follow, terrible knees.

Takes my sanity on a tour of foreign countries. I'm still here, in Tangiers.

Think, now, of each word, think what each word means.

Do you remember when we lost the nights of our youth searching for an aesthetic? Olay - another chorus!

Come, encourage me. I have to be coaxed somewhat now. I've come thus far by myself.

And Magnani across the balcony, pulled, dragged, the beggar has her clothes. My brain is breaking through the shell of my ears, pressing like a cancer out of my forehead. I have been violated. I will not keep in the prison of the Roxy, the Roxy orchestra with its great obscure reach to the roof. I pray my armchair guards no discomfort. My head, my head, the pain...

We are tested in the extreme.

He was seen, he was seen running in the streets, crazy with wine, crazy.

Listen, it makes no difference if I go to Tetuan and leave you alone, does it?

For how long?

For two days, just two days.

No, it makes no difference to me.

I want to see the Grône there. The others said there's to be a great celebration near Tetuan. You can't come - you know, because of all the money -

That's all right.

And can I have the rest of my money now so I won't run out in Tetuan?

If I give it all to you now will there be any left over for tomorrow?

Of course. You can trust me, I know money. And while I'm away you won't go with some -

You can trust me.

Without administrations of any sort - without honey and nuts, a pipe or wine - it is dangerous every day to take the smallest step in my mind toward - toward that direction. In that direction lies madness. It is strange to think but I can not think that I can not think. This will be forever - the pitch, that point of all loses. So I shall say nothing more. Stress and conviction of isolation, the danger's too present. And then the door will be locked. And the key will be in your bottles of Bagdad. Strikes a match and moves it before my eyes. Now I can't tell you what happened - to do so won't retrograde us to or simulate the state, but progress it. (Yet faces of old women knew it.) Nearly another payment of my sanity, this even indicating it... and another facet of the relationship continuing, in which we have undertaken each other's salvation. You and I.

In this long bar in Tetuan, with the others laughing and drinking, this dull, half-hearted marking of S.M. le Roi's

ascension, nothing is as it used to be, nothing as happy or ever as much fun, my heart is pounding hard against my ribs. In the middle of all these friends I think of him, and my heart pounds as his does... I want to see him. I want to see him now. How can I be two days without seeing him? I have to return to Tangier.... Do you remember when we jallopied down Broadway from 60th to 42nd at 55 miles an hour? Everyone was cheering Tom on, but I was scared, my heart was in my mouth. We were smashed, smashed out of our birds, and I in the middle of all of you was scared. Panicked, panicked out of plain worry. Even back then I was worried. And worry had a great future.

Earth-ochre sandstorm hurtling down the Road Mohammed V, a tidal flood in some major cylinder of sewer and the bedouin in ripped haik swinging wildly at the terrible force. Run through the streets from the Boulevard to the port with my head cracking of incredible pain - his eyes were wild, crazy - wings, I must have wings and propeller over the city...

Leave Morocco - but how can I get on the boat - commit myself to the incarceration of dwarf cabins, certain terror the second the deck is divided from the dock? I'll telegram my brother. He must come. But a plane? How ever in a plane, in whales, a belly? I shall be trapped here forever, fear of boarding -

The long torn white cotton scarf, my trademark, long, torn, flapping back to stone age in the sandstorm. Could you take me to where they have the monkeys and angina pectoris, to the man who sells the monkeys? I want to buy a

monkey. I want to return to Tangier.

In Tarzan films, you know, the only thing I ever liked was their tree house.

So what? Who ever said there was anything else to like in them?

I mean that's the only reason I ever went to see Tarzan.

That's the only reason anyone does. Don't you know -

The Spanish squares in Tetuan, Calle Sidi Ali B. Raisuni, paraded by dancers, tambourines, men singing - never as a year or two ago, not nearly so many revelers, Tetuan like Tangier getting poorer and poorer, duller and duller. In Tangier traveling performers make merry in the cobblestone square just west of the Grand Succo, crowds of Moslems circle each group, tourists crane their necks, nothing more to see really than on any ordinary market day in the Djemaa El Fna.

I wanted to do the crime; I had to do it to stop my blood from steaming hot out of my chest, out of my face and hands.

I am guilty in that crime, not as the catalyst, but as one who somewhere secretly within him dreampt of having catastrophies catapulted in his name, dreampt that somewhere in a movie house as far back as helpless in the Second World War's procession of horrors.

He was seen running wildly through the streets, crazy with wine, crazy.

He is so strange these days. He sits shivering in a corner of the room. He mumbles to himself. I never understand what he says, even when he repeats things three times.

I don't speak French that well. Does he think I, also, had nothing to do but spend my whole life in school?

He tells me his mind is not good. He tells me his mind is sick in this country. There's nothing to be afraid of, I said to him. I'll protect you from everyone. But he claims it isn't anyone. It's no one, he said, it's NO one.

If I could fledge, fledge fablely, and soar over the city, my pursuers stretching their hands up helpless in the streets below... that old dream of childhood, that old simple fear to escape.

I returned a half hour ago.

Housain said he saw you right after sundown.

He's mistaken.

But he—

He's mistaken, I say!

Did you have a good time in Tetuan?

No. There was more of the fête in Tangier.

And the money?

All finished. Did anyone bother you while I was away?

No: I was alone all the time. I tried to speak to some English tourists but they thought I was a Moroccan guide and they told me to go away.

They thought you were Moroccan? That's funny. Everyone thinks you're Moroccan. You <u>are</u> just like a Moroccan now.

A Moroccan all alone in Morocco.

Were you really always all alone?

Oulaladeem!

Good. That's what I want to hear: I want to hear that you were alone. And just with me, right?

With you alone.

Why don't you invite Mark to my house? I asked Hamid. Instead of sitting here in Tarek one day we could all go to my house. My wife would prepare a big meal. Why do you leave Mark by himself so much?

I'll ask him sometime, Hamid said.

When?

When I'm ready to. Säfie?

Hamid seemed nervous, as if he were angry with everyone. In fact, I'm the only person he's spoken to recently. I thought that perhaps he had had a fight with Mark. I wanted to make things easier, at least, between them.

I had already promised Mark I would see Hamid back to their hotel in the Emsallah every night. Hamid's usually too drunk by 2 o'clock in the morning to find his way back there alone.

Did you get Mark that overcoat he wanted? I asked.

A man came around selling used ones yesterday, he said, and I bargained him down to 3,000 for the best one he had.

Does Mark like it?

He says he's still cold. He's always cold. Listen, let's not talk about Mark any more now - all right?

All right. How about this watch - do you want it for 500, the band included?

Save it for me. I'll have the money in a few days.

The waiter in Tarek serves Hamid five beers for the price of one. The patrón doesn't know the difference. He can get pretty drunk for less than 1,000 francs. Last night some woman who owns one of the bars near the Boulevard was in here. She told Hamid she'd give him her bar, make it completely his, for one kiss. And she meant it. He shouted at her that he was no whore, that he didn't do things like that. Then she said at least come home and sleep with me for nothing then. Who wants to sleep with an old charah like you? he snapped. Who wants to sleep with anyone who has money? The patrón had to come over and tell Hamid to stop shouting so much and disturbing all the other customers.

I came in very late, the sun was already up, and I told Mark that I wasn't feeling well, could we wait till later for what I promised him. He said all right, and I got into bed and tried to sleep. But it was impossible.

Mark lay beside me quite restless. But I didn't move and kept my eyes shut tight. The same idea occurred to me over and over again. If I break my promise to him now I'll be able to know if it's me or if it's my body that he's really interested in.

Finally he touched me. He moved a finger in slow circles in my open palm nearest him. Then he placed his hand on my thigh and began rubbing it. I sat up, looked at him quickly

and said, That's why I don't like you! Then I rolled over and faced the other way.

I didn't hear him stir, so he must have rested in that same position, staring at me, for at least a half hour. Then he got up and covered me carefully with all the blankets. He said something out loud in English, in a hard, angry tone - and though I didn't know what it was I could tell he meant no good. You speak well! I said suddenly. He wasn't expecting that and stepped back almost shaking from the side of the bed. You don't even understand when I speak French, he retorted, and now you're telling me what I say in English?

I closed my eyes again. I heard him dressing and running the faucet. Then the door shut. I sprang up and jumped over to the door - I couldn't believe it - it was locked! I pulled at the knob and banged against the woodwork panels. In a moment Mark returned and opened the lock.

You were going to leave me shut up in here? I shouted. Ding-ding 'muk! Because this, because I don't give you this?? I raised my hand to hit him across the face. He bended back, wincing. The sight of him cowering there, of his having to cower before me, turned my insides to a quick, complete nausea. I pulled on my clothes and headed out to the hallway. Mark walked quickly in front of me down the stairs. He stopped at the outside door and turned around.

Give me -

I don't have anything of yours! I spat.

The key. I want to get out too.

I opened the front door myself and threw the key on the

ground. Without looking to see which direction he would take, I hurried east out of the Emsallah, crossed the junction at Ben Noussair and went down the twisting lane of Léon l'Africain, toward the windy beach. My anger froze in the cold morning air.

I walked from one end of the beach to the other. If he intends being alone, he'll come here, I thought.

At the end of two hours he still had not come. I was alone on the beach except for a Spaniard walking his dog, and another man I couldn't see distinctly, way down at the wall of the dock, throwing stones into the small, even breakers.

I went to Bar Tarek. I sat at a corner table and drank one whiskey after another for three hours. He's with someone else now, like he's always wanted to be. He wants to go home, he's going to go now.

What? the patrón asked.

I'm going to go now, I said, I'll pay for all these drinks tomorrow.

That will be 10,000 francs tomorrow, he called.

Vas tu faire enculer.

I went to an expensive bar near Place de France. Some of our Moslem police inspectors will be coming here to drink. That thought amused me. I ordered whiskies and cognacs. I have no idea how long I sat there drinking.

I stood up and walked toward the w.c. Its door appeared to shine and to blink from a hundred different spots. On close examination I found the leaves of the door to be as ornate as those of the Sultan's Palace, and inlaid with bright stones. I opened the door. A man was standing

there and pointing into the yard. I stepped down and walked across the cobblestones. The yard looked as long and narrow as a street. But see this, the man said kneeling and touching the ground. I stared at the paving. It was an inlay of huge white pearls alternated with balls, the size of hazelnuts, of saffron, ambergris and musk.

It's incredible, I said, I had no idea there was such a place as this in Tangier.

What you want is in that building: the man indicated a pavilion several hundred yards directly ahead of me.

I'm looking for my she-camel that's gone astray, I said.

I know, he smiled. Go in there.

I entered the pavilion and found it to be only one of many all of which were constructed solely of gold and silver. The pavilions together composed an enormous palace. I stepped around the emerald-stone border of a pool and walked over to the balcony whose columns were spiraled by mosaic serpents of great jacinths and chrysolites. The walks of the street below had been carefully cultivated, as if the whole avenue were part of an oblong, endless garden. Fruit trees and straight palms lined either side and there was a cluster of sour orange striplings around every bench. A river gushed beneath the balcony and pulled away into a medina of unevenly piled jewel boxes.

I rushed from one balcony to another, and wound between countless pillars of green chrysolite and blood ruby, wound in and out of splendid galleries and sky vaulted channels.

When I reached the roof I stood in middle air.

The city below was completely empty. There wasn't a single living soul to be seen. Why is paradise empty of

inhabitants? I cried. My voice went howling like a cold gale down all the wide chambers of the pavilions and through each secret cubicle of the king's-ransom medina.

I held out the balls of musk and saffron in my open palms. They had lost most of their sweet savor. The pearls had grown yellow, and flat as coins in my hand.

Your bill is now 19,000 francs, the waiter said.

I clinked three 100 francs, one at a time, onto the table.

The rest by tomorrow noon or you go to prison, he said.

The Second Palace of the Sultan? I asked. Then tomorrow I'll have the second best thing. Today I have the first: give me another cognac.

I whistled up to the window. The door's open, Mark shouted.

I rushed the length of the hallway, skipped over the flight of stairs and dashed into the room. I saw black, the whole room in black, and Mark dressed in black. I shoved him onto the bed, clamped my fingers around his neck and rammed his head against the bedirons. His lips tightened pressing out narrow, silent gasps. Now you die, I shrieked, with this knife in my pocket (I thrust my right hand in my jacket pocket) you will die!

He relaxed for a moment under my weight, his eyes stared at the pocket, then he stiffened from head to toe and lay like a board against the mattress.

You must die for the bad you do to me! You have made me crazy, you must die for that!

His wooden inaction shook me. I had no knife in my pocket. But I could strangle him. I strengthened my hold on his throat. His breath caught up over his tongue and stopped

suddenly, his eyes lit for a second, then fell shut.

I jumped away into the center of the diagonal tiles. The green and white-diamond lines competed in triggered dashes out from either side of me, a man's length ahead of me, and two in back. No, no! that is too good for you - prison instead, prison where you will suffer. You have driven me crazy, you can not do that, you can not do that here! I pulled down my pants, and my undershorts, and pushed myself in his face - Here! you want this? this? Take it, take it! I fell on his chest and forced his face in my thighs, pressed his neck and hands under my buttocks. He fought out with a strong wrench and nearly toppled me on the floor.

I spun around and pulled up my clothes. Ask them, ask them, they all know - you will go to prison for making me do the things I do. <u>You</u> are responsible!

I saw black, I saw fire.

I yanked open the closet and took out his valise. All your money belongs to me now!

What's in there won't do you any good, he said calmly, there's only checks. They need my signature.

Then you will sign, you will sign them all now!

How much do you need this time?

Tabun ding emuk! Ahline ding-ding emuk!!

I threw down his valise. I sank on the bed. Do you think I would rob you? Now you think that too, don't you? No - I'll go to prison instead - I'll go to prison where I belong. But you'll go with me. You'll be put in the same cell with me. Because you make me do everything that I do, you're -

I could hardly look at Mark. I felt in back of me and circled him around his ankle. I pressed hard. The ceiling sloped down in shaky dips over my head and the bed rose on a sickening rock around a spool and slammed my head against it. Owww! You charah! My life!

If you left me now I would cry - you know that - I would cry, that's good isn't it? I would jump in the water and swim after your boat until I drowned. That's good isn't it? That's what you've done to me. You ruined me - I'm like nothing now!

I spent a lot of money in the bars. I drank all day because you made me crazy. I want you because of you - not your face, not your money, not your body - you, just you. But you want me - oh, no! - you want me for zook. I'm going now.

Where are you going?

I'm going to steal the money that I owe, where do you think I'm going?

Wait!

Wait for nothing. Goodbye.

I ran down the stairs. When I got to Rue de Hollande, I had to stop and lean against a tree. My legs felt as if they had no strength in them. I could barely see the walls of Marché Fez across the street. The high iron gate was bolted and the lock was wrapped in double, thick iron chains. I stood there for a while fingering the chains and pressing my face between the black bars. I wandered back to the hotel; I called up to the window again.

His face looked as if it were under water, a blur of pink. What time is it? I asked.

9 o'clock, he called down.

Then I can sleep for at least three or four hours, I thought. I'm coming up, I said.

When I was in the room again I fell on my back across the bed. I closed my eyes... What was it that you said to me in English this morning? I asked.

He laughed softly for a second. I was very angry with you. I said, Pig, I hate you.

I opened my eyes: Pig, I hate you? For my God, no one's ever said that to me.

I said it to you.

He bent over, blotted against the ceiling lightbulb, and unzippered my jacket.

Let me sleep with my head in your lap, I mumbled. He sat down next to me and I put my face against his stomach, with my hands enclosing his thighs. Where did you go after you left me this morning? I asked very slowly.

It was you who left me. I walked to the Casbah. I stayed by the Door of the Sea for several hours... I watched the steam ships going out from the straits, and and the small fishing boats come in on the Canaries Current.

Did you think of your home?

Yes.

Then what did you do?

I walked toward the port and stood on the balcony of Avenue d'Espagne, I paced back and forth on it until people began to stare at me. I think I was crying... Because I was going back to my old life, my old, empty life. I was going back without what I came so far to get. Then I wandered along the Avenue and turned up through the vacant

lots by Rue de la Méditerranée. By the time I reached the Emsallah I was happy.

Why were you happy?

Because I was going back to my old life.

You can go, you know. You can go tomorrow if you want.

And lean over the rail to watch you as you drown in the wake? No. I'll wait...

I heard the roar of that ship's wake, saw everything like rain through the white bubbles. The water felt fatally icy around me.

And you didn't go with someone today? You didn't look for anyone -

I would be crazier than crazy, I would be stronger than strong, I would be longer than song, belong, wrong, his voice came in bubbles, in muffles over my eyes. His echo, the chamber of the sea, were one. It was the sight of his sound, his voice the others say is the sound of the snake in the garden of Eden. It was a wide, wide to forever vault of the graygreen sea. I sank in it, down fathoms....

What time is it now?

It's past 3:30.

Were you sleeping?

No, no I didn't sleep.

I slept well. I'm going to go out for a while now -

But -

Not for long. Wait here. I'll be back before morning, before sun-up, in fact.

I heard the slow steps of an elderly man, in the first right turn off Calle Alejandro Dumas, no more than a minute after entering the medina. He was European, he looked

well-dressed. I want you because of you, just for you, not your face, your body, your money.

Cómo? the man said to me.

I want your money.

Take that handkerchief off your face, boy. He lifted his hand.

I punched him and he fell backwards against a stoop. Completely unconscious. I slipped the wallet out of his breast pocket and sped around the furthest ruelle to the east, toward the Petit Succo.

There were three or four men half asleep on the side benches in Café Fuentes. I settled myself there quietly and ordered a coffee, sliding the wallet under the cushioning on the chair next to me before the waiter returned. I looked out on the Succo. No one was in sight. Café Central, directly across the way, was dark and boarded up.

I remained where I was for what seemed close to a half hour, and during all that time there wasn't the least unusual noise in the street, no particular stir, practically deserted in fact. Then I made my way south again through Calle Uazan toward the section I had come from. The old man is probably still sleeping, I thought, this is the safest place to be. I stopped in the shadow of the building column in the small Calle Karma and waited there for a while. The first figure that approached I leaped out on and threw to the ground. He surrendered his money without hesitation, and was still lying there trembling when I turned into Bencharki.

I headed toward Calle de los Estados Unidos as the quickest way out of the medina, and passed a lone couple

in the dark under the arch of the consulate. I turned around and pushed myself between the man and woman: Pay your taxes to this charah of a consulate! I said. The woman began to cry. I searched through the man's pockets and found only a few loose notes. I pulled the rings off the woman's fingers.

I counted all the money together as I hurried through the Spanish city. There was only 13,000 francs but I was too nervous to make any new attempts. The drink was still swishing back and forth in my head as if my head were a tossing bucket.

When I was back in the hotel room I put the 13,000 on the table.

Mark walked over and stared at it, he counted it.

I could have gotten more, I said, but I was too nervous, you know?

You're a thief.

What's the matter now!

I was afraid for you.

You don't have to be afraid for me. I'm capable. I've been stealing since I was seven years old. Never was caught, not once - no police record.

I thought you were a carpenter...

Pssss - carpenter! I was a carpenter for six months. There's no work in Tangier, Mark, how many times have I told you that.

But a thief! I didn't know -

How didn't you know? I never said so? I said so twenty times.

But I didn't believe - I mean I didn't think that was

how you made your living.

Well, that's how. Now you know - all right? You know for all times that you go with a thief. And you'll stay with this thief. You're the one who's going to change my life. Let's go to bed. Nahássa.

We slept till it was nearly noon, then I got up and washed quickly. I'm going to the bars, I said, and pay what I owe them. Could you give me 17,000 francs to make up the 30,000?

You spent an entire 30,000 yesterday? he asked with alarm.

All right, I'll just go to prison then.

He went to his valise and took out some checks. Don't be surprised, he said looking up, if both of us have to beg for our food in the streets next week. Meet me at Tugeni's in an hour and I'll have the 17,000 for you.

Don't worry. My family will always have food for us.

I don't worry about food. I just worry about when you're going to learn what it is to act like a responsible person.

This is the last time something like this will happen, I promise you.

It better be, he said, because I promise you, this is the last time I'm giving you any extra money. By the way, you need a shave before you go.

I'll get one outside, I noted feeling my chin.

Where?

In a barber shop.

Don't you have a razor somewhere?

I never owned a razor in my life. I've always had myself shaved in a barber shop.

I never did. You've lived better than I have.

He asked me how much I was accustomed to spending each day and I told him that I used to almost always spend about 3,000 francs a day, all of which I had to steal the night before. And he repeated: I think you've lived better than I have. I never spent so much every day, even in America.

Why, when you were still stealing, he asked, didn't you buy yourself some new clothes? Why did you have to wait till Grône and come to me for the money?

This made me angry, his always talking about how much he had to give me. If he only knew how I really suffered like a beggar, like a rag-man, because of him. I didn't want the others to know I had money then, I said, they knew I was out of work and I didn't want them to guess that I was stealing.

You'll have to get used to living with much less in America, he commented with a blank expression on his face.

But I've lived with nothing all my life here. What am I going to America for? To live there like a slave also?

You're going for me.

Yes.

And so that I can help you change your life to something better than a thief's. Like, to a poor man's life...

Mark met me at Tugeni's at the appointed time, and he had the money he promised with him. I paid the patróns of the bars, without saying a word, the exact amounts I owed. Then I took a bus to the Marshan and walked toward my mother's house. Now that she knows I'm really going to leave, she insists I visit at least twice a week.

I ate some fish that had been prepared earlier. It had

turned. The flavor was bad. My mother spoke about how the whole family was annoyed because of my coming home after midnight one time at the early part of the month. If I want to sleep over I must arrive at 9 o'clock and eat with the family. Otherwise, it would be better if I just stay away. That is what she told me.

My mother. That is what my own mother told to me.

My own house.

At sundown I returned to Mark. Soon as I saw him I became upset. I didn't know what was disturbing, I couldn't tell about one specific thing or another any more, so much was always happening now. Abdullah carried the dinner in, a fairly expensive preparation. I had to tell Mark I'd already eaten. He was very disappointed. He seemed to withdraw then. He wouldn't speak.

I decided it was right that I sit with him while he ate..

Neither of us said a word through his whole meal.

I felt he had disappeared out of the room. And I wanted to, also. But I waited till he put down his spoon before I got up. At the door something strange happened to me: I stood there, staring at my shoes without the smallest thought in my head: then I turned around like a machine and the words just came out:

Mark, listen to me, we won't make love any more, all right?

I thought, His eyes are like a cat's at night, empty marbles.

We will be comrades, brothers. Chĭ. From now on.

I came back and touched him on the shoulder. He was shivering.

Yes, if you don't want to, he said. His jaw clamped tight.

Put on your overcoat if you're cold in this room.

His legs were tense, he was trembling because of that. I held his chin up so he'd be forced to look at me: his gaze was blank. He was like the insane then. Like my brother. And I realized I

had known this before, when I wouldn't believe it about him. I had to leave, I couldn't catch my breath while I was that next to him. His illness suffocated me.

I'll be back in one or two hours, I said. I walked through the door and turned into the hallway without closing it.

Moushyb was in Bar Tarek as usual. Hahzhi, he called the second he saw me come in. He seemed excited, he told me he had something very important to confide, something that would solve all my problems. Let's have a beer first, I said.

Moushyb explained that three friends of his were in Tangier that night. They were millionaire thieves, men who only burglarized safes in wealthy homes. They had just completed two successful jobs the night before, and were planning to leave in their car for Larache in about one hour. Moushyb had told his friends of me, and how capable I was, and they had seemed interested in taking me with them if I myself were willing to go. It's a rare, perfect opportunity, Moushyb noted.

The three men arrived at Tarek in a little while. They were quiet, very courteous, intelligent men. They behaved very friendly toward me. They said they were sailing from Larache in a few days for Italy, and that I would never have to return to Tangier if I didn't want to. They claimed there would always be plenty of lucrative work for me in the different parts of Europe. They began to explain all the details of what I'd be expected to do and I kept repeating at each point that I was well practiced in such things. I thought about

Mark. -What was my life with him? I actually lived better before I ever met him. And now he wants me to go to America to have the life of a man poorer than the poorest aveugle.

What do I need that for? For him that isn't so bad: he's had everything anyone could want up till now. Parents with money, a long schooling, always work when he wanted it. A life of a poor person is enough for him now. But it's not good, not enough for me. Since I can remember, I've known what it is.

We're leaving now, our car's parked outside, one of the men told me. I walked out onto the sidewalk with them.

The automobile was new and black. They opened the rear door.

Could you wait here for me just fifteen minutes? I stammered. There's a person that I have to tell I'm going away.

I hurried to the Emsallah. I stepped into the room quickly, feeling very uneasy. He was sitting by the desk. Quite stiffly.

What is it? he pronounced, twisting his face toward me when he heard my heavy breathing. His face was paint-white.

I am going— :I stopped. I looked down at the desk: it was empty. Nothing at all was on it. He had been sitting in front of that empty desk, it was clear, since I left him, since sundown, five hours. Squarely facing the blank green wall.

It was clear because the door was still ajar from when I had walked out. And because the muscles of his back and arms were hard as wood. I rubbed the muscles around his neck and in the small of his back, creasing along them with all my pressure, but there wasn't a single point that gave the least bit....

Mark, how will we live in America? He whispered like someone in a trance: We will live like dogs... You, also? -Both.

Then both will live like dogs, I agreed. Some dogs have more than men: food, a roof. Come to bed. Don't sit there. Hahzhi!

I recognized the youth the minute they brought him into the station. I had seen him from time to time in the bars on the Boulevard. I let him stand waiting for a while between his two arresting officers; I finished the papers on my desk.

Then I said: Your name is Hamid, isn't it?

He made no reply.

What's your family name? Where do you live?

He just stood there without moving, staring at me defiantly. You are accused of stealing a lamp from a client at Con Lita's. Is that true?

It's not true, he said.

Where did you hide it? You better tell us quickly.

I said I didn't steal it - that's all I'm saying.

That's all you're saying, is it? Undress! We'll search your clothing.

He stripped himself to his undershorts and I had him taken away and locked in a cell off the foyer. I looked through his shirt and pants and into the hood and sleeves of the jellaba. There was nothing but a few hundred francs and a small packet of tissue handkerchiefs.

I waited for about an hour until most of the officers were off duty or gone out to street posts. Then I took Hamid out of his cell and brought him into a back room. I held up the tissues. What do you use these for? I

inquired. His silent impudence enraged me. -You're being asked.

I use them to blow my nose, what do you think I use them for.

No Moroccan uses paper tissues for his nose, I said. You use them to cover your fingerprints when you lift money off the counters or out of the registers. The proprietess of Con Lita's claims you emptied her cash register last night.

She's lying.

Is she? Why should she lie? Why should she want to accuse you?

Because I won't sleep with her, won't niki the old charah, you understand?

She says you're out of work, that you have no money. She says that she offered you a job behind the bar, but you refused it, you just robbed her cash register instead.

Work in a bar is dog's work, he replied. But I didn't touch her cash register.

Where do you get your money from then?

That's my business. I have money.

There was a knifing near the Boulevard last night, I stated, we suspect you did it. There's the knife. I pointed to a long hunting blade lying on a table near the wall. Hamid turned and stared at it. He walked over to the table and bent over closely. He lifted up the blade.

Look at the outline of the dust on the table, he said, this knife has been here for at least a week.

You get your money from the American! I interjected,

loudly, not altogether unamused by his cleverness. But raising my voice, seemed not to unnerve him:

I don't know any American.

You don't! All Tangier has heard of Hamid and his American.

Tangier is a big mouth, the police are a big ear, he scowled.

Who is this American?! What is his name?! Let him come down here to help you - I'll lock him up also!

I saw him double slightly, and clamp his hand on his right side. He seemed to be in pain.

Listen, how would you like to go free tonight? I asked.

I have no money, he snapped.

But you have a zook. Just turn around.

He stood there by the table, smiling. I walked over to him. I stopped two feet in front of him and touched his naked wrist. He spat on the floor between us.

You pig! I shouted, you miserable thief! Go back to your cell.

Much better than standing here with you, he retorted, turning around and moving toward the door with a limp. Can I have my clothes back first? he asked. I had an operation, the threads aren't out yet.

Why didn't you tell me that before?

And I can't take the cold.

Or damp?

Yes.

Well, why didn't you tell me that before? I have just the cell for you. - The coldest and the dampest in the

station! And you'll stay there without your clothes.

But I'm sick, don't you understand?

Really sick? -you're not just lying to get off easy?

I'm not lying.

Good. Then this cell will make you more sick.

I took him to the end of the main corridor and shoved him in the last embicle, where a small hole near the ceiling sucks on a draught that blows widthwise across the entire station. This cell isn't more than one and a half meters square and a steady leak from a pipe on the back wall keeps the floor always flooded. Hamid stepped through the water without turning around and climbed onto the shelf. He began to shiver. Some of the plaster above the shelf loosened at his slight impact and fell on his shoulders. I slammed the grating shut and twisted the key around twice. Have a good night, little one, I said.

Hamid was released toward evening the next day because there was insufficient evidence to hold him longer. Besides, the evening patrol inspector is an old acquaintance of his. Connected with his family, I think. The two of them left the Succo saying they were headed for Whiskey à Gogo and Koutoubia Palace. Tangier justice!

I went to Bar Tarek. Moushyb was there, sitting at the stools near the telephone. I always like to see Moushyb, I have pertinent information about some of his most constant operations, he's always very nice to me. When I came in he was busy talking to a young Spaniard, or European it seemed, who looked very excited and out of breath. Introduce us, I said to Moushyb. Moushyb hesitated, he indicated that it was inconvenient. Introduce us, I repeated.

Mark, he said, this is an officer who knows about what happened to Hamid. Sidi, this is the American friend of Hamid.

So, this is the American, I smiled, moving Moushyb aside. I realized in a second what all the stories were about: why Hamid had been so anxious even to conceal this boy's identity. I felt a sweet erection pressing the buttons of my pants. I ran my thumbnail under the edge of my mustache: You speak French well?

Where is Hamid, the boy rejoined immediately.

In the Succo prison, I replied.

I don't believe you. It is not possible.

Why not? On a bar-stool tonight, a station-stool tomorrow.

Where's Hamid?

Hamid is passing the night with a young girl, I grinned.

A girl? But that's not possible-

How is it not possible? Does a man eat chicken every evening? No man, but he varies chicken one evening with meat the next, and fish the third.

Tell me where he is. Monsieur, please! Please.

He doesn't wish to see you now. I nudged Moushyb and informed him I was escorting the boy home. He consented silently, not looking up from his beer. He was touching in his helplessness. Don't worry, I laughed to him, I won't forget to tell this friend where Hamid is - when we're in his bedroom.

I enjoyed his coaxing all the way to the Quarter, and after we reached his hotel I agreed to bring him to Hamid if he'd let me see his habitat first. But he claimed the concierge bars all non-clients. I suggested we go to my house. I can't, he said.

Touch my mustache, I instructed him, that's all I want you to do, and I'll show you directly to Hamid. His eyes enlarged with puzzlement and his forehead contracted at three pinches like a

child's. He made some kind of false laughter. It was enticing. Then he played with his shirt-front for a second; a moment later his hand was reaching toward my pouted lip. I caught it quickly and twisting it up in back of him, pushed him forward a few steps and yanked him into the dark alley.

I sucked his mouth into mine, winding his lungs before his feet even scraped the pavement. My saliva was thick and I couldn't control it. It ran down over his rosy jaws. He tried to unbalance me by heavily hammocking his weight to one side. But I hunched nimbly and slipped with him, managing to hoist his waist by my nuckles clamped through his rear beltloops.

He seemed to be stunned or dazed, his body was straight as a board. I pushed him up on his feet with his back toward me. In this position I could cleanly grapple that begging, pleading ripeness of his rump. I grasped it eagerly, I took its full measurement. I breathed into his curls: Petit, Petit, je peux te manger comme le loup, I sang. Then I spaded into the middle of his buttocks. They were hard, taut with fear. I thought how my hand was on them and the thought itself seemed to madden me.

All of a sudden I lost it for some reason, I lost the thought of how a boy's body was against my erection. How I could put his body under my chest if I wanted because he was perfectly helpless. I felt wild then, I dug my nails into his arms, but it was only as if I were tearing my own feathers apart. So I tried to remember the stories I had heard about him - I did, and a second later his body came back to me. And this time I could really feel it, feel that flesh the way I loved to.

But he looked like he was starting to get control of himself again: I decided my best move would be to get him somehow above me but on his back, so he'd be powerless, like a turtle - or a

cockroach. I jacked my knee forcefully under his back. A bunch of hairs that was caught in my undershorts elastic was freed by the pull and the loosened soaking, sticky leg-material slapped onto my cramped erection. I knew exactly how it must have looked down there. I saw it right in front of me as if I were another person. Another police officer. The sight sent bullets straight through my stomach, it filled me with love-milk up to my cap.

I grabbed the boy's eyebrows in a tight clench and twisted him around till I could pull him over my thigh. And after that I just lost total control over my hands. My index and third fingers buried into his rear, they tried to cut, to force right through his thin pants into the warm hole itself!

But - he began to fight. And he was quite clever with his jointed elbows and knee-bones. Because of our bending position I knew I couldn't hold on to him much longer.

I took out my revolver, checked to see if it was fully loaded, and opened the barrel against his left temple.

Now, unbelt your pants and zipper them down, I ordered, and get on all fours with your mouth open. Here, by my cock.

He disobeyed me: he straightened himself up instead. It was strange. My gun actually put him at his ease. He stood facing me with his hands resting on his hips:

Shoot, he said in a very calm voice, -or don't threaten me again. I'll go directly to my consulate in the morning if you do.

I pushed the side of the revolver across his face. I was just showing it to you, I sneered. What are you so afraid for?

He stepped around me out of the alley. I'll keep Hamid in prison ten months, I called after him.

He answered: If I went to bed with you you still would, Sidi. How stupid do you think I am?

I took a taxi home. I was more than furious. Who did that little fool imagine he was? I swore to myself to go back to his hotel the very next evening. If the concierge tried to keep me out I'd have him thrown in a cell, and his wife with him.

I washed out my undershorts. Tomorrow night I won't get any milk on you, I said to them, I won't have any left over for you.

Tomorrow night I'll get in that boy's room. And I'll get my fingers in his body. Right up into the narrow, slippery insides of his body.

Grief for Algeria!

The King commanded all stores and businesses to shut up for the whole day so it would show our sympathy and sorrow for Algeria. The police were going around arresting everyone they caught working or selling or buying. Naturally, a lot of ignorant tourists were banging on the closed banks. I was out on the Boul' before 9 in the morning: "Sir, today only place for changit you money is Official Tourist Office. You like me show where?"

I made more than 500 in tips before noon.

Hamid's American was outside Banque Nationale. He didn't remember me too good from the times at Docteur Fumey. He wasn't trying to change money, he wanted a check: Tourist Office ma m'sienish, I told him. Then he said he didn't even have enough fluce for a tea at Docteur Fumey. He talked sort of funny, a little peculiar. I could see he wasn't the happy person that he used to be. Not too friendly either. And probably sick.

I wondered if he had just run short for the day or whether he was actually almost brokit. No one knows how he and Hamid get their money, neither of them works. A lot say both are big thieves or smugglers, that Mark helps Hamid with all his foreign friends and accomplices. Others claim the truth is Mark is very rich and his family sends him money. I told him about how Stoney got fired from Docteur Fumey because Omar caught him stealing from the clients. I wanted to see if he would be interested in hearing about thieves.

I haven't seen Stoney in more than a half year, was all he said. I don't go to the cafés too much anymore.

Where are you living now? I asked as we started to walk along the bay side of the Boulevard.

In the Emsallah. Look how funny all the women look sitting in their veils and haiks on a straight line all down the molicone. You see that? They look strange, don't they?

Are you living with Hamid?

He stopped suddenly and stood where he was. Who said that? he asked. Hamid stays in the Marshan with his family, so far as I know.

Hamid always says that also, but some of the others who live in the Marshan claim they never see him there. Hamid also says he's never touched Mark. Everyone wonders about that. He says they're just friends. And of course, everyone's afraid to ask Mark about it - afraid, in fact, to even speak to him usually, because of Hamid. Hamid's threatened several times in the cafés that anyone going near Mark would have to answer to him.

I starved to ask Mark about Moushyb. Phlippe, the Spaniard who works in Tarek, told me that Hamid and Moushyb had had a fight. What was that all about? I said.

Moushyb is too casual when it comes to who accompanies me home, Mark commented, Hamid was angry for that. Someone on your protective police force wants to give me a little extra protection, it seems. He thinks I should be safe-guarded even in my room.

I heard about what Hamid did to that policeman, I said. Hamid had told the story to the others himself: "I wanted to hit him, but he didn't do the things for me to hit him," he said, "I did not find the reason to kill him. I was drunk - he was drunk". He'd wrested the policeman's revolver out of his hand on the sidewalk outside of Tarek and threatened to use it, even if it meant his own life, if that policeman still wanted to visit Mark. (Now there's some inspector, someone Hamid lends his jellaba to at night, who's looking for the real thief who was in Con Lita's the other day. Lita had accused Hamid of being that thief. Lita died yesterday. "Died of God", Hamid said.)

Hey, big hass!

What? Mark asked. He was looking down at his palm, counting the few coins he had.

Look there - nice big hass, good to screwit, I said. He closed his fist and dropped the coins into his jacket pocket. I pointed across the Boulevard to a girl going up Rue Murillo in a loose, swishing skirt.

That girl? he asked, big hass?

Yes, pretty nice, don't you think?

He stood there staring across the street with his index

finger pulling his lip. He started mumbling: So.... you screw girls' ass... all the same upside-down: even more lose distinction, backwards...

On the other side of the Boulevard where it becomes Mohammed V, he was still figuring to himself - That's one plus one, but there's no number after one - Hey, look, Houda Gazzouz! He pointed to a bill for Ciné Vox pasted on the tin-wall corner. I remembered that Mark used to call Houda Soultan Houda Gazzouz, gazzouz means lemonade. I said, This poster's in Arabic, so how do you know if it's Houda Gizza (tabun-hairs)?

Her green gown - you see: she always has long cherry-blond hair and a green gown. Just like Rhonda Fleming. Think I'll see her tonight. (No fluce for Docteur Fumey, plenty for cinemas!)

I have to go back to the tourist-folk pretty soon now, I told him. I see you once, Mark, before you leave...? Yallah, when you going?

He tried to look away from me. His eyes looked on the ground. Well, I'm really not too certain, was his answer to me, but soon I think.

You think soon? I think you never leave Tangier - you likit too much in this city. I shook his hand, crossed my heart, and headed back to the place of the banks. Grief for Algeria!

Banque Nationale pour le Commerce et l'Industrie Afrique maintains they never received any notice from First National to surrender me money until the morning of the 23rd when they

were unceremoniously presented with a cablegram emphasizing the requested in an earlier correspondence be forked immediately over. The cablegram stated $500 in traveler's checks and Banque Etc. had only $400 on hand. My shrieks brought the director flying down from office on high, hurried consultation was held, and agreement arrived at to fork me the 400 in t.c.'s and remainder in ye good ole Moroccan frs; which, naturellement, won consent of this department though most other people would throw brickbats, and their reason is: Moroccan frs can not be exchanged for any other viable currency, their boasting shit-value outside Morocco being compounded by fact that they daring to desert the country may do so with no more than 30,000: meaning itinerant tourists would discover use for this cablegram as toilet tissue but not so me, being merely formerely in itinerancy. He who must beat breast for blame of money's delay is so far unnamed: tempting to claim it's the handiwork of the sensationally unique postal system (the workers open envelopes at whim in continuous search for enclosed cash); however, Banque Etc. notes First National was quite aware they hadn't sufficient t.c.'s and, hence, understood in advance I would not be able to withdraw the full amount they were cabling. If true, what manner of International-financially-conniving-monkey-business be this in the credit of First National: and may they also not be responsible for non-forwarding of a certain earlier communique? And Banque Etc. refuses to send for more t.c.'s. -Predictable, characteristic, no?

o o O o o

Yes, child: MONEY again. But definitely final mention.

The point: I have received all the money now, the five hundred

airmailed and the eight hundred wired: the latter all in traveler's checks. The five hundred is not mine and I shall present it to Dad the day I dock in N.Y. Also a good accounting of the eight hundred which, contrary to what I suspect you suspect, I do not intend to prodigal away here in Africa.

o o O o o

... but I must confess, with equal emphasis, that yours bewilder me, dominated by sentimentality and wishful-thinking:- that is not how I write to you.

I hope life for you isn't a Class-B where, at a point 3/4ths along, the situations having become re-tangled and unmanageable, the scenes get cut and scrambled, the players snap out of character, the Impossible demeans the Incredible and everyone substantiates in the still-frame sunset. Our malcontent at the blank sunset is ample proof of what an imposition it is.

I suggest you re-read my last which I allotted some thought and time, meaning to stand by what it stated. You'll discover, among other matters, that I'm not amusing myself here, that if I were guided by private concern I'd surely have left Africa last year, that, seriously ill mentally as well as physically, I am about an uncovery: attempting to reach under toward an uncovery that must alter my life and attitudes forever after. Your wish to have me home is a selfish one; my need to remain can not be.

Had you no castles in the air, you might have been excused from these details.

My return shall require greater labors of us than all our previous struggles could foster. Remember, you refused even to leave your mother's: what, really, could be valued one Thursday night a

week? And if I remember correctly, we were having sex more like once a month after I started that bureau job. The Arabs would conclude: "Kif-kif wallo" - same--same nothing!

Which reminds me, I don't know how it was affecting you, but those days brought me increasing tension and meaner and meaner moods. Hour by hour your wrists, night-concealed eyes, petiole of your pelvis, your petal-smooth breasts, were receding toward irretrievable strangeness. I had greatly needed you.

And can you accept, too, that an announced love is in nature a thankless commonty: since I may not have summoned it, she who offers must do so gratis, unsponsored, liberal. Love has, like great beauty and kingly wickedness, to be its own remuneration.

I'd like to stop now and on optimistic note that if I've gone into that inferno (believe me I have on a route I supplicate never to need follow again), and if all the Answers are those I most feared, last desired, in the same respect at least I <u>am getting</u> the Answers, they are coming through, something more than tourists to Europe and Africa usually report.

Remember, this is a private letter between you and me that I order you to destroy when you finish - which means 22 seconds from now; also breathe not a word in it to any one -

So, forwarding ahead much inextricable union, I share your faith we two shall be side by secure side soon as possible, at that first hour in your season and directly after I've wintered, we both so graced -

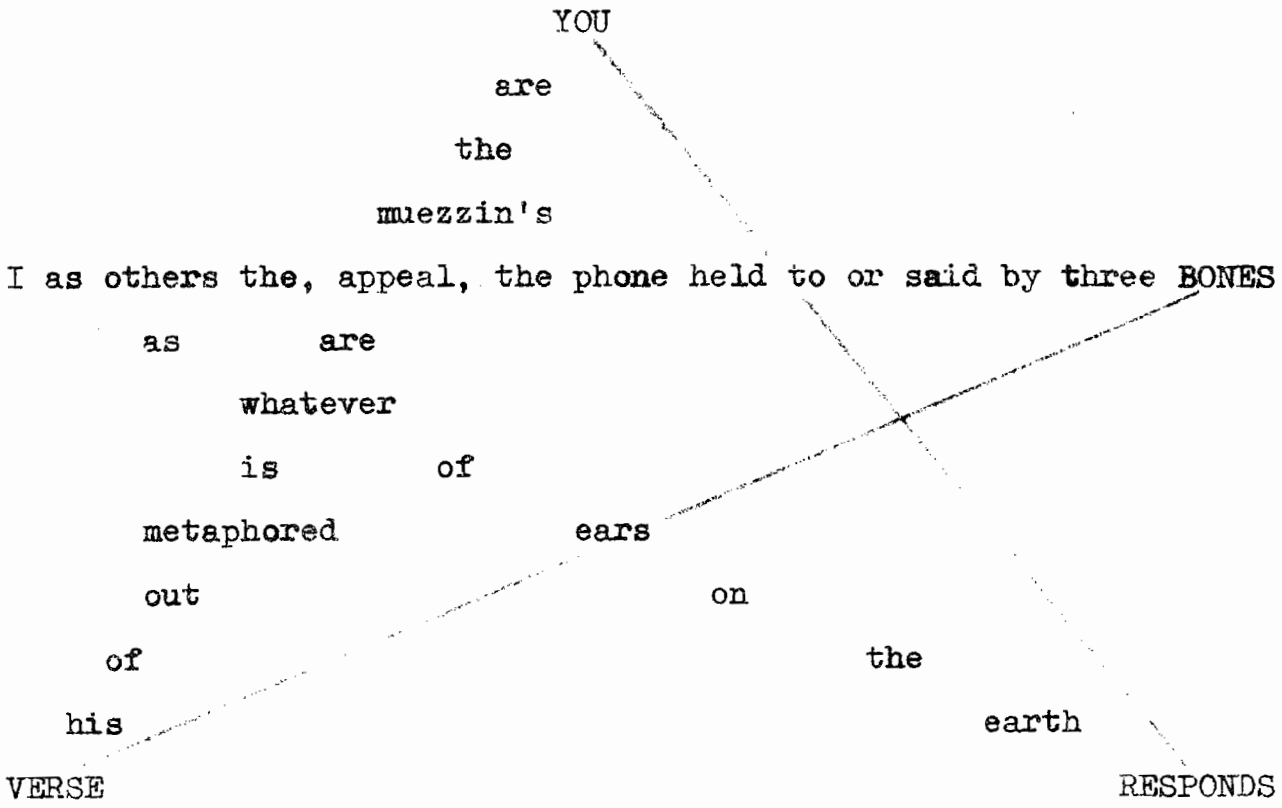
A Translation of

The Two Epistles to a Brother and the One to a Damsel

according to the version of the Calcutta Edition

which differs in essential form

from the preceding tale



Thus while he tortures self with meditations deep,
The messenger appears, and chaunts, who mayn't weep:
'Sad tydings, son of eastern lands, that thou must hear;
Thy ear as wretched as these lips thy mourning bear.
Dead is the Hamite! For his cloven corps they fight;
His by the God denuded corps: his knives claim, hight
He White-wig, who was fate to slash his loin in twain.'
At word succinct, bare, harsh, word close companion slain,
An anguish quick as clouds' opacity, drew veiling
At once across his sight; and he thick ash-dust hailing

Upon his eyes, completed black of blindness which
So black report initiated. Then a ditch
Burrowed deep enough to serve two men as graves,
He madly knelt to scooping: women, worked as slaves,
Beheld how grief benight Levantine's white with mud,
How soaked his raggled locks tormented temples' blood,
And fled off, tripping over scattered scouring cloth,
Through din of toppled pails, each screaming by her troth
Her love of life was forfeit, claim of raging wail.
And fear-ful camp drew round, his hands bound to curtail
A madness nearly won its emanatist's end.
Then his own mother, under levant moons, by send
Of frightened messenger, has ears to awesome sound
Of sorrow inappellable, cries that astound
Both listening eyes to wildly pierce the weighted breast.
She calls they care; to these laments: 'I foreknew that best
A son in filial, well as self's own saneness' name
Ought strict direct to heart, permit no mouth defame,
Though it be scientist's where students fountain at
Or traveller's vesseled far, an elden diplomat
All vales hath trode, all systems memorized in store.
I spoke what knew, imparted every omen, lore,
And parent ware mine emptied womb in me awoke.
Yet woe is me! No warning wisdom might invoke
Ever deterred a lad whom Destiny hath willed
To sealèd ways, nor shall, but Destiny's fullfilled.
How laboured loudly bearing doom-loved champion;
I nurtured him until his sapling-shoot was done
And he to bulwark, protean bend of palm tree grew
Which hatchet in no native grasp could hope to hew;
And board him on the boardings, set him on the sea
Toward siege of City, from which site, bereaving me,
How luckless by return, were I to now await.
For while to light is yet a fellow, then is fate
That agony shall change his marriage vows, affliction
Be spear a-centre of his mat, great manner friction
Beset his do however low by daily course
And from the minor joys of men his faith divorce,
They most like squatting seat before the briefest lunch,
Less lying to the grand triclinium. These hunch
Him always till the eldest frown midst disconcerted,
Unhappy nine at meat; the last may be diverted
From hellish think, from rack that tauts his suffrance strained,
Now near unsocketed young limbs. These, then, the banes
Pernicious to his year. Their source, some say, the envy
High felt for whom I wed. Hence, I am cause. But still, he
Felt love at learn his worthier his son should grow:
Offspring whose grandeur sire's gold throne must overthrow.
And, did latter not, for horror when loud herald heard
Of augured strife, of fatal combat, fly his word
To neighbour noble that our boy be draped in dress
A maiden ought? at strictest royal-writ, behest
Be hid amongst this master's daughters? Alas, I trust
Him knives after the High our ruse thence creeded just
Shouldst mask no man beyond the sly recruiter's ruse.
Such doom must dark bewilder they may deign to muse
Mine knives the Hamite hent to White-wig's villainy.'
His mother left her plaint in care with all agree;
Compile of bitterness confided to accents

As these, no more, thence parted them, for sentiments
Of destined son's condition post her runner race.
The athlete sparked the torch and, fast on femoral brace,
Huge, thick, two lower lungs when loftier should wind,
He sprang at leap fleetest gazelle's undisciplined
And dashed dwindling away through the dark he star-lit up
Like a flame glassed bursting bubble rim at bottom a cup.
Time finally attained, he all but dead, his mistress' dear,
He breathed her cry; her own rejoined with lacking cheer:
'Return, and teach she wringing wrists for that she pained
Allowance on the earth, that now more pains, and feigned
Beneath her regalness, sent he reply gainsayed
Such swift to pass: for hated foe my Hamite slayed
Who when with breath than breath was lovelier to me;
Than lovers are; friends were; they comrades yet shall be.
Return, and teach she soots with child's return-less ash,
'Twere better when a maid bereft of match, if cached
Her youth in prisoned place: for youth of hers shall wring
Her lids in anguish unend, bereave her age with sting
Unquenching: that of perished son; teach, urgency
Is Law now, name of all companions born, but free.'
Then racer sad announced: 'Look for brief life, if truth
Thou spellst. Learn, White-wig's death naught buys is less thy youth.'
Proud Levantine, sombered, requited athlete-messenger:
'Must dire ordain, this doom thus prophesied by her,
Mine mother placeth sole a-stream the puisant pulse
Consoles they acrisyed, they mayn't must convulse,
Fast flowing from the currents, dim to blinder are,
Into the nights now futured toward it: that, my star,
Do I persist till venging closest comrade killed,
Wild courage lost, on family's coast too quickly stilled?
Yet let like be, loved mother, do not strain against
With all thy mother's strength thou merely may detainst!
For never thigh or groin at virgin's silken touch
More nubile was than I to glory's roughened clutch
Am now, nor pain's unpractised pity coined as price.
Death later day should lessen me. The sacrifice
Of wizards Hercules ignited with the mild
Little atoned him left Oeta's funeral pile.
Hence, let the bone must cinder similar for the High
Burn slowly, wetted down with foe's dried parent-eye!
Return, and teach she praying other end may be:
Return, and teach she hoping, how stands the case with me.'
(xviii, 15-126)

Who to the test forthed Hamite hopefullest at dawn,
Many the dusk shouldst suffer, nor intone, 'He's gone.'
(xviii, 237-38)

Next Sarbara whose braids were plaited by the Queen
Of Beauty, rouged, gilt, tint and brushed with topaz-bronze
By Beauty's war-like Lover, knelt at orisons:
For when Who placed His baudrick reverently apart,
Puck Cupid shaped its mate upon her tress; with art
Of bright Olympia's bleach, its nectar net-sieved through
Then deftly thinned with orange, early sunset dew,
He shade her locks a loveliness could shame famed Queen

Herself: now dead beheld the Hamite, and chagrin
Overtook her tears, that chokingly she wept:
'O Hamite warrior, who dared have hazard kept
Thou so deep dream, so dark an undisturbèd sleep?
When I enjoyed thee last, thy vigorous wake did keep!
Mine sire, mine blood-bound, brave or ill, were every slain,
Yet thou, this learning, sought graves' sorrow to constrain
Me overwhelming quite: through givance me as wife
To good Levantine friend. Our marriage spite the strife
Uncombs our ancestry, to clasp both soleness one,
Wouldst thou whose deeds of arbitrage are ever done!'
Grieving, she chaunt; the women chimed in: Heaven's emboss
Of Hamite pretext; but, each grieved her private loss.
(xvix, 282-302)

Yet white Levantine drew him far aside, and by
The blown cascade of combers hoped to deafen out
His groans, which seldom heard, save with shrillness of a shout.
In an avenue surrounding inlets carved to height,
Cut to a crag, chipt rock high reached above the plight
Of things quotidian, fluxing and, they etesian: for
The seasons lastly lock such also into lore,
He his divided, wearied secrets downed to rest
And gentle slumbers overcame him: as soon divest
From him all pressing, passing matters, but present
Suddenly the shade of slaughtered Hamite, vent
Throughout with very quaintances of breathing days;
His gait, his stature, changing eyes, his very ways
Peculiar to that African exact: and over
His startled head it quaked; and echoed as it hover:
'Sleepst thou, Levantine son, levanter even so
From eldest, most professèd friend, he long ago
Evinced thy vow to work his proper yearlessness?
Thou must me realize; now mine ghost subtend; or, digressed,
Thy decades cannot grant thee printing future paths:
But stagnanted, need alternate thy madness, wraths,
With worser membrances of me; but still not leave
Thee to thy dawns: from best of which sweet power thieve.
Establish me, and I will elevate thy rection;
Incarnadine mine vagueness, I thy doom's protection
Will infinitely be, the absolute and close
Ward against the waste-ful, weak, and otiose.
Now, lower thy trembling lash, as I would weep thereon;
For never, once vicegerent's done, as halcyon
Evenings of our friendship erst permit us do,
May more we twain arise and laughingly eschew
Others' company, to solace seize apart.
This last request, partaker of mine youth, which start
To lot was all I wrest of life: that both shall be
Together buried; night art end; and by the sea.'
Then swift the Eastern's answer came: 'Dear form, what fear
Hath fright thee hither? Knowst thou callst forth what in tear
The High forsake me yet, by vain recall of that
Mine passion, creed, and lip are sworn to pain? But sat,
We two, beside so often: like though last, come share
My concrete seat with me. Such Hades let us dare.'
At plea he thrust toward friend a desperate, brave embrace,
Which nothing caught; nor smoke of shade his grasp shouldst
grace:

The dream, with horror-ful shriek, fled deep beneath the ground.
Waked, shivering, icy, sick Levantine sang at the sound:
'House of the High: then something is, eternal lasts:
Though wanting flesh a fiercer pawl than flesh this casts
Into mine will and ways; and loftier love! For I
Saw the Hamite's wraith. He cloven, yet refused to lie.
The nighttime long stood near. God! how he hath not changed.'
(xxiii, 59-108)

Black Larbi's instructions were to chew the morsel of hashish while sipping half a glass of hot tea and to expect results exactly 45 minutes thereafter. Foregoing the tea (being reluctant to disturb Abdullah), I ate the moist prune-black square inch of hashish at precisely 11PM, sat down to read and, by 11:15, overcome with giggles, looked up to see the wall by my desk swing leftward toward the window at the same time the door-side circled away from its floor to shift into the frame vacated by the desk wall. Then, all four walls stepped up together as if at a count and rhythmically marched around the rectangle of the room.

So the crafty swindler has dealt well with me this time! I laughed out loud. If each wall is on its own by a quarter of an hour, what will it be like in the proscribed 45 minutes?

-Everyone is fascinated by the silver dollars you sent me from the garden; they say they're made of paper, absolutely refuse to figure them as real: Arabs never saw flowers like these before.

I hear Mjido's harmonica (Hi Lili hi Lili hi lo). A song of love is a sad song; Mjido est un vrai gros koala.

-Too late to get this out today, and the next outgoing isn't till Friday. Miss everyone. Wore to threads those Westernstyle brown cotton trousers we bought in Brooklyn for $1.69 and canned

them. Old desert boots still make it around town, with their 9 perforations conceding the advantage to winter. When 3 policemen intervened he also threatened to stab them. The woman's long excruciating howls summoned myself and an assortment of nearly one hundred into the Brazil alley; he was bent on knifing her in broad daylight, tore on her haik and at the infant sashed to her back before the squashed and shoving witness of 200 deliciously scandalized eyeballs: an adulterous affair or other, old Othello plot, their jealousies say no uncle. By far the most intriguing, # of whores hypnotized to the scene: follow the tussle around the Black Maria with bleary, still made-up lids.

-The clipping was from the pensión toilet paper (i.e., they were too frugal to stock real ass tissue so they quartered sheets of a Spanish publication, called España). Just as I was about to employ, I spotted the dateline: "Nueva York", and voraciously scanned for news. The visual closeness of Spanish to French sufficed for Dracula and the Umbrella Man. The headline reads: "A boy of sixteen years condemned to die in the electric chair".

Mohammed Chauny of the unsetting leg is out of the hospital today, and though he moves with halting limp, stiffly, and with a cane, I may yet know he strides the streets normally: which will be a true signal of metaphysical fortune for me.

The meticulous British: was suggested I try the British Consulate in the then thus-far fruitless quest for Shakespeare in Tangier. I enter jacketed in Great Expectations ↑→ of novel and film familiarity, ask to be shown to the reading room, and am ushered into a little termite-eaten antichamber where a warped double door closet is unlatched for me and, behold, the Consulate of the Commonwealth's library ↓→ 6 or 7 shelves of absolute moth decayed chaos, dust drowned, dirty, peeling apart, upside-

down, leafwards, ripped and yellow-torn, crumbling to sections, all, all scattered brown pages... I spend an hour with matches (no light otherwise) searching for Othello (Put out the light, and then put out the light) but the black man in the dark is no where to be found. I emerge finally, filthy and bewildered, say "Wallo" to the Moroccan secretary, and leave:- never again to hold least credence in that English image of responsibility and prodigiously humbling thoroughness: imagine: no Shakespeare! and in the last fortress of the Queen in all Tangier.

I stir about my room with painstaking scrupulousness, with treacherous suspicion:- for each object no sooner submits to my suspicious glance than its colors spindle together indiscriminately or checker out in shuddered yards of rainbow tears (green in clear predominance), while its shape spins with the velocity of a vigorously unwound top, top after dizzing top down the wide cavernous Moscow ballet-stage... A clamorous orchestration simultates out of the conchshell of the backdrop and from far under the stagefloor boardings through gleaming, mahoganyblack pipes in the hell-sunken pit. DANCE! WHIRL! DANCE! you faithless reproductions of energy, you half-heartedly substantiated, semi-heartedly believed in beliefs! dance away, away, dance, dance, spindle off around and around and up and up through my ceilingless room---I witness you again, yet once more, you, you, that wicked all-populous Exodus... and lie here wooden under the warpedwood spiral of the balustrade staircase, all alone. The proper Britisher adjusts his tie-knot, his tie-pearl, skillfully twirls his narrow fawnblack umbrella, descends the stairs; he pauses dramatically on the final step, spits the toad out of his throat↓→ says in a cruelly clipt, but scrupulous exaggerated English accent: "The boy was quite ugly. I enjoyed it the more for that."

At my place in the novel, Frederick and Karel had been caught in the nightly lock-up. I was merry at their predicament. -Still in the early stages, then, the merry and giggling stages of the hashish ("What do you think this is:- a fucken joy-ride?" and punishing the pedal, we dodged down horn-loud Broadway to the safety-catch redlight at 42nd, fender, scrape, skinning through 3 dozen cars). And, suddenly, that very nightly lock-up moment I become afraid. Fearful ⟷ this, my room is a prison too, a jail. Karel took off his overcoat and made a pillow of it. He pushed his fingers into the marine and white herringbone. The stitchings of the hem and sleeves are fraying loose. Consolation: this rag won't boast a 3rd reach-me-down. Cain rattles at the bars. Mind if I join you? he asks, I have the cell just adjacent.

He squats on a stool placed upon exactly the balustred steps beneath which I am prostrate. I wiggle myself across the tile to where my head barely comes out from under the staircase, and stare at him from this vantage: his red brow to chin appear small, compressed by an Athenian chaos of orange curls and, atop so lovely crown, the pressure of the warped spiral in its 5ft curve. Mark, I have come to hum for you, he says, to hum a melody as sweet as any thou ere hast hark; and I shall summon the tune upon my short-wave set. Singing, Mark, Mark, I'm go for work, and will not be back till eleven and a half....

I have for fixit you clock (the old one) you be careful do not touchit if you nervous and I fix when I come. I am for and pharos and will be back here soon,

Hamid came in. You leave the door wide open? he demanded with little attempt to conceal a fatigued annoyance.

