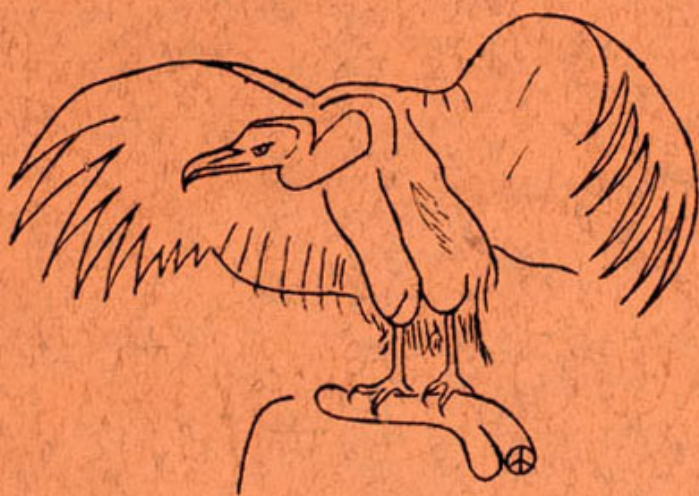


FUCK YOU/  
a magazine of the arts



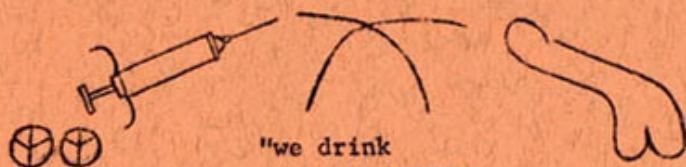
NUMBER 5



VOLUME 3



FUCK YOU/ a magazine of the ARTS  
number 5, Volume 3, May 1963  
Ed Sanders, Printer Publisher Editor



"we drink  
or break open  
our veins solely  
to know...."

LENORE KANDEL/ HERO THE RIDER  
ROCHELLE OWENS/ To An Arrogant Fart  
PETER ORLOVSKY/ Second Sex Experiment  
JEAN FOREST/ Queen # 3  
MARC SAMARA/ Camping Out with Taylor Mead  
CAROL BERGE/ the love hang  
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JOEL OPPENHEIMER/ A LONG TESTAMENT  
BOB KAYE/ Madroogle  
J. SOCIN/ Graffiti in a public john  
AL KATZMAN/ LAMENT  
JOHN THOMAS/ two poems  
BARBARA MORAFF/ poems  
NANCY ELLISON/ CACA CACA  
JOHN KEYS/ POEM FOR THE AIRCRAFT  
MARTIN SEGAL/ poem  
TAYLOR MEAD/ babble-vectors  
JACKSON MAC LOW/ Light Poem  
SZABO!/ Poem for Marilyn  
NELSON BARR/ another BOUQUET OF FUCKYOUS

GOD THRU



CANNABIS

Dedicated to  
pacifism, National Defense thru Nonviolent Resistance, Anarchia the  
Goddess, Orlovsky's long Egyptian finger, Peace Eye, Hole Cons, Peace  
Walk Dicking, dope thrill Banana rites, Acapulco Gold, Panamanian Red,  
Honduras Brown, windowbox freak grass, the anarcho-commio-greaser  
conspiracy, submarine boarders, mad bands of stompers for Peace, and all  
those groped by J. Edgar Hoover in the silent halls of Congress.

GROPE FOR PEACE!



SPURT



SPURT

FUCK YOU/ pukes onward! The rationale behind this issue, I mean fuck the rationale-- the Editorial Board was passing around the Honduras Brown and getting pretty fucked up before crawling over to evil Stanleys Bar, the mens insanis in a fuckedup corpore scene-- Anyway, a huge spew of manuscripts had been cornholing our mailbox for months and every day Nelson Barr, Szabo, Bob Kaye & the rest of the Board were trembling like a piss-shudder to get at the mimeo. So, the sense of the high was that we circlejerk to press. Zap Zap./---  
POEM FROM JAIL POEM FROM JAIL . Poem from Jail by Ed Sanders is a thing to be hustled or even bought. Published by Lawrence Ferlinghetti's CITY LIGHTS BOOKS, Columbus & B'way, San Francisco. Written in 1961 after Sanders attempted to board the Polaris submarine Ethan Allen in a Guerilla Love-fare peace set. The cocksuckers puked him into the slams where he spurted this series of prayers & babble on about 500 feet of arsewipe. A delicate mixture of squackophilia, pacifism, prayer, & Attis in the Mountain. 35¢ on or under the counter of your local book freak./--- FUCK YOU/ PRESS soon to be bricked out of the twat and stomped into life. The following are definite publications:

AMPHETAMINE-HEAD

essays,  
 poems, paintings, rants & babble  
 by the heroic pioneers in the  
 water soluble benzedrine movement.  
 - late summer -

SADE SUIT

by  
 Jackson Mac Low  
 an historic 13 section spray scene  
 w/ Sade's Bedroom Philosopher.  
 -early early-

WARGASMS

a crosspuck of the vision of the  
Rev. Al Fowler -- snorts & skinpops  
 from His notebooks & ravings-- publica-  
 tion time unknown. Still in the  
 hospital kicking dope ----

JAZZ POEMS, by

Ray Bremser-- from 8 of Ray's  
 sets, including BACKYARDS &  
DEVIATIONS, & sections from the  
DRIVE SUITE & the MADNESS SUITE. A hot  
 taste of the total Bremser coughout---  
 - early summer -

HIMHER & OTHER POEMS,

Robert Kaye-- a selection of an  
 insane polack's babble including the  
 famous CAROLCURLA. To be printed as soon  
 as the cocksuck gives us the final manu-  
 script. - probably summer -

THE WORD IS LOVE,

poems by the San Francisco poet  
 Lenore Kandel,  
 described by  
 Lawrence Ferlinghetti as  
 "the sexiest poet this side of  
 the Kama Sutra"  
 - late summer we hope -

Also threatened: DOWN WITH THE STATE AND UP WITH MAN, a journal of the  
 nonviolent revolution. Manuscripts invited./--- COCK CITY COCK CITY COCK CITY,  
 a movie written, hustled, & spurted by Ed Sanders is still on the way. Cock City,  
 the Times Square documentary/fable: the Dixie Hotel Gobble, Phone Booth finger-  
 hakes, the O.D Centipede, Al Fowler kaks, Fowler in the Burning Death Barque,  
 Fowler gobbled by the O.D Centipede. Gobble Gobble Gobble./---





ROCHELLE OWENS

TO AN ARROGANT FART

for Gil

why do they come out? up?

