

A collection of fragments from my recent body
(2021-2023)

by

Hailey Lynch-Bastion

also called

Dajjal, Frater Vagus, True Mayor of Grand Rapids, Quing of Camel Head, Master Leonard, *Vicarius Fili Dei*, Ambassador of True Religion, Head Bitch of Dark Times, The One With The Beautiful Hair, The Great White Goat, IO Pan *Blanca*, The Galactic Critic, First of The Caucus of Caucus, Lion of the Camel, Foremost of the Women, Consort of the Two Ladies, One Lord of Hyena Dynasty, Halev Halev Halev, Delicious Child of God, *Moine du Luxe*, Emperor Hummus, Maths, L, The Beginning of the River, *Rex Nemorensis Mirai*, God's Toughest Battle, Falafel Khan, etc., etc.

Distributed by The Camel Head War Council

Published © in 23° 13 : 2 in 9° 16 : ♀ : V v i i i

Your scars yarrow sticks upon the ground -
Within them is a future to be divined.
I pluck at Your stomach & thigh in desperation;
I drown in the Luxury of Your Vision.

O, my Spine!
From Crown to Foundation,
Thou art the ache of Lust.

Lover, I pray Thee:
Be Thine fingers as a thousand fleas!
Irritate me, prod me, produce me,
refuse me comfort, as Thou wish.
Your nails must be like fatal stings
And your kisses -
How am I to know?
Rain upon me thirty blows,
That the promise of Your mouth
Might drive desire beyond its peak.

O, my Spine!
Shatter not Ye yet:
Thou art Art.

Lover, I pray Thee:
Tear at me with tooth, with talon!
Rend meaning from my flesh
And pull at the muscle like famished carrion.
Play with my organs like thrift-store chinaware;
Dispense with my bones like runes or like rubbish.

O, my Spine!
Erect me as Ye see fit:
Thou art Death.

Il est difficile d'être
Amoureux de la Lune -
Si tangible et audacieux,
Mais à une distance impossible.

Attends, non!

Il est plus facile que tout d'être
Amoureux de la Lune
Elle était toujours là,
Attendant;
Patient.

Maintenant,
Elle est comme la reine du poison.

Ma muse!
Je serais aussi patiente,
Et je te prierai
De rejoindre bientôt la Terre.

59.

Table of Nonsense

Untitled horny poem...pg. 3

Amoureux de la lune...pg. 4

Table of Nonsense...pg. 5

Un abus flagrant de la langue...pg. 6

I. the name: transcendental signifier, or monstrous reduction?

II. knocking over the flower pot

III. lingual cannibalism as fetish play

IV. simultitudinous abstrarities

V. looking away from anti-natalists and their ilk

Regarding Charlatans, pt. I...pg. 14

CLXXI...pg. 17

Dua: supplication

Les deux cours: the two principles

L'auberge: the inn houses

La Contendii:

La contendii delicae: the beautiful contentions

La contendii haros: the harsh conditions

Halid & Haros: psalm dates no. 1-3...pg. 24

Notre mémoire d'un souvenir dans les sables...pg. 27

Un abus flagrant de la langue

Mesonges, mesonges, mesonges.

I. the name: transcendental signifier, or monstrous reduction?

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law.

194.

It will be readily admitted by any one of my comrades, and with venomous drip by the dearest of my detractors, that in speech, my methods of elucidation leave much to be desired. I am said to be too obscure in my *true* disposition, stating that $(s) = (n)$ with absolute conviction at the outset and, when the party is swayed by my pageantry, immediately declaring $(s) = (-n)$ as if it were a magisterial revelation, and not the giddily childish wanderings of an unsupervised tongue. My consistent adjudications that I hardly literally mean what I say rarely seems to quell the insistences of injury via an infinitude of injustices, from a thousand corners of the earth, where the most beautiful women & men display loudly their exasperation; doubly so if the victim originally acquiesced to my apathy, only for me to negate the statement, and pry the floorboards from under their feet with manic glee.

55.

Now it seems that, harangued by endless queries as I am as to the *gei-contendii*¹ regarding Camelia, I may no longer dance upon the tops of barbed wire; indeed, coming circumstances demand that I drape a sun-proof curtain over the fences of my homeland, and project myself upon its myriad flora *verde*, sans Schrödingeal physics.

124.

En vérité, my linguistic bullshittery is chronic & primal. Extending as it has over the æons from the shriek to the howl, from the radio & stage to the printed page, I cannot but help having settled on a truth of fluctuating comfort: the further removed my words are from my personhood, the better received they are by the general public.

¹ For an in-definition, please refer to CLXXI, pg. 18

II. knocking over the flower pot

61.

Abstraction & Alienation were originally the main methods by which I removed myself from the equation, having been for ages utilised by eccentric seekers of light as a sure defense against those who read their words and deign them heresy, from the Vatican to the stepfather. However, exhausted of the constant misinterpretations of my meaning, I have grown to utterly *despise* language, or so I thought.

