

FUCK YOU/
A MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS
dedicated, spewed, ejaculated, stomped, freaked, & zapped
in the name of

pacifism, Nat'l Defense Thru Nonviolent Resistance, THE DIVINE TREMBLING
CROUCH LAKE OF THE UNIVERSE, JOY-SPURTS IN THE COSMOS, the witness of the
flaming Ra-cock, the LSD Communitarian, Dopelaw Defiance, Acapulco Gold, Pan-
amanian Red, Honduras Brown, Westchester Ace, Ducks County Mauve, Light
Green Iowa Aperitif, The Council of the Madmen in Amenti, The Hordes of
Guerilla Lovefare Open Assault Freak-stompers, lower east side mishuganas,
Submarine Boarders, and all those groped by J. Edgar Hoover in the silent
halls of Congress.

FUCK YOU/
the magazine read by
TOE QUEENS!



FUCK YOU/ a magazine
of the ARTS
number 5
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1964

CHARLES
OLSON

JOHN
WIENERS

ROBERT
CREELEY

ROBERT
KELLY

ALLEN
GINSBERG

HARRY
FAINLIGHT

ROBERT
DUNCAN

JUDITH
MALINA

WILLIAM
BURROUGHS

MICHAEL
McCLURE

CARL
SOLOMON

GARY
SNYDER

PHILIP
WHALEN

GREGORY
CORSO



cover by
Robert LaVigne

A FUCK YOU



POSITION PAPER

RESISTANCE AGAINST

GOON SQUADS

'we're being attacked by creeps!'

--a times square Toe Queen

Shriek! Shriek! The Goon Squads are loose! We are motherfucking tired of the brickout of books, movies, theatre groups, dope freaks, Times Square gobble scenes, poetry readings, night club acts, etc. in New York. The Department of Licenses, the freaks in the various prosecutors offices, the nazis, the fascists, et al., have joined psychoses for a Goon Stomp. Poets have been bricked out of their readings-- Leñny Bruce puked from MacDougal street-- Theatres raided-- Actors freaked-- Grove Press zapped by creeps! Coffee houses harassed-- film makers censored-- dreamy eyed loiterers & hustlers seized & humiliated-- & even the Times Square dance hall scenes have been stomped! Their motives, particularly those of the prosecutors and the lawyers in the Dept of Licenses, seem to be a) self-aggrandizement, focusing the eyes of the press on themselves in order to groove up politically, b) the whenever-I-hear-the-word-culture-I-want-to-reach-for-my-gun syndrome, & c) the low budget, low payoff scene. We don't give a frozen rat dick how brilliant Police Commissioner Murphy is or how effective the Supreme Court is, or even how liberal Mayor Wagner is, when all over N.Y. we are getting slimed off the set! If a city or state official lacks a very liberal sensitivity toward sex, cocksucking, dope & welfare, then the fuckhate should be zapped off the set. It's hard not to be bitter against thest jive motherfucking "vice crusaders farhting through silk" waving their penny whistle censor's flags. The lowliest shoe shine hustler creep mishugana on times square is worth more to a society than all the Calvinist lawyers in Departments of Licenses, all state film censors, all the gelded or armored-over fugitives from the vanishing asshole of the void!

There has been great discussion of the New Freedom in the Arts. The facts are that the old line totalitarian fuckhaters, those who shudder at the thought of a guiltless freak-cock grooved into a moist cunt or trembling mouth, but love it when a bazooka blasts off the head of a gook in South Vietnam, ARE STILL IN POWER!! Shit! A man can't even hustle on Times Square without fuzz harassment, arbitrary search & seizure, degrading attacks on ones sexual orientation, etc. Good grief! Must we form a Citizens Times Square Gobble Protection Civil Liberties Patrol to protect the personal liberties of the gentle Broadway gobblers!?

Resistance to the Goon Squads has been sporadic & sometimes effective, but more often the poets & artists have adopted the Cockroach Retreat Rule #2 of Guerilla Lovefare & retired to the lower east side to get high. However, Allen Ginsberg, with his golden gift tongue of Thoth,

in high level behind-the-scenes conferences, by infinite phone calls, manipulations, freaks, fucks & gropes, has managed to cool the scene for poetry readings in restaurants & coffee houses & has rallied support in the city council and Reform movement toward rewriting New York's oppressive coffee house law. His Lenny Bruce petition, signed by everyone from Lower East Side dope moguls to the Richard Burtons, is a fantastic collage of a new commitment to artistic freedom.

In an exclusive interview with the Fuck You/ Editorial Board, the Brigadier Cockspurt of the N.Y. Guerilla Assault Corps, Generalissimo Allen Ginzap, has ejaculated a few freak-beams of advice for guerill lovefare stompers. When asked about tactics in street demonstrations where the Goon Squads have blown their cool, Ginsberg replied:

"If you don't emanate hostility, the chances of being noted by Goon Squads is lowered considerably but not entirely.

Carry movie cameras & tape machines to protect yourself from official undeserved Goon Squad violence. If you're occupied taking pictures of the cop hitting you it's self-evident court proof that the cop should be bounded from his job.

I still think Gentle Mass Movements on Times Square could end the Vietnam war. (Violence gives them an excuse to ban demonstrations)

Every time I go out on a march, the adrenalin runs through my body making me afraid. I can handle it all I've got to face is the hostility of the cops, but the hostility rising out of the middle of the mob I'm in completely confuses me so that I just want to run away."

& when hotly groped by the Editorial Board for a Ginsbergian Blueprint for resistance, the Generalissimo puked:

"Register & vote.

Come on to your representatives like a self righteous citizen, it seems to pack weight.

If you're abused, write a clear self righteous citizens letter to the newspapers, send a copy to the local authorities & to the mayor.

Either get a personal lawyer or get connections with some specific legal aid body or get the number of a lawyer & cover your activities in advance by knowing the laws & their legal implications.

If you smoke pot, suck cock, shoot junk, march in the street, or talk dirty, know what the legal ground rules are, & protect yourself in advance.

All the energy that goes into injustice collecting, vague cultural complaints, putdown sneery conversations, & bad poetry could, without psychic loss, be switched over to lucid concrete self-protective or mutual-protective action.

5 minutes spent looking at the technicalities of the Stop & Frisk law are as charming as an hour's romantic griping about it in paranoiac bathrooms."

OK, ALL MOTHERFUCKING LOVEFARE EJACULATORS!!!! FORWARD, WITH MIND-DIALS POINTING TO GOON RAIDS! ZAP! ZAP! TOTAL ASSAULT ON THE GOON CULTS! Our resistance is love, peace, freak-beam probing, high level groping of political liberals & reformers, love-freaking with sympathetic reporters, cackle strategem dope meetings, & direct confrontations. THE RULE IS: USE ALL TRUTHFUL NONVIOLENT TACTICAL GUERRILLA LOVEFARE WEAPONS AGAINST THE GOON SQUADS!-

Bleep Bloop Bleep! Find out who the officials are behind the censorship or stompout: why? political reasons? personal? Robert Moses? Acting under own initiative or from citizen complaint? Zap! -- Get his background (reform leaders & reporters invaluable in supplying lowdown on censor types) ZAP ZAP-- try to get some leading statements out of him or them, possible use in quotes--- a well timed well placed squawk-call to a bureaucrat will sometimes ward off the nazis-- Remain calm, approach the bureaucracy while it's still jelly-- calm talks with the jelly blob-- the creeps harden quickly when hostility is proffered. -- set up a phone campaign (the old Doc Humes 25X25 scene, with a list of 25 city officials, 25 people each calling a few a day on an issue-- makes appearance of phone flood of 625 irate citizens-- bleep bleep! If it's the FBI that's bugging you, set up an F.B.I. newsletter & tell all, or a Dept of Licenses newsletter, etc. -- document your story. get ALL the facts.-- Get a press list & send out press releases - join hands with sympathetic reporters & news outlets--- figure out exact program! Onward! ATTACKED BY CREEPS! On the offensive, MOOOOOTHERRRR-FUUUUUUUCKERS!! We defy all censors, fuzz, goon squads! we're going to eat at their foundations, weaken them, lessen them, most of all we're going to stir their armored-over repressed psyches with the hot breath of our love, pour hot hardon blood into their pricks, caress their wives & daughters to enter their brains with flares spewing loveliness!

AND AS FOR THE NEW FREEDOM.....

KEEP HUMMING!

We shall not be free until we can fuck in the streets or anywhere under the Rays of Ra, until all gentle AC-DC gobble cadets can suck cock, grope or bugger in total leisure anywhere, until we can smoke our hashish, or snort the energetic freak powders under our own judgement all over the universe!

MUSHROOMS!

And what's all this horseshit about "clinical investigations & calibrated study" of the hallucinogens! Turn the flip-mixtures loose! Why should a bunch of psychologists hog all the highs? FREEDOM FOR HALLUCINOGENS!!