(the middle-class)

FOR LUNCH & JOBS etc.

Elga's new poem:

FUCKS FAKES FINKS & PRINKS or  
THE FAT KID WHO DRINKS MILK OR THE BOY ON THE BLOCK  
WHO CARRIES A STICK WHEREVER HE GOES LATER HE GETS  
ON A MASTHEAD AS A BOOK EDITOR

still Elga:

i have a vituperative tongue so my mother says but  
my eyes are focused correctly now & i see fuckfakesfinks &  
prinks

mustache  
& spite (mustacchio)  
so's got  
the right (Swinnintino)  
to his lewd twattle

Plato vs. Aristotle?

Aquinas vs. Kant?

Cassius Marcellus Clay vs.

Sonny Liston?

& if you ask Liston about the  
manager, Swinnintino, he says:

"he knows so much  
& such distink words"

& if you ask Clay about taking  
a risk:

"well i will riskit & call him a  
priskit a tasket a green &  
yellow basket  
& a mediocre mother-fucker"

(cont)



LENORE KANDEL

HERO THE RIDER

hero the rider sinless  
windblasted through moonlight nights

man-engine

VULCAN THE CRIPPLED GOD conceived you with his metallic  
sperm  
raping the juicy thighs of Venus most maculate

beneath the volcano

!Hero!

screaming night agony over tract circle purgatories  
racing the two wheel penis through world-universe intersections

hero the sinless rider

HERO THE WINDSUCKER

HERO THE HALFGOD

HERO THE nevermore wrapped in ashes buried in junkyards

torn by lions      untouched....

HERO THE PERIPHERAL ANGEL INVENTOR OF THE WHEEL AND INNOCENCE

hero the black leather saint of the virgins

ora pro nobis

now and at the hour of your death



i want this made clear. this is Gil

into the ring i go & i know that my heavy hairy legs are  
MINE!

they work behind brightly colored satin shorts  
(if i heard the most beautiful voice  
in the world trill i'd put it down  
with a contemptuous term it's not  
MINE)

a horse. i'm going to  
beat it again.

HOW GREAT AM ART. I.

& my friends are a lot  
i sway & undulate

i am very male  
i speak Italian  
& my lips are a rose  
i am very sexed

TURN MY EPIDERMIS OVER

kiss it. it's eminent

HOW WONDERFUL AM I MADE!

i'm a good-looking he-male &  
i strut &  
write verse

EDITOR'S NOTE: check Gil Sorrentino's review of the  
FOUR YOUNG FLAMING SNATCHES in KULCHUR 9.



PETER ORLOVSKY

Second Sex Experiment  
or " " Recorded Happenings  
Peter Jerking Allen Off.

July 12, 1961...Tangiers

Allen Ginsberg: I feel horny. Ya better close the windows & the door otherwise it will be chilley & put on a robe. How are you going to jerk me off & do that (type-ing) at the same time (love makeing) or lie next to yr body?

Peter Orlovsky: Thats the problem,we did it once already,;we have all the time in the world,no rush,I'll use my right hand first & type with the left hand as best I can.OK?

AG: Uhha,Allen gives a sigh of pleasure.Thats not if you can keep that up.

PO: i continue jerking his off,his cock has a slight bend,as if a little warped--got that way when Allen was fucking a colored girl friend,the girl moved her box just when allen was going to come so that his cock came out of her and ramded up against some bone above or below her cunt,when it happended it wasnt too painful because-- I am jerking him off all this time,he puts his hand to mine to make it go faster and puts his other hand into under my robe lays that hand atop my cock-- lifts his legs like woman getting screwed and spreads them--takes the ash tray from little tabel next to bed with my cig drags a puff--& puts it out fast--it was

AG: keep going Pettey,dont break the rythum.

PO: He will be comeing soon--he lifts his legs-- lifts his body off the bed ass behind part---i keep jerking him off & try to go faster with rythum--sacey hotter that way

AG: ouch,

PO: am I hurting you?

AG: yeaha,yr doing it so irregurilly--hold my balls

PO: He grabs my left hand, wants me to hold his balls-- so I do--

AG: I keep getting hot then all of a sudden it stops--its all so irregularr--

PO: I go to stick my finger in his ass hole, figgureing

(cont)



that this will get him hot--on the tip of his cock--  
the lips start to ussher-up a little due drop of  
pre-expecting joy that seems about to come-I took  
my left hand now to jerk him off & with right hand  
fingered his ass-hole--the due started to get more  
deweer, the cock harder--he raised his legs higher  
into airas I started to go faster with my hand over  
his cock now--figureing if he didnt come now he  
might not come because his cock might be getting  
sore by all this irregular jerking on his cock--  
starting TO COME --the come COMES & flies out  
between wet lips like silver dragon flies & lands on  
white sheet---some come falls on his cock & some on  
my knuckles, as he's comeing I say  
" at-a-boy " & he says in responce to that a few  
seconds latter--" thats great" & hugs me with both  
arms & gives maney a sign. All over & wiped up come.  
It took 5:45 to 6:10 am--25 minutes--would not of  
known had I not noted down in pad a cig callendar  
to keep attrack of how maney cigs I smoke in a day  
& just before putting my hand to allens cock I lit a  
cig & noted it & time when took. End of jerk off  
secsson.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Yes, motherfuck, this IS an authentic  
document.



