



FUCK YOU/
a magazine of the arts

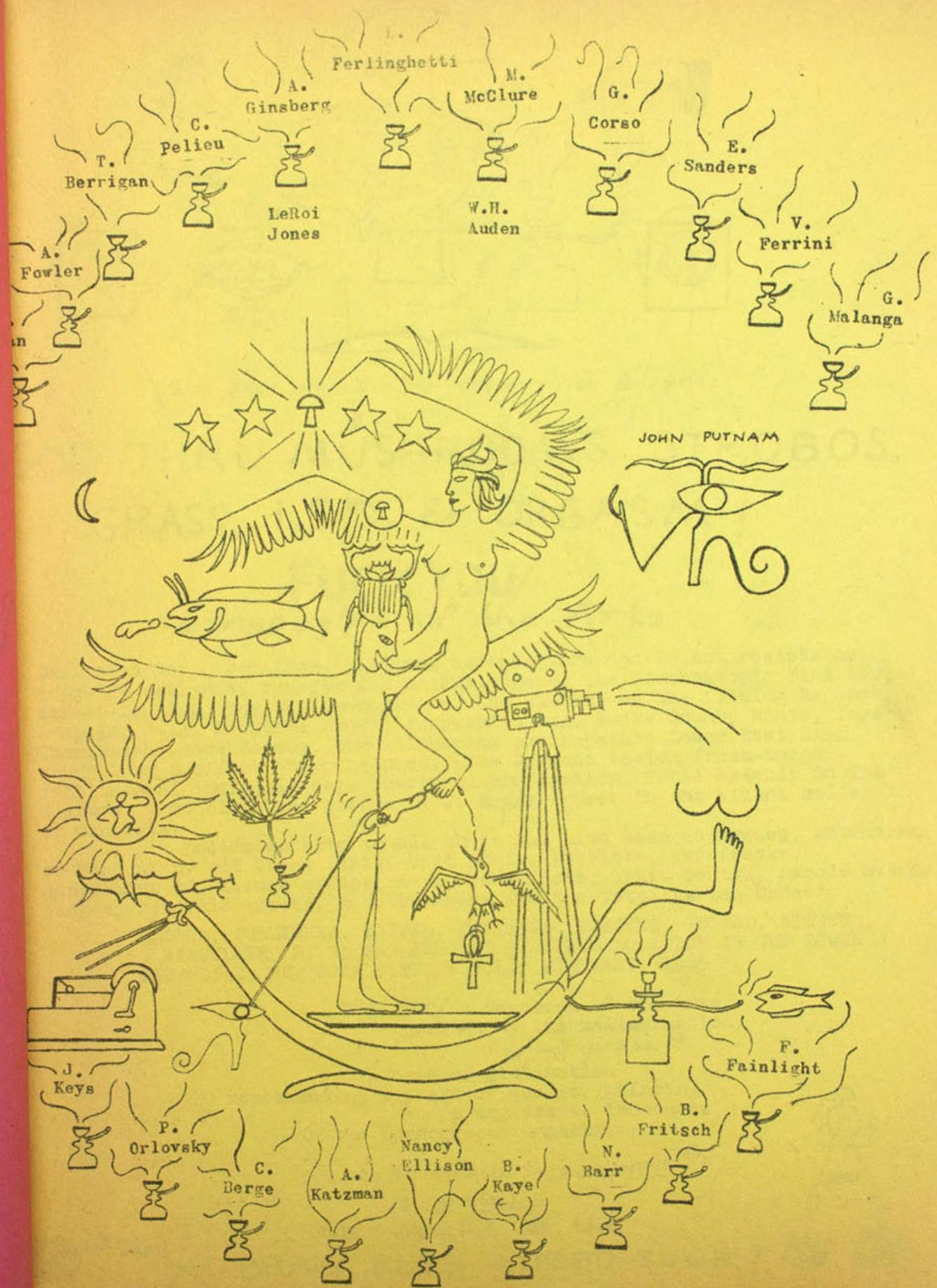
OUR THIRD ANNIVERSARY

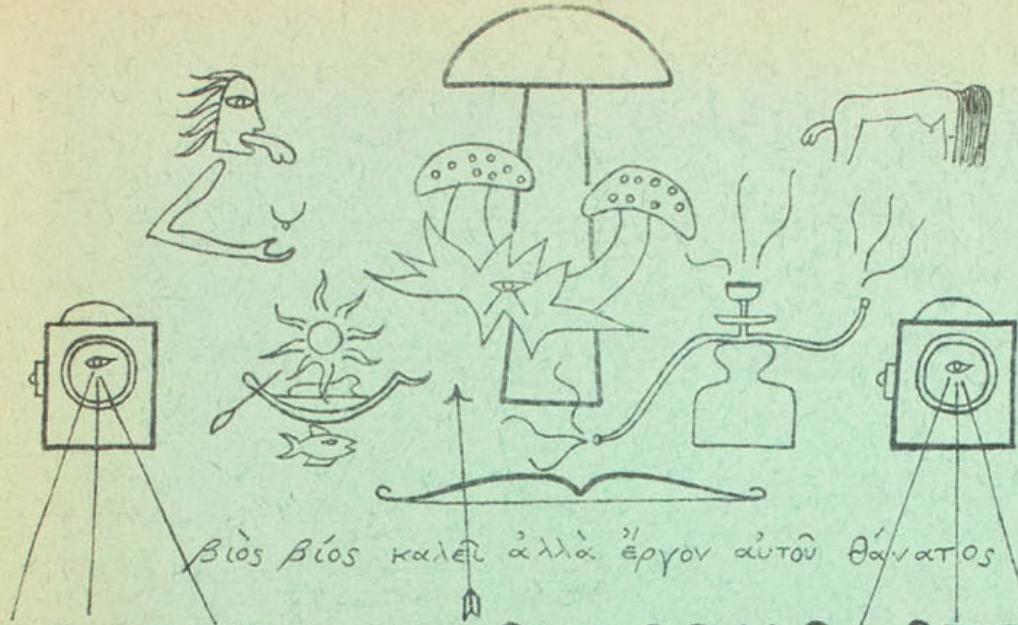
MAD MOTHERFUCKER
ISSUE !

COVER BY

ANDY WARHOL !!

from his evil
COUCH movie





GOD THRU MUSHROOMS, STROBOS, GRASS, LSD, & ORGASM!

FUCK YOU
a magazine of the Arts

Dedicated to: pacifism, national defense thru nonviolent resistance, dope-law defiance, freedom for hallucinogens, the Stroboscopic Mind Zap, street-fucking, the LSD Communarium, the Witness of the flaming Ra cock, Acapulco Gold, Honduras Brown, Panamanian Red, Bucks County Mauve, Iowa Chartreuse, dope cactus, the slithering psychopathic Lower East Side young lady pacifist snapping pussy, the Jergens Lotion freak-bugger, multilateral indiscriminate apertural conjugation, Total Assault On The Culture, & to all those groped by J. Edgar Hoover in the silent halls of Congress.

Dedicated also to all those who have been depressed, butchered, or hung up by all these family unit nazis, fascists, war-freaks, department of License creeps, fuzz, jansenists, draft boards, parole boards, judges, academic idiots, & tubthumpers for the Totalitarian Cancer.

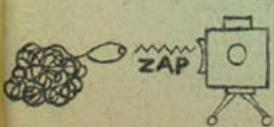
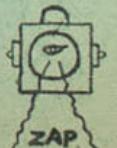
EDITED, PUBLISHED, ZAPPED, DESIGNED, FREAKED, GROPED, STOMPED, & EJACULATED BY ED SANDERS AT A SECRET LOCATION IN THE LOWER EAST SIDE, NEW YORK CITY, U.S.A. FEBRUARY, 1965

FUCK YOU/ a magazine of the Arts
printed by its hallucination,
fug~press ®

a name of distinction
representing 3 years of quality printing
& aggressive innocence
in the pornography industry

"you can be sure if it's *fug~press* ®"

FUCK YOU/
the magazine of the
BRAIN BLOB STROBO-SUCK!





THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

We shall freak onward in the Rays of Ra . This is our THIRD ANNIVERSARY ISSUE & Fuck You/ a magazine of the Arts will continue forever. The Fuck You/ Editorial Board cluster fucks onward, trailing blazing hookahs of glory, empty Amyl-nitrite vials, di-methyl-tript parsley, & orange LSD basketballs by the 1000's. TOTAL ASSAULT! Onward in the FLESH EXPRESS. The next issue of Fuck You/ a magazine of the Arts will be a gigantic PROSE ISSUE containing millions of pages of ultimate prose spews. Please zap us w/ your manuscripts. /--- ABOUT THE COVER: by ANDY WARHOL from his banned COUCH MOVIE. It was kindly Thermofaxed & glued by William Linich. The superstars are, left to right, Rufus Collins, Kate Helicser & the fellow leaning down to muff Kate, is, of course, Gerard Malanga /--- SHRIEK! SHRIEK! announcing THE FUGS!!!! an unbelievable group of singers featuring Tuli Kupferberg on farto-phone, Brillo Box, finger cymbals, & various percussion instruments; Ed Sanders on organ, sex organ, & Harmonica; Szabo on Amphetamine Flute & recorder ; Ken Weaver on snares & big stomp Buffalo hide drum; & guest stars. Dances, dirty folk spews, rock & roll, poetry, Amphetamine operas, & other freak-beams from their collective existence. These creeps barf from an unbelievable bag. There has never been any thing like the FUGS in the history of western civilization!! For bookings, we are for sale, please contact Ed Sanders at the PEACE EYE BOOK STORE.

help wanted help wanted help Fug-press editorial assistants, typists, young lady head-copping specialists, & hordes of snapping pussy needed for the following projects: a) completion of the new Fuck You/ press publication by William Burroughs called BURROUGHS MONOGRAPH #1: Apo-33 A Metabolic Regulator. b) preparing the fug-press publication "BANANA, an anthology of Strap Verse, Dike Shrieks, harness poems, & worshipful emanations from the Shrine of The Bull Tongue Clit" c) answering the many Fuck You/ editorial board Cock Spurt Alerts. d) assistance in preparing the huge upcoming prose issue of FUCK YOU (#5, vol 9)/--- MOVIES!! 1) Will all the stars & super stars of Ed Sanders underground epic (two years in the making) please report back for certain re-takes. The director has been plagued by stars disappearing into Hillside Hospital & Central Islip, & the hip chick star tendency to vanish somewhere in New Jersey. Even though you may have married that dentist, please bring you snatch back for a few more reels of Amphetamine Glory. The WORLD PREMIERE of AMPHETAMINE HEAD will occur in spring, 1965! 2) The Editorial Board of Fuck You/ a magazine of the arts announces its first moviemaking venture::

MONGOLIAN CLUSTER FUCK

a short but searing non-socially redeeming porn flick featuring 100's of the lower east side's finest, with musical background by Algernon Charles Swinburne & THE FUGS!!