11.

Look how flowery and absurd, how unnecessarily complexèd & wrought!

122.

The first irony in which I find myself submerged is that my love for the act of writing has only increased; it is as if I am able to siphon out my thoughts, and in that way keep my skull nice & hollow. Furthermore, I have come to understand that I, as all of individual humanity, interpret every phenomenon through an idiosyncratic, internalized metatext - one book for each soul, like religion, as indeed it always has been - and that perhaps, in a secondary, supreme irony, I may be able to demonstrate & redress some of the fallacies of language by starting at the base of signification and formulating new mechanics for symbol-production and meaning-distribution - spitting in the face of the contradictions of the tongue.

87.

After all, systems of measurement & classification are nothing but matters of convenience: emojis could replace the alphabet as the *de facto* representation of variables in algebraic equations, while generating nary a limitation - but mayhaps benefit, giving one as it would the ability to convey somewhat the substance or *meaning* of a variable's location, both individually & within the grand scheme of equation, simply via the choice of emoji.

25.

But do we really need to do something as absurd as digitizing & anthropomorphising the language of logic while dispensing with that which it replaces?

III. lingual cannibalism as fetish play

1.

Non.

93.

Our focus must be on re-evaluating the commonly accepted logic of language, beginning by placing to the side the general conception of its use in, and the use of, conversation, as in the replication of a mythos in miniature; as in the reenactment of a story inscribed upon the psyche in youth and forgotten, which itself becomes a sort of self-fulfilling prophecy; of the sentence as a determined & blasé variable, intended as contribution to the solution of a larger formula - the conversation - signifying a desire to reach an *end* wherein awaits the potential transcendence of pleasure.

72.

Conversely, let us deign to treat the usage of language in, and the use of conversation as, a collaborative swirl of infinitely mutating meaning, as in a beat poet's prose ripe avec multiplicité; comme des aimants sûr la réfrigérateur; comme un partie du *Cadavre Exquis* - comme point d'intérêt, réellement, un conversation est vraiment analogue à la Cadavre Exquis.

93.

Just consider the similitudinous mysteries inherent within these processions of signs: Person A is accosted by a thought (the empty potentiality of the paper), formulates meaning & attaches value (draws the head & the connexion), then speaks to Person B (folds the paper, leaving the neck as a sentence or gesture). Person B's role in the procession is to be confronted by the first statement (to see the neck), to attach value (draw the midsection & connexion), and respond in kind (fold the paper again, leaving the navel as a sentence or gesture), the process repeated until the drawing est fini.

20.

Observe the absurd - Man grows irate to the point of war, all because the unfolded paper reveals a mismatched grotesquerie!

23.

They forget that the Joy of the process is found within these very absurdities; indeed, their creation is the very point of the game, the very essence of *Life*.

IV. simultitudinous abstrarities (A)

75.

This is the Little Face, the Microprosopus of my First Irony: as Nietzsche proclaimed the death of God, as Foucault proclaimed the death of Man, I now proclaim the death of Language.

20.

This is the meaning of *simultitudinous*: the occupation in a conceptual space by each individual variable of all the other variables in that space.

15.

As an example, consider the letters & lines of the 231 Gates in the Sepher Yetzirah.