JEAN FOREST

QUEEN # 3

I wish I could crawl  
into myself  
and roll away

She thought  
in the warm tub  
surrounding her  
in white  
tinny material  
which peels  
which is rough

I await  
the true touching  
of the Messianic Age  
when  
love and knowledge  
replace  
obscene curiosity

Can see  
why the Greeks  
dug tubs

Getting older  
Keep thinking  
I havn't begun  
Jesus  
half a life  
and  
I havn't begun

The green  
round, rubber  
plug  
spreads reflexion  
speckled  
in hot  
and cold chrome

Getting bigger  
around the middle  
The thing grows  
in the middle  
of the middle  
ignorant  
of my repulsion

"Songs for the King's Supper"  
imported  
musical delicacies  
after seven  
proper to  
a warm tub



MARC SAMARA

CAMPING OUT WITH TAYLOR MEAD

Can be fun  
for two other people  
more together  
coupled in  
two seperate  
pup tents

"Let them eat cock," he mumbles in his sleep.

The hammerlock  
round  
my waist  
Gorgeous George  
in action again

"Hey, man...like wake up...hey  
what the hell is this scene?"

"Let them eat cock," he mumbles....C O C K!  
He brought the motorcycle  
teddy bear fashion up closer  
to him

I was back in the saddle again  
what with handlebars  
goring us both

Mosquitos were masturbating all over the scene  
and I was  
no longer  
a virgin.



CAROL BERGE lamf

the love hang

everyone full of holes  
walking the streets like  
so many henry moore statues  
but delineating space as  
anything but joy  
the big empty  
empty cunts open mouths  
black pit eyes worn assholes  
all the loud soft noise  
as of animals in pain  
:love me in any way  
you choose but soon  
do not be deceived by my  
mask notice the apertures  
i wear into the sunlight  
under acquired raiment  
:is it you my dear who  
can recognize then  
give my a sign of it  
that i may know you  
i am a statue  
full of holes  
signed by god  
i will not speak of your  
frantic camouflage if you  
do not mention all my empty  
:fill me with you or  
your ideas of me  
lend me your body to  
fill me a bit  
so we may walk the streets  
like so many kollwitz prints



RAY BREMSER

THE CUP OF SEX/THE TIP OF WOMB

I OFTIME BUY

all beauty bends before me  
    showing her breasts/my  
breath a waft across nipples;

(i am warm/forelorn/tonight!  
...the cleft down/deepening into  
the waitress' blouse/describes  
                    my own descent  
                    down into....

where/under skies/lie  
fields of pulsate pleasure  
like of thighs  
none-other rather tether  
which to contemplate  
my compromise!)

all beauty breaks its element  
    apart; denies its prize/ be  
tokened, eyes or words, what  
ply on love & money!  
                    so that  
love's own only anesthesia dies...

from which/the waitress  
bends at the waist

accepts a tip/too ment  
too-much for far/more deeper  
pleasures/& for much more/  
further-downwards;/bends  
into thighs/i would break on  
beneath me...

(thinking of coffee-lips/slipped  
lewd bosom looking/look-up  
with the pleasure/tho,  
rather come,/i rise  
& go...)



JOEL OPPENHEIMER

A LONG TESTAMENT

wanting  
to keep my mouf  
shut  
wanting not  
to say anything

stupidly believing everybody  
is always saying the wrong thing  
when it comes to the  
people around them

text for today, saith the preacher, or,  
"divorce is a sign of knowledge in our  
time", william carlos williams

it was possible the next  
morning, rosy-fingered  
dawn, me, my fingers,  
your flesh awake.  
it was cool  
to the touch, and smooth  
flesh under hand. cornball.

I

something i had forgotten, the  
permissiveness, perhaps,

baby, it/s 12:15, and  
i had thought,  
by now, baby,  
i/ll be sound asleep.

thinking of you, thinking  
of you. i stopped in  
for a pint, the walk  
took longer than expected.

to hold me, he said.

but the beer i corked  
last night? imagine me, me,  
not finishing a quart of beer.

it was still sweet, so the  
pint is unopened on the table.  
but i/m not nearly as drunk as  
i might be, and it/s friday nite.



and it/s twelve fifteen, too, baby,  
i haven/t turned into a pumpkin.

## II

this city  
is filled with a  
stink wasn/t in my  
nostrils last nite,  
i didn/t smell it so bad  
before then. a stink of  
rot, i/d suppose.

my hand ran down  
your side, my nose

burrowed in the hollow  
of your collarbone.

' . . . and as often as i  
pressed her to my breast i  
smelt the delicious fragrance of  
musk and other perfumes that exhaled  
from her . . . '

and, ' . . . the smell of a woman  
will really fuck up a figh --  
i mean i didn/t mean to curse --  
will really screw up a fighter. '

they inspect his sheets every morning.  
what do they do when they find  
the champ had a wet dream, does he  
stand in the corner two hours.  
maybe, someone suggested, they shoot  
it back in with a needle. how  
do they cook it all up?

well, my  
sheets are filthy with the  
unclean hours i have spent sleeping  
in disobedience to augustine/s dictum.  
i have burned with desire, and been  
unwilling to assuage it, and then,  
worse, have done so, under the influence,  
the road to being paved with.

