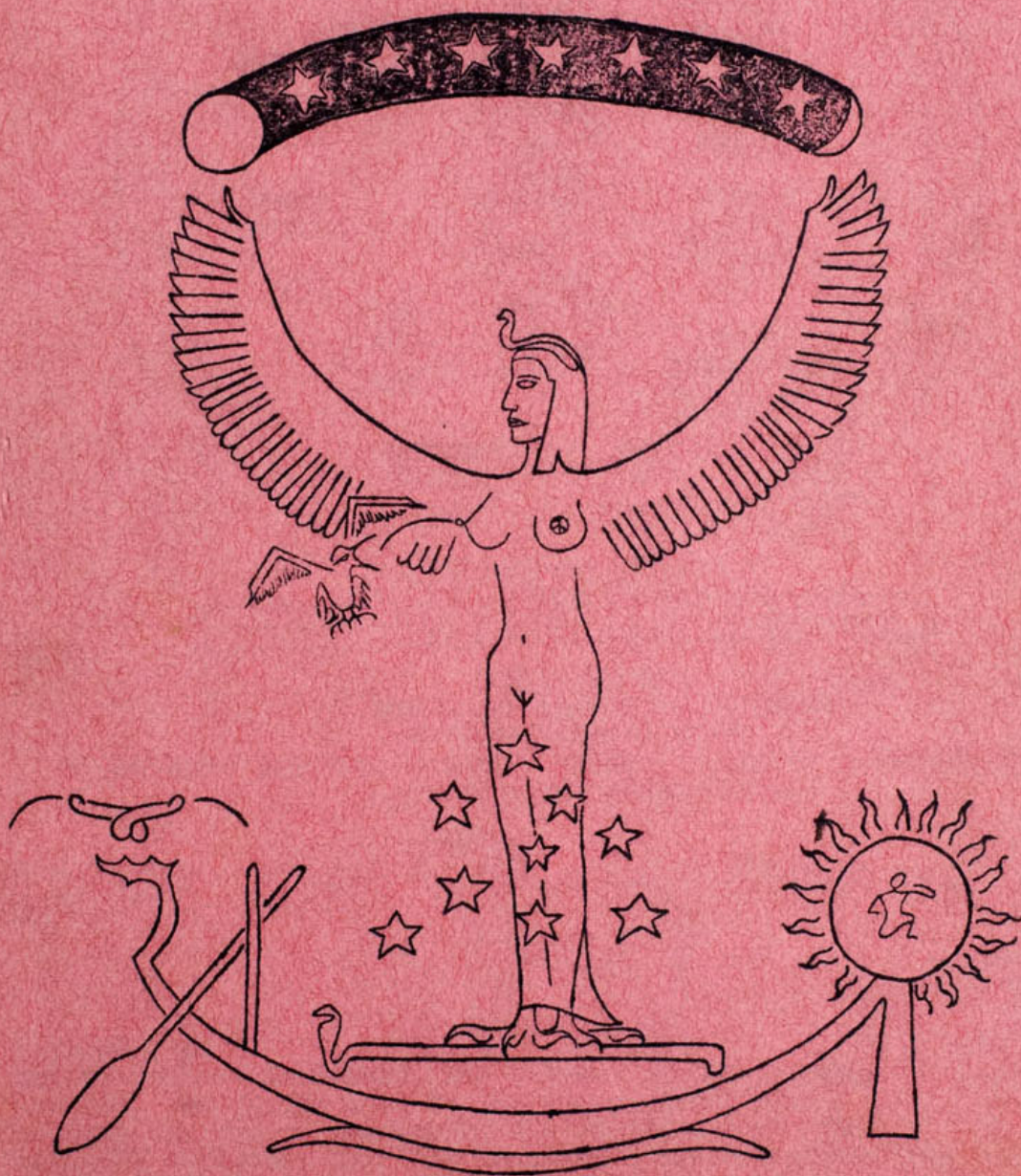


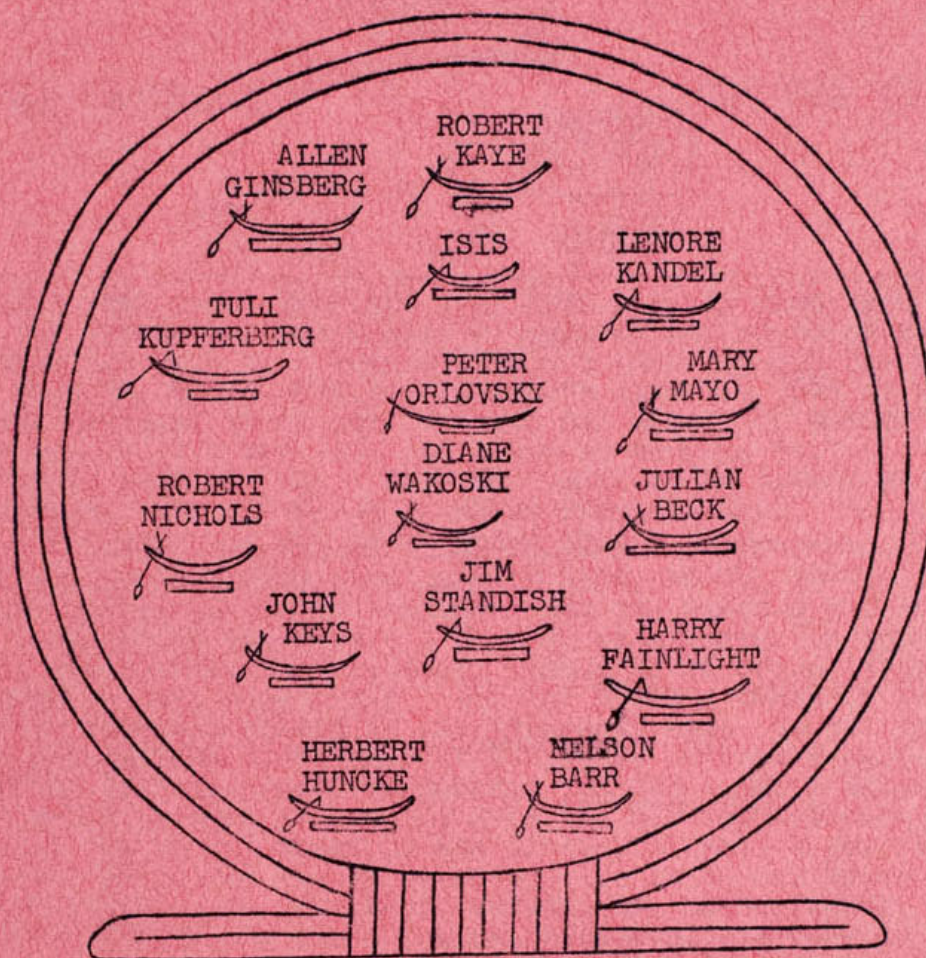
FUCK YOU/

a magazine of the arts



NUMBER 5 VOLUME 5

FUCK YOU/ a magazine of the ARTS. # 5, VOL. 5. DEC. 1963



PUBLISHED BY
The Lower East Side GUILD of
MOTHERFUCKERS & POETS

Ed Sanders: printer, bricker, editor, collater, stomper, &
primus inter motherfuckers

