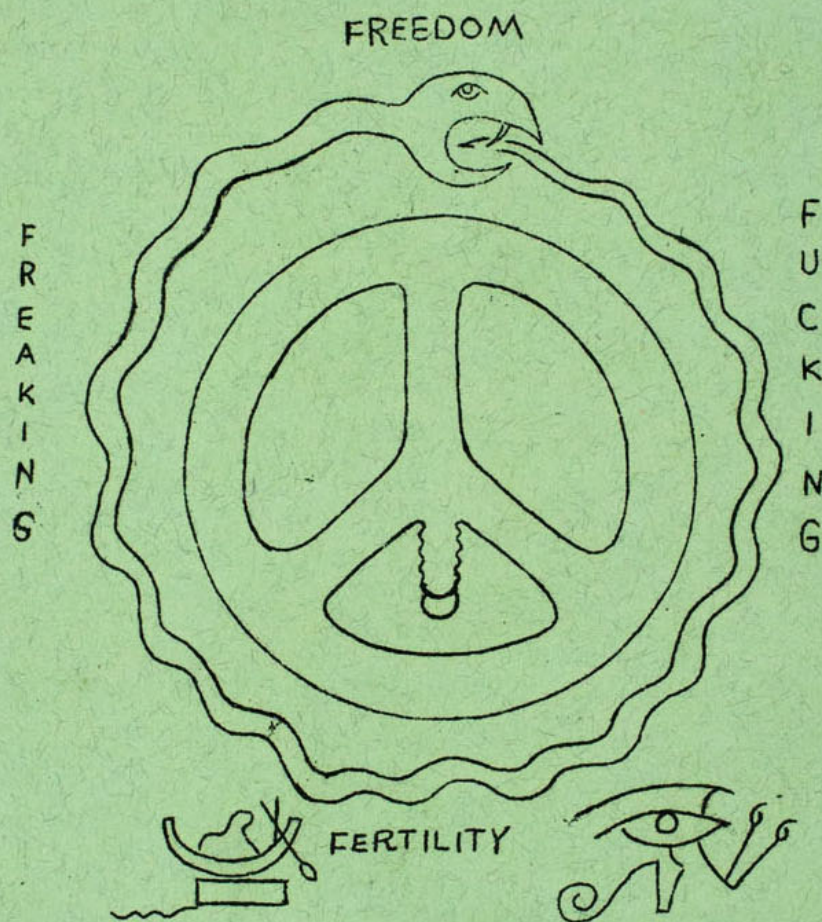


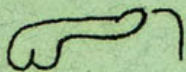
FUCK YOU/
a magazine of the arts



IN THIS ISSUE: MAD MEN!

NUMBER 4

FUCK YOU / a magazine of the ARTS
Ed Sanders, Publisher Printer Editor
Number 4 AUG 1962



TOTAL ASSAULT ON THE CULTURE!

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BOUQUET OF FUCKYOUS



Dedicated to
Pacifism, Unilateral Disarmament, National Defense thru
Nonviolent Resistance, Peace Eye, total assault on the Culture,
vaginal zapping, Freakbeam Cancer Culture Probing, Multilateral
Indiscriminate Apertural Conjugation!, mad bands of stompers for
peace, submarine boarders, & all those groped by J. Edgar Hoover
in the silent halls of congress.

FUCK YOU /
the magazine read by
SNAPPING-PUSSY!

Notes from the editor:

