

Hakim Bey, or simply Hakim, is probably America's greatest boy-love poet. His "texts" combine erotism, mysticism and brilliant imagery into a musical language quite unlike any other's. He is the author of "Crowstone", a great sword 'n sorcery epic. Recently he has distributed a number of texts impinging upon his "chaos theory", a kind of philosophical anarchism which views self (and sexual) expression as an ideal counterpoise to Authority, which is always evil. Aside from these broadsheets, his shorter works have appeared in the NAMBLA Bulletins and Journals and many other gay, boy-love and alternative periodicals.

Tres Flores

by Hakim Bey

1. Tres Flores (Paid Advertisement)

THE PIRATE DREAM SOCIETY: a tong, a secret conspiracy for boys (9 — 14) whose dreams are haunted by corsairs almost naked on the decks of sleek black dhows with red lateen sails. I am the djinn of your lamp, the slave of your desires, the images that crowd your mind when your cock gets stiff alone at night in bed—our Society will bring to life your solitary dreams. Lawlessness will bathe your body like sweat between summer sheets when your hand heats your skin, when you glow with pleasure

we have an island called TRES FLORES or “Three Flowers” which we have declared a Pirate Utopia, a Buccaneer’s Republic where each of us rules equally with the rest, free to do whatever he desires however dirty or lazy. Here is a costume for you: around your forehead (binding your wild long hair) a kerchief of black silk; in your pierced ears hoops of gold or tear-drops of baroque pearls; stolen necklaces & metal chains around your neck, the plunder of many ships on your wrists & fingers & arms; a tattered vest of purple satin with missing silver buttons; a sash of crimson brocade around your waist to carry your dagger, a Javanese *kris*, a loincloth of real leopard-skin, or perhaps a ragged sarong of black chinese shantung, torn in shreds hanging down to your knees, with nothing underneath except a little string of pearls fastened around the base of your genitals & scented with a drop of cat-civet. You could go barefoot with chains & bells around your ankles or else wear shiny black boots with gold buckles—or perhaps nothing at all between boots & sash: strut around showing your sweet boner & buttocks

on the island of Tres Flores:
swim naked in the lagoon, rest from the sun beneath pavilions made of gem-encrusted samite looted from a galleon bearing cargo of ecclesiastic vestments & frankincense—drink rum (or iced tea if you like) from green bottles & smoke ganga (or cornsilk) in foot-long silver pipes. Magic spells protect the island—no one can find us here—even on the beach in the soft afternoon the other pirate-boys & I will do whatever you dream

& we have sailed here already prepared by magic which releases us from all shame & hesitation, just as we find ourselves in dreams. Each of us has swallowed a philtre or potion compounded from the body-liquids of boys with sugar & perfume, so that all of us fall under each others' spells of fascination & domination. If you follow me this far it's not because I've used my sorcery on you. No—you are the love-shaman, & you have come here knowing that I am the servant of your radiance

Now you can tell me: perhaps when you masturbate you think of being the Captain's cabin-boy, his favourite—sometimes he pretends to be angry & treat you roughly, spank you on your bare bottom, make you kneel in front of him...

or perhaps you'd like to be the Captain & have me as your prisoner or slave, to wait on you hand & foot, lick your feet or every inch of your body no matter how "dirty"—because everything we love turns to light & honey. *Make believe* to pinch & bite me, spit in my mouth & face (like white honey dripping in my beard). We have agreed to dream this together, rituals that cannot be recorded: I am deep in your power as if mesmerized

you who have the imagination to be a pirate, already I take pleasure only in your pleasure—you are Aladdin, even your sweat & urine are my scaraments—the smell of your torn silk soaked with perspiration—the invisible

musk you emanate when I take your salty prepuce like Communion—these substances make up the formula of our genuine aphrodisiac

& so I will *animate* each of your longings, the plays you visualized on tropical jetties, under palm trees, in the steamy cabin of the pirate Captain in his black hat & wine-stained ruffles of lace, his body-odor of rum, cigars & gunpowder, his red prick sticking up out of his velvet britches. Your desires chain me with light: everything you wanted me to be, in the moment you brought yourself to midnight orgasm—that is what I shall become for you

Run away from home... or find some way to travel to Tres Flores. This poem tells you what no parent or teacher will ever admit: a man exists who already loves you sight-unseen & will shiver with ecstasy with every one of your whims he fulfills. You are the pirate of my night: your wish is my command.

2. Chaos Theory & the Nuclear Family

SUNDAY IN RIVERSIDE PARK the Fathers fix their sons in place, nailing them magically to the grass with baleful ensorcelling stares of milky camaraderie, & force them to throw baseballs back & forth for hours. The boys almost appear to be small St Sebastians pierced by arrows of boredom.

The smug rituals of family fun turn each humid Summer meadow into a Theme Park, each son into an unwitting allegory of Father's wealth, a pale representation 2 or 3 times removed from reality: the Child as Metaphor or Something-or-other.

And here I come as dusk gathers, stoned on mushroom dust, half-convinced that these hundreds of fireflies arise from my own consciousness—Where have they been all these years? why so many so suddenly?—each rising

in the moment of its incandescence, describing quick arcs like abstract graphs of the energy in sperm.

“Families! misers of love! How I hate them!” Baseballs fly aimlessly in vesper-light, catches are missed, voices rise in peevish exhaustion. The children feel sunset encrusting the last few hours of doled-out freedom, but still the Fathers insist on stretching the tepid postlude of their patriarchal sacrifice till dinner-time, till shadows eat the grass.

Among these sons of the gentry, one locks gazes with me for a moment—I transmit telepathically the image of sweet license, the smell of TIME unlocked from all grids of school, music lessons, summer camps, family evenings round the tube, Sundays in the Park with Dad—authentic time, chaotic time.