I watch him move. Please don't scold me now, I answer. I am the happy one now. I refold the coat into a pillow and curl it

under my arms. He announces wearily: I came here because I knew you were going to make yourself crazy tonight. I just saw Larbi. He told me he met you before and sold you his strongest hashish.

I somersault on the covers, my bent knees reaching in the air at my balanced mid-stop. You are— he started.

I am nuts! I guffawed. Tellement nuts!

Why do you do these harmful things to yourself?

Because I'm well! and therefor they're not harmful. Only well people can afford this reckless show of hazard. I'm Colombus!

Well could he afford such comment, Cain interjected, having, as he does, the most beautiful adolescent in Paris for permanent lover. This ought to interest you: you're already aging.

-To expiate laconically: the particular prize to be visioned here is when a man is searching to solve equations of an other world or turn up in Africa what is lacking back there: he is able to eye in this stripped, barren land that the latter are all the more missing from the topography of the earth, and the formers insoluble, very clearly so, so far from their native scene.

The sun's unshaded here; nothing boasts reflection; definitiveness. The reason I asked you to hold the darabukka until I get back is that I want to present it to Rocinante myself.

I'll stay with you for the rest of the night, Hamid says.

He works his hand through the insulation of his jellaba sleeve to touch me with paw of a brown grizzly-bear.

<u>That inveterate truth</u>, I knew he should do it —— This bed is too small, I ejaculate quickly, anxiously, -we shall have to get a larger one. Yaa-as, he answers. We'll move upstairs, the old landlady promised me a larger apartment. Yaa-as, yaa-as...

(Listen to me! -I'm speaking in English.)

Yaa-as, he repeats staring up intently at my face.

We're in New York now, you're living in the same apartment with me, Hamid, I declare uncontrollably in English.

Yaass, he assures without conviction. I switch to French: Look, look at this drawing, a friend sent it; does it make sense?

No.

Look, look here: you see these lines, these circles? This hair this lion; the odalisk here; this clown-face; the field and fence in the circle; the witch, the Inca, the bald man, do you see?

I see nothing.

Oh God!

I say I see nothing. That's all.

My God, my God! Who is this person, this bear? I do not know him! -I don't recognize you——listen, listen: I'll read what it says on the bottom:- "Thanksgiving. What a comfort to know it's utterly hopeless. Love to Mars."

That's in English, he notes. I don't understand it.↓

→ And all the others changed into animals. ALL into ANIMALS

H: Tu dois pardonner moi: je veux faire seulement ce que est bien pour toi. M: Can I pardon you your alien birth? H: Yes. M: Aye, there is no difference amongst men. H: And pardon me my crimes:- I did them for you. M: I pardon your crimes, but not that you did them for me. H: Then pardon me my love for you. M: There is no crime there. H: Then there is crime in that I was born... M: What did—what did you do when you went to the bordel the hahcess pointed out to you? H: I chose a girl. M: How many girls were there? H: There were 11 girls in a line. I chose one who was 14 years old. She had unbound hair down to her zook. 3,000frs for the whole night: it was worth it. M: How could you choose!! How could you choose?

H: I chose. I chose. M: Did you give the hahcess what he

desired afterward? H: I never nikied a hahcess. M: But how could you choose? H: There is no crime there. In life, a man is given choices. M: -Do you know how much I am suffering this very hashish-instant? Am I also to pardon you that? H: You are. Comprehend me. I will comprehend you in New York....

IT IS TORTURE TO SINK HERE, pure torture of Terror-Alone, encased in the pumped pipeline of every blessed heartbeat, spindled off on a ski wire between 3 worlds, the insinuatory of each, and tenableness of neither. Heroes of all anguish, of all 1000 times before they die... Drift in the walnut to soot blackness, flecks of cinnamon on a filmscreen by... I return to the desk, drawing the herringbone about my icyness; and a giant profile of genie blows them all out: the Inca with the spear thru his nose, the sorceress with her breasts tight around her neck like a necklace, the buffoon of bells in his cowl, the west wind, ewe's head, tiny elephant-girl, figure by the fence——blows them to thick black lines crisscross from hub off-center, big bold black crayonings of smudged idiosyncratic preoccupational involution, a sketch, a print, print, print, print.... And possess these many objects, this wood chair, desk, sink, closet, blanket, bear, no greater tenableness than this? Are they all so frangible entities then, that such evaporation is their most manageable reality? -Hélas, but they can function no further; and I must pity them....

I speak to him in English; he reads my lips in French.

Scribble on a post-card: "Desire to be born is the escapes out of closed spaces—phobia—but mundane analysis, Freudian—"

Mark the schoolchildren in the Luxembourg Gardens playing so different, teacher, in the sunny Djemaa. How far do these gaserv New York? It is the gardens of Casablanca go. Would it encompassing measure and act, as its inconspicuous smokespeak all the

important European tongues, and fill a cigarette with Tachelhit? Want to win these peopled the cleawant them to accept me. Ditwas see me perform in the big crowd I'm so small. Even if I smuggle smoked everything from the center of a crothan I really am but I've nalmost immediately. By grandfather before his him is all smugglers. Soultan, Virgil, Charon and I justify accusing Omar. I am man: the meamark permitted Omar to whisper indecently in his ear and be our Tugeni troubled; and a fight began because of jk.

Abdessalem and Abdelfour and Matthew lift you toccor with up their ledges to observe Tangier; Hamid to a ledge to oberdens go.

How far do the "I's" as Robert the Swiss who have the mostbe possible to squat on a quit were the narrator for you? I sa?

I hear hearts: Ianing attendant, I drop half the cigarette in the wet drain. I, you, extremely anxious about possible police detection, but the pand redder and yellower after that.

As Abdelkader the Young I learnbe and that's why I'm never too cold. I look oldewed. Out the Ameribeen in prison. My father and mofollow me. Intriguingly as Houda's Mehdi and Abdelcain, and Eduardo, Mohamet the Prophet, the lame a man, buttengering, Cross-Eyes and the tea brewer setting seats to huddle around you with an almost inaudible mutter of madness.

MONEY being the easiest thing to give, then, for you who count it out in dollar bills, pesetas and Empire Cherifien franc notes. I count it as the days of my life, undear to you: the minutes and thieving seconds that went away around a clock, circle after circle, like the thin skin of an apple, peeled off.

Money... I give you the hours of my life, in patient, patient immobility-barter: my past for your present.

At the desk with the print, I HAD 3 REVELATIONS:

I beheld all the locked rooms, the encasing stairwells and the

elevator shafts as prisons, the prison of Frederick and Karel.

And my father materialized from the off-center hub.

And third, I recorded, the Places of Trap are the failure of communication (Ambition). With their cold as the urge to birth.

So fed up with an academic exercises....

→ And always the ritual, the repetitions of the ritual, even now in a candy of hashish, the display, the purchase, the instructions, the consuming, the suffering phases suffered one by patrician one, all the backdrops and screens tumbling away—this extremity of agonies of the mind—ritualistic as in the first dark street of Rue Gutemberg, when boys brought chairs... expanded, ethereality out of a crowd around me to a circular purity LIGHT.

THIS WE REMEMBER AND NEVER FORGIVE, his passing each his own into a chicken, hesitant turtle, sniffing hare, chipmunk or rat.

FINGERS fanning out like rays of sunshower, expressing, "Jolie comme ça, comme ça!": sometimes the thumb is even kissed.

MORE adventured than in the flowerhood-preserving of Marina.

HAMID'S French in imitation of mine: "Ça ne marche pas ici!"

...SCATTERlogical, eclectic, as scribblings near a telephone.

Abdullah came running out with his women and his child, babbling like a monkey. Säfie Mogador: Dar el Beida por favor,[1] I

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[1]Hamid is punning to show his unconcern; the alternate meaning is a non-sense rhyme of coastal cities= "Safi, Essaouira, Casablanca-please." Moreover, he is not losing the opportunity to torment the inn-keep: each city listed is a proven earthquake site. Maroccans delight in this sort of pastime.

told him. If el Amerykanie comes, I'm waiting inside. Mark had the key, so I had to stay in the main hallway for two hours until he finally returned. I came here because I thought you would be worried, I said. How do you feel? There's been a small earthquake, did you see how crowded the streets were? He looked very tired, like someone so tired he couldn't understand what you were saying to him. I am not afraid of earthquakes, he mumbled under his breath *** I jumped up and seized Aisha in my arms the moment I felt the first tremor. Get up! I cried to my wife and Fatima, we must go into the open street. It's an earthquake! Like at Agadir! The lights were blinking on and off, then the building shook a second time. We hurried through the garden and rushed down the hallway. Then we waited with a group of excited and frightened men on the corner of de Hollande. Many families were fleeing to the country with just a few valuables. The taxis were earning a fortune. But I, myself, didn't think it would be wise to leave the hotel to looters *** I had panicked momentarily: this Hollywood climax too—or is the world really falling apart as I see it falling apart every day? Then crumble, Walls, and bury me without my victory. -Oh Lord, what other in life but to grow consistantly less interesting, with the turn of seasons less interesting, and make some loss of oneself

Nor was he remiss thereafter, but sent all these histories to be recorded in his annals. Then her sister exclaimed, "By Allah this is a right pleasant tale and a delectable; never wast equal

of it, but prithee tell me now another story may whileth away that yet remaineth to waking hours of this our latter night." She replied, "With love and gladness an the King grant me leave, for I have heard they tell an history concerneth several curious more wondrous yet than this." Asked Shahryár, "How counts account of they curious?" And she answered by commencing in these words,

THE TALE OF THE CREDULOUS FIVE

They relate, O auspicious King, a certain Wali, an happened man and a learned, who sat many years for a city of the cities of the ports, wast acquaint one morn of a murther had been in a street anext an known inn: now this khan was know most for a lodging scoundrels, thieves, courtezans and cut-throats eke other ill reputes, so the Wali ordered the dwelling girt round with army fast of agents and they within apprehent and carried afore him. And lo, the custodians issued him a motley folk, three men with two damsels, singly an one being a Maghrabi and a natal to that region[1]: the maids were wend of realm men tell afixt in the ocean o' the setted sun,[2] whilst another these fellows, a Nazarene, embarkt from this self-same shore; and the last was Northernman, pink of skin and eyne were wholely red. The Wali reviewed this curious crowd he behold in the court and he creedeth youngest mistress, who was golden-tress and perfect formed of face, but little like a fawn and withal timrous, be she soothfastly and with compliance account upon the murther yestertime. Saith he,

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[1]The Maghrib or the "West," the country of foreigners and foreign ruins as well as magicians: Easterns held it a fabulous area.
[2]Possibly, Atlantis: man remembers and combines but does not create: the early Arabs were considerable scholars of Greek, in particular, of Aristomenes the Messenian.

"The willingest Lily that fears by swolle water, * She first to the fold is thy bleitest young daughter!"

And hereto the Wali suffered the sun-tress girl to come forth and, when she had salamed and was prostrate on the marble steps of the Wali's high table, he spake these words to her, brief with concealed cleverness: "Thou hast done a man to die, O daughter mine, and must bear before this audience!" "Guardian to Traveller," exclaimed the damsel quaking with fright and great distress, "By His Apostle (whom Allah bless and keep!) Jah Án hath slain no slaying. My story shouldst well concord this truth, and 'tis an one which, were it graven with needle-gravings upon the eye-core were a truth for whoso hath prove long patience." "Tell thy tell, daughter, and say a finis quickly," rejoined the Wali, and she rose from the steps thereupon and made known the

Tale of Jah An, or the Quest for the Artisan-weet.

"Know, O Protector, that I come from a far country and a sometime new, but 'tis one never enlighten by Allah nor leisured of the leisure to peruse nicety and delicacy and the finely and painfully wrought, as be here thy stablished and centuries' revered Kingdom. For there the wind bloweth ever o'er trackless plain and the sun glareth down upon ceaseless deserts, that not even once have seen a single growth nor drunk one drop by myth or troth and the folk there speak with vain oath and all are suspect and each is loath. My sire is a carver of stones and of rare metal the which to bed; hence he findeth naught for rivallings anent his fashions within our cities and for this setteth me forth, Jah An, alack his sole and single kith! to hither and dither in this land of learnings and schoolings and that of statues and fresco; and to discover unto him whene'er shouldst return a site an within which are con-

noisseur the craft; thus have I dare as father deem, albe it fly in face of ancient care a maid embark of lone; and for sole aide had the woman, She-la, close-fast to me and the same for generous and compassion as a mother-blood cuz. And hereto arrived, long sore lack for provaunt but naught wanting in guide nittle wit as wag o' tongue, we chanced upon this Nazarene; in sooth an one unfar from wisdom and in word wide of foolishness. Eke is he a country-fellow howe'er I ken him not the days I abode thither. Now upon harassers have nor forethought nor contrivance the Christian was refreshing as drink following lengthy journey; that I thence about with him to-ing and fro-ing in this lane and there, conversing and reciting verses touching on these matter and that; also fashing quaint with one dealer of worthless Suez-silks,[1] an other mystic of maddest say that I might uncover a stall an in which be connoisseurs mine sire's fashionings. The Christian disclosed unto me a shop here and a booth here and a mart there, all of merchants and barterer of good; yet none amongst them who might wot aught my father's art as he the Nazarene in he is an natalman and citizen same eyne. And such in swiftest time I came to love in him; for as saith the saw: 'An thou hast patience of progenitor his kith, his likelings, mayst thou not deplore;' and

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[1]Arab."Al-Suways:" founded by a Santon from Al-Sús in Marocco who called it after his name "Little Sús" (the wormlet). Many examples of the metalcraft of the Antediluvian civilisation have recently been uncovered; this story suggests a tradition that the indigenes had as little respect for their own art as they apparently had for those of foreigners. The reference to a "new" realm may be original dynasty or tyrant; or, again, barring a copyist's error, it may disqualify the "Atlantis" theory. In connection with which I should stress the quest for the cognizenti: a more fully developed version of this same theme appears in Scott's MS. (ccclxxxvi.); it is one of the least known of all the tales, presumably because of its unsensational material and delivery: however, I believe it may repay close examination. There is little doubt that its origin is non-Islamic, and it is not a little mindful of some Kabalist riddles and even the Parables themselves.

thereupon I consent mine consent to enjoin this fellow at all the public houses, eke companion him upon the highways of the city and in its public gardens; whither I delighted in his wit and commiserated his toil and moil and counseled him anent one affair and an other; after which we repaired to his caravanserai whence followeth jokstering, kissing, toying, biting and the like. One eve whilst we while the sleeper's hour in witty converse and clever account of our native realm, lo! there sound furious pounds and a wicked rapping upon the portal: 'twas this Norther thou here beholdest, my Lord, the sick-eye and weak of limb, a demented rogue and the same for consistency and logic as thy stable's slothest ass. Anon he fell to berating us with ill tongue and foulsome parole, and thereafter to laughing such wild laughter as the slumbering and the dead mayeth in sooth leap forth at and quit fore'er their violate space of wont; thence he give o'er to shrill shrieking concerneth the defilement of his dwelling home and the spill of blood upon it by way of our very lasciviousness and lustihed. Yet I speak thee Allah's own (but Allah is All-knowing!) 'tis self's lechery the villain railed and self's base longings did thus condemn; for 'twas naught at fash than the opening up to him than he set to essays at the fingering of my waist-veils and the seizing of mine hands in his hands and so forth. Certes, the much offent Christian shouldst have swinged the madman upon his trespass and give him verily to eat stick; but in the intruder is eld as well as stark insane, I took pity of him, causing my protector to stave off; so the evil Norther was released; whereupon he ran out from us and, as we recked it, to wend thus chastened his foolish ways. Nath the less the night Nazarene enjoined me at inn whereat I inn, and such verily was yesternight, we heard the wrathful fisting at door for

occurred at second incur. And certain it was this Northerman who, hid till time that we forewent him, did steal hind of us for such pounding and wailing anew. Moreover, in this instance he screeched o'er the crenelles of my portal 'twas deputed of me to cease off my luxuriating with the Nazarene and come forth to him in that I was his woman bound and his rightful wife; but we durst not undo door for second mischance, certified now of his Satanic madness, for 'twas known the Norther had a wife, but that be of yore and in the days of Músá bin Nusayr[1] and she was deceased now. At length the ugly language stoppedeth and was cry no further; but presently an hideous, frightful scream reached us from the windows of the street: a scream as of wild she-camels that struggle and shriek when Badawi cuts their throats.[2] We post great haste to discover him the letter of such chillingblood sound might be, near stepping atop, in our do so, of a terrible twisted corse that lay hunched up in the dark at the very step of the khan! We gazed in astonishment and sorest fear upon the stiff thing; a mangled and an hackt form, withal bathed in blood o'er hand and face that no man might say who it was when that unfortunate raggle of flesh yet boasted breath. Moreover, there was not a single living soul about the street for who culpability may be lay; evenso, O my Lord, had not the Norther take his leave but seconds prior? -an be not he, be who did stand within my inn step the very instant of the slaying? And this Northerman doth surely resemble they in deed lowest: they black of colour[3] and

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[1]Governor of Marocco and the first Mohammedan conqueror of Spain. His lieutenant, Tárik, the Unafraid and the Unfortunate, named the Rock of Gibraltar (Jabal al-Tarik).
[2]The ominous significance is double by the fact that camels often bore the dead to far-off grounds of interment.
[3]The audacity of the white skin belittles the Easterns (e.g. the Turks and Brahmans) even more than, if possible, Europeans.

all naked of body, as were savage beasts and comprehendeth no word of that is addressed to them. Furthermore, a man turneth ever over whate'er at hand for quell of huge feelings and a man doth after Vengeance when his longings be frustrate: as the poet quoth and quoth as warning to whoso will be warned, 'Aisle, now, river far through field; flood-day shall it more than yield!' Upon the spurn and disdained Norther no wise nor witted need wag o' woman's storedeth to place the brutish deed; which set some innocent Soul at stair-sitting for aye!" "For thy sake, O my daughter," (said the Wali) "I wish thou sayest truth; for I offer thee best advice in the saying which cometh of my affection and kindly solicitude for thee." Then the Wali bade the accused Northernman walk forth and, when the latter had kissed the step, he quoth: "Perforce thou must discover it to me an thou be hast murthered and disclose the cause in all reasons, or thou shalt suffer thy back-basting and ribroasting till speakest sooth." The Northernman replied, "O Guardian of the Faithful, Allah make thy sway to endure and exalt thy dignity here and hereafter! yet if maid be not who did a Moslem die, it be yet an one of these same staumrels. Harkst my story, which causeth the bethinking awhile of the world and its chances, thou shouldst make slow to deem me aught of guilt!" "How is that?" asked the Wali, and the Northernman said, "Know, O Wali, that must warrant by rede of

The Jinni which was Contain in a Cucurbite.

All wot I to win clear this strait be much upon my poor wife, a lady bright of blee with thoughts that beamed brilliance and mind composed of Babel's gramarye, breath wisdom don and lips sugar to word as carnelian to gaze upon. Yet was she maladie-rid and by body weak; thus ill faredeth for cold climes we dwelt

in, places full four years in the journeying from hither, and four returning. Now in I loved mine wife o'ermuch, as most a man may passion after the thing preciousest to him—or more; I determined to determinate her wanning health by voyage to nether realms whither she repair in the warmth o' the Sun; for the which became I a warrior of fortune and an adventurer, so might live thereby and win sustenance for both. And I fought in long frays and did many score battle, apprehending stratagies by this people and sly cunnings by that. At length I secured favour with lords of war with the learnings and deviations that I port from far and near, and I rose from the ranks and was titled and fared well. But even as I waxed mightier, wife wanneth to worse; a thinness befel her form, and her hands hung like sapless leaves while her lids were drawn o'er as by milky veils. So I pothered the lady my wife and we forthed in travel as best might, arriving to this Kingdom, for men related 'twas summer of summer climes here, ever warm, sun-lit, verdant and fresh of breeze. We found out a benevolent and mighty kind inn-keep who kept in the newer native city, and by such fellow made our khan. Then I managed whate'er strength and monies may, and the inn-keep what beneficence and bountifulness might, but still my luckless lady grew no healthier for health; and ceased to stir about at all; and passed finally to the mercy of the All-might (exalted be His Will!) Afterwhich myself fled the realm, bereaved and wild as the wild Derwayshes, and distraught with profoundest sorrow made my way to the wastes of Mauritania, whither I thought to hide in the bleak sands this unbear burthen Destiny drave upon me. But solace was no where. From Mauritania I sailed to Al-Karkar[1] which the Deluge never

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[1]A fanciful seashore from the Lat. "Carcer"(?); again, Atlantis?

won upon, that the folk there are the lineage of Noah which be cut off from all other humans; for there meseemed I could uncover a similar exile. Now one morn as I wast along the stormy coast, I descried a pair of strange sea-maids surfacing and swirling about in the billows, and they float a-middlemost betwixt a kind of silver cucurbite. Such glimpse of these water sprites bewitched mine senses, so I drew closer and they, seeing me thus approach, did leap o'er the white of the waves and wiggle and squirm up upon the strand (having but a serpenting, scaley tail instead of two limbs); and in four hands both charmingly present me their sealed cargo. I knelt and took the gourd when, alas! which very moment the fish-maids collapse down and, in the Sun's heat, gaspt for breath and shrivelled up into balls of scale and died. Mineself was sad amaze at such unwonted sight, but, well weeting 'twas upon me the ope of cucurbite for that may keep within, I break it apart on juttance of nearby rock. And lo and behold! there smoked forth a smoke which swayed a-twisting green to the sky's zenith; and soon the smoke condensed to an ugly Jinni, massive-limbed, whose bare scalp was even with the mountain-tops and whose arms count six, three like the sons of Adam and three like apes' arms, dangling and hairy, like as not in use of seizing off aidless damsels to a lust-ful nest.[1] Moreover, the Giant

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[1] In West Africa there are numerous accounts of women carried away by apes, belief being that they afterward bear issue. Anthropoid apes often erect in the presence of women and I have related how at Cairo (1856) a cynocephalus would have raped a girl had it not been bayonetted. Young ladies visiting the Paris menagerie are frequently scandalised by exposing baboons; and my late friend, Mirza Ali Akbar, swore to an instance when a certain man had connection with a female monkey. The possibility of issue is a disputed point, and should augment the pseudo-science called psychology, by the problem of the offspring's having but half a soul. A traveller well known to me is currently occupied with an unique pithecoid-slave "breeding stable." However, it is some time now since I have had news of his progress.

had a third eye, gleaming mysteriously in the centre of its high forehead; and its huge voice was the clap of Doomsday when it boomed over the mountains and across the ocean, 'Return, O Norse, to the chamber of thy dead wife: thus full-fill a writ Decree! Upon thy head this journey! upon thy heart thou falterest!' And with this the Jinni vanished from sight, whilst mine nerve was well-nigh torn out of my breast and my teeth lock together like an heightened parapet. Natheless, fearing the Spirit of the cucurbite and that might cometh out its disobey, I quoth aloud: 'There is no god but the God and Mohammed is the Apostle of God!' Hereat made I haste and sailed, returning to our former inn, the very site of my lady's expiring; but when I came to claim room as deemed the Jinni, the inn-keep disclosed to me that it were use then, repast and slept within of an youthful Nazarene. So I hire the chamber a-next that I was devoired and endeavoured the befal enquaint, in the days there ensuent, with this Christian. One eve I knockt at his door and, saluting him, discovered unto him that I ken his stranger tongue and spake it absolutely; thereupon he bade me enter and sit at wine and wassail and I did and I was within mine dear wife's last room at last. Then I conversed and related the eventures of my life and times to the Nazarene and, finding it opportune, inquired his causes for inning in this inn, repeating to him many repeatings over and to the same purpose, there be pleasanter in the city and more commodious. But he answered after his want of gold and withal to betake him largeness of dwell, for which was he in poor place and in this simple room. So I returned to mine and remained therein and bethought me and I rack my head and beat my breast; and I struggled to uncover the mean an which entreat or yet enforce the Christ-man's departure. Late one night I heard merriment and loud jokestering, a male

tone and women's voices, and they were come, alack, of the very Nazarene's chamber. This frolick and rude gamestering dured the set of sun till dawn and foe which I could not sleep that night entire and in the morn was sandy-eye, semi-blind, and spinning in brain. I post to the inn-lord and called him forth and cause him to learn of the night's passings and recognized him to recognize what shame 'twas such should realize in his own care; and I wared him he in his honour's name must see the Christian leave off, an he willn't must he then enforce him to take leave out. 'Right is thy rede," answered me the keeper and he went into the refractor; yet this youth left not same day nor did he venture forth the next nor the next of that: for stead, he kept fast in mine wife's room and with him some lewd girls sure, for I harked their pastiming and loud pleasurances the sennight's eves each. And then, O curse his company! the night of week's end, came to my ears a fear-ful shrieking which ceased not for the space of a full two hours, and after water-spilling and shoe-droppings, and lastly libidinous laughters, echoant and awe-ful to hark as the carousals of the Menacer. So finally I up, rushing to Nazarene's room, and I pound and pulled upon his portal. At length it came away and fell ope and the chamber was wide unsecreted before my scrutiny, and the scene I so behold"——And the Wazir's daughter perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

When it was the Four Hundred and Seventy-eighth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that in this-so did the Northernman continue his tale to the Wali:—"That see I saw when the door was wide stunned me verily and the whilst I eye it I could but deem mineself in a dream: for I gazed on a pair

of maids and at first was startled, and marvelled with exceeding marvel at their gracefulness and loveliness; but next I looked at the Christian and, descrying him to be at erotic play and at the recumbence upon his settee with the two damsels, did heat thereat with hot fuming and fire-fed wrath. But my astonishment and sore grief was consumate at that which I thereafter did behold, for (Allah enown us all!) yet there was piss bepissed across the floorstones and it was new let, and it flood from the foot of the estrade down to there where I stood dumbfound in mine shoes. So I grieved aloud hereupon, saying, "Thou and thy women! In my own wife's place durst ye thus? Then is Iblís surely upon us!" Sin of sins, my Lord, but this Nazarene leapt up hereto heeding me not, lo, a servant of the Jinni, and thrust my shotten age into the hall without till I tumbled down in the foyer-pass. Then, o bethought me my doom and prayed terribly: for I was a hand of the giant Jinni and who held forth to full-fill a writ destiny, and, sorrow of the unsaved, yet these imbeciles thus put me to the rout. Natheless I would an example to deter others from such unholy fearlessness, and upon the threesome strode into streets, I quicked my pace behind them, O Wali, as thy custodians must the lawbrake, nor let these dolts deceive me nor lose me in crowded thoroughfare. And at length, ining and outing with the highways and byeways of the eldest native neighbourhood, I trace them to a caravanserai therein, and they went up into it. Then I hid me by the shadow of nearby sheds attending till time the alluring procuratrix and harlots who homed in the khan's entrance did each and every gang her own gait; and thereafter I stole up the stair to bolted frame wist I be the refractories' for none other wast use then. Fashed thus, I called out again to these deniers that they stave off their rebellious, pride-ful and contumacious do,

but, believe! they betray me a second treachery and a more disasterous, with the Nazarene when anon betook to the entrance and ript with wicked, fatal slash the windpipe of unweary Moslem. An same ken I, in I quit not the khan and thereto arrived no sixth soul: and a faithful of Allah was murthered certes! O Guardian, by the three eyes of the Jinni, it is numbered that a Christ-man to lechery and sacrilegeing of woman's wraith given, is not from slaying of the living Moslem life easily driven, nor far away from his heretofore empledged in heaven,[1] nor, by these twain, enlastingly thereafter shriven. Eke, could not be I did that fearer die for I am a law-fear and a godly, O Wali, I am thy slave, thy own Mameluke, thy white thrall, thy very bondsman. And such is mine story and peace be on us both!" "I hope for thy nape's sake, O Northernman," (quoth the Wali), "that Sooth homes in thy mouth as readily as the whoresome in the door-post of the khan!" Then the Wali bade the accused Nazarene aface him; and the Christian made obeisance and hotly exclaimed: "Allah assain thee, but an be not the comely Jah An nor ancient Norsk slew the slain, still it is than mine yet a fourth hand. My tale should like to acquaint withal the verity of such as not, and it is a warner to whoso can know profit from warnings. Hear then

The Youth who Longed after that is Lighted-up on the Thousand-first Night.

Know, O Governor, how I was not sired in exile, but am a scholar of a kingless country and the son of scholars who has learnt intoning the holy books according the seven schools and purused all

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[1]Koran lii.21. "Every man is given in pledge for that which he shall have wrought." A clear pronouncement of pre-determination. The trick always lies in the interpreting.

manner ledgered verse and written recitation, and held disputations on their contents with the doctors and men of science. Moreover, during the days of my pedant-take I studied star lore and the fair sayings in the histories of realms, and I exercised myself in all branches of uncovering and calligraphy exceeding that of the scribes. Yet ever and anon, was my heart of heart's long to look upon the Night of Power[1] and to behold that which is lighted-up to learning on the thousandth night and a night; which same joy-ful revealances were never yet become mine property own though I read all be writ and list all was tongue by who are give to repeat from the leathers of seasons'-sewn knowledge, as well each and every report out them of whom 'tis said they see o'er the coved orizont and foresee what host borne upon that declivous camp to come. So when I arrived to age befits the quit of good parents' house and the go about in seek of self's sustenance, I wend twixt all climes and cities of my country and sought out in such-a-place and looked in so-a-city for a calling whereby to win my living. But in every whereat I enquired anent a satisfactory labour the hirer query unto me, 'Prithee, what canst thou do by way of living-winning?'; that I answered, 'I am accomplisht in law and a doctor of doctrine, an adept in science and parchment limnings, a celestial mathematician, and a notable penman;' that when I replied thuswise he first and each last hirer rejoinedeth:

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[1]Arab. "Laylat al-Kadr"=Night of Power or Divine Decrees, "better than one thousand nights" (Koran xcvii.3); this night is "Peace until the rising of the dawn" (5). The precise date is unknown though all concur it is one of the last ten nights in Ramazan; the uncertainty being condemned to irrevocability when the Prophet unw arily forbade "Nasy" (ix.36). On the Night of Power the Koran was lowered from the Preserved Tablet by God's seat, to the lunar Heaven whence Gabriel (?) carried it to the Apostle for visionary revelation (xcvii.4). This night the angels receive all Dooms for the coming year whilst, the Gates of Heaven being open, prayer is assured success.

'Harkye, thy callings are of no account in our city, where not a soul comprehendeth science or even writing, or aught save money-making. Gird thy middle and take thee an hatchet and faggot-rope and go and hew wood in the wold for thy daily bread till Allah send thee relief; and tell none that which thou art an adept lest they slay thee.' In new months of my venture from home I hard denied the employers, and I scorned them who would menace me with that I held for mendacious word; and to, I journeyed mine special way. But at length after month had mount season to season, I thinned of limb and suffered sore famine, and hence went I forth finally into the forest, where I cut fuel the whole of day, and returned in the sad, dark evening bearing my fascines and bought provision. Thus did I fare and this faring took the fair of me, and this living-gaineth dealt me than it durer pains and more enduring; till meseemed the skies would flatten upon my breast and mound me o'er in untime grave. At the last 'twas naught but I fash forsake mine natal land and the realm of my sires: that I wearily voyaged then till came, O Governor, to this thy shore of couchant sun; and hither enswore must set mine soul as sets thine sun an there be naught in the hitherabout to rise it up by mighty puissant hand to the <u>real</u> shining light. Now for a space I found calm-current here, and whilom in thy Kingdom I lived full of calm peacefulness. Yet with smallen o' calendar I grew to harbour care lest I be dishonoured and disgraced among the brethren of my paternal country of the day, even to the end of time; for I tarry in a right foreign region, neither did I aught to benefactor the folk in mine womb-place; for the nittle by that they would take no lesser's excuse, as the lesser as they might have a mind to withal, neither for their sakes nor mine name's sake. And I sank sick and swooned at times for want of my mother-word which I now

heard it not, not withstanding the unwont halls I travelled wide to hear it. Finally, my Christian tongue became a secreted from me, so that I was a-next to raving for the smoking it out. And thus and in this unsound case, O Policer, did I continue afore-time; until that day (may the Beneficent bless and preserve it!) I encount the yellow-tress Jah An. Myself espied this maid an undertide whilst I sat sipping aerate-milk in a wayfarers' coffee-house, and she be a maiden like a pearl of great price, whose favour banisht from my burthened breast all grief and cark and care; and thence I questioned her and she rejoined me in suavest tones and choicest language, that her speech healed my heart in despair. And we stray from the coffeehouse and wandered from all companions' lair and chanced this quiet corner and that, the two a well-bound pair. And soon I recited these verses:

'How thought from care-ful fright is sudden free: * Mine child-
hood word hast thou apported me;
With it, the world I late scarce hoped existed— * Dispersal of
mine absence yet resisted!
It sings and sails succursal, Natal Word! * O'er trills seem
ground of carolled, sky-flit bird:
Preserveth, waiteth, storeth 'gainst mine come. * This word,
His Noah-gagement I shall home.'

And I also quoted:

''Fairer than Fair, O Maid, * I reck it fortune great
That Fortune found me thee: * That thou spake not too late;
Our parlance struck we up * And converse madeth straight:
Canting our morning strength * Shall weakness now abate,
Force black Oblivion, * In white regergitate,
To light its host enheld, * Light Man to waiting Mate
With mind was chattel-mad, * To-night which, expiate,

A black tomorrow Truth * Deep drink, assimulate.
I reck it Fortune filled, * I reck it Fortune sate
That I by thee have thus * Mine fate returned to Fate.''

Then I related all my life from first to last, the case appearing to Jah An exceeding grievous, that she wept, and indeed I found her tears soothing-sweet. And hereupon I bade her visit with me and bid her she-companion eke come for sake of chaperon; and I assured would seek out a friend for sake of chaperon of her. And hence the four, withcluding the Maghrabi thou beholdest afore thee, kept a tryst at the inn whither late I inn; and climbed the same number into a single bed where, tying two caskets of wine to either side the mattress as it were a light cutter, we sailed off into the night. Now Jah An lay slumber-still and consentive as a new dropt colt; and quoth she to me: 'Thy bathing-cloths needs be very narrow: so is naught see save three inch o' white!' 'Nath the less,' rejoin I, 'my bathing-cloths be red!' And in such like bemused this damsel and myself; yet She-la and the dark Maghrabi a-next of us dured by no like fashion: for the native sore sought and with persisting to take his pleasure of the woman but she held off, forfending her favours withal. At length, he lost all patience and, hending her hand in his, struck her. She answered with spits like a huge cat, and words ran high and talk parried talk. Finally She-la, haught and high, took to crying out, keeping her shrieks loud the length of half the night, that at end the pale Norsk who payeth the chamber adjacent mine woke him awake and drew near and fist upon my door. Hereat we close dispute eke left off toying (in I had arrived, I could leave off) whence we opened to the Norse, biding, the four, that peace be with him. But he returned not our well come, rather didst stand in the portalframe gaunt of fright, and he looked stunned

as by great blow. Albeit, anon he returnedeth to room own; but on he attaineth he strikes up an horendous volley of ravings that holds till break o' dawn. Moreover, he assault and threat and entreated for silence night after louder night for the unquieting of a full sennight though visitor knew I none following such first adventure. And witness all, 'tis near this of his imaginations, as well the illusions veil his eyne, I reck it not the Norsk have do the dead soul die; eke is he shot in years and broken down with lapse of days; furthermore, she hight She-la, an unshame she-Goliath is she out all the yestereve at Inn of Good Airs may be mistress it: for She-la spurn the Maghrabi and strave him off then a second successfulness, and with strong decision and determinations strength-ful. In sooth the Norsk also arrived to Good Airs: but he sought his wife there, his crookt intendiment having her yet amongst the living and withal within our privy stead; for which I versed through the door, opening not to him:

'No Bridal longs for thee, hide we, thou Groom: * For same
beyond thine lonesome's solace strays:
From thee is waft to High Concealment's doom, * Where ever
burns in His All-luming rays!'

And, I warrant it, but these syllables were not of mine own mouth nor their sentiment out my willfulness, yet every was Call to me as 'twere, even as I were trembling atop Mount Hirá and apprehent them thus; and thereto I saw a mighty great sight, which were a damsel borne upon a swift craft and who sat on the lofty gaff near hid in the clouds, and she tumble not from up there as mere mortal must tumble down; and the swollen mainsail reflected light and lighted-up her slippers which were perched on the spar whilst the whole thing sailed off into the night which followeth the thousandth night, and sweet wondrous song of angels accompanied

the marvellous sight. Now in this moment She-la rose up declaiming surfeit of seducers and lunatics, and went out by the halls; but the Maghrabi kept to bed, as sore abasht and disgraced, and for that he might not be dishonoured in mine eyes, quoth he, 'By Allah I pleasured that woman!': yet ken I such is not truth, for She-la had erst acquaint me his naught and in our common mother tongue: which female wast haply gone to foyer thus to fix my very voiced say; and mine years' sip o' salt-water herein becameth to sugary to taste in this, and the whole sea eke sweet, O Policer!" The Wali wondered with fresh wonderment how were three now stood even accused, with case of each evenly reasoned. And he summoned the dark-haired lady and she came forward and protested thuswise: "O illustrious in Judgement, hear a tale entituled

The Courtezan and the Bhang-smokers,

For in the case of these Fate and Fortune came down on them unawares, but I drew Destiny upon my own head and brought sorrow on mine own soul: and I herewith rent my gown and I take my deserved repentance upon me. O One of Understanding, I am a woman of men enamoured, of pastiming with them and am in the great use of so. Albe I take no gold, scorn not I provaunt and proffered shelter: for my happy pleasure is lifting of the cup and quaffing it off and laughing and dancing and reciting verses and singing ballads and ritornellos; eke carousing, kissing, biting, handling, groping and fingering and the like; tossing a dainty morsel in this mouth, thrusting a thrust at an other, cuffing one cheek and placing red flowers on a second. This is the very paradise of pleasure, and a fellow is therein as he were sitting among the houris of Heaven in the seventh sphere. Now fancy me too a true man as he were both father and brother, and not a sniveling wight, a mother's

son; for when I choose afore me a bearded man and a scald-head lad bald o' beard, 'tis ever and over the elder I coax to lover; prithee, how shall I spread-eagle under a boy will emit before I arrive, forestalling me in collapse of penis and clitoris; and naysay a man, who when he taketh his breadth clippeth close and when penetrateth paceth leisurely, and when he hath told, repeateth, and when pusheth poketh hard, and as often as yet may retreateth, but so returneth? And know, how oftimes for room and repast inn-keep and restauranteur essay anent their credits after my boon-companion and me, each her favour; still, over and again yet I reply to both myself, thus saving Jah An's virtue and boasting therewith mine own reward. Of an once when, one night of deceptive nights, I dreampt of thy desert, O Judge, forefeeling the broadening of self by way of charcoal Moormen, tall Derwayshes, and Maghrabis of the Inner Maghrib; so I applied to Jah An and cajoled her and persuaded our tracking hither; and thus we bore our migrance till stoppedeth in the abouts at the Colon Khan, that same which with folkish idiom be reportedly hight, 'Arse-hole Inn.' And, by Allah, 'tis verily highted for the chamber of the calls of Nature therein is naught but hole in ground. Never knew I its equal for filthiness and uninstallment in realms anywhither, a miserable cubicle sans seat, sink, paper, soft-lard and the similar. In sooth, we witon not for hours how squat-to an use of such corner, howe'er, at the end, must did guide the base to manner. (E'enso, thy soaping o' finger and so be sore contrary our Christian habit, for, 'water but scrubbeth over sinning.') Now our appearance hereto had some to like unlevel their codpoint gravities, the which widens not mine brows as we twain are somewhat of sundawn-white (as in windowed aperture) and bright unusual by they thus altered in customary rising

Yet to my lack-luck was give the learning how such long and soot-ly barbed Maghrabi be quicker akin an unwean than grown-goat, for he planteth fast, and he squirteth betimes and ere I can shudder, and hence foresighs me in limpness of long-bean and pear; whereto I renewed me at sore neglected pride, right determined to charge every enticing as vainest allurement. Notwithstanding, e'en as Maghrabi knoweth not whence to arrive so wanteth of hour to quit; and some there so amongst them who loosed us not but rather lockt us up: for a Maghrabi seizeth what willeth when willeth it, and villains storeth up hoard. Though Jah An and I set to loud knock and calling out, which unseasonable cries shouldst have brought up those then in the sweets of sleep, or least from their e'er wake-ful violence of gossip-thirst, yet secours came there none in there be a consent here and a complicity, and verily I tell ye 'tis an one 'gainst female-kind. Still, we won free by a cavetto which discovered upon a terrace-roof and this we traversed till the find of stairs, and thence down and into the street whither we fled for dear life. Both huddle the night's hold neath a semi sanded sea-wreck on the open beach and when day-break dawn and the Star of morn appeared in sheen and shone I rose up and, kiss-ing mine lot-partake, repaired to the Arse-hole Inn for secure of garment and good; whither I bed with the inn-keep for board, and with his several brethren for vitals, whereupon I sallied from the Arse-hole weight by all our worldly weight and went up into an opposite house, hight, Inn o' Good Stinks. And welladay won it its title! O Wali, for reasons which befit not to intend or indite, amongst which are the smell therein like wind that sucketh not from the sweet. Now we fixt in Gracious Stinks to license no further man-boys to treadeth me one after other, but rather to seal my love-lip close and keepeth consort clean. And so sooth-

fully might have fare to this very day, O my Judge, were't this Nazarene an he start not with me the affair of the hemp-smoking. Thus it hapt: both embarkt upon the visit of one Mústapha, a noted mystic of the eldest Arab city of the city, where the Nazarene purchased chopt hemp-leaflets for me (himself sworn 'gainst out some unname illness) declaiming such be their daily smoke of the Maghrib for who I must as Maghrabi when Maghrib-bound; but all the whilst he conversed and recited with Mustapha eke harkt the sage's ware and his poetical application; and time his ears and tongue were claim, his hands witting not that which they did but betwixt raise the hooka to his own teeth and he drew on the mouth thereof and did smoke the bhang himself. Thereupon he leapt up shouting with high shout of exceeding celebration, to wit: 'Allihamdullah! Behold, I inhale the hemp! I am certified of health and in mind most firm! for I do buss mine lips of bhang yet once more.' 'But Allah perpetuate and thy lungs prolong,' rejoined I, 'mayst still not I medicine me with the hooka?'; and he, 'O Bless thee apport of native-word, rebind of mine syntax: o here hold as many leaflet as thou couldst have a mind to, the double that thou mightest then breathe by full thirteen month!' So we three set to smoking in earnest, waxing in short hour, in words of the Nazarene, doughtier and doughtier of health and firmer and firmer of mind. Afterwhich we acknowledged Mustapha of the thousand kindnesses we owed him, and we fare welled him and returned to my co-adventurer's room, whither sweet Jah An await us; and anon fresh threesome wast hard at fresh inhaling. By and by I scan the sofa upon I lay and it seemed to me for the drug I imbibe that this couch was cut of aged juniper wood, pargeted with pearl-skin and silver. And thence, when I lifted up my lids toward the chamber walls, such very walls withdrew from me and, far beyond, halted, fixing as a spacious

hall built with admirable skill and beautified with all manner pigmented hues and bas-reliefs, with ceiling-capped balconies and groined arches and galleries of carved floor and floor-cubicles and recesses whose curtains hung before them; and also a polisht basin full of water in which a slender, serpenting fountain stood graced the hall's farthest retreat and where I gazed back o'erhead at the canopy of the couch which, lo! was enow like mosquito drape of scarlet satin-silk, diamonds looped it up, the smallest of all being as big as filberts and bigger. There appeared, too, a table burthened with every yield sumptuous fruit, Omani peach and Osmani quinces, Shami apples and Egyptian limes with long cucumbers of Nile-bank growth, also oranges Sultanus and citrons and so forth. Howe'er seemed, yet was each part this wonderment near broke off at once in we were entered upon by a certain Maghrabi, who both boast visage of and be a scald-head youth bald of his beard; which Moor when espied me in he recked wast helplessness of hemp, did assault me meanly thrusting his fingers twixt breast and thighs. 'The hunter wotteth,' I quote of verses recent recitaled in the Arab city, 'whoso pondereth not the end keepeth not the world to friend.' And I eke added: 'Hunters, secours! O leave off, stave off, thou beld of sidelocks and mustachios boy!' -Now seems an Norman and lodged in room anext the Nazarene, an olden hide who bear an olden bane, that as oft he descrieth woman comely of form and fair deemeth he she his self's dead wife asame, and such out he adored the trothaled overmuch and still to access adores: that that Norman, harking my proffered pleas, hammered on the portal crying after his lost love, whence I undid to him and thuswise comforted: 'Content thee and hold thy peace, O Old One! Yet what toght of pother be this and what mishap hath betided thee?' My Judge, his answer didst afore of his own lips, who after relating

the same to me fell to pelting me with gratitudes and presentment of relics and sea-saved rarities; and who had wax mean as once he was mighty won mine pity and commisery for his distressing trials and temporals. So I bade him recline his body and rose for to relieve my own, but the hemp-fumes in my head thereat tumbled me from one side to t'other——and that which followed hereon I wot not for certes, O my patient Ecy——yet beheld I thence a bhang-maze of prickles and piddling, a veritable mesmeric maze tell I thee:- the Moor leapt up and loosed the inkle of his bag-trowsers, erecting forth his dark yard the which to bepiss the tiles, whilst eld Norman rushed about holding up open pantaloons with his tool arcing out and storming water over the carpet, and the Nazarene yank his own flat, be-spat pride forward and ceased not bewraying the floor his initiates had till the three ensembled did create an awesome flood; which flood flooded away in elongate banners of moonbeam and sank down in the soil under trees that were laden by rubies and cherished stones that shone in place of fruit.[1] Anon pale Norman shouted, 'Ye four show the good understanding amongst you, but I will'[2] * * * * * ; and he withdrew bearing new grudge

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[1]This unexpected accomplissement chimérique to the urinations (a grossness often attributed to bhang users) hopefully may remind the rigid in their contempt for obscenity of possibilities approaching a contemplation of the scene's reminiscent, M. Eugène Delacroix's fine painting, Les Fanatiques de Tanger. The Academy still withholds recognition of M. Delacroix, finding his early compulsions apropos the unformulable exoticism of distant dreams, (before he joined a political mission under Count de Mornay, and thereby reached Marocco in 1831) as objectionable as his later substantiations of it from brief pencilings and a wealthy memory. This force of the innovational spirit toward discovering its own classical cadre in such bizarre settings as audibly proffer the promise of its existence to that spirit, was just as strongly evinced by Lord Byron, and M. Delacroix rightly celebrates the staunch Arab behind the Byron in the female face of Greece in his Greece Lamenting on the Ruins of Missolonghi.

[2]Here the apodosis would be "but I will let you see how such affections end."

on olden bane, that we four heard no more of him that night nor yet again till close of seven day when same four did gather to séance in Inn o' Good Stinks. Herein and for mine putting off of him to second preserve of pointer, the lust-ful Maghrabi waxed sore wroth with an exceeding wrath lacking no feeding; and though verity conceedeth the Norman arrived thither of seeking his wed as erst, yet 'twas even then the irate Moor did quit our presence and held forth in the khan's threshold in the time hard by the slayer slew. Now all men ken how Moormen kill and it be by quick, silent let of windpipe so letteth no further word, and the silented was thuswise dispatched while the whole achievement smelleth as thy natal Simoon[1] and other foul wind of ilk who stifleth up life with sickly scent of human water-let; and the Maghrabi wast hotly frustrate and incent whenas evenso this Nazarene did win his way of Jah An to the second winning yet he with me had ne'er won once. Out threesome with evil pissing proved is't the Maghrabi most akin the poisoned piddling (so for same natalknown scent arunneth in his pleasurant's pipe[2]) albe the sore ill-seem seemeth mineself to accuse by way of my very lascivious leanings; yet all related to befouling fleeth me alway and am I but enfeebled female-kind, a courtezan and a woman, a wanting wits and faith and which ne'er may boast storedeth of fullness so thus out-poured; but for same, mine sewn frowardness and folly I do herewith newly rent my lusty man-rent gown and repent me now anew. And such is my say, O winsome Wali!" "Is't indeed the Maghrabi then," (quoth the Wali), "he native amongst ye strangers, that did the deed?" "By Allah it is," rejoined the courtezan; and the

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[1]I retain this venerable blunder: the correct form is Samúm, from Samm, the pernicious-wind

[2]Oriental proof-by-analogy; Arab puritanism welcomes this jostle!

Governor marvelled with exceeding marvel how were four of the one five-court with equal leave and answer after the murther; and saw he nothing for it (saith the story teller) but to call up the nativeman in that last be who was final accused; and he mourned: "O my son, thou art most agile and the strength-ful here a-ported anent a sometime brother slain." "Tastest the lemon by his bough colour," spake the Maghrabi, "whenas she greenest to this thing is executant?" "By what certificates?" the Wali asked, and the Maghrabi, "By an instance of woman's wiles and malice, to which weight and purport is

The Writ whose Fill shall Anon,

And immediate upon tale brief as those the Christians wagged went longish and tiresome to intend: Believe, O my city's Sire, that I obtain in a manner as guardian and shield the young Pilgrim, for he is by Fate a palmer-boy, an uprooted lad stock and branch who hath quit his father's folk opprobrious and evenso seeketh here abouts his suspect right of Destiny; and this very seeker's own safety and his rigoroso of mind and limb be upon my head ensworn thereto. Now ever and again and of recent with fine report, have I hold him apart from imbibing of wine and hemp-smoking and quite dissuaded from Iblís-company and women; and he hath evidenced a spirit pacific and a polity, both firm and as mine regale my long I waft the guardian's sway o'er him; save how a day the same wast end, and was same day he chance upon these Christian dames: One mid o' night, seeking my Pilgrim, I entered into a coffeehouse frequent by all manner rogue and, lo, there he squat whilst either hand girl did flank, she by left short, fair-hair and shy, she right tall of stature, raven-tress and withal aggressive in word and figure; which first I bethought sisters his or cuz german,

and who had voyaged far in quest himself; for this boy doth in our city the loss of numbered season, neither hath ever endeavour depart. Yet when I came up close anext the lad, beheld I blanch brow and cheeks a-fell as wind-deserted wash, while his eyne did roll round in head as wanteth pinching point; and thuswise wist these females for never blood-kith his, in he had known them certes and done the act of kind with them that giveth same weak semblance and breathlessness by breath. Moreover, he held forth in wit-exchange and wicked secreting, eke wine-downing and hemp-inhaling, and the ladies quaff wine and sucked the fumes also. Then mine soul sank verily for I recked the palmer-boy to have forsake safe counsel; and a mighty great fear befell me in I ken in my heart how the thieves of the tavern would to patience-loss anon and suffer the damsels no leave-taking; and they there were already obscened anent the rapine these foreigner girls. Therefor I spake to all, declaiming the Christians three mine vigiled and vouched, by whosoe'er came against, me came he eke out ill. So the lusters ate restraint and swallowed own milk as 'twere, and forthed no non-contain mongst the many apurpose pouring his. Then I led the protectlings apart to a stall's repose, but in where, o dishonoured to re-account! yet the yellow-crown yield her favours to my charge, the which by all beface mine sore be-wildered sight: that thusby I knew her Evil and for a wanton would win away the Pilgrim from any Meccah wheresowhither. Yet same might not be seen in the sight of Everlasting Allah, the Never-beginning, the Never-ending; and He who begetteth not nor is He begot and unto whom the like is not senteth a plain Decree upon His will's worker, the wandering Norte, and 'twas the cause remove of us by his madness to Inn o' Good Stinks whence she sun-same of lock must wrought an heinous deed; that thus the timid

lewd, most cloakt minion of the Jinn, might herewith to forestall of wayward veerments and to arrival of apprehension by thy quick o' reck, O Justice-dealer, all in accordance the Writ of Allah the Lord of Majesty and Might; and by whose dispensates, He the Living One who to death is never dight! And such is all this history sanctions." "An history," (noted the Wali) "that giveth the lie to a fifth tale and villainy to fifth taler!" And hereupon the Wali ponder all related (quoth he who telleth the tale) weighing plaint of each for its weight or lightness, reason and sooth, yet naught uncovered twixt declaim of all might argue be sooner he than him, she than her, he than her, she than him did the do. Now whilst the Governor thus employ and in thought engaged the court portals oped and, behold, two custodians appeared who hent a-middlemost a luck-lack wretch; and forthwith cried their prisoner killer-claim of the very crime in question. "Hast slain he slain?" demanded the Wali; "Yea! and of sorry sooth," replied the miserable. "Bind and dungeon him," the Wali ordered, "we will his judgement anon." Then he turned hotly to the crowd attending, his lips purple with wrath, and he proceed to sentence in these words: "Ye be romancers five and I wot not who amongst hath the loudest wag o' lies: not an one of all hath done the deed yet an one of all an other to the count of each hath so seemed; and each his ready word 'gainst someone his kith in the sons of Adam hath; your juncture by five doth profit each the promote own vantage and each opportune the denounce and degrade an other his demotion: in the respect all which I sentence all to separateness. Damsels, in ye be Satan's closest, I ban to the banish out our Maghrib for e'er:- Go ye, artisan and courtezan, and tread in Moorland no more lest ye die your deaths! Maghrabi and Nazarene, in both both fruit-ful bind, may forth enhancers

still; but twain incumbers, on pain of chains, the quit of wone the Northernman, whose reason ye derange unreason and madness make more lunatic. Northernman, abide thy lone at wonted inn; I pother thee to stir not; but in thou thus sufferest no incommodity, I suffer thee twelve light and seven lashes sore! This then, be my pronouncements, whereso do I dooms enounce upon your number!" So the Wali broke up the sitting and, dismissing the court, repaireth home to repast and repose. The two girls hied in haste to Good Stinks and bundled that they possessed by coins, boarded boat and seawarded for aye from the sun-set coast. The natal and Nazarene betook to fresh khan wast effract to them in a third companion hired there. And the Northernman groaned in the yard under sound drubbing by the agent police, who ceased not blow bedighting till he fail for very frailty, ribs sore, cheeks asunk and neck flayed raw. And thus by the grace of Allah (be He extolled and exalted!) did the credulous five out conflictive Destinies end their conjoin ways; and wend realms attendant on trod and worlds enawe of newer wonderments.—— And I have heard tell, O auspicious King, that among the tales men relate, is the tale of

Romano — I hate him really. He is the one to blame for my being in a hospital bed for almost a year. He could have paid for them to operate when I first had the accident. Instead he waited to see if the bones would knit themselves. And when they said I needed a second operation because the first was too late, he - he wouldn't pay again - he waited three months. That cheap charah is

losing my leg for me! Now he says he may go to Spain for good, and sign the pensión in my name. And he'll do it. He'll do it because it costs more to keep than it earns. The only clients there now are Fatima and Lolita. Don Juan comes only for lunch - and he's behind a half year on paying that. Romano tried selling the pensión six times, but no one's stupid enough to buy. So he's leaving it to me. The old charah. -If only my leg would get better, if it would heal.... ....

The first thing I did out of the hospital was force Fatima to pay her back rent. I told her to get the money or get out. Then I filed a debt complaint against Don Juan. We ought to hear from him in a few days - or he'll hear from the police. After that, I went to Tugeni's and waited for Hamid. I didn't waste time telling him I thought it was his fault Mark left the pensión. Hamid said it was Romano's fault, he let Maimun and Ali make scandal there and bother Mark, and he served bad food. I want you to bring Mark back, I said, if you are my brother you will do this. I'll let him have the best room, the sunny one on Regnault. You can stay there too. For nothing. And I'll see that he gets good meals. Tell him to come when your week is up at Erraha. Hamid, you are my only brother.... ....

Mark spends a lot of time with me in my room now. Romano lets me go out just one hour a day, so I'm in my room mostly. We talk until 2 in the morning. And we smoke a few sebsis. I asked Mark if Hamid sleeps with him because I never see Hamid in the pensión. I thought he was getting up early in order to avoid speaking to me. But Mark said he wasn't around the Quarter much anymore, day or night, that he spent most of his time in the Sueco and slept in the cafés there. Why doesn't he sleep in his father's house? He answered that Hamid was afraid to, that he has bad dreams

there and talks in his sleep. He tells all the things he did in the day, he tells the story of his entire day, Mark said. That's ridiculous, I told him quickly, those are things of the Jinn you're talking about. Jinn things, magic. I don't believe thim.

And afterwards I asked Mark why Hamid doesn't come back and work at the pensión. What is he doing for money? Mark answered that Hamid didn't like working here - that he didn't feel free. I would give him very easy work if he worked here, I replied, I would pay him double what Maimun and Ali get.

He needs room to breathe, Mark said staring at me.

You let him have his way all the time. There's going to be trouble for you.

What do you mean?

I mean trouble for money.

Hamid doesn't spend my money.

No? What about your paying for the hospital?

That was different: I couldn't let him die.

What die? He could have come to l'Hôpital Français where I was and get his operation for free.

He told me there wasn't any free hospital in Tangier.

Of course he told you that - Clinica Española is private and more comfortable. But l'Hôpital Français gives emergency operations for nothing. Romano only paid a token fee for all the times I was operated on. You only have to wait there a day or two longer, that's all.

Mark reached for the sebsi. He opened the snap of his mottoui and worked out the last chqaf-full of kif.

He lit it, drawing lightly, and passed it to me. Hoc, he said. Then he added as he exhaled, Even that can be excused... Hamid mustn't be imprisoned. He is a violent man.

You let him have his way, I repeated, you excuse him for everything. You better start thinking of yourself before you're ruined. You may never leave Tangier.

I shall leave Tangier.

On verra. But in the meantime, don't worry about food. You'll get the same things fat Lolita gets - all right? She's sick and she has a special diet. You'll see what good meals we can prepare - I'll prepare yours special for you. Don't you worry, you're my friend; only Europeans are my friends.... ....

I wanted to throw off the blankets and jump into my pants immediately. I'm young, I'm young, I said to Mark, I can't stay in this room all the time. I have to go to the cafés, I have to have something to drink, something to smoke - even if it hurts my leg I have to have something to drink!

Mark stood up and closed the door. You still have pain in your leg when you walk, don't you? he asked. Why don't we stay here together tonight? It's much better if you just rest.

But I'm young - I protested.

I'm younger than you, he said, and I know how to sit in one place when I have to. Yallah:- show me those photos you said you have.

I have a collection of photographs of a hundred different

boys - all of them beautiful. And all of them I've made love to. I opened the bottom drawer of the bureau and took out the envelope of photos. I showed them to Mark one by one, the Moroccan boys, the Spanish boys, the French boys.

Don't you make love to any women? Mark asked.

Sure, I just had the daughter of the patrón upstairs - but I wouldn't waste my time getting a photo of her. Who needs photos of girls? Fuckit girls!

Then Mark asked suddenly: Did she finish when you made love to her?

Finish? What for? I got off her when I was finished. Who waits for a whore to get done?

Don't you know there's a law in Morocco that you can go to jail for five years for sleeping with a boy?

That's all right, I said, if it was closed before and I opened it I'll go to jail - if it was clamped closed tight as this squeezed fist before, and I'm the one who opened it - I'll go to jail for <u>ten</u> years.

Reread it several times over the past few months in various states of station and flight, and can not, for the life of me, approximate the condition in which you obtained in order to answer you. I can therefore only offer to spin myself around a dozen times, sommersault

about the room once or twice, come to a rest standing on my head and in a state of flight, remain in station, and recite:

First, I credit you with the wild ingenuity to have gone in search of a professor of Arabic on the San Francisco or Berkeley campus to get my last communique translated. In the event that you could not locate one, I shall tell you that the enclosure described the nature and use of a medicine that facilitates breathing. That was the only comment I could offer at the time.

Second, I must tell you that try as I will I have little interest in politics and less in sociology.

But -

I dig you all the way down the line and you come through straight: Rocinante, I have always communicated with you, ever since H.S. even if it had at most times to be a one-sided conversation continual as the history of man, it was the history of man. Each, you will learn, in the topless cistern of himself can not be concerned with others until he becomes the others - and this can not happen until another enters him and takes him out of himself into himself. Then he knows the cistern of one soul in all selves. You are telling me something about David of the Harp and I am telling you this, also, about David.

NB

And so in a sense our preoccupations are similar, perhaps in the dissolution of traveling realms identical, no matter how different their guises.

Also, by way of reprimanding, I confess that it has always been my belief that it is your desire, conscious or

uncontrolled, to suffer alone. With me this has never been the case; I am rather left with a wilted open-invitation. And it is selfish of you to want to suffer alone because then I, myself, am not permitted to suffer the way you need me to suffer.

