

*QUEYNTE OR FUNDAMENT  
THE DEBATE BETWIXT  
KOH'L'IN AL-DEEN THE ZARIF  
AND  
ABU NUWAS THE NADIM*

**FROM THE KITAB AL-BAH  
OF  
GHULAMIYYA AL-GALIMA  
TRANSLATED  
BY  
AL-ATR KUSS**

POEM  
BY  
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# PREFACE

WHICH BE BEST EACH A LITTLE EYE

One a pool limpid and wet

The other brown and lowly set

Either which each one for which do we sigh

From each we wish we get a wink

A come hither we all hope and think

One a pinkish hue

The other gives a brownish view

One enclosed infolded in

The other cheeks within

One the scent of flowers of a spring day

The other scented not some will say

WHICH BE BEST WHAT WILL THEE SAY

According to Abu Dulaf author of the *Qasida Sasaniyya*<sup>1</sup> he who farted in the Wazir Sahib Ibn 'Abbad's *Majlis*<sup>2</sup> the disparager of the city Hamadan in Persia<sup>3</sup> Radi' al-Zaman al-Hamamdhani or according to his matriarch Ahmad ibn al-Husayn al-Hammadhani there is a *maqama* in his *maqamat*<sup>4</sup> called  
 “*Queynte*” or *Fundament*  
 the debate betwixt  
 Kohl'in al-Deen the zarif<sup>6</sup> and Abu Nuwas the nadim<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A celebration in verse of the crime and mendicancy of the Banu Sassan

<sup>2</sup> **Majlis** (also spelled **Majalis** or **Mejlis**, Arabic: مجلس), is an [Arabic](#) term meaning "a place of sitting" used to describe various types of special gatherings among common interest groups **Majlis** is also used to mean a [salon](#) (musical or scientific), especially during the [Abbasid](#) era, e.g., for discussing the recent translations from Greek.<sup>[3]</sup> This sense is sometimes now distinguished as an "adabi majlis" ("artistic majlis")

<sup>3</sup> It is said he said of the city of his origin “ in ugliness its children are like its old men and in reason its old men are like its children”

<sup>4</sup> *Maqamat* {*maqama* singular} In this genre of literature the doing values and devices of the Banu Sasan are figured. Literally *maqamat* means "the places of standing to speak"

<sup>5</sup> In [Chaucer's Canterbury Tales](#) (c. 1390), **queynte** appears several times in a [bawdy](#) context At this time it appears that it was not regarded as obscene It is used in the "[Miller's Tale](#)": "Pryvely he caught her by the **queynte**." And The [Wife of Bath](#) "For certeyn, olde dotard, by your leave/You shall have **queynte** right enough at eve ... What aileth you to grouche thus and groan?/Is it for ye would have my **queynte** alone?" In modern translations of these passages the word "**queynte**" is translated simply as "cunt". It should be pointed out so that what follows in the above work is clearly seen that there is an intentional play on the fact that, in Chaucer's usage there seems to be an overlap between the words "cunt" and "quaint"(possibly derived from the [Latin](#) for "known") Queynte, from [quaint](#), a many-layered, in-folded mystery.. "Quaint" was probably pronounced in [Middle English](#) in much the same way as "cunt"

[QUAINT](#) Obsolete term used by Geoffrey Chaucer (ca. 1343-1400) and his contemporaries for the [vagina](#), an obvious pun on [cunt](#). It has been suggested that [cunt](#) may derive from the Old English coint / [coynte](#) / [quaint](#) / qwaynt / queynte. See [vagina](#) for synonyms.

<sup>6</sup> The zarif is a dandy elegant in speech dress manner mind intelligent acute in intellect well mannered well bred graceful polite beautiful in person and garb guise and countenance elegant clever ingenious The zarif was to comport himself in such a manner as to attract the favourable attention of his beloved

<sup>7</sup> The nadim or cup companion of the Caliph was like the zarif an arbiter of taste he would eat drink with the Caliph and entertain with adab wit buffoonery poetry conversations on history fantastic stories jokes gastronomic lore games of chess and what ever was required

According to this *maqama kohl'in al-Deen* the *zarif* and *Abu Nuwas* the *naḍīm* had a *majilis* to debate whether the *queyte* or *fundament* was best full of *verve* and *jest* at the *Bab al-Zuweyla*<sup>8</sup> gate the seat<sup>9</sup> of *al-insān al-kāmil* the *Qutb*<sup>10</sup> "the pole" *al-ghawth* "the helper" the haunt of the *Banu Sasan*<sup>11</sup> where they did meet There they where surrounded by and listened to for adjudication all manner of uncultured shouting applauding low life of low renown the riff raff