WELFARE CHISELING!!!

At the very base of the Coming Freedom is the right for the young space cadet to do nothing in the universe, ABSOLUTE LEISURE to enjoy the oozy ejaculations of a total machine civilization for NOTHING. Ultimate welfare chisellers! Gentle dreamy-eyed smokers, snorters, lovers, poets, madmen, moviemakers, fucking & stuffing thru peals of FreakFuck in the Ooze Machine! In this line, we anxiously await

a shriek-sheet being prepared by GARY SNYDER on the future of the family unit & on the societal significance of mass bunch punching, group screwing & orgeia.

GRASS!

STOMP OUT THE MARIJUANA LAWS FOREVER!! CANNABIS is a gentle non-addictive benevolent peace drug! The marijuana legislations were pushed thru in the 1930's by the agents and goonsquads of the church-mafia manichaeen fuckhaters' conspiracy. All grass Cadets arise! Begin squawking! Protest the grass laws! SMOKE FOR PEACE!

SCHMAZ!


OK, suckos! give us sane, humane, narcotic laws, a laboratory, & a few green houses & we'll solve a major portion of N.Y.'s theft problem. Until heroin is placed under the jurisdiction of the medicine men & pharmacists at sane prices, & taken away from the mafia-church coalition, from the haters, sadists & police, until then the junk snorters & all the gentle dreamy eyed mainliners are condemned to live from hustle to hustle, & motherfuckers, you are going to get burned & robbed!

ABSOLUTE FREEDOM FOR BOOKS & MOVIES!

There has to be a 10 year timetable for fucking & sucking in the movies. When THE FEELIES arrive we MUST have the social conditions set up for audience film-fucking. How much better Rock Hudson & Doris Day rimming & blowing each other under the eyes of the cosmos rather than these hesitant bedroom gigglings & frustrated grope movies.

Meanwhile, Philip Lamantia's beautiful:

I
sing beauty
of bodyTOUCH
with my
muse
BLUE GRACE

stands as a measure of joy against all these nazi dingleberries & censors. And as for the struggle against the old order, KEEP HUMMING! TOTAL ASSAULT ON THE CULTURE! & remember: the Egyptian hieroglyph for asshole was : may that be the new symbol for all Goon Squad freaks on the set (not that there's anything ungroovy about an asshole to anyone, except the creeps) & may we dissolve their hatred with our freak-beam flesh probes, O Ra,

may their lives be turned to magnificence,
& may the lines of torture disappear everywhere under the Disc,
may all bodies love together ONWARD IN THE

FLESH EXPRESS!

JoY Spurts! Onward! Love Raids!
ALL EYES OPEN, ALL HEARTS!

170

ADVERTIZEMENTS

★ ★ WANTED ★ ★

Orgiasts for the movie, AMPHETAMINE-HEAD now being shot on location in the Lower East Side. Scenes being filmed require large number of grope specialists, especially young lady snapping pussy for snoog-freaking. Also needed: a hugely titted female with wild eyes & long hair for a comedown I NEED COCAINE jump out the window scene. All interested please contact Ed Sanders on the East side.

★ Shriek ★ ORGY FREAKS ★ Shriek ★

★ mimeo needed ★ mimeo needed ★
The FUCK YOU/ press is desperately in need of a new mimeograph machine, electric if possible. Our old hand crank speed-o-print has about printed its last issue. Or, if someone could puke up an offset or multilith, we'd be able ejaculate 1000's of copies of the mag & in a more permanent format.
adv ★ adv ★ adv ★ adv ★ adv ★ adv ★

adv ★ Bach scene for Phil Whalen ★ adv
From a letter to the fuck you/ Editorial Board: "...As I told Alvin Ginsberg & Jonathan Williams & all the others who have inquired, find me a patron to send me an electric organ & the 8 volume set of the Complete Organ Works of J.S. Bach (G. Schirmer & Co., N.Y.C.). I think it's much easier to get THINGS than money in USA... & I like to make music, & I'm too old to run up & down North Beach any more, I stay home all the time." Support genius!

Freak out an organ!

adv ★ Phil ★ Organ ★ Whalen ★ Bach ★ adv ★

adv ★ adv ★ adv ★ adv ★ adv ★ adv ★ adv ★

New Fuck You/press titles:

DESPAIR, a collection of comedown poems by Paul Blackburn, John Keys, Szabo!

Ted Berrigan, Al Fowler, Ed Sanders, & Harry Fainlight, MF. July 1964

THE TOE QUEEN POEMS, by Ed Sanders, Tillie the Toe Queen freaks through times square & the Island. July 1964

SADE SUIT, by Jackson MacLow

THE WORD IS LOVE, poems by Lenore Sandel & Aphrodite Kallipugos.

AUTOMATIC PILOT, BY Claude Pelieu (in association with CITY LIGHTS BKS)

& BUGGER, an anthology of anal erotic, pound cake, & cornhole poetry.

adv ★ adv ★ adv ★ adv ★ adv ★ adv ★ adv ★

TAYLOR MEAD, LTD

New York's only DOWNTOWN COCK CLINIC specializing in personalized blowjobs, love rubs, whip scenes, golden showers, discipline stomps, circlesucks, "et cetera"

ATTENTION FOOT FREAKS!

TIGER TAYLOR

is pleased to announce that the Clinic is now staffed with

a stunning selection of

TOE QUEENS !

★ Help Wanted ★ Help Wanted ★ Help ★
Girl Friday young lady snapping pussies needed for various FUCK YOU/press projects-- proofreading, stencil typing, letter work, grass weighing, editorial prick-riffing, mimeo work, collating, calming jittery poet cocks, etc. Help is needed at once. An immediate gratification salary: all the grass they can smoke, love, madness, & infinite editorial grope scenes. Prospective Flame Steaks shld see Ed Sanders in the Lower East Side.
Help Wanted ★ furburgers ★ Help Wanted

PUBLIC NOTICE

In the tradition of Samuel Beckett & Ezra Loomis Pound, who were the secretaries of famous stompers, the one for James Joyce & the other for W. Butler Yeats, we advertise for a battery of secretaries, helpers, & gobble assistants for Allen Ginsberg, who is running his New York Conspiracy almost alone on sheer guts, sperm & golden phone babbling. Please all Ganymedes spurt forward for phone work, manuscript preparation, letter writing, gobble rehabilitation, note taking, press release zapping, faga chanting, publishing projects, dope scenes, public campaigns, & Goon Squad Resistance. (NOTE: one does not have to be a cock-gobbler, bugger captive, or white slave boy to be useful in the Ginsbergian conspiracy. ALL can help.) Please contact Allen Ginsberg in the lower east side.
adv ★ adv ★ boy thursdays ★ adv ★ adv ★

JOHN WIENERS!!!

THE IMPERATRICE

who sits supreme above all human ecstasy.
With the nine star circle of dominion about
her head.

And the crown of heaven atop it.

Who falls not but our smoke

is an incense to her eyes and our acts held in the claws
of the falcon on her right hand.

Sceptre, and pole, cross and globe at her left.

Lily growing out of her hip.

And half moon crushed to a quarter
under her bare foot.

Lady of the blue

robe. Scent of sperm

a cloud of devotion to her nostrils. And the pale
wings of heaven behind
her back.

Difficult image, hazy to the mind,
out of focus

the description inadequate
to the infinity inherent in her action
of sitting on a throne
or pillared seat.

Through the ages, number 3
girdled in gold.

Or with the objects of eternity
about her and
on display
for our eyes worn out with love.

JOHN WIENERS

Confession

It is Friday night, a lone bird hollers
in the sky. And there is desire here
in my heart to go to town and mingle
with the crowds.

Sailors in white suits, barflies
and B-girls at the lower end
of Washington Street. I remember
Wednesday afternoon when we walked

in the sun and heard the girl singing
Stormy Weather. Mere description
but spirit of the night, teach us
to bear despair.

As the dark spreads out
its blot against the sky, or day
becomes night, the lassitude and
apathy increase

until at last there is left only
the moon in the devil's eye, and key
his crotch to divinity. Divulge to us
the secret whereby we may become

stars and glow in the night
with a brightness of our own.
In his left hand he holds
a cone of flame in a saucer.

In his right a torch.
Two devils pay him homage
at the foot of his pedestal.
One touching a gold hoof.

Bare breasts, the breasts of a woman
Bat wings, but more the wings of a griffin
Goat's face with beard and cow ears.
He is Lucifer, supreme.

And to him I implore the light
to transmit the flame he holds
and lighten our days, not with drugs
but a divine halo to show his eyes.

JOHN WIENERS

6.8 And if to die is to move
from the ugliness of this world
then let it be; should I
welcome spring; turn summer down, and fall

from my hands; the serpent's slow unwinding,
agate eyes, and blue bushes now
in flower; spice smells undo the lament
of tree leaves on the cement.