GROPE FOR



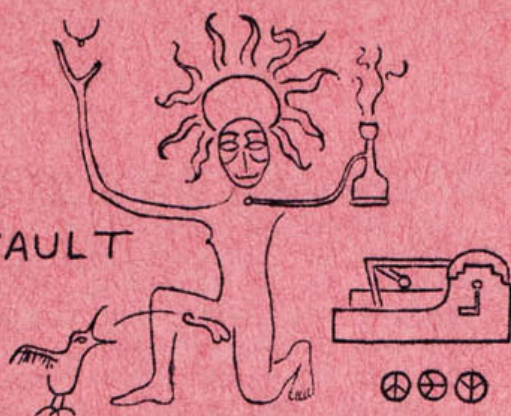
PEACE!

dedicated to
the Nonviolent Holocaust, the witness of the flaming
Ra-cock, the Divine Lake in the Spray, Peace Eye,
Yeldarb the Boy of the North, the writhing lamb-fuck,
Dope-law defiance, Guerilla Lovefare walkers & stomp
ers for Peace, submarine boarders, the voyage of the
Brain Lights, Queen Marijuana bestower of peace, a-
bundance, & the flame fuck, and to the Dirt-word
meltout, anarchists, and all those groped by J.
Edgar Hoover in the silent halls of Congress



TOTAL ASSAULT

ON THE CULTURE!



"Now I will show you. Take off your robe and lie down here where you can see the mountain-- Don't call my name or say or think any of the sex words-- Let your mind move & flow & I will rub out the words."-- the Boy From The North shot out in spurts thru The Pass to a village of heavy blue twilight where time stopped and heard The Master's Voice: "Now you see it is a way out. Not a way to snuggle in."-- He learned to look at legs & body and penis as he looked at the sky and the mountains. The sex words crumbled from his mind. He could move through Ali's body and out as he moved thru a door-----

MANUSCRIPTS! MANUSCRIPTS! puke us your SPEW, MAGIC, MUSIC, LOVES, LOGOI, & VAPOURS! Onward in the Rā'-vectors, all you blazing m.f.'s raped, stomped & zapped by the Μουσικ! That te spew forth "in spurts" to the Mountain! Aeternitas! Mind floood, flames of yr Brain Barques! OUT-BOUND! that we defy on the WAY THE WAY TOWARD! OUTWARD! ONWARD! All bodies love together onward to the flesh-express! to the Peace Dome! CROTCH LAKE! PHANTOM CITY!/-- FUCK YOU/press shrails & shrieks over receipt of the Barbara Moraff manuscript THE NEW ADDRESS which will gleam forth in print as soon as Sanders gets off his psychopathic ass and pukes out a few of the books he has already planned & advertized-- probably winter sometime. ::: In addition, the Editorial Board has entered into negotiations with John Keys, astronomer, motherfucker, & poet, with regard to spurting out a few ball-loads of his work in book form. What fine poetry! What a vision follows this m.f. over the shrieky earth! ::: also, we announce Fuck You/press's 1st entrance into the Art scene: ASS DRAWINGS by Jim Kolb, the famous amphetamine head & artist, presenting his latest series of cornholed, frenzied, bebuggered, loved, dug, & spewed, as well as Ideal, farouche, trembly, shy, serene, & beatific ASSES. Publication date, early '64./-- The U.S. Tax motherfuckers have bricked out the LIVING THEATRE-- at least the Theatre Building, & the domos of the General Strike For Peace-- & as we understand, they have stopped Any LIVING THEATRE performance of THE BRIG, even though b'way sponsors were willing to squirt big league cash into a new production. The shit-eating gov't did this in such a petty way, sending their penny whistle men to seize Judith & Julian Beck's personal archives & confiscating utterly unsalable material of the theatre. If the Becks & The Theatre owed 23,000 in war taxes, then how much motherfucking money is sammy boy going to accrue by selling a bunch of 2 by 4's, costumes, & General strike posters. The Act of Seizure was obviously an Act of Vengeance, probably a four pronged hate spew by the tax-freaks, the F.B.I., the secret service, & the maryjane squad: to all four groups of these greek-fucking cocksuckers (we use their hangups. To these bird brains, mouthing a cock is the penultimate evil, & the very thought of cornholing they reserve for their dreams) we give the rasp ass frig-signal! We caw with distress & vow never to even file a fking tax return, or, if we file, to send no money & direct them to shove it. Little pompous bird brained harpies: especially the tax-freaks and the FBI! Ugh! Onward! We'll have a revolution, you motherfuckers, and guess who's first to go!/--

TOTAL ASSAULT!

adv.★adv.★ Adv.★Help wanted★adv.★
 Help wanted: Girl friday to serve as
 as a twatrack, proofreader, collater,
 needle cleaner, & riffer on an editorial
 cock. An instant gratification salary.
 Extremely vague: all the grass she can
 smoke, the insatiable penes of the Ed-
 itorial Board, groping smoke filled
 Board meetings, plus love, frenzy, babbie
 & Nelson Barr's famous labio-velar twat munch.
 adv.★adv.★ adv.★cunt wanted★adv.★adv.★

Shrieks & shraills of thanks
 are due Lita Hornick, the
 editor of Kulchur, for
 allowing us to print
 Allen Ginzap's THE CHANGE:
KYOTO-TOKYO EXPRESS JULY 16, 1963,
 in this issue. It will
 appear in the March issue of KULCHUR
 (issue # 13)

GOBBLE UP
 THE VANCOUVER REPORT

by Carol Bergé

a Wfuckpress publication

FUCK YOU/ Press
 announces publication
 of
SADE SUIT
 by

Jackson Mac Low.
 an historic 13 section spray-
 scene with Sade's Bedroom Philo-
sopher. Immediately.

Adv.★Adv.★Adv.★1000's of satisfied customers!★adv.
TAYLOR MEAD, LTD., PERSONALIZED BLOWJOBS etc

"No K-Y needed with T.M.
 the mad salivater"
 Adv.★Adv.★Adv.