Now the family is leaving the Park, a little platoon of dissatisfaction. But *that one* turns & smiles back at me in complicity—“Message Received”—& dances away after a firefly, buoyed up by my desire. The Father barks a mantra which dissipates my power.

The moment passes. The boy is swallowed up in the pattern of the week—vanishes like a bare-legged pirate or Indian taken prisoner by missionaries. The Park knows who I am, it stirs under me like a giant jaguar about to wake for nocturnal meditation. Sadness still holds it back, but it remains untamed in its deepest essence: an exquisite disorder at the heart of the city’s night.

3. Boy-Love & Chaos Theory: A Visionary Tract

AT A CERTAIN POINT in the cycle of *esoteric history* eyes grow heavy with the Green Parrot, noctambulation, the smoke of night. Some adjustment occurs, perhaps in the psychic aura, lightbulbs clicking ON in thought-balloons,

aurora orientalis, metanoia. Like the triplet moons of some alien planet eyes open all over the head and stay stuck open—layers of nictitating membrane flick aside, ghost-eyelids—an onion of lenses peeling down to pure optic meat.

Former inanimate objects come to life, breathing in harmony & counterpoint with our stunned silence. All the angelic hierarchies collapse & fold themselves neatly into themselves: into all the carpets, candles, blue trails & grey tails of incense smoke, the silver pipe, bowl of darjeeling tea etc, etc. Material objects are all containers whose content is themselves, each one saturated with a *meaning* coterminous with its own extrinsic manifestation: the self-unveiling or auto-luminescence of discrete energy-combs (Space/Time lattices dripping with honey): *things themselves* seen as caravanserais where angels have stopped—& are still in residence, hidden in their rooms, smoking & fucking.

In such ages or moments (which seem to possess *emerald*-like characteristics) the human apparition blinds both intellect & imagination. *L'ange est un autre*: the mask turned toward you is the face of the real. Material objects like so many lights & perfumes fade into more subtle worlds in the presence of the living boy, who ennobles all patterns, textures & colors as if they were the *container* & he the *contained*, the inexpressible significance of their wordless gestalt—exemplified & emblemized by the curve of the spine, the stalk with its flower the head, the upthrusting mathematics of vertebrae repeated in the line of stiff pubescent cock.

Carpets & tapestries pulsate with vine-energy or crystal-energy traced & coursing along lines of warp & weft—but in this age or moment of chaote prophecy the room & all it contains become nothing but a nimbus or halo of shimmering force around the boy's body, especially the face & eyes—as if now he were the *container*, the inanimate treasury, & all

my sentient furniture & whispery objects d'art had become motes in his godseye, living only in relation to his overpowering superabundance of dance, sweet sweat odors, mystery of hair & nails: the world experienced as a perspiration of light, a cosmos in each drop of his upper lip, inanimate spoor of comets under his arms...

Perhaps the heresomachs classified us correctly among the cursed adherents of *hulul* or "Incarnationism"—& perhaps we have bound ourselves with the blue sash of apostasy—not out of any monasticism of the senses but rather in slavery to that child of the infidels, beardless & uncircumcised, smooth as October in Shiraz. This idolatry is its own reward. "Three things are worthy of the glance: water, green things & a beautiful face... the coolness of my eyes...": he permits a ritual of prostration, touching & kissing all the prayer-niches of desire: lips, hollow of the neck, between the shoulderblades, nipples, navel, buttocks, groin... sperm like an injection of light, rare as a crystal phial of angel's tears, salt & musk-attar.

According to a cliché of Arab poetry, his lips are wine, his eyes the smoke of hashish. Month after month this intoxication persists—no wonder we have forgotten the words of ritual prayer & precepts of Law. In the delirium of this obsession certain saints—sinister and blameworthy—have appeared (floating on clouds) to initiate us into orders of heresy & bestow chivalric titles upon us for our ecstatic sacrifice, for kissing the genitals of hidden imams like ringdoves of red hyacinth.

(a) Abu Hulman of Damascus who first taught god's embodiment in beautiful boys—whenever he saw a lovely boy he prostrated himself, saying that whoever knows god this way is relieved of all interdictions & prohibitions & can allow himself all he delights in. (b) Aladdin Mohammad III the last Assassin Pir of Alamut, known as madman, drunkard & pederast. (c) Some anony-

mous 19th Century Persian dressed in rags & trinkets, claiming to represent the Ovaysi Order—dervishes with no master & no rule, mendicant con-men, opium smokers, musicians. (d) the ghost of King Farouk of Egypt, who seems to have become a sort of patron saint of self-indulgence, luxury & excess. (e) An unknown boy, pale & slender, dressed in black silk robes & a strange truncated-conical black felt hat, with long tresses of curly black hair (“like scorpions” as some Persian poet said) & luminiferous warm obsidian eyes—holding a book called *A Fatimid Chrestomathy* open for my eyes... I remember only the passage “The Chains of the Law have been broken...”

A formal proclamation, promulgation of a bull, a fiery flying roll, *blatt*, October leaves; this is the authentic sect we have come to re-new, with a solid-gold chain of initiatic transmission in the Mundus Imaginalis, & a carpet unrolled in the bazaar of cults, apocalypses & weird churches whose bells are heard in the Unseen World, jasper islands & cities of jade. From Capocrates, pale debauched gnostic boy-priest of Alexandria; Hakim Billah, the insane Anti-Caliph of Cairo who decreed the *reversal of day & night*; Awhad Kermani, who sufi-danced with boys & tore open their robes, kissed their breasts; Lal Shabazz Qalandar & Shaykh Haydar of Balkh, patrons of charas-smokers & transvestite dancing-boys.... Impeccable credentials. The red-gold elixir. The green-gold theriac. Black radiance.