## III

we slept all night with our arms  
under each other/s neck, or  
we didn/t, first you turned



away and i fitted my body/s  
 bend to the bend of your  
 ass and flanks, then, we lay  
 on our backs, then, i turned  
 away, and that way we slept.

you with your arm over my belly,  
 i could feel your belly against me.  
 when we woke up, we were  
 turned away, each from  
 the other. but we/re americans,  
 that/s the way it really is.

## IV

your flesh,  
 like a butcher/s  
 measure  
     that  
 coldly, sure,  
 flesh, what other  
 name to give it,  
 resilience, meatiness we  
 never dream of, your  
 flesh, then,

cool as pound/s chick/s,  
 there in the dawn beside  
 me. it never ceases to  
 amaze me how tender a woman  
 can be. and myself, oh christ.

therefore, tonight i will  
 love you in my dreams.  
 that much i control, that  
 much i do control.

'my brother the doctor  
 then seventeen

me, 9

    he, just back from  
 college

you can/t, he sd, dream about  
 what you want to, you dream  
 about what you have to.

so, he sd, i had, then,  
 1939, to  
 dream about cowboys, goddamnit  
 i killed five buffalo that  
 night, he wldn/t believe it.



the curve of the flesh  
the more astounding.

V

she/s long lean and  
lanky aint had nothin to eat

my nostrils fill with the  
odor of you, the

it/s so nice to make love to  
our peers i wonder we ever  
did anything else. fucking romantic.

VI

i wanted to get your clothes off and didn/t know how.  
every zipper stuck, or was encumbered by a pin.  
a sin. you had to undress yourself, practically.  
it/s the only way i ever knew or learned.  
that/s how bad it can be. and to be out of cigarettes.  
it/s unamerican, i shouted, in the darkness.

VII

that he is come back finally  
to what is around us, and  
to lumber strikes, or  
the scaling paint of freighters.  
even a study of hercules in  
love. myself i can think of  
nothing but the interpersonal  
relationship. each man at it  
his own way. i turned my head  
when the siren went off. my  
clock ten minutes fast.

a good schedule to stay on if  
you/ve always got to be somewhere.  
i do. on the subway by nine  
to meet her, to hold maybe  
four hours, push it that far.  
enough to make love in, or  
talk, or go to the party. i/ll  
decide, i/m the active partner.



## VII

no better in the mountains,  
he learned that, carry yr house  
like a turtle he sd a long time  
ago.

there were sprinkles of rain  
the last time i walked out.

that  
much is someone/s reality.

in the  
corner the quarters lie stacked  
to get drunk on sunday night, enough  
to make it to bed.

'just enough, he  
sd, only as drunk as i need to be'

and he fifty-eight, can/t ship out  
anymore, can/t take it anymore, does  
handyman work out on the island.

still the dispute: was  
he drunk, or did the horse throw  
him. meeting/s at

## IX

dear b: but that there was a  
tenderness implicit and expressed,  
enough so it amazed the both  
of us, we expected something else.

stiff cock and wet snatch, god/s  
combination. got in return what  
other people forbear.

got in return  
a need to write letters yet.

just about to give it all up too,  
except i can/t chop a tree any more,  
or wodnt, it/s the same thing.

(can/t see the people for the trees,  
i thought, and went on to other chapters.)

## IX

the way a  
woman walks  
and holds  
herself, walks,



said burton, like  
 a gazelle, like  
 the full moon,  
 her face, well  
 you can believe it.

the plum-  
 colored room, the  
 pink and white  
 marble cemetery  
 outside the window,  
 the disorder of  
 the room itself  
 enough to destroy  
 us, we held on.

and if i lived  
 by a stream? any  
 better? the poem  
 march thru yr body  
 any sweeter?

wld you dance  
 in the moonlight  
 belly swaying graceful  
 as gazelle or eland?  
 myself a bear  
 'that leafy cave'

dont push it  
 any further.

# XI

i shall have to get  
 a shade, or put up  
 that bamboo one, over  
 in the corner

but i  
 don/t know how well  
 that one works. and  
 it/s filthy

in any event  
 in four rooms, only one  
 window to worry about.

one of these mornings  
 one of the boys in the  
 typing class outside  
 that window is going  
 to see your fine body  
 naked next to mine

'it being warm, her cover  
 had been cast aside, partially  
 revealing



(7)

not understanding this  
perception he will tell  
his teacher, that dedicated  
priest who recites a  
litany of letters to them  
every morning, he will  
cause this apartment to  
be ravaged like provence, and  
for much the same heresy.

or the kid will tell his  
father, a grand old irish  
cop, and the fuzz will  
descend on us, just as i  
am admiring the curve where  
your belly starts, and they  
will destroy this bed like  
the maypole at merrymount,  
and for much the same evil.

of course he'll do neither.  
he'll tell his classmates,  
and the priest and father  
will catch them all beating it  
and the cat will be out  
of the bag

'we are here, he sd, to learn  
once in a while about it.'

may 26 / june 8 1960  
new york city



ROBERT KAYE

MAWDROOGLE

MADROOGLE

the large gone frantic  
mother angel

Contrary to the MAN  
devil that hangs in  
the sky like a large  
ass covered in a print  
dress + madroogle has  
large Slavic breasts + sells  
candy + can speak all  
languages

EDITOR'S NOTE: written in a stupor on the editors floor.  
found some months later in the rubble  
when the editor was getting bricked out of his pad.



JAY SOCIN

Graffiti in a public john

Down with Castro  
up Castro  
dirty word  
is clean  
and clear  
if you are  
what are you looking down here for?

Made date  
kneel to the hole  
I am only fourteen  
and I've never been kissed  
but I can make it a little.