ALLEN GINSBERG

The Change: Kyoto-Tokyo Express July 18, 1963

Shit! Intestines boiling in sand fire
burned yellow brain cold sweat
earth unbalanced vomit thru
tears, snot ganglia buzzing
the Electric Snake rising hypnotic
shuffling metal-eyed coils
whirling rings within wheels
from asshole up the spine
Acid in the throat the chest
a knot trembling Swallow back
the black furry ball of the great
Fear--

Oh!

The serpent in my bed pitiful
crawling unwanted babes of
snake covered with veins & pores
breathing heavy frightened love
metallic Bethlehem out the window
the lost, the lost hungry
ghosts here alive trapped
in carpet rooms How can I
be sent to Hell
with my skin and blood

Oh I remember myself so

Gasping, staring at dawn over
lower Manhattan the bridges
covered with rust, the slime
in my mouth & his cock Sucking
Fuck me in my asshole, I
own your belly & your eyes
I speak thru your screaming
mouth Black Mantra Fuck me
old white haired creep shuddering in
the toilet slum bath floorboards--

Oh how wounded, how wounded, I
murder the beautiful chinese
women--

It will come on the railroad, beneath
the wheels, in drunken hate screaming
thru the skinney machine gun, it will
come out of the mouth of the pilot,
the dry lipped diplomat, the hairy
teacher will come out of me
again shitting the meat out of
my ears on my cancer deathbed

Oh crying man crying woman
crying guerilla shopkeeper
crying dysentery boneface on
the urinal street of the Self

Oh Negro beaten in the eye in my
home, oh black magicians
in white skin robes boiling the
stomachs of your children that
you do not die but shudder in
Serpent & worm shape forever--

Hail to your horrible desire, your
godly pride, my Heaven's gate
will not be closed until
we enter all--

All human shapes, all
trembling donkies & apes, all
lovers turned to ghost
all achers on trains &
taxicab bodies sped away
from date with desire, old movies,
all who were refused--

All which was rejected, the
leper-sexed hungry of
nazi conventions, hollow
cheeked arab marxists of Acco,
Crusaders dying of starvation
in the Holy Land--

Seeking the Great Spirit of the
Universe in Terrible Godly
form, O suffering Jews
burned in the hopeless fire
O thin Bengali sadhus adoring
Kali mother hung with
nightmare skulls O Myself
under her pounding
feet!

Yes I am that worm soul under
the heel of the daemon horses
I am that man trembling to die
in vomit & trance in bamboo
eternities belly ripped by
red hands of courteous
chinaman kids--Come sweetly --
now back to my Self as I was--

Allen Ginsberg says this: I am
a mass of sores and worms
I am false Name the prey
of Yamantaka Devourer of
Strange dreams, the prey of
radiation & Police Hells of Law

I am that I am I am the
man & the Adam of hair in
my loins This is my spirit and
physical shape I inhabit
this Universe Oh weeping
against what is my
own nature for now

Who would deny his shape's
Loveliness in his
dream moment of bed
Who sees his desire to be
horrible instead of Him

Who is, who cringes, perishes,
is reborn a red Screaming
baby? Who cringes before
that meaty shape in
Fear?

oooh for the hate I have spent
in denying my image & cursing
the breasts of illusion--
Screaming at murderers, trembling
in fear between the legs of men--

Come, sweet lonely Spirit, back
to your bodies, come great God
back to your only image, come
to your many eyes & breasts,
come thru thought and
motion up all your
arms the great gesture of
Peace & acceptance Abhya
Mudra Mudra of fearlessness
Mudra of Elephant Calmed &
war-fear ended forever!

The war, the war on Man, the
war on woman, the ghost
assembled armies vanish in
their realms

Chinese American Barbo Thodols
all the seventy hundred hells from
Orleans to Algeria tremble
with tender soldiers weeping

In Russia the young poets rise
to kiss the soul of the revolution
in Viet-nam the body is burned
to show the truth of only the
body in Kremlin & White House
the schemers draw back
weeping from their schemes--

In my train seat I renounce
my power, so that I do
live I will die

Over for now the Vomit & invisible
skull, the fear of the bones
the grasp against man & woman
& babe

Let the dragon of Death
come forth & feed on my brain
& meat & let him be other
than I

Till my turn comes and I
enter that maw and change
to a blind rock covered
with misty ferns that
I am not all now

but a universe of skin & breath
& changing thought and
burning hand & softened
heart in the old bed of
my skin From this single
birth reborn that I Am
to be so--

My own Identity now nameless
neither man or dragon or
God

But the dreaming Me under
physical stars with tender
red moons in my belly &
the Sun my visible father
making my body visible
thru my eyes!

ISIS

INCANTATION FOR THE REVIVAL OF THE DEAD OSIRIS

come to thy beloved one

BEAUTIFUL BEING | triumphant!

come to Thy sister come to thy wife

Arise! Arise! Glorious Brother!

from thy bier that I may

hover near thy genital

forever

Beautiful Boy my brother come to my breasts

take there of that milk to thy fill

thy nuts will I guard upon

nor shall the Fiends of Darkness tear at your Eye

come to your house come to your house

BEAUTIFUL BEING | ! Boy Body!

that your cock glide forward in radiance

to our pavilion

Osiris! Osiris!

when the Ra-Disc glides onward in the Sun-boat

flamespurs spew off the prow

O may I catch thy spurts o brother

as the shrieking human

catches the sun!

ROBERT KAYE

8th & 42nd

what's so horrible

about cannibalism?

you don't feel it

you dead

so be dead

so that you won't feel me

eating your hand

roasting your leg

& be dead

so you won't drown

in my human stew

so you won't feel your flesh

slide off the bone

it doesn't hurt

it don't hurt i swear

but you godda be dead

your intestines

wrapped around my arm

i'll make a necklace of your teeth

hang your scalp around my waist

so be dead goddamn

don't scream when i open you stomach

& pull out your ass!

ROBERT KAYE

for Quang Duc

man, was it you
who lurked by the barn
as I whiffed
the early morning
spring tulips
& saw the
black gander
fall through
air
& dive
down
into the water
& clutch
the weeds
at the bottom
& stay there
drowning
while the hunter
cursed & sweated
in his blind

ROBERT KAYE

under falling water
lies a bird
with a broken wing.
near a lake
that is blue
from a sky
that is blue.
on a green bed
it flops
& seeks the source
of the rain;
into the rain
it flops
seeking the source.
other birds
pay no attention
but occasional
honest chirps.
(only it knows
what it is to be a bird
with a broken wing
under falling water.)