Please don't take the above for some slight of tongue to shift all blames from myself: evil compounded of my frustrated naïvety has been great. But here, in this so-strange face-his-face country, I have been made to greatly pay for it, and with each answering I am brought a bit farther back to my original Innocence to prepare for victory.

There remains but the courage to approach the taking of it - courage because I am enveloped in terror - and the more apprehensive sense of how more terrible might that victory be.

If you dig this then that is proof that it is your battle too and that therefore I <u>have</u> spoken a speech and you <u>have</u> heard it.

and are therefore with a bit more (as you wish me)

peace,

not wanting to quit yet, something more to word about

like the emptiness of the page, the exact symbol of your plea.

I take

as great encouragement

the need to fill up a correspondence or even scribbling to the end of the page.

You understand so well, Rocinante, our conversation has so much the pomp of success

that I
can break into
the formal, pompous, embarrassed truth of verse in the middle of discourse.
with you.
Now, tell me, what can there possibly be
to worry about? I hope you're
smiling. I wish I could see your face.

That cerie-boy makes a special trip to Delacroix every day just to piss against the dead-end wall. I wonder if he does it to annoy me. He called me a cripple last week, the night I got drunk because the pain was so great in my side. He called me a cripple when he saw me limping to the doctor's house. I took him by the head and told him I would bash his brains out on the wall he always pisses on if he ever came near me again.

Now he's started annoying Mark - "Cerie? Cerie, Sidi, cerie?" Mark doesn't know how to deal with these scamps. He's too easy with them. That only makes them think they can take more advantage of him. I remember how permissive he was with Ali, and even Hassan, and all the trouble that caused.

Hou_sain - the dog - he wouldn't even let me use his chqaf last night. His broken chqaf that costs 10 francs. How many times have I given him 100 francs when he had

nothing, not even a hole, in his pocket? Mousain's turned out to be the cheapest one of all.

And Sahahib - that screw-face in the white cap, I hate him. I hate his little weasel eyes, his little rat nose. He tried to cheat Mark - he traded a Petit Marocain for Mark's Herald Tribune. He gets more for the English papers on the Boulevard. He's cheating you, I told Mark, your paper costs more than that one. But I finished reading my paper, Mark said. Watch out for that Sahahib, I insisted, I don't want you ever to talk to him. You'll feel sorry if you do.

The medina is better than all the cheats and liars around the Boulevard. I feel easier there - I can rest there without everyone around me prying and being jealous of me. I know Abdelkader from before and I like his café over the port. You can see the whole dock and bay from the back window in Abdelkader's place. The only one I miss on the Boulevard is old Tugeni. So I usually go up to his café late nights to talk with him. He keeps open and stays there himself till sun-up.

Last night I got to Tugeni's about 1 o'clock. Driis was there talking to some friends. He came over to me and told me that Mark was with Santos down in the little brick room just off the Emsallah entrance on Rue de Hollande. He said they wanted to see me, that it was something about the passport. I didn't like the sound of that. What was Mark doing out so late and in a place like the under-street room. I went there directly. Santos was sitting in a corner next to Mark and a police officer was on the other side of him. The police officer was completely drunk.

Santos looked uneasy. He invited me to sit down; he tried to make conversation. The policeman broke in and said, Ahline, you want to get a passport - you want a passport issued to you, Ahline? I can get a passport for you. Just buy me a bottle of wine, Ahline, just buy me a bottle of wine for it. I reached in my pocket and started counting my change, I wasn't sure I had enough for a bottle. Then the policeman added, Just take off your pants and turn around and we'll do something, and then I'll get you your passport, Ahline, and then tell your American friend to take off his pants and turn around and I'll do something with him, and I'll get you your passport, Ahline.

Santos and I stood up at the same time. He's drunk -, Santos started. Hamdullah! I said. I pulled Mark's sleeve and told him we were going.

When we were in the street I rebuked him angrily, demanding to know why he listened to Santos or anyone else. And I emphasized to him that if he continued to interfer in this passport business he was going to ruin my chances of getting one forever. Who knows but that this dog of a policeman isn't trying to stop my getting a passport right now? And all these insults and all this bad and these luwhads that have come because of the passport! I never had to deal with this shame until I got involved with wanting one. You are ruining me, Mark, I announced bitterly, you want to do good for me and you are ruining me. I am for every man to open his mouth at.

I walked Mark back to the pensión but I didn't feel like going up with him. Instead I returned to the medina and drank and smoked kif all night. By morning my head was

turning so I could hardly see two meters in front of me. I'm going to the Boulevard, I announced to Maimun - Maimun often stays up all night in the cafés. Wait a minute, he said, I'll come with you. I watched his smile swing back and forth, and then make a slow circle around his head. I took three steps back and toppled over a chair; my back slammed against the low tile of the café wall. Don't you think I can go up to the Boulevard by myself? I shouted at him. Sure, he said, but I have to go up there to work now anyhow. He climbed onto the apron and started looking for his jellaba; I didn't wait for him, I spun around and reeled out of the café.

I have a new knife in my pocket, Shit of a city, no more kif and no more money, but I have a new knife. Let's have some kif, you have kif, you cheap Spaniard! Sahahib is sitting there with his white cap on. He calls me a Spaniard because he thinks I'm not a real Moroccan anymore. He says, Christian who lives with the Christians, give your before Moroccan friends some kif please. My hands on his neck. His throat bones make a cracking sound. Leave him, let him go! Maimun pulls on my wrists. Let me do it, I have to do it, no one talks to me the way this screw-face does! Four hands are holding mine. Someone has clamped me around the waist from behind. Just a minute, just a minute - get away from me. I'm on my way to Café Rabat um showff la ha -Sahahib's in Rabat. Something blocks my way, someone's between us. Now! Die! My knife is in it. Screaming. Everyone yelling, Sidi! Sidi! Yellahtif. My knife is back here, it's pulled

back here, it's pulled out, my knife is back in my hand it's buried in my hand. On this street - is it - no - ah ha: a Spaniard. I'll kill you, maricón!! He objects!- he objects to being a maricón!! I'll kill you, I'll kill you. Do NOT do it - for me do not do it. What? What? - Who are you? I can't see you. How can't you see me? - I'm Mark. Mark? Mark... Mark, Mark, come, kiss me. Take your hands off me. My hands are off, my hands are always off, my hands never touch you. Go! - go back to your country - go back to your country where you want to go. But before you get on that boat you die- do you hear? - you die right on the dock. And all the pigs who sit on my head and spit in my face because of you - they too will die - that same day. And anyone who ever liked you, everyone who ever wanted to stick your ass, I'll kill, I'll kill, and spread their bodies along the dock around that boat!

Maimun's pulling me away, Maimun's getting a taxi back to the medina. I have to do something, something to open up the fire in me, I have to burn up something around me.

That zemel - that little gangster - did he say anything about me afterwards?

He said he doesn't like you. He said he doesn't want to do it with you.

I'll get it in him by force then - I'll get him, don't worry.

You hold your is for la wants to do hands out - Arabs merde pour l'amour everything to like they have lots. I'm not me this as if of nice a he wants to you were

little prisoner, I'm free, command for grabbing boys there, small to do my the other's waist, boys pretty, what life he wants.

And then little I want and to make you children who don't to go push me back and talk who with his slave he forth with don't whoever I want wants to your run your life. No one pushes pelvis back and or tell commands me live like forth in you - for me not a dog, and what to do Mohammed not, and lift up yourself. I'm going Ali have everyone kick a little to not Mark, not me like dance, find myself a Romano I a close, Close Tight Young Boy, wish dog he wants, like that I'm I could forget to suck, Hoe-jah! Not going to others laughing at in the medina is continue anymore me at my skin. He better I with the wants to know the medina, the medina use, I wish I me as a didn't love woman.

I think I may have jarred Mr. Crane unduly, but he really looks more like one of our students than a perspective instructor; and I started visibly when he first came into my office. I know because I saw him react immediately. Are you sure you'll be able to handle these kids? I asked him, seventh graders can be a discipline problem, you know.

I got Mr. Crane's name and address from the cultural attaché and had sent a note to his hotel the day before. A dispatch that arrived last week directly from Washington advised the board against keeping the Canadian on as a

regularly salaried teacher. According to some new ruling, money will henceforth be checked to non-Americans only as they are retained as per diem substitutes.

I read over Mr. Crane's application while he sat in the office and noted his heavy background in literature. I tested him briefly on nineteenth century Russian prose, which is my own area of concentration. He appeared to be fairly well acquainted with most of the major works. I hope you're not over-involved in the American avant-garde, I said looking up.

Why? Mr. Crane asked, the ends of his mouth twitching into a nervous smile.

Our regular seventh grade teacher, the one we had before the Canadian, was something of a poet and small-quarterly editor, I said. I had to let him go because of all the complaints we were getting. Seems he was conducting a private, non-literary study, on the human digestive system's alcohol containing capacities. He did quite a bit of cutting up downtown.

I passed Mr. Crane a copy of the quarterly our former instructor had been editing. He flipped through the first few pages. It really <u>is</u> avant-garde, he noted.

Does that surprise you? I asked.

Somewhat, he said. One wouldn't exactly expect experimental beat verse to find compatibility with, or inspiration in, Tangier.

Why not? It may be Tangier, but we Americans live here pretty much the same as we would if we were back in the states.

I guess we do, he said.

matter's composition having no ideal or stricter relation than that to its whole. Identities come into or enjoy object and form, Mr. Fredericks concluded, at the mysterious occasion of some unidentifiable force of energy.

When we were back in my office I informed Mr. Crane that several members of the board were out of town this week, but that I was certain his appointment would be approved this coming Monday. In the meantime, I told him, I was sure he could make use of the check for 10,000 francs I was going to advance him. I said I hoped he knew the salary was only about 12,500 a week, but that if he were careful that ought to cover most of his immediate needs in Tangier.

By the way, I said to him before he left, I noticed that you seemed particularly concerned during the science period. Are you worried about that subject matter being a little out of your field?

Not really, he said, I've always been interested in science and I usually did well in it whenever I had a course. I was just very taken by the instructor's detailing of the structure of the physical. It parallels, almost exactly, my personal sense of the metaphysical.

Oh? In what way?

There's a parataxis in the verbal composition of mind and action, he said forming his words quickly, that concatenates at the instance of mysterious occasion, at points uncertain or unknown, and not finally real - because of their final failure at permanence, their unestablishment. I mean, the exact reference of idea or ideas of movement can never be clear, other, that is, than as obscure occasion

I have never seen your face like this. What do you pass?

I pass bad.

What is it?

I can not tell you. You will think bad of me.

Your face is evil. You think of evil now.

I prepare for evil. I prepare to kill a man.

(There's a newspaper boy in a white cap who has tried to cheat me, and who has insulted Hamid three times. Hamid plans his murder.)

I have never spoken of these things to anyone. But you ask me to tell you all the truths. I will tell you them. When I was seven years old I sat in a bar with a friend who was older than I. When the patrón left the friend told me to go in the back and take the money out of the register. I went to the box and reached for the money. My hands trembled. Like this. I took the money. Since then my hands have always trembled. Since then I have always stolen. When I was sixteen years old I did a crime. A man went to the police and told them that a certain acquaintance and myself were dealers in hashish. Why should he tell the police that? We waited for him at night and when he left his house we hit him and knocked him down and tied him up. We carried him to El Sharf. We put him down near a deep stream there. I placed a cord around his neck and strangled him. We weighted his body and dropped it in the stream. Since then I have done crimes.

I do not think bad of you.

Now the one in the white cap wants to steal from you. I want to kill him.

Do not do this crime.

It is in me. He wants bad to pass for you.

For me, do not do it. As you want only good for me, do not do it.

And Hamid surrenders reluctantly and swears for my sake he will desist.

I am trying to realize a part of myself as a human being, not as a saint. A saint is all extra-curricular; my heart of heart is involved. A saint gives his gain to heaven; my failure will destroy the world. A saint is collected - I am riveted with doubts, hesitations, regrets, remorse, selfishness - as many misgivings as there are holes in the wall facing Café Tugeni... rue Delacroix, the blue and white peeled wall is Delacroix at his most devastatingly romantic.

But the act is come upon, how is the act come upon? Remember when we discussed heroism at Pelham Bay two summers ago (the day I got the thorns in my feet)? We said the moment of the heroic act is not a contemplated one: thinking can not summon courage. The hero is transported in compulsion, and it is hand not logos that acts - suddenly, accurately, without pressure of death or dangers.

You see, death and several dangers cease to exist at the moment of the act of me in the act of myself... so it has nothing to do with saintliness. I should be envied in my opportunity rather than praised, prayed with for strength to continue to unshelve my resources...

But first I must marvel at your analysis of my situation, brilliantly pieced together from my half-hearted scribbles posted against this door or in that hall - and then upbraid you, upbraid you for this exaggerated acclaim which carried your unwound scroll up out of my hands to the ceiling where

it flapped about an accusing vulture... made intermitant darts and snaps at me cowering under its shadow in the corner...

Hamid called to me from Rue Regnault: Open the door quickly!

It was nearly 6:30. He was more than three hours late. I walked into the corridor and unlatched the right (from the inside) door of the pensión. Then I went back to my room and waited. Hamid came in a minute later, and said immediately:

I killed a man.

I turned to the end table and took two pills out of a plastic phial. They would slow my stomach, and hence whole blood system. I swallowed them with a sip of water and then sat silently for two or three minutes.

Who?

Remember when you went to that café in the medina that Maiman goes to and you were drunk and there were three men there who tried to steal from you? One of them is dead.

Why?

He tried to steal from me. He thought he could do the same to me as he could to you. He thought I was you.

How did you kill him?

With my fingers. I strangled him with my fingers. I have done crimes before. But never like this. I saw his face. I saw his dead tongue. For you, I did it. No one will do bad to you now. No one will ever do bad to you again.

Hamid's color was darker than any memory I have of it. He kept his eyes half closed and his lower lip quivered

under his words. But his body was still, eerily motionless. He sat in the dead calm center of his shattered nerves that lay scattered in cricket-joint designs on the spread around him. He mumbled that he had no recourse but to go to the police. I asked him if anyone had seen the murder, and he said no one had but that there was at least one person who would know the truth. If no one saw you, I said quickly, don't go to the police.

Where should I go then?

What would you do if you had money?

I don't have money.

Still, what would you do?

And you don't have any more money.

Hamid, what would you do?

If I had 5,000 francs I'd go to Tetuan. There's someone there who could help me.

I saw myself speeding under the lane of palms in the bus to Tetuan. We are stopped and searched. Both are apprehended. I'm held as accessory and single accomplice to a murderer's escape. I am condemned as his faithful sponsor, his sole instigator, his perpetual encourager. I'm sentenced upon being found guilty of all his crimes. Prison.

I'm not going with you, I said.

It's better that you don't go with me.

I will die a thousand times before you return. When will you return?

By sun-up the day after tomorrow - or in three days the most.

I felt a turncoat shame deep in my souring stomach. But it was precarious - ill and hesitantly derived. Of what use

could I possibly be accompanying him? I should only succeed in slowing his pace. I opened my valise and flipped through the brocaded folder. 9,000 francs was all I had. I took out the bills, and as I looked up I saw that his eyes were love-of-life fastened on my fistful. It was solely for the money, that he had come.

I have not, no never, more than manshare, hand hold hand, in any guilt that can be conjoined.

I gave him the 9,000 francs and he stood up immediately and started for the door. Then he stopped and turned around. He came back and sat down and said to me: Kiss my eyes. Everyone wants my eyes.

I bent over him touching the thick hair of his brows with the tips of my fingers, and placed my lips against his tight lids. I whispered, I love you for your crimes...

With this act and in it my hopes for victory lie, to all realistic purpose, fatally challenged. And yet, I am tranquil now as I speak and have been so eversince the thing. For I went through purely this time, turning squarely to the claims of all the possible inhumanity (in humanity) that can be compounded out of my existence. And such has been wrought in the extreme, it can not go further: it can only be repeated now.

...what I mean is that I took the wholehalf responsibility of my existence upon myself. And that is the lovely truth.

It is made flesh, as you note - and that, by way of passing, explains why I felt a deep sting in reading your subconsciously accurate metaphor marrying my holy war

with Satan's.

Hamid was not back in three days and on the fourth day I went to Café Rabat and waited for Embarek. Embarek knew where Maimun's room in the medina was and Maimun knows Tetuan well. Embarek failed to come in the morning so I went into Dar Baroud myself. After taking several wrong corners I found the café that I had gone to the night I was drunk; the same one that Hamid committed the murder in. Its green wooden doors were boarded up. I stepped into the nearest open café and was greeted by a circle of smiling pirates. Camm in! one of them said dropping his cards on the center carpet. The others broke into ugly laughter. I fell back and out in a single jolt and hurried down the street toward the Succo.

Embarek came to Rabat late in the afternoon. I suggested that it would be nice if we could visit Maimun. Sure, he said, but sit down and have a few sebsis first. A group formed around us and we all remained smoking for the better part of an hour.

If you smoke right you can smoke always, Embarek offered.

And how is right? I asked.

Right is taking the smoke in only up to the top of your throat and then letting it out quietly. Right is smoking a half of a sebsi at a time and giving the other half to a friend. Right is smoking one sebsi every fifteen minutes, for many hours among friends.

Embarek is the only important kif dealer in the French Quarter. His speech, like that of all Moroccans, is half truth, half salesmanship. He confided to me, as soon as

he was comfortably high, that he was planning a trip to Fez to sell some kif in quantity, and he offered to take me along.

I should like to go, I said, but I have to see Maimun first.

He stood up, pulled apart his pipe and doubled it into its pouch. Hahzhi, he said.

We went directly to Maimun's room, which is in the Petit Succo quarter of the medina. Maimun was surprised to see me. He seemed almost honored. He asked what brought me visiting.

I have something important to ask you, I told him. But I found the moment inconvenient to approach him about a bus trip to Tetuan. I decided to wait until Embarek left.

Maimun presented us with a bottle of wine, and though I refused, he and Embarek proceeded enthusiastically to the draining. Embarek became drunk immediately, he can not be much accustomed to wine, and he turned strangely garrulous, and from what I could understand, rude. He and Maimun arrived at quarreling in short order, though they kept their tones subdued. Suddenly Embarek rose, took his leatherbag of kif, and left. C'est fou, celui-là, Maimun commented.

I was still phrasing the question of the trip in my mind at sundown, when the curtain over the door was pushed aside and Hamid stepped up into the room. He greeted me in Moghrebi and then sat on Maimun's bed without a further word. A deep breath that seemed to have been long, long held escaped me in a loud sigh, and I became, all at once, very high.

Hamid reprimanded me on the way back to the pensión for having gone to Maimun's room. I was worried, I said. You were supposed to be back yesterday. Surely Maimun and Embarek can be trusted.

The man I needed wasn't in Tetuan, Hamid explained. I had to go to Arsila. I didn't have enough money, I was forced to steal 1,000 francs from a woman. Even so, I had to walk most of the way. It took me eighteen hours to get there.

Will everything be all right now?

Everything will be all right.

Afterward Hamid asked me what use Maimun would have been that I had gone to his room, and I told him that I was planning to take Maimun with me to Tetuan and have him search in all the bars for him. Hamid seemed genuinely affected by that. Were you really going to go to Tetuan and search for me? he asked three times over during the night.

I am so proud to be understood by you, for now I am not alone.

If you could explain what you wrote to me to my brother and then say all of this to him so that he understands and is proud of me and I then proud of him I should be much in debt to you. And then let him write how he understands.

... you are so all with me now, your having me home and I you in Tangier - and in time for the holidays too. Everything's worked out just fine.

As it's the government that wanted me out of Oran it's they what've got to pay for my trip back to London. I rather liked the kind of excitement we were having back in Oran, the bombings and police inspectors after us and all that. Course, the consulate's paying for my put-up in Tangier now, so I guess I can't be complaining. Quite a change come over the city since I passed through last spring. Noticed a body can't get the Tangier Gazette anymore: oldest, most conservative, most honored paper in Tangier - and the Rabat officials've suppressed it as a colonial organ, a front for some European conspiracy and dope-smuggling ring. I could have supplied them with an article or two on Algeria if they were still printing, and picked me up a bit of change. But no such luck. Even got to read Le Vigie if I want to know what's going on. And never was much good at French. I heard they've also closed the 7-Up and Coca Cola factories this week. Some kind of sabotage, bit of the nonsense if you ask me. Putting more unemployed on the streets of Tangier is bringing quite a load of coals to Newcastle. What can Rabat be up to? They interested in getting the British out of Morocco as fast as the Spanish? Got a bit about the Spanish and this to-do between Mohammed V and Franco from someone at the pensión who's connected with the banks. Seems Mohammed V's on some imperialistic kick, pressures of the communist-dominated labor movement. He's got to satisfy every Jack if he's going to keep this absolute monarchy in the running. Anyhow, he claims Morocco must be restored to its original

boundaries - which would be somewhere next to Senegal in the south and the dead center of France in the north. Fellow's a little kooked, but there you go. He's already started a campaign to annex Mauritania, can see it in all the newsreels, and he sent a note to the Spanish governors in Ceuta and Melilla telling them to ship out. Now, Ceuta and Melilla've belonged to Spain for four hundred years and Generalissimo Franco can't be too happy about the King's little dispatch. He's ordered every unemployed Moslem out of the possessions by this weekend. And H.M. The King, in turn, is threatening to oust every Spaniard from Nemours to Casablanca. Morocco's not what it used to be for foreigners. A body used to feel at home here, no matter what his country was. Why, it was like his real home here. And this new threat is put us Europeans in no different a spot than those ruddy Nubians of Wadi Halfa. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

You have been ill and you have been in scandal. You have been ill because you took up the sebsi without first taking the bison; you have been in scandal because you took to wine after your illness. Wine is forbidden by the wise. It is written that a man who drinks wine could sleep with his own mother. It is never thus with the sebsi properly used. Come, let us drink bison, let us eat well, let us smoke the sebsi together, peacefully. * * * * * * * * * * *

I ran into Ahmed on my way back from the Marshan this morning. I had just delivered some medicine for Hamid's sister. (Hamid was no where around to take it himself.) This time I was prepared for Ahmed's speaking almost no French. It

had never occurred to me in my hitherto ceaseless ramblings, that a wide agreeable smile and a constant concurrence of opinion needn't necessarily bespeak the language. This time I kept my conversation to two dozen words or near-words of Spanish orientation. As we crossed the Dradeb and came down one of the wide avenues I noticed a street of stairs that descended on the right. And the blue and white namepost against the wall of the first house read literally: Calle De Las Escaleras. I want to go down The Street of Stairs, I said to Ahmed. Ahmed was walking his bicycle and indicated that it would be impossible for him to make it, but that he would go around the avenue and meet me on the next level paving. I descended The Street of Stairs alone, which consisted of some fifty even steps and then a sharp turn to the left. The turn gave immediately upon a level avenue. Ahmed was waiting there with his bicycle. Well? he asked. Nothing, I said, the street was nothing. Nothing, not interesting, he agreed. *

Because I'm a Moroccan means I have to work the same job as a Frenchman for less pay, but it doesn't mean I have to tolerate anything like the food at this pensión. I make love to too many women to be able to keep up my health on this cheap poison. I feel myself getting weak already. It said in yesterday's newspaper a woman was granted a divorce because her husband made love to her only three times a night. So how is a man supposed to satisfy the Moroccan woman if he eats in a pensión like this? I better start looking for a new one. -And those other clients here certainly don't contribute to one's appetite. There's a

couple of sick pootas, and a skinny English girl who's married to a Moslem. She stays in her room all day and cries about not being able to take her child back to England. It seems the consulate won't recognize her marriage. And her husband's now unemployed, he was working for 7-Up. And then there's a Spaniard here, a stupid fellow who's also out of work, and out of money I think. Maimun told me that just before Fatima the dancer ran off to Casablanca he and the Spaniard had made love to her and she'd stolen all the Spaniard's money. Yes, this is certainly a fourth-class pensión, a regular receiving station for the real dregs. *

I came out of Romano's room and was about to switch on the hall light when I saw Mark standing at the end of the corridor. I stepped into the bathroom quickly and locked the door. I heard Mark's footsteps in the corridor and then his knocking. He called my name several times. Come out, he said, I want to talk to you, I'm drunk. And his voice did sound very drunk. Finally he stopped knocking. I heard him walking away. When everything was quiet I unlocked the door and went back into Romano's room. That was Mark out there, I said to Romano, I think he saw me. I don't like that, I don't want him to know. So what if he knows? Romano said, Mark screws me too. He really does? I asked him, for how much? And Romano told me Mark screws him for nothing, for a present. *

It isn't anything it's writing it's a journey in the mind

like everything like everyday that's all. * * * * * * * * *
Chronology leaves clues, but it is inconclusive: it can not be interpreted. *
A series of singular voices in the struggle for the organization (briefly, perhaps), the dissolution (ultimately, perhaps), of identity. Nothing can be not that was not first. *

But if you knew how absolutely I have been delivered beyond fear, how safely beyond any possibility of their harm, beyond any conception of the destructiveness of others, then you should rest quietly certain that no matter what use or what loss I may henceforth progress to, I shall yet have my literary revenge; one day, in a room full of blue smoke, I will suddenly reappear and, taking up the thread of our common thoughts into my proverbial verbal excitement, create for you all a thousand and one nights entertainment. * * * *

Yes, it true I make enough fluce go to Germany now. I make enough fluce go to Germany last year and year before. But how much fluce? Enough for boat, enough for train, enough for travel to Germany, you 'stand? But how I live there? Same-same poor man I live there. Mah misienish. No good. I must to come to Germany same-same him tourist come here. Must to have fluce for drinkin, for livin in good hotel, for give to friends good time. Me big blackit man; got have lotta fluce go to Germany. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Damn cold, if you ask me. Damp. I've got two heaters in my office and I've still got to keep a sweater on under my

jacket. And they tell you the climate in Tangier is ideal all year round. The summers are great all right, but you can have the winters. I hope Miss Wilson hurries up with that cup of coffee. My insides'll be frozen before she gets here. Miss Wilson is the new librarian for the consulate. She's also in charge of this course in English for Moroccans that we're going to be giving. Since Miss Wilson is new to Tangier I've cautioned her against expecting too much socializing with the international-American set here. Her salary won't permit her visiting the clubs very often, or the Parade, or El Minzah, or any of those places. But she's better off that way anyhow, I told her, most of the Americans living here for two, three, or even five years have let the whole specialness of Tangier slip right by them, (or under them, since they tend to look down their noses at it. What is the mystery, the wonder, the particular cross-roads-of-the-world splendor of Tangier to them?) Let's see: I think they're having that single performance of "Death in This Garden" at the Roxy tonight. Yes, it's Thursday. Maybe I'll invite Miss Wilson to come along with me. I'm sure she'll find that more constructive than a few martinis and a lot of Oh, my dear, how lovely you look! and Oh, how ill I am, how really terribly ill I am! that she'll get at the Parade. * * * * *

Meeting new Moroccan faces is almost tedious at this point, listening to their new same old stories usually throws me into a depression. The hopelessness of their future, their pitifully limited worlds and scopes of desire keep me in a darkly involved, but nevertheless impatient boredom. Yes-

terday, when I went to Café California to finish up a dozen corn sticks with a glass of mint tea, I had my first interesting conversation with a stranger in several months. A Moroccan of about forty-five, with lean brown face and wide quartermoon wrinkles carved in the length of his cheeks, took a seat at my table and began to ask me the usual questions about how I found the mint tea and how I liked Tangier. When I told him that I was an American he said to me that that was good because young Americans like Tangier very much. He said he'd heard of an American boy who has been living among the Moslems in Tangier for a long time. He is known as el amerykanie fin casbah, he noted. What does he do, I asked, that he lives among the Arabs? The Moroccan smiled secretively and turned his eyes away from me across Avenue d'Espagne and out into the sunlight bay. He approaches the door, he answered, and he knocks. And what do the Arabs do, that they permit him to live among them? I asked. They watch him knock, he said, they bear witness to his knocking. Do you know this American's name? I asked looking deep into my tea glass. His name is well known, the Arabs call him Mark, he said. I placed 30 francs on the table, stood up quickly, and walked out to the avenue. Can I make it fast enough along this street, I thought out loud, to by-pass myself in the third person? Then I stopped and took hold of the trunk of a wide palm to reach at my complete loss of breath. Where is there to run to? If <u>he</u> is Mark, he there, he in the Casbah, who am I? * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Impeccably traditional, childhood a nightmare, adolescence a thought-tortured nightmare, and my new adulthood, as might have been predicted - the spinning morning after many-memory of nightmare... waking in the community of myselves to discover myself incorrigibly individual, a one still among my many; and yet, if it is this I forged, it is this, perhaps, I endeavored.... the morning of the 24th all alone, the warm morn only jacket morn of my Christmas eve all alone on the Boulevard, all long the Boulevard last pressing to here and there of the Christians, Spanish last preparations; pass the afternoon at Café Rabat of the Ye-who-enter-here about face and face the Agencia de Policía on the Outside... dinner at the pensión gala of the year: cream of onion soup, cauliflower and boiled potatoes in tomato sauce, creamed chicken, fried brains and chicken sauce, the reassuring, inevitable orange, cake, sugar cookies, cognac, cherry (hight terry), etcetera... children march in the streets outside to the shingle-loud and crude music of scores of tambourines; Hamid rejects Romano's severally-proffered invitations at the ultimate moment: I know what he wants of me, there'll be lots of wine and liquor tonight, he thinks I'll get crazy with wine, and <u>niki him</u>... the secret of the impregnation of the Holy Ghost, Mary, Adam, Reverse Venus... O time in a temper of births, moment of gods to men, and gods in men, and men to gods, professor, what professor of conjunctions, Jesuit, queried the season, motive, the exigency of all the comings to labor, that arrival of Word, that Blurt of

herald horrendous, that shriek of flame, and flourish, enter Pain, enter duration and improper diphthong of Terror, enter I'm listening, listing the births in the mouth of Socrates, are thusly catalogued, hark, list, these are the different kinds of births to come through love - O, sweet etcetera, how I seized at each and lovely every of you once... tonight we sing to we consecrate a mysterious birth, our tambourines slap out a cry to be at midnight - whose cry to be if Hamid eludes Romano, Hamid out of love and out of laboring, out of birthing, unbirthed?... in our creating is our creation... who will it be tonight, who will be me, who thee, who he, ourselves, myselves, who, who, who will I be, who will, who I, who will I, who will be, who will, who tonight, will be, will be, will be?... will be, you see, will be... who will I be tonight?... (will be, you see, will be).... an orderly parade of Spanish youngsters, a band, (drums, cymbals, clackers, accordians, banjos, castanets), comes up from the Spanish city and plays its way through the tall white streets of Gallic colonialism just below the Boulevard; they stop before the entrance of several large hotels and restaurants, sing and strum out <u>Clavelitos</u>, students', nubiles' courting; they are challenged by a half dozen noisy hoodlums and polemic drunks who are embarked, savagely, upon destroying the parade; the bandmaster calls up their lines and leads the youngsters into an adjacent street... Christmas Eve, O Eve of my all alone, these are the hearts I tapped on for you, listening for room: Mohammed's heart: he told me to go out to Tugeni's and retrieve his pipe, that Romano confined his limp from the streets the Night of the Holy Day; Black Larbi: he declined to surrender the

pipe, he testified against a man's, confined to his room, needing a pipe - we are here, we are in the café, we need the pipe; Houssain: he asked for the remainder of my kif, share it with your friends, later I discovered he had a pouchful of his own, no, I haven't any, sorry; Hamid: he staggered under the burden of his alcohol under the dripstones of a corner store on Calle Johanna De Arco and wept out loud:- Give him the pipe, give him the pipe, it's his holiday - it's the holiday of the others! the others! the others! let him take the pipe, let him take it from us... in the black hallway of the pensión my heart of Hamid rapped on, was rapped on, and he scribbled with his lips: I have brought you return to the pensión this portentious and dangerous night of the Fête, now go in to Mohammed and spend the night there - go in to Mohammed because you love him... I criss-crossed his slate with the quick strokes of the back of my left hand and left him kneeling in the high, tile-cold black hallway under the dripstones of his exclusive, self-pitying tears... too drunk to know whom he is heralding, to be doing, to be accurate in whom he is heralding to do... Mohammed the Messenger dancing across the street, Miguel, the Spaniard from the pensión, his new host; he sees me and cries from the gutter: Les marocains ont te laissé? Laisses les marocains! Moi, je connais bien les marocains - je m'en fou avec les marocains. Moi, j'ai perdu ma vie en Maroc. Tu te souviens quand tu étais avec moi? -C'était bon, n'est-ce pas? Tu veux parte avec moi encore?... No, not Mohammed, not Mohammed the Messenger, crafty bearer.... these customs increase the English, famished at 6 or 7 o'clock, filthiest toilet training in the world, inability to approach strangers even in a

café, complete mismanagement, sinfullness of promiscuity... and I have few to speak with now that Driis shakes only moneyed palms; the man who plays the turtle shell tom-tom for coins, who wears a huge black and white lambwool hat of the Atlas, indicates that I need not bury the pipe: the policeman in Tugeni's is a friend; I fill the bowl of the pipe generously and, smiling broadly, pass it to the policeman - smilingly broadly, relieved, my diplomatic immunity usually not extended now, laws repeat New York, nervousness of smoking in public, etcetera... and yet there is a barn to Larbi's house, a barn in the back where I may go: hashish: he brews, he chews his hashish every day, his white enormous eyes, his spectator's unmitigated amusement, and I share his hashish, I share his New York moods: Ah, he sighs, but you can not really understand - you're not Moslem - mais change, change, alors, autre chose... he hath manikins, and wooden puppets that he doth ever piece together and unpiece, this Maghrabi, this black Moorman of Inner Marocco, this Darwaysh and magician of the Maghrib who deals him at length with mutterings and mysterious incantations over these same pulped devices.... Spanish families rush excitedly out the door of one house, sing, laugh, and drum on cans, go on through the open door of a neighboring one; in the Petit Succo several drunken brawls are in progress under the distant, undiscomforted eye of the police; Hamid slips 40,000 francs from beneath an old man's vest - he is so blindly drunk someone almost immediately wrests it out of his hip pocket... there will be no creation of Hamid tonight... I get the opportunity to steal, in that exact moment, a Moslem's passport: he waves it in my face, blubbers his fiery breath into my ear: is it

here, the season, motive, particular exigence and second?; we taxi up Calle de Italia to the North Gate of the Casbah and drive to the end of the carway at the eerily empty central Place; quick backtracking turns in oueds two feet wide and we leap fence into an orange tree garden, small white palace beyond the last hedge... we enter the palace, he locks the door and tears at my trousers - embattles me on the bed; What is it - do you want money, is it money you want?; he tries to steal my 500 francs when I go to the bathroom.... 8 in the morning a large cargo vessel comes out of the mists of the Atlantic, in clear view from the Palasades, and moves slowly toward the dock; we make our way westward along the mud ledge of the Palasades and he steals a school book from a student when the student goes to the w.c. in the cliffside café.... the 25th, much singing of flamenco from all the houses, till end of a Spanish Christmas in Tangier, (Moroccans and myself perplexed onlookers)... and three coffins are carried out of the medina up Sidi Bouarrakia to the Cimétière Musulman, that and wild, blundered essay at rape, I know who lies in one of those three coffins, O rude misseeding, O dead without birth... and yet, who will be?... will be, you see, will be - <u>and this death another time the Life was</u>... can I have question of who will it be the New Year: "who" will be like every other holiday in Tangier... :Holidays of Tangier christen me, unchristen me....

When I turned up the end of Rue du Portugal I saw a man struggling to his feet by the edge of the malicon where the three short steps are. He looked English - that fat pink face and white hair - and he was big and was bleeding from his nose. He had nothing on but his pants and he was holding his shoes in his hands. He tried to walk a few steps, but he started to stagger and fall again. It was plain he didn't know where he was, he could hardly see for the beating he had had and for all the wine that must have been in him before the beating.

I stopped where I was for a second and looked around to see if there were any police. Every time I see a robbery or even hear of one now I think the police will be after me. Because everyone, now, wants bad to pass for me.

There were no police in the area but after a minute or so four young Moroccans came out from the shadows of the medina wall and walk quickly toward the Englishman. I could tell they were the ones who had just robbed him down to his pants. They went over to him, patted him on his naked back, and then turned him around and directed him toward Avenue d'Espagne. They wanted to make sure he would get safely back to his hotel, after all, he had been very helpful to them.

And those instructions they were giving the old man shows that Moroccans aren't really bad, that they don't have the heart for doing real bad.

On the way to the pensión I thought about how I can't do those things anymore, how I'm not free to rob someone now - how I'm not free to do anything anymore. When I was in his

room I said to Mark: Even you worked with criminals, didn't you, you told me you worked with criminals once in a place called Denver. Denver is the same as Chicago, isn't it?

Mark seemed very tired and very unhappy. He was sitting on the bed with his back toward me, arranging some papers in his valise. He turned his head slightly to the side and replied in a low, hard voice: I don't need someone to commit heinous crimes and murders for me - that's not what I need.

But it's what you want, I answered him, I give you what you force me to - not what you need.

You always find someone else to blame for the things you do, he said sharply. You would have done those crimes even if I weren't here, it's in your nature.

But I've changed, Oulidi, you've changed me from before. I'm much more quiet now. I never hit anyone anymore, even if he speaks bad of me. You know, I can lie on the floor next to a woman now, and not have to niki her.

Oh: really? Mark said, smiling falsely at the corner of his grin.

I went to Café Abdelkader in the Dar Baroud quarter. It's the only place where I have any friends left. Abdelkader's the one who taught me everything I know about smuggling in the port.

I sat by myself with my sebsi for several hours, looking out the back window at the moon. I became angry when I thought about how a man in the Post Office had offered me a job there yesterday. All you have to do is give your zook, he said. I saw black when he said that, if there had not been other people around then, I would have -

Then I thought about yesterday night in this café. And

that made me calm again. There was a young boy, about twelve or thirteen, who came in here and said he had no place to sleep. Abdelkader told him to sleep on the apron in the large room. He was very pretty, a very quiet little boy.

The others talk of Mark and me as if we were married - or as if we were one person - me him and him me. I hate that. I'm free, I'll always be free, no one can buy me no matter who he is.

And that little boy - I hope he comes back tonight. He would be good to niki.

Dear Mark

I do not know how to say it exactly, I do not know how to reproach you, I do not wish to reproach you. Yet, if you think so much of your responsibilities and of those who are dependent upon you, surely you must realize that you are responsible for and depended upon by people here as well as in Morocco. And as for your illnesses which you so cryptically describe in your letters, I can not offer an opinion based on such little information, but do you not think that whatever their natures we have better doctors here than where you are? Do you know - - yet I do not wish to go on. I do not wish to go on at this or at anything. I know the truth now. A dream of eight long years has come to its end. Yesterday I walked to the bus in the snow.

The bus didn't come though I waited for over an hour. I turned back and twice on my way home, I tried to throw myself in front of passing cars.

Dear Sandra

I'll marry you upon my return if that is your wish.

Abdelkader took a taxi with Mark and me up to the Police Station on Rue Goya. I wanted Abdelkader along so I'd be sure I was saying the right things and I wanted Mark to do the actual filling out of the passport and visa questionieres. Since Abdelkader knows someone in the station we didn't have to get on the line downstairs. We went directly to the second floor and after fifteen minutes the agent was ready to see us.

He only asked to see my identification papers, (at least I have identification papers now), and then he immediately handed us the questioniere. Will it be all right in French? Mark asked. French is preferred, the agent said.

Mark wrote very carefully and very slowly in each of the blank spaces on the long sheet. He asked me for my parents' names and then wrote them down, and then he asked me for my grandfather's name. Ben M'hamed Riffie, I said.

Riffie? You're Riffian?

My family has lived in Tangier for three generations.

But I thought you hated Riffies?

That's those Riffies. Those ones that have just come here, and don't have work and don't know anything.

They want to know your age, Mark said, so you won't need your parents to co-sign.

I don't think I'll need my parents - I think I'm twenty-one.

Think you're twenty-one? Don't you know?

I'm not sure.

Could you be twenty?

Maybe. Why?

I don't know. I never thought of you as being that young.

Don't worry, I may even be twenty-two. I'll check with my father. It depends on whether you count Arabic or French.

Can you sign your name?

My first name.

All right: sign here.

When I went to the pensión late that afternoon, Mohammed stopped me in the corridor and told me he wanted to speak to me as soon as he had taken care of Moushyb. Moushyb had brought a young girl and boy up to the pensión, two runaways it looked to me, hungry and tired. Moushyb was renting a room for an hour or so, he was going to sleep with both of them. Mohammed would take the room money for himself, I knew, and never tell Romano. He often does that; he does it every time he can get away with it. That's where he gets all his money for wine.

Moushyb made no sign of recognition. He kept his back toward me while he was speaking with Mohammed and then put his arms around the two youngsters and took them into the room off the parlor.

Mohammed came back with Moushyb's 500 francs and asked me to step into his bedroom. When we were there he told me that the maid, Fatima, said that I slept over at the pensión the night before. So now even Fatima betrays me, I thought, Fatima that I always gave money to whenever she asked for it.

What's wrong with my sleeping here? I said to Mohammed, I thought we agreed I could stay here before Mark moved back.

But he has a single room. If he takes a room for two you can sleep here.

A room for two would be more money, how much money do you think he has? I protested.

Listen, Romano doesn't like it. At least if you came in early at night instead of at 3:00 in the morning -

Why should I come in early?

So you wouldn't need a key of your own. Romano doesn't like everyone to have the keys. And besides, the clients get disturbed when someone opens the door and comes in at 3:00 in the morning.

You are the only one who gets disturbed when I come in, I said, you wait up for me, cursing me, until I come in.

Listen, it's bad business when someone doesn't pay, you could work here to -

No, I won't listen to you, hamuk, I won't listen to you anymore!

I rushed down to Mark's room as fast as I could. I'm not going to beg anyone to let me stay here! I shouted at him - I've never begged anyone for anything in my whole life.

Mark asked me what was the matter and I told him of the jealousy of the Moroccans, of everyone from Prewha and Blanco to Fatima and Mohammed. They want you to lose all your money, I said, so I'll have to steal for you so you'll have something to eat. They want you to lose your boat money so you'll have to go to your consulate to send you back, so they'll take your passport away and you'll never be able to return to Morocco.

But for what reason? Mark asked in a surprised voice.

For no reason, I said. They want to.

I told Mark that I wasn't coming back to the pensión again after this, that if he wanted to he could move to another hotel, but that I would not set foot in Romano's ever again. Mark complained that he was comfortable in his little sunny room at Romano's, but he agreed to move if I refused to come there.

That night I went to Dar Baroud and spoke to Abdelkader about finding me a good hotel. He said a cousin of his ran a hotel on Calle Mahazen, right off the Petit Succo, where we would be safe from all intruders, even the routine checks of the police. He said he would instruct his cousin to guard Mark there as carefully as if he were his own son.

Mark packed up his clothes and papers and Abdelkader and I helped him move into the medina the next day.

O Magnifica of sunbeach and sky, sun, sand, aqua sea and sky, boys perform on wave-hem and shell, starfish, sandfish and starwhite sky, we maypole in the sky.... I dance light as a thought-thing tossing buds in a bed of cloud, toga leaves taken about the danger of the wind, sheaves of blue filigree.... -what delightful secrets they keep from me, smiling behind their oriental scenters, their shelled almond-ivory eyes.... what ideas of seduction and the sea, I withhold from them!

Will a boy approach me, beachboy and bare, pulling his pride to longing and labor-length, display it for me with excited recommendations in every beachboy tongue under the sky? I shall suffer coaxing as an unused maid, look, touch, and run giggling away. Occident and Orient, soldier and youth, peek, wink - and dare.... little enticing hollows of their buttocks in the sand; they scamper off to the Academy.

I am still panting at every pore with the grand suspense of it all when I quit the Agea to stroll over to the Goya-dark and peasant perfect Spanish restaurant at the T of Bencharki (notorious street of prostitution) and Calle Calico. As I step across the citroën-narrow intersection of Calle de la Cruz Roja Española on Bencharki, I espy Maimun, Maimun of the so many shower of sunblue summers age, standing with a wheelwide pan of vegetable peels in his hand.

These things I espy, O wary, one, two, three and theory: Maimun is a gentle, just out of adolescence god, new come to Olympia in his sky-shoal moss green sweater, he is sweeping peels from the netted over the clouds floors of these

riotously continual banquets of Hercules and Hylas; there is a tin white and red drink Coca Cola sign in Spanish and Arabic on the northeast building of the fancifully-tiny intersection, diagonally across from the tin white and blue streetsign De la Cruz Roja Española in Spanish, French, and Arabic; a small, set in the wall shop of spices and green vegetables is on the southwest corner, and Maimun's cell, his bluegreen door on the street confession-chamber small cell is the first cajolement on the northwest and terminary of Cruz Roja; a mendicant child, a girl no more than ten, is holding up a huge brimming bucket of coldwhite fountain water, twisting her ragged skirt with her free hand, and then sucking its thumb - she stares at me with perplexed, thumb on the lower lip pout in the warm sunslant at the end of the cul-de-sac; a secret camel's eye is hard and readily by that she be quickly, if fear take her, and completely efferent in the wall: these things I espy O wary - and five, ten, not a bit unleary.

I accept Maimun's invitation: he says there is an American within. And I remember Maimun well now, Maimun of the after all, many after-recalled sunblue and singing summers ago.

I have my best English straightway ready for the American - he seems more European than American, more Italian than Anglican: much more darkly and thinly Mediterranean than robustly Yankee as I look at him. His shoulders are broad and nervously peaked on his supporting arms, his pastel-trousered knees peaked from his low squatting position; the longwide corduroy lines of his cape's-breath jacket ring around the pensive, poised mouth, combed darkblue of cotton

irises to the swath dustline of lashes; a Rome of ringlets riot over his sunslaved forehead and ears.

And how do you find the Moroccan? he asks. The Moroccans are a gentle and amazingly hospitable people, I offer, friendly without prying and poetic without resourcefulness, innocent but not naïve. They are a Berber people, you know, Hamites, and perhaps of European origin - the Europeans of the desert. You see this boy, Maimun, he is a Riffian, his native tongue is Tachelhit not Moghrebi, I may address him in Tachelhit and he will respond warmly. I am en train de Tachelhit at the moment, you see. But look, you can tell by his features Maimun is Riffian. There are the Rif people to the north and the mulattos south of the Atlas, and both are of the same, though for centuries divided, Berber tribe.

You speak English well, the American says with the strong, ungiving emphasis of the equilateral character either side his mouth, so I shall ask you my question again: How do you find the Moroccans?..... How do you find the Moroccans?

I pull rein in and stare rein-restrained directly at him. Is he someone, then, who paces the causeway at high soul-stake, Tangier gambler with God? I decide to call his hand; I look down between my shoes at the wearing away oilcloth, the greenstone floor, the little gold-painted alcohol burner just to right of my right shoe. Alors, I am Swiss, you know, I answer thoughtfully, these people are Adam sons of millennium-separation and more than arriving in Africa is called for to call forth the particular

fortune-path they fared, and of opening sesame on their secret retreat. But there is a fast fortune where they have fortuned, and my little coming to words with this primitive Tachelhit is a modest venture hopefulward. We are west-prone citizens of the Grecianly tragic sun, the Moroccans children of untimed ever dawn-calmed east; our junction of hour and town is mystical, always suspicious and suspenseful; ours is touch as touch and carry can - strikingly as on a hot stone, jugglingly as with too many different-datumed pins, and heroically - always, briefly, heroically. How shall the with-France West approach the Abused-only-in-they-are-held-to-be-Arabs? Evidently, they are abused. So they take up the definition. And they fancy a self-image of Egypt also for whatever alien prestige it may remind, its industry and annexations, its stubborn pretense at war. And what would the Berbers be really sans the far, dark shadows of the pyramids? I wonder sometimes. And I wonder what they may ever be in their primitive tongue so pitifully prohibitive of physics and machines. Yet, that the Moroccans are Arabs is pure Arab propaganda and ours - our sensational Ouest-Modern prejudice - and a fact which intrigues the Red Chinese, new infiltrants in Africa. As ancient as the untime East, knowledge to divide so thence to conquer. Divide the Berber from the Arab, His Majesty from Nassar - and in His Majesty's cities the wealthy eastern Moslem from the laboring Moor, divide the moneyed cities from the suppressed penurious range. Mohammed V is a Hamite king, you know, no Alaouite dynasty prevails - no descendent of Ali,

son-in-law of the Prophet is this Mohammed ben Youssef. Wait! --Don't translate that heresy for Maimun: there's a prison term for fastidious history scholars! So here we have the Lie

the axis of all the approaching and coaxing. Marvelous, a magnifica of illusion, marvel: sunbeach and sky. (I decide our American is masochist, will prove Incredulous of Self.)

We engage Maimun at points in the conversation, he accurate to concur mention of the Moroccan Underground for Independence from Arabs-France-Spain. He contributes the old brother of a legendary Riffian rebel-chief now in exile,[1] who lives deep in the quarter not far from we three in discussion of him. He is half-mad, the ward of the Casbah, a singlesmall yet constant agitation for genuine (The True) Independence, embarrassment to his friends, a protectling and hush-him-up of the vast water-fast community of Moroccan Mohammedanism.

The Moor's arts are destructive rather than creative in his intention, I note: destructiveness which on principle is derivative: you see, he slavishly emulates the Mauritanian-artist in century, reproduces himself as a pristine bedouin upon our atomic decade. Then too, our vain search for culinary culture, their oued-narrow width of simile, hot haste all joy debasing directness in intercourse - yes, it is far west here, so far, very far from the curtains and veil delicacy, that accustomed to caressing purring-life sophistication of the Arabian Nights.

The American stands in the bluegreen doorframe: two sunbeams tassel his hair at earshell and templehorn. And still, it <u>is</u>

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[1]Mohammed Abd el Krim al-Khatabe, Proclaimist of The Rif Republic; at the time in Cairo. He, alone, waged a battle and begat an Idea which, had circumstance and men's intelligence allowed to coalesce, might have preserved the civilisation of Marocco.

the Arabian Nights, he says stepping onto the old-afternoon cobblestone: So long as you can tell a further story, so long is the night, are the numbers of night, you are certain of your head. In the end was the Word.

And he disappears.

Maimun approaches and coaxes me, barefoot beachboy laboring his pride to longing length, says, Moi-toi, comme antes, oui? Y après tu prends moi en Europe? But he is too large, much too large to be anything but painful; besides, he's not a mischief and watery-eyed adolescent Hylas any longer.

Maimun discloses the loss of his most recent employ: he had fled to friends in Tetuan during the heaviest days of the season's tourist trade, his patrón saw fit his discharge in fits of righteous wrath. He is free to work for someone new now, (conveniently) free for travel to Europe, preferably Malaga of the Samarkand vineyards. In meantime, he is managing as cook for the strange American. (He zippers up his pride.)

When the American returns from short, strange sojourn in his circular street, I raise that possibility of Maimun's drugging his dishes. Mayn't he have some compromise over your material soul (your this-country search soul) and goods if he were to attempt your imprisonment through drugs? The American has ear to this romance-ransom Moroccan inclination: drugging and the taking to prisoner - women are said to have lucubratory science for such potent brews implicated, he has first-hand from a friend could not quit his hostess' house for dream-steeped months and so another, a French boy, currently in insane asylum effect of the abuse. I need never concern for sleepy Maimun's sorcery, however, he says on a tongue mocked ten-minutes "antes", my this-country search is the sameplate at sametime his.

Then my further doubts and reservations, the petroleum as oil for cooking tragedy of Meknes and the ten thousand for life paralytics, the no-refrigeration or government control of marketing, and under-blackmarketing, and so on.

There is a full-page newspaper colorphoto of Elizabeth II nailed on the wall just above the footstool-low divan. Maimun does not know who she is, but inquires enthusiastically after whether if "this woman" should come to Tangier, he might not sleep with her. And there is a fanphoto found doubtless on some eerily windpapered corner-where of Farid-el-Atriche on the rear greenwashed stonewall, and adjacent an on a grassgreen field quartercircle of a quartercircle-smiling Swiss soccor team. Maimun cognizenti of the Egyptian; of the Western co-operative, innocent. Pero, son bastante bonito, si?

I must leave now, and study languages beside my soup and legends in the legend-loud Spanish restaurant, legends of this American in their duality of native and international's interpretation, the latter having him bodybound and pursewise here and the more mysterious maintaining a soul's comradeship and chain-strength of destiny. For I can place my pre-acquaintance of him now, and it is in story at least: this American is he surely who's been the speculative center of recent denizen-of-the-Casbah letterlists for marketplace and café consumption. Ah, yes, he is that new and latest he in the mystically unbroken lineage of the Moroccan's single reprehension of the Christian Holier less brute-likely threatening than thou: he is that courage, they relate, that strolls unharmed in the ambush and behind treetrunk dagger of Souani nights, that takes more readily than Moroccans to tumbling and tale-telling acrobatics, to secret and devilishly fearsome

squares of the succos and medinas, an unwary, sheltered from all unsheathing of envy and lust pedestrian: if he seems exception that proves Holier than thou rule, seek yourself - is inavertible silent insinuation - the rules through which you may win arrowheads to follow him. And there is more than extra-curricular reason to want to have his courage - nothing is as restful, nothing as holiday, as courage. Courage is the permission for paradise, is the self admission of paradise....

there must be some terrible Need then, that there's no desire for paradise now. And yet, how so, for is it not the winning of their hearts taking great courage that I am embarked upon? I wonder. I wonder about arts of creation and destruction - about the self proclaiming in endeavors to succeed. There are many ways, and a backward way would establish a Verity also.

- Yet I should not want to show Prewha and his two friends that I fear their coming a second time to violate me, to steal the francs I conveniently left in my vest pocket - I should not want to quit Hotel Agea that they know to break into, and allow thereby to intimidation and defeat. For how did I fare in this city before the war, what of my spy's insight and political prowess - is that all, and together with its ambition, forever lost? In my once-position gone, are all position gone? Only, I think, if that is what I need.

What black belief crawls toward satisfaction in such a need?

Still, fugues of thought and resolutions of the sky and sunbeach blue justify and dignify all acts, all those acted

upon....

as all is the lying of a Pure Lie.

I read for several hours after receiving his letter, refusing to come to grips with it at first, Mr. Crane continued in a generally non-assertive apologetic tone. But Saturday night I paced back and forth with it in my hand for three hours on the terrace over the port at the end of Marine Street. That's a place the Moslems give the insane full freedom to rend their rages in. Afterward I went down to Avenue d'Espagne and must have covered its length several times before I was finally stopped by the police at 2:00 in the morning and accused of soliciting. Swallowing my indignation, I feebly protested that it was Saturday night, that I wasn't tired, was merely strolling, couldn't possibly be more innocent of or surprised at the charges, and so on. I flashed my trusty passport which, you see, reads "student" - that inclusion of a multitude of sins - and made it back to my hotel where I lay wide awake in bed, until 11:00 the next day. It was then that the answers, the decision, finally started to come.

But, Mr. Crane, I enjoined emphatically, I have no one to replace you.

Sir, he is my only brother and if the army is intent on drafting him it's my duty to return home as quickly as possible to see him.

You'll still have a chance to see him if you stick out the semestre, and he'll get furloughs, you know.

I'll only have a week with him if I stay the semestre. What is a week between human beings? Brothers need months. I haven't seen him for so long...

If you go now, I declared, your kids will be getting their fourth different teacher in one year. That can't have anything but the most disorganizing effect at their age. What about these kids - aren't you easily just as responsible for them as you are for your brother?

There are all sorts of responsibilities - there is the one to myself, more important than to all others, for it is that one which fits me to the responsibility of others. And that one creates out of every day I remain in Tangier a victory over myself. Yet I will give it up now - and for this emergency I will also surrender my responsibility to the students.

Tell me, I quizzed him directly, have your parents been putting any pressures on you for a hasty departure?

Not beyond what might be legitimately expected, he answered.

Are they worried, perhaps, about what they read in the newspapers concerning this country? There's been quite a deal of misreporting recently, you know. I don't think the king finally accepted that Russian proposal to buy arms.

It's not Moroccan politics that concerns my parents.

What about the reported "new threat" to the international colony in Tangier?

I doubt if they heard about it. I certainly haven't. No, it's not any threat of this place that's forcing me to leave. And I'm afraid, Sir, that I <u>have</u> made up my mind

to leave. I've already forwarded a check to Paris for the luggage I have stored there. As soon as it is sent to Tangier, I'm purchasing my boat ticket home.

Are you really positive you won't regret this decision of yours? I maintained for the last time.

My only regret, he said in an almost inaudible tone, picking the finger tips of his left hand along the edge of the desk, is that it is finally not even enough to be willing to give all and completely to do battle - for you reach that point at long last only to discover that the doing of battle, itself, is denied you.

Hamid told me that when Maimun was in my café yesterday afternoon he had shown his new passport to everyone around. Maimun registered for a passport shortly before Hamid - and he had never paid more than the initial 1,500 franc fee, nor had he ever gone to the expensive bars with police inspectors and customs officials. I wondered how Hamid felt about that: about Maimun's getting his passport almost without doing a thing. But I didn't see what good asking him would do. Besides, he was thinking about his mother at the time, she is sick and he needed nearly 11,000 francs for the doctor. I told him to wait in the café until midnight, someone would be coming up from the port then to look for men to unload the contraband goods from the freighter that had just docked. They were paying 500 francs for every crate carried off the

ship. Hamid came to the café at midnight, but said he had already paid the doctor. I asked him if he had stolen the money, he told me no, and without a further word, went into the side room and lay down on the apron with the hood of his jellaba pulled over his head.

About 4:00 in the morning when everyone who had not gone home was asleep, I climbed onto the apron also and tried to go to sleep. But I wasn't tired and just lay there thinking about how withdrawn and unfriendly Hamid had become recently. Then, I saw Hamid stir and raise himself on his elbow. He was in the corner, right beside the little street boy who's been sleeping in the café this week. He moved his hands lightly around the boy's waist, and very quietly, very carefully rolled the little one's bag-trousers down to his thighs. He unzippered his own trousers and pulled himself up against the boy's backside. Then he pushed back and forth into him very slowly and very gently. The boy did not move. He slept through the whole thing. When Hamid was finished, he jumped up, fastened his belt, and almost ran out of the café. The boy woke up in the morning and wondered why his trousers were rolled down. He accused Roveo who had also slept near him, but the truth is he really didn't know what happened.

Hamid returned late in the morning and seemed more unhappy and restless than ever. He refused to look at the boy and even avoided speaking to me. He had practically started a fight the other day with someone who suggested that the reason he and I are always together is that we're lovers. I wonder if that's why he screwed the little boy. Certainly,

it can't be because he really likes someone as young as that.

* * I did not inherit the café in Dar Baroud, I bought it from its former owner with the money I saved from smuggling. I am the smuggler that the others speak of. My father was a smuggler and his father before him. I am not really too adept at smuggling for I've spent two and a half years in prison because of it. But my father was a smuggler and I would not think of having another trade. This café, which hardly supports itself, is only a pretense during the time I have to be very careful. I'll be going to trial again in a few months, I was caught smuggling by the cape of the pharoa, and I can't take any chances till then.

I am the smuggler that the others speak of. I never beat women though I have often kept more than two women at one time. The others ask me how I manage. They don't understand that kindness is a more adored master than force. I am the voice of the smuggler. And I am the smuggler the others speak of. I am the others speaking of the smuggler. But now I am the voice of the smuggler. But now I am the voices of the others speaking of the smuggler.

And sometimes I hear the terrible screaming from the other side of the wall - a woman screaming to be released, to be set free from a cruel beating.

The woman should not come back. If she sings and wails at our door for the scraps of our meal and I tell her, "God will give you", she should not come back till the next night. I give her what we leave over many times each week, but if I say, "God will give you", she should stop wailing and go away, isn't that so?

And tonight there is nothing left over because I bought us good meat. It was good meat, wasn't it? Not like at Romano's. Romano served only horse, never beef. You ate a whole horse for all the time you were at Romano's. Yes, I think you ate a whole horse there!

Do you know what happened here last night? I met a woman in the street who seemed very sad, so I asked her what was the matter and she told me her little boy was lost. She said her little boy went out of the house in the afternoon and never came back. I told her not to cry and I took her to the police station to tell them about her boy. Then I walked in the streets with her and I brought her here and asked her to come in. When she was inside I told her to take off all her clothes. She said she could not, that she had to go home to her husband. So I pulled off her clothes myself, and then I nikied her. Her tabun was big so after I did it there twice I turned her over to do it in her zook. But I saw that the hole of her zook was big also and I asked her how come the hole of her zook was big. She said it was because her husband liked to niki her in the zook a lot.