I am lonely  
for someone  
I'll be back tonight  
around six  
don't fail me

someone

someone

help



AL KATZMAN

LAMENT ( POEMS FROM OKLAHOMA )

Who is Bernice  
that savage impulse I go to  
on my 3 day pass to town?  
She drinks. She farts.  
She loves me.  
We carouse in bars,  
drink away our flesh  
and her 3 wierd sisters  
Topsy, Flossie and Gina,  
they sew a garment for us;  
one weaves, one unravels,  
one cuts.

Who is Bernice  
wild indian of Laughton  
I love? When I am away  
she waits in bars  
exclaiming in her drunk  
"I love that big jew."  
When she left me  
only after a month  
I went wild.  
All the seargent said -  
that Apache Dido  
waits for all men.  
She's been pregnant 3 months.  
Oh who is Bernice?  
If I stuck my arm up  
to the elbow,  
there would only be the wind.



JOHN THOMAS

OKAY OKAY

I guess you're  
right Cowboy  
no one attains  
anything but never  
mind pretty soon the  
typewriter demon  
will come home  
howling butterflies

FOR BASHO

beside the dried up  
fountain a toad guarding his  
& the smell of hard



BARBARA MORAFF

the abdominal snowman

lay me naked in the sea  
let the water bear me  
go then to japan  
make the monkscene  
travel  
see the world  
the mountains the snows  
in this way you willslow  
yr cats bone do no pickin  
on this line not holler.  
youll see-be mountain snow wheeling  
mountain passes  
untouchable but what is touching you  
is everything/snowing.  
in this way youll wheel,eating  
as much of yang as you drink of yin.

so lay me naked in the sea  
let the waters  
bear me back to where we come from

POEM

during the past few months become manastic  
content. this

unseemly phase  
is im sure a function  
of space

of having only the weather  
to contend with

& i embrace it & hang the bells  
i make of its wind  
over your side of the bed



NANCY ELLISON

CACA CACA

inspired by Antonin Artaud and dedicated to  
RAY BREMSER

"....the hypocritical tartufery of the age distills in  
its secret orgies, out of hatred for poetry."

I

there are fifteen  
coffins at my feet  
all black and grown by  
cement  
poured shaped and made available by  
gloomy applause  
in unison by twelve  
hungry  
tempted by the smell  
it brings  
a poet's smell is different  
sexual  
for those twelve  
they were well fed  
an inadequate morsel perhaps  
not well prepared nor fat  
they devoured poetry crumb by crumb  
drop by drop and were nearly  
unaware  
of the poet  
it is said blind  
justice  
the poet was unfortunately lost  
somewhere among the many coffins  
cemented in new jersey  
there are leaks  
and the smell of the poet isn't entirely lost  
bad though it be for  
daughters of the state  
madame morte and warden fatridi  
do not enjoy recovering their buried  
it is not a matter of religion  
but the smell that upsets them  
with the pleasure of living inside it however  
one forgets  
the secretion  
accumulating

II

please they say  
do not accuse us of smelling bad  
though we touch bottom  
nous sommes a cul  
together inside



alive well inside the dead one  
i have seen them escape before  
my eyes  
these black coffins  
secreted and struck dumb  
spilling in puddles at my feet  
and mirroring holes  
new jersey  
bored through by virus justice  
decomposed and made acid  
and all for a poet's dream  
of streets  
there is no let up  
the day before yesterday at some time specific  
let us say between noon  
the streets were disposed of  
obscene city streets directed by their  
insistence to staring  
and staying outside  
we will they say make a hole  
with everyman's dirt  
and being sure to get out before earth falls  
we will cover the poet  
born into a hole not chosen by any of us  
madame morte and warden fatridi  
do not enjoy recovering their buried  
it is not a matter of religion  
but the smell that upsets them  
with the pleasure of living inside it however  
one forgets  
the secretion  
accumulating

### III

the hunger of twelve  
can tongue brains into distances  
by their measured gluttony  
gorging the meal of a poet  
the suffering of which is taste enough  
to confine the crumbs dropped from black coffins  
unfortunately the smell continues  
pungent spirit the fetus  
of a poet  
moaning the unconscious rebuked man  
please do not accuse us they say  
of smelling bad  
though we touch bottom  
we cannot be your stand in for this  
self death styled day by day  
but we do enjoy sipping your blackcoffins  
there are fifteen coffins at my feet  
all black and grown by  
cement  
lost in  
new jersey  
somewhere in a poet's dream  
of streets



JOHN KEYS

Poem for the Aircraft

I am pushing toward

May Day Mayday

the/bedrock

blockout the radio	PSI 8000
form a block out of	
the radio the form	pushing toward
block of the radio	
block the form of	that crushed diamond

specific Springtime

the honk of

the insistant honk

of : springs : elbows : shocks

...gear down. is your

down locked

he come up auxillary field

utility truck PSI

8000 &

"landing permission over requesting  
permission enter 45"

O so the bird

o love, memory,

a field below,

the town, spinning

down over it

where the line

SPLITS out of anthro...O Oesta

confab momentarily



where are  
the fly of ointments we do not  
know of exactamente Mississippi

"he give him the chant  
he never hesitate  
in a big hurry"

so manifold....he never  
hesitate  
the gloved hand  
the instruments  
smell how the cockpit

....over !"

Malden Control !  
Malden Control !  
read.....me !

Dresden-thin this air I feel soo  
they come in soo low, low  
over Laredo/ light headed

the red earth  
how cracks  
not filled

with specifically  
precious/ precious....

the young ponk  
he levee he fahther  
die een thee candy stor



(3)

holding he hershey  
behind the gum-balls  
he he he he he  
he he he he he

blood

& no blood dry he lay  
dry up 8th Ave how I  
starboard tanks  
tank no tank

how go now Red Red

O Mother of Mercy  
O Mother of Distress  
Comply with us  
take our sight

bedrock

of the fence coming up  
always the fence coming  
up quickly the tall trees  
beyond where the manifold  
pressure hangs in the pine  
cones where my viscera hangs  
in the cylinders picking my  
jaw bone out of the manifold  
teeth the infant born in  
a corn field out of the  
falling Cessna when the  
engines cut the corn they  
found her pelvis in the



(4)

cotton stalks a hundred  
yards away the cornfield.....

