

Appendix E

Shalamar

Note: This skit was given 24 April 1970 at a Brigham Young Women's Program.

Bashir: (in loud chanting tone) He comes! He comes (that's a rough translation, but you get the idea)—the august, the magnificent, bottomless Sea of Wisdom, Fountain of Charity, unplumbed Sink of Sanctity. Behold, he cometh—it's him all right; it's he. Kiss the earth, infidels, before the ineffable, the unspeakable Hadji Baba! (Fanfare).

Ali: Here he comes, sure enough, the Great Hadji Baba, the Carbuncle on the Brow of Wisdom, the Paragon of the East and elsewhere, trailing clouds of glory from his journey to the lands of the West. I, Ali, must prepare myself for his coming.

Hadji: This is an inspiring sight. Where else in all the world will you find a larger gathering of BYU professors and their wives at this moment?

Ali: (shocked) Master, your tempest is raging! What kind of a greeting is that—so unknown to the canons of Oriental Eloquence? What has happened to you?

Hadji: The Western touch, my boy. I thought we had pretty much of a corner on decadence. For lo, these many years the name of Hadji Baba has been the symbol of Oriental degeneracy—but brother, I had a lot to learn. There I went under contract to teach Intermediate and Advanced Decadence, Sections 101 and 244; but with the first faculty meeting I knew that the gorgeous East had met its match. You've heard of him, of course.

Ali: Ernest the King? Who hasn't? Isn't he the one who says, "The faculty that decays together stays together"?

Hadji: That's him.

Ali: And doesn't he have a branding iron that says, "In your heart you know I'm right, ELW."

Hadji: Well, maybe. But he's really quite a modest fellow. They put his name on the letterheads when he wasn't looking.