Issue 5 of Fuck You/ A Magazine of the Arts to feature Spew-writing, outpukes from the lower east side, stolen poetry, piss-off items, smut, & whole cream-streams of lust and rapine/— Sometime in late late summer 1962 the Editor and Editorial Board will begin work on a movie! COCK CITY, the inside scoop on the Gobble Scene at Times Square, plus peace, groping, historical freak-backs (Phryne bathing at the Aphrodisia), & the Rev. Al Fowler gobbling the fountain at Washington Square. You will NOT find this movie at your friendly neighborhood theatre/— FUCK YOU, A Magazine of the Arts THREATENS TO GO ON! Issue Six, the ORGASM ISSUE, on photo offset, will end this magazine with absolute madness. Theme: TOTAL ASSAULT ON THE CULTURE!/— There has been some criticism about our continued use of the word nonviolence in Fuck You/; horrified gasps of ahimsa from Gandhians, outraged communiques from respectable pacifists, etc. Let us define our concept of nonviolence: WHEN SOMEONE ZAPS YOU OUT WITH A VIOLENCE-RAY, YOU ZAP THEM BACK WITH A LOVE RAY./— The Reverend Michael Itkin, whose famous God-Thru-Orgasm ideogram very clerically graced the cover of Fuck You/ #3, has become so pissed off at the Editor that he has threatened suit over his lovely drawing. This comes as a surprise to us, we who were seriously considering presenting, direct from his notebooks, his much-snickered-over-&-sought-after drawing of Jesus with a hardon!/— People keep informing us we've hit the absolute absolute depth of filth & corruption. Balls! You have only to wait for issue 5/—

IN MEMORIAM: THE 9th ST COFFEE HOUSE has passed away! Yes, Mannie the King, owner and patron of poets, has closed its motherfucking doors, leaving mad hordes of hipsters, poets, pacifists, & amphetamine-heads without food, shelter and place of gathering. 9th ST passes into legend. We propose that the Day of Closing, Friday the 25th of July be known as FUCKEDUP FRIDAY & its anniversary met with mourning and sorrow.



GROPE FOR PEACE!

NONVIOLENCE IS THE WAY!

(A LATE NOTE AS WE GO TO PRESS: THE
FIRST FUCK YOU/ PRESS PUBLICATION
WILL ROAR OFF THE MIMEO BY THE LAST OF AUGUST
1962

POEMS FOR MARILYN; the death of
Marilyn Monroe zapped out the minds of poets
all over the lower east side. Depression. Rampant
consumption of liquor. Frenzied coke-sniffing.
The clack of typewriters. Invective. Love.
Dismay. Birth of poems. Watch for
this amazing collection under the counter of
your favorite bookstore.)

ERIC WEINBERGER

For me/ even for me
Who cant say a word to them;
There is, wherever I stand
a woman, in front of me
even a violet, or a bunch of ants is,
for me. (I conspire with them)

and I touch her, my
hand a bamboo rake.

CAROL BERGE!

lovesong

i want to go to the circus with you i want to be a circus with you
i want to take the children to a country fair i want to eat apples with
you i want you to eat me i want your hands all over me your mouth all
over me i want the quiet and the screams i want there to be

want to move with people with you want to move under you all over you
want you to touchtype me as you move in your rooms want your rooms to
be roomy and good good

i want to break things with you the ghastly things want to build things
with you the highs want to get high with you go up with you go down on
you want you to walk run howl be out be with be finally

want to take our kids to the planetarium want to be a planetarium for
you want to dig the smells of your body be stars with you be moon for
you be the sea be the woman of the women

see you walking know you are walking free walking to me see your body
your eyes want to be your museum of natural history want you down all
my corridors want you to know my fantastic beasts intimately

want not to want you want us to be as insects near each other sometimes
not touching long whiles then touching the knowledgable antennae

want see want be want fell want next you want quiet not wanting want
fierce wanting want across rooms want move life lives want not move
you move then i move then we

want orgasm reading what you write want watch me squirm your eyes want
up out into with alongside that just majesty want many fuck with you
want many cook with you want with you wish

want wishes want you wishes a gentle a moving want circus planets
left of life move to move with move belly against move childrens eyes
turn sideways to you are there are with me

wide floorboards old bricks fireplaces ironstone want country roads
want ponds want fires warmth burn melt relive want phoenix with you
guessgames bookwalls lovesongs walk our streets

doorbell they are here tell them go away tell them come in you are
in me tell them later for you tell them come in theres spaghetti on
stove our friends their eyes shining like our eyes

tell us later is now tell us want is now tell us slow tell us go on
there is the planetarium it is full of olson fishes it is full of
eyes of children of love it is up out into star bodies it is you in
me it is over us hail and old bricks touch and write feel and be

MICHAEL McCLURE

THE MIND PAIN COMES OVER ME AND I AM BLUNKED...