Paducah

Paducah

how you

atom energy

sunlight

deep in

the drill 8000

the water            the acft 30

bring back

our savior

don't mess

with the Gods

the river

a fluvia

fluvia

alluvial water-soul

out on the levee

go mud away

from that child

buried in the crater

thus



pointing where the Kulcan

priestess would

know

if she would

make it straight



(5)

North

set the poles right  
change the awful tilt  
& set the poles right

that he may come out of the  
deep ice of that field



so his brother

PSI 8000

manifold  $30 \pm 0$  no

$29.1 \pm 0$  no  $28.4 \pm$

come out, brother  
don the head phones

the terrible open free  
space of the sky

white

& blue

& white white

he knows evil he know

the limits

come out brother

AND TEAR THE EARTH !



MARTIN SEGAL

Here I have come  
to where?  
A bar in the middle of nowhere, New York City  
But it's Spanish and that's good.  
And why?  
Because it makes me feel  
separated from obligations  
and alone  
in a lost town  
on the west coast of vanquished Mexico.  
The automatic easy emptiness  
of the solved day  
is gone there.  
Gone with the hard binds of responsibility  
A woman's alcoholic joy  
is used there.  
and tomorrow is clutter not heeded.  
This bar is my escape  
I would not call it otherwise-- I know.  
But the unrelenting demands to grow  
internalized after twenty six years  
in a backdrop of the solely expected  
requires relief  
and so I'm here.



TAYLOR MEAD ON DOPE

"opium is the opiate  
of the people"

TAYLOR MEAD

If you don't make the  
poppy fields at least once  
you'll have missed the  
Grand Canyon of culture.

\*

there are two good looking  
window washers but  
they're across the street and  
they're busy.

\*

I want to be arrested as  
a permanent zonk faggot.

\*

The scaffold worker doesn't  
want me --

\*

Somebody gave me a glass  
of water with some opium  
in it and I've been zonked  
ever since - I think they  
turned me on or over forever.

\*

I want to run candy assed  
through your sepia drawers  
underwear, what have you  
if you have a nice apartment  
and there are no narcos  
around  
even if you don't have an  
apartment  
we can sneak into my house  
only don't  
well  
be  
nice

\*

I was married in a  
Grecian cathedral to  
Prince Peter Ilyitch Groinovosky  
attended by 12 hand jobs  
and a best man  
who put on the ring  
and my nipples lactated  
and the bands played  
the Band-aid waltz  
and we rode through

Athens lactating and  
waving to the fairy queen  
mother who waved back  
and shed tears which were  
put on with a phony  
sponge but the peasants  
believed them and we  
had 12 years of peace  
except for an earthquake.  
Now we are entering

middle-age and I would  
like a divorce

Can you arrange it

Dea  
th

"Why sure."

\*

greatest poet of the century  
or not I'll never make  
that blond window  
washer --

\*

I was always a great  
shower-taker.  
but this house only  
has 3 holes and you have to  
stand in a slippery tub  
and my check isn't  
here from my father  
and I'm 37 years old  
I'm a bum, shower-taker  
and great genium  
so there  
(I'm a petulant monster  
with a bushy tail  
switching yak-flies  
off my back after  
each U.S.S. Lexington sailor  
in Googie Bar on  
Sullivan where pock-marked  
Jay Hoppee  
revives a little  
San Francisco



before the Bigarini  
 earthquake...  
 flatter Bigarini  
 flatter San Francisco  
 they turned all those poets  
 into Volkswagons  
 and slaughtered  
 these artists wherever  
 they could find them  
 they were afraid  
 Chinatown was growing  
 and Buddha was cut  
 down at his 3rd  
 party  
 Mahatma Gandhi never  
 turned on. and he  
 insisted on riding  
 white trains.  
 with red cross  
 band aids tattooed  
 to the  
 cow-catcher making  
 a colorful array  
 as it passed the  
 waving villages  
 and sank into the  
 Ganges under  
 Sausalito  
 sliced up under  
 rich idiots yachts  
 hulls seams  
 screams  
 open up Cassandras  
 and let that  
 faggot proprietor  
 back  
 strew frisco with  
 fourteen pederastic  
 poppy-houses  
 with people reading  
 and mad combos  
 sort of making it.

\*

Blue is the color of my true  
 Portuguese fisherman's hair  
 and bulging  
 brown is the color of his  
 drawers - his boots are  
 used leather motorcycle  
 straps and my neurosis  
 is his left tit.  
 Tell Margaret Sanger I  
 want to go to Portugal.

Dig up her grave  
 and say "Margaret  
 Sanger! Taylor Mead  
 wants to go to  
 Portugal - if a bone  
 answers - hang up!"

\*

Bring me a wasted poppy  
 seed smoker with the heart  
 of a child

\*

I want to promote sensuality  
 and condone the use of switchblades  
 on the upper Hudson  
 I want to convert the switchblades  
 of the bronx into

narco agents for Bo  
 and make

Ronnie Rice  
 a film star and Taylor Mead  
 a sailor and  
 empty all the asylums  
 and fill all the slums  
 and beat pansies with  
 motorcycle belts and run  
 over them with used Volkswagons  
 I want so many things I'm getting  
 confused

\*

I'm clever, good, and a beatnick.  
 I'm a good clever beatnick  
 I'm a beat good cleverer  
 in fact I'm  
 a breathing mad switch-blade

enthusiast.