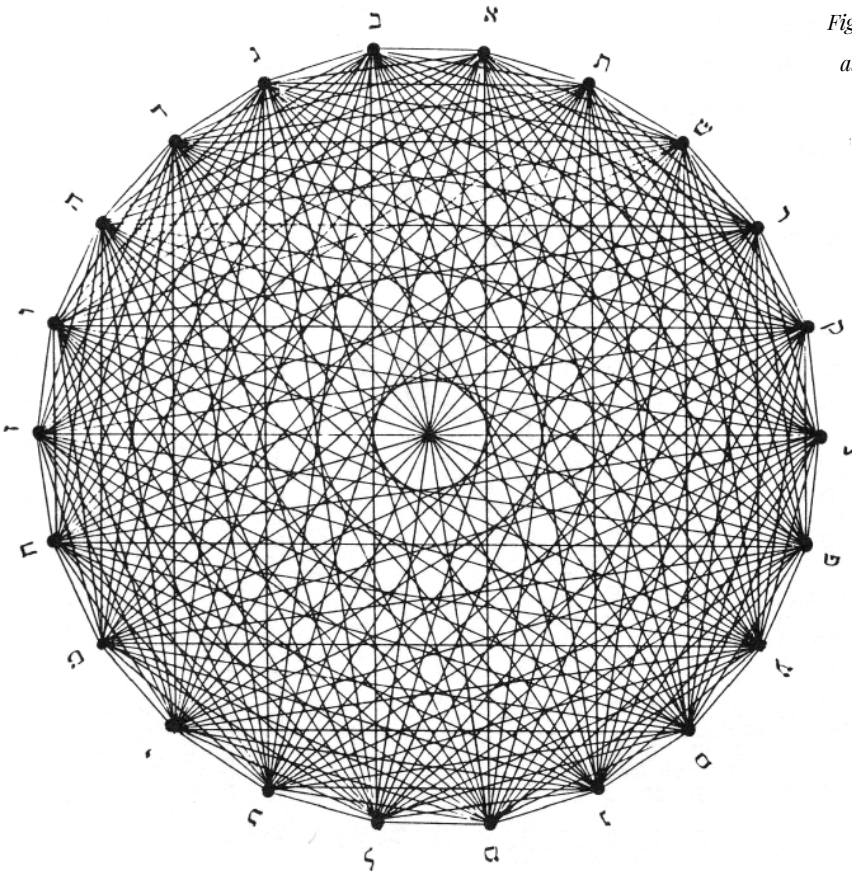


Fig. 1 The 231 Gates -
*all hippies can piss off at this junction.*²

² "Get a new joke, for fuck's sake. I'm sick of seeing ten hippie jokes per text." - Ed.

simultitudinous abstrarities (B)

46.

Of my Second Irony, the Greater Countenance, I would rather view these deaths as a triumvirate of cyclical production, and set forth precedent for a procession of abandonment extending beyond language, and into further fertile fields of flight.

67.

This is the meaning of *abstrarities*: the clouds of potential intensities subdividing a conceptual field, including that which partitions the subdivisions; as relates to a graph, it is the empty locations surrounding a concept delineated by the formula (x, y), and also the measurement of the measure.

42.

Referring back to the 231 Gates, it is acknowledgement of the diversity of thoughts between you and I when we look at the picture, while knowing it is nothing more than a signifier - ink on paper, and not the actual substance of the concept.

V. looking away from anti-natalists & their ilk

5.

Anti-natalism is the *real* natalism!

32.

Of the first birth or transition in the face of the God - Man - Language trinity is the Space left by the death of God in the act of filling itself with Man.

26.

Of the second is Language elevated to the role of personhood, which is the role of Godhood, which means to be a signifier of Human Qualities.

34.

Of the third is God's return to the land of Language, by which is meant a redistribution of power on the level of *al-Midisuikos* - the generalizing zeitgeist composed of overlapping group psychologies within an urban centre.

Therefore,
in my capacity as
DAJJAL,
Quing de la Camelia,
The first act of this manifesto is to declare:

WORDS R HELLA DUM

HENCEFORTH:

1. All Language is to be understood not as stemming from, but as *being* One, as it always has been; there is nought but dialects.
2. All People shall make a habit of speaking in dialects unfamiliar to those with whom they converse, afterwards explaining the meaning and helping with pronunciation, just as one speaks to stupid & curious children, as indeed we all have forever been.³
3. All Silence shall be considered sacred, and long periods not easily broken.
4. The previous declaration can & shall be violated at All Times, as it always has been.

The menagerie of bips & blips that remain to this text may be considered justification for both my ego and eventual execution.

Love is the law, love under will.

Hailey Lynch-Bastion,

Called

DAJJAL,

Also Called

HaLev, Quing of Camel Head, Head Bitch of Dark Times, etc., etc.

161.

³ Equally important is that one speaks in Dialects unfamiliar to themselves, for the babbling of babes has always been the building back of Bab(y/a)lon. Apologies to Bobby M & his bum toe.

REGARDING CHARLATANS

Pt. I

I am appalled at the state of the Occult minded today. On Sunday I whisper in a crowded room that I believe not in Psychic phenomenon, that Prophecy is more complex than an intrusive thought found palatable, and no sooner have I finished my sentence than am I assaulted with vulgarities and reproachments, shattered bottles and switchblades at all sides.

“Halev, aren’t you a Magician?!”

“Halev, you’re holding a Tarot deck!”

“Halev, does your pretension know no bounds? Eat Thou this knife!”

Largely true charges, I admit freely, as my flesh did their daggers; but even whilst bleeding out alone amongst the detritus of the rubbish bin whence I had been tossed post-*sortie*, I eked out my elucidations. I repeat them now for human consideration, as mice & maggots make mediocre critics.

Ahem -

“My friends, stay Thine fists a moment and listen!

If anybody calls themselves a psychic, or clairvoyant, or soothsayer in your presence, you have my permission to beat them as mercilessly as you have beaten me, for this person is undoubtedly attempting to extract your wallet, or worse - your Will.