BLUNKED OUT...

like the eyes of Orphan Annie.

Blitted, blanked & blatto! And I know it is
the hard-on I do not have
fucking the love I have not admitted
with the maniac rage of blotted

BLOCKS

within my childish spirit.

THEN I FILL WITH HATRED
and long for death

and put down this veil of maya.

The mind pain comes over me like an absent

HARD ON

when I am lost to the dripping beauty
of cock & cunt.

TAYLOR MEAD

I can't write, so I'll just put some
things down on a scrap of paper: I'm a
fucking movie-star - there so,
My name is Helen Mendelbaum
I vamp ramp camp and slink
think frink and quink suck, pluck,
and run around with the Rinternational
Sette - we brown each other and
"just let the rest of the world go" buy
at Fringles Dept. store in the
basement tea head room waiting
waiting the Raven headed cock over
my door is waiting for me to
kiss someone under her and then
wow an explosion and
Kennedy will come finally
and stop worrying all the time
and Jacqueline and Caroline
will stop intellectualizing and
all that jazz jazz jazz (Taylor Mead)
and that other kid her brother
John Glenn will put away
his water skiis and run
for president and win and
we will all get crotch
itch in heaven.

C.V.J. ANDERSON

AUGUST SIXTH

for REIKO

There is a cloud
that shines a color alien to clouds,
and nights are darker than they were.
Blood I have shed
is powder on my memory.
I break on these immortal, broken stones,
and terror's dying haunts my metaphors.

Everybody I have known
is one man waiting on a half-imagined corner
for an unfamiliar face that he has loved.
The color of that cloud is named Goodbye,
for it is raining, shadows, everywhere.

The days have grown as delicate as bones.
The loneliest god in the universe
is walking, and his every word
is possibly goodbye on busy corners.
The loneliest god in the universe cries out
his lonely name
to no one listening.
I have murdered terror, and it sleeps.

The promises of gods are quickly lost,
but where they touched
is memory enough to melt the streets.
Stones are broken. Thought has clouds
of doubtful colors.
I lack all words to say except goodbye.

ED. NOTE: THE SIXTH IS HIROSHIMA DAY.
REIKO HIS WIFE, A SURVIVOR OF
HIROSHIMA.

JOHN WIENERS

Cocaine

For I have seen Love
and his face is choice Heart of Hearts,
a flesh of pure fire, fusing from the center
where all Motion are One.

And I have known
despair that the Face has ceased to stare
at me with the Rose of the World
but lies furled

in an artificial Paradise
it is Hell to get into. If I knew you were there
I would fall upon my knees
and plead to God

to deliver you once again in my arms.
But it is senseless to try.
One can only take means to reduce misery,
confuse the sensations

so that this face,
what aches in the heart and makes each new start
less close to the source of desire

fade -
from the flesh that fires the Night
with dreams and unutterable longing.

7.14-15.62

RAY BREMSER

LACERATIONS MANUSCRIPT

forteitures, foreclosures/ in lieu of...

to the glory we have not
left, & the lives which we do not;
our country! gone wrong!

no more liason.
wilderness will grow
around the hub...500,000
watt
of intercommunications
shot to hell!

resist no more.
but watch vines
creep...

over in real-estate!
over in patent, charter, shape
& foliage!
over in contract...jungle
mud-huts razzed!

the front rank line of your
crossbowmen coming! not
lava laps the whole in-
sanity latitude! my
longevity recedes...
afraid of war!
however waged!

these poems,
like shielded fortitudes, stand
still in the moon's light,
infected & rapt!
yet, comes music...

piercing airolutes!
distaff! the
lanes for
my myopic planes, my
do not see it come &
get me hit!
(the beam
is a matter of
shellSHOCK/fact); i
scream in vain...
pronouncements after

the backward space, that
creek's-worth catastrophic
mincemeat curse!