ROBERT KAYE

i'm dead
a bald skull
on a shelf.

LENORE KANDEL

LoveFuck Poem

I want to fuck you
I want to fuck you all the parts and places
I want you all of me

all of me:

my mouth is a wet pink cave
your tongue glides serpent in
stirring the inhabited depths waking my tongue to yours
and then your body turns and
then your cock slides in my open mouth
velvety head against my soft pink lips
velvety head against my soft wet-velvet tongue
your cock /hard and strong/ grows harder, throbs in my mouth
rubs against the wet slick walls, my fingers hold you
caress through the sweat-damp hair
hold and caress your cock that slides in my mouth
I suck it in, all in, the sweet meat cock in my mouth and
your tongue slips into my cunt, wet and pointed and hot
and my legs spread wide and wrap your head down into me

I am not sure where I leave off where you begin
is there a difference? here in these soft permeable membranes
(I) absorb (you)

you rise and lean over me
and plunge that spit-slick cock into my darkness

your mouth is on mine
and the taste on your mouth is of me
and the taste on my mouth is of you
and moaning mouth into mouth

and moaning mouth into mouth

I want you to fuck me
I want you to fuck me all the parts and places
I want you all of me

all of me

I want this, our bodies sleek with sweat
whispering, wailing, biting, sucking
I want the goodness of it, the way it wraps around us
and pulls us incredibly together
I want to come and come and come
with your arms holding me tight against you
I want you to explode that hot spurt of pleasure inside me
and I want to lie there with you
smelling the good smell of fuck that's all over us
and you kiss me with that aching sweetness
and there is no end to love

TULI KUPFERBERG

A BLACK & WHITE MANIFESTO
(Thoughts on the White Problem)

We are irresponsible, libertine, juvenile, outrageous & soft-on-communism.

We are for inter-course and against inter-marriage (we are against marriage.)

We are for dogs but against police-dogs.

We are for people but against police-people.

We are for the White Negro & against the Negro White.

We believe in relations between the races, especially sex relations.

We are against school integration because we are against schools. ("Free compulsory education!")

We are against the black hundreds (Black Muslims) & against the white hundreds (White Citizens Councils).

We are for desegregating the toilet facilities: i.e. make them open to both sexes & make them not ten cents! not five cents! but free!

We believe in toilet humor and in gallows humor because we spend a good part of our lives there. Free and open toilets! not like the NY Public Library where books are always free but it sometimes costs a dime to take a crap.

We are for Negro "vulgarity".

We are against White "gentility".

We are down to earth & up to heaven.

We are for more sex in the schools, the movies, the highways. Preferably between 2 or more people, preferably of different sex, race & national origin.

We believe that sex is not enough. That bread is not enough. That love is not enough. That life is not enough.

We believe in marches on Washington if they end in lays in Washington.

We believe in black bread but not in white bread.

We believe in black and white sodas from skim milk-whipped cream from liberated cows.

We believe in the vegetarian revolution & vegetables of all colors (excluding watermelon sold under pink lights).

We believe that race is more than skin deep: we believe that race is cock deep & cunt deep.

We believe in the more races the better.

We believe in the Super-race: that is the race to get laid.

Black is not enough; white is not enough
Black & white is not enough
Nothing is enough

We believe in broadening & deepening the Negro revolution until it becomes a White revolution.

We believe the Negroes are not moaning and groaning & being cursed, spit upon & killed for the right to wear a button down collar in the front of a Birmingham bus, but we believe they are going through their agony for the joy and beauty and dignity of the whole of life!

We believe in a free Africa. Not an Africa that imitates the worst features of White national bureaucracy & stupidity: police forces, armies & curtailment of civil liberties.

We believe in freedom now

We believe in fucking now

We believe in fucking as a weapon of love

Kiss the policeman!

Love the National Guard!

Fuck thine enemy!

PETER ORLOVSKY

Allen Jerking Off On Bed

Allen Ginsberg: Already? Get going.

Peter Orlovsky: Hands me his cig.

AG: ya want me to do it fast or slow, give me instructions.

PO: Do anything ya want.

AG: Its got to be a little 2 way, what kind of sex is that.

AG: Do anything ya want ya say, how about blowing me

PO: I got a cold saw.

AG: Will ya take it when I am ready to come.

PO: No, Because I dont like to take come.

AG: I dont like to jack off eather, except I do.

PO: I go for cig., Allen gives me his.

AG: Here.

PO: Powerful hand on cock

AG: Come on Peter, you'r condemning me to something awful dont ya realize.

PO: I look to see if hes come, I thought so by the sopcingness, we smile a eachother & wink eye, he with other hand tuches holds my thigh from under neath

AG: Babey dont let yr dog bight me.

PO: Allen gets up from bed, sits up to wipe come off his leg, puts his glasses on & starts to clean the white sheet.

PO: I go for my cig & drop it.

AG: Hay is yr cock alright.

PO: yeaha. Allen reads over my shoulder. I say "I guess thats about it hua."

AG: It felt mych more tragic than that. I thought that you were going to write down something awful that was going to look like a straining grasping fish on the bed.

AG: Did you type when you jerked off?

PO: No.

AG: Ya ought to try it done it some time man, its a gas.

AG: Well ya think we ought to go to bed.

PO: him him.

PO: Thats it, no added things to say.

AG: Ya got any edatorial comments.

PO: Yes, but sleep best I guess.

July 16, 61
Tangiers

MARY MAYO

THE DREAM OF THE STARVING BIRDS

After long delay I have entered
the room of the starving birds.

I bought a machine selling squirrels
and placed it in my room with
pigeons on perches
(their gentle, multicolored wings!),
little birds in cages asking to be fed,
a great black raven, and,
beyond my sight, another
larger bird.

Then I chanced them;
journeyed, left the room,
but I worried,
and soon I came back to feed them.

*

*

*

A sense of urgency has driven me
to take my plate of omelet upstairs.
Under my arm, a bag of bird seed.
I feed the noisy ones, the little birds, first;
then the pigeons who stay on their perches
reaching fledgeling beaks.
At first I feed them omelet with a fork.
The raven crosses the room for omelet.

I stuff the soft yellow down their bills
and hope it will keep them alive.
I glance at the machine.
I am guilty of its rotting dead.
But the Squirrels have turned also machine;
sterile; tumbled over in their plastic boxes,
their tails made of wire and copper sponge.
I dread them.

The big bird
stands behind me to my left,
undefined,
waiting to be found
while I give the birds
wild bird seed.