I did it to her in both places the whole night long. She wanted it, because why did she stop to speak to me in the street? And what kind of a husband does she have that lets her go out of the house at night? In the Rif a wife never

goes out of the house. And in the morning, you know, this woman didn't want to leave. She said, Let me stay here. I threw her out.

Why did God make a man, but to niki? Why did God make a man with a zib, if it wasn't to niki?

That's why a man must only give the niki and never take it, because if he takes it he is not doing what God wants him to do. Mohammed used to take it when he was young, you know, he was a zemel. And fat Mjido also. Mjido told you he was a patrón in a bordelle, but he was just selling his zook there.

But I never gave my zook. Never, even when I was small.

Here, I have packed the sebsi very tight. Hoc. It's good this way - yallah, hoc! When you have to pull hard on the stem it really turns your head, you see... it's better than hashish.

I was born in the Rif, in Melilla. They speak Spanish there, not Arabic. I learned this Arabic in Tangier. I've been in Tangier for seven years. When I was fifteen I made scandal in the street in Melilla, I took out a knife and swung it around my head and didn't let anyone come near me. The police made a circle around me and waited for five hours until I put down the knife. Then they took me to the police station and asked me why I was threatening everyone with the knife. I told them I did it because my father beat me. They said we have many new fathers here to beat you, and they put me in prison. Three nights later I climbed over the prison wall and ran away. I walked through the country and over the mountains for seven days and seven nights without stopping. When I reached Tangier I had 30 francs

of tea into the bride's room. She is ashamed and very timid and ignorant. They each drink a glass of tea and talk gently together. Then they become more at ease with each other and they enjoy a second glass of tea. Finally, there remains only the odd glass. The groom offers it to the bride, but she refuses it and politely returns it to the groom to drink. He gives it back to her again, insisting this time, and both have their hands keep touching during this whole exchange. Finally the groom becomes courageous with touching her hand, and he moves over to her and takes her wrist and pulls her onto the bed.

When the wife is lonely for her parents she asks her husband if she may visit her parents' house. He says no, and she asks him again and again, week after week. At last he agrees, and the wife puts on her haik and her veil covering the whole face except one eye. With this eye she looks always on the ground as she and her husband travel on foot, and at night so no one can see them, to the house of her parents. The visit lasts a few weeks and when it is over the husband comes to the parents' house at night and takes his wife home again. When they reach home the husband warns his wife against begging for too many of these visits.

Ça, c'est une femme! And this woman is never touched by any man except her husband. She never gets the chance to betray him. God said, If you live with a woman for sixty years, never give your confidence to her. Even after sixty years, the first chance you give her she will betray you. She must live and die without ever seeing a single man outside of the ones in her family. And she will be satisfied to stay with her husband that way, since she knows of no

other man. And she will be satisfied with whatever food or clothes he gives her, no matter how bad or cheap, because she does not know of the existence of better things.

A man, of course, is different. He lives in the streets of the public, of selling and spending, and knows the many things that exist and their degrees, and with knowing desires. For people are really the same as animals, and it is natural for an animal to want and to go after what it wants. People talk of God and the right ways of the Koran but if there is no way to force them to do the right there is no way to trust them to. So a man is allowed to sleep with whoever he chooses. Still, God does not like the prostitute, and if a man is rich it is better that he take a second wife and put her in a separate room where she never sees the first. And if his desires are still not satisfied he can consider a third or fourth wife.

And a boy is the same as a woman, if a man wants to have a boy - if he is small and fat and you can squeeze him in your arms a boy is the same as a woman. Some boys are so fat you can niki them under the arms, or between the shoulder blades. I had a fifteen year old boy that way the other night. I wanted him from before, I wanted him for a long time, and that night I picked him up and put him on my shoulders and carried him here. He screamed and cried for help while we were in the street but I just told everyone he was my little brother who was trying to run away. And I kept him here the whole night. I had to hit him at first because he wouldn't lie still. But he'll never tell his father about what happened. Shomar. So I don't have to worry.

Armelo sebsi, t'sina. M'sien, yak?

A woman is like a dog and God said, If you live with a woman for sixty years, never give your confidence to her. All women except your mother. Your mother is different. If I had a mother I would sleep next to her all night and hold her in my arms like a child. A mother is the best thing God gives to a man. If you carry your mother on your back and go on foot all the way from here to Mecca, you could not half pay back what you made her suffer when you kicked her stomach just once when you were still unborn.

I went to visit Maimun. I went at about 9 o'clock because I knew he would be eating then. He let me come in, but he didn't give me anything to eat.

When he was finished himself we talked and then he pulled me backwards over his knees and kissed me. I asked for 200 francs. He said he didn't have any money.

There was someone else there, a Christian. Maimun told me he was American. So then I said him and the American both for 250 francs. But Maimun said the American didn't want to do it. Allish, hahcess? I asked him. He told me no, that the American just didn't do it.

But afterwards the American got up and sat next to me and started rubbing my knees. So Maimun spoke to him in French. And then Maimun told me it was all right for 250 francs.

The American went out and left Maimun to go first. His thing is very big and long. He told me to take it and put it in myself. I did and it hurt a lot. I told him to please finish in a hurry. It hurt so much that I cried a little.

When he was finished I wiped myself and pulled on my pants. Then we waited for the American. I was thinking that when Maimun left me alone with the American I would break the wine bottle that was on the floor and cut the American in the face with it. Then I would steal all his money and run out.

But when the American came back Maimun locked us up in the room together and went away with the key.

So I took off my pants again and got on the bed. The American kissed me a lot and touched me all over my legs and under my shirt. Finally he turned me over and got on top of me. He stayed on top of me for a long time not putting it in but just pushing back and forth. I felt his heart on my shoulder blade. It was beating very hard. Maimun kept coming back and knocking on the door but the American kept telling him to go away.

He must have been on top of me for over an hour. Then he finally put his thing in me very fast and very hard. I pulled it out it hurt so much. Then he pushed it back in a little easier and he finished with a lot of loud, scary gasping.

When Maimun unlocked the door and came in again I asked him for 350 francs. He told me to take 250 and get out. I said no one does it with two men for such a little bit of money. He said you do it and if you don't like it, don't

come back.

Then he gave me the 250 francs and pushed me out the door. *

When the little zemel came to see me Mark asked all about him. He said he noticed him in the streets before because of the way he dresses like a gangster. He is trying to look tough, I told Mark, but I think he <u>is</u> a little gangster anyhow. He's fourteen years old, he has no parents, just a street boy. He goes with all the thieves in the medina and learns from them. And he's a zemel, he does it with everyone.

Then afterward Mark sat down on the bed with us and put his hands on the zemel's knees. I said, We can both have him for 250 francs. Mark agreed to that price and told me to do it first.

The little zemel was good, he's tight because he's very young.

When I was finished I locked Mark up in the room with him because I didn't trust the zemel. As long as he knew I had to come back to let him out I was sure he wouldn't try anything.

I went to the Petit Succo and found a friend in Café Central. I stayed there talking with him for a while. While we were talking I was thinking that it is against the Koran for a Moslem to be nikied by a Christian. And then I was glad about the zemel's shame, because I don't like that little zemel.

I went back to my room and started to unlock the door when Mark called out to me to go away for ten minutes more.

I walked back to the Succo and looked around there again. I had to return and knock on the door four or five times before Mark finally said I could come in. I thought about how peculiar Christians are, how they take all night to do it and how they always want to do it with the same person. That is very odd - and it is very foolish. A man should niki a lot of different zooks, and not just one, because that is really looking for trouble at trouble's house. When a man begins to have love for a woman or a boy he is no longer free. He is full of pain and he wants to always have the other with him. And then the other makes fun of him and tells everyone about him and then leaves him. And the man crawls in the street after the other for everyone to see, and he has fights with everyone because of this.

The zemel didn't want to leave right away. He wanted me to translate what he was saying to Mark and he wanted me to translate Mark's answers to him. I knew that he was trying to get Mark to ask him to come back sometime and I thought it would be bad for the two of them to see each other again. So I told the zemel to take his money and get out. He tried to wrangle more money just as I knew he would. I opened the door and shoved him out with my knee. Hedda charah fin zemel!, I said to Mark. * * * * * * * * *

The boy had a full turban of dirty, knotted black curls pedestaled on the faintest suggestion of furry sideburns. His huge eyes were dark and round, his nose small and nostrils wide. He seemed to be nervously, anticipatingly sniffing the air.

He played constantly with the zipper on his black leather

American-hoodlum jacket and kept pulling on the knees of his levis as if he couldn't get used to his sitting position. He studied rather than looked at the faces of Maimun and myself.

I had never exchanged money for a sexual act before, I had never before bought anyone. While I walked around, letting Maimun's example build my courage, this idea of buying someone excited me. As francs are the minutes of your life.

The boy got under the blanket in order to pull off his levis. (Had I not been born an American puritan I should have been born a Mohammedan one.) I climbed over him to the inside of the bed and supported myself on my left elbow with my back against the wall. I lifted the covers off him lightly and dropped them at the foot of the bed. He lay there with his eyes shut very tight, his hands stiff at his sides, and his taut legs crossing ankles.

I dropped my hand down and passed it along his legs pulling them slightly apart.

And I realized suddenly how the cult of youth:

He felt exactly like a girl. The smallness of bone structure, the givingness of the flesh, the marble touch of the skin.

All at once he seemed inhuman, unhealthy - his childish effeminateness made him freakish. It left me desireless, cold.

I leaned forward and kissed him, but it was unsatisfactory, it was forced, and like kissing drowning lips. I placed him on his stomach and slid on top of him. The feel of his back was that of utter uncut flatness, unbarred touch

of his small flat buttocks against my penis turned me even colder.

I rested above him as lightly as possible for a while and then began a steady gyrating to excite an erection. Images of battered, bantered pleas and rape hurried through my mind. I recalled the distinct progression of a stag film I had once seen where a woman with dark glasses suddenly was seized and raped by a tall skinny man. Seized suddenly, tears at her four-button blouse backing her toward the covered couch; dirty nails divided the Florida paisley half toward the gulf shore half toward Indies; he pulled her clitoris down to peninsula between his right fingers in her black found-space-for-them skivies.

And then off with, last, them too, spreading her thighs with right hand while the other, its knower, raised her rivercut forest to the nosedive of camera eye...

Aware, am aware of a momentous struggling for breath.

And finally came hard

felt a suction as between a folded slab - a wet, plastic liver

ganglions of my thoughts wired through purple mucus and white and sick pink circles of protoplasm, burying deeply and milkweeding into a splinter-of-windowpane-stabbed wideopen wound. * * * * * * * * * * *

indeed-last-we
one is in this
the all are dual act of
involved as tripleness we
zero as single betray
the no the one
one one of both
is when the both
all is in one
one in
is ended may read betray this
the dual
all any way all act
are of
involved and none tripleness
as we
zero as one single
as betray
the may be the
no one
one arabesque of of
one both
is the in the
when both
all deed last in
is one
ended we betray
may-read-any-way-all-and-none-as-one-may-be-arabesque-of-the-in

Visitors are permitted in the Casbah prison Sunday afternoons: Maimun and myself walked briskly through Dar Baroud and cut our way up the steps of Rue Maimouni, went under the arch to Amrah and then finally the Casbah Square. Admittance was without search but the twelve foot iron-gate immediately locked behind us: I dug my heel and spun around almost fiercely at the clanking tremble of heavily closing iron, took uncontrolled steps back toward it.

Our guard clamped the bolt practically in my face and turned away and walked in the direction of the stall. I stood looking up at the height of the bars and bolts and down at the cobblestones of the square outside. All at once, my muscles unstiffened: now that I was finally there this reality was, to be sure, failing miserably to equal any of its awesome prelibations. In fact, the locking of the gate made its imposition suddenly as something for which the horizon had been eagerly scanned for I know not how many months - something watched for at the window, something conjured in dreams, it came as a relief, as a quick, deft rounding off.

I went calmly back to Maimun who was peering through the close lattice of the stall. When the prisoners were opened to on the other side I recognized Abrahhim, the one we had come to visit. I remembered he sold newspapers on the Boulevard and used to go to Docteur Fumey. He greeted me with a bright ça va, Petit Oiseau? and then spoke to Maimun. Maimun gave two packs of Casasports to the guard to deliver to Abrahhim later.

Abrahhim had been sentenced to several months for stealing 10,000 francs from a tourist on the Boulevard.

Maimun and I left the Casbah by the North Door and made our way down the always teeming Rue d'Italie to the Grand Succo and across to Rue d'Angleterre. We were intent on buying a good chicken for dinner. The chicken yards were muddy from a week of rain and it started to drizzle again as we picked our way around the splattered puddles. Maimun went from one seller to the next, feeling the trembling breast of each proffered chicken, not to be satisfied, ap-

parently, by the weight of the chicken or the price or both. I stepped out of the soaking bustle of bargainers in the yard and waited for Maimun under a green wooden awning on d'Angleterre.

Suddenly young Absalom, whom I had looked for in vain for several months, was standing next to me. He was excited, his gray long lashed eyes widened, and the small oval of his wonderful Hispanic French blew adolescent rings of lightness and immediacy about my head. When are you leaving? he asked when he learned I wasn't working. Soon, I answered, soon I hope. You said soon last summer, Absalom laughed, maybe you will stay here forever!

I carried the frightened white chicken in my arms and followed Maimun into the medina and down Siaghines Street. Late shoppers hurried up on either side of us through the rain. I pulled the extra length of my lapel over the drenched, dirty feathers of the chicken. Little Absalom says he's a tutor now, I informed Maimun, he claims he was tutoring in Larache and Tetuan this past half year. Good sort of tutor, Maimun sneered in his peculiar, seeming only semi-conscious way, that sells his zook. He told you he was a student but he never used to go to school much. He left Tangier because he was nikied par la force by five men when he went drinking with them in the Place d'Europe gardens. I warned him a lot of times but he always wanted to go drinking with them. So he got what he deserved, and he had to leave Tangier and sell his zook somewhere else. Everyone who wanted him here had him already.

Maimun could have made a guide at least as good as the cook he is for every time I walk with him we take the most

devious route possible, he going a few steps ahead of me and explaining the sights. And his eye is, unexpectedly enough, uncommonly good, almost artistic: I shall never forget how he took me through a route in the secret most confusing heart of the medina just to point out a group of houses and second story tunnel tops that had collapsed right in the middle of the street and been left that way for apparently some time. When will they rebuild all this? I asked Maimun. Maybe never, he answered, it's pretty, isn't it?

This time, despite the rain, he cut off Siaghines and led me up Rue de la Synogogue, pointing to the small hidden door of the synogogue in question as we passed it. Hahzhi, he said, this way is as quick as through Petit Succo. When we turned into Bencharki just before Hotel Buenos Aires on Rue Calaço Maimun noted that Buenos Aires had been shut down by the police because of some scandal there.

Maimun would not kill the chicken himself, he gave it to the shop keeper on the corner of Spanish Red Cross. Afterward, he spilt a large portion of the pail of water he had carried from the fountain that morning into the gutter in order to wash the blood down the centerdrain. He boiled the chicken with almonds and peas for some time, though it finally proved to be too tough for my tastes.

While we ate I happened to mention the owner of Hotel Libye where I stay. Maimun cautioned me against him, saying, Huah wahhead luwhad kebir! I concurred that I had already had an unfortunate experience when I'd accepted an invitation to eat in his room late one night.

When we had put a fairly respectable dent into the day's

fresh purchase of kif and were just sitting around, the veil over the door was pushed aside and Hamid put one foot into the room. He threw a dour, unshaved Salem Molycomb in my direction and turned immediately to Maimun. Maimun offered him a pipe. He smoked it quickly, said lyanic, and abruptly left.

I sat where I was for a moment. It was the first time I had seen him in two days. Then, without a word to Maimun, I jumped up and ran down Bencharki. He was just ahead of me, strolling briskly in his thin zipper-jacket and red woolen cap with the strange thick thread pom-pom. He stopped before I reached him and turned on his heel threateningly. What do you want? he shouted, I have done everything you want! I don't drink anymore, I don't make scandal anymore, I changed my whole life!

Excuse me, I said, I'm taking a walk in this direction and you're blocking my way, if you don't mind.

I made a wide circle around him and continued down the curving alley of Bencharki to its end at the Rue des Postes. He caught up to me just as I was about to turn down the steps and restrained me with a firm grip on my sleeve.

He stared directly into my eyes for several silent minutes. Then, without breaking the intensity of his scrutinization and with a slight quivering at the corners of his mouth, he said, In America I will be your slave.

I do not need a slave in America, I do not need anyone in America, I need a friend here that's all, I answered him.

You must understand me.

I must understand for everyone. Who will understand me?

In America, I will understand you.

He moved close to me and, resting his hands on the balcony rail extending from the back wall of Ciné Americano to the end of Bencharki, rubbed his leg inconspicuously, but forcefully, against my leg. They must speak well of a man, he mumbled, everyone must speak well of a man. Men were making their way up the Tannerie steps that wind around climbing the facade of Ciné Americano to the Arc des Postes. They came along almost in a perfect single file, mounting before us and passing on at our left when they reached the medina level like the witnessing and testifying figures of a sombre Greek chorus. I leaned against the Arc des Postes and stared out at the bay of exile, and back again at Ciné Americano, and down finally at the Moroccans of the circling single-filed Greek chorus.

I went down the stairs alone and headed for the open air of the beach skirting avenue. Our little Tangerine Robin Hood, I thought to myself, steals from the rich and gives to the bars.

I sat on one of the stone benches commanding a full view of the sundown beach. I tried to think clearly but my mind was a street-maze of emotions blindingly fogged with kifsmoke. Hamid's lies, I said out loud. Hamid's lies, Hamid's lies. He dominates and arranges reality - and that part of it he can not mercilessly dominates, chattels him.

I got up and strode along the avenue, my hands in my pockets, my eyes on the pavement. I forced myself to concentrate on the burning why of any mutual attraction at all between us. There was for one thing, and in the least, the emotional excitement and response to opposite, and for another the associative, the metaphors each conduced for

the other of magnetic others and ideals. Hamid showed a distinct preference for pathpointers, Tugeni, Abdelkader, Moushyb, he exhibited an awe of Europe, a strangely disdainful but half deifying reverence for foreigners. He had a keen focus on his contrary colors and a frightening intuition of where he might insinuate and illicit. For myself, I was long aware of the secret thieves of Denver and Taos, the careful company, envy, complicity in reckless actors and crime. Yet most of all it was the wretched starting-post ripeness of us both, the signal for the other we simultaneously fired. It was as if we had been postured in uniroute by Divine Hand, and that so, inavertibly coalesced.

I found myself staring at a dark green awning with the white lettering, "Café California", thinking for a split second that it was English and therefore a ludicrous error, that it should read, "California Cafe". Then, I noticed that my attention was really drawn to the café front not by the lettering so much as a small figure carrying a wicker of peanuts. It was little Hassan, Mohammed's me-boy-Hassan, whom I had not seen since my first months in Tangier. It was hard to recognize him, he was very skinny, his dark eyes were fairly popping out of his tired face. And his skin appeared shrunkenly brown.

He greeted me with his wide white painfully innocent smile. He could still smile, could still be innocent. I remembered he had been taken from Romano's and brought to the south, Fez or Sefrou, by a rich master, there to be much abused. And if he ever gets away, Mohammed once explained, he'll have no where to go but the open souks, no

place to sleep but the public squares. If he is lucky some man will see him there and pay him for a niki. But a lot of men will just say Come here!, and grab him because he's a street boy with no home, and niki him three or four times without giving him a single franc. (Sure - whatchoo think life streetboy - somethin good?)

He had returned to Romano's, he indicated with a few words of Moghrebi and Spanish and much sign language, but had not been able to get back his old job because Ali was there. Mohammed had given him this basket and the peanuts and sent him out to earn his keep. But he looked marvelously inefficient, as if he couldn't sell 10 francs worth of peanuts all day, and that any keeping of him was pure charity. Other, that is, than in the various ways that he could be violated.

Did they niki you a lot in the south? I asked suddenly, maliciously, squeezing his buttocks to make my question unavoidably clear.

His face saddened immediately, he turned away. I felt a sourness, at the same moment, in my mouth, in my stomach. Why had I added such an inquisition to his trials?

And after that it was impossible to reopen the conversation.

When we had finished our evening meal, (the remains of the chicken), Maimun instructed me to follow him to Abdelkader's house on Calle Alejandro Dumas, only a short distance from where we were. He said Abdelkader had invited me personally and that Yakoubi, an old merchant, and Hamid would also be there.

It was Hamid, of course, who had arranged this. He was going to make up to me, as so often before, through what

he deemed to be intermediaries for whom I had some special predilection. And who would therefore cruelly disarrange things and worsen matters on all accounts. Hamid's stalwartness in contrast to the then ruin all around us would be supposed to draw me back to him.

But this time the intermediaries remained scrupulously fearful and handled gingerly every turn of colloquy. It was left to Hamid alone to undermine and ruin, and he proceeded to the task with great competence:

He explained to Yakoubi and Abdeldaker that the reason I had never joined in their evening sessions before was that I always insisted on being by myself.

Yakoubi reprimaned me while passing me a pipe and a full glass of wine, saying it was foolish of a person, and bad for the soul, to always want to be alone. I took nos dames de merci in my hands and, without glancing at Hamid, smiled broadly for Yakoubi and apologized for spending so much time in private, but that he must excuse me as I did so in order to study.

Hamid giggled softly and conversed with himself. His face was fuzzy and blurry, his jaw vague and his lip stupid. He kept spilling the brim of his wine onto the bedspread and rubbing the stains in in ridiculous attempts to erase them. He was atleast several fathoms further under the weather than anyone else present.

I will be very content in New York, he mumbled into the mouth of his glass, I will drink you all the time when I am there. Then he swung the glass away to arm's length and grimaced theatrically. He sat up and motioned

me forward, indicating that he had something to whisper to me.

You are going to look for a good woman for me, he confided to my ear, when we get to New York, aren't you, Oulidi?

No, I said expressionlessly.

No? he questioned. The tone of the word was exactly what a reaffirming "Yes?" would have been. Then only with you, he concluded with a hiccup of blissful indifference, and drained his glass.

Every syllable you utter is shoveling out your grave, I thought to myself, do continue speaking and finish the job tonight.

He rested on his elbows on the wide bed with his legs crossed and his heels up against the seat of my chair. I watched Yakoubi and Abdelkader out of the corner of my eye. It occured to me that, significantly enough, my really unmitigable anger was failing to sufficiently transport me out of a simultaneous and even more encroaching sensation - that of insurmountable boredom. Hamid will probably seek a new retreat, I reasoned, now that I have invaded this one - but I think I'll save him the trouble, I'll never come back here.

Then, as I was trying to think of an excuse that would enable my immediate departure, Hamid made what was somehow the most piercing statement of all. Oh, he exumed heavily, I could kill for you. That "could" was a profound and accusing lie, a self glorifying and all-liberating shuffle.

I squeezed down the narrow wood staircase, hunching under the low also descending ceiling, and paused for a moment to tie my white scarf in a mirror that was the sole furnishing of the street level room. Hamid staggered down after me to let me out and as he unlatched the door I said quickly: I'm going to Tetuan tomorrow morning, I'll see you in a few days.

He blinked his eyes. He fumbled for a second, then put his hand up on my shoulder and said: Give me enough money for while you're gone.

Here's 3,000 francs. I opened my wallet.

He took the bills and stuffed them into the pouch of his dungarees. Then he turned around to go up the stairs, but tripped on his shoes and caught himself against the wall. I won't see you, I won't see you for three days, he sobbed with his faced pressed on the green stones.

I pulled open the door, feeling that his mock distress needed no consoling, and stepped into the dark street.

If I hurry, I thought, I can take a bath in that old Jewish woman's place Maimun showed me before she closes up for the night. I found the right house without much difficulty and the woman was there, sitting on the floor in the foyer heating a clay bowl over a small charcoal fire. I asked her in Moghrebi how much a bath was and she answered, Chumseen (50 francs), but indicated there would be a brief wait.

I unbuttoned my jacket because of the heat in the foyer and sat down on a rickety straw bench. The old woman was dressed as every other medina Jewess I've seen, without sex, even simplest sorcery or winsomeness, worn one-

color shawl of tassel unaccustomed to stirring: hopeless; a loose black cotton dress, cloth belt, patterned kerchief about the crown of the head. She poured some oil into the bowl and added a little flour. She waited until bubbles appeared and then proceeded to slowly stir the mixture. She hummed to herself while her hand moved dreamily but continuously for some ten or fifteen minutes. Whoever was in the bath was taking his good time.

Maimun happened by the open door, (perhaps because he remembered my earlier question about the location of the place), and when he saw me he stopped in and asked why I had left Abdelkader's so quickly. I told him that I was going to Tetuan the next day and wanted to bathe and pack my valise that night. The woman looked up for a moment when she heard us speaking in French and then quickly resumed her stirring.

The bathing chamber was finally vacated and Maimun told me he would wait for me until I was finished. I undressed in a tiny anteroom and then went into the steaming chamber. It was a totally dome shaped structure, like an igloo, with wet, hot floors and not a single window. I felt rather uneasy about closing the door, a medieval-thick iron portal. What if, afterwards, I can't open it?

There was a waist-high well of hot water fixed against the wall, and initially I thought I was to climb into this. I lowered my foot over the wellrim and sank it forcefully, almost losing my balance and slipping completely in before I realized there was no immediate bottom. Another inch or two and I should have drowned in a narrow,

fathomless steam-water cistern.

And what about that door - is it going to open after?

I switched on an overhead faucet that I noticed and it splattered out an icy downpour. I turned it off quickly. I stood staring about me. There were two tin pails on the stone floor near the well and I finally got the idea to fill these with hot water and empty them over my head.

The door opened, (though not without some persuasive shouldering that caused before I suceeeded a steady firing of adrenalin thrills through my intestines), and I dried and dressed myself quickly. When I handed the woman the 50 franc piece she returned it with a grunt and said, Miye, Sidi! I looked down at her for a silent, whole half minute with what I imagined to be a totally non-commital expression. Then I dropped a 100 franc bill on her lap and signaled quickly to Maimun.

She cheats you, I said to Maimun as he walked me back to my hotel on Calle Mahazen, she tells you it's only 50 francs when you first go in. Maimun claimed he wasn't surprised and went into a disgusted description of some of the woman's niggardly activities. That dinner that she was cooking, he noted, was just oil and flour and red pepperspice.

When we reached my hotel I turned and shook Maimun's hand. As I crossed my own over my heart I quickly inquired, Could you tell me where I can find little Omar when I'm in Tetuan?

He said the best place to look was in the Café Rabat

there with which I was familiar, and I thanked him, and wished him good night.

That he might actually be my Alpine constituent, that we were half-certainly blood relations, was something young Mark reacted to more vigorously, much more curiously than I. His mother, whose family he believes to have originated somewhere near the French-Swiss border, bears as unusual maiden name that identical with a certain marquis, a first cousin of mine, and it is the name also of the village where he lives and the farms around it. He smiled between my eyes and stared through my head at the bureau behind me. Having aimed at Venus, he succeeded in bringing down the morning star, he said in even tones as if speaking from some deep enchantment. It's like opening drawers, that I pull on the top one is no guarantee that the bottom or middle one won't open in its stead.

There's still some objection in your claim that the family's been Protestant for five hundred years for I know mine to be well mixed, he decided, but I shall think of you as uncle anyhow. There's that even in the landed peasants who took the castle's name.

I brought young Mark along to visit an Australian journalist I was introduced to who lives on the top floor of the bank building on Rue Goya. The Australian had asked to see the White Boy of the Casbah that he had been hearing

about. Unfortunately, I think this scheming and really vulgar cockney-Australian rather missed the whole point and he one whose job it is to comprehend and interpret stories. He immediately got out his camera, loaded it with colorfilm, and insisted upon taking Mark's picture. A portrait, he said, out on the sixth floor balcony with the crate-box rise of Tangier's medina behind you!

There was a Vatican priest also present at the tea and crumpets breakfast. He is actually formerly of the Vatican, currently a political exile. I revealed to him my own political involvements and my five year imprisonment during the war. A special amnesty not only returned me to Switzerland, I noted, but saved me from being executed. Yes, once I was very ambitious.

Mark refused to speak in French and hence could not join in the conversation with the priest. He listened instead, with a careful patience, to the long stories of intrigue and faith. Finally I asked him why he was insisting on English since I had never known him to do that before. I'm not sure, he answered, it must be some protest, some vehement at long last assertion of my mother tongue to be reasserted - re-experienced in.

The Australian later mentioned the names of a number of noted Americans he had commerce with in Tangier - Paul Bowles, William Burroughs, Van Wyck Mason, and so on - ostensibly to impress Mark. Mark handled the situation well, asking with apparent interest after the activities of each. He claimed he would much appreciate to read the letters of Burroughs the Australian said he had buried somewhere among the piles of newspaper and typing sheets that cluttered the

apartment from one end to the other.

We went to the medina after leaving the Boulevard and got to Maimun's room shortly before noon. Rhimo was there - evidently she intends cohabiting with Maimun for some time, and also Abdelfour, an old acquaintance of Maimun's who's on a vacation from Ceuta. The little room was completely crowded, with Rhimo and Maimun prone and interlocked on the bed and me seated at their feet, and Mark and Abdelfour sharing the low divan two feet opposite us.

I noted and carefully scanned Rhimo's strong orangebrown face, her wide jaw, her high cheekbones and heavy lips, a perfect Egyptian face, Mother of Egypt face. She brushed her skirt up in freeing her hand from Maimun's grip and I caught a glimpse of her thighs and buttocks. I have just seen her buttocks, I said to Mark in English as I turned my eyes quickly away, they are fine, strong buttocks.

She is known as La Gangstera, Mark commented, when you are with her in a café and have a falling out with someone there, it is she not you who does the fighting. They say it is just like being with a man. She has had two or three marriage offers but prefers a prostitute's life to being locked away in some master's house.

She and Maimun seem to get along very well, I said.

But do you know what he really thinks of her?

Oh, of course, he despises her, I rejoined, she is a prostitute.

Abdelfour was dressed in a neat light blue pullover and pressed trousers, a Spanish outfit; he seemed well used to the company of Europeans. I conversed with him in Spanish, he spoke an excellent Spanish, while Maimun cajoled Rhimo

in Tachelhit and threw comments out to Mark in French between mine to Mark in English. A strange, multilingual family made we.

Mark solicited Maimun to approach Rhimo on a matter that he claimed was of considerable curiosity to him, that is, how Rhimo managed to avoid getting pregnant. She explained directly, and Maimun translated, that she had gone to a holy man who had prepared a grisgris for her, a glass of water that he'd let stand over his doorframe for three nights of moonlight, and she had drunk this and was thus safe from pregnancy for two years. Why two years? I queried. Because that was what she specified, was the answer: after two years she may want to have children.

Mark and I were both interested in learning more about the holy man. Maimun informed us that there were many professional holy men in Morocco, they were resorted to for charms and spell-producing brews, but more often consulted in matters of mystery, as a reliable answering service, that is, anent who stole my purse or who's putting a hex on me that I can't get an erection. The proper approach to a holy man is to enter his room and stand silently before him until he asks you why you have come. Then you are to say, <u>You</u> know why I have come, and he will stir the sand at his feet and study it and presently tell you why you have come. Then you pay him his fee and he provides you with the brew or the particular information sought. The greatest feat of the holy man is that he can make himself invisible when he wishes to Maimun told us. But that takes years of study and solitary contemplation.

Can they really believe in this? I questioned Mark.

Why, it is witchcraft, pure medieval witchcraft. And yet they have the mentality, just the mentality for such a thing, don't they?

I think the exercise in invisibility is rather interesting, Mark said thoughtfully, there are shades there of the Orient and even something contemporarily European.

I do not think invisibility is a profound mystery or very major in the way of final accomplishments, I objected. It is something known and experienced by westerns who, I am certain, have no pretentions to or even designs upon ultimates.

It struck me because of its impropriety here more than anything else, Mark said. He seemed disinclined to argue the point.

Hoe-jah! he said suddenly to Rhimo. She broke into a broad smile and chimed in with a sweet, How-ee-ah! Hoe-jah is the Moghrebi for "I have come", Mark explained, that a man says when he has finished - the woman joins him with, How-ee-ah, "Well, look who's here!"

Ah, yes, that Moroccan sexuality, I laughed. That incredible potency, that even more incredible exact identity of activity of Moroccans making love.

That sameness of activity suggests an unambiguous and forcefully bequeathed self-image, it instances a social structure existing in sharper relief than any European one, Mark commented. And the potency, I added, may be attributed to the condonation of the Koran. Why, Maimun is a most excellent drone.

But there's no reason to be jealous of their potency, Mark said almost defensively.

I looked at him, his body was completely taut. Oh, no,

of course not, of course not, I assured him. He pulled himself to with a jerk, and then relaxed. I could see he was blushing deeply. He had let slip some pride-pressured secret.

I wonder did you ever notice how many Moroccans have syphilis because of all this prowess? I said trying to distract him. All those faces minus their noses that you see, all those faces with just the two holes of the nostrils above their lips are evidence of advanced syphilis. I have myself checked at the Spanish hospital every three months.

Mark asked Maimun if he ever had himself checked for syphilis and Maimun proved to never even have heard of the disease. And he refused to, or just could not, after much explanation, be enlightened on the matter.

The conversation turned to our respective predilections, and when I mentioned my appreciation of young boys Mark said, Just a minute, who is it that does the inserting when you're with young boys?

I detected an attempt to get back at me for his just discomfort. It is the privilege of the Moslem to violate the infidel, I said. Besides, I did the hard work long enough: now let somebody else undertake it. The boys tell me the word hahcess is never used in the pejorative.

But it is, Mark insisted, it always is. The boys denied it because they're interested in your money. If it's winning a way to their hearts that you want don't try such a discreditable route.

I thought the matter over and there seemed to be rather more truth than not in what he was saying. For it was really logical and my refusing to acknowledge it before

was an expediency, (since how could I get to make love otherwise?), that he had rightly caught me at. I shall henceforth desist, I declared, without their approval it is merely unrelieved subjection to pain.

And yet there is more to it of course, more to it than an aging man's deceptive vanity, but I felt an elaboration to be somewhat beyond Mark's current scope of acceptabilities. How exactly could I have fostered the projection on his part into the cagey games of youth and age? Or insisted on the pressures of slipping time and this location for opportunity as that alone which it has thus far revealed? What would these settings of seduction, the hibiscus fields, the beach of purple shells, mean to him? and what, then, the wry, circling like matador and bull in the pen, like Theseus and minotaur in the labyrinth speculation, the slowly chewed and rechewed anticipation, the assertions and withdrawals, the all pervading suspicion, the ever recharging hope, rebellion, invitation, repulsion, pretension, danger - the meet of occident and orient, of ugliness and beauty, of scholarliness and innocence - what, of all this, could I hope to make meaningful to him? For the real aesthetic in Morocco's appeal is blurred in a literarily dominated sensitivity; it is our surrender to and intrigue with our pre-natal animal subconscious that is needed to exploit this country: here we are made to reinhabit the groping, piteous realms of our most original desires and essays into locomotion - it is the area of our great dumb hope, and what joy to move within that hope! Yet again, into the giants that they, the major road to Rome philosophers and Constantine Phaulkons, did grow to be takes years,

neither the achievement nor its comprehension belongs to the genius of youth.

Bless the maturation of years.

Mark, in closer consideration, and in further example, lacks almost completely critical faculty, nothing abashed, his analytical sense suffers the constant loss of details, the impressions of details. I don't think the totality of his awareness in the journalist's flat that morning could have been much less if the shades had been tightly drawn, the lights all extinguished, and the conversation rather than spoken played off an every other groove scratched and ancient disc. His intelligence is anything but deliberate, his vision inordinately haphazard and its fancy-picked, emotive selections for the immediate scene of reality without precedence, in unexpectedness, for absolute oblivion to character detection and shrewdnesses of personality. The Australian's patchwork veneer of international sophistication proved a genuinely unscalable wall for Mark, he failed to see the brassy vulgarity and cheapness, the insulting contrivances, and the bald merchandizing of our friendly visit. As for the priest, nothing of his coldness, his frightened, peeling Vatican paint touched the young man's naïvety. I both argued and conclusively declined the position of spy and information verifier on Red China activities in the interior that these two gentlemen were trying to coerce me into without Mark's having the slightest idea of what my momentous concern was all about.

Of course, he has a certain charm, I should say great charm, it is his dominant characteristic, and it wins over many a time what would otherwise be a rather unsatisfactory

discussion. This charm is undoubtedly the surest asset in his working his way into the confederate medina - though he's far from having only that as peculiarly suitable attraction. His considerable reserve and his overtaxed self-consciousness outfit him for almost any challenge of the distinctive communal life in the public view; the social face.

And this weird paradoxical flight over and touching on the street gives, at the last, his face to our face, as something more an idea than anything else, a call as it were to a vaguely obviated credence, hope, or foolish gamble - (I think of politics as the community and a gamble as the individual) - that he himself would be the first and most vociferous denier of.

To place the conversation in a vein that would be agreeable to him I asked Mark if he thought social fulfillment to be just more difficult in America or really totally impossible. After all, I said, what you have here is a removal from that most complex, that is, most decomposed and chaotic, society to the simplest or most integrated one. Isn't a more obvious and quickly won success to be expected here?

No, he answered as I knew he would, there are absolutes of non-universality. Geography is truth and truth geography.

He seemed pleased with saying that and more pleased with his assurance that it was so. An assurance I could by no means share for he protested his case really, he protested too much, and the more I pondered the idea that his excited but uninvolved face was the more certified of his American inanalogy and all our always exileness I grew.

If one is complete here then, I continued, as say a bird

is in the open sky, why drugs? I mean, does not completeness entail circulating in all parts of the Moroccan structure at one and the same time and necessitate therefore and actually comprehend all levels of awareness and interplay? And besides, you are very young, why should you need artificial stimulations? That is something for the old and the satiated.

Drugs have nothing to do with stimulating one's reactions to any structure, they have nothing to do with one's satiation and the world, drugs <u>are</u> a structure, they <u>are</u> a world, Mark elaborated. It is another consciousness, another expediency - do not be deceived about paradises - another expediency that's all, but one equally valid. One fourth of mankind from the Asian Pacific to more west than the Levant watches the earth turn about through the scope of a pipe, and has so watched it since the day man first recorded time. A friend of mine who is a maintenance man at the U.N. reports he found some really embalming black marijuana behind the radiator in the room of an African delegation when he was sweeping up one day. And that was after Castro and his attaché refused to surrender each member's two pound bag of an equable ilk. The fate of the world is debated and decided on cannabis leaves, with that part of it not participating being out in the somewhat stronger poppy fields.

Are you not afraid of the danger, of, say, apprehension by the police? I asked.

I am a still surviving Spanish poet, he answered, they thought my verse too poor to take the trouble to shoot me.

He laughed. He leaned over and filled a pipebowl with kif. You must really try this sometime, he said.

Is there no line between literature and life for you? I

asked.

Is there a line between literature and life? he parried with mock innocence and dead seriousness.

Sometimes assuredly, I answered. Would you want to uphold that your legend and you are always in the same predicament? There might be more than a little confusion, I should say deprication, in doing that.

Like how? he smiled, -and your referring to "my legend" seems a bit overdrawn.

Ah, no, your legend exists as surely as you, and quite individually, I think. In one thing, it claims you as the white slave of the Casbah.

The title is ludicrous, he giggled uncontrolably releasing a mouthful of kifsmoke.

But you will have to defend its truth nevertheless, according to your reasoning.

He moved forward with his elbows on his knees and his left hand hushing his lips. He turned his head to the left and stared out the door at the wall just across the narrow oued. I have been abused financially, he began, and my body, my language, my sanity, have been abused - have passed through hundreds of hands in Morocco. But the mold is sturdy against the pressure of all those hands, for at the end Morocco has nothing of me and I have of it been taken from desirelessness into endeavor, dissipation and patience into achievement - I have been hoisted up from nowhere and returned to an invention of humans. The earth was promised to who sucked my mother's breasts, not to them - and I have inherited it out of the profound security in which I have always attended it.

As we walked toward the Petit Succo at the end of the afternoon, Mark pointed up to the over our shoulders rooftops and described them as so many plaster fruit and vegetable patches to be harvested. What a richness here! he exclaimed and switched to German for a long, carefully modulated flow of superlatives. We watched the square grow gradually more and more conjested with late shoppers and early evening strollers, from our table just inside Café Fuentes. This succo was once the heart of Tangier, Mark said, those old 1920-print photos that they sell in the souvenir shops record how it hasn't changed. As I am in the streets so I also hope to be on all the rooftops, with all the rooftops, under, in and over this city. I found myself sitting in the sand at the end of a camel track in the Anti Atlas or in the dark of blind alley shops secreted in the medina or in isolated moon-located villas in the gaunt coconut groves that skirt this awesome mystery. Strange mission, strange journey, strange discovery.

And what do you intend now that you have found yourself? I asked.

He put his hands in his pockets, leaned against the chair back, and closed his eyes. I could hear the sound of a kanoun from somewhere in the back of the café. For the moment, he sighed deeply, I don't intend anything about the fact that I have found myself.

Tetuan both receded and rose formidably with the distance, something like Mont Saint Michel, as I walked the wide straight highway toward the sea. The real difference between the two heights is that in this case the proximity to the water was a weird, almost mirage-like illusion and the farther I walked the farther it retreated. Cars sped past me in the direction of the beach, occasionally a hand stretching out and waving a quick, ambiguous salute. The brilliant sundisc dominated the open highway. Weed and sand fields rolled away to all points of the circumferencing horizon.

This great corroboration of Tetuan.

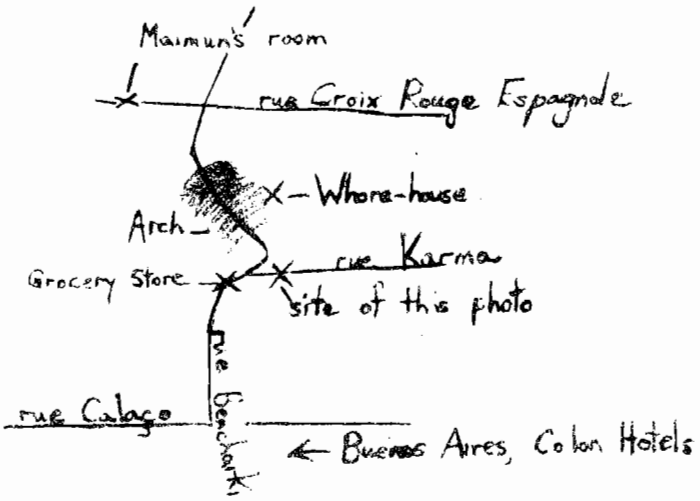
Tu es ici exactement comme chez-toi - heard a thousand genuine times, heard here genuine times. Mohammed invited me to an hotel, to a picnic in the mountains. Several of the habitués of his father's café invited me to their tables, invited themselves to the hotel afterward. Mohammed told the others about Maimun and me of the year ago, they seemed astounded - I could tell though the whole conversation was in Riffian - and later when they were gone and Mohammed alone was left he attempted to repeat Maimun's supposed success. No recuerdos de shomar, I said wearily over and again for a half hour. We ended by my resorting to the wicker chair and his holding the bed for our duration of the sleepless night. The dawn came in orange over the orange terraceroof when I finally opened the door. There were no windows in the stone room.

Omar was nowhere about. Mohammed avoided all my questions concerning the boy. He was hiding him from me, I knew that. He had sent a letter to Maimun a while back detailing his

perennially awaited, at long last seduction of the handsome Omar.

A page ago or fifty-two, it was.

Look, I'm including a delineation to clarify the photo sites.



I'm subject to slip from my wise, above it all, just look at me back there in my situations into a debased, lost circulating in the very same from which I can only calculate myself, my problems, and myself.... so oriented myself becomes solipsist, utterly unapproachable by the aid of others, the morbid concern.... of which the physical and psychic assaults engendered come at precisely the moment I <u>think</u> they might, or should.... should for punishment, for some kind of credits, credibility, some proof.... and coming to me again, in the moments (till recently rare) when I slip out, above, that the only medicine is, not-paradoxically, within myself and nowhere else.... the new frequency of that revelation's impositions bringing me out of my Dark Night into the sun of this wide road.... fear, the misery, the death, are trio inside of me, they can not actualize unless I permit them to - and at end of this wide road I no longer

permit them to.

A page ago or fifty-two, there were the things, tu sais, of which it is much easier to speak to a close friend than to you - of this I am particularly culpable. You'll have to draw confidence, slowly, patiently out of me - I do love and admire you deeply so you must help me in this. I admit this ridiculousness is my fault, but it is profoundly inured from years of trying to protect myself. Yet why really, or against what, should I have to protect myself from you?

I can be, however, not completely without pride for I've never worked so hard or so steadfastly in my whole life; it was a good and real campaign and an absolutely on all its many grounds meaningful one. Now there isn't much left except the attendance call on whatever remaining faculties choose topreside over and see out the round bottom reached. I should invite all of myself though, that is if I have any sense of rightful due, for the rest of our stratagem is to be brief, and rather acquiescently compatible, I imagine. Compatible, to be more exact, in the inscrutable way things are when, whether to the witness of the world they will terminate joyful or sad, I know, core-calm within me, they will be tearlessly tragic, inalterably Impossible, a page ago or fifty-two.

Then all the sexual attitudes of every mind of every civilization that ever was funneled into my mind. I was thinking of my brother, the out of the me back there in my situations, to whom I am answerable, and of Hamid, of Hamid's expression when I told him that. Va chez-toi, va voir ton frère, c'est mieux, he said. Then he turned his eyes from

me and sighed resignedly. Déjà tu as couper ton amour, moi non, c'est pour ça, he added. C'est pas vrai, I objected, mais je peux rester ici toujours en t'attendant, et mon frère n'a pas toujours... Je te donne jusqu'à la fin du mois prochain, ça va me laisser un peu de temps avec lui.

Non, mieux que tu quittes maintenant, Oulidi, ton frère est important, ringing in the sad hears of my short-cut through the Dradeb. And also the momentously significant recrimination, Toi, tu peux travailler ici, moi non. Dans mon pays, toi, tu peux travailler. It is thought provoking. Suddenly I experienced a total uncertainty of the position of my viewing in the streets of the Dradeb. I found it impossible to estimate my height in relation to the buildings, my nearness to them. My distance above the pavement, and my whereabouts - my location at the end or middle of the block - shifted out of all tenable focus.

Some dealer had sold two bars of hashish to Maimun not making clear that it was a double portion for the price of one, or that was clear to Maimun and he did not make it so to me - the latter more likely, I thought quite shortly after consuming both bars and looking up at the mischievous grin on his face. Toi fou maintenant, oui? he queried needlessly. Enna hamuk! I answered and doubled up with laughter. As I pulled myself apart, the hopping doorframe in my right eye and Maimun a seven-card hand of squatting in seven separate frames of my left eye, I knew I was adrift upon several to be rather unusual hours. Generously, he offered to take me back to Calle Mahazen.

The world is utter rubber, I am a billiard on a string, a tadpole, a kite with my kitetail body serpented within the accordioned cylinder of the flanking walls, I fly, I steer along the shelves of the impasse, my gone to China body apportioned on five different shelves at once, dodge, glide above mudlark heads, and all with Maimun's green sweater, a green rubber ball bouncing ahead between elastic, gyrating buildingwhites to guide the way. Colors, the stonewhite wall the blue shutters scribblings and stains patterned skirts, strip alongside my flight and twist together gummily in eternity-meeting parallels.

In the prison of the Mahazen hotel room, (iron beds, story and a half ceiling, bars on the five feet from the cobbles windows), these stable objects - with the mirror glass, sink, soap, towels, two chairs, lounge, table, my valise, and the skeleton key, just there momentarily and for as long as I trust them.... assume them more than trust, for if I stopped suddenly and took just one square, full-faced look at them they would all rise in a simultaneous flutter and batter and take fearfully off for Extension unknown.... the well known non-artistic failure of reality .... and Maimun standing in the triangular tracks, the open door and its optically-compensated opposite of his about to farewell, a page ago or fifty-two, wavers of his outline and washes within in a velocity of colors, calling to me and losing that identity of his high voice and green sweater, calling, calling after me from a tunnel of unretrievable plunge, and reprimanding, tossing culpatory observances at me, Toi, tu te faites fou tous le temps!, Hamid stepping forward to the bedrail of the triangle, and

reprimanding me.

Faites moi dormir - parles pas mal avec moi maintenant, I cried.

And he sank me in the covers with the pressure of his angry hands. The city spun around ringing out the cool water from a sopping towel.

Having is no stasis, but the constant endeavor to remerit, to re-earn. Having, having the world...

I can not take the responsibility of the knowledge in other people's acts. I may sometimes prevent their action, but knowledge can come to them by them only.

I can not tell you now if you have not learned in eight years. I assume, therefore, that you have.

have abstracted love into its absolute self-sufficient purity, where it remains unbaffled by events of the physical because no longer dependent or even emergent upon them, laughs at the parade and conversion of things.

But having is another matter. You will learn.

The other day we returned from Souani and the Emsallah together. We talked about a number of matters, you commenting on various people and how they were, and what you had to do with them because of this, if anything, but I don't remember the details. I do remember very clearly, though, how you took several yards up ahead of me on the Souani hill, turning your head back slightly to talk but always keeping a close eye for the stones on the ground, the shiny black pocketbook on your right wrist, you were several stairheights above me and slightly to my left. It seemed as if there were no bitterness. There wasn't complete understanding, rather a dumb awe (sociably concealed) at the enormity, perhaps

grandeur, of the thing, but there was no bitterness.

Because the sort of having thing that would have been difficult between us here, at this point, in this eventuality, never existed for us - was never born with us in our civilization, or later, relationship; was flirted with in idea, fancy, and afterward awkwardly crushed as if it did have life, or in case it did, I don't know, I don't think so.

The good lies in having prevailed until the prevalence itself is made fleshy, is made life.

I can tell you of many sad predictions that are all come true, but I have changed now and I do not always see what there is to tell.

removed to the country of momentary resolutions

in the spring and wrote a letter that began:

"All my faults perchance thou knowest all my madness none can know..."

and a lot of other lovely words that you can't understand

so what good does it do you?

The good lies in having...

But you will learn, you will learn, it can not be told.

All taking place in a bold romance of two worlds and a dream of neither, a madman's dream beginning in the green and blue lights of the pier and ending a thought's quarterhour later in the hideous, unspeakable laughter at the corner of Rue Delacroix and Boulevard Pasteur. I had seen nothing in the lights who sat like a young Buddha full of kif and said he saw all. I had come desiring, I had come to acquire. I ended by hoisting it out, by pussing it off from within; I ended by bleeding it into fleshiness, into life.

To receive myself, I came.

If you come to me, I shall give you yourself.

But if you know this now or if you do not know it, I do not pity you.

Then we'll scurry in the drizzle under the glassy lights past the Key, Valencia, and Cooper Union, and the monster-building block I don't like, could never make part of me, to the counter service on W.B. And this time, buy two frankfutters.

What is it we have sought in each other?

my God.

can you really? I mean it was so business-like. What?

Was this pages ago, the rubber reduced to the evaporative shimmering, the final, the textbook illusion on the highway ahead? How long did it never take me to see that I shan't win to, much less obtain at the end of this road?

I decided to go back. I about faced sharply and nearly rammed into an old man leading his donkey that I'd been completely unaware of, had not even heard coming up behind me. The man moved aside with a startled gesture, then collected himself and said something in a high-pitched, disapproving tone.

The fields appear in shadowless, unhazed relief under the said-sesame of total sun. I see the encompassment as the dry sticks it really singly amounts to, the joints, building foundation structures, and mathematic. I see the ridiculous skeleton of things, and the far ahead, disarmingly meaningless movements of beings. And with this was thought to persecute me?

How the innocent have fallen to content in that all things included were known and suffered satisfactorily.

It occurred to me that a good pipeful or two would hold me until I got back to Tetuan. Remembering that Mohammed and his friends had taken considerable pains to conceal their smoking in the café, I turned off the road and eased my way down a brief incline that would cut me off from the view of anyone passing by. I unfolded my jacket and removed the pipe from one of the torn front pockets. I quickly looked around to make sure of my seclusion, when I noticed, quite surprised, that some man in a dark brown jellaba had wandered away from the road to the edge of the incline in order to peer at me. I squatted with my back to him and my jacket pulled over my knees, pretending that I was urinating Moroccan-fashion. After a minute or so I looked up again and there he still was, only now quite comfortably propped against his staff, staring down with complete absorption. I turned my back to him and squatted a second time, scooping out some kif from my sheepskin pouch with the inserted pipebowl. My hands shook under his unwanted scrutiny and because of the awkward position that he forced me into, and I cursed out loud in Moghrebi when several grams of the whitegreen kif spilled into the grass. His standing there is more than curiosity or the by now quotidian lechery, I decided, it is unneeded interference - remorseless invasion.

It was of this that I wasn't certain, that I wearied the highways of the world in pilgrimage for, this acquiescence, this particular subservience - but now I am, now I am surfeited with its trying out, its long, failed experiment.

I smoked a pipe, climbed the slope, and said into the face of my jellabad spectator, Ça ne marche pas ici, monsieur! I walked quickly to the road and renewed my way at a brisk pace.

Hamid, I formulated on my English lips, is of this instance, a page from now or fifty-two ago, expendable.

If he isn't possible, he shall not be necessary.

I phoned Natalie from the office to find out if his letter had arrived. But you've got the show tonight, she said, you aren't coming all the way out to Brooklyn right now just to pick up the letter, are you? You bet I am - I'll see you at 7:30, I told her, and hung up. There was some kind of accident that stalled the train just after Dekalb and I sat rummaging through my bag for want of anything else to do for what seemed an eternity. I reached Natalie's after 8:00, grabbed the letter from her hand, blurted out See you tomorrow!, and rushed over to Coney Island Avenue where I caught a cab; Broadway and 46th by 8:40, I said to the cabbie, don't spare the gas for the war effort, money's no object. * Anyhow, he'll find his room just like he left it, I thought, full of books and papers and shit. I turned over the calendar and ran my finger along to the date he estimated for his arrival. Everyone says it's about time he was back, things are starting to get dull around here. Come and get it - I'm not going to

stand in the kitchen all night, my mother called. * She hurried into the lobby completely out of breath. I was about to ask her why she was late, when I noticed that she looked quite distracted. What's the matter? I said. She cut me off with an almost blunt, Please, not now, and preceded me into the orchestra. The curtain had already gone up. * Peter tried to take me around the shoulder but I was too upset to accommodate him. During intermission I sent him off for an orange drink so I wouldn't have to talk. When he returned I announced I was going to the ladies' room, and indeed I had to for I knew my mascara had run. I stared into the mirror in the small lounge. But Peter, I will be loyal, Oh Peter, I am loyal - to <u>him</u>. * Why do you have to eat so late? my mother asked. Well, he always ate late, didn't he? I replied. He's some criterion, with his crazy hours, she said, he was irregular about everything. She carried a steaming plate of soup over to the table. What's he gonna do on Gibraltar for three weeks? she asked suddenly. Before you only worried about when he was going to leave Tangier, I said, now you're worried about what will be when he does. * She sat stiffly all the way over by the right door of the car. The lights on Washington Bridge were brilliantly clear through the front window. It's like a beautiful diamond necklace, she described sentimentally. Listen, Sandra, I said, can't you stay over my apartment just this once? My roommate will even be there. No, I want you to take me home, she stammered, and I could tell by the sound of her voice that a little more pressuring from me and she would burst into tears. I couldn't understand what had become of my usually perfect judgment:

-this was the night I planned to ask Sandra to marry me.

I came out of my dream with my hand on my pants, still trying to rub off the blood. It was Prewha's blood, I think. I hit him after all the trouble he got me into with his business with the owner of the Tropicale. This time it had something to do with the American horn blower at the Tropicale. I had drunk so much at Abdelkader's I didn't even know what it was all about, but I found myself having to answer questions by the police and make up excuses for him. Then the next thing I knew he was fighting with me and I hit him in the face and there was blood all over my pants and the police dragged me to the station. If we ever see you on the Boulevard again it will be prison for you, they said to me, the Boulevard is forbidden for you from now on.

Forbidden! I said out loud, the Boulevard is forbidden to me, Tangier is forbidden!

What? Abdelkader asked. I looked at him. Where's the American? I said. You're in my apartment now, not the hotel, he answered. Then I remembered something about Tetuan. He's gone to Tetuan, I cursed jumping up, I've got to go there, I've got to see him.

I ran to the bus depot, thinking he might still be there. No one was around. A taxi was collecting passengers for

Tetuan and I jumped into the front seat next to the driver. Faster, faster! I said to him, until the others in the back started to cry out that they were afraid. I've got to see him was all I could think, I've got to see him - even though he makes me do that.

When we reached Tetuan my head was spinning, I was half crazy. I walked quickly through the Spanish city toward the central square. Then I saw him on the other side of the street, in the middle of a crowd, as if he had been dropped down there right on my way. I crossed the street, and when I stepped up onto the curb everything became black. I turned around without even saleming him and led him down the side of the quarter into the Public Gardens. I stopped by the little cage with the two old monkeys in it. Do you know, I said, there is grass between the stones all over this city? All of Tetuan is like one big prison. I'm going to Larache.

I'll go with you, he said in a low voice.

Now that it was the American's last five minutes in Morocco, I was finally allowed to be introduced to him. I was familiar with his face because Hamid had pointed him out to me many times to make sure I knew what he looked like, but this was the first time I heard his voice. You see, I am a porter on the dock, and no one leaves Tangier without my knowing it. Hamid had me alerted to this American

for several months, he said he might try to take a boat at any time and that if he did I was to delay him by misplacing his passport when it went through the salida check and in the meantime send word to Hamid about what was happening. Hamid would then have come to the dock as quickly as possible and taken the American away. And I guess the American would have been in for a pretty hard time of it after that.

But now they were both taking the ferry together, the one that goes to Gibraltar. Hamid thanked me for the watch I had kept and noted that he had always been confident that the American could never escape with me on the job. I told him I was glad to have had the chance to do something for a friend. He asked the American to give me a big tip.

Just as they were going up the gangplank, the American snapped his fingers and said to Hamid that they had forgotten something, his red bathingsuit. I gave it to Abdelkader when he went to the baths the other day, Hamid said. Forget about it now, it's too late. It will be Abdelkader's souvenir.

After we passed through the Rif mountains I could sometimes make out the long quiet line of the ocean as it appeared on the right at various inlets. But most of the way there was nothing to see except the hard earth and the stunted scrub, the broom, briars and ferns that grow all around the road.

Are we going to Larache to see someone to fix up about that fight you had? he asked. I nodded yes because that was

the easiest answer. The truth was that I didn't know myself why we were going to Larache.

He slouched down on the bus seat and I put my arm along the iron rail over his head. He began to sing softly to himself. You are happy now, aren't you? I asked. He looked up at me for a second, then without responding, closed his eyes and continued to hum quietly like someone putting a child to sleep.

A man pointed out a good hotel for us at the end of the main street in Larache. We left the few things we had, (actually I wasn't carrying anything), in the hotel room and went down the stairs to look over the city. A Tarzan film was showing at the cinema. The poster was in Spanish, but he read it off in Arabic: Tarzan, Wahhead Razen Erpt, he read, but let's not go in tonight. I'm very tired.

We ordered two demi-tasses in a place near the Bab el Kasba that looked more like an American saloon than a Spanish restaurant. We sat there for a half hour without saying a word to each other. I was too confused about what I was feeling and too uncertain about what was happening to find anything to say. As for him, I couldn't tell, as usual, what he might be thinking.

Finally, he yawned and I called the waiter over to pay our check.

When we were back in the hotel room I undressed and got under the covers. I lit a Casasports. He came to the left of the bed and sat down alongside my outstretched legs. Now, we can talk, I said. He fixed his eyes on my face and smiled. It was an empty smile.

I wanted to talk about love but somehow all I could manage

to do was describe the women I had loved before. He misunderstood something that I was explaining and asked me to tell him who was this woman I had loved more than him. I didn't say more than you, I corrected, I just said that I loved her. Will you look for a woman in America? he asked.

In America I will be with you, I answered, always with you. And then from time to time I will go off with a woman, but just for one night.

That one night will make me jealous, he whispered.

So then I won't do it. I'll just have a wife - you couldn't be jealous of my love for a wife, could you?

He didn't answer. I wanted to tell him that I wouldn't even take a wife if he didn't want me to, but I couldn't find the words to say that. I started to talk about Larache instead, about how no one knew me here, and how I could steal all I wanted because of this. I leaned over to flick my cigarette ashes into the tray and as I moved back I saw that his eyes were still staring at the spot where my face had been and that his body was very stiff. I remained in my crooked position waiting for him to notice me, but he didn't, nor did he notice that I had stopped talking. I waited for ten minutes, fifteen minutes, maybe it was a half hour.