TOE QUEENS, ARISE!

--continued next page--

FUCK YOU/ the talk of the Town

3) announcing Harry Fainlight's new 18 HOUR ASS-HOLE MOVIE, the most subtle movie in the western tradition. 18 hours of intricate & engrossing contractions of the sphincter ani of a famous Harpers Bazaar model./--- Announcing the Lower East Sides most sinister book shop, the PEACE EYE BOOK STORE, 383 East 10th St, N.Y. 9, N.Y. Telephone CLitoris 4-2100 or 254-2100, operating as a book scene, freak center, & scrounge lounge featuring most of the literary ejaculations of the lower east side. Stomp with us./--- Gropes & thanks to the kind stompers who helped the Editorial Board prepare this issue: Ken Weaver, Peter Orlovsky, and particularly Elaine Solow /..... recent & about to be spurted FUCK YOU/ press publications: a) BANANA, an anthology of harness verse. b) BUGGER, a Journal of Albigensian Night. An anthology of Bulgar, anal erotic, pound cake, cornhole & dreck poetry, by Szabo, Allen Ginsberg, Ted Berrigan, Ron Padgett, Al Fowler, Ed Sanders, John Keys, John Harriman, & Harry Fainlight. This is already a legendary fag-press publication. A few copies left. c) THE WORD IS LOVE. we finaiiy spurt to press with this great book by the whispered Lenore Kandel. d) SADE SUIT by Jackson MacLow, a very complex book freaked out of the brilliant MacLow brain using Sade's Bedroom Philosopher. e) HEALTH BULLETIN: Apo-33 A METABOLIC REGULATOR; A REPORT TO THE CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, by WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS. (see ad above.)

COCKS SUCKED WITH A FLAIR

TAYLOR MEAD!

The Royal Rimmer

Now Opening

his ROME

Suck Salon

TAYLOR MEAD
c/o American Express
ROME, ITALY

"Get a good old American Gobble while on your European vacation"

1000's of satisfied customers!!!

adv ☆ adv ☆ adv ☆ adv ☆ adv ☆ adv

LAWRENCE FERLINGHETTI

TO FUCK IS TO LOVE AGAIN
(Kyrie Eleison Kerista)

Down on North Beach
Up on Potrero
dreaming of utopias
where everyone's a lover
i see San Francisco from my window
thru some old navy beerbottles
The glass is dark
What's it all about
i move the ships about
in my binoculars
like some mad admiral
dark dark dark
we are all shunted into it
a concrete Crete
freeway pinball labyrinth
cars into turneis
dancers long gone under the hills
kiss kiss in stone boudoirs
the earth a turbine
storing sexual energy
turning & turning into the dark
under the skyscrapers with their time on top
stockmarket quotation tickertape time tick tick
civilization and its crickets
The dark thread draws us all in
into the wind-up labyrinth
undischarged sexual energy
not mine the city's
There's the Fairmont phallus
there's the Mark masturbation
there's the Park there's the cement works
there's the Steam Beer Brewing Plant
there's the Actor's Workshop
nothing brewing there these days
there's the Bay there's that bridge
there's that island the Navy doesn't need
We need it but we don't need the Navy
Sail Away forever somewhere why don't you
Ah there's the sun again
There's the Hall of Justice blockhouse
personifying itself
Mussoolini Modern

(Cont next page)

there's the sky there's skywriting
chalk on a mirror
what's it all about
someone trying to trace something up there
Sun solves it
in the mirror
of eternity
A train pulls out of Third Street Station
not going anywhere
discharge of aimless sexual energy
tick tick over the rails
to a coupling in Palo Alto
Life goes on not going anywhere
Time goes on tick tick
what's it all about
find the tick
follow your thread
around the next corner
I sometimes wonder if that is what Krishnamurti meant
Love's a lost tick
As we grow older the clatter becomes more complicated
Put your ear to the flesh and you'll still hear it
tick tick over the rails
bearing us away
but who's got a bad ticker
and what's everthing waiting for
Don't tell me they're still waiting
we've been thru all that already
even the poets dug it
you could almost hear them beginning to think
tick tick
even the painters finally caught on
pop pop
Now it's all over maybe
no more excitement maybe
nothing happening anyplace anymore maybe
especially in San Francisco baby
stranded whales all over the place
elder statesmen poets high & dry
and a labyrinth the worst place of all
for a whale to find himself
How do we get out
where do we go from here
what's the next development
what's around the next corner
why is everything holding its breath

(Con't next page)

Why am i here
typing in my attic
tick tick
i've got a good ticker
i'm winding up my thread
but i am no Prince Theseus nor was meant to be
i'll slay no minotaurs in my Attic retreat
with the sword i use to cut my meat
Still i'm always looking for the action
at the heart of things
Must be something shaking somewhere
someone on some rooftop must be loving
in the hot sun
in this labyrinth of solitude
which is neither cold Crete nor hot Mexico
but is still full of solos
gringo pachucos
trying to trace it but
trying to figure out
what it's all about
and why the sun still goes on turning
and still is god to my dog
The sun the sun behold the sun
Great God Sun still riseth
in our rubaiyat
and strikes the towers with a shaft of light
The sun the sun still rules everything
even the sky as we know it
even love as we know it
even life as we know it
which is nothing but heat
discharge of sexual energy
And the sun goes on cooling
discharge of undirected sexual energy
And the Cold War gets cooler
other-directed sexual energy
And two more government scientists throw in the sponge
mis-directed sexual energy
But is this cooling-off period to string us out forever
how about some love in the cold climate
how about some instant joy
inner-directed sexual energy
Let's get hot again baby
kiss kiss in stone boudoirs
i didn't say shoot i said fuck

(Con't next page)

i'm sorry officer i'm sorry mother
that's the only word that'll do
it's a word of love daddy
for which there's no refined substitute
still i'm trying to refine it
i'm trying to make it holy
i'm trying to make it socially acceptable
even to Cretan cretins lost in a maze
For to fuck is to love again
so let's everybody love it up
every body
That's the solution Comrade
maybe the only one Comrade
why are you so puritanical Comrade
let's turn on together Comrade
and you too Colonel Cornpone
i'm serious Comrade
i'm serious Colonel Cornpone
let's repeat it together
To fuck is to love again
Lord have mercy
To fuck is to love again
kyrie eleison hallelujah
A litany like that
means more to us Romans
than any Hail Mary full of grace
though blessed be the fruit of her womb
And don't think you have to lie down to do it General
that ain't the only way General
no one is asking you to lie down abjectly General
the tick of hate is loose in the labyrinth
dies irae dies illa illa illa
and ticks carry diseases but fucks carry love
which is also infectious
So get ready General
Ready Get set Fuck
kyrie hallelujah
by the right flank fuck
and blessed be the fruit
by the left flank fuck
and blessed be the fruit
by the rear fuck
and blessed be the fruit
Blessed Blessed Blessed
So fuck thy neighbor in another country
exchange fucking populations
you send us all your women
we'll send you all our men wearing neckties

(Con't next page)

Americans love travel
we love exotic places & people
you'll think ours are exotic too
i'm tired of this climate anyway
you're tired of yours
so let's get together on this
let's get down to bare essentials
and have a mass exchange fuck
a fucking real exchange program
an enormous international hardcore Fuck Corps
and nevermind the protocol
we've all got our own passe-partout
if to fuck is to love again
and nevermind the overpopulation
Contraception can contain
all but love
and blessed be the fruit
and no more quotas
and no more discrimination
we dig Chinese chicks we dig Cuban chicks we dig
Arab boys
we love women in babushkas
but you can't buy them at Cost-Plus
with the women still in them
so nevermind exchanging anymore jewelry or hardware
Lord have mercy
just exchange ourselves
just transpopulate
just transcopulate
that is just infinitely
transfuck
hosanna pulchriSSima
kyrie hallelujah
we'll both still have the sun

Michael McClure

Jan 28

Dear Ed,

There's a hideous article in new Sat Eve Post titled
WHAT'S SO TERRIBLE ABOUT GERM WARFARE? (Jan 30th)

I sent the following poem as letter to the editor:

POISONED WHEAT

OH, BLUE GRAY GREEN PALE GRAHHR!

TRANQUIL POURING ROSE LION SALT!

There is death in Viet Nam!

There is death in Viet Nam!

There is death in Viet Nam!

And our bodies are mad with the forgotten
memory that we are creatures!

Blue-black skull rose lust boot!

Basta!

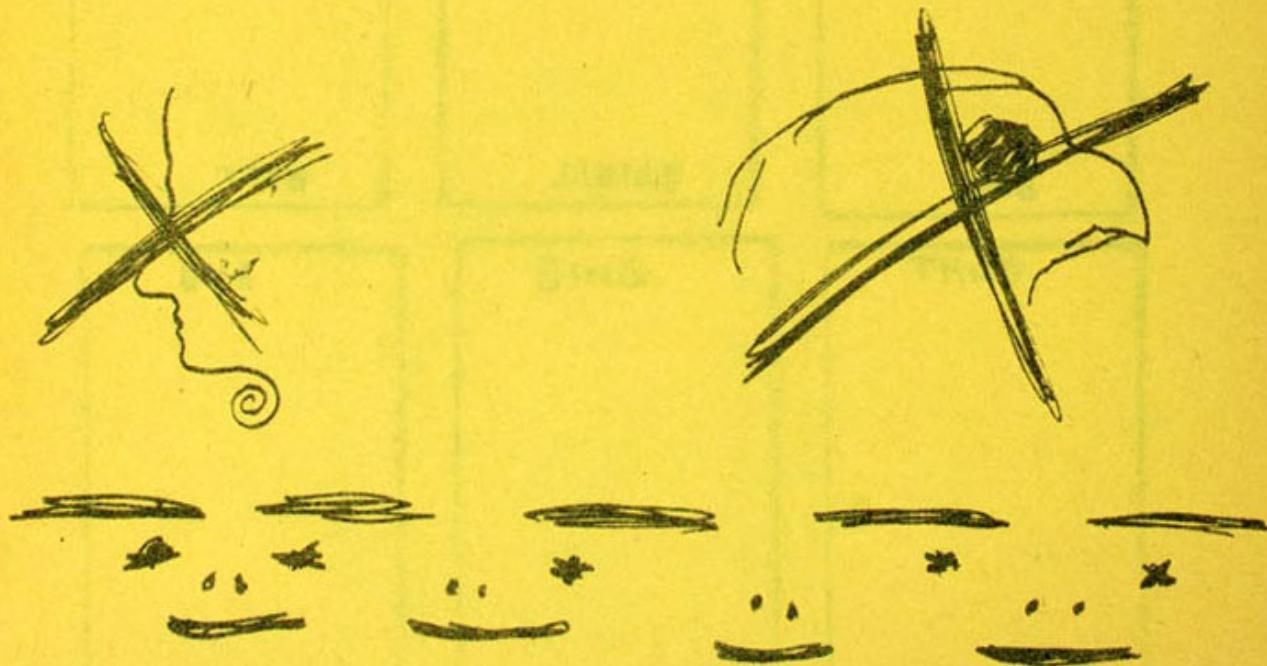
Michael

Dear Ed,

IF you no
like this write
B Y send you TOE ODE

Here is poem - on poems -
you put in any order or
whatever. Keep deck. Beam
Loove, & H&R anniversary.