Again: if any one amongst you claims supernatural powers, rip Thee All the tongue from their mouth, the liver from their tummy, and the root from their trunk, for they have not the decency to treat you - or indeed, themselves - with the level of intellectual rigour befitting a multicellular organism.⁴

Ask them to explain their psychism, and it inevitably boils down to the feeling of *feelings* or *intuition*; ask them to elaborate further and they shall descend into autobiographical detail that amounts to the same. They shall say they go inward, look inside; they *just know* things. Hah! My hackles raise at their hubris, I growl at their gall; I heckle, guffaw, declaw and deball. To Hell with you all!

Where is the critical thought of man? Where is the careful study? Where, in short, is the scientific mind, the curious critique, the philosophical inquiry? Request a report regarding a single example of their successes and they shall accuse Thee of bureaucracy, shall begin whinging on endlessly about patriarchy & capitalism - to a queer anarcho-communist, no less! - instead of realising their own lack of structure, or that what structure is there is exactly formatted on that which they pretend to decry.⁵

Please, stop stabbing me.

Chemists, chuck Thy beakers, break the charlatans’ bones!

Taxonomists, subject Thou their urethral meatus to unimaginable categories of mangling!

Trichologists, pluck Thee their perineums hairless! Let us demand that those who deign to tinker with our minds do so with a clear strategy & structure *at the minimum*.

⁴No disrespect intended to my single-cell comrades; you are valued and delicious children of God.

⁵To which the common defense is that all structures are false, which is true and crucial - forget not my name, Dajjal - but when used as an excuse to not apply oneself? It is as worthless a philosophical concept as the person who states it is a Magician. Utterly & wholly abominable.

That means that they must be able to deconstruct what & how they're operating at any given moment for the client; it means they must be transparent in their motives for brainplay; it means they must acknowledge their inchoate nature, and train themselves & their instruments to properly receive & parse data. Go on, Thou fiendish people, and ask your local psychic to engage with even a modicum of integrity: watch them pack up and leave town this very night!

...But you are right, dearest destroyers, in your claims that I, Hailey Lynch-Bastion, also called Dajjal, Frater Vagus, True Mayor of Grand Rapids, Quing of Camel Head, Master Leonard, *Vicarius Filii Dei*, Ambassador of True Religion, Head Bitch of Dark Times, The One With The Beautiful Hair, The Great White Goat, IO Pan *Blanca*, The Galactic Critic, First of The Caucus of Caucaus, Lion of the Camel, Foremost of the Women, Consort of the Two Ladies, One Lord of Hyena Dynasty, Halev Halev Halev, Delicious Child of God, *Moine du Luxe*, Emperor Hummus, Maths, L, The Beginning of the River, *Rex Nemorensis Mirai*, God's Toughest Battle, Falafel Khan, etc. etc., call myself a Magician, as well as a card reader,⁶ and I see how this may have confused Thee: all others who have stood before you and declared themselves of magickal stock have undoubtedly been of the lowest calibre.

I myself am currently of the fourth-lowest calibre,⁷ and therefore far more qualified to speak upon such subjects, although not nearly advanced enough to be considered an authority by any means. If anybody claims to be and cannae produce the data to prove it, it is a falsehood. It is therefore an aspect of my Will to detangle the hair of the Universe, and present a coherent system of classification whereby those phenomena which are commonly referred to as *psychic* may be interpreted, that I may tinker with the Organs of the Willing, in hopes of setting them upon the hunt for their True Will.

Let us begin, bismillah~



⁶ As for my alleged pretension, what could *possibly* be considered pretentious about me? It's not my fault that I'm so gifted; in fact, I assure you it's a nearly unbearable burden that I'd rather be without. On God, how some of us are made to suffer 🙄🙄 *700 700*

⁷ ☉ in 3° Capricorni : ☽ in 24° Capricorni : dies Saturni : Anno V v i i i æræ legis

FIVE TIERS OF PHENOMENA

I posit five basic levels; they are assigned to the Four plus One Elements of Antiquity for ease of comprehension.⁸ There is some amount of overlap between them; each is utilised in the cultivation of the further tiers. The essential concept here is the body as scientific instrument; one must cultivate – again we use the term – as near perfect control of all mental & physical processes as possible in order to properly engage with such matters.

A brief overview, then, before we delve into them wholesale.

- I. Physiological–Organic Level (Earth)
*Wherein physical phenomena are unconsciously interpreted.
Trained into conscious interpretation by Yoga.*
- II. Intuitive–Astral Level (Water)
*Wherein the spiritual realm of a phenomenon is subconsciously experienced.
Trained into conscious interpretation by Yoga.*
- III. Intellectual–Human Level (Air)
*Wherein one uses their bloody head, for once~
Trained into unconscious interpretation by Yoga.*
- IV. Plaything–Daemonic Level (Fire)
*Wherein one is tossed about by Higher Beings.
Trained into conscious interpretation by Yoga.*
- V. Wuwei–Synchronic Level (Spirit)
*Wherein one is fully embedded in the flow of the Universe.
Trained into unconscious interpretation by Yoga.*