<sup>8</sup> This gate was a place of execution and severed heads were set on spikes over the gate. That this place should be the place for the contest between *kohl'in al-Deen the zarif and Abu Nuwas the naḍīm* can possibly be explained when we see that this place was important for *sufis* namely the seat of the *Qutb kohl'in al-Deen the zarif and Abu Nuwas the naḍīm* drinking wine and speaking of girls and boys in ecstatic poetry can be see as metaphors for divine ecstasy and beauty

<sup>9</sup> As Robert Irwin points out "The Arabian Nights : A Companion" Tauris Park Paperbacks; 2006, p.128 the *Bab al-Zuweyla* gate was considered to be the the invisible seat over which the mystical figure of the *Qutb* presided over a secret brotherhood of *sufi* saints

<sup>10</sup> *Qutb* In Sufism, a *Qutb* or *Kutb* is the perfect human being, *al-insān al-kāmil*, who leads the saintly hierarchy. The *Qutb* is the Sufi spiritual leader that has a Divine connection with God and passes knowledge on which makes him central to (or the axis of) Sufism, but he is unknown to the world.<sup>[3]</sup> There is only one *Qutb* per era and he is an infallible and trusted spiritual leader. He is only revealed to a select group of mystics because there is a "human need for direct knowledge of God

### Temporal Qutb

There are two different conceptions of the *Qutb* in Sufism: *Temporal Qutb* and *Cosmic Qutb*. The temporal and cosmic *qutb* are connected which guarantees that God is present in the world at all times. The temporal *qutb* is known as "the helper" or *al-ghawth* and is located in a person on Earth. The cosmic *qutb* is manifested in the temporal *qutb* as a virtue which can be traced back to *al-Hallādj*. The temporal *qutb* is the spiritual leaser for the earth-bound saints. It is said that all beings - secret, animate, and inanimate - must give the *qutb* their pledge which gives him great authority. The only beings exempt from this are *al-afṛād*, which belong to the angels; the *djinn*, who are under the jurisdiction of *Khadir*; and those who belong to the tenth stratum of *ridjāl-al-ghayb*.<sup>[9]</sup> Due to the nature of the *qutb*, the location where he resides, whether temporal or cosmic, is questionable. It is thought by most that the *qutb* is corporeally and spiritually present in Mecca at the *Ka'ba*, which is referred to as his *maqām*

The cosmic hierarchy is the way that the spiritual power is ensured to exist through the cosmos. There are two different hierarchies that are considered legitimate. The first is *Al-Huhwīrī's* divine court. There are three hundred *akhyār* ("excellent ones"), forty *abdāl* ("substitutes"), seven *abrār* ("piously devoted ones"), four *awtād* ("pillars") three *nuqabā* ("leaders") and one *qutb*. The second hierarchy is *Ibn Arabī's* which has a different, more exclusive structure. There are eight *nujabā* ("nobles"), twelve *nuqabā*, seven *abdāl*, four *awtād*, two *a'immaḥ* ("guides"), and the *qutb*

<sup>11</sup> *Banu Sasan* "Children of Sasan" This mysterious term is used to designate the community of low life A mysterious term more fully in that it could refer to the Sassanian dynasty that ruled Iran/Persia before the coming of Islam

reprobates mujjun of Cairo town jugglers the  
 miraculous contortionists prostitutes wrestlers  
 marvellous snake-charmers spongers aromarous  
 professional farters thieves entertainers beggars  
 garrulous itinerate preachers shadow theatre players  
 glorious conjurers acrobats tight-rope walkers  
 geomancers men who train goats cats incredulous  
 soothsayers fabulous sword-swallowers alchemists  
 lascivious pederastic sufis horse-doctors wonder-working  
 monks and all manner of uncultured low life in the  
 midst of this rabble Kohl'in al-Deen the zarif and Abu  
 Nuwas the nadim reclined on gold brocaded cushions of  
 blue china silk sprawled o'er green and red Feraghan  
 carpets broad bordered lined with white arabesques  
 formed of stitched pearls Kohl'in al-Deen the zarif and  
 Abu Nuwas the nadim each had kiss-curls lying on  
 their cheeks shining Abu Nuwas the nadim wore a  
 pink skirt of flowered sliver brocade which all did adore a  
 skull cap of gold embroidered velvet and a cream zouave  
 jacket with an aigrette of yellow gems at the seam with  
 feet clad in white socks which all saw Kohl'in al-Deen  
 the zarif like wise wore a skull cap but of black satin  
 and laced with yellow gems and to the floor a silken  
 full-sleeved robe with flowers gold embroidered and  
 double-skirts of sliver brocaded velvet's full ten yards  
 wide with brocaded rose on his feet were saffron coloured  
 slippers turned up at the toes with a silver bell on the