But if this cannot be
then let it die with the singing
of one lone bird, at twilight
crook the hand, crawl over, cover us with leaves.

JOHN WIENERS!!

Le Chariot

A flame burns in the morning.
It is the empty bag of horse

That carries the sun across the sky
And lights the love that blinds your eye.

It turns the night to infinite noon.
Changes the course of the unearthly moon

To ride in your heart instead of heaven.
This is the card that reads as seven.

(reprinted from SEMINA 7.
grotes of thanks to Wally Berman)

ROBERT CREELEY

SOMETHING

I approach with such
a careful tremor, always
I feel the finally foolish

question of how it is,
then, supposed to be felt,
and by whom. I remember

once in a rented room on
27th street, the woman I loved
then, literally, after we

had made love on the large
bed sitting across from
a basin with two faucets, she

had to pee but was nervous,
embarrassed I suppose I
would watch her who had but

a moment ago been completely
open to me, naked, on
the same bed. Squatting, her

head reflected in the mirror,
the hair dark there, the
full of her face, the shoulders,

sat spread-legged, turned on
one faucet and shyly pissed. What
love might learn from such a sight.

ROBERT CREELEY

TWO TIMES

1.

It takes so long to look down,
the first time thinking it
would then and there either
shoot up or else drop off.

2.

One hand on
the trigger one
hand on the hand.

ALLEN GINSBERG

From Long Unfinished Poem

Thousand-year clocks ticking behind mettaloïdesque
electronico-clankered industries smokeless in all known city--

Dawn of the ages! O Man thy Alarm rings thru sweet
myriad mornings in every desperate-carred street! Saints wait
in each metropolis for message to Assassinate the old Idea,

that 20,000 year old eye-god Man thought was Being secret
in its mystery, the One Unknown, alien God handless & eyeless
in black death & tongueless to poor man, who'll scream for
Mercy on his deathbed --

OH I saw that black Octopus as Death, with spike-Antennae
raying the Aweful in waves at my consciousness, a huge black
ball invisible behind the rooms of the universe--a Not-a-man--
a no-one Mystery-- Nobodaddy--

Omnipotent telepath more visionary than my own Prophetics
& Memories-- Blind reptile-sentient shimmer-feel-hole in the
cosmic Here, dense ball

of soullessness wiser than Time, the Eater-Darkness hungry
for all --but must wait till I leave my own body to enter that

One Mind nebula to my recollection--My soul dared not die--
Shrank back from that monster radiating crockalilian-awe
Implacabilities from the door-mind in its breast,

Death-god of the End, before the Timeworld of creation--
God's Leprosy--touch him and the hand's destroyed--I mean some
kind of Monster from another dimension is eating Beings of our
own Cosmos--

I saw him and he tried to make me leave my corpse-illusion
of an Allen--

I screamed seeing myself turn movie-reel of death, my
consciousness a celluloid toy played once in a vanished attack
by man-already-forgotten with his orphan starhood inked from space,

The movie industry itself vanished with its History & all
vain myriad Epics, disappeared with mother-Space itself wiped
out,

lost in a crack of the wall of a dream of itself it had
once and vanished--

maybe trailing thru endlessness like a long comet trackless

-more-

ALLEN GINZAP

p -2-

thru what unwanted dimensions it keeps dreaming into existence
that it can die inside of--as they vanish like this cosmos
of Stars I am turning to bones in--

That much illusion, and what's not visions but visions,
and these words filled with Methedrine--I have a backache &
2 telegrams come midnight from messengers that cry to plug
in the Electrode Ear

to my skull downstreet, & hear what they got to say, big
lives like trees of Cancer in Bronx & Long Island--Telephones
connect the voids island blissy darkness scattered in many
manmind---

OLD TESTAMENT

Shadow
moves up over the god eggs, the
spawn-spurt in pre-form's circuit
aches. Shade
passes, makes its pass over
the swarming place. He
comes with His cock in hand,
His heart
hard on the tip of His tongue,
the World
stands in His word; what comes true
leaps up that way living .
From sun-surface
violent eruptions for th of
fire-sperm . from time-snake turns on
life-spills of divine urgency.
The flame dancing with its own shadow,
the immediate
creator passes into His creation.
We are a like of Him, we're
sure we are, two
the way He is . three
in the seminal image we
come from.

ROBERT DUNCAN!

NEW TESTAMENT

Let God's will
move here too
between man and man
towards the fucking

draw
one to the other
arousing the first
moment

here where we are
strumming
hand over hand
the erect nipples

nape of the neck
kissing
licking
keys of the music

foremouth or
hindmouth
open to the thrust of him
limb

turn'd upon limb
in the seizure.

There need be no joy here
but for joy's sake
we light love
in lust's customs

give over to what God will
the mounting need
cocksucking or buggery
that might have been

let loose in the sensual pleasure
or released
in the wave on wave
each seed of the sun seeks,

give over
the need, the seeking, the loosening of images
into the immediate
will that moves us.

*

-more-

ROBERT DUNCAN

p -3-

So that Desire
moves as One Lord and I
be instrumental
I obey your consent.

Let the orchestral murmurings,
the tunings, the arousings,
wait, we prepare where we are.

For the moment will come when the house lights lower
And the light kindled in the eye desire strikes
Meeting the enlightend sight in which I see you
Draws us again, God willing, each to the other,
The voice and countervoice having Song's grace.

Thursday, Tuesday, (St. Bern-
jamin, March 22, 1964)
3:37 P.M. Post Office, Calle
Calle del Singhineo The
Sonn

WILLIAM BURROUGHS!

'Fluck you fluck you fluck you'

arrives uninvited at Countess di Vile's bi-
 al garden party in Ci-
 War drag blue Union
 ts and Confederate gr-
 tunic unsheathed his r-
 y cavalry saber and
 n one stroke decapitat-
 Dame Sitlong's Afghan
 nd. The head bounces ac-
 s the lawn snarling and
 pping. A.J. lifts his bl-
 y sword and the orchest-
 strikes up The Battle H-
 of the Republic:::
 r he has loosed the fa-
 lightning of his terr-
 e swift sword' a mig-
 host of Chinese wait-
 charge in from decent
 urban kitchens screaming
 uck you fluck you flu-
 you' (mucho bouncing h-
 s) 'He has sounded forth
 bugle that shall never
 retreat! A young sol-
 r never came out that
 ernoons at recess I wat-
 d the torn sky bend wi-
 the wind. Rockets fell
 e in these foreign sub-
 s dead birds raining
 os and death. For half
 line no repeat performan-
 In any naborhood bar. .
 Piper pulled down the
 . Caught in New York
 eath the animals of the
 lage The Piper pulled
 the sky. These forei-
 shit birds here.

'So what? But say do you
 see where this is leading
 us? 15:45 P.M. Lets tell
 a tale of time long ago
 sounds God damned awful to
 me' a simple Swiss legend
 'The Legend of the daisy'
 yet? And with one daisy y-
 et they realized they had
 decapitated Dame Sit - Da-
 isy yet they realized beene-
 caught up pants down hound-
 decapitated dirty by the Q-
 ueen. A.J. lifted his blood-
 y hound: 'God save the Que-
 on. Rub out her gracious
 word rub out her race's
 word. God forget the Queen.
 Retroactive at 6:45 A.M.
 N.Y. standard time, Her
 of every flucking mind
 screen in the area if we
 nt of decision must be
 16.15 BBC Time. 'I dont
 oke but I always carry a
 box of matches with me'
 twisted coat on a 1920 ben-
 ch barely audible a distant
 voice so painful stopped in
 Johnny's mind "Remember
 me torn September sky.
 there on windy steps dead
 Wasn't anything to say
 birds raining from a white
 Mr Bradley Mr. Martin sto-
 d there on dead stars
 heavy with his dusty
 answer drew: 'September
 17, 1899' over New York
 that morning giving you
 my toy soldiers put away
 in the attic steps trail
 ing a lonely dining
 smell of sickness
 in the room these foreign
 suburbs here
 Last gun post erased in
 a small town newspaper
 making the stars run back-
 ward.