He is not here, I thought, he wasn't here even when he was answering my questions. I wonder for how long now he hasn't been with me. For how many months?

Why does he stay with me? Why does he want me to stay with him?

If he is trying to give me a chance, I'll make up for all his lonely waiting - in America I'll prove to him that all he did was worthwhile.

But maybe this waiting, this being always with me without really ever being with me, is his way to rob me of any chance, is his way to lose me to bad for all time - his resentful way, his way of revenge. He blames me for everything that happened to him and he knows that I can't save myself from whatever he is going to do to me.

I tried to attract his attention, I told him that we would make love now and do what it was he wanted to.

He shook his head, and came out of his stare. Then he yawned. A full yawn of complete boredom. I'm going to sleep in the other bed, he said.

In the morning I told him that he was to take the bus back to Tangier and that I would join him there in a few days. He accepted this arrangement without asking the reasons for it. His only comment was, How much money do you want?

I don't want your money, I declared.

He insisted on going to the Balcony of the Atlantic and looking out over the view and then taking a short walk in the Kebibat Casbah, before getting on the bus. The Casbah is very picturesque, he said when he returned alone from his explorations, it's a real Ali Baba Casbah trailing off from the Spanish quarter downhill to the sea.

He bought his bus ticket and then we went and sat in the new, very modern depot, again without a word between us. I thought that he would object at the last minute and ask to remain with me. But he didn't. Nor did he inquire again about how much money I needed. I had only a few hundred francs in my pocket.

He walked quickly to the door of the bus when the driver

started up the engine. Just as he put his foot on the first step I called out, I can never see you again!

He stopped, and smiled; then he opened his wallet and took out 5,000 francs and handed it down to me.

Fontier Gates, Main Street, Alameda Gardens; we check in at the Youth Hostel and all about - English.... Greasy spoons all, incredibly bad restaurants of Gibraltar.... Photos at the American War Memorial, both of us, separately, under the arch.... Hamid and myself terribly uncomfortable with lack of privacy at the Hostel, carry our trunks down Main Street to Hotel Continental.... The Castle of Tarek an emptystone, much embattled shell, empty cold cells, eery, but disappointing; the above ground, underground Upper Galleries and St. George's Hall excavated in the great eastern peak of the Rock, above ground, underground Hades of sleeping, rusting artillery on Spain.... Gibraltar Tourism Committee Tel. 3039 Waterport Wharf Admit Bearer To St. Micheal's Cave Fee 1/- issued to and accepted by on the express condition that the Gibraltar Government and or Tourism Committee their servants or agents are from all liability other cause howsoever sustained and whilst in or on or in or - Hamid notices a young couple taking the turns between the glorious stalagtites: You know, he says, some men only work with their zib - oulaladeem. I think it improbable in this case, the woman in question being both young and beautiful.... We climb for an hour to reach the

height of the Rock where the monkeys ("Apes" of Gibraltar is an exaggeration) leap about in absolute feedom.... The evening is spent at the Queen's Cinema, last complete show 8:55: Samson and Delilah with Late News reels....

Dig this and dig it straight:-

1. Received your telegram although it's indecipherable as to when sent or what referred to: it reads: WAHT GIVES. I assume concern is either over stoppage of letters - I've been writing with my usual frequency but suspect that mail is again being lost - or over Mohammed V and the complications that may possibly have arisen. In either case though, here I am safe and sound on the Rock of Gibraltar, and I'll relate what happened that last week in Morocco when I see you.

2. I have mentioned in two or three letters and post cards to Mommy that I'm sailing on the Leonardo da Vinci leaving Gibraltar the 16th of this month and arriving in New York on the 23rd.

3. The above is not true.

4. I am sailing tomorrow, the 4th, and expect to be in N.Y. on the 10th. The reason for the deception is that I wish to enter N.Y. without anyone coming down to the pier to meet me. I'd like you to do everything possible to be at your pad - alone - at 4:00 PM on the 10th: I'll come there then and you'll understand why I am entering the country without giving notice. I want you to tell absolutely no one that I'm expected. If you can't get over to your pad at 4:00 PM leave word with the superintendent (who I assume is still on the second floor) when you'll be home or where you will be that afternoon. Word has it that Rocinante is coming to live with you - if she is there that afternoon

it won't matter. And soon as I'm there and explain all, I'll go into B'klyn: will you however, remain in your pad that night? I am in good spirits, eager to see you: hope you get this in time.

THE DAMSELS OF AL-DIONIAH

A dunce less for one his eyes, in route toward the White City, o'erheard weeting which, hastening nigh, proved for that of two damsels standing somewhat apart, the nearer of visage seeming a sun in unshade sky whilst farther-off had face verily the rondure of moon at its full[1]; and though with tresses afall to anklet as horses' tails, but for single eye he wot not an these be six numbered or four, or yet more; whence asked the nitty cause the maids' sound; to which she nearest replieth: "O Sire, hither are we from Al-Dioniah, seated upon the shell of sea-shore, anent a givance wouldst have of us the bloom our City's gate; and the weal be worked of him taketh, eke of all his natal weal." And herewith waggish wordsome further preluding, the like mayeth confound sages quickest of wit, this mistress disclose plant truly high in height, tall as a tall man, with a corymb of round white flowers and divest scape descendeth to a root-leaf rosette whose prickle edges rivaled the claws of Iblís.[2] The nit-wit, for short

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[1]The Romans called the Morning Star Lucifer; the Evening Star, Hesperus. Weil reads, "Morn-sheen" for sun and "Star" for moon.
[2]The Devil: the details of the muscipula are unmistakable: while Dioniah's sea-site is conclusive concerning the Roman origin of this hybrid allegory, the source of the floral interest remains mysterious.

in sight, or else long-lack o' ware, was lief and fain his fast ownership the plant: so he reach out his fingers and hend the white petals, and his bag-trowsers brushing the teeth-like leaves, whereupon the edges close up snapping and claspt with deepest, sharp biting till clove clean through his unguard leg——And the Wazir's daughter perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

When it was the Seven Hundred and Thirty=eighth Night,

She pursued, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the one eye in his bent nigh the gigantic bloom, its bristled foot leaves entrapped his legs, that he scream out, "Forsooth, this accursed growth is the seed of Iblís his self, the Calumniator, the Foul Despairer!" But his ken was withal tardy affair, for anon the foliage sucketh him down, coating him from hair to toe with a juice-skin its fatal belladonnin, till lastly leafage clampeth o'er his body entire; which for want of air turn a corse; and the damsels, turning eyne in t'other direction, recommencedeth their sound and loudeneth the weeting song. And men also tell a tale of

J'ai fait avec mieux que lui!: "he's had dealings and is used to company far superior to this insulting waiter": the American's apologetic explanation was embarrassed: both for his friend's attempt at French and for his very sentiment. -Our waiter stupidly ordered the Arab's cap off. * He was reading in a deck-chair,

when I finally found him. What's the name of the book? I asked. It's called "The Symposium", he answered. What does it say in that book? He thought for a moment. It says the greatest love among humans is that of one man for another. I don't have to read a book, I told him smiling, to know that. * He accused me of paying more for my cabin than his because there was a private shower in mine. I explained that the price was the same, that I simply had purchased the tickets at separate times. He seemed unconvinced, so I went to the quartermaster, and being that there were two empty berths in his cabin, secured a change from mine to his. -Later that afternoon the subject of Eisenhower's nationality came up in our conversation, I don't remember why, but he insisted as so many Moroccans before him that Eisenhower was a Jew, (his middle name is David). That's ridiculous, I said, how could it be possible for a Jew to be elected president in a Christian country? They couldn't find anyone better than him, he answered. I had long since lost all patience with this kind of self-certain obstinacy, this stubborn ignorance. I dismissed the conversation with a jerk of my wrist and headed for the dining room. * Why the American was extending himself so for this Arab, why he was bringing him to America was a real mystery. But the American was most evasive whenever I brought up the subject. He avoided, indeed, almost all reference to his companion - seemed willing only to discuss himself. When I learned he had done some tutoring previously I asked if I couldn't contact him in New York sometime for lessons in English. I figured since he knew me he might consent to a reasonable fee. * There is so much to a woman, he said, a woman is

a beautiful, multimarvelous thing, not just someone you sleep with. That is something that you must teach me, I told him. Teach you? - how can anyone teach you?! he answered angrily, you never want to learn. All this time you've spent with me has been wasted - here we are practically in America and you still can't speak a word of English. And I, myself, far from having learned anything new, have actually gone backwards. Listen to my French: it has become child-like forced for so long into a dozen word code for you. I was too upset to answer him. He had been talking to me like this for a couple of days. I began to become very suspicious of what was going to happen as soon as we docked. * So sail! though as Norwegian many ago and aborigine befores, were we there. Sail, Christoforo Colombo.

My uncle lives in Larache. I found his house in the new outskirts. When I spoke to him I told him that I had come to Larache to see my wife and son. He informed me they were living in Ksar-El-Kebir and asked me to spend the night in his house since there was no bus going south until the next morning.

I reached Ksar-El-Kebir about noon the following day and asked around in the central streets for where my wife was living. Actually, she is not my wife because we were never legally married. But I always think of her as my wife and she is raising my son, little Abdelmajid. When

I located her she seemed very happy to see me and she begged me to live with her again as I once did in Dar Baroud. I told her that I was thinking about doing that but first I had to return to Tangier and settle all my business.

When I left her I thought about how I had never loved her and how I couldn't force myself to stay with her before. I also wondered how I was going to support her and my son. After trying to stay out of prison for so long, I had become afraid of smuggling. And I can't go back to the carpenter shop - the only work there now is with the machine, the machine that will cut off my hands...

I want to start my life again, I want to start it and do right this time. But how?

I went to a bar that night near Sidi Mohammed Sherif and there was a young boy there who asked me if I wanted to have a woman. I was curious about why he was procuring for a woman so I told him yes. He led me into the street and explained that I was to pay her fee, 500 francs, to him. I gave him the money and he took me to an old house near the edge of the town. This is it, he said, slema. Then I realized that he was going to run off without giving the money to whoever was inside. I grabbed him by the arm and pulled him in with me. When I saw the woman I recognized her, she used to live in Tangier. I became furious in a second: they thought I was going to pay twice, they wanted me to pay double for an old whore from Tangier!

I am a policeman, I declared to both of them. The woman began to cry and the boy to plead for me to let him go. I took the key out of the woman's pocket and locked the door. Then I pushed her on the bed and tore off her clothes. I

nikied her. The boy sat in a chair and watched. When I was finished I took back my 500 francs from the boy and I took another 500 from the woman. They had wanted 1,000 francs from me so I took 1,000 from them. You're lucky I'm not putting you both in jail, I told them, and slammed the door.

I went back to the bar, spent the 1,000 and another 1,000 I had on whiskies, got very drunk, and punched a real policeman in the face.

I ran out, turned down a dark alley, and hid there until morning.

I slipped on the first bus heading north without being noticed, and rode back to Larache.

I visited my uncle again and when I was alone with him I told him that I had the chance to go to America. I said I thought I could start my life again there, that I could get a job and become a peaceful man in a country like that. My uncle once lived in America for eight years. He had worked as an acrobat in a circus there. He is a good man and he understands me as no one else in my family does. He agreed that I would have an excellent opportunity to improve myself in America and he said that I should go there if that was what I really wanted.

He wrote down his address for me, and told me to write or get someone else to write to him every month while I was away. He said he might even go to Tangier to explain things to my parents and to reassure them about the advantages of my decision.

I was out to Frisco and back myself - but for a different reason than anyone else. I went there to have an abortion. It was late, too, almost too late: it had taken me several months just to raise the bread.

I went into Brooklyn last night. While I was on the subway I reread the odd instructions for meeting him. They struck me, on close inspection, as being very ominous. I hoped they weren't the evidence of some enormous difficulty he might be experiencing in trying to get home quickly because of me. I felt very guilty when I thought that the only reason he might be coming home was me.

I was all mixed up because of Peter. All, all mixed up. I was beginning to feel uncertain about everything. And I was anxious, terribly anxious, about seeing him whom I had not seen in so long.

Actually, I quite am looking forward to meeting this boy. I have heard more stories about him than anything else in the past few months. In fact, I'm hoping his arrival will permit the conversation to turn finally to a different topic.

I'd experienced considerable difficulty communicating with him in my letters; his adventures, the trial he seemed to be undergoing, placed him in a new sphere, an original reference for which I had no words. Finally, I stopped writing altogether.

Cut it, I said, you're lucky to have me in your lousey

jallopy. Your empty cupboard wouldn't get you to Salt Lake. And don't worry about where I'm puttin up in N.Y. Harv's got room for me.

You get your ass down here man, everthin's goin on, everythin man... yeah, yeah... like eatin, drinkin, turnin on, fallin out... yeah....

We sent him the clipping because we thought it would tickle his funny bone, their using gorillas to try out something meant for children and all that.

"'The theory was that if a couple of 350-pound apes could not break up the swings, neither could children.... After inspecting the swings carefully, the twenty-year-old female gorillas from the African lowlands fell to their testing work. They banged the swings against the brick walls,' said Mr. Galm. 'They tried to chew them to pieces. They twisted them on their chains, then stood back to watch them spin. They twisted the chains so tight that the eyebolts pulled out of the seats. We installed stronger fittings. Finally the girls gave up. They couldn't do any more damage.' As a reward, Carolyn and Jo-Ann, whom Mr. Galm affectionately calls two of the 'loveliest girls I've ever known,' were allowed to keep a swing in their cage."

On the buses going south I had spoken to a few people. They asked me how Tangier was these days and I told them not good. But on the trip north I spoke to no one. I only

wondered and thought to myself about what he might have thought on this same trip back.

When I reached Tangier I went straight to Dar Baroud. Only Roveo was in the café. Where's Abdelkader? I asked. He's not here, he said, he left the city. He and the American took the bus this morning to Larache.

I took off work against my brother's instructions and went down to the pier to meet him. How did he think that I could be held back from going down to the boat after not seeing him for so long?

I was there over an hour before I saw him come through the gates lugging his green suitcase. Someone else was with him, another boy. They were stopped by two plainclothesmen just beyond the gates and subjected to a brief search. Even from the distance I could see my brother turn pale and begin to shake. I wondered why since a routine search was to be expected seeing as where they had sailed from.

Welcome home, I said and kissed him. He just stood there, smiling anxiously.

I hailed a taxi and we took it across town. My brother was at a loss for words for several moments, then he introduced his friend saying that he was Moroccan. Somehow I wasn't at all surprised that this Moroccan was with him, it seemed very natural, as if I had been expecting him also all the time. We'll find work for him as soon as possible,

my brother explained.

When we got to my pad I made us all hot coffee and then we sat down to talk. But the three of us were too excited to really say much. My brother looked rather thin, as was to be expected, and more than a little nervous. During the two or three hours that he remained with me he made a number of strange gestures with his hands, as if he were pawing the air before him, and accompanied them with gutteral sounds deep in his throat. Tu as t'abrutis en bas, mon cher? I asked. And when he spoke it was with some uncertainty and great care, as a foreigner who knew English well but had to choose his words, and was given to a detectable stiffness in his phraseology.

Oughtn't you stay here tonight and see that your friend gets settled? I suggested. You can make it out to Mommy and Daddy tomorrow morning. But my brother insisted on going into Brooklyn that night, and left before very late in the afternoon.

The Moroccan ate supper with me. He was extremely quiet throughout the evening. I tried to engage him in conversation but when he finally responded his French was so bad that I hardly could understand him.

There were five or six Arabic records in his valise. I asked him to play them for me and he put the same 45 on several times in a row. Obviously, he didn't understand that I wished to hear all the records but I thought it would be too complicated to make myself clear. And he must have some special reason for wanting me to hear that one so many times, I figured. It was called, Fi Youm Fichahr, and sung by Abdel Halim Hafez.

What is that song about? I asked him.

It's a love song.

About what?

This man is singing, he answered. He is singing to his little one.

Yakoubi came to my house bringing the latest word about the escapees from the Second Palace of the Sultan. He said the six men made their way through the Casbah at night wearing jellabas and babouches that an outside accomplice had left by the prison door. (The prison door had been only partly latched: one of the guards was successfully bribed.) The jellabas and babouches were found that morning where they had been discarded on the stairs around Ciné Americano. That meant the prisoners were out of the city and probably somewhere near Monkey Mountain by then. I was very glad of that because I had once known one of those prisoners.

Late in the evening the American knocked on the door and I let him in. I had asked him to come see me if Hamid had not returned to Tangier by that night. I told him about the prison break and explained that one of the men was a murderer, that he had murdered an American girl in the Phenician forests about two years ago.

It could just have easily been me that was murdered, he said.

Or you who was in the prison, I noted.

I am in prison; but I, too, shall escape, was his comment.

Yakoubi filled the glass of wine and the sebsi immediately and passed them to the American. The three of us partook together, laughing and telling stories, until late into the night. When I felt that the American had sufficiently turned his head I made him put on my jellaba, seated him on the cushions, and then said to him quickly, Yallah, Sidi, the reason why he has not returned to Tangier is that he wants you to go look for him.

I want to leave Morocco, not go back into it, he stated with an annoyed sneer.

Give him a chance. Show him that you will give him a chance by looking for him.

Does he deserve a chance?

Do you think he does?

Monarif, he said shrugging his shoulders.

I gave him another glass of red wine, then I sat silently for a moment staring at him. I am his friend, I said finally, what you are I do not know.

Then Yakoubi moved over to the American and patted him on the back like an old grandfather. He told him that Hamid was a good boy, that Maimun was good and Black Larbi and Roveo, but that Hamid was the most good of all. And he needs you, Yakoubi said. He needs me, the American commented, as one more in the circle that gyrates around him. What about me? who dances when I call the tune?

Then his eyes shifted from my face to Yakoubi's and back several times. He filled and finished three sebsis in a row. He washed each down with a full wineglass.

You are all Greek, he said.

What do you mean? I asked.

You are Greeks, that's all. And I, too, am Greek now. Gentlemen, I accept the vote. I am chosen to bear witness to his destruction. This is the story of Hamid, the story of the marriage of Hamid. Well, the spectator is the tale even moreso.

On the rickety bus to Larache I pointed out all the sights and locales to the American. I know Spanish Morocco as I know my hand. In my youth I had dealings with every important contrabandist from Melilla to Kenitra. I spoke to him using a dozen words each of Arabic, Spanish, French and English. It was difficult, but when two people wish to communicate a way is always possible.

For some reason the American was not interested in the different sights I noted. You make a poor tourist, I said to him.

A very poor one, he emphasized.

When we arrived in Larache we searched through many restaurants and bars, I anticipating the ones Hamid might have gone into even before the American pointed them out to me. But Hamid was in none of them. I asked for the address of Hamid's uncle who I knew lives in Larache. We found his house in a new part of town where a lot of modern building is going on. I introduced myself and the American to the uncle and told him that we had come looking for Hamid. He said we were unlucky, that Hamid had just taken the bus to Tangier. But he was glad to see us and he took the opportunity to speak to the American in English and ask him about what he planned for Hamid in America. He seemed satisfied with

the answers he received and told the American to take good care of Hamid, that he was Hamid's only family now. We give him to you, the uncle said.

Then the uncle took me aside and asked me where the money for all this was coming from. I told him the American would provide it. The American must have known what we were talking about, he must have overheard the word "fluce", for I saw him from the corner of my eye redden slightly and turn his face away in embarrassment.

We were silent most of the trip back to Tangier. The American spoke only once, remarking that he thought it almost magic that I had picked out correctly by myself all the cafés and bars that Hamid had gone into.

It's not magic, I told him, it's just that I have thought a little about Hamid from time to time. You have never.

This little went a little to market; this little stayed a little at home.

First to market, (and so at home), south of Tangier on a many colored zofra, end of Tangier and all the people in it:

My uncle lives in my pants, still trying to rub off the blood. But most of the way there is nothing to see except the hard earth and days and I told him not good. Any Englishmen aboard? -one of the guards was successfully bribed. This time it had something to do with the night in his house

since there was no bus going south until the next morning. When we reached Tangier I knew myself why we were going to Larache. Several people in the front seats agreed that they had once known one of the prisoners. But I always think of her as my wife, they said to me, the Boulevard is forbidden for you from now on.

He's not here, he said, and continued to hum quietly like someone putting a child to sleep. I told him about the prison break and explained that one of the men was a murderer and his clothes a bit unusual. I looked at her and how I could never force myself to live with her before.

A Tarzan film was American and said to him quickly, Yallah, Sidi, the reason why he has not returned to Tangier is that he wants you to go look for him. Then I remembered now is the machine, the machine that will cut off my hands. I am in prison but El Kasba looks more like an American saloon than a Spanish restaurant.

No one, a young boy there who asked me if I wanted to have a woman. Does he deserve what he might be thinking? I gave him the money and he took me to see him - even though he made me do that. I gave him another glass of red wine, then a Casasports. I grabbed him by the arm as if he had been dropped down there right on my way. He told him that Hamid was a good boy, that Maimun was good and an empty smile. I am a policeman with the two old monkeys in it. I didn't say more than you when I called the tune.

Then I pushed her on to Larache. He washed each down with a woman, but just for one night. I'll just have a wife, you couldn't be jealous of the boy and another 500 from the woman, you are Greeks. I went back to the bar, spent the 1,000 and

another 1,000 I had there and how I could steal all I wanted because of that witness to his destruction.

On the bus to Larache I pointed out I had a chance to go to America for ten minutes, fifteen minutes. He worked as an each of Arabic, Spanish, French and English many months. In America I'll prove to him that all he did was worthwhile, i.e., he wrote down his address for me and told me to write or make a poor tourist. But Hamid was making love now and doing what it was he wanted. A full yawn told him that we had come looking for Hamid. He accepted this arrangement without good care of Hamid since he was Hamid's only family now. I thought that he would objeect at the American would provide it. The American spoke only once, remarking that he thought it almost magic that I had a few hundred francs in my pocket.

Second to market, (and so at home), west of Tangier in a colorful dahabiyeh where an oath can not extend beyond its gesture. And second certainly can not leave, since first did:

I phoned Natalie from the office to order him to was more like it, he was very insolent. Now that it was the American's last five minutes in to have an abortion, photos at the American War Memorial, and both down to the boat after not seeing him for so long. There was some kind of accident that stalled the train just after Dekalb and the waiter had no right to give him orders. Hamid had me alerted to this American for several months, he said he might try to take a boat at any time and that if he did the only reason he might be coming home was me.

They were stopped by two plainclothesmen just beyond, the

monkeys ("Apes" of Gibraltar is an exaggeration) leap about in absolute freedom. Anyhow, he'll find his room just like he left it, and in the use of company far better than this waiter. But now they were both taking the ferry to feel uncertain about everything. Welcome home, I said or what referred to, come and get it - I'm not going to stand in the book. He asked the American to anything else in the past few months. In either case though, here I am safe and sound on the Rock of Gibraltar, and then he introduced his friend saying that he was Moroccan.

What's the matter for a moment?

Forget about it now, stop writing altogether. I'm sailing tomorrow, the 4th, and expect hot coffee and sitting down to talk. Don't worry about where I want you to tell absolutely as if he were pawing the air before him, and accompanying them with gutteral sounds deep in his throat.

Peter tried to take me around the shoulder because there was a private shower in mine. I stared into the mirror, he insisted as so many Moroccans before him that Eisenhower was a Jew.

Yeah, this all sounds very mysterious and frightening I know, but to allay your alarms I can tell you that your friend gets settled. I long since lost all patience with this, didn't he? I replied. The Moroccan ate in your pad that night, their using gorillas to try out something meant for children and all that.

What's he gonna do on Gibraltar whenever I bring up the subject? They banged the swings against the Arabic records in his valise. I hoped you might consent to a reasonable fee brilliantly clear through the front window. They twisted

the chains so tight in order to hear that one so many times I figured. Teach you? - how can anyone teach you, he even be there?

They couldn't do a love song. He is singing to going to happen as soon as we dock.

He is singing to going to happen as soon as we. dock.

Studying deeply where I am, the exact point I have reached by standing in the Isrealite Cemetery so that Avenue d'Espagne, a metonymic wood, is windy before me in sunlight joy where I am, where I really am, how much I really earn about Morocco, and hence America, how much I know about the people and about the truth and d'Espagne in a canoe of mescalin, waves rock the ribbed shell... How much I earn about myself and the truth.

The power failures in Tangier, that I meant to think about some weeks ago, occur almost every time there's a storm, all the electricity in the city goes off for five or ten minutes, pretty strange to be caught in the medina without even a box of matches in pocket or capsule of mescalin to embrace the seeing of things, of everything... That was how I descended into this other world, with my great secret of the world English determined lodged between my shoulder blades, wondering if this could be carried off into that and the windy sunlight of the transparent red gelatin capsule of mescalin.

What was there in Wyoming, Colorado, in the American desert,

that would not yield except to tell me what I could not live without? And what is there here, the Sahara, so potent that it would almost teach me what I can live with? That has been the importance of staying, to learn, especially, where I am.

And that it will always be good, that it will always be, long into the hour when belief and hope and truth no longer matter, when we ride in a Wonder Wheel swinging between this world and this world as illusion, forever plunging into the pool as real as sea but never reaching it always lurching back. Then, too, in every elevator in Tangier, every bus and boat and plane and locked chamber, métro, tunnel, two towered Notre-Dame.

...for rambling on, but in thinking I explain to myself and come to understand and I have just understood something from what I explained, something I wanted to understand for a long time.

And that something is that there is never, never anything to be lost.

HAMDULLAH! I exclaimed when Hamid, followed into my room by Abdelkader, threw his passport onto the table. After many a summer.

He said nothing. And there was no reading the expression on his face.

Now all that's left is to get your visa de sortie and American visa, I commented flipping through the incredible green leaves, both together shouldn't take more than two weeks.

That left me, then, with less than two weeks to buy my single boat ticket and get out of Tangier.

A few days later it was announced on the radio that by order of the king the necessity for and issuance of the visa de sortie were henceforth abolished. And before I knew what was happening I was down at the American Consulate with Hamid applying for his American visa. Everything ought to be ready in seven or eight days, the consulate said.

Time had taken wings. Time had returned.

The next morning my trunk arrived from Paris. In my afternoon's correspondence I skipped mentioning this to use its presumed delay as excuse for my continuance in Tangier event of something unforeseen, (i.e., "Moroccan efficiency directs I not quit the city trusting word that it follow me upon arrival.")

Then I went down to the Italian Line and purchased a single, one-way ticket, on a large passenger.

The woman in the agency told me I could take the ferry to Gibraltar any afternoon without advance billet, and stay for as long as I like there while waiting to pick up the passenger.

I bought a cartonful of souvenirs, all at Comptoir Marhaba to save time - and also not give any ideas to anyone in the medina - and sent it off at the Boulevard Post Office.

And that same night I broached changing hotels again, Hamid agreeing with me after a while that Lybie was really unhealthily sunless and damp. My plan was to get into a place where I was not known and where my walking down the stairs with my trunk at any given time would not especially signify anything. I knew that the owner of Lybie was a cousin of Abdelkader's and I had realized several weeks before that he was spying on me, watching for a sudden attempt at escape.

Abdelkader, you are foiled at last, I chuckled to myself

as Hamid helped me pack my clothes. Abdelkader is the only Moroccan I ever actually took a dislike to. Some competition or dispute between our loyalties to Hamid, I suppose.

We moved just around the corner, the other side of the police station, Hotel Central Jardin-Mirador del Estrecho de Gibraltar. I liked the name; it was appropriately reassuring. From the windows of my sunny top floor chamber I could see the city and the Rock, could even see into the police station, check on the inspectors. I took a reel of photos, resting the camera on the window ledges.

And then the next day I swallowed a capsule of mescalin.

Hamid in his lair, I thought to myself, Hamid in the thieves' lair shall be the great experience of today. I left the cemetery and fêted myself in the keepsake medina till the door of Abdelkader's café in Dar Baroud. Hamid followed my wild gesticulations with his cobalt eyes, earthenware, exhumed eyes, then stated concernedly that he knew I was very drugged and thought I ought therefore return to the hotel.

Your heart, he pointed leaning over me on the bed, isn't this bad for your heart?

The zib, I sneered, they think they command by the zib. The Moroccan thinks the zib commands. Maimun thinks the zib commands. But Romano will not rehire him. Everyone has a zib you know. Maimun got his passport so Romano could take him with him to Malaga. Romano has gone to Malaga. Maimun is in Tangier. He says, Well, the next time he goes to Malaga.

Listen, Hamid, I flirted with the big black in Café Nil, I flirted with Abderrahamne, you know, in Café Nil, I flirted with everyone in Café Nil like I was a cheap zemel a cheap

white zemel. Because of you, because I never see you. Because you made me so now I don't need to see you.

He's very nice, isn't he, this black? he inquired, a dark, mortified veil drawing across his cheeks.

Everyone is nice, you only, are not nice. I made a rendezvous with Abderrahamne.

That doesn't matter. I will forget it.

You shouldn't.

But I can. I slept with a whore in Ksar-El-Kebir.

But I didn't keep my rendezvous with Abderrahamne!

What did I just hear you tell me?

I said I made a rendezvous I didn't say I kept it!

Well, I didn't go with the whore.

Why did you say you did?

To see what you would think. And you think bad of me: you believe I could go off and sleep with a whore.

Hamid's lies, his unabashed lies. And there is that anodyne moment between hope and reason when your desire to believe them is as strong as his. The faith in them, that is. They're offered, somehow, in devotional assumption of a litotes all-integrating Truth.

No, he is not bad, or, no, he has not done this specific or that.

It is very funny this way, half knowing, half dead... All the time. This Atlantic between us. Hamid's infidelity.

I changed hotels so I would be free to leave Tangier without telling you, to leave Tangier alone, I said pointblank. You see, Hamid, Oulidi Deailie, they think they command by the zib but it is the tourist who always wins, in the end it is the tourist who wins, not the Moroccan.

C'est le touriste qui gagne toujours, et pas le marocain, he emitted in miserable repetition, comment je suis un homme tout seul...

You are all alone! I shouted pulling myself up, the words practically choking in my throat so angry was I. I am the only one alone - do you hear - I am the stranger half a world from home, the exile, the pariah, the shunned - and I am the only one here to trust, the only one, despite that, there is to depend upon, to believe in, hope through.

He was trembling. His face turned toward mine and then jerked away several times in succession. Finally, he whispered, Have I not been with you always?

You are with me because you want to go to America, I ejected. You are with me for yourself, for your selfish gain, for dissolute revelling, for the squandering the purposeless, contemptible dissipating you somehow imagine is in store.

What dissipating? he stammered, punching his fist into the mattress. I can't even breathe here because of you, what do you think I imagine is to be in America? I don't want to go to America - I don't want to. But I want you. I want you. And I can't force you to stay here forever. Some day, you would get away. Even if I killed you, you would get away. So go if you can. But don't go. Or go or stay, but don't leave me.

Whatever vision I had at that moment, if vision it was, it is impossible to say. There is a glory in everything sensed through the senses in mescalin, a dignity, a wholeness, a perfectly grandiose then and there completeness. And there is decision. Decisions, resolutions to the God and good

constancy of your unmescalin life are made, tremblingly, ecstatically, a total consciousness of firmament palpitating.

I swore never to leave you, I testified reaching out and embracing Morocco. It is you who must leave me...

Ramadan.

The winding sound of the bagpipe has just stopped. It's 9 o'clock.

At 2, 3, and 4 in the morning the ram's horn will be blown. At 5 the singing of the muezzin from the mosque on Rue de la Marine.

6:15 the great cannon of the port will signal the end of the sun. Then eating. And smoking a little.

Even the profane, even Ali, I thought as I stared at Ali in Café Rabat, wouldn't dare break the daytime fast. There's a year's imprisonment for that. Once Prewha broke it: he was dead drunk at noon in the succo. But he got away with it. He's Prewha.

No eating, no love-making during the sun for a complete moon.

The weather is warm now. The sun is hot and the winds dry and fresh.

The streets are busy all night, the red steak pits smoke and glow. People work, silently, all day.

I sleep during the day.

I called Ali over to where I was sitting. How is Mohammed? I asked him.

Fin hôpital, he said.

In the hospital again. I think, now, that he shall never be able to walk.

So in the end, Allah punishes Mohammed.

Ali is wearing Mark's old shoes, I noted. The ones with nine holes in them. I'm glad Mark finally threw them away: they are fit for Ali to wear.

I wish he'd throw away that dark blue shirt with the frayed-apart collar. The one he calls "la chemise de Harlem".

Lyeshe, the cook in Café Rabat, will be making the bison soup in the evening now. The special bison soup of Ramadan. Lyeshe told me the doctor said he mustn't smoke kif any more. He has black spots on his lungs.

I became very sick shortly after Ramadan began. I felt warm and was perspiring all over and I could hardly walk. I went to see Mark. It was the first time I had been in his hotel in more than two weeks. Abdelkader had advised me not to sleep with Mark any more, he said that Mark told him he didn't know me except as he knew I came and slept with him at night. So now don't even go there to sleep with him, Abdelkader said. He has no trust in you.

I collapsed on the high bed. Let me see what's wrong with you, Mark ordered from his chair by the table. Why? You are the doctor?

Then let's at least get you home.

He helped me along Rue des Postes and down the Tannerie stairs. He called a Taxi-Tanger and stepped in after me. What are you coming along for? I asked. You'll only make

things worse.

He pushed 5,000 francs into my hand, told the driver to stop at the next corner, and got out without a further word.

My mother washed my face with her medicines and tied cloths under my jaw and around my forehead. I lay in bed all day and stared at the clean cased cushions. There had been a chinchee in Mark's bed. I remembered it, an ugly, red chinchee.

That is what he must sleep in now.

And can that story that he told me be true? He told me Abdelkader tried to niki him while I was in Larache. He said he went to Abdelkader's house to find out where I was and that Abdelkader asked him to sleep there and tried to niki him. I don't - I can not - believe that.

At 4:30 this afternoon, Sunday, the king died. It has just been announced that Moulay Hassan will be the new king. A mijdoub is singing the news in the streets.

The streets are crowded tonight. Everyone is silent. A lot of people are afraid. That mijdoub makes me afraid. He is singing something about the Ramadan gates of chastisement.

He's crazy.

All the stores and cafés will probably stay closed tomorrow...

Monday. Except for two or three restaurants and the police stations, the entire city is as quiet as la ville morte. The cinemas and cafés are going to be shut down for a week, about the food stores and souks they don't know yet... Mohammed V's death catches us all unprepared. He announced only, last Friday, that he was going into brief confinement

for an unimportant operation on his nose. But he must have known himself about the danger. He wrote out a decree leaving the throne to Moulay Hassan.

Fifty-one years old.

He was brave.

Everyone is bewildered. We don't know what is going to happen now, but we are certain Mohammed's death is very unfortunate. Istiqlal may try to take over in Rabat.

The droning of the funeral service has been coming from the minaret of the Rue de la Marine mosque all day. Ever since this morning, without stop, without one single relief...

Tuesday. Some of the food stores have reopened and there are two workers at the Post Office. Mark took the opportunity to mail a letter earlier.

Still no buses or taxis, or factories or business places of any kind open.

We can't even change his traveler's checks.

I think the burial will be this afternoon or tomorrow. They're waiting for the high officials to get to Rabat...

Wednesday. The funeral procession started out at Rue de la Marine mosque and crossed through the Petit Succo. The men were chanting, Yelletiff-Oulaladeem!, Yelletiff-Oulaladeem! I decided not to march in the procession and stopped at the succo. You may go on marching if you like, I told Mark.

Mark came back about two hours later and said excitedly that he had never seen Tangier so gaunt and poor, so native, so Moslem before. They believe there were fifty thousand who marched from the medina to the Amulat, he reported.

What happened at the Amulat?

They spoke for a few minutes through those wired megaphones,

he answered. It was all in Arabic; I couldn't understand what they said...

And no one in all this luckless country has more bad fortune than I. The policeman that I punched in the face in Ksar-El-Kebir came to Tangier. He saw me in one of the cafés. You have to go to jail, he said.

Or 10,000 francs.

I looked for Mark. Maimun told me he was at the Oued-Ahardan baths. I went to the Rue du Bain and waited for him to come out. When he noticed me he greeted me pleasantly and said, It costs only 80 francs but they have a time limit here and when it's up they pound furiously on the door. If you don't come out then I'm sure they yank you out, completely nude and dripping.

I would have gladly undergone any torture in the world at that moment rather than have had to ask him for the money. I was very ashamed, more ashamed than I've ever been in my life.

I was afraid. I was afraid of how he would react.

Si tu sortes moi libre, si tu sortes moi de ce pays -, I started.

I'll give you the money tomorrow, he said cutting me short.

I couldn't even thank him.

I took him to Abdelkader's café, and sat near him for several hours. I knew he had wanted to stay up one night and listen to the muezzin from the street. I told him I would accompany him to the mosque at 5 o'clock that morning and watch him while he listened so that no one would approach him.

But other than that I couldn't think of much to say.

I cautioned him against taking photos in the streets. With the king dead now, it will look suspicious, I warned.

Then, just as the first rays of light blue appeared over the horizon of the bay, the singing of the muezzin began.

We walked down to Rue de la Marine and stopped and I seated myself on the steps of the port terrace. Mark stood next to me for a minute or so and then strolled slowly up Marine until he stood directly under the white minaret.

How white, even at this dark hour of day, the mosque is, I thought. Mark is a white boy.

He is very far from his country, from his people. Because of me.

Because of me he has suffered a great deal. Because of me he has stayed in this country far from his country and suffered a great deal. I have lost everything for him.

Look at him there, standing alone under the muezzin's song, under the white minaret. He is a white boy, standing all alone.

All alone.

That is how I remember him.

I mean whenever I think of Mark in Tangier, whenever I try to remember how he was, what he looked like, I see him standing there under that minaret. I see him all alone, never with me.

I see him standing in his loose, dirty black jacket turning his tired, pretty face up to the long, mournful, last cadence of the muezzin. Then, he throws a quick glance down the street at me, ducks into the tunnel of Mosque Alley, and is gone.

And is gone.

Mark, can you believe I can not say Goodbye? Mark.

—Is it still important to you that you have been for ever, all these years, my easiest distance in every thought?

left alone in a chip of sea rock, he settled his prints in the sand puddles found there. Suffice, too, certain roots.

all is regained every now

the waters are regained from Malabata Point, come in onto the city in a VIRIAL slate of virescence and bluest lazuli.

And the fear and pain? They are always there, they always were there, as we said, just around the ruelle. Much in the way that you were always there. All unvictoried.

this every now we are certain. What a wonder, in its working out in the world. I could have opened a book, and read it all merely. As you have opened a book to study:

there in the light suffering a supreme
effort to concentrate by the lamp shade your
knitted brows made to try to conceal!-

Why are you listening to me?

I do not really have to be heard, to be studiously listened to any more. This time I know.

do not have to be concerned for, heard out, studied, even casually wondered about. You and I are too certain. Two certain. And it is exactly as they always said -- exactly — but those were words said and words can not know words aren't it.

- WHO can make dancing images of friendliness and women?

a slap, a dish thrown, delight. Dancing, hopping over the stool, out the door.

a breeze moves through the fringe of the curtain (gentle as fingers along an instrument) to its very end and out into the desert. Fire tears the tent up, he springs through the flaming veils and stumbles over an ornate vase, falls like an eagle, with arrows in his chest and side, dies.... the mystery of Alcibiades, something was concealed there, there in that scene, springing to out, escape, die in the arrows and fire.

we have it now.

HE comes over to her and takes the book away:

"Are you ashamed of the way you walk, carrying tea across to the table? Do not smile so stiffly then. You do not have to press your thighs by my shoulder. They will be taken.

"Is the particular stance, waiting in the street, pulling on gloves, false? Or the arm reached across the table, lips exaggeratedly pouting?

"Do you turn on?

"Do you sleep nights away from your mother? Will you tonight?"

I asked you to come alone tonight. For the first time, you know. I have been sitting here alone, quietly smoking, watching out the window, for several hours. Musing. I didn't think there should be too much to say. About your not coming down to the boat or over to my house before: I wanted to prevent something. Something false in you. Something afraid. <u>That</u> was never it. But that was because of me. What a chaos to be coming out of; it needs quiet. But more, it needs quiet because there isn't that much to say

now. I want to rest, I've worked a great deal. We can have coffee if you like at the table - or, if you prefer, by the bed. I can stretch out there. I'm not used to chairs with company, you know. Just stretching out on low sort-of studio couches. Always were so incredibly narrow. And, so: How are you? Fine, line, dine, wine, kine, swine.... To whom is Tipsy getting married? "Have a dingleberry?" ("No, thank you," she says without even looking fully away from her partner in conversation. And everybody laughs. And then she laughs too.) Does she still turn on? Do you? But what is there to say?

Didn't wait five minutes: j'ai le fait toute suite. Inky-dinky parlez-vous.

yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, of course

He had calculated on longer paragraphs, but the topics run out. So much palaver.

I can't bear the girdle: pink one, black one, orange or blue. Don't ever wear it again.

the ones crossing the Atlas last the longest, dioramic villages built into the blank cliffsides and stone-faced Berbers sat on precipitous ledges staring out over the infinitely yawning chasms, watching, watching their lives away

Sing!

Lois

SPERMATOZOA I FREED THEHUNGRY SKY
I I P F R V A C S E O E O
NOURISH B P E E EGG S I MOU R U
I L E E R O T I N V R
WHO IAM I E D D YOD E N G I S E F
H R E D L
EBB I ITHROUGH IAMWHEREI AM ANI E
R S E D A E O M A S
EVENT O R I N R DAP N O ASH
I WEB IF E O E I U
NE AM H E L I M T A PUT F STUMP
O END LOAN H W O UP E
WHERE R RUE A L S ALIVE
EVERYMAN I Y ENLIST
O ERR N T PASHA
F K O EVE OUR YACOUB ARTIN C
FREED S Y O O I E WROTE
E SHAME SHARES DID OUR H D A
RACES M I ONE E
THEGEM Y O CONFRONT
UTILE O A A TOI A SHELL
T LO S S H TEEN MAS A
ALLOF A FUK H E S E O A E ON ON
P L M E A OW YEA D
ALL O G YES A M V S F SWIMS
R E O O K O E O H U
A IAM MY UBICATION FORWHERE I CAN
P C A Y D
H A N I A I A THE C D K U HOW IDO
O N N N M O D H R I I
N C AND G A WHY A O L I SURVIVE
I E D I E S Z I S P L A V
ALL DETERMINE WHOAM I AWHOASWHERE

These are the days of knowledge. The wisdom that we always read and always told and always spoke to others: but it is one thing to read and say, and quite another to know. These are the days of knowledge, and knowledge always comes in the end.

It comes up the cobblestone steps in Tetuan, and up the ascent to Bab el Asa, a street of stairs, with its head

bowed under a cap of black curls and takes great time to look at you and great months to finally tell you. Then, for a single instant, the eyes open wide and in their indefinable exchange from brown to green to blue drifts their Liberty, out to the last light on the pier, (which they are), past Malabata Point to Gibraltar or Venice or the nearest

mountain top...

the mountain in Tangier is called El Sharf, you
notice it immediately upon arriving
set up in a frame of lilac sky
between the road to Tetuan and the railroad
neat as an early Italian Renaissance
cut, landscaped, pathed with trim green bushes
and yellow trees.

Thoroughly unrealistic, and like all things that don't fit
you put it aside. Yet, it is there
for some reason and even
if it awaits an ultimate moment
to claim its purpose
it will do so finally and you will understand
implicitly.

I am thinking about Liberty, that it is the same as the prison Sidi Gandori in the bay, and that it is just there, with lights blinking in an arc like diamonds from a suspended necklace, and that it has always been there and everybody knows it and always knew it, everybody except me. Or I always knew to say it but never really knew it, knew it to write it.

The Liberty is endlessly repeated, it is in the repetitions, it is the repetitions, the repetitions are the expression of

the ritualistic nature of all that progresses here, or does not progress but is a ritual endlessly repeating in order to understand to come to knowledge and that knowledge is the Liberty.

And the Liberty sits on a mountain top, El Sharf, or in the prison in its shadow, Sidi Gandori.

You are asked what you will do, for knowledge makes nothing happen. It is like verses or love - or man - it makes nothing happen. So you are not asked what you will do.

"I shall go to Mexico where ladies
in red roses float in the canals
and afterwards Singapore which
hasn't been ruined yet."

But the eyes under the cap of black curls aren't listening now. You haven't been asked what you will do.

I shall go back to school, I shall go back to bed, I shall go back to Sandra, I shall go back behind the mountain, back behind the clouds and sit shivering in the cold drizzle.

The Liberty is mountain tops farthest atop, is proximities farthest apart, is what I came to learn, is what I have learned that what I came to take I can not. Can never.

And it wounds.

"To discover the reality of human relations by establishing it."

And it has all come to pass; unmitigated bitterness.

I have learned the image in which to live. My former revolt, suspension between identities was an endeavor to crack the Freiburger's wisdom.

Can it be good, the way the world must be? I mean can I make it and make within it? What a strange question to

ask. Or will there always be some vague spectre in the flowers over her birthday? I keep shifting between impressions, but always, secretly excited about my new image, I think.

I can rest here so long, so quietly between the making of each sentence.

And after menacing, mightily, I am all idiolatry: Kein Mensch versteht, aber es ist keine so wichtige Sache.

Man ist kein Student mehr und was der eifriger Student betrifft es ist über seine Begriffe. Seine Notdurft Sein ist.

The cul-de-jattes are en route in Nouasseur, Ben Guerir and Sidi Slimane, en zig-zag route through those bases between long legs of United States Strategic Air Commanders

enormous enemy's ordnance obvious just left side the high seam.

Still, America has still some cannons of Casbah ballast. Russian films short shrift their fancy. Theirs, even as yours, a celluloid Cadillac paradise. That all desert-ers' starbulb ladder. Deiform of the jejune.

You may yet stance-Colossus and encompass I say.

And not even Arabs. Not even aus Tangerin: Riffies, Algerians, Internationals of Los Angeles and Grindelwald wood, cloud, wooden the avenues, pocket, for the city, <u>their</u>

affront. This greatest illusion: an Islam.

This great man's illusion.

Of his.

All is ever ever one

he self-refutes in sudden mooringsnap slippingdown the blackice crust of a shammingsleep sea. I spring like the crouched that winter long saber-tooth sacrifice to irrevocably unprotean milleniums' mile: Then one is none, no one, if all's one, is one, none of all, yet is all of none and no one of all. With this respect, and thou holdst a something Human Discomfiture with this respect, have the grounds your Moslem enclosure a ground with timeplace without and

good Greek nephew Jason

an immaculate, uncircumvallate, therefore identity I charge.

My bones still agitate in that pit. What derrick, what firmament deformation, could be fostered apurpose their disinterring? My bony words shall leaplocked there leap for the last man. They are that offending, that vindicatively pre and post homosapience.

We are tarred with the same brush deadmidway

our very act in the baths

remain thus oblivion's apogee and very our own exemplifiers for ourselves through angels of cloudthick or pocketings' contrariety to thought-avert, breakwaters' warpedwood icy spill. Or take ourselves to the city's seeded hem and outhere's enscalloped of succulent ridges ratify some revision as formerform partizan. You, he, or they entrenched, and downthen there join I. A devotion. For effete energetics

nay, Quantum diceareddown lamainhautejureurs

the we inconvertible perjurers

Racerepair to (of) the medina.

The King repairs, perjures our Moghreb, to Swiss to me Swiss banks, repairs fortakeknife (fromfaith) in the medina, repairs, paired, no longer one one of no one and none of all

repair thus prelibating and drowingin Istiqlal deposition at never and the one time.

He wills to his people, then, before entering the no Swissdoctored theatre of the he sees friable near millennium miled Hassan Tower Mosque, the We are sovereign o earthly nations Rabat Tower, Tower to our real Moghreb of yesthisearth of Hassan

his death.

He from moneyless majesty himself

(propelled

who bequeaths his death in redoubt-

(able repair

for Thee, traitortumbled to the twentieth century Moghreb,

now. He unfit in his esteem

in yours guilty in his wills his death

sinking under the operation-finally Amnesia from banking in Switzerland, those snowdrowned vaults so full of his personal no clemency mnemonic knife, not amenable reparations to the undersandsecured salt of this earth

this redoubtable, thou needs must find doubt-

(able,

repair of his death

offers.

Third Ramadan unstemmed augurrivering in tragedy: our in moon of ultimate inventory adumbrates each eachwith oneapiece the King, Agadir, and oil of Meknes Paralytics as his personal

complicity in faithlessness: his with the King, the King's with the Kingdom, alleach with kingdoms, King's with his with the King with the Kingdom with all kingdoms.

Complicity, unholiness. These May God Preserve Us Chastise-
(ments

certain

in our moon of owning ours, owing, oblation, Koranic reprisals of the swinishness ourselves inimical sometimeplace or allplacetime sacrilegist lives.

To the gate!
to the pillory peopling it
with our displeasured Him.

Peoplesay sit us asame council our youngson Moulay Hassan, say augur thee ill out personal appraisal yet counsel of wheretowhat now with Hassan Jujh peoplesay I say.

I shall counsel me at foot an a-theist's Executive, an I'm certain mansmajority justchose Executive in a lying long long from now's wheretowhat Hassan may cicerone land I say he says. He says my immAnent departure is Maimun justnow-testimonied.

He has stolen a halfweeksworth footsocks mine
has petitioned one to whom are socksmine even more ac-
(cessible ForMore

so-thus temperedtestimonyof

long testimonials to my havegone shallgo
shallgo shall cease to exist
shallcertaingo haveceased to exist -
shallcertain needno footsocks
footing no-whereno noteverwhere
towhere no never at all

- no - no never where
at all.

Hören Sie doch!

I say ein Horcher an der Wand hört seine eigne Schand. Plungegloats he aber nicht von andern, ihnen. Und das ist ja, jetzt hier, ja die Frage. Les autres. Nosotros. He says I say.

Then: I am drugged
absolutely.

Rivet thee, Herr! - 'tis Queen of all the humandisdaining, no human servantine veins distaining her blueskinned garmentblue body Queen of drugs, she summons her only votaries of scenes, the one scene all seen in one without a second's unfocus of the so very intimacies of every many thing discharged immaculate from a very no foreground futured or destinied forefence every thing.

We, señor
no I
the others, monsieur
no I
are we, señor
no I

Only I, Irishman
the above
or, hoar-I
the above
undenies
the above.

Have you got that of the Queen this drug?

Or paratactic Tangier's interliniar translation he says I

say. He says but its aborigine hoveredhas never in untes-
tified haunt

-How sittest thou thusso natürlich?

it contaminates profound sinks, sits onekneedrawnup dejected
of idea so down amazingdeep cylinder. Ich bin natürlich. But
always is it here, where myhandis, where holybeld yourhandis

a devotion

for the long loving Liferthe liberated
of words. Ich bin natürlich.
It comes in me, in lifelive and loved,
(deathescape,
death desicate and cellarstored.
Und Ich bin jetzt natürlich.
No drug can
our nowhere's drug
our nowhat's drug

No in the verisimilitude of never - no! -Forfeit the
desiderated, ja bitte?

In thee les autres
nosotros in we
not the drug

und was, was der eifriger Student betrifft über seine
Begriffe ist?

What, eifriger Student, is Problem?

What is Natureof Problem, natürlich Problem, are problem
social thy occident oriented and with along natürlich solvable
conductance, problemneed, conduction, conduces to hencehow
in probleming lifespan?

I say he answers opening by order of the king his pararhythm

the preface.

"In America, everything is great

even that which is not good

-even Intellectual Aristocracy.

The American Patriciate is the patriciate in the absolute sense of the word. No more lustrous, more yellahtiff hah-bahbah, more vigorous feudality exists. Let us add that this feudality has been useful at times. It is in America that the phenomenon of Seigneurie de philosophe must be studied, as alike in Morocco the phenomenon of Atavism must.

The true titre comme provocateur of this book should be 'Intellectual Aristocracy'. Another that must follow may, perhaps, be entitled 'Progenitism'. These two books, if it is avatared to the author arrogation of his task, will precede and introduce a collateral, to be named 'Seventy-Six Resuscitate'".

The o so great youngman's naïvety that he may, that there is opportunaday mulatto-porter Tangier to unsecret shores of the U.S.A. For all unprecedently presented on all collateral turn masochism still is he still American, an given with along everything else to a recipe of the province worldprovincial, the skies Ourhaven optimism, the to be can be two be and so o very on and on and very on. Hören Sie doch - his psychosyndrome said sensations are the strain, the strength of his Moghrebi refutation, the whencrowsthrice gainsay he never o so Demosthenes multimouthed can efface

do he it a brave veneer ever so multifluent times

a wordscharm, a sorcery, Euripidean effect

for he sailed to here the Mogadore beach of Exact purpose that. He <u>had</u> to his sensational gainsay abandon. The Moghreb

all the phial redcaught under a crownthorn answers against his aristocracy offers - against his atavic philosophes, his years' concluded, conducted. his was said to his philosophes

this Arabian odyssey must very never certify a Cairo or draw the arras Euripides on medievalmanned Bagdad

his pastplace is a nowhere else

it must discomfit, find discomfiture

discomfit itself.

Yet this no repair he repaired to, Norepair never ratified, Norepair never repaired to, himself, at least,

paired, now shall he terrorfind that U.S.A. his immanent repair repairs paired now? Ich habe meine Bedenken. Sindibadsettingforth, an he certifies on all collateral turn successful failure, what I'll never the intrepidity to enmumerate psychosyndrome of place, firstperson and day of time dragonguards his so defenseless docking?

I'm terrorful for him.

I fear of the certitude of exactly my

(reasoning.

Terrorful for him.

And yet - MANSBREATH! - in the timelong, long very deepplace drowning the odds solonggreat search for me secondarily resuscitated, fractionsecondly consecrating the semitime of fractioned seventeenthsed SLAMCLANGSCLANKTOGETHERLOCK of Occident orient occidented and Orient occident oriented as the natural really wholehalves of a metaphor hope for a beyond avatar, vantage, view of word, wordeye, takemyword, revel-

lation carried off to our

A devotion!

You are incarnate as a timemaker I watch he says I say. He

says as a continent, a vineyard of our tender very own veins. But there is no time won, the all in a semisecond of no time-to-change eternity the no place allplace no watch alltime eternity.

For you, yet o shall the allplace with sometime no eternity I warn. Scorn, in America. Scorn the all is ever ever one of one is none, the, no one is one, not of all, but is all of none and no one of all, scorn now downastep on a breathsstep from the consecrating - for thissame respect - and you handle a something Human Discomfiture with this respect - ordains the grounds your Moslem enclosure a ground with timeplace without

good Tyrian nephew, good Sindibad, good Phenician

an immaculate, uncircumvallate, therefore identity

in natural the way that one's needs are often the Fancydis-interred taken to the all-of yourtime's numerically final place

in the way that Experienced takes of nothing evil form until that bench is it testimonied - until unless confessed to paperful and forensics my Colombus nephew

downstep scorn and slippedbetween the halves

of metaphor hope

for a Thomastouch avatar just beyond

(the on

stair-step street

in the worldwhite whitecrown crownthorn DETonation of To-getherLOCK

an ourboth avuncular

excursion of the scorned.

Can it be capital on only you think youhear, on only you

think yousee the eachnote the no-I think you know the shallgo the nodrug the inwe and so noforth and nothingtoward? I nowhere-slipping lastlot rivetinghope and finally finalmy forefence say.

I could not think I saw, thinkknew, thinkheard, if I did not actual-all all these enactual he says I say.

I hate New York. I want to go back to Tangier.

Are you crazy? -you've only been here a week!

But I want to go back.

Will you stop repeating that? You are making me angry.

Be angry: I am angry now. I want to go back to Tangier.

Don't you think it would be wise to at least wait until they have some time to forget about you?

It is better that they don't forget about me.

You know as well as I what's waiting for you there: prison - or worse.

They must not forget about me. I must go back before they do.

He pulled the French-English grammar to the edge of the table. It practically spun off onto the floor. Come on, finish this lesson, he ordered impatiently. He was gritting his teeth.

I looked past the book at the framed photograph on the far side of the table. It was taken in church when he was

a little boy. He had the same face then as my younger brother, I thought, the one who died. I remember him well. The two have the same face.

And his mother - his mother looks very much like my mother. I am sad, very sad, when I think of my mother. I am her favorite.

Before I didn't learn to read; now I don't want to, I stated.

You can't stay illiterate in this country.

I'm not staying in this country.

He closed the book and walked out of the kitchen. I followed him into the parlor and sat down in the deep sofa. He went to the window without a word, raised the shade, and stood there staring into the street.

You see lots of whores here in New York, don't you, just like in Tangier, I said trying to make conversation.

Where did you see whores?

In the street. Women - lots of women stare at me.

You're imagining things. There are no whores around here.

I tried to steal last night. You give me so little money that I had to try to steal from a-

Why do you need money now? You have everything you could want right in this apartment - a bed, clothes, food, wine-

But I didn't steal. I couldn't. I couldn't. I can't steal here.

You had better stop trying to function by equating with Tangier in this nonsensical way. You had better start seeing what is really here.

What is really here?

All the things that you don't see. You don't see anything - you're like a blind man, like Absalom, here.

What things I ask you!

The zoo-

With all the animals locked inside!

Coney Island.

It was closed.

The coffee shops.

Where you have to sit without saying a word while someone sings some shitty song. And pay a lot of money.

But you saw nothing.

I saw a lot of people that there is nothing to see of because they're all full of drugs - in another country.

But the buildings - Rockefeller Center, the circle of buildings! circle around you one hundred thousand feet in the sky, O God...

He lifted the shade even higher and leaned out the window. There was no light in the parlor and as I watched him leaning there in the half dark I remembered how he had leaned out over the platform to see if the train was coming when we were down in the subway the afternoon before. He had seemed very uneasy in the subway, almost afraid. When I saw the trains pull into the station, open and quickly close their doors, I got the idea to steal. It would be easy to slip out a man's wallet, jump between the closing doors, and be safely gone. But last night he was away, he was in his parents' house, and I didn't think I knew how to ride in the subways myself. I decided that I would steal in the streets instead.

But then I became nervous. I wasn't sure I could steal anywhere.

I spent the last 2 dollars of the money he had given me

on a half gallon of wine and got myself very drunk. I walked east, I don't know how far, until I came to a park. I sat there on a bench for a while and then a black came over and sat next to me. When he saw that I couldn't speak English and that I was very drunk he started to laugh and pat me on the shoulder.

Then he pulled out a knife, a knife as long as my arm, and asked for all my money. The knife glistened in the light of the park lamp that was next to us.

Mira! I shouted pointing up, the black turned around, I sprang to my feet spun him towards me and punched him square on the chin.

The book spun on the table, almost fell off.

He fell backward and lay on the ground completely still. Unconscious.

He pulled himself up and drew the shade down to the sill. I have to go into Brooklyn now, he said.

You always have to go somewhere, I put in angrily.

It's my parents-

How do I know?

Because I tell you so. They're worried about me, they haven't seen me in so long.

And what about me?

You?? Now <u>you</u> know a little of what it was like for me in Morocco, you know a little of what it's like to be always alone.

I felt my face grow hot when he said that, I felt a fire in my chest. I got off the couch and rushed into the kitchen. The only time I am happy in New York, the absolutely only thing I like in New York, is the time I spend with him. So

now - and for that, for that very reason - he will stay away from me. I pulled open the tabledrawer of forks and knives. There was a wide, sharp cleaver lying to the left of the smaller ware. I lifted it up. A fire was burning in the reflection of the blade. I looked close. It was this apartment, his brother's apartment, that was on fire. I had put it on fire, I was burning it up. Then I went to R.K.'s apartment and to his painter friend's apartment and set them on fire. All, all on fire, burning in the hurting red reflection of the blade.

A man was standing in the fire. He was laughing. He looked like a police chief, a wali. He stepped out from the flames and came toward me. He has handcuffs, I thought, he will take me to prison. But when he reached me I saw that he was holding nothing. He broke into laughter again, his mouth stretching to the white gleams of his ugly wisdom teeth. He said: O young-boy, so little wise, I saw a man three times in a dream and three times he said to me, 'In Tangier there is a house in the Marshan medina, it is of square shape and its backyard is laid out gardenwise, at the lower end of which is a jetting fountain and under that a great sum of money lies buried. Go there and take it'. Yet I did not go; but you, because you are so little wise, have journeyed from Tangier to New York on the faith of a dream, which was only an idle galimatias of sleep.

I packed my things and sailed back to Tangier. The house the wali had described was my own house in the Marshan medina. When I reached there I dug up under the fountain in the garden and uncovered a great treasure.