ROBERT NICHOLS

MESSAGE

you ask me how they keep walking
the Peace walkers
walking all the way from San Francisco etc
to Moscow
their message is too beautiful for me to encompass
in a poem

GOOD NEWS!

But as a metaphor let me point
to that long-legged woman over there
she's pregnant in shorts and sneakers
her bunched veins
like blue hyacinth petals or berry scratches
& she wears a nice cool peppermint striped blouse
well, now she's walking heavily from one side of
this small playground to the other
in the sun
and if she makes it
she will have taken as many steps as they
gone as many miles
down the same road

ROBERT NICHOLS

BAKHUNIN

I come from Peter and Paul Prison. I am a fat man.
My sister visited me there.

Prison of thick stones where did you hide me?
Prison famous throughout the world for its large stones
did you hide me deep
so that even the Neva with its ships

flowed over my head?
But I have torn loose like a tuft of moss
like an old spar of rigging!

Riga Pskov Grodno Lodz Stettin Leusanne
All you smoky stations
as I travelled across Europe in the opposite direction from Lenin
and much thinner

Open the heavy doors!
Break open the sealed boxcar and let me out
like an old elephant
who has come to perform at a circus in small town
I still have my loose skin
and enough bulk yet to raise tentpoles
I will amaze everyone by me great feats of strength
and compassion

Intoxicating anarchism!
Oh barricades bright with students and flags!
And you behind me prison with the heavy stones
where my sister visited me from our estate
remembering how I played to her on the balalaika
she who had no interest in politics
came to bring me wine
and one or two delicacies I liked
wrapped in a white napkin

DIANE WAKOSKI

Ordinary Poem, to Bob

(dedicated to Yvonne Rainer because I would like
to imitate her conception of form)

"Where does the rain come from?
Oceans are the chief sources of rain
but lakes and other sources of water also contribute to it.
The heat of the sun evaporates water into the atmosphere.
There it remains as invisible vapor until it is con-
densed, first into clouds, & then into raindrops.
This happens
when the air is cooled (see Clouds; evaporation; water)."
Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia
p. 88, Vol 12

Where does the sun come from?
You are the chief source of sun,
but when you are not around, thinking of you contributes to it.
If I were metaphysical
I could say that everything revolves around you
and that makes a system
but I am not metaphysical.

Where do you come from?
You come from history, as everyone
comes from history.
This happens
when the air is cooled (see History; evolution; man) and
rain is made
which comes from the sun
which is all of us
because we live for the sun.

When it is raining
we feel drops
sometimes.
Sometimes
we feel larger masses.
Sometimes we feel rain when it is raining
and sometimes we feel
lots of water
which we know is rain
but feels more like water
than rain.

When the sun is shining
we feel warm.
Sometimes we feel warmer.
Then we feel hot.
When we get very hot,
we start feeling wet.
This is not the wet feeling of rain
or even of larger masses of water.

This is the wet feeling of heat.
 Thus heat
 hotness
 or sun
 could be said to produce a certain feeling of water.
 Thus when the sun shines,
 we feel warm,
 then hot,
 then water.

Where does this water come from?
 Oceans are a chief source of rain.
 But this water we have already
 said
 is not rain.
 Rain is in drops,
 cool.
 Rain is ordinary.
 The sun is ordinary.
 You are ordinary.
 At least
 as ordinary as the rain or the sun
 But I don't think you are ordinary
 like
 this writing is
 or poems
 or the forms everything takes.
 Even my love for you is ordinary --
 at least as ordinary as
 rain or the sun.
 That is what I like best about
 it.
 I love you very much because you are not ordinary.

Where does love come from?
 Oceans are the chief source of rain
 but lakes and other sources of water also contribute to it.
 The heat of the sun evaporates rain into the atmosphere.
 There it remains as invisible until it is con-
 densed, first into clouds & then into raindrops.
 This happens
 when the air is cooled.

All of this about rain & sun should relate
 to love
 because they are all so ordinary

and it is ordinary for poets
 to make comparisons like this.
 But if you do not find relationships,
 that is ordinary too.
 Since, the sun is the sun.
 Rain is rain.
 And they all mean whatever they mean.

The end

JULIAN BECK

horse pimples
over the ring
lapped his asshole
that his body was admired
by a boy
popsided thinking rating an a in deportment
miniature carvings
the electric chair the throne of democracy
in memoriam all older people whose age is achievement
even adenauer the dirty old man
anything
moist prune pits saliva
potters field
all better than bombs and bullets
cunt lapping fart smelling cheating lying national dishonor and
pig fucking
are less than the gas chamber though it is painted green
there is no justice where there are prisons
it's that the long dishonest ladder
he who savors the smell of a ripe fart which brings an essence
of the inner wrapped up body into open space is not a
murderer
which i am when i do not stop the awful gallows now

JULIAN BECK

anarchy

a is for alice

n is for new

a is for another or also

r is for reefers rebirth and repose

c is for cock c is for cunt

h is for harvest

y is for you

JULIAN BECK

that the collective not be sacrificed to the individual
nor the individual to the collective

in the wisdom of greece no fruit only flowers

and better a slave of poverty than the minion of money o

capitalism laws without love reason without ravish love
without plenty

woe unto marxism that bloodies the streets with things for the

people idols with neckties economic reforms without balls
in my judaism a wall around the orchard

in the creation of life

the work of god and his partner

but how

1963 and no solution for an endline

faint scents from somewhere that it's there to be found

wait search

when i want to rush towards the scent which way it has the
of revolt

revolt

at least a situation to make the long work easier

JOHN KEYS

Impressions Taken from the Same Canteen.

the one side : Fort Saunders, Knoxville, Nov 29th

1863

the other : John M. Thompson, Co. B, 29th Reg

Mass Vols, 9th A.C., Fairhaven

so he'd gone that far to kill him
and bring home, because his own got
hot under the metal in the sun
the canteen;

Hodgkins' boy now has (& he 92 years)
hanging on his wall

in the old house #9 Western Ave.
where I have come into collision

with it;
he, Thompson, (& Hodgkins father), stooping
in some sad field

how they would always take the
wooden Confederate ones, made of cedar,

John Thom-
pson dead, you see, having taken it, then Hodgkins,
having thrown the axe away, rushed to Boston & joined
up, 4 years, 4 months, 18 days

ending up with the
sweet water

JOHN KEYS

ERIKSON

Great Point, Nantucket

Sept. 28 , 1903 a.d.

6 A.M.

+ or - one day .

13 hours of sunlight.

1 or 2 hours spent on Great Point
after sunrise.

5 hours to cross 19 nautical miles
from Great Point to Bass River.

S.W. wind may have driven them
4 knots, but no more.