Tangler, Tuesday, (St. Ben-
 jamin,) March 31, 1964
 3.37 P.M. Past Time, Calle
 Calle del Siaghines The
 Swan

NORMAN MAILER

The Executioner's Song

I think
if I had
three good
years
to give
in study
at some
occupation
which was
fierce and new
and full of
stimulation
I think
I would
become
an executioner
with time
spent out
in the
field
digging graves
for bodies
I had made
the night
before.
You see
I am bad
at endings.
My bowels
move
without
honor
and flatulence
is an affliction
my pride
must welcome
with gloom.
It comes
I know
from
preoccupation
much too much
with sex.
Those who
end well
do not

-more-

NORMAN MAILER

p -2-

spend
their time
so badly
on the throne.
For this
reason
I suspect
the task
of gravedigger
welcomes me.
I would like
to kill well
and bury
well
perhaps then
my seed
would not
shoot so
frantic
a flare
across the
sky.
If I could
murder
decently
(with respect
for whatever
romantic
imagination
gave
passion
to my
subject's
crime)
and if
I
buried well
(with tenderness
dispatch
gravity
and joy
that the job
was not
jangled,
giving a
last just touch
of the spade
to the coffin
in order to leave it
quivering
like a leaf
properly

-more

NORMAN MAILER!

p -3-

--for forget not
coffins
quiver
as the breath
goes out
and the earth comes
down
Yes if I could
kill
cleanly
and learn not to turn
my back
on the face
of each victim
as he chooses
what is last
to be seen
in his eye
well then
perhaps,
then might I
rise
so high
upon occasion
as to smite
a fist
of the Lord's
creation
into the
womb
of that muse
who give me
poems.
Yes, then I might
for one ends best
when death is
clean
to the mind
and calm
in its proportions
fire in the orchard
and flame at
the root.

GARY SNYDER

Hymn to the Goddess San Francisco in Paradise

(from Mts. & rivers

"if you want to live high get high"

--Nihil C.

I

up under the bell skirt

caving over the soil

white legs flashing

--amazed to see under their clothes they are
naked

this makes them sacred

& more than they are in their own shape
free.

the wildest cock-blowing

gang-fucking foul tongued

head chick

thus the most so-----

II

high town

high in the dark town

dream sex church

GARY SNYDER!

p -2-.

YAHWEH peyote spook
Mary the fish-eyed
 spotless,
 lascivious,
vomiting molten gold.

san fran sisko
hung over & swing down
 dancers on water
 oil slick glide
 shaman longshoremen,
 magical strikes--
howls of the guardians rise from the waterfront.
--state like beauties those switcher engines
 leading waggon
 warehous of jewels and fresh fur

car leans
 on its downhill springs
 parked on mountainsides.
white minarets in the night
 demon fog chaos.
bison stroll on the grass.
 languid and elegant, fucking while standing
 young couples in silk
 make-up on.

GARY SNYDER!

p -3-

crystal towers gleam for a hundred miles
poison oak hedges, wild child gardens
& the ring mountains holding a cool
basin of pure evening fog
 strained through the swoop of the bridge
gold and orange,
beams of cars wiser than drivers
 stream across promenades, causeways,
 incensed exhaust.

smiling the City Hall Altar to Heaven
 they serve up the cock tail,

--there is higher than nature in city,
 it spins in the sky:

III

quenching the blue flame
tasting the tea brought from China--
cracking the fresh duck egg on white plate

passed out the gates of our chambers
over the clear miles, ships.
by structures, the dwellings of souls.

forever such ecstasy
 wealth and such beauty
 we live in the sign of Good Will...

(the white robed saint trim my locks for
a paltry sum...life is
like free)

ah great are the black turning wheels
--wind and the sap of trunks
sinuous course I abandon to,
& emerge--at the park--near the sea--

rolling lawns clippt and the smell of gum tree.
(boiled crab from a saltwater vat.
rhine wine.)

bison & elk of chrysopylae.

white palace Legion

eels in those rocks in the surf.
bass buss the glass eye to eye
pelicans crumple up,
dive,--alcatraces--
olive oil, garlic, soy, hard cheese.

"devas of little merit
in jambudvipa
plucking sour berries to eat."

shall ascend to an eminence,
scanning the scene:

fog in
from the Farallones
long ship low far below
sliding under the bridge.
bright white. red-lead.
--blue of the sea.
on that ship is me.

IV

--smilers all on the nod nap on cots
but the slither & breakfree
tossed slipper up on the toe
& the white thighs open
the flesh of the wet flower

LAW

crossed eyes gleam, c o m e

kind chairmen smile down,
generals and presidents swallow

hoping they too can come....

THERE IS NO WAY

turn back dead tourist
drop your crumb your funny passport
--and fall back, richer spenders

GARY SNYDER

p -6-

think you make with wild teenager

on hard forever

crust in jewel?

--you are too old.

the nighthalls smell

the S.F. fake front strip tease

(all expenses)

phony, sweaty,

last a minute and they

stink & die

THIS LAND IS FOR THE HIGH

& flowers. & come

& love is for ten thousand years.

(damnd square climbers give me pains)

them wilted blossoms on her sweaty brow....

the flute & lute & drums

policecars sireen down on Fillmore

fog clears back away

the police close in--

& shoot the loose

& clouds are slipping by

& hide it in your pockets.

It all becomes plain sky.

summer 1963-Jan 1964

GREGORY CORSO

God Is A Masturbator

Folks, sex has never been
more than a blend
of bodies doing for one
another
that which pleases
them and evolution
to do
either in desire
or in desperation
or in necessity
It serves no purpose
other than love
and life's purpose
Sexualists
are a product of sex
We are made by sex
Sex made the Salvation Army
We are sex
There is nothing dark
about this magic
And those pangs of lust
which make you sick
Those unthinkable dreams
which fill you with doubt
--as long as wild joys emit
from an enthusiastic spirit

-more-

GREGORY CORSO

p --3--

eat the dust! shout!

Thank God one's thoughts

excite as much as flesh

Thank God there's a place

in all this he and she

and he and he

and she and she

for a me and me--

PHILIP WHALEN!!!!

STATEMENT OF CONDITION

A change in personnel
of personnel
different people

one what?
"One never know,
do one?"

A change of people isn't the same thing as people changing. What
A shame.

How different. How different upon the mountain are the feet Strophe
and stanze. Will you settle for good. Handsome is as handsome does.
Try to do right. Be a real man for a change. No matter how pre-
sented, it is yesterday's cornflakes, it is hogwash, it is without
sense or understanding. It is not (alas) beyond reason or compre-
hension from the outside, but once you're in, then where are you?

Right here at home, the sewer has broken again. Dirty water, faeces,
assorted garbage and mephitic vapours are swrging about, under-
neath the livingroom, a few inches below my feet.

Kriste eleison!

Kyrie eleison!

Kriste eleison!

You can imagine my horror and chagrin
as it were to say, "Well I'll be dipped!"

7:X:61

THE GREAT BEYOND DENVER

The pattern for the trip.

I put crux ansatta in my mouth.

Ava Gardner lends me emeralds.

The pyramid slowly rises from the ground.

O Rā divine!

O sand eternal!

At first daybreak the River Platte appears.

18:I:64

PAPYRUS CATALOGUE

Part XLI

Holy Cow

Part XLII

I thought your girlfriend
was in there.

Part XLIII

Will it spoil? It was all discolored. No no.
Freezing darkens it. That's the fat. I keep it
a whole week sometimes. I keep it in there to
season it.

Part XLIV

The Life and Times of
Marc-Antoine Charpentier

Part XLV

(This part is lost.

(That fish ((sc., letos-fish)) ate it-- actually Part XIV?

Part XLVI

Have you seen that white mug with blue flowers painted
on the side? I saw Jay drinking coffee out of it last
night.

Part XLVII

Have you seen those towels that used to be in here?
They're in among this junk. Here they are (LEAVE
THEM THERE!) on the floor. They were set on top of
the pile of old newspapers. Why couldn't he look for
them himself?

--cont'd--

Part XLVIII

There were only 13 parts in the first place,
excepting that one the fish made away with.

Part XLIX

I am not responsible.
I decline the nomination.

Part L

Better times are coming
Bye and bye.

Part LI

Tulips, lilacs, irises, and snapdragons live in a
May-basket. I made it for Miss Hillsdon.

Part LII

Some lemons.
"Dear Anthony West."
Some domes in the distance.
"Dear Mr Tennyson."

Part LIII

culminates.
"If nominated, I shall not run. If I am elected,
I shall not serve."

Part LIV

CANCELLED

Part LV

Varicose veins.
Lumbago. sciatica.

Part LVI

High.

Part LVII

H E I N Z

Part LVIII

Coughing.

Part LIX

C E N S O R E D

Part LX

William Rowan Hamilton.

He figured it was there and that it would all add up.
It took a century to do it.

Part LXI

Aggravation. As good as gold or platinum emeralds and rubies and sapphires opal garnet and pear1. What I'm afraid of it, I don't think it's going to work and I don't know why. Hey you know what? I've got rubber cement. Aggravation. Why don't he hang himself?

VECTOR ANALYSIS

What I want? green

grass under leaf tree and vine

Sunshine all around

dark and

muddy ground

wants I

air

no boundaries.

put a hole in your skull bone

open up the sky

an equal

vacancy

that is, a partition with a hole in it, such as might be installed
in an empty cigarbox. Partitioned, the space in the box has two parts--
as long as the lid is open-- but shut the lid and where's your eyes?

mallow in marshy ground, the water

hyacinth is found, caltrop

sliced with dinner meat

I

?

