

FROM MINBAD SINBAD by Ira Cohen

The map is moving & written in smoke.
 at the SUNRISE CAFE over the Socco Grande
 they call Malcolm Forbes "Roast Beef." In the
 early days tattoos were for identification,
 Abdul says, speaking of the Berber tribes.
 "We change. I come here. You go there." My theme
 song is Open Sesame. You are what you do,"
 says Paul. Terry enjoys creating a sense of
 dislocation. Phillippe is into friends. Oliver
 can always get you where you are going, but
 you feel more & more lost until you get there.
 Raphael wants to get it all down in his notebook
 which way to the mountain? which way to the
 desert? which way home?

Trust in Allah, but tie your camel.

It is as if I couldn't remember my name when
 I woke up. Even my clothes seemed to belong to
 someone else. Paul suggests that I look in my
 passport if I want to know my name. My son
 Raphael Aladdin, has gone in search of a pipe.
 He too sits at tables & writes. What I leave out,
 he puts in. Probably he knows my name, but I
 do not feel it is proper to ask him. It is enough
 that he brings the pipe and writes in his notebook.
 He is reading The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas,
 which was written by Gertrude Stein. Who is writing
 in my notebook? Mr. Hysin, Mr. Hysin, I see you
 stoned & smiling, admiring the colors of a tiny
 insect through a magnifying glass as it crawls
 across your curtain. You remember that day in the
 Louvre when you stood like a soldier in front of
 the upright mummy case? It was then that
 Sekhmet sealed your lips. They are all cheering
 at the soccer match. I am wavering. I am losing
 contact.

2.

Terry is probably at the Post Office now, hopefully
 on the right line but last. A ragged hairy man
 plays the music of Ahl Serif, standing alone in a
 moving crowd. He is that you are. The reader jumps
 to the sound of his own blood. The camels are in
 the bag. After all it was the Director who said,
 "Think Music."

Terry must have been a pipe maker in a previous
 life. I think of The Devil is a Woman by Gosof
 Von Sternberg with Dietrich making cigarettes in the
 factory. As the thought comes to me I see Terry
 smiling. Now we are both thinking -- Why not roll
 our way to Heaven? Terry & Phillippe are sym-
 metrical, the way they walk down the street together.
 When they lie in bed rolling joints or thinking, you
 can draw a straight line from Terry's nose to
 Phillippe's cigarette. Phillippe makes a print of a
 Moorish door with the bottom of his sneaker, adds
 some palm trees, a wash of color. Picasso's dreamy eyes
 float in a bowl of olive oil. What I let out they keep in.
 By giving a man a lion it is possible to impoverish him.
 Warda sings PUSH IT BACK IN, PUSH IT BACK IN, HABIBI.
 The Rose knows. Her voice rises over the pinchito stands,
 mixing with the smoke of burning flesh & the smell of fresh
 Someone is writing a letter he will not send. mint.
 Oliver never sleeps. He is making a map of Tangier, pinpointing
 the former habitats of the Old Bird, William Burroughs. I
 William sometimes came to the Socco Chico. He often sat in
 side at the Cafe EVENTES watching static on one of Tangier's
 earliest TV sets. He could watch for hours. It was then
 that he was known as MORPHINE MINNIE. Yet he might have
 ended up in the CIA if he hadn't chopped off a fidget joint.
 We called him OLD AMBER CLUTCH or Walking Stick after
 the insect. The first time I saw him he was sitting in the
 Socco smoking a CRAVENA & having his shoes shined.
 Then an yorfe who picked up a flying pan owned Death
 So said Alan Ansen.