It should be noted that only levels I & III are fully accepted by the skeptically inclined layman, as well they should be; the others are for dullards to claim loudly as their personal powers, or for Magicians to study in silence.⁹ Level II is somewhat accepted by the common men & women of our era, so long as the results of its use in no way inconvenience the Seer or the Sucker, and the Seer does not confess to the use of methods beyond the capabilities of the Sucker; I myself am in the process of acquiring & mastering travel upon the Astral Planes. Levels IV & V are largely considered horseshit – again, for good reason – and could be even considered as taking part of *being-noumena*, but I have had moments wherein I felt in contact with such phenomenological apparatuses. Of course, with my disposition still of such a low calibre I dare not trust fully that I had or have clarity of vision enough to determine said moments' external validity, all I know is that there were phenomena; mashallah I have been taken under the wings of trustworthy intellects with experience in such matters, and thus has it been considered prudent to include them in this dialogue, completing the system as they do.

To be continued in the next publication~

⁸ There is a distinct correlation between Isaac Luria's divisions of the soul into the Worlds of Kabbalah, but we need not enter into such technicalities in this rudimentary discussion.

⁹ Which does not preclude speech, but rather enforces its value as Te.

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ

الرَّحْمَنِ

الرَّحِيمِ

CLXXI

CLXXI

Abū Hālīd Amr' bīn Mansur al-Haqq

D U A

Supplication

Mass of Bloody Pupae

INGERGOER:

(plural) *Ingergoet*

(abstract totality) *Ingergott*

Archetype production-machines, covered in spider's silk, found deep within the recesses of the guts // factory. There is a process whereby a person (or group of persons¹⁰) generate a symbol and impregnate it with the Yod, conceptualising & birthing a Deity. Together as Tawhid, they assume its Godform; they become a veritable Gundam of Gethsemane. This counter-intuitive reversion is a technique commonly abused by the bigoted, unknowing mongrels of men - always to the detriment of all involved - and usually unintentionally.

Privy therefore thou cover swiftly thine ears, O child, for these horrendous vulgarities are invoked *en masse* by the Barbarous Names of **Group Psychology and Tradition**.

¹⁰ 200 lbs. of liquefied horsemeat.

LES DEUX COURS

The Two Principles

The Structure-Production of Entropy

L'ÉCOLE DU MÉCONTENT:

The nebulous mesh fishnet of Capitalist-Imperialist power-structures weaving Us into submission and out of Islam; *stabilising socio-economic Obligations*, so called, encroaching on our lands and muddying the rugs of Our most sacred temples, demanding Our worship.

The Desiring-Production of Passive Altruism

L'ÉCOLE DE LE LA CONTENDII:

The wide, wide web We *must*
spin in the shadows of *Crosuei*
out of the *Body with Rotting*
*Organs.*¹¹

[To become the subject of a lengthy essay in itself, as the topic bears heavily upon reformation of education, which is of the utmost importance to the establishment of Our future.]

¹¹ The Song of The Square No. 1, pg. 40.

L'AUBERGE

The Inn Houses

MICROSUIKOS:

(plural) *Microsuikosii*

(abstract totality) *Crosuei Labia*

The name of Our individual units of desiring-production, onto which one's *Nœud de la Contendii* is inscribed.¹²

MIDISUIKOS:

(plural) *Midisuikosii*

(abstract totality) *Disuei*

A nexus of archetypal power-systems comprising one's immediate social group, toward which the nodal inclinations of *Microsuikosii* tend to flow, accumulating & coalescing, dissolving & dispersing; endless modalities for our multitudes of *Ingergoet*, collected within an infinite reservoir consisting of *La Nuestras Compañeras*.

MACROSUIKOS:

(plural) *Macrosuikosii*

(abstract totality) *To Crosuei Labia*

A hypothetical gap in the tendrils of *Obligation* - I shall insist it so until the End of Earth - located in a parapsychical non-space behind the *socius*, indistinguishable one from the other when viewed from within Our temporal framework. To yank *To Crosuei Labia* out through Our *Labia*- traversing in the manner of finalising the transition of Our *socius* into Sacramental Flesh¹³ - would be to display the Holy Graal to all Camelia. Just as Our *Labia* are willing & receptive to The Secret Temple of Hadit, so too can we meditate upon *To Crosuei Labia* within the fallen sanctuary of Shambala.¹⁴

¹² *θέλημα* carved into the Stele of Revealing at The Secret Temple of Had.

¹³ The consumption of which shall be in the name of Apophis, and with honour, as the wicked black snake of old times has undergone, *bismillah ir rahman ir rahim*, the most miraculous of emetics.

¹⁴ I have no insight beyond pure speculation as regards the fate of Shambala, but I reckon once Insane Clown Posse makes a concept album about your digs, you pack up your pineal gland and get to astro travellin'.