Who rapes elevators in  
 welll guarded  
 Federal housing projects  
 except  
 self-service  
 and electric eyes  
 and nigger dominated elevator  
 I only rape white anglo saxon  
 dominated elevators in Federal  
 Narco brick layer on layer  
 great walls of China housing  
 projects.

\*

I must degenerate.

\*

Are you a white federal housing project.

\*

I want to take books to  
 booksellers but I want someone to  
 help -  
 preferably a large person with a penis.



I want an astronaut up my  
 ass - what are they doing way up  
 there - the space is right here

\*

attacked by small  
 boys while reading  
 a current edition of a  
 large metropolitan  
 newspaper near  
 iron railings

\*

Young grooving  
 fart-maddening hero  
 attacks 12 year old  
 slave-boy Taylor Mead  
 in Port Said tent  
 city shoe shine parlor....

\*

Put on your rubber  
 gloves Dr. Kildare we're  
 going to opiate

\*

Alright nurse - heated  
 spoon, glass of water,  
 rotgut, clamps,  
 bends, eyeball kicks,  
 sutures, filth, real  
 love and more  
 nurse quick the  
 patient is responding

\*

We'll make it on  
 the 7th fl

\*

married to a wealthy building  
 cleaner

\*

It made  
 an entirely  
 new brain  
 area and grooved  
 there for 48 hours  
 and cost me  
 nothing and is  
 worth '62  
 Lincoln Center  
 \$30 a seat area  
 orchestration -  
 a new orchestration.

\*

New touch footballers  
 to replace the old  
 touch footballers

\*

I'm a communist sissy.

\*

Send me to Lexington  
 But not Lexington,  
 Kentucky - the U.S.S.  
 Lexington

\*

Ron Rice is Josef Von  
 Sternwelles

\*

Dig the serious  
 students dying up

\*

What could be more  
 fun than dry mopping  
 tall windows

\*

My penis shrank.

\*

a little opium  
 to purge the system

\*

God I'm fucking brilliant

\*

Helmut Zacharias? how  
 did he get on my radio

\*

there are men on my scaffolding.

\*

These workmen are  
 zonking that building

\*

Will you play with my zonk?  
 or are you chicken-shit  
 to play with pansy-asses  
 I don't blame you  
 but I'm sweet

\*

I'm zonking on a trip around  
 my irises  
 I'm an iris zonk tripper.

\*

Carlton Fredericks tells  
 me to take vitamins and  
 wheat germ, but on top  
 of opium?

\*

Dear Carlton Fredericks,  
 Which should I take  
 first, the vitamins or the  
 Opium?



JACKSON MAC LOW

19th Light Poem -- For Iris -- 7 February 1963

(breath-pauses at line-endings -- no breaks between pages)

pillow light pillow heels pillow underwear  
light pillow light light light  
pillow light pillow heels pillow underwear  
heels heels suede ceiling heels  
pillow light pillow heels pillow underwear  
underwear envelope red under-  
wear watersound underwear underwear  
underwear tape-  
recorder  
light light light light light  
pillow light pillow heels pillow underwear  
light pillow light light light  
light light light light light  
light light light light light  
pillow light pillow heels pillow underwear  
light pillow light light light  
pillow light pillow heels pillow underwear  
heels heels suede ceiling heels  
pillow light pillow heels pillow underwear  
underwear envelope red under-  
wear watersound underwear underwear  
under-  
wear tape-  
recorder  
heels ceiling suede ceiling heels  
heels ceiling suede ceiling heels  
suede suede suede suede suede  
ceiling red Iris ceiling ceiling ceiling  
ceiling  
heels heels suede ceiling heels  
pillow light pillow heels pillow underwear  
light pillow light light light  
pillow light pillow heels pillow underwear  
heels heels suede ceiling heels  
pillow light pillow heels pillow underwear  
underwear envelope red under-  
wear watersound underwear underwear  
under-  
wear tape-  
recorder  
underwear underwear red under-  
wear watersound underwear underwear  
under-  
wear tape-  
recorder  
envelope under-  
wear envelope under-  
wear osculation envelope envelope  
envelope  
red neck red

(more--no break)



page 2 of 19th Light Poem -- For Iris -- 7 February 1963

(no break between pages: line-ending breath-pause only)

underwear underwear red under-  
wear watersound  
underwear underwear under-  
wear tape-  
recorder  
watersound tape-  
recorder watersound green tape-  
recorder watersound watersound watersound  
watersound tape-  
recorder  
underwear underwear red under-  
wear watersound underwear underwear under-  
wear tape-  
recorder  
underwear underwear red under-  
wear watersound underwear underwear under-  
wear tape-  
recorder  
underwear underwear red under-  
wear watersound underwear underwear under-  
wear tape-  
recorder  
tape-  
recorder tape-  
recorder tape-  
recorder envelope under-  
wear tape-  
recorder tape-  
recorder tape-  
recorder underwear watersound tape-  
recorder tape-  
recorder  
light light dog light light  
light light light light  
light light light light light  
light light light light light  
light light light light light  
pillow light pillow heels pillow underwear  
light pillow light light light  
pillow light pillow heels pillow underwear  
heels heels suede ceiling heels  
pillow light pillow heels pillow underwear  
underwear envelope red under-  
wear watersound underwear underwear  
under-  
wear tape-  
recorder  
light light dog light light  
pillow light pillow heels pillow underwear  
light pillow light light light  
light light dog light light  
light light light light light  
light light light light light  
light light light light light



Marilyn! Marilyn!  
the love goddess  
gone!

SZABO !

POEM FOR MARILYN

Innocent crows!  
over the cornfield  
shot down by goofballs!

Marilyn!  
the breast thigh cunt child!  
hustled by Freud  
Shock therapy  
to Van Gogh!