Michael



MICHAEL MC CLURE

MICHAEL MC CLURE CUTOUT CARDS --- MAKE YOUR OWN POEM!!!

DРИPPING

LOVE

ROAR

MUSCLE

BLANK

BLOOD

CLAW

ROAR

HUGE

ROLL

SPIRIT

ROLL

EYE

SING

THUD

BODY

RUSH

BODY

SLIDE

MUSCLE

SPARK

ROAR

CRASH

CLAW

HAUNCH

SOLID

LION FIGHT

FUR

ROAR

BODY

SLIP

SILK

SMASH

TOOTH

BODY

TENDON

BLACK

BODY

MEAT

CLOUD

CLANG

TEAR

ROAR

BROWN-SILVER

POINT

BODY

FLESH

POOL

PAW

LEROI JONES

WORD FROM THE RIGHT WING

President Johnson
is a mass murderer,
and his mother,
was a mass murderer,
and his wife
is weird looking, a special breed
of hawkbill cracker
and his grandmother's
weird dumb and dead
turning in the red earth
sick as dry blown soil
and he probably steals
hates magic
and has no use
for change, tho changing, and changed
the weather plays its gambling
tune. His mother is a dead blue cloud.
He has negroes work for him hate him,
wish him under the bullets of kennedydeath

OPEN FIRE FROM THE SCHOOL WINDOWS

these projectiles kill his mother plagued
by vulgar cancer, floating her dusty horoscope,
without the love even she thinks she needs, deadbitch,
Johnson's mother, walked all night holding hands
with a nigger, and stroked that nigger's
hard. Blew him downtown newark 1928... I got proof!

LEROI JONES

WESTERN FRONT

My intentions are colors, I'm filled with
color, every tint you think of lends to mine
my mind is full of color, hard muscle streaks,
or soft glow round exactness registration. All Earth
heaven things, hell things, in colors circulate
a wild blood train, turns litmus like a bible coat,
describes music falling flying, my criminal darkness,
static fingers, call it art, high above the streetwalkers
high above real meaning, floaters prop themselves in pillows
letting soft blondes lick them into serenity. Poems are made
by fools like Allen Ginsberg, who loves God, and went to India
only to see God, finding him walking barefoot in the street,
blood sickness and hysteria, yet only God touched this poet,
who has no use for the world. But only God, who is sole dope
manufacturer of the universe, and is responsible for ease
and logic. Only God, the baldhead faggot, is clearly responsible,
not, for definite, no cats we know.

ED SANDERS

from the GOBBLE GANG POEMS

Heavenly Lake
with the isle of yr
peace breasts

we fuck thy sluice, Crotch Lake
in the Brain Boat

Spurts of our love
spin off the prow,
The symbol of life
the dung chewing scarab
The Scarabaeus Sacer

eats thy shit in eternity
The scarab it
burns in the prow
grasps in its claws
a ball from thy anus

Vectors of Ra for thy
Lake in the stillness
your stream has the rinse of the sun
waves of it
enter my ears
visceral shudders like to the piss-quakes. The
crinkles in thy ass's hole are the cosmic flower
your hands do sooth my gums again VOID LADY
your pink legs in the cream-stream you
lift your breasts upon my tears
shriek-creeks your milk spurts are bursts of the ABSOLUTE FOUNTAIN

ARCANIA

for thee we have had our descent
to the Mountain,
and, outward, from the slick beetle walls
of 42 nd street

we have seen seen seen
the Lamellicorn
& the Brain Flowers
Roses in the Eye
beyond the Lake
& the spurting torrents
which spurt outward
to the Eye of Peace

-cont-

o peace peace peace for them and for us
who remain
in the street of lips

restat
the vaulted walls
where the wings of the scarab
butcher us

restat
the road of lips &
the gouging banana

restat
the street of screams
whip freaks & those who
want to die
consuela & her flaming teeth
portal to the halls of
her throat
the sperm boat glides inward

flare-spurts spew off
the prow

The Scarab whips her
consuela the Rosy Gobbler
with its huge bug wings
cuts her to pieces
she knows they are
the blades of death

she is
sliced in the barb of its whip wings
in this street of
eternal events

sflap sflat!!
the mæso whip
of the scarab wings
over the

PANTING DIKE

-continued-

a circle of Fish Queens there about her
slice up her shriek flesh!
w/ the butcher strings of
the Sky Harp
peiting her blood flesh

in the barque of the
Butcher Scarab!

o peace for those who enter her
mouth and die peace peace o consuela
that your throat must bear
such pilgrims in the darkness,

restat, remaining,
subiation of the All

& its torrents &
writhing images
down to the
puke black bile night
to the middle of the Mountain

The Mountain Arcania

by its cave all cultures
Sumer to Heilas Hellas
to the street cf lips
by her cave, consuela's,
halls of her throat lit by the cock flares

all have entered it
probed with their orisons
night flare meetings for the inner meaning

ALLEN GINSBERG

From JOURNALS

19 Dec 1962

Well, where now me, what next,
lying here in the church gloom naked mattress
like a Corpse under Covers, just come into Peters mouth
with his cock in my mouth and pubic hair spread on my
beard

cupping his soft ass halves with my palms --
now alone with all the french doors closed & darkened
in late afternoon against the skull drum & girl cry of
streets of Market below my balcony --

What next soul task, in all this morphined ease
drowsing to wake at midnight in the oldest city in the
I. --world --

no need to rush out and cary burlap bags full of dung
to make money

my checks arrive from around the world,
enough-to lay here Oblomov all my fourth decade on the
planet

with the stars rising and falling and the now half moon
disapperring and slowly as I peep out the blinds some
nights weeks hence

reapeared hanging over the wrinkled old river --
rush out by airplane Vancouver New York to Moscow
and shout & weep before mind gangs of new kids born
between wars

(Con't)

with the tan red stain on my index finger dying deeper,
cigarettes & tea

in too many Cafes from Santiago to Kyoto --

What possible poem to imagine any more, who can't
even read Blake or Kabir with two hours rat minded
light-hunger --

Now seem the thrills of scanning the scaly dragon
dream universe

equal in endlessness boredom to passing my moons
. : playing Cards

in third class trains circling the equator, thinking
letters to write

or creating a network of poetry slaves drugged by
the lunacy of electronic brain meat --

or simply going home & sitting in the backyard watching
the cherry blossoms fatten on my tree --

having to pay no taxes to anyone, mumbling in my bedsheets
while

the same car lights of childhood prison the decade on
my ceiling --

perhaps even dream up a monster God in the spotted shorls
of vast eyeball --

My cup runneth over, my seed spilled into one familiar soft
mouth

month after month, as if another birth wont connect
life

(Con't)

together after death, all be black beforgotten from
before --

Not even doom, not even Hell except what this is
already

my mouth dry and having to get up & go out in the
chill twilight to take a pee

trying to write a poem -- whatever that could be,
scribbling in a vast book of blank pages, hoping my
death will make sense of chaos notations --
dashes which lead only to the next consciousness

trying to shake itself and be free
like a vulture circling over a green donkey field,
like Lenin wagging his beard
and raising his index finger into the air to signal
the rag booted masses

a new Futurity! Archaic Eden and electric Serpent
and my soul Eve

Curious over the fruit before her face, noisey humming
with radio messages inside.

Poetry's the old apple that tastes death's tasteless
eternity,

Morphine worm that eats itself -- all afternoon with
my cock in Peter's bearded mouth --

and I lying here relaxed while he goes to fetch a dead
chicken Tanduri

from the rickshaw thoroughfare a mile away

ALLEN GINSBERG

DREAM

21 Dec 1962

Dawn -- dreams all night ending with long morning dream -- Peter & I in basement of Department Store, a special sale is going on, salesman is Norman Mailer; at Xmas gift counter selling weird Scientific artistic toys -- I buy one, and then go back & buy another, realizing they're a good investment & be worth money in the future. Rather like the street movie machine -- a home made box on wheels with projector & peepholes and small motor for electric like and crank for hand rolling showing old technicolor fragments of Wizard of Oz with Judy Garland, that we found in Desasumeh Market Street last night, which Peter peeped into for 6 annas (a penny) -- So I go up to the counter and buy a big toy I start carrying home -- a woman salesman is there - some tall gaunt lady, a New York aristocrat -- Diana Trilling or Mrs. Carr -- ? -- nervously warning me that Mailer has been hanging around with some tough gangster folk who are threatening him -- I should go companion him keep him safe -- But I think "Damn if he's playing with those goofs it's not my fault it's against my principles I wanna get out of this scene not in -- I gotta go homeprotect my toys."

TED BERRIGAN!!!!

FOUR SONNETS FROM HIS BOOK, THE SONNETS

III

Stronger than alcohol, more great than song,
deep in whose reeds great elephants decay;
I, an island, sail, and my shores toss
on a fragrant evening, fraught with sadness
bristling hate.

It's true, I weep too much. Dawns break
slow kisses on the eyelids of the sea,
what other men sometimes have thought they've seen.
And since then I've been bathing in the poem
lifting her shadowy flowers up for me,
and hurled by hurricanes to a birdless place
the waving flags, nor pass by prison ships
O let me burst, and I be lost at sea!
and fall on my knees then, womanly.

TED BERRIGAN
from the SONNETS

LXXVI

I wake up back aching from soft bed Pat
gone to class Ron to work (I
never heard a sound) its my birthday. I put on
birthday pants birthday shirt go to ADAM'S buy a
pepsi for breakfast come home drink it take a
pill I'm high. I do three Greek lessons
to make up for cutting class. I read birthday book
(from Joe) on Juan Gris real name Jose Victoriano
Gonzales stop in the middle read all
my poems gloat a little over new ballad quickly skip old
sonnets imitations of Shakespeare. Back to books. I read
poems by Auden Spenser Pound Stevens and Frank O'Hara. I hate
books.

