

## **THE THIRD ACOLYTE READER**

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*Hakim Bey is best known for his magnificent boy-love science fiction epic “Crowstone: the Chronicles of Qamar” (1983), the only English-language boy-love book of recent years that has been translated into French (“La Pierramor: Les Chroniques de Quamar”, Paris, 1986.) In it he created a world, a continent, a city, a society and an elaborate ritualized religion that stands as the single most important imaginative achievement of the literature of love and erotic attraction between men and boys. But Hakim is also a major poet, even though his 'texts' tend not to look much like poems on the page: they have appeared in virtually every English language periodical open to intergenerational themes. Here are two of his most recent.*

# Two Texts

Hakim Bey

## Dirty Clothes/Literary Theory

Special Communique of the  
Association for Ontological Anarchy

I

ever take advantage of a sleeping boy to kiss his feet? Surreptitiously gently as a waldo you peel back the sheet..... round his ankles: fading indented-skin marks from tight elastic of acrylic socks, braid work of pink lozenges intaglio' d in white skin

II

the links between writing & masturbation are famous: the pen is in the hand: the smell of fusty pillows & musky paper

III.

only children have beautiful feet - worship like a cracked Harikrishnite abased in the lotisdust of Brindaban - separate fetischo-bhaktic cults for each of the scattered hi-tops with candyfat laces & the thin black dacron socks on the floor

IV.

the A.O.A. claims full responsibility for its texts. Memory as the faculty closest to the divine. Porno/propaganda. *Visionary Recitals of Hakim Bey*. We judge our writings by measurable arousals of erections &/or insurrections

V.

as he reaches up to embrace you the T-shirt' s short sleeves fall back to half-bare his armpits - expensive shells, nacreous orchids innocently reeking. You (like agolgotian tomcat) inhale the deep bordermarches where his skin meets fabric - a lying pinocchio - bee-nostrils - sweet&sour avid pre-adolescent pheromones

VI.

the masks are carved from our deepest faces. We might reject all writings more than a few days old - to discover anti-entropic texts mutable as weather - texts not yet overripe for the boneyard

VII.

Draped over the chair-back: short pants in *tropicalismo* style: green parrots, naive palmettos, voodoo flowers, purple jaguars -yes, veritable Douanier Roussau shorts, yoruba-brazilian yage-hallucination emerald-forest panama pants - & caught on the chair's arm the ragged flag of his cotton briefs, rural- poverty *broiderie anglaise* yellowed at the crotch like old belgian lace

VIII.

smell & "touch-rut" (esp. fabric against flesh) & taste - Fourier's tetrad of basic scents- spit, salt, unbathed flesh. Deal with the mere surface, the veil which unveils the naked singularity. Boy with a rat-tail queue. Body odor becomes for us a *baraka* like the roses of a saint's tomb - the cloth imbued with *mana*, as if costume were a sort of *ka* or external soul

IX.

mail-order chinese kung-fu slippers black as scorpions - wet red bathing suit inside-out on the windowsill - angel's shells - intimate spoor of the cupbearer

X

in the afternoon bed my taoist backrub reaches the regions of the muladhara-chakra..... trapped odor rises from the fruit of the loom, puff of jungle dawn, pissy & undinic, unripe glands of baby musk-deer, salty bone. Smoother than Thai silk dirty cloth slides over buttocks & groin - victorian alabaster blazing with life as if his genitals were a halo - whole body pulsing with light like a UFO on the tangled sheets smelling of ocean, starch, the sweat of sleep, dirty clothes

XI.

all our scriptures must be ephemeral, obscure, fragmentary, anonymous, cryptic, alchemical, despised or lost - broken pieces for *our* mosaic. *Literature* suffocates us like Sinbad's Horrible Old Man

XII

bizarre tenants of our religion - avatar of mutability & disarray - leather thongs around neck & wrists to trap rare somatic essences for our medicine-bag of obsessions - urban-pirate skateboard dandy confronts Family Work Machine (the reasonable oedipal ogres) with bathroom smut & the jewelled disdain of an unwashed barbarian prince

XIII

I wear dirty clothes myself for the rituals of such reading & writing,  
unclean nightclothes, stained & frayed, old soft fabric, erotic tramp's  
vestments, soiled liturgical garments

## **Poste Restante**

In a year or so you'll be leaving this land  
where I will remain  
a more-or-less permanent expatriate  
or remittance-man  
or anyway a frequent tourist -  
the nation of children

Perhaps then it will seem to you a backwater & you 'll be glad to  
renounce your citizenship - but now at 12 & a half you're one of the  
aristocrats as we can tell from your sleek body almost plump with little  
breasts & stiff nipples, with love-handles & plush buttocks, smooth  
hairless legs and compulsive boners  
I study the native culture  
the video rituals, dialect,  
obsessions with smut & bodily functions  
words forbidden by those imperialist authorities  
the nuclear powers

I import trade goods to ingratiate myself with the chieftains - toys,  
comics, money - smuggling them into a country which only exists in  
unguarded moments - the true interior - & bartering them for  
clandestine caresses - yes, a traitor to my race, a foreign agent of sorts,  
propagandist of an invisible liberation front

Childhood is a Third World -  
your green eyes and red lips  
& winter-pale face, your arm  
around my shoulder as we wander  
through provinces created by Carl Barks,  
Robert Howard, George Herriman, Windsor McKay -  
I want to be the Bakunin of Childhood, the true internationalist, the  
Bernardo O'Higgins of your banana republic (bedroom & bath) - I want

bronze equestrian statues of me erected in all the plazas of all the  
remote upriver jungle towns-  
& yet the revolution never comes -  
we pass messages back & forth  
so secret & cryptic I'm never sure  
they mean what they seem to say  
for who can decode glances & odors  
in a land where even language  
has been colonized?

I yearn for you to seize power, to proclaim yourself generalissimo of  
the uprising, dictator of the fleeting moment - I'll be the dupe of your  
rhetoric, I'll come help harvest your sugarcane & write glowing articles  
for the *Village Voice* -  
your body becomes for me  
a whole planet with its own weather-  
I long to analyze  
such exquisite meteorology  
but here I am stuck in orbit  
unable to launch a single probe

Come with me to the Hollow Earth, to Pellucidar, the vast caverns of  
lost Gondwanaland beneath the Antarctic ice -there we'll glide &  
meander in black gondolas across glassy phosphorescent lakes. There  
I'll proclaim you despot & beg for your foot on my neck  
- When you call yourself "Devilspawn",  
satanist, anarchist, we laugh  
but the words remain hovering in the air  
like the myths of a vanishing tribe -  
let me help you realize  
all the masturbation fantasies  
in which you might be a native prince  
& I the explorer you capture and mistreat  
with bites & pinches & savage demands  
for the fetishizing of your nakedness-  
soon, before it's too late  
before our pas sports expire  
& banish us into the exile  
of civilization.