

**COLLECTED POEMS OF JAMES ELROY
FLECKER; HASSAN, THE STORY OF
HASSAN OF BAGDAD, AND HOW HE
CAME TO MAKE THE GOLDEN JOURNEY
TO SAMARKAND. A PLAY IN FIVE ACTS**

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Collected Poems of James Elroy Flecker; Hassan, the Story of Hassan of Bagdad, and How He Came to Make the Golden Journey to Samarkand. A Play in Five Acts by James Elroy Flecker & J. C. Squire

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JAMES ELROY FLECKER & J. C. SQUIRE

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COLLECTED POEMS OF
JAMES ELROY FLECKER

Introduction by J. C. Squire

"Flecker's poetry has the stress of fire and storm as well as the note of quiet meditation. But it has something more—a felt challenge and directness, a sincere doubt and sturdy questioning of life itself The motivating impulse of his work is to be found in his single-eyed quest for truth and beauty."

—*The New York Times*

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HASSAN

The Story of Hassan of Bagdad, and how
he came to make the Golden Journey to
Samarkand

A Play in Five Acts

By
JAMES ELROY FLECKER



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HASSAN

CHARACTERS

HASSAN, a Confectioner.	THE PORTER of Yasmin's House.
THE CALIPH HAROUN AL-RASHID.	THE CHINESE PHILOSOPHER.
ISHAK, his Minstrel.	A DERVISH.
JAFAR, his Vizier.	THE FOUNTAIN GHOST.
MASHUR, his Executioner.	A HERALD.
RABI, King of the Beggars.	THE PRISON GUARDS.
SELIM, a Friend of Hassan's.	PERVANEH.
THE CAPTAIN OF THE MILITARY.	YASMIN.
THE CHIEF OF THE POLICE.	
ALI, } Nondescripts.	
ABDU, }	
ALDER, } Slaves.	
WILLOW, }	
TAMARISK }	

AN AMBASSADOR, a WRESTLER, a CALIGRAPHIST, a JESTER,
GHOSTS, MUTES, DANCING WOMEN, BEGGARS, SOLDIERS, POLICE,
ATTENDANTS and CASUAL LOITERERS.

THE STORY OF HASSAN OF BAGDAD

ACT I

SCENE I

A room "behind the shop" in old Bagdad. In the background a large caldron steaming, for the shop is a sweet-stuff shop and the sugar is boiling. The room has little furniture beyond a carpet, old but unexpectedly choice, and some Persian hangings (geometrical designs, with crude animals and some verses from the Koran hand-printed on linen). A ramshackle wooden partition in one corner shuts off from the living room what appears to be the shop. Squatting on the carpet—facing each other:

HASSAN, the Confectioner, 45, rotund, moustache, turban, greasy grey dress.

SELIM, his friend, young, vulgarly handsome, gaudily clothed.

HASSAN

(Rocking on his mat) Eywallah, Eywallah.

SELIM

Thirty-seven times have you made the same remark, O father of repetition.

HASSAN

(More dolefully than ever) Eywallah, Eywallah!

SELIM

Have you caught fever? Is your chest narrow, or your belly thunderous?

HASSAN

(With a ponderous sigh) Eywallah!

SELIM

Is that the merchant of sweetmeats, that sour face? O poisoner of children, surely it would be better to cut the knot of reluctance and uncord the casket of explanation. And the Poet Antari has justly remarked:

Divide your sorrow and impart your grief, O fool.
That good man comforteth beyond belief, O fool.

HASSAN

(Inclining towards the mat) None is good, save God. And Abou Awas has excellently sung:

The importunate
Are seldom fortunate.

Nevertheless, know, Selim, that I am in love.

SELIM

In love! Then why sit moaning on the mat? Are there not beauties at the barbers, and lights of love at the bazaar?

HASSAN

(Angrily) Hold your tongue, Selim, or leave me. I was in earnest when I said I loved, and your coarseness is ill-fitting to my mood. And well I know I am Hassan, the Confectioner, yet I can love as sincerely as Mejnun;