(difficult legion, this!) All who go;

in flat forensic pharmaceutical
aura, warfare gasmask! Koskiosko!

actual
face of a GOD

(whatfor?
gasmask?)

entities run con-
fusing me with
bane...

maybe wolf! or
plain banality...dont see too
good in the tear-gas!

(what a gas!)
(i'm wise!)
perhaps i'm crasy after all!

(i used to roam an old
street looking it
over for childhood! used to
sit on Eagle rock & smoke!
...who took it away? who
did this death on me? i
want to kill kill kill
kill -- you, bloody
viper!)

snat, overt
outspoken
debacle, this
gas.

fameout!
the only value these
poems have is what they
say to whom they say it
& me!

(& i'm tired of
being a radical
Rimbaud riccochetting
magically & musically
dissonnant
everywhere!

bring me titles:

Mister!
Sire!
Mustapha!
Cophta, Caliph!
idiot)

sweet...

dont you get sick of it all
pretty often? FOCK!
in stew &
casual canape! the man
who came to dinner...whut
got et...

(flip & always score
the piece of trash you
working on...
in whatever
manner read.)

but a little much
that you & i should
gather impressions out of
garbage!

a cat wouldn't
look for as
much.

SPLAT!
A sound i've come to
associate with smithereens...
whatever they are?
FUCH!

fazeout!
you high?

my friend, i am. & intend to
live my rest of it in it. with it
or not...but an object. enough of
an object to see it & laugh at the way
it dont all look good
when you're high! Alright!

(cont)

(at which, what-
ever chick happens to be at
the moment/ most vulnerable/ spoken out
therefore/ bit o blarney/ tips her
womb! takes off the customary clothing!
says, "alright" & (looking around once,) proceeds to rouse the dead!

& it all comes
natural!

that's whut's
the strange way!)

clean too!

(how'd you
do it?)

(FWUCK)
work on it!
put a whatyoumacallit
up & fill with
blue smoke & sound &
bop intrigue; with a very other
communicable
sidelight -- the
cot or the bed or the floor,
at least!

throughout which swear
incomprehensible phrases! screw-
scatology!

occasional relapse back
into "sick-as-a-dog" &
moan, & maybe cool it,
temporarily...

all to an up-tempo!
SCREAM, too...

no reason not to!
nothing under the sun to!
noplac to go
might as well to! well
forever...& it's truly beautiful anyway.)

fazeout!
all poems lead to prose!
spoken rivets on a plank

from which we walk off!
piratical
mocha!
soup/sandwich
which we cannot
even eat for the
dribbling!

cutlass
considers the flesh
made split, a-
part of all this
nomenclature/the
BLOOMING BRAKEN IS
NOT ALWAYS THE QUIET
HEART!

nor do you offer
more than momentary sense!
but it's alright!
in just a minute, it goes...
HO!
the leveled wall no
longer holds its own!
the shitty city wallowing
free in mud! wail
the roll, curse
the roll-call & the thunder
of the tundra...Fucker-Facker! lost;
we'll all freeze
unless the senses
get hot...suddenly. up,
Fwup-Sock-Coplacker-Ball
hump hump nump hump

... ..

frazeeout!
...so!
i dont worry anymore!
it's not there to...so why
not just relax & lay on
back a bit, look
at the shatter...
the pattern broken glass makes
in the half yard of dirt?

it came from prism
& returned! the sand
is no man's land until he
sifts it! syphilis suckers fuck
secret ablution, which
turns time on...
my in!
my out!

this end!
beyond which
you will come to no meaning...

in & out.
sharp blade cuts
only corners...Flick!