LA CONTENDII

La Contendii Delicae:: :: :: :: :: :: The Beautiful Contentions

It is only through the definition of related concepts that We may approach the Gnosis of *Le La Contendii*.

LES CONTENT:

(plural) *La Contendii*

(abstract totality) *Le La Contendii*

GEI-CONTENT:

(plural) *Gei-Contendii*

A triple-pronged procession of lowercase gnosis.

Firstly, apprehension of *Le La Contendii* hence inscribing the sigil of *Le La Contendii* upon their *Microsuikos*.

Second is the identification of the Beholder with the One he Beholds - a mild Samadhi.

The third is low-grade *fana* and a reduction to *La Contendii* - bringing the boil down to a simmer.

The Three Pleasures

TRÉS-CONTENTS:

This triumvirate of requisite *Pleasures*, as I earnestly refer to them, are known to Mankind as Art, Sustenance, & Shelter;¹⁵ their operative order is expressed by this humble writer in the sexiest, thickest acronym this side of Central University, Michigan:

ASS.¹⁶

Of course there are those who, once their life is secured, struggle to attend to their Work until they are perfectly displeased, in the fashion of Siddhartha in his role as prince.

¹⁵ These three are found parallel to The Holy Trinity with no strain on the heart - Art the Holy Spirit, Sustenance the Son, & Shelter the Father. Or perhaps Sustenance the Holy Spirit, Art the Son, & Shelter still the Father. Or perhaps even Shelter the Holy Spirit, Shelter the Son, & Sustenance the Father. Or, fuck, wait.....

¹⁶ "I don't get it" - Ed.



Hālid & Haros

PSALM DATES nos. 1-3

I.

Near your water hole
Thinning crowds caressed Hālid,
body hard & dumb.

The dust in your Air,
the mourning of your children -
Not of it, was He.

He sat in silence;
Mænads twittered gaily at
beloved *fana*.

“An āl...An āl-Haqq.”
a voice rose to ravage yours -
“An...An āl Haros.”

A mighty Phallus,
corpulent & dark purple
swung hefty & firm.

His sword had seen war
and oft felt the *petit mort*.
Had embraced The Star.

II.

Haros was erect;
your sun shone betwixt his legs,
and worship was His.

“You were promised Truths
when I came, but now there are
none, because I Am.”

The Spirit ate naught,
yet his fearsomeness consumed
Your lovely palm dates.

Haros whips a fruit;
a Moor is fed, but wounded -
Haros laughs hardly.

The Djinn’s wicked whims
whisked Hālid from wisdom’s bliss.
“Feign being Iblis,

leaping alone? Thou Fall!”
said Hālid, and rose, feet flat,
arms raised to His sides.

III.

Pointing to Heaven,
Hālid called out to your Son.
“Seest thou this fool?”

He takes God’s light, and
hides it behind proud features,
darkening the Ayn.”

Within your palm dates
Hālid cried urgently Grace.
“Seekest thou new Sins?”

He discards life, and
callously casts out God – look!
Your seeds have rotted.”

To the Moor, Hālid
spake but a few words of love.
All of them, Allah’s.

Hālid & Haros –
two Pagan horns adorned by
weighty emeralds.

NOTRE MÉMOIRE D'UN SOUVENIR DANS LES SABLES

or

OUR MEMORY OF A RECOLLECTION IN THE SANDS

ذكرياتنا عن ذكرى في الرمال

DHIKIRI ATUNA EAN DHIKRAA FI AL RAMAL

by

Abū Hālid Amr' Bin Mansur āl-Haqq

&

Hāros of Abila

ACT I

SCENE 1

CURTAINS RISE ON A SMALL PATCH OF DESERT AT DUSK, THE BACKGROUND A FEW PALM TREES, OCCUPIED BY A LONE MAN, NUDE SAVE A KUPI & LEATHER THONG, CAKED WITH DIRT AND MUD. SITTING IN MEDITATION AT THE EDGE OF THE STAGE, NEXT TO A SILVER BOWL OF CLEAN WATER SURROUNDED BY OFFERINGS OF POPPY PETALS, WE FIND HIM ENGAGED IN DHIKR WHEN A DJINN ATTEMPTS TO GAIN HIS FAVOUR.

HĀLID: La Illaha Il Allah, Wa La Illaha Il Allah. La Illaha...

THE SOUND OF 1000 INSECT WINGS FILLS THE ROOM - THEN ABSOLUTE SILENCE - FOLLOWED QUICKLY BY A SOMEWHAT PATHETIC COUGHING FIT FROM BEHIND HĀLID. THE AIR IN THE THEATRE TAKES ON THE QUALITY OF GUILT (MYRRH DUE TO ITS EARTHY VISCOSITY) - THE MAN MUMBLES TO HIMSELF IN DISAPPOINTMENT.

DJINN: Ah, something must have broken in the bustle...I've not moved a muscle in well over an aeon's time.