tips fringed with black pearls in rows betwixt Kohl'in al-Deen the zarif and Abu Nuwas the nadim for all to see was a ravishing kalian<sup>12</sup> of exquisite aspect decanter shaped of cut quartz laced with gold and silver arabesque filigree of great finesse studded in gems of varied colours topaz yellow sapphires blue rubies red and glittering diamonds firey light brighter than the suns firey bright the fire holder was gold engraved with lines from the Qur'an chased decorated with repoused work on it was placed and incrusted with turquoise and ornamented in rich coloured enamels and lined with white clay the smoking tubes were tipped with ivory gold edged refined Kohl'in al-Deen the zarif and Abu Nuwas the nadim layed smoking banj<sup>13</sup> mixed with opium from the kalian the sweet aroma wafted o'er the motley crowd in a blue haze that filtered the suns rays through which all did gaze beside Kohl'in al-Deen the zarif and Abu Nuwas the nadim were golden jugs filled with rose scented water for their hands marvellous ewers enriched with diamonds and rubies above the carpet rose they sipped qumiz<sup>14</sup> from goblets made of crystal crusted with gold and silver Abu Nuwas the nadim did rise and to the crowd did cry "Peace be on thee" a hadith according to Zaid ibn Ali doth sigh "sensual pleasure and desire are as beautiful as the mountains" choose my weapon for

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<sup>12</sup> Persian name for the water pipe

<sup>13</sup> hashish

<sup>14</sup> A potent drink made fermented mare's milk

the debate in chorus 15 ruba'i and 1 ghazal they did  
 reply to which Abu Nuwas the nadim on the Kalian did  
 suck and down his throat the qumiz did chuck puffed  
 out his chest and did recite verses at his best

The arse-hole bright red anemone  
 The fundament tight for all to see  
 Hid neath cheeks  
 A bright hole all for me

The arse-hole like the full moon<sup>15</sup>  
 Beauty inscribed in his fundament to make me swoon  
 I swear there is no more comely one as this  
 Oh that it may shine on me soon

The arse-hole a small round O  
 That only the beloved the fundament doth know  
 A small round ring  
 That around my cock will glow

The riff raff did shout and holler stamp their feet  
 applaud and jump about o'er Abu Nuwas the nadim  
 they threw a sea of gold dinars raining down like golden  
 showers glittering like congealed light around Abu  
 Nuwas the nadim they flashed bright

---

<sup>15</sup> In the poetic code is the metaphor of the beloved like a full or crescent moon

*Kohl'in al-Deen the zarif did rise and to the crowd did  
cry "Peace be on thee" a hadith according to which  
"when you perform the act of love you are giving alms"  
choose my weapon for the debate in chorus 15 ruba'i and 1  
ghazal they did reply to which Kohl'in al-Deen the  
zarif on the kalian did suck and down his throat the  
qumiz did chuck puffed out his chest and did recite  
verses at his best*

*Ti's not the banj that intoxicates me  
But the hairy queynte<sup>16</sup> of she  
All the drugs and wine  
Dont surpass my drunkenness on the queynte that be*

*Oh beauteous cunt like the sun thou shine  
Out of clay not created but the gems mine  
Sweet scented musk sweet perfume  
For thy hole I long and pine*

*Oh sweet cunt I am to think  
A sweet O painted in crimson ink  
Betwixt round buttocks  
Thy beauty brings to madness's brink*

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<sup>16</sup> For for the rest of the poems for queynte I have translated cunt as its sound is easier to pronounce and is closer to the phonetic sense of the translated poems

The riff raff did shout and holler stamp their feet  
 applaud and jump about o'er Kohl'in al-Deen the zarif  
 they threw a sea of gold dinars raining down like golden  
 showers glimmering like coagulated light around  
 Kohl'in al-Deen the zarif they flashed bright

Abu Nuwas the nadim did rise and to the crowd did cry  
 "Peace be on thee" and to the Kalian did suck and down  
 his throat the qumiz did chuck puffed out his chest and  
 did recite verses at his best

The arse-hole the goal to me  
 Two cheeks stand sentry for he  
 It gives me a wink  
 Now I will risk death for thee

On arse-hole my life I squander  
 In and out of it I wander  
 No reproach my friend  
 In all the world it is the greatest wonder