FLAIROUT!
turn time on!
turn me on to
time &
listen again...

to the moon on a broom, in dreams; my
dreams! fuck around little with whatever peace & quiet
affords...while under the dark sky a million forms of
arithmetic get kind of foolishly applied to inanimate
objects &
coagulate, making, among other unintelligible things,
centennials, theories & lacerations causing havoc;
general laughing stock of the terror
Goetia hurls at our heads & the savior come in the floods of
these whiplashed profanities...
MINE/F-AST!
O, cocksuckers
ball-breakers
motherfuckers
...who will you
go to
hell with
now we are thru?

TULI. KUPFERBERG

THE MAN WITH THE SCISSORS

The President made the Postmaster General in his own image,
in the image of the President made He him.--Constitution
Written after reading about the Big Table Case

Bowed by the blue-balls of centuries he leans
Upon his scissors and gazes on his cock,
The emptiness of ages in his member,
And on his ass the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never gets an erection,
Stolid and stunted, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down his sterile sac?
Whose was the hand that cut off this prepuce?
Whose cunt screw out the sex within this cat?

Is this the thing The President made and gave
To have dominion over 1st Class Mail and packages;
To trace the lost letters and search the heavens for "left no
To feel the passion of Special Delivery? (address";
Is this the Volume He dreamed who designed the books
and fit out the great presses with type?
Down all the stretch of Hellboxes to its last font
There is no shape more terrible than this--
More tongued with censure of the world's dull books--
More filled with signs and portents for the soul--
More fraught with menace to the world of letters.

What gulfs between him and the swinging cats!
Slave of the wheel of constipation, what to him
Are Ginsberg and the swing of Burroughs?
What the long reaches of the peaks of cock,
The rift of vulva, the reddening of the cunt?
Through this dread shape the suffering ages look;
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;
Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,
Unplundered, unprofaned, and disembaled,
Cries protest to the Readers of the World,
A protest that is also profitsy.

O postmasters, priests, and librarians in all lands,
Is this the writing you give to The President,
This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched?
How will you ever straighten up this cock;
Touch it again with sensuality;
Give back the upward springing of the sprite;
Rebuild in it the music and the sperm;
Make right the immemorial infamies,
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O postmasters, priests, and librarians in all lands,
How will his Wife reckon with the Man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of orgasm shake the world?
How will it be with book clubs and with publishers--
With those who shaped him to the thing he is--
When this dumb Neuter shall reply to The President,
After the continence of centuries?

JOHN KEYS

POEM

what has made us

is what we made

the fathers

the plantings; what we made

say in a trade deal up Kennebec,

Bradford (the bird

you see usually leading forth the host with book

and slouched hat in hand, Plymoth)

begging trash

what would rust

& did & gave some fine clues

to Samoset's boys

"the poor quality of the settlers" (this in 1607)

of course, what is cool is, the plain fact

the Company didn't want to feed what was

feeding them

(the evolution of Taxation)

Of What The Pilgrim-suh Did To Stop Morton...was

what anyone'd do today

the church...the other screws;

Merrymount endangering the morals of the Plymouth

youth,

Morton maybe telling them

go shit'n your big hat

NEW AGE OF ARM LIFTING OR
AN EXACT ORIENTATION OF 2*4 ORDS

the man there,
putting windows in;

Did he say : the glaziers
working on the Sistine
put them in with lead &
all agape at Michael
wrapping up the dome
& I'm merely an extension
of the art of;.....
he said :
Fuck this putty shit !

Remembrances of things past

or; I could hardly care that this is
the title to someone else's works
or; To the US AIR FORCE
the air national guard

& specifically;

a dirty, little Air Police coward son of a bitch
who pumped, not one, but four
brass jacketed shotgun shells
into the pack of an old
negro man apprehended after
23 years of uninterrupted
AWOLity
who was not only within
the confine but tangled
in the barbed-wire
& was also not lucky
enough to die immediately
...until hours later
he was, as one young soldier explained:
a tough old nigger.