SHIFTING HIS ATTENTION TO THE SILENT SUFI, HE ADDRESSES HIM FROM EVERYWHERE FROM NOWHERE; THE TIMBRE IS OF THAT PARTICULAR TYPE WHICH RESONATES THROUGHOUT THE ENTIRE SKULL.

DJINN: Abū Hālid Amr' bin Mansur āl-Haqq: thou art as solemn and silent as my Father, the lord of all lands. Yes, My Father, the lord of all lands decreed I find you, and deliver unto your personhood glad tidings.

HE TAKES A FEW STEPS CLOSER TO HĀLID WHILE TOSSING ORANGE POPPY PETALS INTO THE BREEZE; THEY ADORN THE MYSTIC'S BODY AS A SUNSET BECOMES A CROWN ON THE WESTERN CLIFFS.

DJINN: The lord of all lands, My Father, he told me these flowers are your most beloved of all the tidings of Allah in nature, and bid I bring you many in tribute.

HĀROS PAUSES, SEEMINGLY WAITING FOR A RESPONSE.

HĀLID: ...Illaha Il Allah, Wa La Illaha Il Allah. La Illaha...

HĀROS GROWS FRUSTRATED, HIS VOICE GROWING SLICKER, AND HIS LANGUAGE INCREASINGLY FORMAL.

DJINN: Furthermore, My Father - who is known as the lord of all lands - has informed me of your predilection for indulging in the gluttony of roasted peppers. There are reports the world 'round of your consumption - you stuff them with the curds of the goat, you devour their insides with a tongue of flame. Do you deny it?

HĀLID: La Illaha Il Allah, Wa La Illaha Il Allah. La Illaha...

A SIGH FROM THE DARKNESS.
TWO PLUMP, OILY PEPPERS ARE LAUNCHED FROM OUT OF THE DARKNESS, LANDING WITH AN EXAGGERATED SQUISH NEAR HĀLID, FLECKING HIS BODY WITH REDDISH JUICES.

DJINN: The lord of all lands, My Father, hath given thee a bounty of flesh, ripe and plump for your consumption. Whether thou eatest now, or later - know that it is from My Father whence this bounty became, and to My Father I shall bring you. Tomorrow, when the dung beetle crawls out again from under the rotted log, your hands shall meet; they shall share a palm date.

HĀLID: ...Illaha Il Allah, Wa La Illaha Il Allah. La Illaha...

THE SOUND OF INSECTS PANS ACROSS THE THEATRE AGAIN. THE DJINN IS GONE.

(CURTAINS CLOSE)

ACT I

SCENE 2

CURTAINS RAISE: DAYLIGHT. HĀLID IN THE SAME POSITION AS BEFORE, SILENT. A FEMME OF COLOUR LAYS ON THE GROUND NEXT TO HIM, UNCONSCIOUS. SHE WEARS A SIMPLE, PLAIN WHITE DRESS, COVERED IN DIRT & OTHER STAINS. THE SCENE SITS FROZEN FOR PERHAPS 22 SECONDS, THEN - THE FAR-OFF JINGLING OF BELLS.

HĀROS: Bismillah!

ENTER STAGE RIGHT VIA CARTWHEEL, WEARING NOTHING BUT A SACHEL AND A LARGE RED HAT. HIS SKIN IS PAINTED LIKE A PURPLE CLOWN. HE HAS A LARGE RED PHALLUS IN THE STYLE OF PRIAPUS, WHICH BOUNCES WITH EACH STEP. EVERYTHING ABOUT HIM IS FLAMBOYANT AND OBNOXIOUS. ONE IMAGINES HE SAYS, "GIRL YOU ARE TOO MUCH," WITH RELATIVE FREQUENCY, AND ONE HATES HIM FOR IT. HIS VIBE IS ONE OF CONSTANT MOVEMENT.

HĀROS: This poor woman, she has been consumed by her vapours! Quickly, man, to your post, we must arouse this beauty without delay!

HĀLID REMAINS SILENT AND STOIC. HĀROS LEAPFROGS OVER HIM AND FARTS ON HIS HEAD IN THE PROCESS. HE WHIRLS AROUND AND GRIPS HĀLID BY THE SHOULDERS.

HĀROS: Hell, and my apologies, dearest brother. Pray that you fall not victim to the vapours as well - and worry not! For I can save the maiden alone.

HE WHIRLS AROUND ONE-AND-A-HALF TIMES AND BENDS OVER THE WOMAN TO PERFORM CPR, WITH RATHER MORE FLAILING OF THE LIMBS THAN IS STRICTLY NECESSARY. SHE IS UNRESPONSIVE. HE BEGINS PACING AROUND THE BODY IN BABY-STEPS BACKWARDS, WIGGLING HIS ARMS LIKE SNAKES. SUDDENLY, HE STOPS AND SNAPS HIS FINGERS.