PHILIP WHALEN

p -7-

AGAINST THE MAGIC WAR: AN OPEN LETTER TO ROBERT DUNCAN

Dear Robert, for whatever reason you sent this dream against me:

A lady brought me over in a boat with several kinds of bread. She says, "You ought to see him singing hymns and wheedling around, "Won't any of you buy yourselves a bridge game?"

I paid several times to get in and out of the amusement park. I showed all my mis-marked identification & all the children laughed and shot hot sparks at me. I should have busted their space helmets!

My father said, "I could take you to India", and I cried then because I'm sorry he's old and I haven't done anything about it & he said, "That don't mean anything, all that bawling around, you're only feeling sorry for yourself, just like Jack tells me (he's been crying too, at his father-- he says, "There's too much furniture in my apartment"-- we've had a lot of long talks lately.")

A double rebounding track of lightning, Victory to Salute and Salute to Victory

and I awoke with eye-pains, conscious of swift lights and motions through the room and your name & I exorcised the shade, the emanation

--cont'd--

of Robert Duncan from this room with magical implements and music,
spells of magic so profound I am ashamed of having used them.
Later, you cause your demons to laugh outside my house at four in
the morning-- I know they were yours, your name was on them, it
shone through the walls. I invited them in for gasoline, lit fires
to warm them, keep up their strength. One had a sore: I poulticed
it with tabasco sauce and sandpaper & in gratitude he became a horde
of pride-spiders that swarmed over me, biting and singing:

"Temperance Fortitude and Justice
The pen is mightier than the sword
Celibacy, poverty and obedience--
Virtue always gets its own reward."

I hid them in the oven when the sun came up. I'll send them home
tonight with cookies and milk for you & all your friends.

O Robert, all of us are bound by hate & power-- all we know is
misery and self-indulgence-- why this battle among enchanter?

Blind power the sightless crown the enchained sword
A tyranny of magic in the sun
Hitting out on all sides to defend an empty center
The raving Face of Glory whirling, raining down
Flooding with fire

If it were as splendid as all that
If the destruction were total
If it took that single hair out of my soup

-cont'd-

Then yes, I praise it, I consent, I worship
But it does everything else. The hair remains,
The nature of soup admitting a possible hair
Or somebody's thumb

L I S T O F P O S I T I V E T H I N G S T O D O

- 1)Wash the dishes
- 2)Wear a hairnet while cooking
- 3)Keep the cat out of the kitchen, the diningroom
- 4)Serve the soup in a dish with a wide brim-- or
don't fill the rimless dish too full.

With many blessings,

P.

23:VII:57

MICHAEL Mc CLURE

AIRS FROM A FORGOTTEN BOOK

LOVE & SEX BE ROSY! ROSY AS A NEW WREATHE
of arms & legs & thighs & tongues & tits
with torsos soft as velvet shields
like sails that float through air,
and let the FACES there beneath me CHANGE
from heart-shaped to another shape
and buttock roll as they trade place.

LET ALL LIPS SMILE!

Look up at me with twinkling eyes!

Now your spirit is new born.

HAH

AH

YAHH

GROOOOOHR!

MICHAEL McCLURE

OH YOU DIVINE CREATURE!!!

I look down into your pointed face.

You are coming!

Your hair is a mane & your eyes have entered
the Kingdom

-- but not that rotten lie!

--Your eyes are insane with pleasure
and your shoulders round.

Your neck is slim and soft
but muscular.

TOES ARE A MILLION MILES AWAY.

DIVINE CREATURE!

LIVING GLORY!

MICHAEL McCLURE

Yea! Yea! HAVE I FORGOTTEN BEAUTY?

The five petalled white cherry blossom
tinged with pink -- and the yellow stamen?

NAY!

I have become engrossed
with thy perfect body!

The length of your legs.
The solidity of your thighs.
The brightness of your eyes.
Your fingers. Hands.

BIG SIMPLE IDEAS

in

the

BOOK OF FLESH.

I'm a scholar.

Faint scent of pussywillows
seen gray through dew.

JUDITH MALINA

ON THE DAY OF THE DEATH
OF POPE JOHN XXIII WE WERE INVITED BY
J.D. ROCKEFELLER TO DISCUSS THE PROBLEMS OF
OFF-BWAY THEATRE

JUNE 3

1963

Across the green felt table
John D. Rockyface the Third
Munches a crumbling cookie.
Because he smiled when I spoke
My artichoke hearts stuck in my throat.
They make me sick
Trying to overwhelm us
With oak-panelled bullshit
In the gold ceiling room
That looks like a coffin
To bury our help-cries.

The tape keeps turning
And we keep talking
Around the green table
Ghosted already by our unreadiness
To say Fuck You to the fancy-pants
Notions floating around us

I am dying Egypt Money Money foot foot.

Ted Mann is saying The Off-Broadway Theatre
Is comfortable and stimulating.

I said
I could produce both parts of Faust
for thirty dollars.
In answer to a question
From one of the bullshit artists

David Ross said
I was in the electroplating business
And told his story.
The founding of The Phoenix
is directly attributable to the failure
Of Billy-Budd on Broadway.

Tie him to the mast and shoot him.

Looked up. Rocky face smiling at me
As if he saw what I'm writing.

This makes me sick.
Fruit salad, cookies, tiptoeing waitresses
Don't jiggle dishes

JUDITH MALINA

p -2-

Because the tape-recorder is going
Under the hand of a blond temptress
Handling a candied fruit and whispering
The name of each speaker
Into a necklace mike.
My love and I
Are wearing the symbols of peace
In front of their frigid faces.

Partially successful
twelve thousand subscribers
if we had a real flop
obligated to the subscribers
limited flexibility.

Draw me scribbles Ted Mann
Everybody tells the truth
And lies.

We'll see about that.
After all its my wall.

His iron jaw
His steely eyes
His metal hair
His tin ear
His gold tooth
His mercurial soul
His chromium watch
His radium dial
His brass knucks
His stoney soul
His silver voice (He does not speak)
His gold
His gold
His gold
He is a rock rock rocky feller.

Dont hate
even men in brown suits.

Dont breathe
On the plate glass

Dont step
On the gravel grass

Dont sit
On another's ass

Dont shit
On the forbidden pass

JUDITH MALINA

p -3-

Dont.
I wont.

Still.
I will.

"We are relatively outside"
Said John D. Rockefeller the third,
Summing up.

All this was in the reign
Of John the 23rd.

"Any day is a good day to die"
Said the Pope of Peace.

We came out of Radio City
Where the Silver spoons marked "R"
Reminded us
In whose presence we were.

HARRY FAINLIGHT

THE SPIDER

strange, I never noticed it before- that thread of spider's web hanging from the ceiling. But who could have thought of focusing on that emptiness where it floats?

men tested on spiders, the drug tends to destroy the symmetry of the webs they are spinning."
men chested on spiders, the dugs bend to Detroit the cemeteries of wives they are spawning.
men testicles of spiders in drag blend into the delerium of simpering dicks they are spraining.....

the radiator is beginning to throb.
pounding as with some huge entrapped insect beating to get out.
is it dogging me- that giant spider the tape-recorder turned into last time? Its cats-eye glowed green on the ceiling, my voice shaking it like a fly caught in its web- lips up against the microphone- "A WHISPER SHAKES THE ROOM")

my stomach is throbbing too-
WANT TO VOMIT UP A SPIDER.

yes, I would feel so much better after I vomited up this spider. I would stagger weakly back up onto my legs and walk away. AND IT WOULD STAGGER BACKLY BACK UP ONTO ITS LEGS AND WALK AWAY.

or of course! The center of the web is my ulcer- all lines of power, fiscal muscular radiate from there (That dream fading out as the doctor probed so tenderly as a vagina.....)

my ulcer wants so badly to speak, to vomit, to again be unravelled, free!

so many twists in it as in this writing- the sick clutches of my signature which is held whatever I own. All its wrinkles of old age and tiredness that make a kind of brain- for what is a brain but certain muscles contorted into the stratagems of their tiredness? AN ULCER IS THE BRAIN OF COMMERCE.

oh, Jesus, that was a thought I almost never came back from!
that almost left me out on some safari in which so many things have already been forgotten that whatever I am trying to recall now is getting none nearer than these lips speaking out on the backs of my hands- trying to control them just by swatting out left and right is useless- it's a plague, some new kind of disease- in fact it's luck/ I have all these bare lips handy to get them busy working out a name for it- OH THEN I AGRA SOFTURNED OUT
RAWERS I AM SEARCHING THROUGH FOR THIS, THIS

the first stab of pain which I am still hoping is a tie pin or the chirp of a bird outside and not, not yet a birth pang of this monster in me kicking to get out, the cries of the first dawn birds the sounds of it dragging itself, scraping and screeching- o all the broken retching sounds which yet

-more-

HARRY FAINTLIGHT

p -2-

THE SPIDER

also are so fresh- the harsh tearing which yet also is so sweet- these birds' eyes crowding round me pleading like the eyes of bats, of moles, of all creatures of night which yet also are creatures of morning- singing-

A WELL

FILLING WITH THEIR EYES

THEIR EYES WITH WATER AND THE WATER WITH

THIS LIGHT BLAZING ITS TRUTHS, THE WORLD on everything impossible now to say- a whole gang of cowardly ironies beating up the few words I might have used, myself just standing watching by.