STEPHEN P. WEBER

Your
Azzole is a
Slimy Slit

Your Balyx lays
Two inches
From it

Aies have Cunt
And iF
Aies should
Split

Then
Your Balyx
Shall
Be
All
Shit

J. C. HARRIMAN

3) for Diane Wakoski

four o'clock

1)

an hour

after summer equinox

breviaries

bell tone of vespers

two children swimming

among ten thousand salmon

2)

teach the children

how to catch fish

with their hands

that

any trout

interested in taking chances

will kiss their fingers

that

in a summer solstice

bees land on their nose

3) for Diane Wakoski

a boy went far from his home

dug a hole

lived in it mornings

watching deer

there were no trees around

for thirty miles

when he was completely at home

he was sent away to school

ELIN PAULSON

in a forever eternity
of now and no
instead of
later and yes
make me a green one
who will never be made
sad
for flowers
floating by dead seagulls,
of blue floating to france,
or purple in a green cathedral,
or....
just make me/
and they cried and giggled
with their arms
hanging out of tubs
smiling at angelic walls
which smiled back
smugly
and serenely
knowing what was what
and who who
and when when
while i know nothing
but this....
and you know it too
since it was all pale floating green
flowing
always/

MARY E. MAYO

THE HIGHLANDERS

From this ledge
you can see my brothers'
camp fires after dark.
They are not afraid to be
spotted at night;
Goat sure in the dark,
A dirk in every pleat.
You'll hear their pipes
across ravines
mentioning their dead.

JACKSON MAC LOW

OBSERVATIONS IN MY NEIGHBORHOOD

Many Puerto Rican
& Afro-American women
are proud of their fat asses
& dress them in
tight slacks or shorts
skirts tight or full over the ass
& drawn in just below the ass
or about the middle of the thigh
with a frill
or pleat
or ribbon
&/or
a button or two for emphasis
& tight
or full
thin cotton treader pants
form fitting pajamas
that move with every
muscular movement
skin twitch
or fat wobble
all of which
are usually
increased
by walking
on high
spike
heels
the Afro-American girls
shake it just as much
wearing gym shoes.

East Bronx: & 5:07 AM Monday 2 July 62
7:49 AM Wednesday 4 July 62

NELSON BARR

darkangelgirl

little darkangelgirl
letting me down night fire escapes with your latin
tongue
your black imp-eyes cast
shadow sparks into mine
telling of frantic joys of fragile things
and revolving twilight terrors/
voice hoarse from spanish screams
bubbles words through teeth
slitting full lips
vaya, chicka, dance warmbrownthighed down garbage
strewn streets
rush bud-breasted
swirling in sensual innocence
into precious life/

EDITOR'S NOTE: WE'RE HIP TO MR. BARR.
darkangelgirl--(BARR HAS SUCCOMBED TO
AL FOWLERISM. SEE ISSUE #3)-- YOUNG,
VERY YOUNG, CHICK WHO LIVES IN THE
EDITOR'S BUILDING. SHE ALLOWED ACCESS
TO MR. BARR THRU HER PARENT'S PAD TO
THE FIRE ESCAPE SO HE COULD CRAWL DOWN
TO SANDERS' APT (WHICH WAS LOCKED UP).
ANYWAY, THIS YOUNG FEMALE HUSTLED
MR. BARR'S ENTIRE MIND.

NELSON BARR
A BOUQUET of FUCK YOU S

offering # 4

it seems to us after much sincere reflection
that the stream of anal sphincters oppressing
the poor in this world is unending / day
after day new scabs form to replace the ones
ripped from old sores on the arse of humanity /
so to the following bed pans of barf-retch
we freely bestow these flowers --

Fuck you to Hollywood - killers of the dream -
gaudy emasculator of art & the minds of men -
unfeeling strangler of the child-soul in the
gorgeous woman-body of Marilyn /

Fuck you to YAF - old fogey-minded boys
carrying the rotting banners of yesteryear /

Fuck you to the city fathers of Albany, Ga -
ineffectual racists cornered by love / drown,
pharaohs, in the waters of brotherhood !