There is beauty in its languorous eye  
 Its look brings a lascivious sigh  
 More drunkenness on it than in wine  
 To assail it I long to try

The riff raff did hoot and holler stamp their feet  
 applaud and jump about o'er Abu Nuwas the nadim  
 they threw a sea of gold dinars pouring down like golden  
 showers glistening like congealed light around Abu  
 Nuwas the nadim they flashed bright

kohl'in al-Deen the zarif did rise and to the crowd did  
 cry "Peace be on thee" kohl'in al-Deen the zarif on the  
 kalian did suck and down his throat the qumiz did  
 chuck puffed out his chest and did recite verses at his  
 best

Cunt a jewel framed twixt her calves  
 Crescent moon flaps shade the hole in halves  
 The beloved powerless in its gaze  
 The reprobate sighs and laughs

The cunt-hole the piss flap veil  
 Shrouded in mystery to cure all who ail  
 Heavenly curtains covering all  
 For the mighty to assault and assail

Piss flaps hanging free  
 Crimson curtains warming she  
 Most beauteous most delight  
 More beauteous than the flowers or blossoming tree

The riff raff did howl and holler stamp their feet  
 applaud and jump about o'er Kohl'in al-Deen the zarif  
 they threw a sea of gold dinars showering down like  
 golden rain scintillating like frozen light around  
 Kohl'in al-Deen the zarif they flashed bright

Abu Nuwas the nadim did rise and to the crowd did cry  
 "Peace be on thee" and to the Kalian did suck and down  
 his throat the qumiz did chuck puffed out his chest and  
 did recite verses at his best

The arse-hole the blest of the best  
 It neither bleeds or of hungers rest  
 Tight little clamp  
 For a cock a nice warm nest

Like a black pearl on alabaster white  
 The arse-hole sits twixt the buttocks tight  
 In contrast none can compare  
 The arse-hole glows with light

The arse-hole the one eyed  
 Which the lover has spied  
 To heated desire inflames he  
 Its beauty his lust has fired

The riff raff did scream and holler stamp their feet  
 applaud and jump about o'er Abu Nuwas the nadim  
 they threw a sea of gold dinars dropping down like  
 golden showers coruscate like congealed light around  
 Abu Nuwas the nadim they flashed bright

kohl'in al-Deen the zarif did rise and to the crowd did  
 cry "Peace be on thee" kohl'in al-Deen the zarif on the  
 kalian did suck and down his throat the qumiz did  
 chuck puffed out his chest and did recite verses at his  
 best

Like a gazelles foot-print in the sand the cunt doth look  
 Like a moon half veiled the cunt doth look  
 A silksoft mound of softest down  
 Like a beauteous bloom on which I look

All die of love for this delightful bloom  
 Its scent pervades every room  
 The lewd and the chaste rush in hast  
 All to the cunts perfume

The cunt a mouth to give much delight  
 A clit swollen to ones sight  
 Oh how many long to look upon  
 Like the eye of the houris in paradise

The riff raff did cry and holler stamp their feet applaud  
 and jump about o'er Kohl'in al-Deen the zarif they  
 threw a sea of gold dinars falling down like golden drops  
 shimmering like frozen light around Kohl'in al-Deen  
 the zarif they flashed bright

Abu Nuwas the nadim did rise and to the crowd did cry  
 "Peace be on thee" and to the Kalian did suck and down  
 his throat the qumiz did chuck puffed out his chest and  
 did recite verses at his best

In the bath-house ones sees buttocks shapely and trim  
 Hiding away the hole of him  
 Come be honest we all hope and wish  
 That he bends o'er and shows us that in which we wish to  
 swim

Like the stars at night  
 The arse-hole guides us with its sight  
 All are saved rescued sure  
 Who trust in its rosey light

The arse-hole beardless smooth  
 To anguish and pain it doth soothe  
 Place thy hand in rounded hole  
 More pleasures untold more pleasant than truth

The riff raff did bellow and holler stamp their feet  
 applaud and jump about o'er Abu Nuwas the nadim  
 they threw a sea of gold dinars dripping down like  
 golden dew flickering like solid light around Abu  
 Nuwas the nadim they flashed bright

kohl'in al-Deen the zarif did rise and to the crowd did  
 cry "Peace be on thee" kohl'in al-Deen the zarif on the  
 kalian did suck and down his throat the qumiz did  
 chuck puffed out his chest and did recite verses at his  
 best

An oasis to the thirsty the cunt-hole is  
 A hole more needy than his  
 To the wayfarer and traveller the goal  
 The watering hole of mankind tis