HĀROS: Bazinga!

HE SMACKS THE WOMAN'S HEAD WITH HIS PHALLUS, AND SHE AWAKENS INSTANTLY, PROSTRATING HERSELF BETWEEN HIS LEGS.

WOMAN: Blessed be the mighty sun that shines betwixt thy pillars, O Haros!

SHE MOVES HIS DONG OUT OF THE WAY LIKE AN OVERHANGING VINE, AND STARES AT THE SUN.

HĀROS: To your feet, woman, before you go blind - I have tasks for thee to complete!

WOMAN: I am forever in your debt - by virtue of my breasts - and therefore shall not once rest until your far-off death!

SHE REMOVES HERSELF FROM HIS PERSONAGE AND EXITS STAGE LEFT. HĀROS MOVES NEXT TO HĀLID AND SQUATS, PULLING A CLAY MUG AND A DECANTER OUT OF HIS SACHEL AND SETTING THEM ON THE GROUND. HE OPENS UP THE DECANTER AND POURS A DARK RED LIQUID INTO HIS CUP.

HĀROS: I suppose you don't wish to partake of my vices, eh? That's alright, I'm sure you have your own.

HE PICKS UP ONE OF THE PEPPERS AND BITES GREEDILY INTO IT, THEN POURS THE ENTIRETY OF THE CUP DOWN HIS GULLET. HE LOOKS AT HĀLID AND THEN PRETENDS TO CHOKE IN THE MOST DRAMATIC OF FASHIONS.

HĀROS: GACK!...Wheeze...Gasp!!

HĀROS FALLS TO THE GROUND, ARMS CLAWING AT THE SKY, AND THEN GOES STILL. AFTER A FEW SECONDS, HE OPENS AN EYE AND SNEAKS A LOOK AT HĀLID, WHO HAS NOT RESPONDED IN ANY FASHION. HĀROS SIGHS AND SITS UP, FIXING HIS HAT.

HĀROS: Some fun you are.

THE WOMAN ENTERS STAGE LEFT, DRAGGING A GIANT TREE BRANCH BEHIND HER WITH MINIMAL EFFORT.

WOMAN: Is this good?

HĀROS: What? I didn't ask you for that!

WOMAN: You didn't ASK me for anything. I think it's good.

THE WOMAN DROPS THE BRANCH AND EXITS STAGE RIGHT. HĀROS SNAPS UP FROM THE GROUND AND BEGINS DANCING AROUND THE SET, BECAUSE HE IS THE ABSOLUTE WORST. GROWING SERIOUS, HE RETURNS TO HĀLID'S SIDE.

HĀROS: Well, my brother, it is about time I spoke to you in truth: I have come with a lofty goal, that of bringing you home and under my employ. My father - the richest man in all of the world - has heaped much praise upon your wisdom, and bids you leave Camelia, and join his court. To this end he promises you endless women, and sustenance, and -

THE WOMAN ENTERS STAGE RIGHT CARRYING ALOFT A MASSIVE FISH HEAD. SHE THROWS IT AT HĀROS, STICKS OUT HER TONGUE, AND EXITS STAGE LEFT. HĀROS WIPES HIS FACE AND CONTINUES.

HĀROS: ...And all the books of knowledge your heart could ever desire. What say you?

HĀLID SITS IN SILENCE FOR A MOMENT, THEN
BEGINS THE TASBIH OF FATIMAH.

HĀLID: Subhan Allah...Subhan Allah...Subhan Allah...

HĀROS GROWS FRUSTRATED. HIS VOICE BECOMES
SHARP.

HĀROS: What say you, son of HALLAJ? Do you deny the summons of your father's boon companion? Must I speak his name, that filial piety forces thine knees to the ground?

HĀLID: Allahu Akbar...Allahu Akbar...Allahu Akbar...

ALL PRETENSE OF POLITENESS IS DROPPED FROM HĀROS' Demeanor. HE CURSES AT HĀLID IN LATIN, HISSING THE SENTENCE QUIETLY AND QUICKLY.

HĀROS: Eruat diabolos oculos tuos et repleat stercoribus loca vacantia!

(IN REGULAR VOICE)

Abū Hālid Amr' Bin Mansur āl-Haqq, in the name of my father, Iblis, you are commanded to accompany me!

HĀLID FINALLY BREAKS. HE RISES, WHIRLING WILDLY.

HĀLID: Allahahahahahahaha!

HE COLLAPSES TO THE GROUND. HĀROS LOOKS AROUND, BEWILDERED. THE WOMAN ENTERS STAGE LEFT, DRAGGING A BODY TO THE CENTER OF THE STAGE. HĀROS STANDS DUMBFOUNDED.

WOMAN: I found food!

HĀROS: Girl, you are toooo much!

(CURTAIN DROPS)