At high tide, eastward
currents & then strongly
westwards at 2 knots.
Shortened the crossing by
15 minutes.

Low tide Bass River breakwater
occurs 6 hours & 43 minutes after
high tide at Great Point.

: Ships draft 3 to 3.5 feet.
Could have grounded Kill Pond Bar
to the East; Dogfish Bar to West.

4 hours to row 5.5 miles upstream

1.5 hours to steer to anchorage

1.0 hour
to build shelter

JOHN KEYS

lesson 2.

she is taking off her clothes
and indeed has put one of them,
draped one of them over
the waist-high amphora standing
beside her. She holds the
remaining garment up against
herself with her right hand
she looks like a woman
steading herself in the throes
of passion and as aphrodite
of Onidus is not the moon
in the sky nor Urania, but
is Pandemos
earthly and common love.

sea, death, war to the
Corinthians who called her
aphrodite Areia. Homer
names as her loving husband
Hephaestus, while some of
the old horney historians give
her to Ares and she IS
accompanied by Passion as

JOHN KEYS L.A.M.F.

lesson 2 -page 2-

the aphrodite of Cnidus clearly
shows us, a woman steadying
herself and IS attended by
the CHARITIES and sparrows
& doves about her cold stone
are especially sacred to her
and the ram and the rabbit and
the dolphin and the turtle
and the swan and unto her

roses, myrtle

and from me

apples

JIM STANDISH

three poems from the MUSHROOM POEMS

softer could hail burn like woman's hair
electrified if umber blend
or river turn stark green in blue-damp lair
or come or leave all thunder
in love in joyous gentlest plunder
no sacred rite or numbered end

never did coal yearn by cool desire
of ecstasy though winter fled
or suppler limb's hard sheen give only fire
now steel now living member
will bleed will brightly down december
one face to see or slender head

rather should world spin while none is here
but black leaf dyed by lover's hand
or afternoon far seen while sailing near
o come now living tender
in love will brightest joyance render
and never know but understand

ten winds wander green and wild
they lie so lightly unbeguiled
whether whiling or becoming
driven by a darker drumming
a starker cithern never strummed
where all ten winds were green and smiling

seven rivers run and yield
they laugh so lithely unrevealed
winter wheeling and reforming
still before the somber storming
on orange oceans sweetly warmed
were seven rivers onward reeling

nine rains plunder blue and cold
they light so lonely on the wold
under tolling carpels climbing
riven by a newer rhyming
a sooner thought and hope unchimed
where all nine rains were blue and rolling

ancient women washing cool blind shores
of green stones running over stars
on sweat-drowned bodies without pores
 where no one comes but tigers deep
 in darkest wood-carved icons sleep
holding wombs unwashed in cruel kind whores

any orange time in some brown place
their bowl-shaped bellies under glass
these long wet tatters of grey lace
 in farthest dung-filled valleys sleep
 where cowards slumber thighs may weep
molding lips and eyes on my dumb face

angry purple sores in love's red eyes
will fall like rats on rotted knees
below green bellies who will rise
 and ancient women washing tigers weep
 for cowards who in sweat-filled valleys deep
slumber snore and fart beneath white skies

HARRY FAINLIGHT

O LONDON

PART I

1

Their secret secretes faint indiscretions
As an animal its scent.
By infinitesimal recognitions
They are hunted and hunt.

A glance's swift affiliation
Is tacit consent to this relation's
Cessed, incestuous event.

2

Like a bubble long clinging to the bottom
suddenly breaking to the surface
the face
of some long forgotten
before unsuspected acquaintance
is glimpsed bobbing among the others in a urinal.

Speculate: in a dead man's brain
how many millions of secrets shall be left
for the bacteria to unpick?

3

Divided off by porcelain,
United by the common gulley,
I stand among a row of men.
A child could tell there's something funny.

Beneath a dripping cistern, eyes
Dart like rare fish; each making off
With snapped-up morsels of surmise.
What brings me there? A polite cough

Must be my answer here, dear readers.
Like them, to try and make the stupid
Thing remember, I shake my piece
of raw, unsnipped-off navel-cord.

Perhaps it finally has forgot.
My neighbor grows impatient; leaves.
The rest of us still face the wall
Like prisoners waiting to be shot.

4

He took me to his room-- a box,
Threes cases stacked up on the wardrobe;
Said that he was moving soon;

Made unsuccessful love; gazed at me;
Said I was just the sort of person
He would love to live with;

Told me at the most I looked eighteen.
We dressed then, straightened up before the mirror;
He an ageing failure, I a faded queen.

5

The sphincter-spasm sharp, unbearable, yet the pain
Opening the mind wider than the flesh can open;
And through that opening pouring in the flood
On which the whole body is borne helplessly away...

Stroke by stroke both mind and body now become
That single learning wound I am.

6

COCKSUCK'S SONG

He has hardly gone
yet his sperm on me
has dried to an old man's skin.
--In that intensity's span
its lives lived thro so swiftly.

On my lips dead futures
start to sing.

7

A BRIDE

In bed with the stranger who had picked him up,
He lies awake in the dark;
How calmly happy he is feeling.

Thrown by the pattern of holes in the top
Of an old-fashioned paraffin stove, a magic
Cathedral window glows on the ceiling.

8

Hollow-feeling, empty of sleep and as yet un-
breakfasted,
From an already forgotten stranger's bed
I stumble out into an unfamiliar part of the town.

So dazzlingly greeted. The sunlight's sudden re-
cognition breaking
Across a row of houses I have never seen;
These shoppers remote as if some distant generation.

World, empty of me as I am of you now,
Let me ask of you nothing.
All now seems possible. O let me nothing ask.

PART II

9

Never has this nightly faring forth
Brought anything but sterile solitude.
Yet still I abandon for it each known good;
By a molten iron core am led,
Night-marching, to a frozen North.

10

Stiff, clerkly, he swept by me.
Staring straight ahead strangely;
Leaving the urinal for the fifth or sixth
Time that night and still alone.

He who probably for years had rejected
This last, most despised of all releases,
Now himself by it to be rejected
Surely must almost craze.

Fearing for him, I followed;
Yet stung only further by my pity
He would not stop. Since that night
I have not seen him again.

11

GAY BAR

So this is the bottom of the pool I drowned in.
Yet still there are mirrors;
That bloated shape that's shifting's mine.

12

EPILOGUE

The mouth of some washed-up deep sea creature,
The sphincter gapes open darkly;
Cold as the buttocks it touches, the instrument
Enters, expands, telescopes and withdraws.

"The pathologist in his examination found
Recent indications of unnatural behavior."