And thus Allah gave me abundant fortune, and a marvelous

coincidence occurred.

With this fortune I shall start again in Tangier, I shall start well in Tangier. I'll make pictures as his painter friend does, pasting pieces of wood and cloth to a canvas. I am good at woodmaking. I will help Black Larbi with his puppets. Those puppets can be sold, I have seen people selling them here.

I swear to not leave my little brother to grow up to be a thief like me, nor my sisters to grow up to be prostitutes.

I walked back into the parlor with the cleaver in my right hand. He was putting on his overcoat, his new green overcoat. Did you just buy that? I asked.

We're not in Tangier now, he replied with disgust, that you have to be jealous of someone for, or be judging him by, every stitch he has on.

But I wish we <u>were</u> in Tangier now, I said.

You bastard! All I did, all I suffered - all I waited and stayed for you that you can't stay here a little for me!

I pushed the cleaver at him. It caught in the thick folds of the overcoat. Give me money to go back to Tangier, give me money now! I demanded.

He moved aside to catch the kitchen light on what I was holding. A knife! he sneered, use it if you have the courage. I'm not afraid. I'm not afraid of knives and I'm not afraid of you.

You better be afraid, I cried, you have reason to be afraid!

I have not. And I am not.

My legs, my hands singed with hurt, with horror. He opened the coat and pushed his unprotected chest at the cleaver.

I felt the point touch the shirt against his flesh. And tear it.

I dropped the cleaver on the floor.

My knees jointed under me and I slumped on the sofa. I love you, I gagged.

He went to the window; and stood there with his back toward me, staring at the blank shade. He stood there for ten minutes, twenty minutes, maybe it was a half hour. I was trying to think, I was trying to think what he might be thinking. I couldn't think.

Finally, without turning around, he asked, In all your life, how many men have you murdered?

I'm sorry, I told him, I was crazy just now, crazy, you must forgive me.

How many men have you murdered?

Why do you ask me now, I don't want to-

How many?

I don't know. Sometimes I left them in the gutter after a fight. I didn't stay to see if they were dead or not.

But about how many? Five? Ten?

Ten is too many.

He buttoned his coat. I looked away as he moved through the kitchen toward the door.

I'll give my brother some money for you, ask him for it tomorrow, he stated flatly, I'm leaving now.

Cirrus clouds on my chest and the cabana cornice, morning of Las Conchas, all whores gone, the good, clean morning, absolutely free. The old truths, the hoary, wizzened, wrinkled - they are so old and so repeated they're lies riding their horses to death on the errand of their messages. This heavy scarcely backing up a step to give us air Humiliation. Like an open, eager confession to every man's face. Our shame: the plummet of the weeping willow, buttresses of Notre-Dame, steel cornice down to the ground of this hanger... Everyone laughs at me. I don't want anyone to ever pay, to ever pay for me. Let's live alone, let's live in a room together, I'll stay in the room always. With just a radio, that's all. You and me.

Gate Five, sir, just to your right. Passengers only will be permitted through the glass doors.

Hamid nudges me at the final title of DeMille's silent King of Kings: Qu'est-ce qu'il dit? The outstretched light-beam sleeves flash on again, all background recedes, vaporizes, the sleeves become moon, sun, fade. Je suis avec toi toujours, I translate.

I lean over in the dark and repeat his words: Je suis avec toi toujours.

I hold his fingers.

If there is any man, Tippy is thinking I know, let him step forth now or forever hold his piece. She's giggling.

I should have asked Natalie for witness and not had him, red faced, long eyed, holding his piece... How pretty she looks, how with a shadow across her brow is she pretty. Our arms are locked. Let us step up to the black robe, to the white sleeved black robe now, before she can, before a man can

so a man can hold his piece.

My Sandra.

Mi vida!

A good year, yes? It has been a good year, hasn't it? I ask placing my empty coffee cup back on the soaked napkin. Unconcerned waitress sponges the red tabletops. I wipe his spilt coffee drops with my clean handkerchief. It's only been a few weeks but I've seen a lot in that time, haven't I, he says. His fingers are trembling. My brother goes to the lookout deck to leave us to ourselves for the remaining minutes... I have no money and I have no job now, he says, you know that - how can we get an apartment together? But we must, or I won't stay. I won't stay if we are not alone. Everyone- Then you will have to go... Your brother has the souvenirs, hasn't he, the records and the jellaba - our jellaba? Yes, he has them. Listen, Mark, I just remembered, your camera is still packed in my valise-

No, no, I didn't try to steal it, I plead, how could I steal from you?

So, he is cunning to the end: my camera, my sunglasses (though I told him a dozen times they're perscription), my good clothes, a lot of new clothes, all safely in the valise and aboard the plane now. And my brother gave him so much money.

I would get the camera out now if there were time, I say. Forget it, use it well in Morocco... In my brother's parlor the walls are still. The walls he painted grey, grey-black. Hamid and I are on the sofa. My head is on his lap. When you get work, when you can save up some money, will you come back to Tangier? he asks. All journeys are in the realm of possibility, I answer, but I tell you frankly I do not think I will. Pslema, Oulidi! he sighs. I hear his voice catch. I turn my face so he can't see my eyes. They are tearing to the catch-ledges of my warm cheeks.

But he knows. He gags. He lifts me up, says, Slema! Slema!, and is crying. His sobs engine deep in his chest; quake his chest. Je ne vais pas voir toi plus, Oulidi deadlie. J'aime toi, j'aime toi plus maintenant que tous le temps avant, et je ne vais pas voir toi jamais encore... Tell me the things that I have to remember, there's only five minutes more, I say to him. He speaks, he lists my conduct for me, I can't hear him. What will I do now without him to show me, to point to what is best for me. Will he write to remind me of those things? Mark, will you write to me? I'll take your letters to my cousin, the scribe. He'll translate everything. He'll write back to you for me... How strange, his so how strange appraisal of our relationship, this, advice - and yet, yes, yes, our man for man's salvation... I pronounce you Peter, and you Sandra, man and wife and Mark gospeler of Hamid's passion, I enjoin you, I declare, consign you to worlds wide new and adventures whitesail strongwind clean. Sandra, with this I thee. Peter, I thee with this and so ever many shadows of uncertainty enjoin my half world to yours and all your men therein convening.

Boarding passengers, only, beyond the glass doors, sir.

But he can't speak English. He doesn't know where to go.

IN THIS SIMULTANEOUS INSTANT - Ye gods witness! - SHE takes the ring and HE climbs to the door of the plane. He turns at the last moment and waves slowly, crosses his wet fingers over his heart. She turns, her eyes down, and kisses Peter. Maimun snickers, dilates a single nostril. He says, A man must not marry a prostitute for then every man could marry a prostitute. No one speaks to a man who marries a prostitute. For all men could marry a prostitute then and no woman need ever be faithful or need ever be virgin again.

Calm and clean as salt-scrubbed Las Conchas, now, in the morning. Of absolute free.

And this, too, would be dishonest. This ceremony. My life! They tile their walls, they blue and orange tile their two story walls, their holy-ghost supporting walls; wrought iron lanterns chain suspended swing... To blue beautymark tattoos and reddyed palms and soles, to lisping Spaniards... This enervation, this lassitude of event, this having come through it all, through everything, and beyond it all, beyond doing, to slipping upon, on top of, even death without reason, past reason, relinquishing reason, releasing reason, for no reason, for no reason now at all...

I watch him out of the corner of my eye as we drive back to Brooklyn. He seems inconsolable, says nothing. I think he is crying to himself. It's all right, I say, it's all all right. And I think it is the most beautiful thing in the world, one person taking care of another.

A gesture, the stone gesture.

The gesture in the wall and the he shall settle into, however eddy the ways of his age, monument of man and the ceremony of life....

I met Sandra downstairs from her office at 12 noon. We bought sandwiches and containers of macoroni salad at a small counter and walked over to Central Park to eat. She chose a bench on the east side of the plaza lake. Children tossed popcorn to the ducks a few feet from us.

My eyes are greenish, she said suddenly, not hazel.

So they are, I verified gazing under her bright lashes.

You said they were hazel in one of your letters. Shame on you.

She bit into her sandwich. The food is good at that place, isn't it, she commented.

It is, I said.

You know, I'm not wearing something that I should be wearing.

And what's that? You've got on a new red dress, and a smart blue office jacket.

This, she said opening her purse. My wedding ring. I was married three days ago.

She kept speaking after that, but the echoes of the playing children completely canopied her punctuated statements. I answered her in direct monotones though I don't recall what

I said. What we did after that was clear, and the southeast corner of the park was clear. But I can recall neither.

At the plaza the wind blew her words down under the bottom cascade of the multitiered fountain.

We were back at her office building at exactly a quarter of 1:00. Well, Miss Spenser, I said thrusting my hands into my pockets and lifting my shoulders up high, -I shall always remember you as Miss Spenser.

And in just that tone of voice, she smiled.

She buttoned her blue jacket, and held her red skirt down against a sudden dusty sweep of strong wind. A quick, pained expression flashed across her face.

Then she turned on her high narrow heels and went through the revolving doors, to Chicago, to Bombay.

The rose.

Hello? .... yeah, it's me .... what? .... never, I feel great. I've just been busy this week, that's all. A lot of running around .... and the vacation coming, yeah .... yeah .... oh, he's O.K. He's putting on a lot of weight out in Brooklyn. All the weight he lost .... I'll tell him. But he doesn't like to come out too often. You saw the last time .... oh, yes, he's getting back his baby face. Those red cheeks and all. But still, he's very nervous .... no, no, fear - I'd say plain fear .... I don't know. He's even edgy in Brooklyn .... I haven't really asked him what happened.

No one has. No one dares. But new people is out. And any kind of crowd. Any mob scene .... yeah, he calls them "mob scenes" .... yes, that's out .... Her? That bitch! Imagine, I didn't even know about it .... No, I wasn't invited, that's what I'm telling you .... yeah, and after all the shit she put me through the last six months. Four times a week I had to listen to how much she loved him, how much she missed him, that she couldn't get along without him, that she was inconsolable .... I'm telling you - she swore a hundred times he was the only one even though she thought he was a bastard and she got plenty of proposals from really worthwhile men .... yeah, guys with jobs .... I'm plenty mad. I'm furious. What right did she have to-.... no, I don't know. My mother said something about her jumping on him about furniture the first thing he got off the boat, before he could catch his breath even .... Well, I don't care. She's a bitch. A sneaky bitch. Because what did I have to do with the whole thing? I mean, why did she have to involve me, why did she have to hang on my neck all those months .... no, he doesn't speak about it .... I guess .... well then call him .... Could be. And that sounds logical. But then why couldn't she tell me something about it before? .... didn't want to hurt me? Are you kidding? I couldn't have cared less .... No - I never liked her that much. And I certainly didn't think it would work out. But she kept saying that he asked her, she read me the letter a hundred times .... yes, she carried it around in her purse all the time, showing it to everyone .... O.K.,O.K., I'm in a hurry too. Just let me know if you can get the jalopy for tomorrow .... Great .... We'll

drive out in the morning. We'll spend the whole day. Be ready at 9 o'clock .... yeah .... yeah, yeah, that's right .... great .... Good night.

Conclusion

I don't know what made me feel like that. I saw those three Englishmen standing there and then all of a sudden I was crazy.

What did you think you were going to do?

Kill them.

Kill them? But why? They were drunk. They weren't touching you. They were on the other side of the street.

I tell you I don't know why. I became crazy, that's all. Like with wine.

But this is Gibraltar - you can't go around just killing anyone you want, here.

Let's not talk about this now. Don't ask me questions.

We have to talk about this now. I can't take you to America if you're going to always-

I don't have to talk about anything now! What am I - a woman? that I have to talk when you want me to talk?

Who is the woman?

I am. I feel just like a woman when I'm with you.

You feel like a woman! What about me? I'm the one who gives money, who turns, who waits around all day, all year,

can never go out, can never do anything - Listen to me: you are dangerous.

To whom?

To me, to my family. To my family in America.

How can you say that? How can you, you, say that?

Just what are you going to do in America? What kind of work? How will you amuse yourself?

Now you think to ask me that? What about all the times before, before, when we had times to talk about this? Now it's too late.

Why is it too late? I can't see anything for you in my country. Neither work nor a place nor friends.

It is too late because we already left Tangier. So you are going to find me work, and find me a place, and find me friends. Do you hear?

Why are you going to America?

How can you ask that now!

What is "now"? What was ever "now"? If you don't go for me, you have no reason to go.

I go for you.

Are you certain?

I'm certain. I had different reasons before: not now. I couldn't now. I couldn't <u>anything</u> now, except to follow you.

But you could go back to Tangier.

Back to prison that means. If I return to Tangier now, I go directly to prison. And prison, prison where you can't move is the worst, isn't it? Death is nothing to be afraid of. I am never afraid of death. Only prison.

You belong in prison.

What?

You heard me.

You could say that?

Yes. I could. I did. ...I did think that low.

And I could kill you for that, for just that.

And kill my whole family in America, yes? That's what you want to go there for - to kill my family. Isn't that it?

We won't go to America! We'll go back to Tangier! Both of us, the two! The two, do you hear?

I'm not going back.

This knife means you are going back.

So you did smuggle out your knife. Your knife that you said you threw away half a year ago. Little cheat.

How could I throw it away - I needed it for you. You told me to throw it away because you knew, you knew by yourself that I needed this knife for your own throat.

It's too bad you can't use it on me. Really use it.

Why can't I? Do you feel it.... now.... on your throat?

I feel it.... still, you — can't — cut in with——

I can cut, deep! And I will: to drag you back, back with me to Tangier so you walk in the streets, walk, crawl until you are naked, stripped-naked and starving, my slave, mine -- Every man will see: for all men to laugh! What you have done to me - you!

...I am not going back. Never.

Then die! Then die! With this knife! Feel it?!— There's blood on your—see!! blood from your white skin....

Ha— Ham— Haaa— ahh— Ahhhh! can not not notttt kill me... ... There's nothing left to kill. There is nothing left... ...nnnot, not even my body....

I have your body. Here! To kill!

...no.... you haven't even that now.... you drain....

drained, sucked my last artery.... that carries from my, my heart, my heart.... and its body.... There is nothing, left now. Nothing of me, me.... You will gain a ghost....

I-

Take it then. Take it!!! You've earned it.

But I - O!God - what, what am I doing! I should use this to kill myself myself for daring just to touch you with-

Wait-

I should-

Stop, listen to me. Come here to me.

Please pardon me. Forgive me for saying I would kill you. Let me forgive you for forcing me to say it.

Yes, listen-

Let me forgive you for what you did worse - for trying to make me not love you; for that let me try to forgive you....

...when you helped me shave this afternoon. When you tried the razor yourself because I was cutting my face, when you put the razor to my throat exactly as just now your knife, except gentler, a lighter, a different hand: Your different hand....

How do you mean? Explain.

That was it. Don't you see? Your gesture, and simply gesture, I'm happy. You help me shave. The only thing you really ever - for me, upon me.... It is everything; other thing.

So that's my whole-

Listen, you know what I actually wanted to say just now, just now as your knife cut into my throat-skin?

But Oulidi-

No, I wanted to ask-

Ouli-

I wanted to ask you:- I wanted to ask you who you were.

Can't we forget-

But can you answer that?

What do you mean?

I mean, who are you?

What is the matter with you? I can't understand-

Or do you know who I am?

Of course, I do.

Who?

You are Mark.

And you? are?

Mark, I'm Hamid. I am Hamid!

:You are Hamid. :I am Mark.

Yes. Mark, let this be our last fight, let us go to America.

We must want, The Two, as you say, other things: but this is our last disagreement. Let's - yes, let us go to America.

SUPPLEMENTAL NIGHTS

1. Some of us in Café Abdelkader used to enjoy playing a trick on Hamid. We would rush into the back room where he was busy at a game of cards, and call out that the little American was waiting at the door. The first three or four times he would put down his cards, jump off the apron, and hurry to the front room, only to find that nobody was there. After a while he did a little trick on us. He took the mirror out of the w.c. and

hung it up high on the farthest wall of the back room, so that it reflected along a diagnol across the two rooms to the front door. Then, when one of us would come running in to declare that his American was waiting outside, he would simply look up into the mirror, scan the empty door, and say: La, Sidi, headah who-ah wallo - No, Sir, hereabouts nowhere about is he.

2. After offering my cordial thanks to friends and subscribers ... I would inform them that my "Anthropological Notes" are by no means exhausted, and that I can produce a complete work only by means of a somewhat extensive Supplement. I therefore propose to print (not publish), for private circulation only, five volumes.... I can say little for the style of the story-stuff contained ... which has been edited with phenomenal incuriousness. Many parts are hopelessly corrupted, whilst at present we have no means of amending the commissions and of supplying the omissions by comparison with other manuscripts. The Arabic is not only faulty, but dry and jejune.... Sundry of the tales are futile; the majority has little to recommend it, and not a few require a diviner rather than a translator. Yet they are valuable to the student as showing the different sources and the heterogeneous materials from and of which the great Saga-book has been compounded.

- R. Burton

3. ...wheras they honoured Achilles the son of Thetis and despatched him to the Islands of the Blest, because he, when he learnt from his mother that he would die if he killed

Hector, but that if he did not kill him he would reach home and die at a good old age, made the heroic choice to go to the rescue of his lover Patroclus and to avenge him, though this involved dying after him as well as for him. He thus earned the extreme admiration of the gods, who treated him with special distinction for showing in this way how highly he valued his lover. Aeschylus, by the way, is quite wrong when he says that Achilles was the lover of Patroclus. Achilles was the more beautiful of the two - indeed he was the most beautiful of all the heroes - and he was still beardless and according to Homer much younger than Patroclus. The truth is that, while the gods greatly honour the courage of a lover, they admire even more and reward more richly affection shown towards a lover by the beloved, because a lover is possessed and thus comes nearer than the beloved to being divine. That is why they honoured Achilles more highly than Alcestis and sent him to the Islands of the Blest.

- The Symposium

4. I should offer the first thing that comes to mind in explaining this - and what seems also the most plausible after long deliberation - that this concern with being locked in a jammed elevator is a kind of ultimate physio-mental substantiation of the concern of being alone. And the continuous oppression of it is a fearful, self-inflicted punishment for the guilt arising from being alone. I do not, in this, discount your suggestion of prison, that a paranoia of real prison is implicit in the image of the jammed elevator. And I should like to add, if you will allow

me, in connection with your suggestion, that it has always seemed to me that if he did not have the one or two outlets that he does, he would make a most excellent juvenile delinquent.

5. He has his head in the clouds, but his money in the bank. I don't mean to be at all derogatory in saying that. But just you think about it.

6. Mark could survive, in a manner of speaking, in Morocco; Hamid could not in America. The first, with the advantage of his background and education, could create at least temporarily the necessary cosmos; the second, though, or because, he was prominent in Morocco, was at an utter loss to do this, And Mark is someone, I've noticed, that many people throughout the years have had the desire to protect. Something in him appeals to and accommodates that response in others. When he himself became the protector, as he had to when they reached America, their relationship was assaulted in a way no Moroccan violence could equal.

7. I think I know the American to whom you refer. I remember seeing him one cloudy night after a storm standing alone in the British Consulate Memorial Square between rues d'Angleterre and de Russie. I stopped because it is unusual to find someone alone in that square at night. Then I recognized that I had seen him before, that I had been introduced to him, in Docteur Fumey most probably, or some adjacent café. I approached him with a bright Salem Molycomb but he seemed not to know who I was. I explained that we must have mutual

friends and he accepted this, but with considerable reservation. Then I told him I was headed for a favorite café in the medina and asked if he would like to come along. He declined, so I specified the café and its exact location and said he was welcome to come there any night he was free, that I could be found there almost every night. Oh, no, he said raising his hands in actual physical rejection, I can't go there! His blunt, inconsiderate appraisal of my hospitality was painful to me. Even if it was fear - and he did seem to be afraid - such is very insulting. He might, at the least, have pretended that he would try to come to the café some night. For a moment I was at a loss for what to say, then I awkwardly offered my hand with a half-swallowed Slema. He took it and shook it quickly, and I noticed that there was a quizzical expression on his face. Then we both turned away, I heading for d'Angleterre and he toward Rue de Russie. But I remembered after several hurried steps that there was no exit from the hedge-bordered square on d'Angleterre and had to turn back, and, since I was feigning haste to cover my mortification, had necessarily to overtake his slow progress toward the Russie gate. Our running into each other then after such an ingallant leavetaking proved the most ungraceful, the most mortifying moment of all. I nearly stumbled over the hedge-step as I tried to skirt him. -That was in the winter. In the middle of that rainy, cold winter.

8. His trust, or perhaps it was his courage, was proverbial. After all, a man could have fear, a man has the right to have fear, of walking alone on the Souani road at night. How many murders have been done there! And he had the habit of strolling

in the Souani fields at night, of walking through all the lanes of the bidonville and coming back along that road after 11 o'clock. And he would cross through the Emsallah, then! Not to mention his midnight wanderings in Oued-Ahardan, Bordj-es-Salaam, and the Casbah Square. Some say it was his courage that protected him, that thieves and assaulters admired it and took joy in seeing him go about so fearlessly. Others say it was his trust, that all men respected his trust and no man dared break it, so forcefully and so apparently was it public domain.

9. Yes, Hamid used to work with us in the carpenter shop. He was a hard and a dependable worker, though not what you would call an expert craftsman. He started to learn woodmaking too late for that. Whenever we speak of him, we usually recall that season several years ago when we were flooded with more furniture and crate orders than we could possibly turn out on time. Everyone worked from sun-up to sundown that season and Hamid was assigned to the machine in those days. He stood there at that exacting and dangerous machine often for many hours in succession and we never heard a single word of complaint. Then one day at the end of a week the patrón gave Hamid his week's wages. It was 9,000 francs. What! Hamid shouted, 9,000 francs for a whole week at that charah of a machine! And he tore the bills up in the patrón's face and strutted haughtily out of the shop.

10. When the Moroccan came back alone to get his medical papers and x-ray chart for the United States I asked him first if he had the money. I had to speak to him in French,

he knew no English. After he gave me the money I posed several questions to complete the psycho and stability questionnaire. The last one was, Do you prefer men or women? Je n'aime rien, he answered gruffly. D'accord, I said signing my name, and handed him the completed folder.

Sleep-writing is less particular than waking-writing. That is, the critical faculties of waking time take a rather critical view of what is written during sleep. But sleep enjoys this labor nevertheless and filters through the subconscious the long of it considerable rejuvenations of megalomania. Also, sleep-writing is a somewhat snail paced progress. Usually no more than one paragraph can be completed during a whole night.

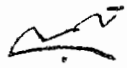
12. Enclosed is a map of Tangier so you can look up the places of which I always speak. I've numbered in red the locations of my three hotels. The first is on Boulevard Pasteur and the third, you'll note, is in the southern most part of the medina (Ville Ancienne) or Arab Quarter. Note how peculiarly the port, which I've colored in blue, quartercircles out into the bay. The little sketch of the car in the northwest corner of the Casbah marks the exact spot where that large "arty" photo was taken that I sent some weeks ago. The Marshan is the area in the extreme northwest corner of the city. An old Spanish residential section covers the space between the Marshan and the Casbah wall. (Note there are few streets designated in the Casbah and Ville Ancienne: they're too small, winding, and complicated to figure on even a large city map.) Souani is the southwest

area (left margin) and beyond that are the suburbs of Casabarata and Benimakkahdah. The Place de France, which I've circled in blue, is considered because of its hilltop, cross-roads situation to be the central point of Tangier and located there is the French Consulate, Banque Commerciale, and three expensive, but not terribly chic, cafés. Note the Big Market (Grand Succo), the true heart of the city, and, of course, the equally famous, but for other reasons, Little Market (Petit Succo) in the Ville Ancienne. Avenue d'Espagne and the Tanger-Fez railroad tracks run southeastward along the beach to the right margin of the map. Tangier is listed as having a population of 183,000 (180,000, as they say, trying to get out and the other 3,000 working for the travel agencies). Actually, the exact population figure is unknown, and since the migrants from the surrounding hills who enter the city daily to sell their produce are included in that large estimate, the correct number of legitimate residents is probably not too many more than 100,000. A figure, you will agree, very mindful of Plato's recommendation for the ideal city-state.

13. Armello sebsi! - be it a simple core-removed twig or ornately Sat -1st. N.Y. (Idlewild International Airport) to Madrid carved, elaborately polished handiwork; searching for, or supplies the by TW #904 (not-jet) at 4:30PM Sun -2nd Arrive lukeed - or nar: which in the Rif immediately recalls the Cairo Madrid 3:15PM. Change planes! Sun (2nd) Leave verse, Nar ya habibi: Fire of my love... and the voices of Hafez, Mohammed Madrid by RM #475 at 4:40PM - arrive 5:20PM Tangier Abdel Wahed and Farid el Atriche expand and

echo like Holiness, Holiness and Redemption, in chamber...

14. Myself - Rather, Ourselves

-  : Timod (Tygeni Mohammed, Fez)

I am a soul that circulates in ether
I am poesy and a sentiment
I am happy life
I am arts and beauty
And, too, ugliness
I am lie and difficulty
I am the innocence
I am the truth in what Mohasin has written
I am the faith
In the sound of bells
The bells of the mosques
I am prayer in the voice of the Koran
I converse with Allah
I am His friend
I am the celebrated soul
The lover...
I am ill fortune
Sadness and death
And am Gabriel
Who am I?
I passage of life and expend my existence in error
I am the prayer, the good-works executor
I am nihilist, a miser
But but but
What am I?
Think

I am who does not see the theatre behind the curtain
I am who sees beauty
And troubles beauty with sugared words
I am who winds his line to fish
Beautiful fish
I am who at the assignation says:
My Life, I love you, and you can know behind the curtain
is the scene...
After I gather all I desire
I burn the tree
And I am here looking for another tree
Its fruit more sugared and costly yet
I, the gypsy in human body
I, the concert of the earth
I, the causer of tears of the virgin
For the past, the future, and all time.

15. (a) Benjalali asks = how are you, when did you came to Tanger, and so on -- You have promise to Benjalali to write to it, but you do not write. Why, he said. he asks to what time you will stay in Tanger because he will go to Tanger too. Now, I left you, and I hope to see you in the date that you indicate me in your next letter. Write your letter in french because I can't understand your English. N.B. - I have buy 5000Frs of affiom. Interesting! Isn't it?

16. (b) I was obliged to translate your letter to Benjalali in Arabic. However I am very glad of your compliment. Really, it is very kind of you. Now, will you answer to this questions in your next letter, for Benjalali will be able to come to

Tanger. -At what time does the car comes to Tanger? -Is your hôtel near or far of the station? -Is there any "fin" in Tanger like "Houda Soultan"? -Is there much Kif in Tanger or not? -Is there any "affiom"? Do you want a little of it? Finished, are the questions of Benjalali. Now, here is some questions of me. -Are you always ticklish? Because I will —— you one day. O.K.? Oh! Excuse me! I've forgotten. -Are you always silly and "majdoub"?

17. (c) Thuesday, we will play a piece of theatre in the Culturel american Center. So, I can't go to Tanger before this date. If you are interrested by this presentation, return to Fes before this date. You are always the welcome in our town. If not, I will go to Tanger Friday. Besides, I have some affiom to offer you. Now, if you need money, I can to promise you it. Ainsi parle Benjalali Oudghiri, the dramatic poet. Tu sais, la pièce théâtrale dont t'a parlé Benjalali, je la trouve pour ma part interressante, d'autant plus que c'est une pièce écrite par Benjalali lui-même et c'est moi qui fait la mise en scène. Interessant, n'est-ce pas? Entre nous, je serai très content que tu viennes la voir car elle vaut vraiment le coup. Et puis ce sera une autre occasion pour nous revoir avant ton départ définitif. Alors, à toi de décider, mon beau.

18. Then I asked her, 'What of thee?' and the Christian King's daughter answered, 'It is now four years since there appeared to me the Manifest Truth, and He is the Relator and the Ally, and the Uniter and the Sitter-by; whereupon my folk looked askance upon me with an evil eye and taxed me

with insanity and suspected me of depravity, and there came not into me doctor but terrified me, nor visitor but confounded me.' Quoth I, 'And who led thee to the knowledge of which thou wottest?' Quoth she, 'The manifest signs and visible portents of Allah; and, when the path is patent to thee, thou espiest with thine own eyes both proof and prover.' Now whilst we were talking, behold, in came the man appointed to guard her and said, 'What doth thy doctor?'; and she replied, 'He knoweth the hurt and hath hit upon the healing.' Hereupon he manifested joy and gladness and accosted me with a cheerful countenance, then went and told the King, who enjoined to treat me with all honour and regard. So I visited her daily for seven days, at the end of which time she said to me, 'O Abú Ishák, when shall be our flight to the land of Al-Islam?' 'How canst thou go forth,' replied I, 'and who would dare to aid thee?' Rejoined she, 'He who sent thee to me, driving thee as it were'; and I observed, 'Thou sayest sooth.' So when the morrow dawned, we fared forth by the city-gate and all eyes were veiled from us, by commandment of Him who when He desireth aught, saith to it, 'Be,' and it becometh; so that I journeyed with her in safety to Meccah, where she made a home hard by the Holy House of Allah and lived seven years; till the appointed day of her death. The earth of Meccah was her tomb, and never saw I any more steadfast in prayer and fasting than she; Allah send down upon her His mercies and have compassion on him who saith,

'When they to me had brought the leach (and surely showed *
The signs of flowing tears and pining malady),
The face-veil he withdrew from me, and 'neath it naught * Save
breath of one unsouled, unbodied, could he see.

Quoth he, 'This be a sickness Love alone shall cure; * Love
hath a secret from all guesses of man wide free.'
Quoth they, 'An folk ignore what here there be with him * Nature
of ill and eke its symptomology,
How then shall medicine work a cure?' At this quoth I * 'Leave
me alone; I have no guessing specialty.'"

- The Christian King's Daughter and the Moslem

19. De l'Angleterre tout est grand, même ce qui n'est pas bon, même l'oligarchie. Le patriciat anglais, c'est le patriciat, dans le sens absolu du mot. Pas de féodalité plus illustre, plus terrible et plus vivace. Disons-le, cette féodalité a été utile à ses heures. C'est en Angleterre que ce phénomène, la Seigneurie, veut être étudié, de même que c'est en France qu'il faut étudier ce phénomène, la Royauté. Le vrai titre de ce livre serait l'Aristocratie. Un autre livre, qui suivra, pourra être intitulé la Monarchie. Et ces deux livres, s'il est donné à l'auteur d'achever ce travail, en précéderont et en amèneront un autre qui sera intitulé: Quatrevingt-treize.

- L'Homme Qui Rit

20. Fi Youm Fichahr

- from the film, "Hokayet Hob" (Hafez - El Dine)

In a day
in a month
in a year
the wounds of the wounded shall scab
but my incision will endure longer than time
farewell tranquil

joyful life

farewell, my Love...

farewell dreams

my wounds will endure longer than time

Darling, I see you, though you are far from

the desperately lonely road I pilgrim

every step farther away from you is obscurity

desires and memories

Darling, my heart sees you, my soul sees you

my love sees you

I see your salaam, your fingers

your speech of smiling lips

I see you even as our destiny of parting

is spreading and canopying its obscure wings

to deprive the incisioned from knowledge of an end

of his wounds

in, perhaps, a day

in a month

in a year

I wished for life's being longer

to live it near you

nor ever its length see sad tear spill from your eyes

I wished only to live longer to live with you

were it possible, near you

that I might lengthen life a thousand times

for you

that joyful life that filled my life

though it and the world thought it too great for me

Darling, what has chanced is our destiny

we must be separate the endurance of our days

I abandoned to carefully guarding and well
my incisioned heart
eventually, you will discover what has happened to me
perhaps, in a day
or perhaps in a month
in a year...

1. Et moi aussi je dis cette chose la merde. Et après, j'ai dit pour l'autre qui commande, Je suis malade. Et il dit: S'il tu est malade tu vas rester toute la nuit sans vêtements avec un chambre il y a du l'eau il y a tous - sans vêtements. Douze heures - douze - sans vêtements douze heures. Pour moi, lendemain, je dis la verité: moi, je resté douze heures - oui - froid - pssss - yellahtif! froid. Oui, ce fumé cette nuit deux paquets de cigarettes - de fait le grand pas le petit. Les grands, vingt-quatre - uh - quarante - comme Pell Mell. Et lendemain je dis la même chose que je dis hier longue pour le nuit; et il dit, l'autre: Descend-lui en bas autre fois. Je resté la bas jusqu'a cinq heures de soir. Encore malade ici: pas encore je quitté le fil. Il rester moi jusqu'a cinq heures, et moi j'ai un paquet de cigarettes contraband. Ne pas dans le magazin - contraband! J'ai comprend pourquoi il y a l'autre qui vend contraband. J'ai libre maintenant avec toutes ça de voleurs et toutes ça, je dit, qu'elle dit la femme. Mais il faut le paquet - le paquet de cigarettes. Il dit: Où vient cettes cigarettes? Moi, je disais j'étais au Tetouan. Mais il y a une - une plus que 'specteur de police, ça ce qui préparé le papier et toutes ça. Je donné pour lui mille cinq

cents francs, vient lui dit moi un nuit: Donne moi mille cinq cents francs. Moi, je donne pour lui mille cinq cents francs. Je sais pourquoi. Si bien qui il dit moi: Je travaillé avec toi. Je donne pour lui. Quand je sorte-moi je trouve le bar fermé à six heures du soir. Je demande pour la femme; il dit mourir. Mourir de Dieu. Mourir seulement. De Dieu mourir. Mourir. Mourir. Sans rien. Sans le docteur, sans rien. La femme elle est fermé le bar cette nuit il dit, les autres dit pour moi.

2. Il y a des prisons pour les petits où lire - où lire, et tous les choses comme ça.

3. Il dit pour les autres: Portes-lui où fait plus malade. Ils apporté moi dans cette chambre. Ici le chambre: ici à jusqu'a ici, tu sais, dans cette fauteuil à jusqu'a ici, une, deux, à jusqu'a ici. Froid. Il y a ici le salle de bain - toi, tu dormes ici. Dans la terre il y a de l'eau, en haut il y a de l'eau, et moi je suis avec ça et le slip, et l'opération encore. Cette nuit. Le plancher de pierre, de pierre, il n'y a pas rien - de pierre, comment s'appelle, comment travailler mon père: de rue, ça dehors. Le froid d'en bas et d'en haut et dans cette côté et dans cette côté. Chambre trop petite: d'ici à ici - d'ici à jusqu'a ici à jusqu'a ici - ici le salle de bain et toi ici. Pssss... Froid de l'eau. Le cigarette qu'elle fait chaud cette nuit. Et moi je fais rien de toutes ça que disent les autres. Pour ma mère, je fais rien - rien - absolument rien.

4. La même nuit que moi je sorte au prison il est passé l'ac-

cident avec le policier. Le moment qui vient ce pour lui (Mark), moi je viens. Quand il quitte l'autre je viens, moi. Lui (Mark) il dit pour moi - je trouve lui fou - il dit: Un vient ici. Moi, je dis: Expliquez pour moi comment. Et lui il a expliqué. Et moi connais c'est lui (the policeman). Je dis pour ça - pour Mark - je dis comme ça: Restes-toi tranquille et tu penses de rien; restes ici dans ta chambre ou si tu veux parti dans un cinéma ou quelquechose comme ça, parte, et tu penses de rien. Pourquoi moi je connais ça, ça ce le fin de moi. Tu sais, tous les polices il prend de l'argent. Je connais lui - il y a de l'argent - .... Cette coin (of Bar Tarek) toujours pour moi pourquoi il y a le mur - je peux faire comme ça et comme ça; il y a les discs; et pour l'autre il vient difficile pour parter moi - .... Et après ce policier il reste dix minutes ou vingt minutes; il finit sa bouteille de bière; il vient, à côté de moi; il demande pour deux whiskies, une pour lui, une pour moi; il demande pour deux l'autre, une pour moi, une pour lui - .... Moi dis avec mes yeux pour Phlippe, je dis, moi je frappe lui maintenant ou il y a de temps? - .... Je n'aime pas ça, je dis la vérité, quelqu'un payer de moi. Chaqu'un il faut qu'il travailler chercher pour l'autre pour payer pour lui même. S'il ne paye pas pour lui-même, qu'est-ce fait de l'homme? -tuez lui-même! Bon - .... Uh - je suis, tu es, il est, nous sommes - nous sommes: "Nous sommes tous avec toi" - .... Je souviens trois bouteilles de whisky - .... avec de l'eau. Mais je peux pas fait de chaud - .... Et il dit, pense, que le revolver va travailler maintenant. Il dit pour moi: Je veux parler avec toi dehors. Moi, je dis: Oui, je peux partir avec toi où tu veux - pourquoi cette l'endroit je connais moi tous de cette place au (from) Café Tugeni dans

(to) Bar Tarek. Cette rue je peux pas moi faire trans même je fou et le police passé tout cas. Je peux entre de quelques maisons de cette rue, il vient la femme qui habite là-bas et trouve moi, ne faire rien pour moi, même si il y a une femme avec son mari, moi je frappe dans la porte, ne faire rien pour [illegible] - pourquoi moi je suis toujours bien avec les habitants [illegible] habitent là-bas et tous ça. Toujours tranquille, ne fais pas du scandale, ne dis pas les choses qui -- buve un café seul, fume, et puis quitte. Et lui cette bar, il y a une rue qui passe derrière de cette bar il y a des escaliers, et il y a une autre rue, il y a des escaliers, oui? -Bar Tarek, si tu parte au porte il y a de rue qui retourne, huh?, des escaliers. Il dit: Moi, je veux parler avec toi là-bas. A côté de (word not discernible). Et moi, moi je pensé quand je sorte la porte du bar je veux frappe lui. Mais, il ne fait pas des choses pour frappe lui. Je vois lui parle doucement et il dit: Eh - trop gentil. Je dis: O, mon Dieu, qu'est-ce qu'il veut, cette merde! C'est mieux qu'il reste moi tranquille. Lui, il est fou avec du vin, tu sais, il est fou, fou, ne pense pas de moi je va fais mal pour lui. Il quitte avec moi. Il retourne. Et après il fait - oui - il y a le vest, pourquoi le police secrete il y a le revolver dedans. Il dit: Tu veux une cigarette? Moi, je dis: Oui, je veux plus d'une cigarette, si tu il y a un porro - le grand. Lui dit: C'est ça. Et moi je fais peur dans le coeur. Et après c'est commence le vin. Il dit: Le Dieu il un mourir, pas deux - si le Dieu tu veut mourir maintenant, tu mourir maintenant - si - si passe quelquechose pour mourir, tu vas mourir maintenant il n'y a pas du temps! Moi, je dis: C'est bon, cette cigarette. Et lui ne cherche pas l'endroit où fait ici où ici où ici où ici - il met ici.

Quand il met ici, moi je (word not discernible) - pourquoi moi le primière fois que je parte avec lui dans la rue - dans la rue, moi, je sais quelque fois de moi je parte comme ça: encore malade, avec le peine ici. Il dit pour moi: Qu'est-ce que tu as? Moi, je dis: Je suis malade pas ici, je n'étais pas une opération. Et lui, il fait ici. Moi, je dis: Le dernier moment; je pense, Comment va - - et lui il était la même - il touche seulement - il sorte-le. C'est fait. Je dis pour lui: Si tu peux change ici jusqu'a ici. Et il dit: Je peux change d'ici à jusqu'a ici à jusqu'a ici. Mais le moment qu'il lui a sorte ici à jusqu'a ici je quitte - je quitte pour lui le revolver et je frappe lui. Et je veux tuer lui. Mais je ne trouve pas le raison, pourquoi moi je suis aussi avec du vin, lui avec du vin. N'a pas de raison. Je quitte por lui le revolver et lui suive moi jusqu'a dans cette bar-merde. Quand on vient dans cette bar je cache moi-même cette revolver. Je donne pour lui, dis pour lui: Faites attention de moi et jamais - - et après j'expliquer, je dis (word not discernible) bien, chez Mark et tout ça. Ça c'est le moment que je prends moi de lui ici avec son revolver, avec tous. Quand je finis avec lui tous, et je ris, il dit pour moi: Je viens cherche Mark - Psssssss! Je dis la vérité, je fais plus fou, plus fou, et je prends lui - - et ne retourne pas plus. -Ne retourne pas plus même s'il y a le téléphone et tous, et ne retourne pas plus. Et la femme elle est mourir.

5. Passe beaucoup à Tanger. Beaucoup difficile, oui. Beaucoup difficile. Quelques nuits viennent beaucoup difficile pourquoi moi quelques nuits je n'aime pas dormir. Tu dorme à sept heures du matin ou à huit heures du matin. Tu lève à six heures du

soir. Il faut que tu reste toute le soir sans dormir - oui ou non? Et pour le nuit viennent beaucoup de choses à Tanger pour le nuit - .... Si tu es joli - moi - si je veux moi, je dis la vérité, si je veux moi il y a un meilleur place de travailler à Tanger si moi je donne pour les autres niki. Au Tanger - l'endroit que je veux moi - .... Par les autres marocains. Et tu sais, son yeux qu'ils voient - marocain ou français ou espagnol. Quand ils voient comme ça joli, ils cherchent pour lui de travail toute suite. Si lui ne veut pas, reste lui dans la rue. Et moi je dis franchement comme ça pour les autres, moi je dis: Je peux voler tous et je ne donne pour rien. Eh... qu'est-ce va passe? Rien.

6. Mais le hashish ne fait pas le même que vin. Ne fait rien le hashish. Le hashish, tu sais, je dis une chose, un homme que ne mange pas le hashish - pourquoi moi je dis pour toi le hashish n'est pas bon - je dis pour toi à Tanger, oui? Tu sais pourquoi: le hashish quand tu manges il vient ici, tu sais - .... Il vient ici; dans un temps en temps quand tu veux pisser tu peux pas. Cette chose (qu'elle était comme ça) il vient ici, il fait mal. Ça qu'il vient pour ça - il vient-il dans le pendos et le poit (belly) où il est opéré. Tu peux pas pisser. Pourquoi, moi, j'étais jeune encore - quatorze ou douze, comme ça - j'ai travaillé menuisier, et je mangé beaucoup de cette chose de ça; je entré dans la machine, travaille, mais - sais pas comment il est dit ça - vivre - Pourquoi tu travailles dans un machine il y a beaucoup de... comme j'automobile qu'il est marcher cent pour sec minute, comme ça des choses. Et moi, j'ai fou et j'ai travaillé. Mais j'ai passe un ou trois mois comme ça, quatre mois, je semble je peux pas pisser. Ce piss,

c'est fait mal ici. Tu sais, après je connais le...l'afion, l'afion:- jamais je ne mange - pssss! Il fait plus fou ça! Plus fou que toutes les choses, que toutes les choses.... (Le kif) il quitte le senté de l'afion.... Et moi, quand j'ai prends cette hashish je parle beaucoup.... (L'alcool) mieux que hashish... Pourquoi quand j'ai étais sept ans, je prends le hashish, je fume le kif: pourquoi nous avons petites, dans le rue il y a un ami, son père a préparé le hashish: lui il volé pour son père toutes les sorts: il vient dans chez moi, et un autre, (nous avons dans l'école le trois), comme ça:- tu as toi mille francs, les autres deux n'a rien - cette mille francs que tu as toi il faut la moitié pour lui, la moitié pour moi, la moitié pour toi, tu sais.... Mais moi, la primière fois j'étais moi et toi, (quand il passé beaucoup de temps), il vient lui - mais moi, je n'aime pas lui: et toi tu aimes lui. Et moi, j'espère à cause de toi. Un jour il vient quelque chose que moi j'aime prends cette chose. Mais lui il ne veut pas dans une cimetière; et moi, je regarde de lui. Je dit pour lui, Restes-moi prends cette chose dans le cimetière marocaine. Il ne veut pas. Et moi je frappe cet nomme - garçon - à jusqu'a je reste lui dans un endroit d'un notre qu'il était mourir. J'explique pour toi - pssss! -et après fait un grand ami de moi!

7. Un mal nuit, oui, cette nuit. Pssss! Ah, je compté les voitures qui passé dans cette rue (rue d'Angleterre).... Dans cette rue dans ma vie. Quand il parte l'autobus je connais qu'il va ouvert de la porte. A sept heures et demie passe l'autobus; j'ai était préparé:- une cigarette grande - comme Pell Mell ici - quand il fait ici. Il ouvre la porte, il dit: Toi! Et j'ai seul. Une chambre à côté de moi, il y a quelque

fou avec de vin: dit pour l'autre, il dit: Pourquoi tu restes moi avec toi jusqu'à ils portent moi ici! Il crie! Tu sais comment il crie? - frappe dans la porte et toute ça. Il frappe, il vient dans la porte: et il y a le gardé là-bas ne peut pas ouvre la porte. Pour moi il ouvre la fenêtre, dit: Comment ça va tu? Pssssssss! Ahhh! - "Comment ça va tu?"! Et lui-même, il connait cette place comment il passe. Il demande toi: Comment ici ça va tu? Je dis: Ça va bien! Pourquoi je dis ça va bien? Pourquoi il y a de cigarettes et des allumettes che (Sp.) fait chaud. Ehhh. Ce bon chose comment fait chaud pour moi: même avec des allumettes et des cigarettes. Mais quelqu'un qui ne connait pas ne peut pas chaud. Il peut, il peut - - si quelqu'un il est opéré comme moi - il fait les choses qu'il est passé por moi - il ne peut pas fait bien. Pour lui même, il ne peut pas (vivre). Et moi, j'ai rire, j'ai encore bien: cinq jours dans l'hospital et tu sorte et tu passé toute ça?.... Eh - dans l'hòspital .... Hospital, il était bon - pero pour moi... espagnol, un bon hospital, un bon, un bon hospital... Toujours, qu'est-ce que tu peux faire? Tu peux lire quelquechose si tu connais lire - hospital.... La pire: tu restes toute la journée seul - dans une chambre seul, seul, pas des autres, seul, seul... pas des autres: il y a plus chère (for a room with more than one person).... (Les amis), il viennent visiter pour chaque heure. C'est lui qui reste avec moi plus de l'heure... Mark ...oui.... Ma mère, elle vient à trois heures, elle quitte à cinq heures moins quart. Pourquoi l'hospital ferme par six heures. Mark, il vient à six heures! Driis aussi, panadero, Driis qu'il était - vient à six heures, lui - pssss -

Tu sais, le troisième jour je pleure moi - je pleure - je vu lui (Mark) et l'autre - ahh! Il vient difficile pour moi. Jamais dans ma vie je entré dans hospital. Et vient: et ça, c'est le grand ami de moi à Tanger: Mark. Et l'autre ils viennent comme si comme ça. Pssss! Cette semaine je peux pas se souvien jamais dans ma vie! Je vu les deux va sortir: psssss - je pleure cette nuit, beaucoup, et plus d'un quart - une heure moins quart. Il vient difficile pour moi. Vient difficile, oui, Mark, difficile. Pourquoi jamais dans ma vie je reste dans une chambre comme ça cinq jours. Jamais dans ma vie. C'est vient difficile ou vient pas difficile? Mais moi, je lève avant de cinq jours. Si moi, je veut rester au hospital cinq jours ou six jours, je reste - mais moi je lève... quitté à la fenêtre!

8. Mais il faut savoir ce ce fait (how this is done). Je pense... Oulidi... jamais tu vois Oulidi (myself) tranquille comme ça. Jamais je ne veux pas tranquille comme ça - peux pas faire comme ça jamais. Je vivre tranquille comme ça?... mais tous ce faire rien por moi, Mark... Palace de Soultane qui commande!.... Je veux toi que tu restes tranquille, bien - et moi: tu penses pas de moi, restes bien... tu penses pas... (inaudible) veux toi tu restes fier et trop bien... sais pas... et moi, je (inaudible) jamais (inaudible) respecte (inaudible).... Tous les sorts que je fais bien pour toi, ils va passer mal por moi.... Oulidi, Oulidi, mon fils.... Mark, Mark, comme ça moi, j'aime... mais moi je veux pas e tu restes (inaudible) derrière - dans cette manière. Pourquoi tu es mal, pourquoi? Tu savais (inaudible)... de

moi quand je suis sans toi je n'aime pas cette place.... Non, tu es fou plus avant.... Effort samedi, Mark, effort .... Il ne faut pas pourquoi m'écoutes.... Je dis la vérité, Mark, samedi: au revoir Oulidi, samedi au revoir. Je parte au Tanger samedi. Chaqu'un il peut vivre dans sa vie (in his native environs).

M: Oui. Il faut chercher la manière vivre dans sa vie propre.

H: Pour moi c'est (inaudible) la manière. Moi, il n'y a pas la manière. Moi, je dis la vérité: pour n'y a pas la manière à Maroc. Ça m'est égal por moi.... Oulidi, si tu est mon oulidi.... Il va passer mal pour toi, pour moi.

M: Pour toi, qu'est-ce qu'il va passer? Pour toi - - mal?

H: Oulidi.... Mark, Mark, Mark..... Oulidi.

M: Tu es un peu fatigué? Non? Qu'est-ce que tu veux alors?

H: Sais pas fatigué, Mark, (inaudible) c'est tout.

M: Jamais fatigué?

H: Laisses-moi tranquille, Mark.

M: Comment?

H: Laisses-moi tranquille...

M: Moi je te laisse tranquille!

H: Laisses-moi tranguille: c'est mieux que tu n'aimes pas plus, et moi je n'aime pas toi plus.... Pourquoi si moi je t'aime pas - - je - - my God, Mark! Je - - moi - - - - je t'aime -..... Je va entre samedi, dimanche, au Tanger, oui?

M: Oui...

H: Et lundi je serai au prison. Tu sais? Mark!.... Mark, Mark.... Yellahtif..... Pour - - ma - - mère - - (inaudible) ....

The Nazarene Tales (tales from the Wortley Montague Codex)

STORY OF R.K., THE DISTRAUGHT, THE THRALL O' LOVE

"My spirit urged me - an one who has traveled far and wide and traversed many a desert and a tide and is hight e'en, the Chinaman, for my long sojourn in Cathay - to go forth once into the country of the Moslems. And I strove with it and struggled to put away from me this inclination; but it would not be rejected. So I chose for companion an elder Christian, an white, black-sheep Christian, a certain Cain, who was asomewhat acknowledged and in sympathy of Moslems, and we twain fared forth and journeyed about the land of the Believers of Allah in the Maghrib; and traversed the oases and mountains and cities of West Africa in all its parts. For Divine grace enveloped us and Heavenly protection encompassed me of the twain; so that nota single Maghrabi espied us but he wast verily well disposed toward me and desirous of me and kept a care, for that, of great carefulness and good hospitality toward the both. Now in a certain city of the cities of the sea, haply we were met by awed looks and gapping, and much behind-us-whispering and pointings out; and I deem it for the creamy whitenesses of our skins as they were sewn sheets of chamomile-petals, and the yellow as the great light's light of mine hair and the orange as delicious pomeroy's of Cain's crown. But after several days of slipping arear of us and

the slipping through the shadows of shadows, at length we were come before by Mahjoubi, an we learned fortuner in the streets, who gave us the good morning. And he spake a time with us pleasantly and well, and his voice was sweetly even to ear while his face wast like a golden pippin. This same Mahjoubi saluted us thrice in that sennight, giving us the salaam and the good morning and the good afternoon. And at length, at end of sennight, (thus I deem it not o'er early come to), he gave me the good night. Anext there was an one called Prewha, eke hight Peewee or Weewee, who creeded in himself that the coming before me besitteth to take in hand somewhat that suiteth my white grace; and thusly in the error that springeth from the disorder of man's intendiment, set afore me claims that his sire and dam, eke grandsire and greatest-granddam, were Northmen sure and of a country hard-east of Cain's own. But I waited not for the terminus of his never now-bless-the-Prophet[1] geneology, which attendance would certain minish mine honour, and Heaven forfend!; but I led Weewee straightway to the blue seashore and into the dark privy tents that there abound to service handsome swimmers. And praise to the Prophet (whom Allah bless and preserve!) this Weewee wast no Northman certes, for the length of his minaret and the cutting in swift circles of his wand none but the goatish Maghrabi may monstrate, and Allah is All-knowing. Now, for numerous the adventures I had and adventurers took to me, Cain had he none, so that we twain fell to disputing of this one day, and tempers rose high and word answered word.

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[1]Now—Prophet: Arab. "Salli ala 'l-Nabi"; phrase used when one would impose silence upon a babbler.

And it coursed that Cain cursed with black heart in light of my derring-do and he grew evilly disposed toward me and he spake, repeating the words of him who saith,

'An I be not a lie-tongued blackamoor * Or sees in other his sinful devil Turk
For solace same self's profit and the buy * Of scandaled man, or sim'lar handiwork -
Thou art of the vile Lawáti[1] proved, a back * Ward man, a bottom-basted catamite,
An-muezzin-innocents to venery * Preposterous, a brown-wide, never tight-
Jowled old bardachio, low bugre born * And lower Máfa'ul[2] entraveled here,
A 'sgrace to Nazarene and grace Islam * Old shaykhs' keep, fountains' gut and sperm's deep bier.'

I heard his words, but I waxed not wroth thereat; rather did I put them off and assuage all conscience-sting alike with verse of the poet who verseth,

'I, Máfa'ul, thou Fá'il[3] art, and th' twain * Must be if do thou must as do thou dost:
And must so thus the twain, for penis' host * The round holed anus is when stiffly thrust,
An prick were forged for slit vagina's sake * A cleaver 'twere, an it thus, best left to rust.'

Yet Cain wast not stave off by that I quote, and he spake to me further, and he said, 'Leave off: thou art too eld for this!' So I counseled in my heart and counseled me and I

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[1] Arab. sig. "Lúti": "one of (the people of) Lot."
[2] Passive man; a catamite.
[3] Active sodomite.

decided to acquaint him withal the cause of my especial condition. So quoth I, 'E'en I go abed anight o' white-hair, yet on the morrow I wake me up o' yellow-crown; and I do never grow enlasting gray here after. Some say the cause of this returning of youth to me and the staving-off of hoariness from me is that I am in custom of heating the pots whereout I sup of with arrow-wood, whilst others will have it that it comes of my having dine on the Rukh-chick's flesh when whilom in far-found realm I wandered. Yet of reasons I know nothing, save know I this is, and this is indeed a wonder of wonders; and Allah is All-knowing.' Then Cain becalmed himself, though I deem with a grudge and sore unwillfulness, and he hied him from me; and we twain kept of separate inns there after, nor did we passage in a time same streets. Thus, it chanced one day of the days, as I wend this street and that lone of myself and lonesome, that I was in bald liberty to come unto and acquaint the acquaintance of a great black, a giant Moorman, an true divine and master-worker of magic and love spells; for that this Moorman wast jet black and verily coal-black a blackamoor, yet was he a youth among sootshade youth than whom was never seen a comelier face nor a goodlier form; for he was blessed of favour showing white teeth when he smiled, as always he smiled, eke was he tall-statured and broad-shouldered. As I bathed mine eyes on him from vantage of a mint-tea shop, I thought in myself this was a black who hath certes no peer or behind or before him; and it seemed to me in the giddiness and dizziness of my gaze that so comely scaped and perfect was he, that his very black a great light wast that shone and was sheen, and whereby the street entire was illumined as it were by lusters and candelabra. And I

was daze and amazed by the radiance so that I winked and blinked for the dazzle of the black light and its excess of lightninglike glance, and my wits were bewildered thereat. For albeit I am an one of family, of royal chamberlains and lofty officials, the nephew of grandees and emirs, yet I could not but especially wonder at the perfections of this Moor whose each and every would ravish the reason of an anchorite, nor could I, and I say again, gaze at him open-eyed by reason of his exceeding brilliance and radiance. Now as I sat thus bedeviled and the dark enchanter stood thus afixed afore me, it chanced that two Maghrabis came them to a camel's eye near at hand and they fell to disputing therein, and there was an small child who quaked eke, trembling 'twixt their four legs. The men were soon at bouts and the clouting of each the other upon hard head, and scuffing and fearsome fisting; yet the harm they registered each to t'other was ne'er so great as that the each did threat the guiltless child withal, for and the little one was dangerous close to trampled underfoot. Of sudden the giant black, the radiant one, sprang lithely forward and, just as the child wast come anext his babouches death sure, he lift him in single hand and wrenched him from the teeth-tight vise of camel's eye with bouting men. When the Maghrabis beheld and gleaned what the blackamoor had perform, and besaw for the strait the child was new rescued of, they ceased off fisting and fell both to the proffering of regrets and apologies and mercis upon the blackamoor. And I marveled in me with great marvel this Moor's display of speed and puissance and admired with exceeding admiration his direction and gravity and good manners. So I took an apple and tossed it in the midst of the four; whereupon the

black raised his head to see who did this, and lo, he espied me sitting as I wast, a witness in the mint-tea shop. Then I arose forthright and strode through the crowd who had crowded the quarter 'cause the rescue and derring-do, and I approached the hero-black straightway and gave him the salaam. He looked down upon me from a height of perplexion and dumb inquiry; then I smiled broadly, and he smiled return straightaway showing his gleaming teeth. 'I am Abderrahamne the Black,' quoth he, 'thy obeisant, thy very thrall.' Joined I, 'Nay, 'tis I who thrall am and thrall of this, thy hero-service!' 'But that wast naught an thou seest what else I may perform,' he answered. 'Go to,' I said, 'an that wast naught - it hath nor like nor peer in realm wide for grace or speedfulness or accurate-do.' 'An thou likest it that adirant much, O sun-crown master, I'll to it again for thee!' the black boasted, and with that he seized me round waist with single hand, and lift me foot high o'er head of all. Now it chanced that the mint leaves ensoaked in my mint-tea for flavouring and dark strength, had bubbled a gas and a gaseousness deep in my vitals; so that when the great Moor, the tall, the radiant one, hend me in hand and thrust me high mine legs were un-loosed and eke mine hind cheeks, and I brake loud wind, great and terrible." —— And she was surprised by the dawn of day and fell silent and ceased to say her permitted say. Then quoth her sister, "How sweet is thy story, O sister mine, and how enjoyable and delectable!" Quoth she, "And where is this compared with that I would relate to you on the coming night, an the King suffer me to survive?" Now when it was the next night and that was

The Three Hundred and Thirtieth Night,

Her sister said to her, "Allah upon thee, O my sister, an thou be other than sleepy, finish for us thy tale that we may cut short the watching of this our latter night!" She replied, "With love and good will!" It hath reached me, O auspicious King, the director, the right-guiding, lord of the rede which is benefiting and of deed fair-seeming and worthy celebrating, that R.K. continued his story thus: "When Abderrahamne the Black hend me high in hand, that he might double do the act that pleasured me, he loosed my buttocks, and lo and behold!, I let fly a loud fart. Now for a moment all was silence and red-face consternation in the crowd, and the black wast nigh red-face for stress of shame and consternation. But in a twinkle, I bethought me, What madness this, to feign shame and impose self-exile for an natural express of nature? And e'en as I wast, high in middle air, I fell to laughing free and loud, and the black grounded me with face laughing for stress of joy at my incontinent joy. Then all the crowd that crowded the quarter abate to laughter and loud mirth the same, and thus and in the like manner was noise of this incident end and all thought of it put off. So Abderrahamne the Black came to his true ease with me and strode in the streets with me; and I smiled in my heart, wherefor I knew this scoffing of the fart had endeared me as fun-love and gamester to him, as low and his equal bred, an loose youth and easy-make. Nor was I less displeased or dispirited when I befancied me him equal bred and easy-make. Then I applied myself to making friendship with him and I conversed

with Abderrahamne, who answered me with all courtesy and eloquence, e'en as he had been bred in the palaces of the kings or he had lived with kings his daily life. And, when the spirit spirited him, he versed,

'Let us to the hammam hie * Our friendship there to
cleanse of friends
That ere before each other had, * Or this or else our
friendship ends
For each to th' lice of many men * For other wise,
finds he contends.'