Cunt -hole oasis limpid pool  
 Wet hole nice and cool  
 Sip languid lick  
 To say no only the fool

The cunt-hole that hairy beast  
 On us we wish it to feast  
 Like the lions mane long and full  
 It frames the hole for sufi or priest

The riff raff did yell and holler stamp their feet  
 applaud and jump about o'er Kohl'in al-Deen the zarif  
 they threw a sea of gold dinars rushing down like  
 golden dew gleaming like curdled light around  
 Kohl'in al-Deen the zarif they flashed bright

Abu Nuwas the nadim did rise and to the crowd did cry  
 "Peace be on thee" and to the Kalian did suck and down  
 his throat the qumiz did chuck puffed out his chest and  
 did recite verses at his best

The arse-hole no one should shun  
 In it there is happiness and fun  
 It pregnant cant be  
 Neither worry of girl or son

When walks the buttock sway  
 Catching the eye for the arse-hole I say  
 The ghunj<sup>17</sup> wagging gait  
 I hope to grind I pray

The arse-hole the heavenly brown eye  
 For it mankind doth long and sigh  
 For its wink we all pray  
 To catch its look we all but try

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<sup>17</sup> A term used to describe the distinctive wagging gait which a women hope by to draw attention to her arse Also used to refer to the wagging of hips during sex

The riff raff did shout and holler stamp their feet  
 applaud and jump about o'er Abu Nuwas the nadim  
 gold dinars came crashing down like hardened light  
 around now for the ghazal they all did cry  
 Abu Nuwas the nadim did lift his face to the rabble and  
 recite

The arse-hole is every ones friend  
 Come partake of its fruits friend

Neither coy nor shy it is for every one  
 Enemy priest sufi are all its friend

Like the stars above a guiding scent for all  
 The tight brown eye is a delight my friend

When it winks the blood doth rush  
 When it beckons thee come my friend

The gardens of paradise are rich with fruit  
 None more tasty than arse-hole my friend

In paradise are houris with flirting eyes  
 None more flirting than the brown eye my friend

Oh that I could die impaled in it  
 Poor Abu Nuwas pity him my friend

The riff raff did squeal and holler stamp their feet  
 applaud and jump about o'er Abu Nuwas the nadim  
 they threw a sea of gold dinars floating down like  
 golden mist glimmering like solid light around Abu  
 Nuwas the nadim they flashed bright

kohl'in al-Deen the zarif did rise and to the crowd did  
 cry "Peace be on thee" kohl'in al-Deen the zarif on the  
 kalian did suck and down his throat the qumiz did  
 chuck puffed out his chest and did recite verses at his  
 best

The cunt-hole framed by the gates of paradise  
 All can enter at no price  
 Come believers come  
 Its is wet warm and nice

Life is but a desert wide  
 The cunt-hole an oasis in which to hide  
 All weary souls listen well  
 Enter paradise come inside

A many-layered in-folded mystery be the cunt.  
 In-folding the hole which is quaint<sup>18</sup>  
 Hiding away it  
 For if we look we will faint

<sup>18</sup> A pun "Quaint" was probably pronounced in [Middle English](#) in much the same way as "cunt"

The riff raff did bellow and holler stamp their feet  
 applaud and jump about o'er Kohl'in al-Deen the zarif  
 gold dinars came rushing down like curdled light  
 around now for the ghazal they all did cry  
 Kohl'in al-Deen the zarif did lift his face to the rabble  
 and sing

My soul gets drunk on the cunts sight always  
 The soul is joyest hoping for its sweet nectar always

Like the moons eye it clear and round  
 Like the curls of the hyacinth or the petals of the rose it  
 delights always

Entering the little hole brings ecstasy hastily  
 To a thirsty soul it is a cup always

Drink up its juice and be drunk for ever  
 For the wayfarer it is an oasis always

For distress and pain it is there constantly  
 For the weary soul it is comfort always

Come traveller it is a guiding star a luscious sent  
 On thy journey search it out always

Oh for those who search it is the quests goal  
 Kohl'in al-Deen quests but misses it always

*The riff raff went wild yelled screamed hooted and  
 bellowed danced with ecstatic tarib they ran amuck<sup>19</sup>  
 throwing dinars o'er kohl'in al-Deen the zarif for all  
 they threw tearing clothes upturning stalls breaking  
 chairs out of control through and through kohl'in al-  
 Deen the zarif and Abu Nuwas the naqim did mix their  
 coins together they smiled they were content in  
 themselves that the secret only the [Qutb](#) knew*

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<sup>19</sup> Tarib is a kind of ecstatic loss of self-control the ultimate goal of music or poetry

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