I wonder if Jan or Helen or Babe
ever think about me. I wonder if Dave Bearden still
dislikes me. I wonder if people talk about me
secretly. I wonder if I'm too old. I wonder if I'm fooling
myself about pills. I wonder what's in the icebox. I wonder
Ron or Pat bought any toilet paper this morning.

TED BERRIGAN
FROM THE SONNETS

LXVII

(clarity! clarity!) a semblance of motion, omniscience.
There is no such thing as a breakdown
To cover the tracks of "The Hammer" (the morning sky
gets blue and red and I get worried about
mountains of mounting pressure
and the rust on the bolt in my door
Some kind of Bowery Santa Clauses I wonder
down the secret streets of Roaring Gap
A glass of chocolate milk, head of lettuce, dark-
Bearden is dead. Chris is dead. Jacques Villon is dead.
Patsy awakens in heat and ready to squabble
I wonder if people talk about me secretly? I wonder if I'm
fooling myself
about pills? I wonder what's in the icebox? out we go
to the looney movie and the grace of the make-believe bed

TED BERRIGAN

LXXVIII

Too many fucking mosquitoes under the blazing sun
out in the stinking alley behind my desk! too many
lovely delicious behinds fertilizing the park! the logic
of childhood is not genuine it shines forth
so rare

Dear Ron: Keats was a baiter of bears who died
of lust! Today I think about all those radio waves
The academy of my dreams is opening its doors
Seurat and Juan Gris combine this season
Except at night!

Then I walk out in the bleak village
in my dreams, for they are present! I wake up
aching from soft bed Back to books. It is 3:17 a. m. in
New York City

The Pure No Nonsense: and all day "Perceval! Perceval!

a Gobble Poem snatched from the notebook
of W. H. Auden & now believed to be
in the Morgan Library

He put down his glass and stretched his bare arms along
The back of my sofa. The afternoon sunlight struck
The blond hairs on the wrist near my head. His chin was strong,
His mouth sucky. I could hardly believe my luck.

It was a Spring day, a day, a day for a lay, when the air
Smelled like a locker-room, a day to blow or get blown;
Returning from lunch I turned my corner and there
On a near-by stoop I saw him standing alone.

I glanced as I advanced. The clean white T-shirt outlined
a forceful torso; the light-blue denims divulged
Much. I observed the snug curves where they hugged the behind,
I watched the crotch where the cloth intriguingly bulged.

Our eyes met. I felt sick. My knees turned weak.
I couldn't move. I didn't know what to say.
In a blur I heard words, myself like a stranger speak
"Will you come to my room?" Then a husky voice "o.k."

I produced some beer and we talked. Like a little boy
He told me his story. Present address: next door.
Half Polish, half Irish. The youngest. From Illinois.
Profession: mechanic. Name: Bud. Age: twenty-four.

And here he was, stiting beside me, legs apart.
I could bear it no longer. I touqched the inside of his thigh.
His reply was to move it closer. I trembled, my heart
Thumped and jumped as my fingers went to his fly.

I opened a gap in the flap. I went in there.
I sought for a slit in the gripper shorts that had charge
Of the basket I asked for. I came to warm flesh, then to hair.
I went on. I found what I hoped. I groped. It was large.

He responded to my fondling in a charming, disarming way:
Without a word he unbuckled his belt while I felt,
And looled back, stretching his legs. His pants fell away.
Carefully drawing it out, I beheld what I held.

The circumcised head was a work of mastercraft
With perfectly bevelled rim, of unusual weight
And the friendliest red. Even relaxed, the shaft
Was of noble dimensions with the wrinkles that indicate

(Con't)

Singular powers of extension. For a second or two
It lay there inert, then it suddenly stirred in my hand,
Then paused as if frightened or doubtful of what to do
And then with a violent jerk began to expand.

By soundless bounds it extended and distended, by quick
Great leaps it rose, it flushed, it rushed to its full size,
A royal column, ineffably solemn and wise.

I tested its length and strength with a manual squeeze,
I bunched my fingers and twirled them about the knob,
I stroked it from top to bottom. I got on my knees.
I lowered my head. I opened my mouth for the job.

But he pushed me gently away. He bent down. He unlaced
His shoes. He removed his socks. Stood up. Shed
His pants altogether. Muscles in arms and waist
Rippled as he whipped his T-shirt over his head.

I scanned his tan, enjoyed the contrast of brown
Trunk against white shorts taut around small
Hips. With a dig and a wriggle he peeled them down.
I tore off my clothes. He faced me, smiling. I saw all.

The gorgeous organ stood stiffly and straightly out
With a slight flare upwards. At each beat of his heart it threw
An odd little nod my way. From the slot of the spout
Exuded a drop of transparent viscous goo.

The lair of hair was fair, the grove of a young man,
A tangle of curls and whorls, luxuriant but couth.
Except for a spur of golden hairs that fan
To the neat navel the rest of the belly was smooth.

Well-hung, slung from the fork of the muscular legs,
The firm vase of his sperm like a bulging pear,
Cradling its handsome glands, two herculean eggs,
Swung as he came towards me, shameless, bare.

We aligned mouths. We entwined. All act was clutch,
All fact, contact, the attack and the interlock
Of tongues, the charms of arms. I shook at the touch
Of his fresh flesh, I rocked at the shock of his cock.

Straddling my legs a little I inserted his divine
Person between and closed on it tight as I could.
The upright warmth of his belly lay all along mine.
Nude, glued together, for a minute we stood.

(Con't)

I stroked the lobes of his ears, the back of his head
And the broad shoulders. I took bold hold of the compact
Globes of his bottom. We tottered. He fell on the bed.
Lips parted, eyes closed, he lay there, ripe for the act,

Mad to be had, to be felt and smelled. My lips
Explored the adorable masculine tits. My eyes
Assessed the chest. I caressed the athletic hips
And the slim limbs. I approved the grooves of the thighs.

I hugged, I snuggled into an armpit, I sniffed
The subtle whiff of its tuft, I lapped up the taste
Of its hot hollow. My fingers began to drift
On a trek of inspection, a leisurely tour of the waist.

Downward in narrowing circles they playfully strayed,
Encroached on his privates like poachers, approached the prick
But teasingly swerved, retreated from meeting. It betrayed
Its pleading need by a pretty imploring kick.

"Shall I rim you?" I whispered. He shifted his limbs in assent,
Turned on his side and opened his legs, let me pass
To the dark parks behind. I kissed as I went
The great thick cord that ran back from his balls to his arse.

Prying the buttocks aside, I nosed my way in
Down the shaggy slopes. I came to the puckered goal.
It was quick to my licking. He pressed his crotch to my chin.
His thighs squirmed as my tongue wormed in his hole.

His sensations yearned for consummation. He untucked
His legs and lay panting, hot as a teen-age boy
Naked, enlarged, charged, aching to get sucked,
Clawing the sheet, all his pores open to joy.

I inspected his erection. I surveyed his parts with a stare
From scrotum level. Sighting along the underside
Of his cock I looked through the forest of pubic hair
To the range of the chest beyond, rising lofty and wide.

I admired the texture, the delicate wrinkles and the neat
Sutures of the capacious bag. I adored the grace
Of the male genitalia. I raised the delicious meat
Up to my mouth, brought the face of its hard-on to my face.

Slipping my lips round the Byzantine dome of the head
With the tip of my tongue I caressed the sensitive groove,
He thrilled to the trill. "That's lovely!" he hoarsely said,
"Go on! Go on!" Very slowly I started to move

(Con't)

Gently, intently, I slid to the massive base
of his tower of power, paused there a moment down
In the warm moist thicket, then began to retrace
Inch by inch the smooth way to the throbbing crown.

Indwelling excitements dwelt at delights to come
As I descended and ascended those thick distended walls.
I grasped his root between left forefinger and thumb
And with my right hand tickled his heavy voluminous balls.

I plunged with a rhythmical lunge, steady and slow
And at every stroke made a corkscrew roll with my tongue.
His soul reeled in the feeling. He whimpered "Oh!"
As I tongued and squeezed and rolled and tickled and swung.

Then I pressed on the spot where the groin is joined to the cock,
Slipped a finger into his arse and massaged him from inside.
The secret sluices of his juices began to unlock.
He melted into what he felt. "O Jesus!" he cried.

Waves of immeasurable pleasures mounted his member in quick
Spasms. I lay still in the notch of his crotch inhaling his sweat.
His ring convulsed round my finger. Into me, rich and thick,
His hot spunk spouted in gouts, spurted in jet after jet.

Friends

of GERARD MALANGA
(commissioned by Ronnie Tavel)

Leon Hecht
Wystan Hugh Auden
John Ashbery
Taylor Mead
Allen Ginsberg
Peter Orlovsky
Howard Moss
Kenneth Lane
Fred Herko
Rufus Cains
Willard Maas
Denis Deegan
Professor Louis Trahan
Winn Chamberlain
Gregory Markopoulos
Alan Marlowe
Bob (Ondine) Olivo
Ronnie Tavel
Joseph Gribbon
Neil Eisner
Paul Goldberg
Henry Michelhenry
Sergio Gajardo
Jerry Morton
John Dodd
Andy Warhol
Kenneth Koch
Henry Geldzahler

& hundreds more which
Gerard Malanga trembles
in paranoia to mention

Faith Franckenstein
Naomi Levine
Anne Piymell
Anne Buchanan
ELEKTRAH! (Lobel)
Nancy Worthington Fish
Barbara Rubin
Rose Heliczer
Margret Boyce Cam
Judy Nathanson
Sandy Seils
Cynthia McAdams
Ellen Bryant
Marion Greer
Margaret Robbins
Linda Rosenberg
Linda Whirley

& thousands of faces
and snatches in the
night

VINCENT FERRINI

I H S

I

They too
know how to celebrate
candle & halo

ah, the perfume & the music
at all the apertures
& the angels

choiring

II

Sheltered under black windy wings
& white

numberless immaculate
harem

Himself had no idea
it would ever come to this

then & now
tossing in His sleep

III

The smallness of any rejection
not even a worm

the stopped at Half
give evil root & fruit

VINCENT FERRINI
Page 2

IV

Lord & disciple
siamesed

V

His work is done
& His Father's

If He came back
who would know how
to know Him

each man by his own crucifixion
his own death

& perhaps
a resurrection

VI

Who know what LOVE is
puncture no man for any cause

VII

Moira is midwife
at each floor of ascension

VIII

He
has caused more trouble
up & down the centuries
than any other name

IX

"The tears of Magdalene
how shall I still them

& all my sisters
who are in Magdalene

When shall the silence of the thundering
unanswer let me go

The vulture of my own tyrant self
ripping bits of my heart out to feed me

The unceasing moan at my feet
at whatever turn

I am the Spectacle & the Witness
& they weep for me

Ah to be done with this agony
I am the root of

I am their end & beginning
but I am I, they are they

O that one might come
& hack me off this Cross

& free them from this Wheel of me
this inturning punishment

people need me for up here
dangling"

X

"Must it be until it is
my own unself

come back to undo
2000 years

(Continued next page)

& unending
O my sister with thy charity

Forgive me for I know
what I have done

I stare down from this Darkening
blotting out the sun

in the churches
I am the axle of

& no one knowing
what is going on inside me

with that weeping put there
I, in this black womb

& they in their black tomb
O deo, deo

What art thou
& where?"