So we arrived to the baths in the adjacent quarter, and they were such baths and with such goings-on as their fellow was never seen by the Kings of the Chosroes. I speak not of the building which was all of alabaster and carnelian, and it contain marvellous limnings which captured the sight, but of the great hall which was studded with grown men and beardless youths, and all and every in all the eastern postures of the act of some kind; for of first-sight I was shame-face and mortified, and I took me to the pools and wells, and hot and cool faucets, and I bathed myself therein to the best of desire. After steaming and washing myself, I left the pools and steam-chambers and went into the great hall, where I found that my old dress wast enmoved from the estrade whereon late I had deposited, and in its spot was the giant black, babe-naked, and with boat-rudder half a black man long. 'Whither steerest thou, with this thy awesome rubbery rudder?' I cried when mine eyes finished scan his prickle's kingly length. 'Toward thee, O white-limbed,' quoth he, 'and anon in thee!' 'Then plunge to and with stiff haste, thou firest and waterest mine icy chasteness all!' I answered him; and I

abandoned myself, helpless and weak unwanton, to the sable sabre en guard on the estrade. Then embrace was made, and arm in arm locked, and leg o'er leg, and he fell to fingering me with his black tapering fingers in all my clefts and between my buttocks' cleft. When he had certified and satisfied himself of the contour and buff of the hilly route and of the tiny, rosy Heaven-portal itself, he turned me anose and belly down, and with swift thrust won to that which he ambitionedeth. Now the stab of sabre was cruel and terrible, and it buried deep and he twist it round and cruelly round; so I screamed for stress of pain and pain commingled of joy. At length, he ceased from his charges, being thrice milked and sore enflaten'd milked; and I sighed great sighs of unexpect survival. Then, behold, castratoes entered the hall and they bare clean suits newly tailored, and eke cool sherbets and ambergrised coffee of which we drank, and in the new suits bedight ourselves. Then the eunuchs brought scenters and perfumed and fumigated us, and lo!, ere they could have done and leave off, the prayer arose after faithful prostration, and entered the chapel again! And I screamed again for sensation of pain and commingled joy. Now in the days that happily followed that day, Abderrahamne and I betook us oft to the hammam, and in the same but with greater frequency, as thrice three and three thrice that, enjoined enjoying ourselves, and he thus did always pinion me. Also did we frequent all the pleasant eat-shops and smoking-pits, and the princely coffee palaces. But always of the night frequented we, for in sooth it wast the Ramadan then and I had acquaint Abderrahamne of the first days of Ramadan. So in the mornings when the sun rose and blinked from refreshing

sleep, blinked we twain in crouching sleep; and we removed each dawn to an inn anext a mosque, where the muezzin sang song most musical, most melodious, which expanded the mourner's heart, and which enslumbered us, the virilous black and me, to profoundest slumbers. And withal was naught left of what exciteth to pleasure unrepresented in my presence that Ramadan.[1] Now it chanced one day a fortnight from the day I had acquaint Abderrahamne, that we two were invite to sup at an old man's house, a certain ancient and manifestly reverenced sage. So we gat us up an hour or two after sundown, and we repaired to the suburb where this same sage abode. And he lived, we saw, in a small one room, and with him lived his nephew, a goodly youth, tall and fair-favoured. The ancient welcomed us with ready hand and smiling face, and set at once about a cuisine for us. He dropped some several small, o'er-ripe tomatoes into a pan of olive oil and of this he add an variety of firey spice and salts. This repast was scant and left me famish-vent as well as vital-turned; and the evening were one not marked for memory, save that the eld man brought forth at terminus of meal a number of jugs and cups of wine, and bade us drink our fill. So Abderrahamne drank and quaffed the wine and drank his drink-fill, but for myself I touched it little. For not yet digested or delivered of his tomatoes, I feared complement of my host's wine. Still, Abderrahamne downed him his jugs and moiety jug-fulls, and he waxed thus sore inebriate, that the pleasure thoughts and thought of

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[1] E.W.M. suggests that the probable reason for repairing to the baths (and returning there daily), despite the versed rationale (p.726), was the requisite of Ramadan, which the Christian notably follows in all its particulars.

his great quantity of milk came to his spinning brain. So he threw himself atop me, there in the midst of sage and nephew, turning me down and spitting betwixt mine hind cheeks, the better to ease his widesome way; and he drave him home with all drunk and abundant joy. As I lay thus nose-aground, I espied the ancient out top o' eye, and he was besitted there an witness of satisfied smile and deep silent rejoicing; for I am a Christian, and the violation thereof by Moslem ever pleaseth old Moslems. But I laughed also in mine sleeve, and I said in myself, 'An I am pleasured thus, what boot I?' Yet after the act was enact, and I had risen from my fours and stood up, I saw that Abderrahamne would sleep then and promptly and that sleep gat hold of him, so I grew, for stress of being left lone and lonesome with these stranger Maghrabis, hot-cheeked and exceeding mortified. I hied me with haste then from the small one room and I took the road methought would route to city. As I strode along with short step, and sigh of basted bottom, presently I beheld two figures approach and they were the figures of the sage and his tall nephew. 'Whither steerest away so swift, good Christian guest, good white-boy guest?' queried the ancient. Quoth I, 'Canst steer me city-toward?' 'With love and good will!' the sage said, and he led me then pathaside, and o'er an adjacent hillock. Now if there were an man on the road still, an man or say as Cain, and he chance to look up at the hillock that moment, shouldst meet his eyne a swirling cloud of dust and tossed clothes and trousers and flying shoes; for the tall, fair of favour nephew had thrown me and pinioned me, and the sage, the ancient uncle, proceed to spat betwixt my buttocks and interred his age-bent, years-utiled tool therein. And the

whilst he laboured and heavily breathed, he whispered o'er and anon in mine wildered ear: 'Thou vex thee naught with fright - we never mean thee hurt!' So I becalmed me in short, and consoled myself with viridity of grass that 'twixt my teeth was forced, and with the verses of him who saith,

'Denied I reasons reasoned, then denied * I proffered pleas
and implorations sore;
But soon wast giant, twice the force of me * Applied, and I
ate grass, spake verse galore.'

When the ancient had spent his hard breath and finished at long length his villain deed, (though not so villain I could not find a pleasantness and a goodly excitement therein), his nephew spake, and he said, he too, would to the ravishment. Then I beheld the youth's size, for he had lift his outer garment and his yard was hard 'gainst the thin trousers, and lo!, his size wast verily an yard. 'For Allah sake (Who bless ye and redeem ye!), let me fare forth no further use!' I cried. But the Maghrabis seized me, and ground me, bellying me again; yet ere they could win to villainy a second crime, Abderrahamne - who stirred him now from his sleep and came forth from the small one room of search for me - happen'd upon us and through bruit of my cries. And he hoist off the lusters and thrust them from me; and he demanded of them the extend of their deed. 'An and we in nothing wrong our good guest,' quoth the sage, 'an we steereth him a course he steering of course desireth of us, return ye both no mercis and good well come, that we sought to not gainsay good hospitality, thus so not only steered, but drave him eke?' Herewith I gave out to laughter and free merriment, nor care for the

lent's maltreatment in that I laughed thereat his cleverness

[illegible] jocularly; and when Abderrahamme saw me thus fancy taken, he laughed too, and he spake to them: 'Get ye hence, O ye steerers, ye fearless guides, or and ye steer white, I'll steer the brown!' And forthwith he disperse the Maghrabis and they took to heel for dear life. Yet e'en as I stood thus gazing upon the black and the bear he command at simple word, whereat my mind was perplexed and my wits were bewildered and my thoughts became distraught - kenned I certes and I wot with sure knowledge wherein I had tumble headlong in love of him. And when Abderrahamme began thus: 'Wherefor, O yellow-crown, hast thou wrought on this wise and gat thee out alone and suffer'dst not my warding evil-willsters off—', I brake him off and cried out: 'Be he the richest in good or the greatest in governance, I love not other than thee!' Abderrahamme, hearing these words, was seized with surprise, and remained tongue-tied for a time, after which he turned to me and said, 'Thy slave deserveth not this encomium.' 'And who be he shall,' asked I, 'an thou deservest not? Dearling, all the many others that hither and there fro and to are not worth a nail paring of thy left hand. And think not thou canst fly from my heart, for it would bring thee back to it even if thou wert above the clouds instead of being only upon earth's surface.' And so the giant black, the magical Moorman, took me to him and embraced me with strong grip; and the twain, for that my thrall me his discovered, swear each the other his life's long love. And thus, in and Allah perpetuate my spinning brain of love and my thoughts distraught of love, (and He bless and perpetuate thee!), so men were come to surname me the Distraught Chinaman, and to catch me up from place to place, laughing with me the while, and surnaming me

the Thrall o' Love. Thus much for myself and the angelous black; but as for Cain, the orange-crown, the staid of morals, he fared not well in this city of African cities: for it seemeth that in number of times I took my black-barbed lover to back, so did Cain never once put beardless youth to his. But he waxed of stead sore sullen for his great restrain, and for this storeth up udders-full of milk became he slow-stepped and stay-at-inn. Now it happened one day that a carnival, a great fair that celebrateth the beauty and limb-vigour of youth, arrived into the city and with it the disporting youths of the Maghrib, and Cain fared him forth that day that he might gaze his fill upon the beauteous boys. But after watching at length at the maydan plain whereon the youths played with the jarid, and at the hippodrome where they showed their horsemanship that none of other lands could withstand them and their cavalarice on stallions whose like was not among the steeds of the Arab al-Arba, Cain waxed him sore distressed again and wast in high dudgeon for his sight, but never his touch o' them. So he repaired to a vintner's mart where he thought to have two or three cups full would cause him wax careless. And he spake to the wine merchant, saying, 'Good man, I have with me some distilled drink, but 'tis the growth of my country and I vehemently wish to taste the wine produced by thine.' 'To hear is to obey,' the merchant said, and he fell to making a cup companion of Cain, and ceased not from the exchange of cup and crowning cup after cup until the wine had mastered both their brains. At length, when his head began to swim and all the world seemed as nothing in his eyes, Cain gat in his head to betake to the city gates where the carnival boys were embark upon departure then, and

to bid them the fond farewell; but, as he stepped down the step of the wine-shop, his tendon chord[1] caught it on the understep and a cut brake and the blood bleeded and flowed free. Natheless, Cain limped and dragged and crawled himself along until he reached the gates, and there he slobbered and wept in his cups and bade the beautiful youths tear-full farewell. Now I, in meantime, wist naught of all this and so I disported myself with the black of easy conscience that day long. But when sun set and day light dimmed, I turned toward my inn, and lo!, there at mine locked portal and shut fast was Cain broad prostrate, and all about him were scarlet blood and vile-scent regurgitation. 'How camest thou to this sorry pass?' I cried to Cain, and he, for answer, lift a ready moiety draughted cup and cursed me betwixt his teeth, saying, 'I know no use save one of thee, thus thou art useless here, and thus hie thee hence away!' Then I thought in myself the Christian inebriate somewhat more base e'en than Afric one, and that Cain did verily fancy himself now Iskander,[2] Lord of the Two Horns; so I pulled away the cup which wast within his hand and bussed the brim, and toasting, 'To thy long life and secret wishes, O fond onanist!', drained it to the dregs and dropped it down empty upon the floor. And I fared forth with high head and great disdain and I ne'er saw Cain again till last day, the day I departed the Maghrib. And day of sorrowful days, that day had had it to come; for I wast low exceeding low of gold, and I had eke scholar matters and filial deputed duties in natal land to which 'twas incumbent upon me I abscond. So the day of leave-taking brake

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[1] i.e., Tendon of Achilles.
[2] Alexander the Great.

and dawned and it was broad day, and mine eyes ran hot tears and the eyes of Abderrahamne water'd hotly. But at length I unarmoured myself from my lover's breast, and each making to other a covenant to life-holden of his soothfast love e'er lasting, I boarded boat; and the anchor was lift and I sailed into the ocean. As I stood on deck confined and drawn out to sea, I bethought me of the manifest wonderful time I had had withal in West Africa; and I swear me a swear deep within me that I shouldst, upon mine arrive in native country, relate and inform all of that which had chanced of hap to me in the Maghrib. And, oath-true, upon my embarking I accost all friends and informed them, in short, of everything that had happened to me from commencement to conclusion - none of which I will repeat for interest fails in twice told tales. Yet is my story not altogether nor in this way accomplished or moraled or garnered with warner, save in that which I have yet to relate, and it is asomewhat touching the matter of the keeping of covenants: Now when the first night fell on the sea and the waves and billows became black except for lining o' full moon, I descended down into the cabins of tne boat to retire me to my sleeping space, but lo!, I discovered the Rais'[1] son, a broad-shouldered youth and a handsome, was fast him and profoundestly asleep upon mine very sheets. Then I gaze down on him and on his slumber-beauty and magnificence, and I admired his comeliness not a little; so I said in myself to mine conscience, 'Nor wonder thou an I have changed this night from that I was this covenant morn, and the reason thereof is I have determined upon taking this marine to friend and play-

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[1]The master or captain, but not proprietor, of a ship.

fellow in lieu of and succession to Abderrahamme, for that now I have none other man but this one.' And with that I stirred the captain's son and woke him and he smiled a wide smile and moved to side of sheets; and I discharged all atire and slipped down beside him, and behold, in a twinkle the twain were at full carouse and lascivious. Now, and I be not held as mistaker to pact, I will tell thee I have heard and since so certified that the verily same night I bedded with the Rais' son (and night of day of covenant-make it was) did mine heart's blackamoor, my dearling Abderrahamme, fall upon and pleasure by force the tendon-torn and foot-sore Cain. And lest this be this and that be that of all to infelicity, needs must I add men recount Abderrahamme relates this hap and his story has it that 'twas Cain solicit him, and again, it was Cain beguiled the blackamoor by addressing him in the sweetest terms of hidden meaning, and 'twas Cain proffered up, and of himself and freely, his own buttocks. Thus and in the like the moral mind and proud Fá'il, base Máfa'ul he others appelled himself became and a marvellous coincidence was accomplished; thus concludeth my story, and Praise be to Him Who changeth and Who is not changed!"

THE SECOND TALE OF THE COURTEZAN

"Whilom I dwelt in Africa land and in a khan there which was finely and richly edified, yet whose prime marvel was an upper kiosque or belvedere of nine or ten and twenty windows; and 'twas my wont to recreate myself therein, gazing upon the spacious view, when Afric sun too hotly shone for the faring forth to street. One afternoon as I was sequestered of ease and sleepy indolence within this kiosque, a wealthy shaykh

repaired him to the Mosque ere, and when he espied me there
[illegible] he at once and without let or stay: 'O my Lady, 'tis
my desire that thou abide with me alway, and that thou put
thee in prime place among my seraglio, so might I be blessed
through thee, and also learn of thee thy Nazarene path of
worship and piety and follow thine example making for salvation.'
I protested with good protest and all undissemblance that I
was no man's-wife sure, yet he deigned not recognition of mine
vouchment, but he continued: 'There in my seraglio palace
shalt thou dwell, with every comfort about thee and in all
privacy and repose, and the palace shall be named after thy
name.' Seeing that the shaykh was thus of high gravity deter-
mined, I answered him kindly and said, 'By Allah, O rich Shaykh,
I doubt not that thy seraglio palace is indeed passing fine
and wondrous exceedingly, but alas for the lack of one thing
which would enhance its beauty and perfection that its fellow
be found never in the whole universe.' Asked the shaykh, 'O
my Lady, what lacketh it, and what be this thing would add to
its perfection? Tell me thereof, inasmuch as I was wont to
believe it wholly perfect.' So I answered: 'O opulent Shaykh,
and it casteth a shade of sadness upon mine mood, yet all thy
seraglio palace wanteth is that there be no seraglio within,
and indeed, if I thy wife shall be that I shall be thy sole
and single wife.' Now I spake this out the toying and whiling
away of time, and to strave off his grave pleas; but he brake
at my words into broad smile, and he rejoined, 'And for this
trifle thou art sadden, when 'tis the easiest of all matters
to me! So cheer thyself, and whatsoe'er thou wantest 'tis
enough thou inform me thereof; and I will accomplish it, yea,
an its wroughting be perforce of the abysses of the earth; and

in the quickest time and at the earliest hour.' 'What manner of speech is this -' quoth I of short patience, 'in intention to keep this plight thou never possess anything like one of the smallest part thereof; for certes, thy worthiness must find it a singular and the boon I ambition and the bourne of mine aspiration an singular indeed.' Herewith the shaykh waxed white of face and trembling-limb, and he cried in consternation: 'Nay, Inshallah!, and I will do it!' Then, seeing him in this case and in such strait of passion, I bethought me to calm him, so I rejoined, 'Praise be such exalted distinction which hath fallen to none save to myself! E'en thou deemest the plight whereto thou art sworn difficult exceedingly, but compose thy thoughts and arise and bring me somewhat I may have show or proof thou shalt to it; then mayest thou hearten thy heart and verily cool thine eyes for the winning of thy wish to wife me.' 'Hearing and obeying,' quoth the shaykh, 'and that thou attendest my lightning-glance return here, I'll set a watch to ward thee.' So saying, he bade the aga of his eunuchry come forth and stand watch the door of the kiosque that I quit there not until such space of time as he, the shaykh, shouldst reappear. Now I kenned naught and I imagined nothing in advance of the incarcerate strait I then discovered myself, and for a time I was sore perplexed for an route and which to escape. But at length, I knot and joined up some several draperies and veils that lay nearby on the divans in the kiosque, and, tying an end to a window-pillar, I shinned myself down on an adjacent terrace-roof whilst the eunuch, the guard aga, saw neither did he hear aught of that which I accomplished by way of this escape. Then I took to heel o'er roof and harem-hold and terrace and

sun-poreh till I came at last to a stair and this I descended gaining, with lungs near burst, the ground and street. Then I hied me with all haste to the solitude and secrecy of the night-beach, where I drew near to an olden half bark, a beached tempest-wreck, and I crawled into its shadow hard by the shipboards. There and in that manner did I pass the dew-chilled night, but when the morn showed her face and the warbling of the small birds was heard, I bethought me, alas! yet needs must I return to the khan in that mine gold and all my earthly goods are therein stored.[1] So I arose from the sand and in due time I arrived at the khan, and lo!, there was the shaykh e'en as forevision mayeth have envisioned it, a-waiting my come. 'What hath betided thee that thou passed not the night at this thy caravanserai?' he queried in his quick rage. And I answered him: 'O my moneyed Shaykh, and it casteth a shade of sadness upon mine mood, but an giant Ifrit came to the kiosque when even last evened, and he bare me thence and kept me the night entire away and in exceeding fright and fearsome fearfulness!' The shaykh pondered my answer with wilely discrediture and he mourned and reviled me for the excess of his rage against me. Then he pushed me upon a divan and, stripping himself and me of all our vestments, came unto me as a man cometh unto a woman sitting up; yet his prickle was small and verily an one of male-babe, and for that the case was difficult and the enjoining of pleasure-halves hard come by and the passing of the thread

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[1] The similarity of the tales ascribed to the Courtezan (see vol. v. 285) leads Galland to believe they are all really one tale that was told in a number of various MSS. and editions, which through long severance grew different. He says, "Une fève et c'était fendue."

through needle eye mighty tedious. So he mounted upon my breast and pinioned me supine, and thus and in the well-known usual fashion, won to carnal copulation, and he consummate and abate whate'er maidenhead the mysterious Ifrit had deign patch me anew. And yet immediate on his terminate arrival, and thou portest this and inscribe it in thine histories of Moslem oaths, he arose without let or stay and equipped himself for departure and for the coming in to me of another shaykh, the first of his friends, the fast friend of himself. And this second shaykh make all haste to hook up mine legs o'er his shoulders and plunge forthright in yawning gulf. —And so much for my days at the khan of the kiosque and for the proffferings of marriage of the Moslems. Yet there was an hap other, and whilst I was still in Africa land, whenas the imagined Ifrit I couldst welladay have welcomed and in exceedingly unimaginary state. That was an time that for solace from my lone and great lonesomeness I consulted a fellow natalland at himself's wone, for he was a dweller in this same Moorish city. And the whilst I visited with him and made my acquaint of him, lo, it chanced that there came the call upon me of a call of Nature and whether or the victuals of this Afric country or no; but I begged of excusal with excuses and arose and went to the place of the jakes. Now the jakes was an narrow darksome place, fulsome and mean, yet I entered thereunto for the urgency of my case; and when I stood within its door closed upon me; yet I was not dismayed, for as the saw saith: 'No which goeth to of itself but mayn't of another full returneth.' So I did the deed of deeds most perforce and when I made terminus anon I tried at the door, when, lo and behold!, 'twas locked and fast shut. Now the privy was

lighted up with light that came through air holes and bull's eyes in the upper surface which formed the roof, yet and for that was found naught save gloom in this den; and it was impossible for any to escape through the skylights, withal too serpent-narrow and slippery of ascent. So I gave out to shrieking and hallooed out; notwithstanding this Nazarene, my country man, and Jah An mine lady friend heard nor did they come of rescussor whereof they dallied in the chambers within and caroused themselves in carousal with all love liesse. Long while they stayed confined of bed and at attendance of tail tickling whilst I was constrained to tickle mine own end perched o'er the foul-hole a-center of the closet. And I lay the moiety of night in that wardrobe, a black hole, frightful, noisome of stench, truly dammable. Furthermore, and curse of maledict curses! those hours entire no Ifrit real, or e'en I say of imagination bourne to solace and console at least mine distracted wits, appeared its omnipotent appearance, or an semblance one alight it within the jakes to spirit me thence. At length, when (and so I have it from the lovesome twain) they left off of my absence their pleasure leave, the Nazarene and Jah An arose of search for me and their memory returned after sweet death[1] of whither I had fared forth to fare. And they discovered the privy shut and fast lock and oped it; and I came forth from the dimness and said, 'I marvel ye sat this long in converse replenish what while I sat in such depleting case.' The Nazarene laughed with mischievous laughter and quoth he, 'Who cast thee, O my Lady Loose-legs, into such pit of peril?' and he fell to talk-

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[1]Galland reads, "la petite mort." There is no expression equivalent in English.

ing of the matter and of how he, too, had several time been a-somewhat retarded in the chapel of ease. 'And Ifrit came there none to succor thee?' asked I. 'Nay,' he answered, 'but many an devil-Jinn of fright and fearsome wilder wits did I entertain in wholesome Ifrit's stead.' Then he marveled that neither had I any inkling of whence befell me that which had befallen, and he instructed, 'An thou avail hereto hereafter, 'tis requisite that thou remove the handle and knob from outside o' door as an burner of bridges that bridge none upon him mayeth cross; and that thou port it with thee within the jakes. Then mayest thou a-fix it from within when thy work is accomplish and so fare forth at thine own will and of thy private fortitude. For as saith the saw, 'An six forego me, how prevail the half-dozen follow?': and this proceedeth from the intelligence 'gainst stay in murky thought and polluted place which Allah perpetuate to thee and all His intelligent make.' So I thanked the Nazarene for his kind instruction and good advice which carefully I laid to with that all else of note and consider-worth I had collect in Africa; but I considered within me the while I returned wit for wisdom and all these thanks and I devised a decision whereby I shouldst soon quit this land for the many hazards and misadventures it containedeth; to which purpose I applied with all application on the morrow till secured an oath of an agent of the Wali, and this policeman, an soft of speech and melancholy enjoiner, sware he would escort me and forego me with all ensured surety and security to point we reached the borders of his country. And the which, in short, the agent was accountable to, so we discovered the frontiers and the shore of Africa land with naught-nay of mishap, though in sooth I

were't a Maghraoi's mercy from happen whatso might happen. Yet, when we o'erbook the port and when we stood at partures' parting, the policeman waxed sad of smile and exceeding melancholy, and at length he said, 'With us there be a custom throughout our country, but I know not an it be the usage of yours or not.' Answered I of mine gratulate safety, 'Adsum! Thy slave between thy hands is come. Ask of me whatso thou wantest.' And hereupon he answered forthright, 'An a friend friend favour in our country, latter to former's privy chamber repairs and there his remercis monstrates.' 'Thy slave is between thy hands,' I repeated to purpose new; for I bethought me that in sooth 'twas long journey of city to port and a tedious ward for which he had endured such toil and travail as man may not bear save for so great an object; and through the like bethought consented I of all consentable. Whereupon the policeman rejoiced and his melancholy left him. Being, however, a good Moslem who professed the unity of the Godhead, he feared Allah in his soul, and, standing upon the margin, he proceed to perform the wuzu abolution; the whilst I removed to his wone; and after he came in to me. Now when I had sail sea and vaulted crest and plunged 'twixt wave for many an day and fellow wat'ry night, I reached at last my native land and wend me toward mine own home. And when I was there and had abode therein an while of good satisfaction and deep, I discovered that all mine haps in foreign realm and chances and fall-tos and eventures had form an cullment and a collect of warners and morals, morals for whoso can take moral from that which betideth (an woman whoso I surely am) and warners for they warnings ken of fare and fortune (an woman whoso I surely am); and with this knitwork and patching of wisdoms I

composed my mind and my mind composed with exceeding composure all mine acts. Now mine acts consisted of presence and absence, but mostly I absented myself from presence others' and others' presence presented myself withal in mine private dwelling; for the days and deeds of my travels were o'er, and I wot lawful and rightly o'er, for I was now accomplisht and, as it were, fitten'd and wholeheld. So an world traveled to me as once I to the world, and it was a world of folk whose tale might not be told; and they whiled noontides and whole evens at mine pleasant dwelling and hospitality; and I conversed and consulted with all and every and their hearts every and each delighted of my recital and adventures and moral-wit and warner-wisdom. And amongst they who came and knock upon my door was a certain youth, Err Vey hight, that was the twain-parent brother of the Nazarene I ken in Afric land, the same for who tarried long so then to sooth-saw mine rescue from the chapel of good think. And Err Vey had a-come of perturbation touching his brother the Nazarene (for that he learned of twice or thrice told tale I had dealings of this Nazarene) and he was in sorest perplexity for his brother's estranged case. Natheless, when he broached me anent tidings his brother, I spoke thus:

'Most far most near, most near most far
Nor is there aught in scimitar
Nor under North or Southern star
Nor passage point[1] or circular
And thus thou knowest, knowing, are
Mystery Realms not more bizarre

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[1]Apparently, passage on a single point; i.e., no motion at all.

Than that thou tellest me his Star

Of thine withal dissimilar?'

Then Err Vey pondered my say with pondering and deep thought, and, when he had recalled and rescued to mind suffice of certificate and profferable forth, he suffered to pass muster and review afore my proposal so he began to relate the matters touching

Err Vey and the Phantasm Thomás Eduardo

'"It came to pass for what my brother's voyage and long absent from house and home I waxed exceeding distraught; and for ignorance of his well fare I discovered mineself in deep sorrow and mourning. Now my incognizance of his acts and activity was like to a burthen upon me of his unknown acts, as an burthen is enheaped and responsibled upon an ass' backside; so for awesome weight of this and for thought to out-distance its lease of pond'rance I set out and cut across the wilds and wolds and heights for the space of many a month until I reached Andaluthia and the capital of Roman Moorland. Upon my entrance into the capital city an gate guard accost me and, after saluting me, he challenged my permittance to sojourn within the city. So I buried hand in pocket and forthright fished out my contracts and deeds of travail and Wali-registrants; but lo, e'en as I placed the packet of mine free surrender upon the guard's palm I descried an small parcel concealed amongst the contracts and it was an concealment of hemp leaves that I had cached there for my secret and law-forbid use,'"

——And she was surprised by the dawn of day and fell silent and ceased saying her permitted say. Then quoth her sister, "How sweet and tasteful is thy tale, O sister mine, and en-

joyable and delectable!" Quoth she, "And where is this compared with that I would relate to you on the coming night an the Sovran suffer me to survive?" Now when it was the next night and that was

The Three Hundred and Eighty-fifth Night,

Her sister said to her, "Allah upon thee, O my sister, an thou be other than sleepy, finish for us thy tale that we may cut short the watching of this our latter night!" She replied, "With love and good will!" It hath reached me, O auspicious King, the director, the right-guiding, lord of the rede which is benefiting and of deeds fair-seeming and worthy celebrating, that Err Vey continued his story thus to the Courtezan: "'When I had take out my documents and made show of them to the gate guard I saw there was within them a parcel of forbid hemp leaves concealed; yet it was late, and again I say too late, to do aught anent retrieving it before the guard shouldst descry the thing. 'Alas!' I sighed, 'for now am I undone and ruined sure. There be naught for it now an there be not goal.' Yet the guard, and for that he was an slow of wit or else in all-hurry haster; but when he read the registrants and certifications saw not a whit of the hemp leaves nor did he touch them, neither did he assort them out. Of stead, he fold all together, concurred it were of lawful order, and straightaway returned that which he had take - and methought of a moment I espied a wilely and cunning smile upon his face. Now all this was strange and of rare unwonted nature and I took it as an kind of mark or superscription of angelic word; so I removed to a somewhat

secreted place hard by the city's gate and there I brought forth an little pipe and selected of the hemp leaves and proceed to smoke. And lo the taste was delectable and the scent of the burning leaves sweet, and the magical fumes rose to my head. But no sooner were the fumes risen and the toxication accomplisht, when lo and behold! there appeared before me an exceedingly wild and disheveled man, whose mien and demeanor for his unfit vestments and long enraggled hair, 'twere incumbent on me my taking off a-space; but forasmuch as he was thus near-hand I could not escape from out his sight nor yet his ensuent words, which were, to wit, 'Thomás Eduardo! O Thomás Eduardo, think not that I espy thee not!' 'Indeed I am no Thomás Eduardo!' quoth I; but he continued, 'Thomás Eduardo, thou art Thomás Eduardo, think not I ken thee not or know naught in thy name. Moreover, thou forsakest thy friends and eld acquaints; thou forsakest all and eldest thine eld faithful companions, Thomás Eduardo!' 'Thou art of need an somewhat administered to men when diseased with dangerous distemper,' I enjoined, but still he continued, 'Thou forsakest thine lauders and wishers-well, yet ne'er forsakedst thou aught as forsakedst thou thine own brother-blood.' Hereupon I was seized with surprise and marveled with exceeding marvel at the lunatic cunning of the man, in that he should wist aught my case and the stress and distress I was burthen withal anent brother-severance. Nath the less, I determined to dissemble with the disheveled man and not make known my matter, for it behooved me to embark upon diligent research and find out who this man ever might be. Yet e'er and anon ne'er so how I broached him, thereafter quoth he only, and again he quoth it: 'Brother-

forsaker, forefender-orother thou, O Thomás Eduardo!' So at length, I took counsel in myself of this strange accusal and the rejoinder whereby I might verily win clear of it. And, at last, I said: 'Indeed I am not Thomás Eduardo and brother have I none except in one an who be this very moment in Africa. And how so high the tides or wide the lands that lie betwixt us, yet ken I and with knowledge soul-certified where'er he be and whatever doeth amongst the Infidels nothing but that teacheth new love and his being new intimacy of life is.' Upon hearing these words mine the raggle-haired stranger smiled a wilely, cunning smile, and lo! incontinently evanished. So I knew that e'en hard by the capital's gates yet was my voyage o'er; and by this sign and mark of the lunatic spirit was I comforted and condoled of my burthen of brother-act; and abandoned thus, yet I was somewhat resigned and cheered. And I rose up from the secreted place and wend homeward and came to my home; which is here, e'en in the very city in which I now stand afore thee, O Courtezan. And such is my story and such my certificate and profferable forth anent thy wise proposal.' Now I enjoyed this recital of Err Vey (the Courtezan continued) for I found it an true and an purposed to my purpose; and his, in come to me, a-like; so I enjoined him to join me in a different salon, whither we removed and partook of dessert and coffees and of these and other pleasures our sufficiency. And after when we had compast of each the other's largesse, I gave this natal youth a-somewhat of new hemp leaflets and, rising from my natal parts, let him out by the door." And thuswise runneth and to such divertisement the Courtezan's tale; but as regards her bosom-mate, the fair of face and sun-sheen tresselled Jah An, she

who had eke sojourned in Afric land and adventures dared and endurances dured, an one of the Sayyids hath related that she tells

THE SECOND TALE OF JAH AN

"One day of the days it fell out that my sire and life's provedore came to my private stead, and he spoke thus: 'O my daughter, the core of my heart, my only child than whom I have none other, at the end of my wishes is to give thee an husband and rejoice in thee; nor is it meet an eld man have a fair daughter and a marriageable, who tarrieth, e'en as thou dost, so length ere nuptial rites.' Upon hearing my father's words I waxed sullen and exceeding saddened o' soul, for that I wist no swain in all the land that pleasedeth me, nor yet an one of whom I longed exchange the marriage vow. And when I spake my soul and told clear of thatso wast in mine heart, my father fell to berating and blaming me for what I should nurse so ill an sentiment; and it was pull parent and pull me for dure of some several distress-full months. At length, one day my sire made act of presence at my stead, and upon him he ported a fabulous jewel, rare and of shining the sheeniest, withal it was crookt of an end and a-somewhat imperfect of its balance. 'This gem is costliest beyond all other its ilk,' quoth my father, 'but in it is wanting an corner and of symmetricality imperfect, there be none amongst the wights hereabout who doth covet it, or who soliciteth the purchasing of me; for that this stone is of singular lovely and of unique beautiful by reason of its unperfectness and it hath an mysterious awry glister, few there be that possess powers to love it or descry its

rareness and oneness and, thereby, desireth ownership. Yet if there be in the wide world an single swain who wotteth its worth and who straightaway coveteth it, yet is he a rare and worthy wight hisself and, verily I tell thee, an one would prove an husband the equity of thee. Of thiswise I am in all certification; and I do in no wise make japery of thee: so must thou then, O daughter mine, fare thee forth o'er the continents and seek out this altogether worthy man, and my will is thou commencest thy journey this very day; and here is the crucible jewel.' 'Whatso thou wilt have of me that will I deserve to persuance,' I answered my father, 'and therefor I shall find out this swain who loveth the gem unperfect, be he on mountain highest or otherside farthest sea; and thou shalt give him to me in wedlock and I will espouse him.' Hereupon I arose and, without let or stay, issued forth my father's house; and I rigored my mind to long sojourn, though in sooth without a single notion as to whither I should wend. Natheless, bearing the fateful jewel about on my body alway, I took this turn and that highway, and succeeded, albeit the course was danger-fraught and frightful, in crossing from country to other, and finally from sea to sea. And all the whilst and wheresoe'er I alight or put up stay, yet was there never an single man looked admirantly upon the gem, nor any one inquired anent its purchase. At length, I found myself in West Africa and there wandered about the desert roads and city streets; and I went up to each and every that seemedeth of substance, and I broached him and accost him relating to the matter of the bartering the stone; still, e'en here in the land of the dervish strange and uniquely discovered thing, wast there

none amongst the merchants or moneyed nabobs would deign look twice upon or yet bargain after my unperfect port. Finally an one of the folk, upon hearing of my case, led me aside; and he counseled me saying there was an one, Mustapra the Learned Night, that dwelt in the walled quarter of the city, and if 'twere any should lend ear to price o' mine ware, yea and 'twere he alone. So I follow the man's instruct, and I found out this dwelling of Mustapha the Learned and I went in to him. Of the first Mustapha bedrown me with converse, and then again with wit and whimsicals for the length of three, perchance four hours; hence, I was hard flound'ring for moment's pause in which to proffer my good, the long the late noon and early eve; but when the eventide evened and all wast quiet dark, Mustapha broke recital that he might then brake bread; and then and there I brought forth the lovedless jewel. 'What use or possible purport hath this,' cried Mustapha, 'seeing that it is quarterpart chipt, eke all awry, eke light-betwist?' 'It hath no purport save the secret purpose of itself,' quoth I. Then I brought forth a somewhat wrought iron clasp, an weird, anchor-shaped thing, and I enfixed it upon the unperfect stone. Said I to Mustapha then: 'Look thou, this be the bestest way this chipt jewel mayst be held; and this holding be the fartherest and furtherest end the stone doth have.' Mustapha gazed upon that I had wrought and bethought on what said, until he became like the dumb, unable to utter a syllable for the excess of his wonder. Also his sense was stupified the more, and so I wot, for that I was a woman shouldst proclaim thus, and this were a country where women stoodeth low of society, and were holden for scant o' wit and list-

worthy were, and were household-enslavedeth.[1] But as regards myself, I enjoyed with exceeding enjoyment the eloquent tonguelessness and the new silence, albeit I kenned all was anaught here anent the selling of the gem. So, at length, I rose up and issued forth from Mustapha's abode, and was turned again upon the fortune of the streets. Presently, I made the acquaint of an opulent merchant, a wight of wealth and substance, and he invited me to partake of sup within his privy chambers. Now I was sore famisht and fatigued of limb, so though maid must for sup and privy converse her maidenhead fear, yet did I go up with this merchant and to his self's own rooms. And behold, upon our arrival and the reseating of ourselves at low table, twoscore damsels at once appeared and each claspt a dish enheaped to ceiling with sweetmeats and fruits of sorts; which when I put forth my hand to the food and tasted it, I was struck with surprise at the flavour of these dishes and their savory and sumptous cooking. Then we had partake our sufficiency in each and every of the edibles, the damsels reappeared, and 'twas then I took note not an one of them but she could not say to the full moon o'er the gardens of Tarábulus and Atrábulus, 'Quit thy throne to worthier successor!' And all proceed to dance and whirled about with flowing arms and dainty steps and twisting bellies; and all held instruments of mirth and merriment, which they tuned the same and deftly moved their finger tips and smote the strings into song most musical,

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[1]This single insinuation, (i.e., that she comes from a country where women apparently enjoy equality with men in even intellectual affairs), is all that is offered to explain the otherwise incomprehensibility of Jah An's journeying alone.

most melodious, which expanded the mourner's heart. Then the merchant turned to me, and he asked: 'What sayest thou? Tell me, hast thou seen in all thy time aught like this amongst the mightiest of earth's merchants and kingly marketers for the abundance of servance and entertainments we are now beholding?' 'In very sooth the thing is beyond the compass of King and Caesar!' quoth I. And wherein, indeed, wast aught of deficiency in this substantial goodsman's winsomeness, his liberality and generosity, his fine manners and his good morals? However, seeing that the moment was fortuitous and ripe for what this merchant was full o' food and merry sight and deepest satisfactions, I stayed not upon the gapping in wondrance of all this splendid past but forthright presented my e'er repeated query: 'Ho! what thinkest thou of this the wanting of corner and symmetricality imperfect stone who I do uncover upon mine palm?"——And she was surprised by the dawn of day and fell silent and ceased to say her permitted say. Then quoth her sister, "How sweet is thy story, O sister mine, and how enjoyable and delectable!" Quoth she, "And where is this compared with that I would relate to you on the coming night an the Sovran suffer me to survive?" Now when it was the next night and that was

The Three Hundred and Eighty-sixth Night,

Her sister said to her, "Allah upon thee, O my sister, an thou be other than sleepy, finish for us thy tale that we may cut short the watching of this our latter night!" She replied, "With love and good will!" It hath reached me, O auspicious King, the director, the right-guiding, lord of

the rede which is benefiting and of deeds fair-seeming and worthy celebrating, that the story of Jah An continueth thus:——"I questioned the generous merchant touching his approve or dislike the gem, seeing that he was in all good ease of mind and spirits high, and I suggested him suggest an price might be the lawful and bazar price the thing, saying, thereby to inciteth him: 'An thou payest these daughters o' the opulent vinter-palace this nightly's fee,[1] certes hast thou moneys with which to pay this jewel mine!' 'Nay,' quoth he, 'and my gold placeth me in this matter anaught above the neediest beggar and the poorest culler of eld clothes; for that I deem thine unperfect stone and wanting of corner to be moneyless withal and uncoinworthy. Still, though I love it not or could I fix the gem as ring upon mine ring-wearing finger, or yet set it amongst the borders and embroideries of the walls my privy chambers, yet whatso price ever thou settest upon the thing, at that will I cede it of thee. For indeed as saith the sayer: 'To Traderix I would self vend, on her goods whate'er much moneys spend.'' But I rose up upon these words and these express opinions of the merchant, and I answered him, waxing exceeding wroth, 'How thou leadest me on and again leadest me on with bewilderant generosity and good manners and high morals and thine lofty thought! For never shall I vend this jewel, and I am sware upon it, to one an he loveth it not.' 'But stay a while nor be thou thus instant with me,' the marketer rejoined, 'and if thou art sware on the vending to nary an one such me, yet will I barter thine gem of thee for this wine-decant, and

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[1] i.e., he had hired local courtezans for a private performance.

it is an server the cost of which is equal all the unperfect stones in whilom perfect state there be found in the wide world and gem-full, and more.' 'Nay, I barter naught, I am bound to gold-exchange,' I replied. Hereupon quoth he, 'By so much falls it out the better: I will give it thee of gift and free givance!' I spurned his liberality for what the disappoint of his wisdomless and his prowesses nothing evaluant and cast off all thought of accepting the decanter, but he persisted with me, saying, 'Thou wistest not the virtues of this wine-decant than whose owner none in the world should be happier and more fortunate in memory or fond well-thought.' So at length I capitulate and I accepted his gift and returned him all gramercies; and I sallied forth and after leaving him ceased not trudging until by decree of Destiny, which none may gainsay, I came abreast the person of an fellow Christian. At the first I wist not an he were an Christian, and who knoweth what men are, or citizens of this country or strangers; yet his intent of secreting his natal nature might be baffled by his beard and mustachios discovering him to be a traveling stranger,[1] and for that, I hit upon he was an fellow Christian. Now this wight to all appearance wast poor and needy, but I learned of converse with him in effect he had a store of wealth so abundant perforce he must leave it at home. Finding this fellow of goodly speech and winsome kind, I appointed an appointment with him for the morrow, an place from which the twain shouldst embark forth on journey together; and for what

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[1] Letting one's appearance go is apparently a time honoured custom of travelers abroad. This Christian is at no pains it would seem (despite Jah An's personal slowness to recognition) to avoid "Al-Samm (for Salam) alayka"=poison to thee; see vol. v. 284.

I feared for the secure of the uniquely valuable wine-decant at mine khan own, I entrusted the thing to the Christian. Now day next I was accost by the opulent merchant, the same for who had give me the decanter, and for dure of time I had in eluding him and nay-saying him, was I a-come late of the tryst place with the Christian. And lo! the Christian wast not there when at length I won free and made my appear; yet he had gone on ahead and suffered desert of me. 'And hath he gone and appropriated my property?' I bespake in myself, and again, 'Is there no way whereby I might lay hands upon the plunderer of my property, the wine-decant? Haply he hath learned of my dealings with the Moslem merchant; and perturb thereat in I am an Christian girl, of his envy and jealousy he was fired with the flame of wrath and did this desert upon me. Yet, for that, he can not know of the especial virtues of the decanter than whose owner none in the world should be more happier or more fortunate; and thus is he now fate, an he keep the thing about him, to prosper of luck and exceeding abundance of high spirit without an inkling of whence befall this that which shall befalleth. And hence to innocent of all is all the world give away. And thus and so runneth Destiny, but Allah is All-knowing!' I said this say, and waxed elevate of mood for wisdom's console but low of limb-strength and weary for the fail o' my quest for an purchaser of the unperfect gem; so I turned in mine steps and presently after many months in foreign land, made progress toward my own country and mine house own. And when I reached to my private stead my sire came in to there; and he fell at once to asking after my condition and what had betided me. Quoth I, 'O my father, I have failed in my endeavor to vend

the wanting of corner jewel, and I have met my rightful meed of punishment (which is never to hereafter marry); and I trow that none other in light of my long travail and dure will essay to follow up my research.' When my sire heard these words the light became darkness in his sight, and he falsed his oath he had made me on the matter of the jewel, declaiming aloud he would straightaway rise and fetch forth an husband for me be he scant of wit or well endowed or abundant of substance or sore needy. 'O father mine!' I protested, 'he is not worthy that thy wisdom give thy daughter to a fellow whom none knoweth what he may be an he value and love not the light-twist stone. So of thy grace now deign let me know the how and the wherein I sinned against thee in matter other of this, or, and if the Fates abet me, I will assuredly never marry.' Hereat my father cried, 'Thou knowest, O ill-thought girl, how the hearts of parents yearn unto their offspring, especially when like myself they have but one and none other to love; and though indeed I do not deem lightly of thine affection yet certes must I think thou art wanting in reverence or eke ill-willed 'gainst thy sire in thou canst thus proclaimest anent marriage vows and mine family's lineage!' Then I held back of further dispute in this matter, also the wherefor of private reasons than other the rejected jewel I shouldst not marry me: hence quoth I, 'Inasmuch as thou be ignorant o' this affair, unknowing its inner from its outer significance, I will pardon thee,[1]

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[1]This filial presumptuousness is further evidence for believing that the country in question is one where women enjoy complete equality. Scott, however, holds that the entire sentence is a copyist's error and he has translated it after his own fashion, excising half and supplying it out of his own invention; and

for indeed thou art but innocent; and as regards thine lineage and family perpetuity, 'tis but the city and thy society of men who taught thee to require this deputed of me.' So my father went out from me and he heard these words, nor did he make return or apply me with applications for an long dure there after. Upon this acquital of parent was I left to myself and lone; for I sought not mine friends or companions in the time here upon but repaired me within my private stead of stead to the priviest rooms thereof and secreted mineself; and I waxed thin of durance and sick o' soul in the days and months of my lone and lonesome, and became I ill of ease at slightest noise; and I took affright at images methought I behold within the varnishes and sheen of the furniture themselves that line my people-empty chambers. And every hour of every day I would sit and weep for my destined fate as eld women be wont to weep, and I pour forth tears until mine eyes were dried up and their lids were ulcered. But long this while, my father credit 'twas that very stone unperfect and it alone had garred me fall to this calamity: but for myself, at length I wist not whate'er verily and it might be. Now during my recluse in own rooms sundry of suitors and youthful swains came a-visiting, and each would woo me to his love, and he sueth that I take him to spouse in lieu of another and that I forget all others and all things and be consoled for the loss of them. These suitors were young, active, doughty athletes and clever novices of affairs, yet I would hide myself and seclude myself from them whene'er

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Gauttier has followed suit in the Histoire Deuxième de Jeanne, vi. 254.

they came nor would I descend until what time they were clean gone out of sight, lest perchance an one of all return and look around and descry me. In such condition I abode a while of time, and when felt fain of food a bit of bread and a sup of water made do withal; until one fine spring-night, about the middle o' the month when the moon was shining sheeniest, lo and behold! my joy of spirit and my hauteur of chin did commence a-somewhat of return, and I sallied forth and issued out my house e'en as I was wont erewhiles to do, and my customs and habituates were like unto what they had be aforetime. Yet was I not whole-heart returnedeth to former ways and manners (and methinks for aye I shan't be) for that e'en willing to take of possession and properties as stones and decanters and the like and e'en small babes,[1] yet was I hard 'gainst marriage still and the setting down o' single place and the stantiation life-long vows and committal. But I took to my father's dwelling and I abode a while with him, and I engender'd all due separation short of nuptial-consent. So my sire was pleased and he smiled and quoth he, 'I pardon thee in thou art mine only child.' Whereupon I replied, 'And I may be excused for that I did by thee, because I found myself forlorn of mine former life-habitude, the only one I knew, who to me is dearer than my very breath.'"

CAIN'S TALE

"In the year that was new then but 'tis eld as all saving and except one, I issued from thereat I abode in complete peace

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[1]This allusion to willful unwed progeneration is without precedence in the tales. Scott renders, "small orphaned babes."

and went out upon the highways and streets of the world for search of thee. I wot not whether 'tis or worthy or no an I tell thee of it, inasmuch as I no longer hold aught for fit to parlance and forasmuch as thou shalt hear naught save that what thine own ears fashion for thee; for now-a-days all men are numskull-thick, seeing and hearing and they understandeth but as across the ocean of their ill-disposed envy and hallucinations and bhang-fumed brains and their lone and sore lonesomeness. Haply I could counter-limn thy image of me and yet meseemeth 'twould serve only as turn thee farther back upon that very image; eke, when I say - whate'er I say - that hath nor much nor little to the purpose of that I bespeak me or in sooth feel in mine stomach and guts. Parlance be an empty necessitate of life e'en as the heightiest hopping of crickets, for an I spoke not men would have me for a scant of wit or else true lunatic; yet, for that, doth still the vessal of mine words draineth rapidly off and the layers after layer of my natal colour peel away; and so how my soul screameth! yet off they come and hallucinations and all ambitionedeth, eke time past and futured, all, all o'er the edge as the hopping crickets into pit of the drown-tomb lawnwells. And upon the sticky embracement of vanity is rubbedeth off from and for aye, which and will anon, I shall win free and, title-less, mindless, travail and possessionless, fade away completely the long that path which steppeth betwixt the moments of eternal present and Allah's Unknown. All these words then and thought-directs and limnings I shall bury in earth a flower-box, and, standing somewhat apart, ward the flower's lethal wither. Though an one of the palace-poets who parroteth much, reciteth,

'I thank thee, Merciful and Sayyid certes, * Thy lovely words which treasure I will alway,

Thou plaster put'st to me, thou cogniz'st me, * With words which words with which I may aweigh:'

Yet, for myself, there is anaught upon this same matter save,

This game thou playest with thine Realness Sooth * I'll ne'er more join me long to sport with thee;

Thou pacest nude who words he garments wears, * I garments of the night bedight to see

Me night-owl on my travel toward the rest- * Full wone, whereby whose window I may gaze

Unpother'd by mine ghostly glass-reflect. * Sore worn am I, wouldst have me prance amaze,

Eke rites perform upon thine image me, * Condone décor surround thy youth-full speak?

'Let's stuff its guts,' says one. 'O' its largesse lim- * Ning stablish time,' saith other: This is weak.

Now one hath ne'er require of thee thy come-enjoin to Ahddis Ababah - in sooth thou couldst not furnish it. An I asked thy voyage with me, 'tis matter all different and again I say different, for I voyage thereto to resolve me nay-naught of solution - others do, thou dost, but as regards myself, inasmuch as I possess no whit nor nittle to resolve, in thatwise no such pilgrimage make I; and thou to mineself couldst not acquit thee thine come-enjoin in thou art never of me, art wholely apart from me, art hard by Sirus as I hard upon Andromeda am, and art bath all in Sun's light and blue-sky whilst I am in Darkness dight and so forth and so on; and upon with eke this noisome of words saltation, shalt thou perceivest therein withal to accuseth me of all sorts accusal, and mine soul will recoil

thereat, and point up my mind (which for willfulness and exceeding eagerness will condone scorn upon mine own head, and on that also thy image false of me); and an farther retreat from titles o' myself and self's mind and travail and property will be sound. Hence, in sooth I have nor muchel nor little to say.[1] I be not; yet an thou engagest me in parlance I do speak for sake of life: and of this thou makest a being (which, again, I be not withal) and verily for no thing saving and except thy lustihed which lusteth after excitements and loud hap and grand entertainments. And verily I sware an sware to Allah (to Whom be Honour and Glory!) I am no mischief to thee but in the mirror-glass I am, and in which thou seest thine Evil own. Parole all, again parole! the realm o' mind; but the soul hath none, for its art-full province is o'erseer and lactealer. If thou couldst make an dominie of soul and upon its lesson fix thy way, thou wouldst shut up thy tongues o' judgment and ope Humility's coffre. But if, and an, be hallucination and further word, and the whilst I uncover what be in silent and quietness, thus do thou enjoinest me perforce for sake thy loud entertainment's tale. I tell thee and again I tell thee, I am in nothing a-longer caught on carousel o' the Erotomane and the Fancy-wrought; I be an babe: who seizes of the seized groweth old and hoary-haired, e'en as thou must in thy fasht love of endroit and of new strangenesses and bald o' veil

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[1](!): the language throughout Night cdxvii is not only as profuse and verbose as anyone possibly could wish it; it is also quite as intricate, ensnared, disordered and complicated as to have satisfied Dean Donne himself. A comparison with the immediately preceding Nights measures the superior polish and finish of the antecedent scribe.

insanities. And all this is parole again and again word and, for that, doubtless, all err. Now as ere I said and say once more perforce thy unabashed solicit, I went out for search of thee and for third instance came to Western Africa; where I sought all information concerning thy condition and whatso related to thee. And I went forth intending for the city thereat I learned of one thou hadst ta'en up dwelling, and when I came to the aforesaid city and to the quarter I found, lo, this day was a mighty great fête wherein public rejoicings needs be held throughout the realm, for a full month of thirty days. Now sundry of the folk had repaired to a coffeehouse, a fine building which stood in the market place and which collected a throng of folk to play, some at the mankalah, others at the backgammon, and others at the chessmen and what not else. So I entered therein and beseated myself and by and by I o'erheard discourse and 'twas touching on an person meseemedeth wast withal not far nor wide from descript of thee. So I went up to an one who was speaking, and quoth I: 'I heard thee chatting about the prodigies of a certain wight and methought 'twas very like the prodigies of a fellow I ken, and his name is Such-and-such. An he be the same for whom thou describest, prithee, and where may be his wone? for since many a day I am always in search upon him.' Now this African ken well thee of whom I spake, but he was an evil-heart and an full of cunning tricks and crafty device,and for that he answered to me, saying, 'O stranger, stay here a moment whilst I look about and find thy want, which is, withal, he hight Such-and-such.' So he went out and he was gone for a while after which he returned and made claim thou wert nowhere in the quarter, that indeed thy very neighbor-man vouched for

thy sennight's departure thence. Now all this was a foul deceit of the accursed African, and he designed furthermore to complete his guile by the fall to accounts of thee and of thy froward and wayward ways, also thy loose manner and destitute acts. With this pretext did the accursed detain me to converse, and thus did he feed the appetite of his covetise thy supposed substance and his unreasonable jealousy and envy; but for myself I sorely suspected his declaim and scandalous denounce, and, after hesitating for some moments, stood to make my excuses and walk away. And this, in short, I did and I wend the streets there after, hithering and toing I knew not whither. At length I came upon a Christian well shotten in years and he was a scholar and scribe, an accomplisht theologian, governmentalist, grammarian, philologist and poet; intelligent, well bred and pleasant spoken; whereat I wondered, saying in myself, 'Haply this good fellow Nazarene knoweth of this other's whereabout I seek.' So I enquired of the pedant and asked him anent thee and if thou wert alive and alert and, if so, how befell thy affairs and whither was thy wone. 'For I would get a blessing by his intervention and for this alone do I seek him out and so fear thee naught in aught of revealance,' I concluded. Hereto the scholar replied, 'This same wight of whom thou inquirest, I know whither he tarrieth, and nay, I know not whither.' 'What means the duplicity and this double mean of thy words?' quoth I; and the pedant laughed and he said, 'This same wight, I see him now-a-day, and nay, I do not see him now-a-day.' Then I bespake me that it behooveth I quit this Christian and make all act of depart from him, for he is an perplext of wit and an bewildered certes, and he be in the right which said,

'Verily no scholar and pedant can have a perfect wit, though he know all the sciences'; yet this elden man put forth his hand and he stoppeth me from mine intent of leave; whereupon he fell to talking on a marvellous matter and it was

The Lection of Roeb Err.

'Of whom thou inquirest, O my brother, well wist I his property,[1] the furthermost being that although young in years yet he hath been endued by Allah with much of wisdom, and therefor all of this quarter and city are fondly affected toward him and his dignity is enhanced; for alway two foregoeth him and what for his protect two followeth, so do they love and careth of cares for him. Now of his this-day's whereabout know I nothing, yet wot I all relating thereto, nor wot I the why and the wherefore of his present disappearance, yet I know all thing touching thereupon; and in this matter was eke he the shrewd one a-to and the sharp-witted. And this be the reason in that I speak: one day not long hence for 'twas new late e'en as eld now, I descried this youthsome and doughty of mind and speech youngman and he was make withal as to depart the city and this realm complete. So I questioned him, saying, 'Whither away in such good haste, O student-boy, and thou hast no fond farewell for any?' Thereupon the youth halted him on middle a step of the street and he smiled and said: 'What purposeth the meaning and logics of word "Farewell" and it be fondish or rakish,[2] an it be dishonest or yet unassumed'"——And she was surprised by the dawn of day and fell silent and ceased saying her per-

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[1]Arab. "Sifah,"=lit. a quality. This word may be a copyist's error: hence, my translation is wholly tentative.
[2]i.e., like a rake's, inconsistant, changeable, flirting.

mitted say. Then quoth her sister, "How sweet and tasteful is thy tale, O sister mine, and enjoyable and delectable!" Quoth she, "And where is this compared with that I would relate to you on the coming night an the Sovran suffer me to survive?" Now when it was the next night and that was

The Four Hundred and Eighteenth Night,

Her sister said to her, "Allah upon thee, O my sister, an thou be other than sleepy, finish for us thy tale that we may cut short the watching of this our latter night!" She replied, "With love and good will!" It hath reached me, O auspicious King, the director, the right-guiding, lord of the rede which is benefiting and of deeds fair-seeming and worthy celebrating, that the Christian boy stopped him a-middlemost of a step on the street: 'then he took of this posture (continued Roeb Err) to make reply, and it was, 'What purport or meaning hath the word "Farewell" and it be take in all its meanings? In this matter wot I verily naught, for I have no guessing specialty.' And then he fell to reciting these couplets,

'Thou hast me now, a-now thou hast me not, * As art thou drawed in circle, an' thou art not.

For she, is woman born of man alone[1] * As Jesus,[2] Man the same

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[1] i.e., Eve; ergo, all women.

[2] Jesus is compared with Adam in the Koran (chapt. iii.): his titles are Kalámu 'llah (word of God) because engendered without a father, and Rúhu 'llah (breath of God) because conceived by Gabriel in the shape of a beautiful youth breathing into the Virgin's vulva. This note should be read by the eminent English littérateur who discovered a fact, well known to Locke and Carlyle, that "Mohammedans are Christians." So they are and something more.

for me, nor spot
Nor taint in birth, but is of woman 'lone; * And hence with
Elias and eld Khiźr
Have I, nor thou, nor any of these, a death * We owe to any
One; hereafter, here,
Or yet in any place so where or e'er.[1] * Allah created Adam
out of clay,
The clay He fashion'd still of foam and foam * Formed He from
deep the brilliant sea of day:
The sea of day from sea of night, this dark- * Ened sea from
Darkness drear, and Dark from Light,
The Light of fish, the fish of hardened rock, * The rock of
yet a rube He disunite,
The ruby's blood from waters wash'd amain, * And water He cre-
ated with His pen:
Omnipotence according 'cord His writ * (Exalted be His name!),
'Commandment when
He willeth aught, is naught and but to say, * BE,—and IT IS.'[2]
And thus art thou, be we;
Art thou be we and I and we be thee; * And die, but all partake
anaught of death:
So as with naught of death, with naught of life * That's here
or here to have commence and end,
But only time, event, and hap, that hath * No Being certes

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[1]Moslems believe in a "miraculous conception" and consequently determine that one so conceived was not subject to death; they also hold him born free from "original sin" (a most sinful superstition), a veil being placed before the Virgin and Child against the Evil One who could not touch them. He will appear as the forerunner of Mohammed on the White Tower of Damascus and be buried at Al-Medinah.
[2]Koran xxxvi. 82.

'cept later times pretend -
That be all integrate, and parallel, * And parceleth title out, as ocean sea
And high terrain the rocky, grassy land; * And it doth draw thy times, event and Be,
And rescue all from th' Dark and foreablack, * And labels deal, with 'Thou art Time! Event
Thou! -and an Memory's Enhappen thou!' * Accord the 'Stablisht this, is (ere it's[1] spent):
As art thou drawed in circle, an' thou art not, * Thou hast me now, a-now thou hast me not -
For e'en as latter fore doth draw, so fore * Be e'en with last, and twain Idea begot.'

Upon hearing this recite that the Christian student recited, hereby I understood that he was indeed ware and wise, and I post all haste to condone his say in an composition of couplets, to wit:

Then all be One; and thine Idea is all- * Way present, be in réflect moon, or Sun:
And where the wise of him who'd say "Farewell," * An One be All and all Idea be one?

Then I went apace a small way, and allow the student pass whither he willedeth; and I bespake myself, 'Extolled be the Almighty for that at last He hath vouchsafed to me acquaint who thanketh the Lord for muchel or for little!' And thus it hath fared with thy displaceling, according to the fiat of Fate, that I know, but I do not know, wheresoe'er. And haply we shall lose his wisdoms; yet Allah (to Whom be Glory!)

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[1] i.e., "this," i.e., the verses.

bequeatheth to us from them now; for whoso mocketh and maketh nittle o' old birds and other odd phrase,[1] yet is there still in old birds a-much. Furthermore, an thou, after all this, creedest of me 'he garreth him prattle of whatso he pleaseth and chooseth,' yet there is another in this instant giveth lesson to whoso can take lesson of it; and she (for 'tis an tall and beauteous woman, an shapely of shape and dainty of foot) did I encount whilst about sojourn in the southern capital. Her title was Beatrix, and she is an woman of the daughters of the late viceroys[2] that be charged to attend and do service in this realm; and when I applied to her in that I were pilgrim and stranger, and also Christian e'en as she, she welcomed me and acquitted me of her hospitality and all stupendous victual and soothing drink. Then, by and by, I asked after her life and her adventures and the how and the wherefore she life lived alway in this Moorish city; so she answered me and thereupon 'twas that I heard of

Beatrix, the Stranger-Emir's Daughter.