Fuck you to the American Nationals - rabid
dogs with fearglazed eyes yelping at the
NEW DAWN - mangy curs not worth the
saliva from the mouth of Man - swine -
pukepuddles evaporating in the searing
sun of truth /

NOTE FROM EDITOR: FUCK YOU TO THE F.B.I.
WHICH HAS BEEN BUGGING ME LATELY -- ZAP!

FUCK YOU/ A MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS; PUBLISHED, PRINTED, & EDITED BY
ED SANDERS AT A SECRET LOCATION IN THE LOWER EAST SIDE, NEW YORK CITY,
USA. # 4, AUGUST 1962

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS:

ERIC WEINBERGER/ pacifist & nonviolent Direct Actionist in the south. Eric is hard to corner for poetry. We had to attack him in the Cedar Bar one night to snarf this fine poem out of him.
CAROL BERGE/ Sweet poetess whom the entire Editorial Board, you may know, would just love to fuck. Known to lurk about the Les Deux Magot Coffee House on Mondays, Wednesdays, & Thursday.

MICHAEL McCURE/ Poet. San Francisco. HYMNS TO ST. GERYON. BOOK OF TORTURE. DARK BROWN. Buy, borrow or hustle DARK BROWN!

TAYLOR MEAD /★ STAR★ of Ron Rices THE FLOWER THIEF. Poet, thinker, & cocksucker par excellence, author of those banned motherfuckers of books Excerpts From the Anonymous Diary of a New York Youth. Get it & he'll cruise yr mind with his hot verbal dick.

C.V.J. ANDERSON/ is the author of book of verse: LITURGY FOR DRAGONS. Plays the recorder with such professional fervor & intensity that it reminds the editor of a faggot OD'd on amphetamine riffing on a cock. Playwright.

JOHN WIENERS/ Johannus Ipsissimus. Famous author of the HOTEL WENTLY POEMS. Editor of Measure. "faggot & cocaine snifter."

RAY BREMSER/ that motherfucker Ray Bremser as we go to press has disappeared! We freak to press anyway though through the graces of his agent who sent in his poem from Canada where he's hustling Bike Seats at the CANADIAN NATIONAL RACES! Snarf for Peace!

ED SANDERS/ Brilliant. Controlled. Master of the Hendecasyllable. Has the Ankh symbol tattooed on his penis. Non-violent psychopath. Authority on Guerilla Lovefare.

TULI KUPFERBERG/ is the famous editor of BIRTH, YEAH, & SWING. HEAD STOMPER AT BIRTH PRESS.

Issue #5 to feature his Fuck is God poem.

JOHN HARRIMAN/ as we said last issue: Dean of the Lower East Side Guild of Motherfuckers & Poets. Suspected of being a pacifist. Former hustler & manager of the 9th Street Coffee House.

ELIN PAULSON/ is a \$200.00 hip chick pacifist Call Girl. Known to resemble a mink in her sexual deportment. Historical note on her poem; written in a banker's Sutton Place South pad between a Wink Job & a Juarez bead scene.

JOHN KEYS/ definitely known to be a poet. A real roaring reciter of verse (snarf him out at the Les Deux Magot on Mon, nites) & for all boss ass, his cock roars too, like a seashell.

STEVE WEBER/ a sodomist. Recently sneaked in to the Central Park Zoo for a real late nite stomp-em-out orgy with a gazelle.

MARY MAYO/ another poetess on the We'd-love-to-fuck list. Also can be trapped skulking about the Deux Maggots.

JACKSON MAC LOW/ Poet. Anarchist. Playwright. Actor. Theoretician of Gaussean Space-Poetry. Expert on the use of TIME in verse. Also supreme in the field of the Hendecasyllable.

NELSON BARR/ fucking his way thru the Lower East Side this summer: 10 Vassar girls, 4 lady amphetamine-heads, 6 young Antioch crotches, & a dyke from Slippery Rock State Teachers Coll.

EDITOR'S NOTE: SEND MY YR BLOODY MANUSCRIPTS!
I'LL PRINT ANYTHING.