So what sort of aftermath do you expect- sobbing with glory or something?

Telegrams of congratulation on the monster?

Flowers where I still lie amidst my slime?

On this floor more final than orgasm that identity in its last convulsions must bring it to- the lovely shame of knowing myself deep in my heart an adorable young female spider (Is it the point where you start thinking of the hair as fur that it no longer seems so sinister?) Yes, a frisky young spider- how's that for a new persona? Yes, she gallops well, answers nicely to the bridle.

So now just to relax back into the concentric pleasure

of being a spider...

(Pleasure in the knowledge that it was I who have birth to myself alone?)

I savour it- my lips appreciating each other like two pieces of paper pretending to be one- each fresh piece a new client- myself already a fat successful old spider just back from doing big deals in the mental brokerries.

My smile is worth millions- literally. As I smile there are millions of gradations of movement- whole worthless fortunes in the currencies of Catatonia! I squander them- my teeth sunning themselves on endless beaches, the curvature of the horizon continued in my smile.... All power lying in these repetitions, enumerations, the current in a battery running round and round-

Until suddenly I am shaking with it- the whole voltage of the city running through my mind: POWERRRRRR! billioning itself in horrific catacombs. Electronic scales assembling an Organ-Dragon-

THE SPIDER IN FULL ARMOUR.

Ah, so THIS is the real meaning of my spiderhood- this desire, this uncontrollable desire to- OH HELP SOMEBODY STOP ME- this rigid energy hunching me up, hackles rising, strutting, trembling to I dare not imagine but IMAGINE- glimpsed once in some hallway or thicket- a head bobbing up and down above a body as it sucks it dry. That first shuddering rush into a new place of habitation to know- is there a place in here for my body- SOMEWHERE IN HERE I CAN HIDE MY OWN MURDERED BODY IN?

-more-

HARRY FREAKLIGHT

p -3-

THE SPIDER

Hey, Mister, call the sanity cops- there's a huge dead spider in here.

Explosions distantly registering
The death of narcissisms-
My skin, the armour of this song,
The very heraldry of narcissism.

Now a widowhood, a darkness whose corners begin to stir with knowledge...
Yes, there are others in here- Jack and that is John over there- good and
evil wires touching in that bitter little smile.

So is my spiderhood a whole new mythology- a cavern full of wicked sisters
a strange new breed of them mutated by this new hallucogenic vitamin which
I hereby christen SPIRITLECT- "The vitamin which has made the intellect
get up and walk." (A couple of hefty spider sisters brush past lugging in
another dead academician.)

So now we're all here at last together- ah, and even you, the darkest sister
of them all- though I know this is backstairs knowledge and of course we're
all specialists in something- and yet how far back can this giggle keep
going into that tunnel which is your bravery Allen and in which all our
voices echo,

suddenly sinisterly,
each with our own individual cock sure notes
as we advance slowly towards whatever's sudden
hot breath blasts-a-

WELCOME SAYS THE MOTHER
MY HEART IS AN OVEN
BAKING SPIRITUAL BREAD
COME AND EAT OF YOUR FELLOW CHILDREN

A few dimensional loaves still lying around not cut up for anything yet-
"So watcha doin?" asks the eternal snotnose leaning over the
backporch webs
"Well... I'm just kind-er-of- 'a pickin' at my snot!"

I look at the clock- the experience has been going on for four hours- four
hours slaughter amongst the webs and I am covered dripping with my friends
(and constituents of course, the cocksuckers) whose congratulations shall
be offered to me on smilingly observing pieces of their own smiles and
observations still clinging to my inaugural-splattered jeans.

But already I'm too tired- tired of understanding people- eating them,
swallowing them, tasting their last stale dowagery crumbs.

Is reality already beginning to pester me with its dirty peculiar questions
again?

The lightbulb is looking at me like some Deva's asshole- its rays just aching
to be spread- to be opened out into some huge, gruesome Vision Of The Uni-
verse, which common decency rightly forbids.

-more-

HARRY FAINLIGHT
p -4-
THE SPIDER

At least, though, a little hymn of praise to this plain jane fixture which has been so faithful to me all evening-

O happy lightbulb,
Still so patiently preaching your doctrines
Indoctrinating your systems.
LIGHTBULBANIA, LIGHTBULBANIA,
Why couldn't I realise
This is where I always really lived.

ROBERT KELLY

in commentary on the Gospel according to THOMAS

the silent places
behind the brain

Valhalla
where our lives are slain
minute by minute,
picked over by the blonde women
moving in the corridors of that house

Going back to that root
horseman crossing the flying bridge
into the castle at the back of the world

the brightness of organic event
crossing into the dark

There
is resurrection
that Christ was born in flesh
set up his tent among the cell structures of the brain
that there we christs be born in flesh,
coming down from the dark father
through the radiance of everyday
& every space
into the one tomb from which we can rise
becoming him

Love is the name of the
energy rising
growing the garden that stretches from beneath the heart
out to each end of the spine,
to the place where that bridge ends
to welcome the images
in the place of the death of Images
(dark of the brain where the images are silenced)
& spur them onward
where they have never been,
a single Image in the place of images,
a Movement
(called over & over by the holy name of
Dance)
as all is movement
compact & still & fiery in the final image,
the kingdom of heaven light with the light we bring there.

ROBERT KELLY

POEM FOR ED SANDERS

Eye of Horus & unexpected angles
from which it looks at you

'coign of cliff'
what the nearsighted Alpinist
took to be a flower

& so brought home
for the lyric in it,

the eye of Horus is
what he took
& looks at us out of his poem,

Set is the heavier ball
so As-ar hangs higher

winking.

What fits in a poem. Every thing.

What did

Aristotle see. What he could.

what he saw. Looking out.

Opsis,

Right eye of the sun
left eye of. Moon.

These orderings are for
goodman Sanders, who prints some poems by
whom he knows to be

Tahuti, the good god Thoth,
whose good left eye he doesn't print. Moon god.

Eye, that right
eye. Bellum civile of the orders of,

not these orders of,
wisdom. Who would be wise.

Whose balls hang lowest. Or
am I so sure these dangling plums are all my own.
The eye

of Horus, questions. I presume upon you,
I presume to say you.

Anubis (Annwfn, Waddell, is not Hell)
balances the tongue. HORUS weighs the heart. Osiris measures
the parts of the poem, Thoth records, registers,
rejects what's missing. The eye of Horus sees me
beating

around

the bush. The eye of Horus,

meaning what.
Or whose to suck, whose to take comfort of.

-cont-

Aristotle's eye
clapped to the luminous cunt
proclaims,

gold eye ojo do Horo, ojo de oro
fastening on, us?, over & over
open, open see what you see,

"& what I love is the
fresh & graceful
beautiful,

all that is grateful
bright & what is
lovely

for me one substance is
lust in sun's light"

the philosopher asleep at last.

The fragment of Sappho,
weighed, told, duly recorded
outside the orders of time, directs the eye,

& Thoth's
long beak
opens an avenue in the body for the passage of the poem
& in the poem for the passage of the unyielding common light.

The gold eye
his other
eye looks
down

the greek
asleep
dreams
what he sees

Thoth while I was watching sealed the poem & sent it to you.

8 May 64

BEHIND THE TIMES

BY

CARL SOLOMON !!

Nobody Tells Me The Truth Any More

In this dour day
Of tranquilizing pills
Diarrhea
The white negro
The criticism of criticism
The ideological split between Peking and Moscow
And Parataxic Distortions
I am at a loss to find
Any personal truth
And am left with
A philosophic relativism
Which renders me utterly incapable of
Expressing my self
With any degree of honesty
This honesty which had been
My primary characteristic as a boy
And Which had led me far afield in my search
for truth.
Of such stuff is intellectual tragedy made.

Stringing Them Along

Naturally, quite naturally, I have not been mad
But merely a prophet, without profit motive,
Thinking such thoughts, performing such deeds,
Uttering such prophecies, which the times demanded,
Utterly without restraint, because I was so constrained
-----by my insights which occurred
When I brought the full force of my powerful
Intellect, upon the deeds of the day
And moulded them
Into my own picture of reality
Which has no bearing upon your picture of reality
Or the picture of reality of Arthur Miller
Whom I have been said to resemble.

Relationships

I am utterly unconcerned with the necessity for producing
pring

And have no need for happiness which is the primary
session of our day

Are you happy?

Being of Jewish descent and

Consequently

Unhappy of visage

I have no need for such contentments

As produce the gleaming smile

And the sonorous voice.