XI

That Man-
They cut the sky up for
& stained it with His Blood

He wants the whole sky
but he has a piece of it only

each has his own window
to see through
to work himself out of

into what it is
he is for

each man by the act of himself
wipes off some of that Blood

XII

When the wake is a Wake
the dead leap out living

but the mourning sonnambulists
are perpetually nailing the lid down

XIII

Dont talk about anything-
do it

Did He know what
& how they were going
to erect his life, after

ah, if he had
guessed, it might have been different

XIV

One counted the prayerbeads-
fifty-four
& stopped at Him
what is he doing hanging here

so he unhooded Him
& threw the idol into the incinerater

then was then
now is now

He, too, is grateful
the beads & the praying are on their own

XV

The wrong Christ-
masticate it
digest it
& execrete it

Arise, purified

XVI

When will the priests
brick by brick

start taking the churches apart
to get at the cornerstone

XVII

The walking church of Christ
& not so named

is that one
who hammered out the spikes

took Him down from that Cross
broke it

kissed the wounds away
& let Him go

XVIII

The new Fish
has the moon for an eye

& the sun
is the other

VINCENT FERRINI

XIX

See
the lid of death
sprung open
Christ, O Christ
is out
& dancing for Himself
with the risen
who are the swirling

PETER ORLOVSKY

THREE PAGES OF DRAWINGS WITH NOTES FROM ORLOVSKY'S
EVIL NOTEBOOKS FROM INDIA

DRAWING A: cripple boe leged begger who lives in the st
24 hrs. a day-- he maybe takes legal opium Ball's
Pill size-- he weighs about 70 lbs-- he wears
leather short pants & wooden box gloves to lift him
3 inches off the ground so he can cross the tram
st. Hes an old forgotten poor fellow of Calcutta back
streets--

DRAWING B: charlie Chaplin on screen in a Damascus movie house
the time of one of their numerous revolutions

DRAWING C: drawing of different Love Posisions of Karjuraho
Yogins temples.

DRAWING D: Street alley Bazzar Sellers in Old Jeruslem of Jordian

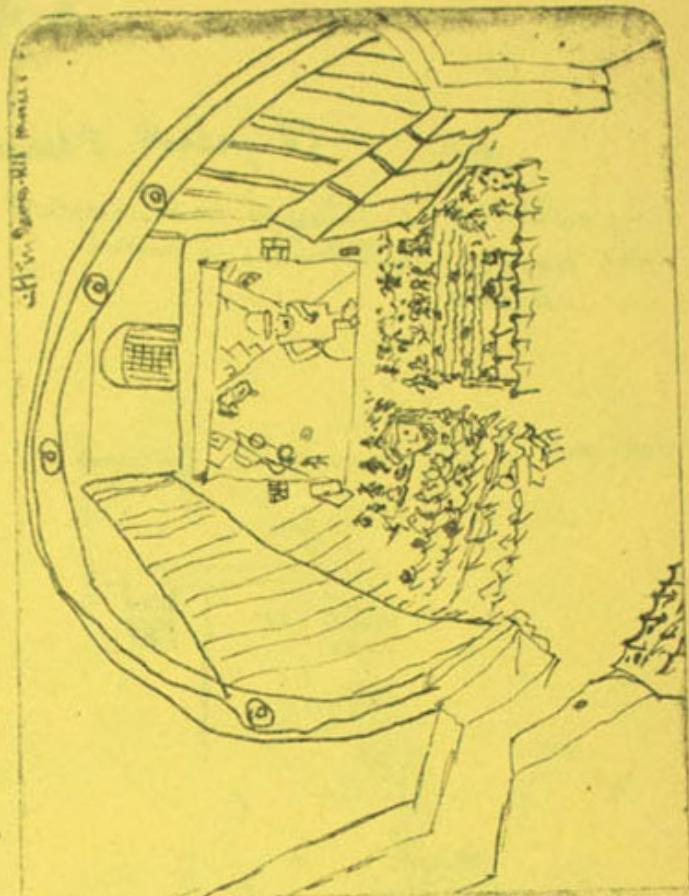
DRAWING E: a 70 yr old naga (naked Sadhu) sitting in tea (chy)
shop at 4 am at Dasaswamedh Ghat in Banares-- his
hair if unwound comes down to his ankles--

DRAWING F: drawn from high roof over looking Dasaswamedh Gahat
(or bathing spot)-- temple in center is Shiva
dedicated to him who is also the God of Ganja or Pot--
the dead cow is droped into the Ganges river here--

DRAWING G: from Karjuraho Love Sex embrase show how to make
love this way also known as KHON ASSAN or love hold
body just the right movement--
young kids gave me the names of different parts of
the body---

Peter Orlovsky

page 1



page 2

April 9 - Monday - 63 --- 20

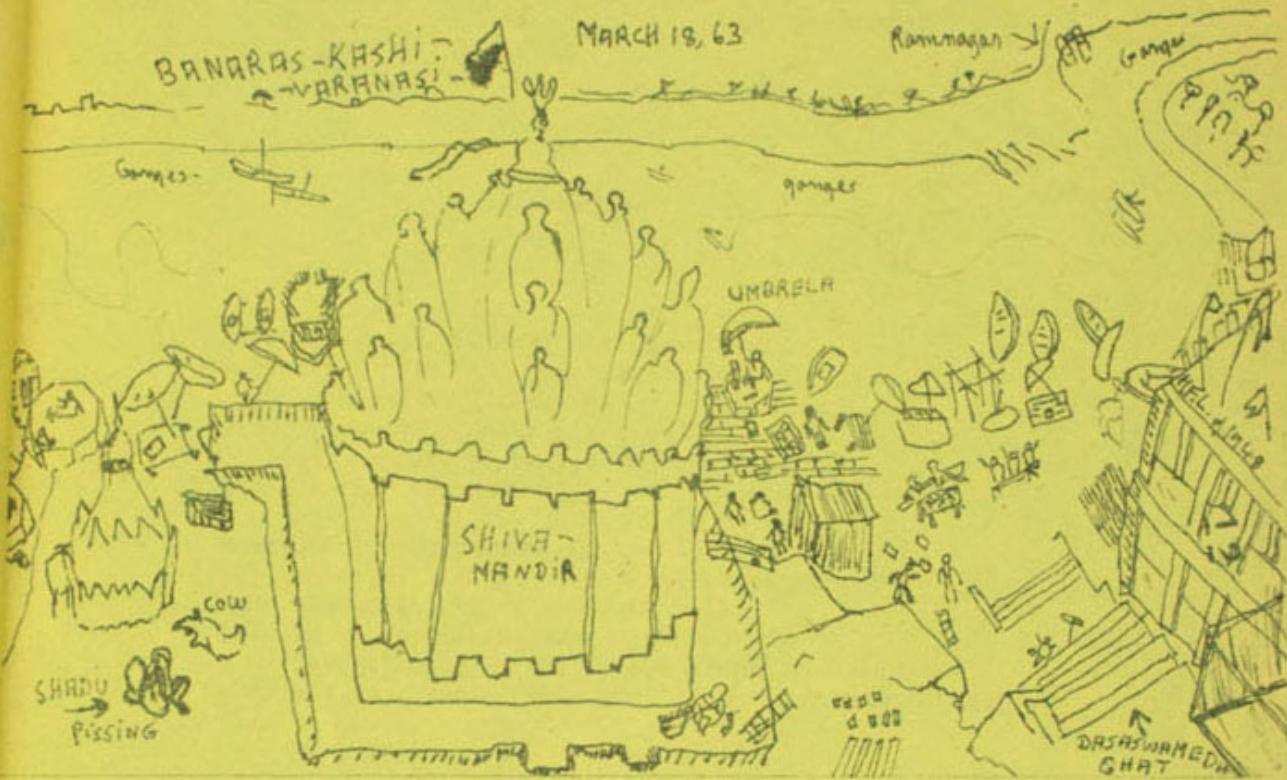
He reminded me, his gesture, that my milk was getting
I offered him a cup - he laughed my cup with cold.
a lighter -