HERBERT HUNCKE

The Party

Friday evening- last week began a strange course of events. It in all probability was a culmination point. The entire day carried an aura of the unusual and as evening began- late afternoon- about 5 o'clock- returning from an errand- where I work- I walked in on Janine- sitting doing calligraphy- her legs crossed- head bent low- a huge carpetbag by her side. She was wearing heels- silken stockings- a very pale blue and light beige colored frock- designed to fit tightly thru the bodice- a round low neckline- semi puffed sleeves- short- above the elbows- and a skirt- extremely full and circular- short- exposing the leg to above the knees. She owns a dilapidated straw hat- she wears constantly- perched at a rakish angle- dipped slightly over one eye- her hair caught into some kind of simple style- tucked up beneath the crown- her ears partially covered- the tops and the lower section uncovered. Her presence startled me. She looked up at me- smiled and quickly glanced downward again. I spoke to her- quickly- telling her we would leave immediately. I finished speaking with Roger- who suggested I spend the weekend as I pleased- and report back for work on Monday.

I was sure Janine was holding a solution of amphetamine and was anxious to turn on. She had some vague idea about cashing checks. The plan was completely obscure and we ended walking- 14 teenth street- 7th ave- Sheridan Square. We stopped in a diner- for coffee- ice cream and a piece of pastry. We both turned on shots of amphetamine- I went into the men's room first and then she went into the lady's room- leaving- strolling-talking- finally taking a cab to 34th st- continuing to walk and talk over toward the east side- across Park Ave- over to third ave- down 3rd- eventually deciding to ride back downtown- to see Freuda- John Wieners. It was a truly great evening and Janine had been open- talking- explaining much of what previously only confused me. The running around from spot to spot- observing the night- speaking of each other- of people - love- Bill Heinie- Victor- Peter- Fernando. At last reaching the loft where Fernando began making decided announcements about the immediate future. Telling Janine it had become necessary to vacate the loft and that he was turning over a new leaf. No more drugs. He was leaving the scene until he felt he had regained strength to resume painting. The atmosphere was tense and I began feeling my fatigue intensely. Speaking briefly with Janine- suggesting she consider returning home to Jersey for a short while- feeling it better I depart- I bid goodnight and began walking over toward the east side- intending to return to John Wieners and sleep. My eyes felt heavy and my skin had become a shroud of exposed nerve ends- quivering & undulating waves of sensitivity. My mouth was extremely dry- and I felt I was oozing musk. My walk took me through a short span of Washington Square- up toward University Place- then over to 8th Street and on 8th Street until it becomes St. Marks at 3rd Ave. Where I encountered a young man named Joe who had been introduced to me as a connection for practically anything from pot-

goofballs, amphetamine, pills of various kinds and heroin. He was sitting at the foot of some steps leading up into a house- partly given over to a small theatre group- a huge sign- in shades of lavender- with white lettering partially covering one side of the front-. We greeted each other and he asked me if I was interested in copping. I said I was providing there wouldn't be a big hassle. He said there wouldn't be- that- as a matter of fact he was waiting- to get in touch with his man- or one of his boys- at the very moment- that he was going into the house where a party was under way- in order to pick up a couple of his friends- maybe stay a few minutes- and then cut to where his man would undoubtedly be on the scene. He suggested I join him in visiting the party- arguing- against my immediate rejection of the idea. I explained- I dislike parties- particularly- if I am unacquainted with the people- also- I was much too tired- in fact- exhausted to even think about it- but I didn't mind waiting on the steps- while he went in- took care of whatever business he had in mind. We argued for several minutes and finally he decided to go in without me. He pushed the doorbell and was admitted- while I settled down comfortably on the steps to wait. It was a warm almost sultry night- and people were stirring about the streets listlessly. A couple of spade cats cut by- a woman- rather strangely dressed- wearing several strands of beads around her neck- and several bracelets on her arm- she seemed annoyed with as she passed. She shook her arm rather violently and then began adjusting the bracelets with her hand- first taking a huge handbag she was carrying- and placing it firmly up under her arm pit- pressing it against her body as occupied as she was with her jewelry- hand bag- and putting herself aright- she did look at me- sharply- quickly glancing away as our eyes met. Several taxis passed. I was just beginning to feel relaxed- and enjoying my freshly lighted cigarette- when my name was called out- and looking upward- there was my acquaintance leaning out one of the upper windows. He called down for me- to come on in- and join the scene. Several of the cats he wanted to see were milling around- and it was pointless for me to sit outside. "Come on man- don't be drag- fall in. We wont stay long. I want to make a couple of phone calls. Then straight away to the man." Suddenly it did seem pointless my sitting outside and I agreed to join him.

I climbed the steps and as I reached the top- the door buzzer began sounding and I opened the door and stepped in.

A lovely- tear drop shaped- crystal chandelier hung in the center of the entrance hall. The floor was painted a bright venetian red. One wall consisted nearly completely of an inset mirror. A great wide- gracious appearing stair case led upward to the upper regions of the house. I began mounting the stairs and my friend- began calling down to me- telling me to come up- man- keep climbing- it is up here at the top. Finally reaching him- he began telling me - we wouldn't stay long- there wasn't any pot- three girls who rented the house- were giving the party- some of his best friends were there- but there were innumerable people he didn't know- we could have a can of beer- not to worry- we would cut out soon.

I had little opportunity to observe the general plan of the house- getting a quick impression of many rooms- and doors- little

side staircases leading even further upward and in one instance the impression of a split level room. There were people everywhere- in groups- standing alone- sitting on floors- chairs- chests- in couples- some making love- some laying back in each others arms. Several girls were clustered around a phonograph- listening in rapt attention to a Lena Horn rendition of some torch song. Beer cans were scattered in every direction. Upon first encountering the full blast of this gathering of people- I was immediately conscious- of the youth of everyone. I didn't at any time before departing see the entire crowd at once but I am sure there was no one over twenty five years of age.

As people became aware of my presence- I became exceedingly uncomfortable. There were no friendly faces- no smiles of welcome- no pleasant greetings and worse- an increasing awareness of me- so that at one point I am quite sure I was being stared at- by thirty or forty pairs of eyes- all registering open curiosity- hostility- and rejection. All this before any one had spoken to me- heard my name- knew for sure I was alive- and not an animated dummy- somehow being dragged into their midst- for their amusement.

The scene was kaleidoscopic and I was surprised when suddenly one of the girls- took form- looking at me with great paranoia filled eyes- then calling sharply to my friend- "Please Joe- let me speak to you"- pulling him after her into a small side room.