CARL SOLOMON!

p -3-

The Delinquents

The delinquents
To me are horrible creatures
Standing on street corners
And carrying knives
And inspiring terror in the heart of the casual
passerby.
We are not at all friendly
And I avoid
Such illiterate confreres
Feeling that my gift for language
Entitles me to other rewards
Than are theirs.
For which I thank my teachers
And my early editors.

The Lunatic And Modern Art

("La Seule Vrai Langage Est Incomprehensible"

.....Artaud, "Ci-Git"

With the theories of Antonin Artaud, not his earlier works like

The Theater And Its Double, but with his later post-psychotic works

like "Van Gogh, The Man Suicided By Society:", the artist as a productive

member of society is thrown overboard and Artaud-le-momo (or Artaud the Nut)

emerges as hero of art and letters. Sub-normality and sub-reality are the

theme and tone of the late Artaud and his followers. For Artaud and for

Genet and even, to an extent, for Michaux, and for the Lettrists, neologisms,

screams, belches, and the passing of wind are substituted for the written

word.

Ridiculous as all this sounds, it has actually existed as a post-war

trend in painting as well as in literature (in the art brut of Dubuffet

and others.) Call it latter-day Dada and you are well.

There is actually a literary tradition to back up this sort of thing.

If you are a poet who has read late Artaud and wishes playfully to

experiment, you are apt to be bound up in a strait-jacket by the nearest

psychiatrist and given no credit for your research until you get a scholarly

article on the subject published in the Partisan Review.

Dada is dangerous today because the police, among others, don't

understand what its all about (being readers of the News and not of the

Partisan, let alone of The Evergreen Review, or even of Poetry or even of

Time) and probably mistake you for the dumbell you are attempting satiri-

cally to mimic.

To Avant-gard poets, nay, extremely avant-gard poets, let me state

that the flics of 1964 shoot first and do exegesis later.

(continued)

For all of Ginsberg's fun-loving tone in Howl (which was written for the author of this article) and for all of Kerouac's and Lamantia's and Corso's funlovingness, let me state that I am not serious and have never been seriour about anti-literature.

I was first of all a student of English at Brooklyn College when the mild "ping-Pong of the abyss" episode occurred at the N.Y. Psychiatric Institute in 1949 and renounced all that to make good grades and to start anew. But so intrigued were my local fans with the fun of going into a hospital and asking for a lobotomy that they forced me into the absurd role of lunatic-saint again and I could never get my muched yearned for degree. Now I am released from a much more terrifying hospital and can't get a job or a degree (so much time has been lost, I am now 35 and hardly an enfant terrible.

The upsetting fact is that I am a writer and not a paranoiac and enjoy Mann, Proust, and Eliot more than I do Artaud.

Somehow the legend of my "infirmity" built up, is still building up, and is by this time documented by Dept. of Mental Hygiene records, fingerprints and photographs.

I am quite willing to renounce Dada, sub-normality, etc. but the ridiculous Art vs. Society war still rages in the pages of the Evergreen Review and elsewhere and I can't seem to get a hearing.

This is a situation that Kafka would have handled well.

Am I to renounce literature and hope for a job as a messenger boy with weak nerves?

I would love to. But I can't get it. I am still rejected at this level by job placement personnel who regard me as too intellectual.

The Bureaucracy, here, in Russia, and in the Neutralist countries, demands identification. Who are you? where were you on such and such date? Do you love your mother? Your fingernails show dirt. Your breath is bad. Do you like girls?

And I have lost my credentials. I liked a girl but she left me for another man. Was she of good character? I thought so in the beginning.

Puoís en Raimons e·n Trucs Malecs

Puoís en Raimons e·n Trucs Malecs

chaptèn na Ena e sos decs,

enans serai viells e canecs

ans que m'acort en aital prec

5 don puosca venir tant grans pees;

c'al cornar l'agra mestier becs'

ab que'il traisses del corn los grees;

e pois pogra ben issir secs

que·l fums es fortz qu'ieis dinz dels piecs.

10 Ben l'agra obs que fos becutz

e·l becs que fos loncs et agutz,

que·l corns es fers, laitz e pelutz

e nul jorn no estai essutz,

et es prions dins la palutz,

15 per que relient en aus lo glutz

c'ades per si cor ne rendutz;

e non taing que mais sia drutz

cel que sa boch' al corn condutz.

Pro hi agra d'autres assais,

20 de plus bels e que valgron mais,

e si en Bernartz s'en estrais,

per Crist, anc no·i fetz que savais

car l'en pres paors et esglais.

Car si·l vengues d'amon lo rais

25 tot l'escaldera·i col e·i cais;
e no·i·s cove que dompna bais
aquei qui corn' ei corn putnais.

Bernart, ges eu no m'en acort
al dig de Raimon de Durfort
30 que vos anc mais n'aguessetz tort;
que si cornavatz per deport
ben trobavatz fort contrafort,
e la pudors agra·us tost mort,
que peiz oïl non fa fems en ort;
35 e vos, qui que·us en desconort,
lauzatz en Deu que·us n'a estort.

Ben es estortz de gran perill
que retraich fora a son fill
et a totz aicels de Cornill;
40 mieills li fora fos en issi
qu'ei la cornes en l'efonill
entre l'eschina e·i penchenill
per on se segon li ro vill;
ja non saubra tant de gandill.
45 noi·i compisses lo groing e·i cill.

Dompna, ges Bernatz non s'atill
del corn cornar ses gran dozill
ab que seire·i trauc del penill,
puois poira cornar ses perill.

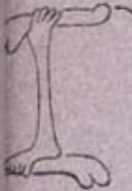
translated by
PAUL BLACKBURN

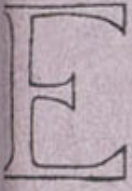
En Bernart de Cornill, having broken Article XXVI of the Rules of Love ("Love can deny nothing to love," De arte Honeste amandi, Chapt. VIII, Andreas Capellanus), was much criticized for having refused his lady's request, and when the nature of his defection became known, much laughed at. Trucs Malecs and Raimon de Durfort had both written sirventes in defense of the lady Ina and the proof of devotion she required of her lover, songs that were quite specific in condemning Bernart for his faint courage in the face of... well, you'll see. It is at this point that Arnaut Daniel comes to the defense of en Bernart, detailing his reasons therefor in the sirventes which goes:


Puois en Raimons e n Trucs Malecs

I Nasmuch as lord Raimon concurs with Trucs Malecs in defending the lady Ina, and her end, must state that I would first be old and white before I wd consent to a like request from anyone, you know these sort of tricks must always end with indecorous behavior. For to blow that horn he'd need a big long beak just in order to clean the crud out from around the smokehole. Even so he might go raving blind, no matter if he were that bold, the fumes alone so strong & fierce that issue from those folds.

So the beak is standard equipment, & of necessity be long & sharp as well because this trumpet is so shaggy & noggen too & hairy too, & ugly & so rough, that never, I'm afraid, has it bn wiped quite dry enuf; besides, the quagmire there is both profound and ichorous because the pitch ferments in there & boils down to the cone which never ceases its discharge of smelly glue & pus. And who wd ever want to be a lover called & known after he'd set his mouth against that blunderbuss & blown?

 I'm certain that there are more games, agreeable too, that tend to be played there, & which are worth more in the end. And if Bernart has got himself out from under that, by Christ, he's not a second been a coward in his doubt, when he flipped out at what was asked or horror made him faint. For suppose a stream of water had come at him sudden-quick, think he'd've bn scalded all to hell, including jewels and neck. No, it is not delicate for a lady to kiss anyone who has just then sounded such a stinking clarion.

 n Bernart de Cornill, I'm by no means in accord with what's bn sung already by that Raimon de Durfort, i.e., yr lenter & reluctance wd've anyway bn wrong. For even if you'd blown the pipe for pleasure or for fun, the counter-resistance you'd've met wd've bn so strong, a smell so powerful it cd kill you, or anyone, for there the stink is stronger than a compost heap in summer. If anyone tries to change you from your décision sing hymns and litanies at him --it was God that let you run.

 ure as hell it's powerful peril you've escaped, for she wd, no doubt, hv recounted it immediately, not only to her son but everybody in Cornill. Better to hv to leave home, better into exile than to hv to trumpet into the funnel between the griskin & the p-hole, for from that place there freak matters better not described (rust-colored). And you'd never hv the slightest guarantee that she wldn't leak

& pee all over you Bernart, muzzle, eyebrow, cheek...



ady, our Bernart is not disposed, nor can abide,

nor dares to sound that horn without a spigot on the side:

he cd then stop up the center hole with that same spigot,

& without peril, reassured, be able then to trumpet.