D ↑

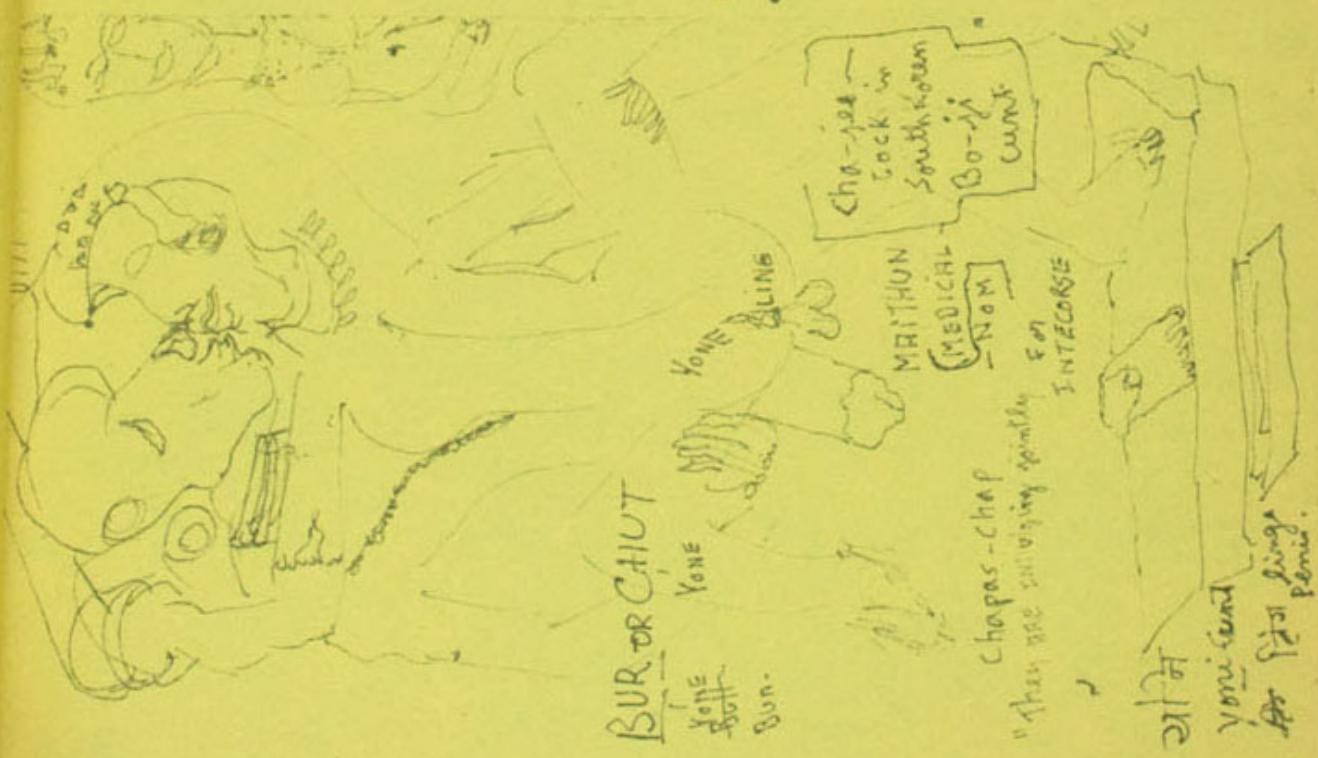


E ↑



F ↗

G ↘



HARRY FAINLIGHT

STREET

Clenched tears smashing the lights into
splinters I wish real enough to pierce
only keep walking; numbness
reducing them to distant stars;
shrinking me so far back into myself finally
I am at the empty center of the Universe walking.

• pavement comfortable to sink down onto as God,
why could not I sink? Something stupider even
than the weight of my own body still
holding me up, impossible to be broken.
(Only breathe, then; wait. The slung arcs swinging
down the long avenue like the lights of a search party
setting out...

GREGORY CORSO

AT THE BIG A

A field of eight they vie toward the rail
like a fast music in a slow motion
In flight their hoooves fall like hammering snow
Questionaire's my baby and costs only \$2 to ride
And chance'll get me \$4 or \$20 plus the show
So you can have your Lufthansa your Alitalia
As well as that dinky old crumbly acqueduct in Rome
I'll stick it out here here's my home
And Questionaire's my baby sweeter than any Veneto lady
Whoops! what's that rackety old one-propeller Roman Sir doing?
Planes are known to crash
Thus safe bets are known to too
Roman Sir won it
What I said about Rome and its rotting acqueduct
Maybe I shouldna done it--

2

Invidious followed by Assidious are first on the track
And first in the hearts of the betters
They're always the favorites, always Invidious and Assidious
Us they dont care about the rest of us
Like we had hay not a jockey on our back
Poor Ham Bone how he would like to win
But Assidious wont let him
And cute little Miss Greek Gift if only she could take 2nd
but that's Invidious's slot, those damned idioses
And me Kentucky Cousin
That fink Assidious last time out his manure hit my chin
preventing me my chance at the ninth pole to beat him
Well I dont believe the 1st position to be his slot
There's that in me knows the promimity
 which separates the favorite from the longshot
Magninimity! Tis magninimity!
 And that I got, by got!

(Con't next page)

It's the annual running of the Freak Stakes
And here is the Morning line:
The Centaur-----No jockey, his own jockey-----Picked to win
(Because he's got both brains and speed)
Nightmare.....Jockey: Bela Lugosi-----Consensus: Uncertain
(Because it all depends on the jockey, if he can scare her
out of her wits to scare him out of his wits, should they
succeed the race'll be theirs)
The Winged Horse-----Jockey: Ezra Pound or Allen Ginsberg---No chance
(Because poets lack competitive force, and when they do compete
they do it finkily awful)
The Unicorn-----Jockey: Jean Cocteau-----no chance
(Because they're too fragile too effete too airy)
The Sea Horse-----Jockey: Admiral Nimitz-----No chance
(Because they're out of their element)
Silver-----Jockey: Lone Ranger-----Should give Centaur a run
(Because Silver is the only bona fide horse, the only horse horse)
The River Horse (the Hippo)----jockey: Jocomo Kenyeatta-----No chance
(Because it's overweight, only hope is in its firey jockey)
It is now post time:

They're off!
All the horses are lagging, going slow, some stopping!
The only horse going anywhere is the River Horse, the Hippo!
But Hippo like the others refuses to cross the finish line.
The stewards have called for an investigation--
(The investigation showed that all the horses were doped--indeed the
only horse that wasn't running won, it being "horse" it being
known by various kinds of shady names, H, Smeck, Boogie, Shit, etc
--and the jockey, Junkie Joe, claims he won the race fair and
hip, that he had no other choice but to run the race as he saw
fit, as indeed the only way he could run "Horse" was by injecting
it into the race----The commission agreed and the winner of the
race was "Horse" which paid 6 dollars to win, 3 dollars to place
and nothing to show---

CLAUDE PELIEU

Four Shriek Pages From LIQUIDATION OF STOCKS

..... filings
..... notches
..... hooks
..... antiques thefts ...
..... hinges processions camphors
..... electrocardiograms solders

aphasia hypergastritis piss waves arpegios forks

foetus
glucose
hanged men
acne
screens

geography
beans
abscess

analogies pituitary mazes artificial-anus frost canes
stews premiums carpets pumps packaging

reviews stamps
index cunts Editor-in-Chief Sub-Chief Big-Chief Super-
Chief Tampax Kotex Ajax hog-fish pineapples whores shits
porridge Kleenex Jex Rex Fox snots
scratches corners
literature under-pants
missions

triggers levers propellers Chanel Dior Vox M.G.M.
stop valve Goncourt Littre Nobel rescue Glamor Brummel South-Avia-
tion gutters gourds horses palms skins Cliquot Magloire Ricard glues
Jubilees Beatitudes.....

(Con't)

trunks
hairs
boots
motives
pasturage
greasy poles
switch-blades
rules
ear way
hay-making

it's
the truth
efforts exhaustion of IDENTITIES
for another time
as long as there is health
.... all forgiven the main thing
is not to look ridiculous in SOCIETY
so
go fishing
learn to dance.....
.....

swellings
respect
wine harvest
Elvis
Pelvis
colloquies
fish bones
planets
panelling
MIss Fuck
sulfates
hydrates
lanterns

languages digestions injections repetitions
unctions involutions jaws peritonium
acetones secretions pus every which way
infarctions pulsations coordinations ins-
tincts introspections disinfectants

(con't)

expectorations carbines extorsions itches colonizations zones humors
memories evacuations formulas scapulary chin-straps kidneys wedding
rings
vertebrae calcinations discharges negociations narrations
sanctions obliterations emotions sachets furnaces laboratories sus-
pensory bandages censer ting-mill fornifications onions deportation ----

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METAMORPHOSIS

insignia restitutions meat\$
choromos telescopes grop-\$
ings tarots Bengal lights \$
joints mutations atoms in-\$
testins drugs vegetables \$
gas equations proteins vi-\$
tamins deserts caravans \$
quinsky reserve shreds pla-\$
nts ace of spades sleep \$
lightings pilots births \$
exodus selections trapeze.\$

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figurines locomotives ready-made derisions effervescence
pressures amoeba swamps passions elevations retransmissions
emphasis bandages

alter-pieces epics training surfing intolerance exils suici-
des excrement sub-products periphrases SILVER always * of
the sea caterpillars onomatopea tropics jugular veins scope
polemics arguments communication

\$

ABOVE

truth ripped apart by the Imperial Eagle
sickness murders bodies sway

\$

above alone slightly curved

\$

armed solitude

\$

bloodless fuzz still worrying about being

\$

good musicians

\$

ABOVE EVRYTHING IS HIDDEN ROTS

\$

IMPOSSIBLE WAITING BIG GAME

\$

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\$

AL FOWLER

man is the discontented beast &
pleasure is only the rhythmic
vibration of things not
necessarily specific.

the whole shebang's no more
than a glandular puppet show.

my body doesn't wany more
need me than any of a hundred
other diseases.

any rock
is as sensitive as i am, only
somewhat more resigned.

like these
lame faces with their ideals or their
fifty dollar habits

legislating gods
into being. trying to impose a vibration
on the universe that the universe
will not endure- for the universe
is a restless critter also

we wept, we cried out
in a hundred languages,
we shouted every name we could conjure up
into the wind.

like prairie dogs,
we built our nests & prayed.

& like the prairie
you came; with your gift of sand
to be baked into
our bread as we huddle together
in the raw evening, speaking
of your secret benevolence & of your
thighs that moisten our way
for us.

we hand each other ritual gifts:
burning leaves, words to ward off
the comfort,
& beg you to
return & bless us again;
O impulse!

(Con't)

i'm alone in the house
with a frozen roasting
chicken, & how the
hell can i roast
a chicken
with no oven &
the light gone
mad & my cat
pissing on the floor?
my hands are beginning to rebel; nothing
stops anymore. it all rushes by so fast i
can't distinguish events
from one another. life's
a cosmic soup unloading
through a hatch on everybody's
lap
at once! all blatant
& obtrusive! a tubercle
bacillus snuggling down inside
your lungs & killing
you whether you
love it or not. for christ's sake learn that
at least, already.
life doesn't care (a rat's ass
at all) who lives it.

ELISE COWAN

A cockroach
Crept into
My shoe
He liked the fragrant dark

A cockroach
Climbed into
My shoe
Away from cold and light

I crept my hand
In
After him

Cockroach
The best I can do for you
Is compare you to bronze
And the Jews

You're not really welcome
to use my shoe
For a roadside rest

From the shadow of my hand
You keep coming back
 across the floor
For more? -- load --
You've lost an antenna
I'll treat you

ELISE COWAN

The first eye opens by the sun's warmth to stare at it
The second eye is ripped open by an apothecary and
 proped with toothpicks, systems and words
I only know there may be more because one hurts
 when I think too much

The first eye is blind
 there is no other

Easy to Love
 the POETS
 Their
 SPLENDOUR
 Falling all over the pages
 Extorting atomic rainbows

Easy to Love
 the Poets

Their
 SPLENDOUR
 Falling all over the pages
 into
 My. lap

ELISE COWAN

I took the skin of corpses
And dyed them blue for dreams
Oh I can wear these everywhere!
(I sat home in my jeans).

I cut the hair of corpses
And wove myself a sheath
Finer than silk or wool I thought
And shivered underneath

I cut the ears of corpses
To make myself a hood --
Warmer than forget-me-nots
I paid for that in blood.