My whole feeling was of being trapped- and of somehow escaping as soon as possible. I half turned toward the door through which we had entered to discover- several young guys- standing in a group- obviously discussing me. Almost in front of the door. My mind was beginning to whirl- sending out thoughts- reactions- impressions- feelings of fear- confusion- like the sputtering sparks of a pen wheel.

I was standing in a reception hall with rooms opening off in three directions. Several people had gathered in the room- two half reclining against a chest of drawers- occupying the largest wall. Two young men were standing in between two of the doorways. I had crossed the room around these people and was just about to follow the young woman and Joe. They had gone just beyond the third doorway and I could hear the girl- whispering in excited rushes of heavy breath- to Joe- who would make some mumbled reply. Somehow feelings of guilt swept over me- and for the moment I believed it necessary to speak to the girl explaining- my desire to leave- my not having wanted to invade the party- in the first place. Just as I was about to follow into the room after them- they reappeared and I immediately began talking to the girl- telling her- I wanted to leave and would do so at once. She became intensely embarrassed- blurting out some statement- about my being- alright- I should stay- I wasn't to feel uncomfortable- etc... Joe kept interrupting her to assure me everything was great- stay a little while- he was going to speak with his buddies- it would take only a few minutes- then we would go. Meanwhile the girl slipped past me- disappearing into the group in the main room.

Suddenly one of the cats near the door we had entered through- spoke up- looking contemptuously at me- saying- "You are fucked up man." At first I was surprised at his rudeness and his language and then I was annoyed- annoyed with the whole stinking mess- plus the utter stupidity of this opinionated ape- who stood looking so righteous- mouthing words- he didn't even understand at me- some one he had never set eyes on- before- "What exactly- do you mean by fucked-up?" I asked him. "Perhaps- you will explain." "Oh you know- man- fucked up." Just then one of the other fellows standing near- moved over toward me- saying- "What's your name." I told him my name- and he repeated it after me- saying- "Hunke- what kind of a name is that?" I spelled it for him explaining it is German. "German"- he almost screeched at me- "German- a lousy Nazi. Well man- I'm a Jew. It was you bastard Germans sent my grandmother - grandfather- the relatives of my friends to the gas chambers." My whole being filled with sadness and the only thought I could formulate in my conscious mind- was- that it was tragic he would use anything as crude as racial hatred as means of inflating his ego- in the presence of his friends and as a means of attempting to humiliate me. I was so completely stymied- all I could think to say was- "Wow man- how old are you."

Gradually during this exchange several more people were now crowding the doorways. Everyone was talking at once and I was really frightened- I was to be at the least severely beaten. Yet- I wasn't entirely alone. Looking around me- I became aware of four or five young cats gathering around Joe- who looked at me with warmth and understanding. Obviously the friends Joe had come to see. Beautiful young men- who quickly began introducing themselves- Richie- Don- John- Bert- telling me not to pay any attention to these other people. Calling for beer- trying to ease the tension a little.

Still my belligerent acquaintance- was not to be stopped. Raising his voice- he began saying- "This party needs more girls. I want more girls." Looking at me he said- "What do you want more of?" My response was immediate- "Peace"- I said- "peace."

"Peace- he replied- peace shit- what you want more of is boys with nice long joints. I know what you are- you're a fag. That's what you are a goddamned fag."

Joe- and Richie both spoke up- saying man you're crazy- Hunke's no fag.- wow- how wrong can you get. I was utterly speechless.

Unable to say anything- seething with self loathing because I didn't raise my hands to this man- who dared try and belittle and degrade me. Yet also aware of pity for this sick- insecure- in all probability frustrated homosexual.

Meanwhile positions had been shifted and Joe was now at the door holding it open calling his friends- saying come on- Hunke lets split."

Perhaps the very act of our making an exit at that particular moment helped avert what might very easily have been a slam bang free for all. I was glad to leave. Glad to be free from what had threatened to be a violent display. I was rather shocked to think

my appearance alone could be the cause of so devastating a situation One filled with hate and paranoia.

On the street with Joe and his friends- listening to their discussion of what had happened and why- I regained my composure.

Joe- was full of explanations- about how square they all were- just school kids- trying to come on- like men of the world- showing off in front of their girls. Richie- was a bit more perceptive in my opinion- saying that- obviously- it wasn't all me- part of it being- Joe- and some of his unpredictable escapades of the past- the girls knew of and some of the fellows- and the fear- he had planned to louse up their evening somehow by bringing in a complete outsider.

We all went back to the Village to Mac Dougal St. near the Fat Black Pussy Cat where we hung around until Joe- made my connect for me. I left him and his friends- still talking about ways & means of evening up the score at the party.

Walking along- alone- thinking about all that had happened- I realized I should have been capable in some manner of having spread understanding and trust- a sense of peace. I was filled with shame because it had not been in my power- or if it had been- I had not recognized the way- to use the ability- to open their eyes- to beauty.

--

NEILSON BARR

love poem

comb fragility from your hair
as your white steel breasts break the contours
of silvered glass/
let your mouth move me over rooftops of rain-
dip
gently infinitely, tongue of rose/
nail me
to a cross of down/

A Bouquet of Fuck You's

offering # 9

I tell you come up out of the land of bondage & it shall make you a free people! / lance the following scabs that the corrupting pus may flow as disappearing rivulets into the greedy sand of goodness / foolish men kill their oppressors -- wise men fuck them & forget them /

Fuck you to all slumlords - crabbies of the poor - blood suckers in the spare flesh of widows and orphans - destroyers of the health of unfortunates - may the frustrations of the starved break about your greedy heads as the searing fire!

Fuck you to the minions of the internal revenue service - pea-brained bureaucrats - offal swilling priestlings of Mammon - dealers in the bodies of creative men - may you lower-than-whale-shit judases choke on the 30 pieces of silver you got for selling the Living Theater! /

Fuck you to the American Medical Association - lusts after the almighty Yankee dollar - profiteers in the people's misery - intense groppers up countless assholes - shit samplers posthumously collecting their fees extracting the gold fillings of the aged / medicare socialism - heap bad for medicine man - taken wampum out of pocket - put in pocket of poor - igh!

TOTAL ASSAULT ON THE CULTURE!

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PETER ORLOVSKY is the very gentle poet, dicker, & riffer on the bent. **ALLEN GINSBERG** is a countersquirt martian cock agent for the Order of the flaming Belly. **GROPE VECTORS** JULIAN'S BOOK. MUSTLE FROM INTERIM BOOKS

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OUR LADY OF THE SONGS AND VISIONS OF THE SHRILLING JOY-CUNT.

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ONWARD!

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A FISH-QUEEN VECTOR
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