Starry-eyed lonesome Marilyn!  
sat in empty cafeterias  
wondering  
what it was all about!

Marilyn! nobody loved you  
I dont  
but death is eternal!  
the shock of Hollywood!  
tight sweaters & marriage!

Marilyn you smiled!  
like a 2yr old  
when your shoulder strap fell!  
now, youre cold as the moon!

Golden hair Marilyn!  
lechered by capitalism!  
dirt in your face!  
ashes to god!

Marilyn-  
I want to claw thru your fuckin grave!  
into your body!  
loving the naked framework of soul!

Hip sick death Marilyn!  
never saw you  
heard your voice on film  
-you lived a nightmare!

Marilyn!  
the misty clouds  
in paradise  
your road is ended

Lay your head somewhere  
soft, Marilyn  
with white silk  
your pillow

(I burn a rose  
to memory.  
smoke in my eyes)

A note on this motherfucker: SZABO !/  
where to begin describing this loblap? A poet  
& anarcho-sado-greco pacifist, Hustles dope  
on the lower east side and whips masos on T. Square,  
The Hotel Dixie, the Arcade, etc. etc.



NELSON BARR

## Bouquet of Fuckyou

its enough to give one a swift case of the crawling rectum witnessing the various fartheels abounding in this our shat-upon unhappy planet / i call upon all men to feast their faeces on these latest exponents of swillvetch-

Fuck you to

Billy James Hargis -- aborigine par excellence of the Far Right -- reverend rowdy intervening christ in a shroud of redwhite&blue

EDITOR'S NOTE: Juden uber alles! you fuckhating fascist!

Fuck you to

Norman Mailer for that recent brainless comment in THE REALIST that it is better to rape a girl than to masturbate / this bit of lawrencian logic should caution all good burgers to pull their daughters off the streets when normie boy ysewks onto the set

ED. NOTE: Slight paranoia when coughing this stencil. Vectors of getting slashed off the scene.

Fuck you to

Les Deux Megots -- new management -- banisher of poets - caterer to the obtuse -- lapdog of the moried -- patron of art (only if it sucks up gelt) / may the hip vomit thee forth from their mouth!

Fuck you to

Con Edison -- electrifyer and gasser of new Yorkers -- monopolistic power combine -- sender of undecipherable bills -- first to go comes the revolution

EDITOR'S NOTE: Brick out 14th street! Down with the state & up w/ man!



# ASSAULT!



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. NUMBER FIVE, VOLUME THREE.

## NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS:

LENORE KANDEL/ herself. The squack Suprema among the San Francisco poets.

Fuck You/press to print a bk of her poetry: THE WORD IS LOVE  
ROCHELLE OWENS/ one of the Four Yng Lady Fks, (totem/corinth). Her play  
FUTZ, (a Hawks Well press coughout) scheduled for sept production by the

Living Theatre  
PETER ORLOVSKY/ the big G's cockmate. Widely published poet & opium-head.

Poems of his to be gobbled in NEW AM. POETRY, YUGEN, et retch.  
JEAN FOREST/ the poetess. Her poems have evilly appeared in LIBERATION, THE  
CATHOLIC WORKER, MANAS, and who knows what other seditious scene  
MARC SAMARA/ poet, actor, & paedophile. Fuck You/5, Volume 1, featured his  
Camping out with Ed Sanders.

CAROL BERGE/ the poetess. One of the 4 Young Lady Furburgers of the Totem/  
Corinth collection. The entire Editorial Board wd love to freak a dick in her.

RAY BREMSER/ the famous kakout & poet. Hacked back into the slams by the  
loblapping fuzz. Snarf up his Fuck You/ press book: JAZZ POEMS: from 8 sets  
w/ typewriter!

Joel Oppenheimer/ the notorious poet, playwright. Continually on the eye for  
squack. The Love Bit, (Totem/Corinth) is his latest book. Hustle it.

BOB KAYE / insane poet, pacifist, & asskicker. Slurp up his HIMHER & OTHER  
POEMS when it rapes off the press!

AL KATZMAN/ is the very serious poet & Editor of the Judson Review, when he's  
not fucked up on grass or schmack....

JOHN THOMAS/ San Francisco poet. Not much known about him. Thought to be evil  
and a good connection for Panamanian Red, schmaz, goofers.

BARBARA MORAFF/ one of the Four Young Flaming Snatches, (Tot/Cor). On the  
Vermont set now. Rumored to be hemp farming.

NANCY ELLISON/ an unbelievably fine slice of nook. Wails on Mon. nights at  
the Le Metro Cafe readings. COME LATE, a cross-spurt of her work, has just  
retched off of Dan Saxon's press.

JOHN KEYS/ the famous poet & squack-hawk. Fuck You/ press is trying to hustle  
him for a booksize manuscript.

MARTIN SEGAL/ PhD...a spaceout math-freak at NYU's Courant Inst. of Math.

Sciences. Hustles on the Lower east side/commio/drug/peace/sex/assault set.  
TAYLOR MEAD/ we're all hip to the arch motherfucker Mead. Lately he's been  
hustling his dope money with suck research for Hoover Cleaning. His Books,  
EXCERPTS FROM THE ANONY. DIARY OF A N.Y. YOUTH, VOL. 1&2, are a source of  
mob grooving, rape, & sedition everywhere.

JACKSON MAC LOW/ the mad slasher. Get out there and suck up his SADE SUIT,  
(Fuck You/ press, 1963)

JAY SOCIN/ the publisher, poet, & flick-freak. Now puking a movie w/ one  
G. Corso..... and NELSON BARR/religious thinker, scatophile, &  
peace-walk dicker. His pad is a panVillage twat-rack for all that young  
lady pacifist squack we hear so much about....

# ASSAULT!