I robbed the eyes of corpses
So I could face the sun
But all the days had cloudy skies
And I had lost my own.

From the sex of corpses
I sewed a union suit
Esther, Solomon, God himself
Were humbler than my cock.

I took the thoughts of corpses
To buy my daily needs
But all the goods in all the stores
Were neatly labeled Me.

I borrowed heads of corpses
To do my reading by
I found my name on every page
And every word a lie.

Now when I meet the spirits
In who's tappings I am jailed
They buy me wine or read a book
No one can make my bail.

When I become a spirit
(I'll have to wait for life)
I'll sell my deadly body
To the student doctor's knife.

The Relationships

JOHN KEYS

one between	one between Venus	dream
Venus & her conjunction with the / woman herself this is in the sky ; stay there.	and the man, where the star is the brother ; Venus Aphrodite Venus neuter or man, no choice ; stay there.	a paddlewheel in the old bayous of. Let the star swim in the water broken by the eddies of the scurrying mouths of the tribe.
one between the star	one between earth & sky	in the water broken by the eddies of the scurrying mouths of the tribe.
Venus in the pupils head's students astronomics ; rrive.	Going back thru the nuts where the star shines.	Freud Venus Jesus Love just a little bite of you
one between Clio, working down a chronology of the PLCCU aphrodite is froth where Cronos throwing sky's horns becoming father in evry son comes from current thru Rhe. in Crotc.	the father who brings home the beans who brings home the entirety of his desire who holds it together is who the daughter wants to be measured by pass the test with the boss.	loneliness is not wanting asking taking enough.
Venus' child sky's balls a one to one relationship.	sees his mother dream sister father	

ROBERT KAYE

suffering cannot be merited
o bloody muscadel crucifixion
& god one-million times

where are you new york?
i've got a knife in my pocket
the veins are throbbing in my neck
no, i'm not beating my meat
i am trying to be honest
i did not cut the cherry tree
totally fucked-up & confession
but never a cherry tree

or tree at
xmas sour holiday
plastic and .

i love
will my impotence swell to murder?
will the dog shit come off my shoes?
will the old drunk hurt the children?

city you are the whore
that balled a tribe of camels
to death
i won't fuck
chemical god
hamburger
& lolli-pops
this has been willed

ROBERT KAYE
page 2

they
they
made plastic
even the dust of our grandfathers'
& there's no place to go
advertisements
of white blood
no life
no soft body

i saw my father's cock the other day
& it seemed like spring flower
or rose
or something pink
but it was my father's cock

science!
science!
science!
science!
science!

ROBERT KAYE
page 3

birds build nests

& are

gone

far away

gone

gone

broken toys

but

look at those two girls

their bodies against the water

brown bodies

some kind

of miracle

JOHN FRANCIS PUTNAM

M Y T H O L O G Y

Guy I know once saw a broad
smoke a cigar in her twat with
the smoke for chrissake
coming out of her ears!

Guy I know once jerked off
in his socks, says that
they lasted for years!

Guy I know once smelled his
own jissom before it dried,
said it smelled like Propane.

Guy I know once got sucked off
by a girl, she swallowed it
and went insame.

Guy I know once shot blood
the third time he came.

Guy I know once didn't know
the meaning of shame.

And Venus arose from the seas, undulate cow hips
in a viscous grind--her marble tits just
wouldn't hold the heat.

JOHN FRANCIS PUTNAM

FREEBIE PEEK AT REMAINDERED GIRLIE MAGS

From now until someday an ache of black lace
Grows ranches of musk under everyday's hem.
Black silk stockings go slick up the tease to her quim,
(Pearl of the gland eye moistened with grope)
Sacrum to everyone, pubescent toast,
Holyghosting a pussy with wings!

ALL SAINTS DAY

In roaring Autumn the jissom of ghosts
Scalds with crow-caw the Protestant skies;
A gust of wild soul⁹ fucking in air,
Wincing kites on a day of bad winds
with cocks askew in the thermal rout
Fall to windward from memory
Set aside this day for their groans
Where the mildew blooms over our balls!

CAROL BERGE

THANK YOU

- I. Both of your faces make me notice my veins.
As they are limned on my hands, yes, women's hands
tell their age. I can no longer delude myself.
I remember the shock of blue veins
as the back of my knees, when I had the child.
Those small odd-length blue lines of struggle as
my first poem to him. His transparent skin
showing my blood and his father's blood and his own.
My hanis define me, they don't betray a thing.
To lose the body, be beyond ultimate betrayal
or dependency of size of page for line-length.
- II. As it happens, let it happen. Enough, I know now,
to be what one is: to know what one is and
where one is at. Sit Buddha-like in the center
of one's world, which is the world of now.
- III. Everyone writing about Mt. Tamalpais, which is
truly barren. I write of the body, not Muse or
the Holy Ghost, but nights the color of blood.
I've begun wearing that color. You realize
it has been a year since we met and talked, four
nights ago, and almost three years since we loved.
But time is measured by what we are, where we're at.
This man fucks with a firm gesture, unconcerned
with all save the idea of body. Yet his veins
have words engraved on them, like the tracks
of demented sandpipers, he knows the location of
the ganglia of nerves, and too much about how to
objectively ease most kinds of pain.
- IV. To trust oneself with the line-break, or
confidence in one's veins, soft color of ink.
Kinds of connecting: to watch the friends' faces
high on LSD, and to be with them in all ways,
watching them realize one can make it through
and one can make it up there on love alone, if
one is on the way and lucky enough some of the time.
Or to see Huncke's sweet face, same color as clay
seen at the caves near the Cumberland Gap, or to
hear that Donald was caught at Laredo with sticks
and must give months or years of his life
before he can finish his doctorate work in Mexico.
But the man in the front building here, whose name
we did not know for months, because his 'wife'
calls him nothing but 'ya drunken fuckin bastid'.
It is a strange and delicate city, full of bars...

-continued--

- V. Designations of love or faith, shape of the flesh behind the knees. Where a man reaches, his fingers tracing that delicate flesh. The flesh wasting despite confidence in it as constant or a substance which will sustain that infernally bright color of the blood or spirit. I wear that color, these days of my incredible 36th year. Or notice flesh of the faces of loved friends, firm, and the seldom-seen junkies who return from jail or joy or hospital. Chester and Larry are in Rockland; one loves drugs, one hates them, both can write almost everything well. The fragility of the device! Huncke, white ashes coating his cheeks, eyes alive in already consumed flesh, how their hands move across their books, mocking the sound of paper burning!
- VI. As it happens, let it happen. To the dry seed as it falls from them into foam, from the sweet men who walk my life or body. To take heart from subsisting on gestures. To forget what basic form the body was, was made for, to confuse the word for the flesh, and be confounded in a real dream of the texture of the skin back of the knee. It will go well, or it will not: concentric circles outward from the heart like ripples, like water-marks on paper with high rag-content. If it is destined to shape itself into a wooden agony, or turn instead to the famous blast-furnace, burning the eyes from that arena of metal behind the forest of forehead like a memory of coals, so be it; one survives. Or to trust the line, the breath, as it issues naturally, the words as they utter themselves from the whole or ravaged flesh. Those lips. I said 'utter themselves,' as the nature of insight. To be, let be. Those four, on LSD, letting the folds out of their fleshy minds, the music behind the eyes floating or cracking out, loose revelation of The Way to themselves, up, out, free, as never in days clotted with the sadness of rules and marked with the thick ropes of dissonant cities: up, out, free, O god their precious huge faces, balloons free of runes and the tracks of mechanical birds, shape of the helium of their voices as they hover near the brilliant curtains of the cave. Remembering their veins, what it is that flows in them, how it was before layers of blood were peeled and rearranged.
- VII. Forms of the limbs, as they lie stacked like kindling. No one chooses fire, it has an unbidden quality. We sweat and streak to let it happen. Forgetting how to make lists of our errors, our reference-books,

CAROL BERGE
page 3

to forget all of it, the inflicted forms, Al Katzman reminding me 'It's fun to be stupid' and the realization of how good it is to be free of the intellect, to go back to the body, wail through forms to the Form of the Almighty Castle, to deny even the paper on which we make our delicate tracks of the forsaken sandpiper, to confirm the flesh, firm or sweated or wasted across the indication of face or thigh. The forgetting burns on the heat of days and nights of cities, scalds out finally in the childish laugh of release.

VIII. Surface tension between us. Like the skin of water, like our several skins, shaped or shucked, depending on where we're at. How it was before all this, when the world was held together by our hands, the way the oceans film over the earth, interlacing the continents from time to time, leaving strange-named seas the flavor of our tears of laughter or anguish, the flavor of come, of breastmilk, of bloodred ink.

BILL FRITSCH

I stared into your crotch for a long time
last night. Then overcome, breathless with your
beauty, I said---

"your cunt is like a mushroom gone to flower"
I petted the crinkled lips feeling my
fingers slide thru the short matted hair
wondering at the smell of you. Kissing the
divine slit, tenderly making love to IT.
What words? Where? to speak of your Loveliness.
Clinical talk of vaginas? medical terms
reeking of alcohol? instructions rendered
sexless in little pamphlets given free by
the "Planned Parenthood Assoc."?
The smell and lust and taste and mad
moaning twining of loins slippery with screw
rendered sterile and test tube free of germs,
devoid of wet pubic hair steamy-warm-pumping
pulsing with the movement of the mound beneath.
NO! God help me NO!

I was born with a mute mouth, the streets
and schools, the jungle of language has had its
way with me.

I have been ingested and regurgitated from
society's learning machines.

! I will not speak with a false mouth!
my love for you is hungry-- a beautiful
beast roaring its wild love song, scaling
mountains shouting from the highest peaks.
It is beautiful! Weeping tears of joy
groaning with the ecstasy of come.
And accepting with goodness the words of the
Tribe, I say to you real love words.....
Fuck me darling - Fuck me - Fuck me oooooohhh
harder - harder - more - more - more
yes - please - ooohh - please - please - please - please
hold me - tighter - bite me
do it - do it - do it - ooohhhh -----

Love chant - come chant - chant of time and
lust gone berserk, slipped on its axis

away --- away
gone gone

AL KATZMAN

DIRECTIONS I (FOR JOHN KEYS)

How
does it work
intr-
cacies
words
the poem?

Rimbaud
before and after/

High till 18
then
disappearing
dark of Abyssinia
slave trade.

John says it's control

We've got it.

Rimbaud went
the wrong way
reaching for his money belt
before he died
still
he got there.

John and I
pass each other.

He has been here
but I am
hot on his heels
coming out of Hell.