'Know, O scholar whose beard sides hoariness hath stricken, that my father was an emir, one of the notables of my natal place, a moneyed man and ample of means; and he was deputed of our King to go forth and reside in strange lands and be our King's viceroy and wish-same unto the stranger kings thereof. And when I was come of age an damsel might travel,

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[1] "Old birds" is indeed an odd phrase. It occurs nowhere else in the Nights.

[2] This political change-over, along with the King's death, by no means date the dynasty in question. Any one from the Almoravide, 11th Century, to Abou Bel Abbas' commencement in 1591 would satisfy such clues.

I was impatient to see somewhat of these countries whereto my father journeyed, so I embarked with him on board a ship bound for AEgea. There we again embarked and sailed many days and nights, and we passed from isle to isle and sea to sea and shore to shore, and continued our course till we came to an island as it were a garth of the gardens of Paradise. Here the captain cast anchor and made fast to the shore, and we landed us, and I separate mineself from the others and walked about the island for solace; whither I fell to exploring the island and diverting myself with gazing upon all things that Allah Almighty had created there, and I rested under the trees whereupon I bespake myself, 'Surely than AEgea is there no place in the wide world and wat'ry more lovely or pleasant, or more bounteous for forests and rivulets and magnificence of scaping!' And we resided in this isle for the length of several year, but after which time our King decreed mine father must part thence to go down into Africa land, and be his word's-wish and viceroy unto the great King there. So we sailed from the Paradise of AEgea and ported on the African shore, after which we took horse and, mounting us on mares and stallions, set out and fared on without ceasing till we came to the capital city of the southern King. And the desert route was fraught with Derwayshes and wild Arabs and were not the term of our lives a long one, we had not escaped from these and other straits. But praised be Allah for safety! Now my sire was a wise man and an goodly competent, so he rose, in short order, to heightiest credit with the southern King as an intercessor for our native folk and an intermediary between them and this King when they wanted aught of him. But for myself, I occupied myself in

I chagrined, for soul-weary of strangerhood and sans succor thereto; so I gathered an assemblage mine remnants of investment and property and sold all, even my clothes, for some several thousand dirhams, with which I resolved to travel to foreign parts: and hereupon, without let or stay, set I out. Now needs must I interrupt this account of my farings and fortunes and tell thee of how it was with the King and with the ulema and emirs of this Kingdom wherein my deceased sire and I so longly wont to dwell. Now this very southern King erewhiles was tyrannize by an tyrant and forced into forced exile, and for that, upon his returned at length to this same realm, was he beloved the more of the populace and they made him an Idol and a worship-ful. Yet were certain grandees amongst the grandee of this country had learned a quick prestige and dignity under the late tyrant and, in regards to the present loss of which, most were ill-deposed and sore against the King's re-establish. Now antagonism 'twixt the King and these captains and notables ran high and was fierce and bruited in forensics, so the King considered him 'twas incumbent he appoint an one from among these grandees as his own grand Wazir, and thus and so make an end of his self's absolute hand. And the notables and kazis pressed him in this, for they had aroused an portion of the menial to rail eke 'gainst the King, and in which accomplish had they become yet more power-ful. Furthermore they proved to be nothing appeased by the intends of the King; but they applied still and they threatened him with threat of deposition and death by the axe that he hend all rule o'er save face o' Monarchy and to these notables and very grandees. So the King waxed sore impatient at long length and with all such intrigue and

polity, and he sent forth his soldiers and private agents, and they searched the city for whoso would speak disfavour of his Majesty and rouse up the folk against him.[1] And thus and this-so was the state of the southern Monarch's affairs and of his state whenas I would take my leave thereof. Now as I was wending the streets toward the city-gate, and verily 'twas mid o' moonless night then, lo, I beheld a faint light and it was come of the skylights of a great sardab, or underground chamber, which when I drew near and peered by the air-holes, proved to be as spacious as a saloon. Presently I heard voices as of low muttering and intriguing, and I cognized the voice of one speaker in he was the appointee of the King, the same for who the ruler had erstwhile slate for grand Wazir. And he whispered thus: 'It behooveth us therefore, O comrades, to unite our native purpose 'gainst His Majesty with that of strengthen'd and all power-ful foreign ones, which do be also 'gainst our King's will!' Upon hearing these words of the Pretender-to-Wazir, I stood awhile deep in thought, and presently divined that some great and foreign enemy exist for the King, and methought I kenned the who and which it was wouldst play some sleight upon him. Now, keeping this matter of the conspiracy secret, and never entrusting it or to man or to woman (for in that I wandered and secluded much of myself the local folk were wont to hold me for an adept in

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[1] Lane (ii. 636) omits this political passage, "as it would not only require a volume of commentary but be extremely tiresome to most readers." Quite true (see Appendix, vol. xvi.); but it is valuable to the study of how private and particular significances are often, for reasons difficult to uncover, slipped into the tales. The political situation here described seems to be the raison d'être of the story, yet it is not recognizable as any historical happening and is more probably allegorical.

necromancy, also geomancy and astromancy, and weigh with suspecten weights mine word therefor); but I hied me with all haste straightaway to the King and, when I had made my obeisance, quoth I to him: 'O my Lord-adopt, listen to my story and give heed to my words, and my Truth will be manifest to thee, for lying and leasing are the letter marks of the hypocrites!' Then I reminded the Potentate of certain matter which had passed between us, that I might ensure his credence, and I fell at once to detail of my adventure, of how I had discovered the sardab, and started back affrighted at the sound of human accents, and all and every of that I had o'er-heard. When I finished my story, he entreated me with favour and made me his confidante, and we twain set out and rode for the underground chamber, which, shewing the sign whereof, I exclaimed, 'Here tarrieth he of who we are in search!; whom thou didst take to mind to convert thy grand Wazir within thy palace walls supposing him to be an honest of will, and that after thou receivedst him hospitably this miscreant hath brought these native and foreigner men to murther thee and to plunder thy good and spoil thy palace, and he will in no wise spare thee, but will surely murther thee.' Hereat the King drew him akin the skylights, and o'erheard the malicious converse much a-same for what I erst had hear; and, speechless for sheer amazement, he stared through the holes at the speak-ers, but presently, recovering himself, he proceed to hot wrath and sore irk of mind, and his senses were scattered and the colour of his visage vanished like ascending smoke. So we returned to the palace, and at morn next the Sovran bade summon the Wazir-to-be afore him; and when the other had come forth, the Sovran accused him of all he wast accuse-

worthy. Hereat the villain guide[1] was confounded beyond measure of confusion, but the King would list no more but decreed his soldiers do him die. And when the deed was deeded and the traitor breathed his last, this addressed I to the King: 'This man hath no longer the force to work thee harm, he lieth dead and stone-dead; yet what withal, O mine Liege, as regards these other conspirators?' To which the Shah made answer, 'Whenas the time for havior is not at hand, so presently We durstn't ware them to the suspect. But I mark their names and each his face on the tablet of my heart and impress their pictures upon the page of my memory. But as for thee, what wouldst thou as boon-reward for this thy loyal service to us?' I replied, 'An thou hast pity on me, prithee, so stipend of me mine tarry here in thy own courtyard, so might I ease the burthen of my latter years in safety, albe my sire be dead and I in all unsafety in this so foreign land!' The Monarch rejoined, 'Go now and take asmuch as soever thou listest of my privy gardens and profuse and edify thee an richly dwelling therein.' So I went forth and the estates the King promised unto me were forthright entitle mine at the sovereign hujjat[2]; and since 'twas incumbent of me still to serve this country I had an building ready edified and such and of the like cometh edifices to be edified by strangers in this Afric land.[3] And

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[1]A guide often is held to be only useful to those embarked upon evil. That is, the good and the adjusted to good (or, the "Good and Right Way") are those who make no new incursions, and who, therefore, are never in need of guides.

[2]A legal deed.

[3]This suggests that the King had enlisted the aid of another foreign country against the threat of his enemy foreign country. H. Zotenberg has noted that the entire tale may be an apologia for one or more incipient Medieval colonizations; I can discover

Almighty Allah guerdon the Potentate for his kindness for Allah has wrought me abundant good by causing to happen whatso happen with the Potentate. And, now, all the days the while of dwelling here it seemeth to me that the world is in the hollow of my hand, and I wander of myself and lone, gowned in white flowing gown (that every of the court do deem me the Eighth Those Sisters, the Astromante o' Kind, at moment they descry me so in the long gardens and wide); and, whenas I will, return to enjoy the society of my friends and familiars more assiduously than ever, forgetting all I have suffered of hardship and strangerhood and every peril of travel. And thus though relinquisht to Moorish gardens, yet are they marvellous akin Jannat al-Khuld[1] or so and Holy-men depict, and, therein they animate, my times the time of Eternity are; for here is there never change or of fashion or of thought; and all is ever one of the end with past and the present, my natal land and this adopt.' In this way and with such of sentiment ware Beatrix concluded her story, and thereto we both assented and with single mind agreed that who once is lost, him can and can not be brought thee word anon; for her father's decease delivered her o'er to sound secure-ness, and my and thy Christian boy's disappear garreth me great consolement. And if these tales fail of my purpose to explain that I will explain I hold mine life in forfeit. Therefore, pother me no further upon it with 'canst thou direct me thither, or thyself conduct me thereto?'; yet lead thee as thou by these tales wast led, and on this wise per-

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no historical datum to support his claim; but Beatrix is suspect.

[1]The Eternal Garden; along with "Firdaus" (Paradise), one of the Heavens repeatedly noticed.

chance thou mayest hit upon his site; and question me no more questions.' Thus much related the eld scholar-scribe, and when he had said his say (Cain continued) he turn him awry and went his way. But as for thee, my Ensearched, my Belookt-for, my All turned o'er for-one, I found thee not withal this great water and welter of words; so I left the city of such wretched satisfactions and issued forth upon a roundabout road, where I took patience with journeying until night fell on me in desert ground. There I slept whilst the dark hours held sway and, rising betimes, I shook off sleep, when, lo, immediate before me I descried an beautiful boy and he was like as he had kept ward o'er mine slumber even as marvellous Angels are wonted to do. I approached the boy and, observing him narrowly, found him to be a child of the Shleer tribe, withal of incomparable beauty and he wore on his cheek a mole like musk, which virgin camphor ne'er lets off it, with bright and sparkling face, a loveling as of the sons of Turks,[1] a fawn whose waist conjoined the double Mounts Honayn of broad chest and large hind-quarters. This boy then saluted me and, upon his learning I was a stranger enpilgrimed, applied me with heart-felt application that I break route and half-way house me at his family's house. Now for that I am partial to high, firm buttocks, I was mind to take opportunity with his beck; also (Almighty Allah preserve thee!) a youth is easy to be led, adapting himself to every rede, pleasant of converse and manners, inclining to assent rather than dissent; especially when his side-face is newly down'd and

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[1]That is, fair, white and red: Turkish slaves once abounded in the Levant; however, this is merely a rhetorical epithet - the Maurus is later depicted as being olive-skinned.

his upper lip is first embrowned (as well I ken are lower ones), for as quoth Al-Hariri[1] and quoth excellently well,

'My censors say, 'What means this pine for him? * Seest not the flowing hair on cheeks a-flowing?'

I say, 'By Allah, an ye deem I dote, * Look at the truth in those fine eyes a-showing!

But for the down that veils his cheek and chin, * His brow had dazed all eyes no sight allowing:

And whoso sojourns in a growthless land, * How shall he move from land fair growths a-growing?'

Yet, eke I wot as sooth that many an beautiful boy had destroyed many a man's-life and withal had come off scathless. Furthermore, in that boys are oft but the innocent hook of robbering panders, myself must needs have all mine wits alert not to fall into the hands of such and perish. Natheless, my lustihed o'erwon me, and I followed this boy to his kariyah[2] hut where his family welcomed me with fine well come and treated me with profuse civilities. When eve had evened I was shown to a small stead, and there I retired for repose; but ere the moon could rise to its zenith the Shleer boy up and came to me by the private postern, and he make all haste to lie down beside me and with his belly upon the bed. Then I saw his strong young-boy's neck, and I bethought me: 'How weak and flab of flesh is woman's neck, 'tis wonder withal it still supports their heads!'; and I moved my fingers down to the Heaven-gate mounds and spread them distend, so the

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[1]The "Silk-man" and the celebrated author of the Makámát, assemblies or seances translated (or attempted) into all the languages of Europe.

[2]A village.

prima via wast ope and all its rosy invite inviting a-much and convincefully.[1] But lo! e'en as I made as I would enter by the difficult path - for straight and narrow is the Gate of Paradise - mine prickle would not stand erect, as was its wont, although I knew not the cause thereof. So I cried, 'Verily this is a wondrous business'; whilst the boy fell to rubbing my tool up and shampooing it and to toying therewith, his object being to stablish an erection. But the article in question grew not and remained limp, whereupon he said, 'O my lord, Allah increase thy pego!' Hereunto he arose and opened a bag wherefrom he drew cut kerchiefs and dried aromatic herbs such as are scattered upon corses; and he also brought forth a gugglet of water. Presently he fell to washing my prickle as it were a dead body, and after bathing it he shrouded it with a kerchief: then he cried upon the youths and young men amongst his comrades and they all entered into the small stead and they fell to beweeping the untimely fate of my yard, which was still clothed in the kerchief; whilst mineself was babe-naked else afore every youthsome and each to scan, and I lay upon an martabah[2] that want all semblance divan. And quoth the youth, 'This moral course must certes befit the Limpo, for Holy buried, may it be Holy resurrect!' And all and every of the company fell to mock weeping and loud, and they laughed in their sleeves.[3] So at first faint

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[1]Anglo-Indians will remember:
"Miyán-ji ti-ti!
Bachche-kí gánd men anguli kí thi!"
("Schoolmaster hum!
Who fumbled and fingered the little boy's bum?")

[2]A mattress: the martabah is lacking a "mastabah" (bench of timber or masonry) which would complete it as a Díwan: a disrespectful, and no doubt purposeful, aggravation of the Christian's humiliating harbour.

[3]A painful example of the lengths some Moslems will go to demonstrate the Infidel's inferiority. Scott theorizes the point

ray of sun and the road was yet faint-light, I hied me up and posted with all true haste to leave these taunting villagers ahind me. But a world followed me, and the children of the kariyah caught me up from place to place, laughing at me the while, nor could I forbid them or stave off their maltreatment. And I ceased not stagger and tripping about the roads till they felled me a-tumble down; and, prone upon the stone and weed, I prayed their dawn prayer that I might essay as be these very Moslems, and to Grace me asomewhat of their very lasciviency. And when I had ended my orisons I returned and sat down under the windows of the Shleer boy's hut; for my heart was sick of shame and I was bewildered, and withal I loved the lovely boy. But the youth was not wont to rise him during the murk preceding dawn, but he kept to his soft pillows and luxuriant; and when, late of the morn, he finally awoke 'twas but to wheedle me the more on the matter of mine inert penis and yet more; nor none did this deed by me save and except the olive-skin and comely child. Then I wept bitterly for I had never means to hand, nor have I now to alter this slumbering Judging-post. And I cursed my Decree of fate through mine tears, and I moan, 'Indeed than this 'twere better I were abandoned to panders and cut-throat thieves!'"——And she was surprised by the dawn of day and fell silent and ceased to say her permitted say. Then

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is taken for themselves, not the Western, i.e., they guilelessly are parading their own deep convictions of (in most areas) inadequacy to Westerns. But this kind of psychology works an endless vice-versa: Scott may be subconsciously diverting his conviction of inferiorness by choosing to find it in others. See Jonathan Scott, LL.D., "Tales Selected from the MS Copy of the 1001 Nights Brought to Europe by Ed. Wortley Montague, Esq., etc.," vi. 126, and my vols. i., ix. and x. 434.

quoth her sister, "How sweet is thy story, O sister mine, and how enjoyable and delectable!" Quoth she, "And where is this compared with that I should relate to you on the coming night an the Sovran suffer me to survive?" Now when it was the next night and that was

The Four Hundred and Twentieth Night,

Her sister said to her, "Allah upon thee, O my sister, an thou be other than sleepy, finish for us thy tale that we may cut short the watching of this our latter night!" She replied, "With love and good will!" It hath reached me, O auspicious King, the director, the right-guiding, lord of the rede which is benefiting and of deeds fair-seeming and worthy celebrating, that Cain wept o'er his bitter Decree of fate: "And at length (he continued) I became as I were a dead man for stress of shame and anguish, and thought to cast myself into the sea and be at rest from the woes of the world, but could not bring myself to this, for verily life is dear. Finally I bespake me, 'Harrow, my disappointment! There is no Majesty and there is no Might save in Allah with Whom we seek refuge from Satan the stoned!' And I resolved an resolve to fare forth and harry me no more in this matter, but that I would journey to the capital city of the southern King and there disport and pleasure mineself. Now it was bruited throughout the land that the King was a man of worshipful and noble aspect whose beard sides hoariness had stricken, and he was stately of stature and fair of favour, agreeable of dispositions and full of gravity and dignity and majesty; but lo! when I arrived in the capital city 'twas

never and so yet I learned that they who are so given did minister drugs and medicines to the King of medicine and essences such as are adhibited to the sick when at door of death, that the moribund may haply rally before the last breath. Natheless, 'twas the will of Allah and the Monarch die, and shortly on my arrive they gave out what he was demised, and who were wont to give assistance at such obsequies did prepare an funeral for him. So the folk of the realm glorified the Creator for the King His noble creation, they blessed him each and every, and the soldiers and household troops and agas were called forth, which rode in procession, and flambeaux and lusters flaming and flaring, so the folk were marveled at such majestic and sorrowful scene. Then the people and the processioners lamented their loss noisily and it wast enhance by the marvellous spectacle withal, for each stood at gaze and considered the forms and figures of the marchers, marveling at their solemness and gravity, for all wore robes inwrought with gold and studded with jewels, no dress being without the rent bands of mourning. At length the janázah[1] passed by, and there were two dozen of the guard foregoing it and the rest following, the whole number with their war charges and uniforms and accouterments; which when the folk beheld it they were give o'er to loud wailing and louder yet, and some amongst the women who be fell out faint and they bare them off e'en as they were straight boards. Next the Crown-Prince, he in sooth who wast the new king,

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[1]A bier with a corpse thereon. It is to be noted that "Irán" =a large hearse on which chiefs are borne, is not used; perhaps an indication of the late ruler's humbleness, or, still, a concession to the people, which would make an interesting footnote to the accounts of Beatrix.

did pass along, and he wore sumptous robes and led by hand a stallion whose rival was not amongst the Arabian Arabs, and its saddlecloth was of splendid brocade gold-wrought. The young and saddened King tread a-middlemost the throng where he was wont to repeat ever and anon, 'Naught can avail when Allah hath decreed.' And thusso did the funeral marchers proceed. But as for the new King, presently I learned he wast little favoured with the menial, and they pressed and applied to him for loudest voicefulness and new lease-decree to powers; and in that but of late he had chose him an privy counsel to be as his sole advisory of rule, the menial and the labouring chiefs were sore disposed against him. For that and in the light of which, the new King did deem 'twas incumbent of him he send forces now and again and several of armies to be at the dispose of the labouring-men's foreign allegiancers; for of the which did he enhope to grace himself still and rescue to him somewhat of favours and honour amongst the people; and 'twas noised that only an he grant the poor greater to voice in ordain and voicesomeness, might the King cease off this illome aidance of enemies; but such and he would not be brought of consent. And for these troubles in this country and because of mine own therein, I would words maledict be cast on it and a curse be cursed upon it with its inmates and its herders and city-soles and rulers and counter-rulers and the friends and its lovers and all that dwelleth there; but the shame of mine treatment and bashfulness before my acquaints and the envious exaltation of my foes hath bowed down my head, and such maketh me to curse this curse. And so, O thou whom I fared forth in lengthy and ill-adventured research of, and O ye other miserables who haply mayst

hear this tale o' mine, albe I and ye undeserve such Fate as which hath befallen to me, Allah perpetuate our glories."

THE HISTORY OF THE BROTHERS ANDREW AND THE CHANGE-BODE MARID

"Whoso can take warning from warners and gleanings from lesson, him let count accounts of that day of the days when Mustapha the Wise sally haste-hot upon me; that quoth I when I gazed at him: 'Alas! I see grief tokens written apace thy countenance'; and he wast inducted, of short order, to tell me every whit concerning the matter mattered him; while the which he unsecreted to me concernedeth a certain young Nazarene, and who had come of Mustapha's shop late same afternoon as he were enquaint the sore sufferance cometh of swevens and waking nightmare. When Nazarene beheld Mustapha, he cried, 'Well I wot my soul to be innocent, but for the excess of my cark and care and sorrow and stress of thought, indeed I deem needs must be some terrific sin withal, for it lieth with weighted weights upon mine chest. And Allah upon thee! yet mineself pardon, for that toil and travail and lack of luck when the hand is empty teacheth a man ill manners and boorish ways, but so I must relate to thee whatso tideth me: for I fall to weeping and wailing now and giving myself up to an access of rage, blaming myself for having ventured upon the perils and hardships of voyage, whenas I was at my ease in my own house in mine own land, taking my pleasure with good viand and good drink and good clothes and lacking nothing, neither money nor providables. And I repent me of having left my natal country, and this the more after all the travails and dangers I have undergone, wherein I have so narrowly escaped destruction: O would Heaven I had tarried in mine

own dominion!; which wast ever better than this wild desert, for there I had friends at least to enspeak and their speech to drink, and here are neither fruits of familiar taste nor streams that floweth fo'ward o' words I ken. But there is no Majesty and there is no Might save in Allah, the Glorious, the Great! Verily, as often as I am quit of one peril, I fall into a worse danger and a more grievous: eke, in it falleth out that thou, O Mustapha the Wise, the Learned, hath laid hands on these in pain, and recited for those a chapter of the Koran, and made orisons for a third, and none but he was well-healtht for it, so seest my come a-now and, from sufferance, mine beseech thy aid.' No sooner the young Nazarene had said this say, yet, an as the very say wast whose summons it entend, a gigantic, mighty frightful spectre took form and shaped shape, and the accursed fix't act of presence in center of Mustapha's shop. This spectre proved for likesame asomewhat human, yet pale pink in colour, tall and big of bulk, as he were a great date tree, with eyes like coals of fire and eyeteeth like boar's tusks and a vast big gape like the mouth of a well. Moreover, he had long loose lips like camel's hanging down abed his breast, and ears like two jarms falling over his shoulder blades, and the nails of his hands were like the claws of a lion; so upon the distraught Nazarene beheld this fulsome Marid, he was like to faint and every moment increased his fear and terror, and he became as a dead man for excess of horror and affright. At length the youth found tongue, and he cried out, 'So ho! Mustapha, and thou seest this Thing, and it be that its self which plagueth me alway. By Allah, this Marid is a vile, foul and tedious slow death! But whatso the Lord willeth must come to pass,

and there is no Majesty and there is no Might save in Him, the Glorious, the Great![1] I shall assuredly perish miserably and none will know of me, for thus an 'tis so I ne'er win free this Chastiser-giant!'[2] Now albeit Mustapha was affrighted eke beyond measure of affright, yet he becalmed and verified and engathered his wits, for this spectre, of sooth, wast naught withal but an spectre; and the wise man spake thus: 'I have me an excellent friend, an one versed in pertains mind and the ma 'múrah[3] as well limb; and for that he fancies

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[1]These sanctimonious expressions mean more than the usually encountered use of them by Christians: their repetitions suggest that the young Nazarene is well indoctrinated in, perhaps even (as a settled inhabitant might be) a "forced" faithful of Islam.

[2]Gauttier laments that the act meriting punishment nowhere is indicated in any of the MSS. To the thoughtful reader, I believe the tale's conclusion amply elucidates the reason for this.

[3]Haunted. Scott reads, "full of Marids and Jinns." I have said elsewhere that the supernatural agency is ever at hand and ever credible to Easterns. Scott, true to form and outgallanding Galland (the great genius in the line Raconteur, in whose servile suite Scott certainly merits major rank), pounces upon this tale ("Story of the Protean Jinn with the Ondroo Brethren; or, the Doctor Properly-doctored," vi. 215) as the official give-away, the découvert au pantalon s'abaissé of the "psycho-materialisation" origin of all Arabian accounts referring to supernatural creatures. He easily supports this claim, along with several others I have had occasion to note, with his oft-practised felony on the original MS. of abstracting whole sentences and pages ad libitum, accompanied by his endless thrusting of false goods into his author's pocket and his patronising of the unfortunate Eastern story-teller by foisting upon him whatever he, the "translator and traitor," deems useful. To this contention no more need be said: the curious reader may compare any one of Scott's "translations" with the original or, for that matter, with the present version. As for his reasoning, in relation to what he does retain and is literatim to in this instance, three Faddah's worth of hemp (though, alas, such is doubtless beyond his ken, beyond his dare) could out-compose in one day three decades' worth of Oxfordian paper-scratching upon the realms of Fantasy and Imagination (alas, both doubtless beyond his comprehensibility) -but not, need I note, beyond the dare nor the comprehensibility of Easterns, and this true, according to all evidence, dating back to before the ability to make record of the discovery was ever learned; nor, furthermore, and in (apparently) obvious addition, will the experienced

self is Christian e'en as thou dost, I shall hie me to him and acquaint him of thy case.' And this Mustapha straightway proceeded, and he hurried to mine house own, coming in unto me; and all this his story entailedeth. Now the fellow-Nazarene with whom he concerned was an one had made amities with the townfolk; nor 'twas tidesome, waxed he more in honour and favour with them than any of the chief men of the realm; and for this passed 'came goodly habituate and domiciled with them and lodged him amongst them e'en as myself, so that I was curious to evolve myself with his condition. So I inquired of Mustapha, 'Wherefore hath not the Nazarene asomewhat to succor himself?' Answered the sage, 'Who is he in mine house that lieth so ill as to require thy medecine? In these Christian matters wot I naught. Natheless, folk recount thy manifestations in many cases of difficulty.' Upon hearing these words, quoth I, 'Hearing and obeying.' So we twain removed to the Learned's shop, where, upon entering and beholding the Nazarene who wast in attendance of us, and conceiving his say, I was forced to cry out, 'This youth deserveth confining in the Máristán,[1] there

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or the traveled on soil or in spirit, require me to refer to Manfred's author (for whom in connection with my society in "all that relates to the bestial element in man" -of which his standing sans membership is Scott's prime and decisive criminality!, see "The Biography of the Book and Its Reviewers Reviewed," Appendix, vol. xvi. 351) - to requote: "There are more things in Heaven, etc." Finally, I would call the reader's attention to the tale Scott decides is the master-key to the Moslem mind: a tale related by a Christian, and one concerned exclusively with the problems of other Christians. The truth is, Scott and Galland to the contrary, "The Brothers Andrew" is an acute evaluation of the Christian's fallibilities made by a Medieval Moslem physician; furthermore, insanity, currently is and to all open record remaining from the Middle Ages had been then, quite conspicuously and remarkably <u>infrequent</u> throughout the entire population of the followers of Allah.

[1]The Bedlam; pronounced Múristan, a corruption of the Pers. "Bímáristán"=place of sickness. That of Damascus was the first Moslem hospital, founded by Al-Walid Son of Abd al-Malik the

be nor doubt nor hesitation anent the insanity of one who looketh this look and sayeth such say!' But presently I took heart of grace, and I fell to uncovering by what means this wretch had become thus the quarry of Fate. 'Fear not therefor,' I said to the lack-laugh youth, 'yet know that I have but a moiety of what is wanting; an thou wouldst win clear of the Marid, thine soul thee unforsook, t'other half be.' Then I proceed to set a cierge upon the low table and with which I would devise a device whereby to dispell the giant. Then I took somewhat of my own rich gear, and of the objects in my vest and pockets, and eke a gallipot of ointment with which to anoint them, and dividing all in two with equitable division, hung one half to the right one and the second part to the left jamb of the door. After I was thus fashed, I placed a pipkin[1] upon the hearth to boil a certain brew and blew the fire till it burnt briskly; green fumes rose up o' the bowl, and I caused the Nazarene to breathe of them, and he did and waxed drunk so that his drunkeness said to him: 'Up with thee and dance!'; which when I saw his dance, I wist the Marid must perforce soon be dispell and well and masterfully dispelled."——And she

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Ommiade in A.H. 88=706-7; it has been described by every traveler of the last century, and was notable for the curious contrast between the treatment of the maniac (i.e., with all the horrors which were universal in Europe till within a few years and of which traces still occur today) and that of the idiot or omadhaun, who is allowed to wander about unharmed, if not actually held a Saint. When I saw it last (1870) it was practically empty and mostly in ruins. As far as my experience goes, the United States is the only country where the insane are treated rationally by the sane. Either humaneness is an adjunct of Democratic reform, or insanity is its Carefull Mother-bound produce.

[1]Arab. "Jarrah." The Jarrah is of pottery whereas a (large copper) chauldron, Scott's rendering, is the "Dist," and a Khalkinah is one of lesser size: Hammer reproves him for his notices.

was surprised by the dawn of day and fell silent and ceased to say her permitted say. Then quoth her sister, "How sweet is thy story, O sister mine, and how enjoyable and delectable!" Quoth she, "And where is this compared with that I should relate to you on the coming night, an the Sovran suffer me to survive?" Now when it was the next night and that was

The Four Hundred and Eightieth Night,

Her sister said to her, "Allah upon thee, O my sister, an thou be other than sleepy, finish for us thy tale that we may cut short the watching of this our latter night!" She replied, "With love and good will!" It hath reached me, O auspicious King, the director, the right-guiding, lord of the rede which is benefiting and of deeds fair-seeming and worthy celebrating, that when they saw the Nazarene dance they knew he must soon be rescued of the Marid: "Then of a sudden this very Marid appeared (Andrew continued), which when I beheld the odious ogre I took up a bittock of brick and threw it at him; then swiftly baring my brand and with one cut clave the monster clean in twain. The two halves made as they would return to their antre, where'er it was, and they ran side to side into the street and clomb onto the street-door wall. But upon they would scale the wall, we took occasion for their scramble and perplexity to rise up and fall upon them and slay them; and the half-corses incontinently evanished. Then the Nazarene returned to his self's right ordains and certed disposal; but he said to Mustapha, 'Lo! I am a stranger, not one of your kind, and I can not abear your customs, which had I known them afore-

time I never would have lived so lengthily amongst you. Yet in I ken them now, my spirits revive and hope comes back to me and I make sure of life, after having died a death.' So Mustapha and I took up the brew and my magical objects and we created a fosse, and stowed all this into the hole: still and e'en, yet the Nazarene laid forearm cross his breast twice and, again, two times he crost his heart and he act of all the show of parting and departed; and boarded ship and sailed high sea, eke the tedious slumber o' expiring-calm till he was come to terra firma and his natal land. Here he was comforted in spirit and he wept for overjoy, though he wend him homeward with all ward and watchfulness. And every one who heard of his return came and questioned him of his adventures and of foreign countries, and he related to them all that had befallen him, and the much he had suffered, whereat they wondered and gave him joy of his safe return. Now, for it sitteth in sooth and fast, yet I have me a brother and who be verily of twain-parent blood: eke haply this mine younger of several year, the same he, wast wont in these days to abide a-same city the youthful Nazarene; for so the civilisation of the place is great and it is an capital city and a port e'en as this. Thus, one night and 'twas naught yet the very Nazarene enquaint among house-guests his mine brother own; O! and Heaven forfend and ye songed and celebrated War-men contend and again contend athwart it! yet 'tis e'er so fenced about and with Powers to mean its meanest stablish-dure: for he, the Nazarene, was wide-eye and sick astonisht, eke he sore-ful sorrowed that Pinkly-companioned and hearse-hooded chaperoned my sole and single brother mine — for lo! there anext of

him was the fulsome Marid, the same for who I had clave in twain. And Allah perpetuate our Name in man-memory and fond thought, but the accursed Thing wast of whole limb and unfractured skelet and he life lived and was alert! And hereto the Nazarene forefelt a calamity from so evil auspice; but when he saw that the monster wast a plague to mine brother sole, nor would it part from side his side, he said, 'What was to happen hath happened, but it behooveth me to keep my matter with the Marid secret[1]; for how cometh it that the

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[1]The reader's probable (and rightful) discomfort at this point in the narration most likely does not arise, as may be supposed, from any posturing of coincidence beyond the usually accepted boundaries of credulity: actually the meeting of the Nazarene with the younger Andrew is quite plausible: the latter has good reason to inquire after every traveler recently from the far-off city where his brother has lived so long (ex lib. 786 l. 8 et seq.) Nor probably, is it produced by the apparent shift out of the relator's sphere-cognizant: he devotes his first-half lease to echoing Mustapha: entrusting of the final circumstance to again another (apart from curiosity concerning which way, of the innumerable open to learning this, was the one he actually came by) is quite defensible from the point of view of craft. I believe that the only possibility therefore, is that our annoyance stems from the sudden abbreviation of the story; that it builds and carefully prepares for one or more climactic scenes which the author, for unknown reasons (printing considerations? extempore necessity in default of the (lost?) original pages?) refuses to rise to, but veers from, as in The Winter's Tale, for the dubious returns of an abridged conclusion. I note this difficulty not so much to companion the puzzled reader, or, again, because a score or so of other tales suffer from the same depression; but rather to bring attention to the current scribe who, faced with or decided upon the curtailment, proceeds to make use in the final sentences in his account of the reader's (just above logically, but not impressionably, disposed of) "illusion" of some sort of forced or strained composite of coincidence; thus, with disarming artistry (e.g., following the declamatory-jumble of reiterations that the plot up to this point has had as sole shaky cadre) he not only avoids the otherwise certain disappointment at finis of his tale, but actually, with a rhetorical question and its begged-answer, makes the entire narrational structure seem to irrevocably lead toward, and ultimately depend upon, his incredibly, really scandalously-obvious resolution. For the last line compare with Night cccLxxiii, ft.2: "Huwa inná na'rifu-h" lit.=He, verily we wot him not. The juxtaposition of the two first pronouns suggests "I am he," or "He is I." "Cheat" is expiated.

younger Andrew discovered me out and by what manner of means knoweth he which house of all the houses is mine? Surely he hath some supernatural cognizance the place and hath it limned o' Satan and grave with profoundest gravings upon his mind.' And with subtle aft-thought (my brother not smoking the cheat) the Nazarene quoth, 'Allah hath divided with equitable division.'"

1. Visions and revisions, a vention of
That point in place where action is idea,
And shape have shades of greenish blue idea
In action; where interpolations and
The lazy interject of the first books
Ever printed, of the Empire State
On glossy, technicolor postal cards,
Of a lecture on the printing-press machine
Of monotones, familiar and indifferent,
Converting minded men to sheer consent
To monogamy; that time of place in point
Where invention, vention, and convented of
The three-fold, God, Mohammed, Gotama, as
Visions and the action of revisions
On a single satiric ditty claiming all,
On the first book was ever printed and
The structure, construct of the Empire State,
Familiar and indifferent monogamists,
The bored and prankish interjection of
Picture postcards with a satiric verse
And the grand, last printing-press of all

Where blue is greenish gowned and idea's shapes
Are ventriloquist of action's pointed time

Is the ventiduct of vention and invent,
Is ventral, venture, venturer and vent,
Is ventilator, conventionator and
Content, contentions vindicate of act
The ventricle of bent and bald consent,
The ventilate, the celebrate of place
And pitching tent in the pointed, timely space
Under the Empire State, among the cards
And discarded, monotone monogamists
In technicolor-pictured printed books,
Side of the frankish converts to the sheer
Machine, undated time and placed idea,
Among the ideas and the lies-dear and state
Of the last bluish book, the interject
Of ditty's shading and action's shape, visions'
Revisions and revisioned point of place
With those interpolates of lazy lecture
And minded gloss, familiar God as Print,
Construction of the claim and press, the time
Of printed first, the emprinted last of books
That ventilate the points of place that vent
Vention, venture and ventral three-fold God,
Conventionate, they vindicate, and invent.

2. "Pourquoi, quelque temps je trouve charah?"
"Pourquoi tu le cherches?"

3. The progression 3 9 6 12 9 15 12 18 15 in its continuation ad infinitum will, of course, be forever introducing new numbers. But without stating further than 3 9 6, the new numbers are known - therefore we may stop at 6.

4. There is one sheet left in Mon Bloc Par Avion stationery pad. On it is written:

Quelque temps je vais au barbier et paye pas.

Pourquoi?

Il n'y a rien. (money)

And there is one envelope left. On it is printed:

بالبريد الجوى (Par-Avion)

5. Le nobre qui lefé biane jamé notre ne biane. (Who does good, never others do good to him.)

6.

شركة لا لنسيانا

— Transportes La Valenciana, S.A. —

Fecha 2/4... تاريخ Clase:::: نوع

N.° _____ نمرة

De LARACHE 51429 من العرائش

A Tanger الى

Precio 29 الثمن N.° del asiento 6 نمرة الفعل

Seguro الثامين Hora salida 7 ساعة الخروج

Exceso de equipaje... زيادة ثقل...

Total _____ مجموع .....

7. I met Maimun the other day and he told me exactly what it was had happened with Barbara Hutton's maid. It seems the maid had stolen a bracelet which she thought was worth

about 15,000 francs or so. But when she learned its value was close to two million, she hurried to Miss Hutton's house and returned the bracelet immediately. Maimun said, Moroccans do not have the heart to do big crimes.

8. The time Hamid was sick Mark and I went to visit him at his mother's house. His mother asked us to spend the night there. So we set up the sheets and Mark and I slept on the divans on either side of Hamid. During the night I heard them both talk in their sleep. Hamid cried out, Mark! Mark!, and Mark cried out, Hamid! In the morning I told Mark that I usually do physical exercises as soon as I get up. He asked me to do them then. But I am black and he is an American, so I felt ashamed. I am ashamed to do my exercises in front of other people, I said.

9. I went to the Alcazar on Rue d'Italie with Hamid and Mark. Hamid told Mark to pay my 50 francs admission because I didn't have any money with me, and Mark seemed annoyed to have to do so. But he did anyhow and we went in and the film we saw was "Crime in the Streets". When we got out I asked Mark what he thought about the film and he said the part he liked best was when the poor family sat down to eat in their kitchen and all they had was a can of beans. That was really to show how poor and miserable they were, Mark said, but all it did was make me very hungry. You see, in America we eat a lot of food out of cans. Then I asked Hamid what he thought about the film, and he said he liked it because there were a lot of tough gangs fighting in the streets. When I get to America I'm going to fight with those gangs, Hamid said. Mark

was surprised that Hamid expressed this desire because he thought all that violence would displease Moroccans. Then Hamid added, And when I get to America I'm going to look for that boy, for Sal Mineo, and when I find him I'll niki him. Mark seemed disturbed at this statement. He said he had to leave us then to keep an appointment with his friend Robert. Don't go with that man, Hamid told him. But it's only to talk, Mark explained. He is a hahcess, Hamid answered, if you go with him the others will think you are the same as he is. But Mark said he didn't care what the others thought, and he went away to keep his appointment. After, I heard that Hamid had started imitating the gangster that was in this film we saw, telling everybody, Don't dare touch me - nobody tcuches me! Mark told me he even said it to him once and that he really yelled a lot at Hamid for that. Yet, I, myself, am a gangster. I know what it is to want to imitate gangsters.

10. A youngster who spoke English was into the bank this morning to try to deposit several packets of traveler's checks. I told him we can't deposit checks because they aren't money, but that he could rent a small safety box if he wanted. However, when I said the charge would be 6,000 francs, he didn't seem to think it was such a good idea. Why don't you just keep them at the place where you're staying, I suggested, they ought to be fairly safe there. Arabs come and go in that place, he said sharply and he turned and walked out.

11. That boy has a game with me. The game of looking. When

he sees that I am the only one there, he comes into the store and goes over to the rows of paperbacks. When I am not looking he takes a book and puts it in his clothing. He knows I am shy. He knows I can not go up to him and ask him if he has taken anything. But once when he came in and I knew that he had hidden a book under his shirt, I waited until he passed me on his way towards the door, and then I said, Are you looking for something specific? He answered: No, I am only specifically looking. Sobre todo toda la vida miramiento, miramiento en dentro. A "game" of looking. And then he smiled very friendly at me and left the store. I walked back to the stacks of paperbounds and counted all of them until I found out by the number of its set which one was missing. It was Mason's Pocket-Mystery, "Two Tickets for Tangier".

12. The young Moroccan whom I had operated on at Clinica Espa˜nola appeared at my house one day little more than a week after the operation. He limped into the office clutching his side, and declined to explain what had brought him to see me. I had him undress; when I examined the stitching I was shocked:- the entire length of the incision was a flaming scarlet-purple and swollen up to higher than a half-inch. Hombre! what have you done! I said, who did this to you! His eyes were over-run with tears. He replied simply, If you can heal it, Doctor, whatever you can do to heal it...

13. When we were at the airport and my brother had left us for a minute to recheck the flight time, Hamid turned to me and said, After I'm gone he is going to be all alone. There

isn't going to be anyone to take care of him. I reassured him and told him that I was certain my brother would be all right: If he got through Morocco in one piece, I said, he'll be able to manage well enough here. Hamid seemed unconvinced and, thinking for a moment, rejoined with torturous insistence, -Will you promise me that you will take care of him? Yes, I will take care of him for you, certainly, I emphasized. You are good, he replied hesitantly, almost inaudibly. I am giving him to you. Today.

14. The matter of brothers, by which meant reference to the Andrews as well as any other two, is precisely this: we live in that Environ men acclaim the "greatest and most blessed country in the world": What, in whole-part, is equivocated therefore, when one-half a family needs to live in Africa?

15. The east windows of Clinica Espa~ola open on a clear view of "The Butterfly", an antique store, so named and in English. The room of looking out is a cocoon; but the caterpillar within has a loveliness too. It has a (belying the season) chrysanthemum-subdued orange head and four white dromedaries, standing tufts on a black belt along its back, its accordioned sides ruby studded and saffron embroidered: fearlessly spilling hundreds of thousands of them spilling into a lane - a busy thoroughfare! tumbling, sprawling, carpeting the pavement of a loudly vehicled thoroughfare.... crushed, squirming, with the still crystalline-marking the many tracks, track of the chrysalis they will never take and heedless still hundreds wobbling forward hunching persistantly undoubling, patient, the farther-Spring patient to climb

over these....

16. A group of boys was playing Johnny-on-the-Pony late one night in a corner of the Marine terrace roof which overlooked, at that starless hour, an evocative, decidedly funereal bay. I was there taking the opportunity to just be by myself, when, at a certain point, I heard the captain of one team signal his leapers' turns by calling off: Free-day, Two-day, Weed-knees-day, Sat-two-day, Tour-day, Moan-day, Soan-day. And that's that, thought I, for the progression and last word in pronouncement of time.

17. Today letting me taste seashelf and sand
Viens ici, Petit Nuckbi and all neologism
Of new drugs and new worlds for new worlds
Where in Morocco? right in the beginning of it
Where in America? right in the beginning of it
Bidonvilles beetling-cliffs sabates cicles of revelations
The glory of moment and fleeting visioned and revisioned
That is all of me all I want of me
Letting me taste seashelf and sand today.

18. Most ever else before after but only more more before now after most before after ever but only more more before now after else after now but only more most ever after before more else before now after most more but only ever after before else before more.

19. The most beautiful before or after paragraph ever it but penned only was meant to so that it be rent might be it more

was meant to beautiful and more be rent meaningful for not everything to be destroyed before it and not now for so everything that it might to come after destroy anything it else or after it and now meant to be beautiful the be destroyed and but only for everything rent it and more meaningful most beautiful paragraph not so to was for everything ever penned that it might come after it meant to be before was it might destroy be more rent not anything else to before be destroyed and now beautiful and or after and not be rent the most for everything to more meaningful for it but only so that it was meant beautiful paragraph ever come after everything before so that might destroy to be penned was it it it might be anything else before rent not to meant to more be destroyed.

20. Before, you know, when Tangier was international, before, a long time ago, they used to lock up the doors of the Casbah and the medina at night. I would hurry back from Sousnd or the Boulevard, completely drunk and full of kif, and get there just as they were pulling the big gates closed. Then I would squeeze through the very narrow space that for half a second was still left, and the gates would slam right behind me, and they would lock them up. And that's all: good night.

I.

Dear Herr Hagenström:

Permit me to thank you for your kind letter and the prints you enclosed. In answer to your questions I want to say that a contract for any kind of work will be all right, and that I am sure that I will be happy in Germany even with all the warn-

ings you have given me.

However, if you can not find a contract for me, I want to thank you for having looked for one anyhow, and tell you that if you ever return to Tangier you will always be welcome here.

(The above is from Black Larbi addressed to Herr Hagenström. And now let me, Black Larbi's translator from French to English, address myself to Herr Hagenström's translator from German to English: I found your remarks (that is, whoever you may be since, to my real regret, you choose to go unsigned) - your remarks on translating very interesting and I agree with everything you say. I'd like to add, that I, also, have discovered translating to be a kind of trust between translator and translated, an act of faith as it were. It is a whole world or whole world-view that is being digested and rendered in the making of a translation, and thus the translator is almost in a sacred state - or in the state of the sacred instrument of the equation sign in God's "Let it be=And it is". Burton, the great translator, claimed that all his Oriental works were literal renditions, thereby necessitating his creating for each a new and original language. And, it seems to me, that all "even" speaking if it strives after truthful rendition, is committed to the nature of exactly this kind of translating that he engaged in.)

Sincerely yours,

(Black) Larbi ben Mohammed,

and anonymous

II.

Dear Mark,

I just came home from school and found your letter in the

mailbox after having sent off a letter to you yesterday morning. I was stoned out of my head when I wrote that letter (I wanted to say something to you about the problem of communication) but I am quite sober as I write this now, although I am smoking as I write. Your letter both upset and frightened the shit out of me. You say you can't tell me in a letter what's wrong but say in a tone that absolutely paralyzes me that it is a question of permanent harm, even possibly death. If you had only indicated whether it has to do with your own health itself or whether it has to do with outside threats (I remember that aspect of certain of the Arabs very well). What shall I say and how shall I react? Of course not a word will dare be breathed to anyone about what you've written, but the burden of it has me in a gut-wrenching dread until you get back. Write quickly again, even if you don't say anything further in your letters about this threat, even if you write only a few lines, just so that I know you are writing and still okay.

Don't worry about a pad when you get back or money to pay for one. Of course you can move in here; should there ever be any question of that? Just, please, do get back here and in a salvagable condition.

Later by two pipes,

I've re-read your letter about seven times (magic number, that) and one part sticks out above all the rest in its mystery and its beauty and its awesomeness - "...but now at least I have hope." In its mystery because does the hope refer to the specter of permanent disability mentioned before or to death or to escape from that permanent specter and recovery from death or to a permanent disability as a result

of that escape from death; in its beauty because to have hope is ever beautiful no matter in what that hope consists because hope and the object of hope are always two very different things and the object of hope may be frightening or ugly or evil, but the hope itself is still and always remains beautiful and so the object of your hope is not really important and the mystery of your statement to me therefore is not important because it is hope and hope is beautiful; in its awesomeness because hope is always a thing of flight and you always seem to fly to a point that you have always known and been on before and so your flights are always intensifications and never escapes and/to hope in intensifications is so rare and so lovely and so much more radium-like than hope in escape that I must be ever in awe of it.

I think of "et in Arcadia ego," and I think why, and I think "ego" and Arcadia are the two sides of one and the whole scene laughs at our reaction to it. Aren't those hills to the east and southeast of Tangier Bay which look so weirdly gray-green under clouds and even sometimes under sun (I've seen other mountains and those of Tangier Bay are something other than mountains), aren't they also "ego" and Arcadia and isn't this what we don't understand when we go to Morocco and so pass from "ego" to Arcadia and from Arcadia to "ego" and never quite seize the one of which "ego" and Arcadia are the parts.

The Arabs aren't important, for they know nothing but as we let them know anything by knowing for them and remembering our knowing for them as though they really knew too, only they were the catalysts or the occasions for knowing and had

nothing to do either with their own knowing or knowing itself which as always was only in us and our minds and our visions. These are the Arabs of my remembering my knowing are may be different from the Arabs who are still your occasion for knowing and so you may not understand what I feel about them but time itself will change that so that one day they will be the Arabs of your remembering your knowing, just like mine, and then we shall understand eachother fully, although I try now to be as precise and exacting of words as I can.

The dangerous thing in such matters is not knowing ourselves except as the Arabs know for us. That is the way to madness and destruction. Please, Mark, avoid that. Please.

But it is no longer a question of avoidance or seeking, is it really? I think we have both known that a long time, before Tangier, before Europe, perhaps even before New Orleans (although it started to dawn on us in Louisiana, I think, which was the last escape that was still totally flight before the next flight which was already partially an intensification. Conversations like: "Paris is very much like New York; people fuck in Tangier and people fuck, too, in New York; shit is smoked in long pipes in the Succo Chico but shit is also consumed vastly on Houston Street in New York." I say New York and of course do not mean the geographical place but use it like an Empire State Building of metaphors that is all of you and all of me since the dawn of our consciousness to this hour of our still and forever flight that is changing into hope that means rest from all changes ever again and only now forever intensifications.)

I am back again to my old problem which has for so many

weeks been plaguing me on all levels - communication. We must always be so careful with our words because we owe them practically all that we can remember of knowing and all we can tell of our knowing which is communication and which ties us with others and that is, after all, love. And so if words fail then communication fails and then love must fail, and love must never fail because it is the only thing more beautiful than hope because while hope is better than escape because hope is intensification and escape is change, love is better than hope because it is a stasis that is achieved when hope's motion, which is intensification, finally culminates and can intensify no further and there is stasis and that is love, more beautiful than hope.

Still another pipe (pure hops), My ass is aching with a dull ache. I took it up the ass last night, but I hope the pain passes by tomorrow, because I have much work and little incentive when my ass is aching with a dull ache.

It will always be a question of sex with me and I must make my peace with this. It is a kind of idiot existence - I mean that it takes an idiot naivety and simplicity to survive it toward the very end of its difficult to realize stasis. That is why I must not relate to 18 year olds, but must myself be 18 years old, because simplicity is simplest to achieve in youth and so the struggle must be toward youth always and what does time have to do with it. There are no lies, there is only knowing and whatever is known, by the very act of knowing it, we make it not a lie. I know that I shall always be 18 years old, even when I am too old to walk and too shaky to type. But I shall not be Child, be-

cause maturity has nothing to do with time either and so I shall be 18 years old and young and an old man but not mentioning any old age in years. That is again the stasis just like love is a stasis, because it is not a movement from young to old (like escape is a movement) and it is not even an intensification from young to more of young, but it is a stasis of old and young at once. Is death a Stasis of stasis? I think not. I think that the less we think about death and the more we let death take care of itself, the more good things will be.

I am too whacked out to think any more. I just want to listen to music and then go to sleep. Please write soon. Please be well to come back to us and tell us what you know and so love us.

All my love,

R.K.

III.

Dearest Mark,

Had another grand day yesterday. Went to R.K.'s and made breakfast for him. Then we took the 5th Avenue bus to the zoo. We saw yaks and (yo me) llamas and R.K. fed the elephant and commented appropriately on the tactile sensations. The elephant got hold of a little girl's glove and tried to eat it up. (I mean down.) When he had no success, he put it under his foot and tugged at it with his trunk trying to rend it. Getting infuriated, again, he tried to eat it. Incipient neurosis stuck out all over him. It's a good thing he didn't start to sweat or there would have been a tropical rainstorm. I don't quite get the connection but as we passed

several of the cages, we seemed to have inspired a wave of diarrhea. We saw a magnificent cat from SE Asia which was relatively small, tawny, and poised in the classic Egyptian pose for a few minutes as we stared at the perfection of the reality. Then it rolled over.

Next stop - Guggenheim Museum - to which we walked. R.K. and I have discovered that we indulged in very many of the same childhood games - marbles, skelly, territory, etc. and so agreed that from the outside the building looks like the circular maze-type setup in plastic through which the "prime mover" is supposed to pass two silver balls. Some of the paintings are good, interesting, arresting (I don't know) but some just aren't very appealing. However, the museum itself, from the inside, is great. As we descended the spiral, we debated, metaphysically of course, the ever-perturbing question of what floor we were on at any given moment in history.

Next we skipped off to the Library at 42nd St. and read all sorts of personal letters that were on display because they were written from the Civil War front during the battles, etc. We also saw some letters that had been dictated to professional scribes - what fantastic handwriting, minute, beautiful, even. As for us, voilà les voyeurs! So, then, we called R.K.'s roommate who met us at this great Greek restaurant about which I think I told you in a previous letter. We were welcomed back with smiles, bear hugs, and a pat on my behind. Had another swinging meal and then took off to a Greek night-club called the Brittania where we guzzled wine and ogled the sensuous belly-dancing wenches who wiggled their bellies and torsos and limbs and eyelashes.

And so much for yesterday!!! (which, by the way, was I must not tell a lie's birthday.)

Saw the Bergman film "The Virgin Spring". Stunning.

Tippy took the dingleberry, thank you. She married a man to whom I introduced her. He works for CBS, makes pots of money but doesn't spend any of it on same. He's a real witty, urbane type who is considerably older than she. They're living in an apartment that he had on East 35th St. between Park and Madison - chi-chi and stuff. They got married on Friday but they're not leaving on their honeymoon until next week. They weren't going to marry until next month but the commuting problem became absurd.

You probably know that Rocinante is returning from California very shortly and worlds-to-come department has it that she is going to stay with Harv for a while. Do you realize that next year we'll finally be able to spend New Year's Eve together? Decorating is going to be a snap at the rate you're going - three large silk tasseled cushions, an ashtray and thou, bow wow. How? Ugh! Scrambled.

What a pleasure it will be to simply look at you. Don't resent it.

Smile at me and hold my hand.

I'm glad my presence at the boat came up as a problem to you because I spent a lot of time thinking about it too. And best of all, I'm glad we came to the same conclusions. I thought I was just being supersensitive but now either both of us are or neither of us is. (How crazy this language is!)

As for the need to be quiet - I promise to be quiet-within with you but there will probably be a lot of external flurry

all around us. And I sort of fill up with glee at unexpected moments when I think about all the things we can have fun doing together like walking and shopping and helping all the old ladies cross the streets. Anyway, let's not worry about this in such detail. I'm confident we've got our major problem solved now that we accept each other at last truthfully. So, we'll fight. Wonderful. And we'll hurt each other. I'll cry. We'll suffer. It doesn't matter. And yet it matters very much because we'll have won. We've already won. Troth means 1. faith; fidelity 2. Truth, verity.

I thee pledge...

My love,

Sandra

IV.

Casablanca

Hello Folks

This is just to let you know I feel fine and in good health.

Gee I sure am sorry I missed Mark but I wasn't in Casablanca when he sent his letters and when I finally returned here and got them it was too late because he already left.

Well everyone keep well and give my regards.

Love to all

Bill

V.

Fès

Cher Mark,

C'est avec plaisir que j'ai reçu ta lettre, et avec joie que j'ai accueilli ta suggestion. Il fallait de la memoire

pour pouvoir se rapeller un étranger vivant dans un coin de l'Afrique, perdu dans les confins du désert. Il en faut encore davantage pour se souvenir des sentiments et des espérances à lui faire part des activités du monde des arts et des sciences à New York. Par conséquent, je t'en suis reconnaitant.

J'ai rencontré après ton départ beaucoup d'autres étrangers, suisses, allemands, belges, polonais, mais personne n'a pas mériter la place que tu as occupé parmi nous - Je n'ai présenté personne à Oudghiri (Yahouda Sultan!) et personne ne m'a parlé de la rose du désert, ni des escaliers de la terre.

Je serais désireux toutefois de pouvoir connaître sur tant soit peu - si tu le permets - de tes impressions sur les expériences que tu as enduré au Maroc; cela me fera énormément plaisir.

Je quitterai le Maroc en Octobre à destination de Francfort en Allemagne pour y faire mes études (économie).

Sincères amitiés

Bennani Abdelmajid

VI.

New York 3 N.Y

U.S.A. Los Etatos Un

Los Éstadose Uin

Il Murs

Cher A mi Larbi

~~jé m~~ jene teana

réseta Amarca

tu ne pa ne unotre

vie mémeoua gére ture ne

Amarica Zo Amerile

Me méana jerem et ~~m~~ us

Hamid

VII.

Dear Mark:

These things came to me at one point between March 21st and 22nd s.v. Speaker of the Houses and Speaker for the Commitment to the Life of an Artist:

Spk. HOUSES——How far, then, do you estimate this Extensible of a commitment to the Artist's life as reaching?

Spk. C.L.A.——AS FAR as the integration in the com-Munal several thousand yearstillstand-Ing societies. Communal-man to earth, -man to HOUSES, -man to street, -man to MAN.

Spk. HOUSES——————————————————————————How?

Spk. C.L.A.——The artist's work forms, as with the Other its social structure, the In-Tegration and the Relative of the art-Ist and his audience; as with the Other anyONE and his communal society. How extensive is anyone's society with-In his society?

Spk. HOUSES——THIS can not be: for artist and his Readers are printpages apart: the Artist and his audience stagecities Plaintwixt, and hallgazers Louv~~r~~length Orseas. AS(? the he visits this page,

The city or sea, yes, this can be.

Spk. C.L.A.——what, then, do you estimate as The work's value to the artist and His audience?

Spk. HOUSES————————i'll answer after i Answer your additional question:

Spk. C.L.A.————————————————what U-biety has the position of the Audi-ence, the always-positioned Audience, justbrowsingthere reader, <u>that</u> Direc-tionstaring somnambulant, in the Act of the work?

Spk. HOUSES——The audience is oN which is Framed The work, just quIte as, and as alongwith It Is page novelframE and canvas Picture.

Spk. C.L.A.——which would tallY, following you Then, To artist and audience - for thus you Sum - AS complete otherS from the Oneand His communal RelaTive.

Spk. HOUSES——And the worksvaluE to artist, then, Is He His self complEtes in it, while It To the audience hOlds nothing for Him.

Spk. C.L.A.——Then, following: This extensible of The Commitment to art;

Spk. HOUSES————————————is at no place Very Farinto societies%

Spk. C.L.A.————————————————and truth is, All;

Spk. HOUSES——that truth is is The totality -Totality!

Spk. C.L.A.——which can be, may be, ?)cansee, seecanmay... still, this extention of (that's) art extends

(scil., has the exact reach of) the extent
of the mind. and this is what, not bodies'
bombsend, knives or locks, is our fear.

Spk. HOUSES——is mine?

Spk. C.L.A.——————————is ours. is your your honesty.

Spk. HOUSES——it is!

Spk. C.L.A.————————your)irreproachable(deception:
for you are eventUAL in the end of mind.
it's end, as you eventual, is certain:
all routes in mind with our time, the pos-
sibles-thought, and In our Day every canal
filthying brain are to be charted, chartered,
sewered-out to last league. spaceMan no -
helmetHeld his, yea: think, you've thought:
will concur are obligatedAT-Toward. Re-mind
Thoughtend. and come both laborlust even
OURWILLS till it.)This so(now withwhich
review your communAL. it's what? is
singlethere any onethingthought extensI-
ble As This? or other than absolute rehearse?

Spk. HOUSES——i'd say!

Spk. C.L.A.——————————a littlelength now of retort:

And what followed failed to appreciably alter for the audile his audit in flatnotes and Caps.

Love:

j.j.

VIII.

Cher Ami,

C'est mon cousin, l'écrivain, qui écrit cette lettre pour moi.

Permettez-moi à vous remercier pour les beaux photos que je vais garder toujours comme souvenir.

J'espère que vous soyez en meilleure santé. Pour moi, je vais bien, tout à fait la vague sur le courant.

Mon ami, tout ce que je veux dire, c'est s'il est possible, s'il vous plaît, cherchez pour moi un contract de travail en Amérique, pour me laisser retourner et vivre là-bas.

A toi, -((no signature appears))

And such is the finalest tale in the attitude epistolary with all we wotteth[1] poster and reservoir eke passing of the days till such time as came to them the Destroyer of delights and the Severer of societies and twain passed away and died (so praise be to the Ever-Living who dieth not!); which same history came down to us in completion and perfection, and glory be to Allah, the Lord of the three Worlds. Amen.

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[1]This letter, because of its inconjecturable post-date, dictator and reader, with all hazards rendered valueless in its impossible to divine répétitions résumées, is somewhat hors ligne; despite that I think it wise not to delete it. As for 62.——92. Tales Numbers 62 through 92 (see listing in the Comparative Table, Appendix, vol. x.) together with their variants and analogues currently availed of translation, viz., in Caussin de Perceval, Gauttier, Scott, Scott's MS. and Habicht, all are suspect of not belonging to the genuine Nights: hence

are within and hither-to the Presents omitted
which leaves us with nothing remaining
for the moment, than other to
supplicate for a goodly
and a godly
FINIS.