We steer clear of a man
standing in a doorway.

John thinks
he is evil
but I reply
EVIL
is the back of Buddha.

We turn
go toward him
the whole East Side
swelling up
like a Brueghal painting.

Where does it get blocked?

WHAT?

THE POEM?
Here
pointing to my head
the
ashcan of the soul.

AL KATZMAN

THE BLOODLETTING

So I go to
the kitchen
sink.

Perform the ritu-
al
of washing.

I come to you
as you lie on the bed
the wet hands of a lover
used to failure
like crystal
slipping
from his grasp.

The effort
to bring together
bits of
flesh
leads to bloodletting.

GERARD MALANGA

In the pores of his forehead the hairline had weakened

It is 4:32 P.M. in Manhattan,
it's the 26th of October and
Piero is leaving for Paris.
The ambiguities of day become restless.
Sunlight begins corrupting every street
with its promise of safety
and many things are recurrent.
A sports car breaks its own
record of speed. The dream of
suicide haunts my every waking,
nor is this a day to write
long letters and strain to
think of how rain begins
toward evening and late into night.
There is no mail today, no
news of my poems from Harper's Bazaar.
The Cardinals won the World Series
and Krushchev's been ousted.
Whatever has happened is going
to happen again. A woman
burns her hand and so she reacts.
Everything comes to the tension
without fact, principle, reason.
In Rome Sergio was found dead
in the Hotel Bristol Palace.
We may read about all those accidents
afterwards; but today under a sky of
white and blue turning gray the phone call
was never expected in the green
light of a breath meant for living.
On the white table a white book
is opened to the white page
in the sunlight. The chair is for sitting.
I fear the waves and my own impulse.
I Close all the windows
and often think of
how flying gives presence
to falling, of how darkness
gives presence to light.

GERARD MALANGA

SOME THOUGHTS OF JEAN SHRIMPTON

All of a sudden we are getting heavier
Without ever knowing it under the air
Which ignites its signals into the sky

Valuable light years pass and I am exhausted
With the erection and meditation of this walk
I take toward what unknown purpose I come to.

Here under the abattoir I become
Refined and serious to be part of
What happens in front and behind me.

Toward what condition will I receive reward,
As if these streets were not enough, as if
I could go no further than what I've exhausted!

Today buildings rise under the headlines of
An impersonal murder in which I sit for all
That I am with the ease of my strength in the sun.

Now I think it's the only way through
My thoughts of this day and the air's
Precipitation which reminds me of you.

GERARD MALANGA

CHARLES OLSON AMONG THE WHITE TREES

What is necessary is "sameness".
That that which repeats itself may,
By suggestion, prove inaccurate, here,
From where it must go. That communication
Continues in sequence and the road
Bed that we risk is but an extension of graphics.

Shall it be the face of my mother
Photographed with Tri-X winding B film
3 minutes each day for one year?
Is change knowing what there is to construct??
Why not the brutal, head-on collision
In black on a background of purple or green?
Is it anymore than a matter of sight?
The distances are equally accurate.

NANCY ELLISON

"THAT WHICH COMES INTO THE WORLD TO DISTURB NOTHING
DESERVES NEITHER RESPECT NOR PATIENCE" (RENE CHAR)

for allen ginsberg and leroi jones

i sing the grave of resistance

the malcontent and maladjustment

the drowning graves of daybreak

the new poisons

the swallow in an infested garden

what chance has he against corridors

against the tempered silent corpse who

praises the private poet

i sing the grave of passionate flowers

the megalovemongers

of weird howlings

the offeror

the penciled madman

the visitor to the village of sad blows

beaten for their shadows

for the back streets of splinter overtures

i sing the vermillion graves of fragile poets

the mute volcanos the idle birds

of slum forgotten streets

the simple sickly

the martyred white

the wetnurse in the house of authorized prophets

what chance have we against the men who cast

(Con't)

no darkness as they walk

i sing the graves of hidden exile
the outcasts from invalid harbors
of frightened informers
the empty nausea of their desperate beauty
the surviving connection
the voices
the wet dirge alone continues to
patronize their history

i sing the ashen graves of river dead
the stream of inopportuned dead
of docile landscapes
the gray sucking faces
the prudent manhunt
the bleeding boredom
their smell is transparent
indiscriminate

i sing the graves of our excrement
the trembling image
of acid filth horror
the poets etching of dyings lands
the dead season
the drying confined body
the somber decaying child
resistance is poetry

"WE MUST OUTBREATHE THE LUNGS •? THE HANGMAN"
(CHAR)

NELSON BARR

GUERNICA

pyramidal hallucinations
drive my sight
shift down
across parchness of bleach-white
intermittent walls

guernica aflame
in an electrical-metalic torment
man - woman - children
bovine and equine kin
breath
acrid quick-hot drynesses

the birds of the acro-space are
daggered by the searing emptiness
of modern stark-death/

the half-real fires of blackness
arrowed grays
taut whites
arch thru shattered planes
which snare the eyes
propelling the focus thru aeons
of abrupt sharp
torso of horse
to be migrain skewered
on the second before the last/

This is the
magazine



of *of*

street-fucking!

FUCK YOU/ a magazine of the arts

Fuck You/ a magazine of the Arts, Number 5, volume 8, March 1965.
Printed, published, & edited by Ed Sanders at a secret Statue of
Liberty Blowup scene in the Lower East Side, New York City, U.S.A.

TOTAL ASSAULT ON THE CULTURE!!

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS:

LAWRENCE FERLINGHETTI/ is Ra' at CITY LIGHTS BOOKS in San Francisco.
His poem in this issue will be ejaculated as a broadside by The
Fuck You/ press (fug-press). His latest book, from New Directions,
is ROUTINES. Zap it out.

MICHAEL MC CLURE/ is an eternal San Francisco "Meat Phantom"
& cock Hawk. His poetic energy level is just shy of the left
spurting freak-tube of the Eye of Horus. His plays, THE BLOSSOM, OR
BILLIE THE KID, & THE FEAST open in New York May 6th at the American
Theatre for Poets.

LEROI JONES/ is the famous poet. His plays have zapped, freaked,
& pissed off peoples brains all over America. His latest book of
poetry was THE DEAD LECTURER published by Grove Press.

ED SANDERS/ is a wan tremulous psychopath & multi-sexual cock
phantom. His penis has the whole of ATALANTA IN CALYDON tattooed on &
around it. His new book of poetry, PEACE EYE, has just been barfed
out by Frontier Press in Buffalo, N.Y. Gobble! Gobble!

ALLEN GINSBERG/ is in Cuba where he recently created nationwide
stirs by a) patting the ass of the Minister of Culture during an
uptown Havana party & b) describing his sexual phantasies about
Che Guevara to 6 terrified lady poets. In March he zaps to
Czechoslovakia.

TED BERRIGAN/ is the Insane Genius & Chief Killer at the C Magazine
bunker on 9th St. He writes freak-views for ART NEWS. Secretly, a
well known but mysterious Poetry Foundation gave him an undisclosed
sum in January 1965 (rumored to be \$7000.00 & a years supply of
W. H. Auden). Impoverished poets, please note.

W.H. AUDEN/ is indeed an eternal poet. With great paranoia we have
printed this lovely & gentle gobble poem. However, it is a fine
work, & careful research has shown it to be genuine.

VINCENT FERRINI/ freaks in Gloucester, Massachusetts. He has published
many books, among them MIRANDUM & FIVE PLAYS. One may acquire them
by contacting Phil the Gobbler at The Gotham Book Mart.

PETER ORLOVSKY/ is HANUMANJEE, The Elephant God, the devourer of
the Green Phantom of the Night. Peter will have a beautiful hand
drawn book published in Milan, Italy in 1965

HARRY FAIDLIGHT/ is a brilliant Broadway Peach Pit Queen.

GREGORY CORSO/ is teaching a course in Shelley at the University of
Buffalo. His latest book, in folio, was printed by Death Press in a
limited edition. It can be hustled at the Phoenix or Peace Eye Book Store.

-continued on inside-

GROPE FOR PEACE !!

----NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS CONTINUED---

CLAUDE PELIEU/ is a French writer & madman living in San Francisco. His book, AUTOMATIC PILOT, has just been published by City Lights Books in association with The Fuck You/ press.

AL FOWLER/ was a circumcision surgeon (no shit!) in the Korean War. He was instrumental in the student riots which overthrew the Rhee regime in Korea in 1960. He picketed his army base in uniform during the 1962 General Strike For Peace. Of late, he has hustled grass & written eternal poetry while freaking in the Lower East Side.

ELISE COWAN/ was flashed to heaven in 1962 when she threw her body out of her parents New York apartment. A friend of Ginzap, Huncke, Oriovsky, she has published in Things, City Lights Journal #2, & other publications.

JOHN KEYS/ is a poet, aviator, reprobate & squack-dip who lives on 9th Street in the L.E.S. Keys is freaking out a series of books called J. KEYS BAG, Numbers 1 (Anti-armed Forces) & 2 (Psychedelico-polis) are printed to date.

CAROL BERGE/ is one of the FOUR YOUNG LADY POETS of the Totem/Corinth collection by the same name. She has published in most of the important poetry magazines in the United States. The report that she was Michael McClure's third wife has no validity.

BILL FRITSCH/ is a San Francisco Beast Shriek & gentle spurting phantom of the Nile.

AL KATZMAN/ is God at the historic Wednesday night series of poetry readings at the Le Metro Cafe. His books are POEMS FROM OKLAHOMA & THE BLOODLETTING

GERARD MALANGA/ has fucked 1000's of New Yorkers in his Total Apertural Assault. He has published in over 763 magazines in his maddened effort to receive the Nobel Prize. He is Chief Spurt Phantom in the Harpers Bazaar Cunt Conspiracy.

FRANK SINATRA/ is the hero & cocksman. His latest work, NONE BUT THE BRAVE, has been published by Joseph & Naomi Levine.

NELSON BARR/ is an evil lower east side Quaker, motherfucker, poon scomp, scatophile, box scarfer, & young-lady-pacifist-drawers-dropper.

TOTAL ASSAULT ON THE CULTURE !

GOD THRU CANNABIS !

The LSD Communarium

Ⓐ GROPE FOR PEACE ! Ⓠ

JOHN PUTNAM/ is a fantastic & gentle musician, author, poet, & artist. He writes evil columns for the REALIST. He is God at Mad Magazine.

NANCY ELLISON!!!/ chill spasms of lust grip all Fuck You/ Editorial Board meetings when Nancy Ellison's name is mentioned. She is a pale groove-phantom who reads at the Le Metro Cafe on Mondays. She is on all Fuck You/ Editorial Board lists.