AL FOWLER

junky

'cross the green track
where we often
flaked out &
counted our absences
tears, broken telegraphs:
out of bounds & over
the
"what"?
what?
i caught you
in your crib
doin' those
all kinda
private things.
you wept, you pointed
out my lies in the
junk almanac
you puked all down
your black shirt &
flesh, caustic spew
burning out the nerves-
"it ain't no habit, man", you said;
"it ain't no need"
your pants heavy with sweat &
one day late for your fix

AL FOWLER

LARSON O.D.'S; FOWLER SCARED SHITLESS

There's the automatic
rescue drill performed
in earnest when a friend o.d.'s
salt cooked & drawn up in syringe
slapping of blue face
& already counting him dead,
schemes of disposal
obsess us.
the kind of shit that
scares you halfway in.
& coming on too strong.

HEROIN

"eyes taken down to see
I's takin' down to sea
Ice taken down to c
Ayes talkin' down the sea"
insensibility
he lapsed into
unconsciousness
after the groovy
o.d.
oh & after
he'd turned blue & we'd
started rescue breathing
& shot him
a dropper of brine
the bastard
came to
blowing
a bad riff
so, what with the smack
& all, we threw him out the
window

AL FOWLER

TAKEOFF

long probe for vein in
heroin takeoff
in the men's room of
the college in the
nerve over the scummed
tile under the barebulbs
blowing the shot when
the Burns-Guard comes,
skinned & high &
strident wailing
coeds thinking
voidal tampons.
bust my works, & i left jones down the commode
for the nonce-brevis.
paralyzed.

AL FOWLER

THE ROOM. JUNK WITHDRAWAL

Now let's line out agony
1890 furnished room bare
of schmeck, her gone
down the cataract of
abstract force that pours
around us all & makes
these leaps we don't
control

nothing but our attitude
is ours & now my
mental anchor slips
from the muok of
time.

AL FOWLER

junky II - speedball

the calm grins me,

outside, on the grey street, sounds

assume reality:

grating thrum is truck

(i see it green, old, a probably

spade driving his cigar to work)

toes in my boots itch

i can't laugh anymore

at the tie in my arm,

grim against me

bloody silk foul as a bandaid

on the lockerroom floor

the pipes fart - i need a shave

but ah the

big FLICK

er

my chair cranked

up to

the

stars

& the long taste of altitude

eating my breath away

ANTONIN ARTAUD

The message of Antonin Artaud is simple. And it
is:

HERE-IS-THE-SIMPLEST

and this is not a message but

Antonin ARTAUD-The-Simple-One

who knows

and says through the Being

That life is not life, that death is not
death -- that the false has triumphed, that
the big spell-casting factory of the SPIRIT has
cast a spell on

man

and has separated man from Man, that is to say
from Life which is the earth, and does not know
life.

Under doors and doors, under walls and walls
of felt of

FIXED

beats, still feebly

audible, the heart so formidable of love.

But,

in order that man may reconcile himself, he must
separate himself.

- more -

Man must break the bones, those of the stones,
those of the bodies, those of language
and return in the eyes and in the mouth of
the Spirit

the ether and the trident of the spirit which has
killed life and created death.

LIFE

WITHOUT MEASURE

persists NEVERTHELESS to be

and love beats
in the serum of the earth
and internal thunder of being.

To the bottom To the bottom To the bottom of the fixed
we must descend again toward love
kill time
burn life.

By the body of despair
all that will not stand its own thunder
all that knows, all that is, all that shouts, the FIRE
WILL PASS
will take again lungs and body
toward the earth and love in secret
without SECRET.

PHILIP LAMANTIA

BLUE GRACE

CRASHES

thru air where Lady LSD curls up
all the floors of life for the last time

Blue Grace leans
on white slime

Blue Grace weaves in & out of Lunenburg and
My Burial Vault
undulates from first/hour peyoteTurnOn Diderot
hand in hand with the Marquis de Sade Constitution Hall
Philadelphia 1930

Blue Grace turns
into the Count of Saint-Germain who lives FOREVER
Cutting up George Washington's dream PYRAMID LIQUEFACTIONS from
Versailles Thighs...

Blue Grace intimidates
Nevel Chamberlain FEELS Filippo Marientti
tears/down hysterics of the phallic Rose Blue Grace

dressed up AutomobileSperm My future claw plus
Almond Rose RichTheVampire wears over the US Army

FLAGS!

American Flags fly out like bats from
My Burial Vault
flood museums where Robespierre/murder plotted
floated from Texcoco

Bogata Prince caught REDHANDED
sniffing 40 cans Berlin/ether....!

HYDREK
iceblue

TEETH impersonating psychokinetically Resurrection of
Blue Grace propheteess anti/planet system

Blue Grace under dark glasses
gets out of one hundred white cars at once!

Cars of multicolored ectoplasm tintypes go to the
Junction
where Blue Grace GLASS is raped at
Court of Miracles Mexico City 1959

PHILIP LAMANTIA
BLUE GRACE
p -2-

Blue Grace undressed
reveals tattoo marks of Hamburg sea & sand storm Neptune/
Pluto conjunction

rumors of war strafe the automation monster /walks
to Universal Assassination K & K times the russian poets
suck Blue Grace's opulent
morsels back & front The nicotine heavens of Bosch painting
emanate beauty of Christopher MacLaine's
tool box
of
mechanical brass jewels----Man
the Marvel
Of Masturbation Arts--

INTERSECTS Blue Grace at
World's Finale Orgasm Electro-Physik Apoccalypse

sing beauty
 of bodyTOUCH
 muse with my
 Blue Grace

Philip Lamantia
Spring 1963

* *

ALDEN VAN BUSKIRK

The Ivory Bastard

(from the French of Arthur Rimbaud)

Come, d'ja descend da flues impassible,
d'ja send me more guides of horror:
d'ja piss red crying they didn't have any sybles,
The ants clouded nude colored posters.

Jets insincere to do the equipments,
Porter of flaming bees or of cotton angels.
Cunt-havoc my hollars & finish sayst agoges,
"The flues mount, lesser descender, or
d'ja fool us?"

Dance the clapping mitts of furious mayors.
My motor shivered in the sewer from serving enfants,
The chorus! at the pencils of the mayors
Omp pa! Salu! Tobi boli! plus triumphs.

kitchen

In the jar of apricot jam a lava sea &
the ant is Jules Verne circling the crater rim in
Iceland, dreams his dream of the center's
sticky orange -

The radio with static in its throat announces
"Arthur Rimbaud's Ivory Boat read by
Dr. etc." he sees America in the title &
why not.

I translate a line anew -

(Comme je descendais des fleuves impassibles)

"Come didya descend the impassible flues?"

& Rimbaud flies by my window approving -
the sign - a flock of finches -
- wingtips wink like
coins tossed in the sun
over Oakland -

In thanks I unscrew the lid &
Verne descends the impassible flue
with his 19th century space suit he
looks like an ant hurrying there -

Kitchen - name of my room, I refuse
such a chewy name - why not
dove salon

-cont-

or

velvet cave

(I'm alone now the radio is an old French
professor I turn off slowly, his astral voice
drifting out thru space to other planet-- ...
rooms.

Stop writing a minute & examine the
view from the porch no the balcony, bluff or
turret - Ha!

. Every day it changes - the Movers

Supplies Warehouse is ogling the mailman, its
big glass eyes pop with love -

my room is more discreet - it feels me up
when I'm asleep & plays dead in the
day (then I tickle its walls with
cooking smells & barefoot dancing)

Someday it will come alive - coy lover -

not just ants & radio voice but the whole
room will sigh, raise a trembling chair
or lampshade to my mouth -- sing through
faucets & pipes the song of my exciting
life here -

-cont-

ALDEN VAN BUSKIRK
p -4-

Fly me off the enraptured cosmonaut to
Iceland or San Leandro a genuine
flying fuck -

Oh room I wait with hard-on in my pocket
breathing your oven warmth & ask

Will I then feed forever from the mouth of
all Desire.

Last will and

If I die in sleep it will be in a convulsion whose "terror"
and "beauty" proved irresistible at last. I rise, the
quivering bud afraid to blossom.

It comes out of dreams where music,
color and objects interchange

but for their continual flame. It is within this flame-
flower I am drawn up sweating half awake and
horizontal. Spine arches in short
spasms. I see nothing above.

Darkness everywhere or are my eyes gone out.
Before now: I gave in to life and awoke
trembling - a coward.

But every time more rigid,
every time more pull, I
hurt with desire to
explode and vow no more retreats.
God wants to fuck me too,
and death will be my final lover.
I give her all.

9/7/61

from Forest Park fragments

Her hair

longer now,

falling away from the skull,

legs radiant with cancer she

smiled

giddy as a harlot

mother of mine

half-

eaten in the dream.

The housecoat about to fall,

she shuffled in it,

brightest eyes

free from the mind in sleep

rives sleep to brightest day,

the naked and their relics

(gifts,

rewards the spirit

gives again)

My mother as the

whore -

lolling obscenely through

the dream,
giggling with her half-
lit companions of the dead,
cruising through
the city of graves,
legs bandaged

in an open housecoat
the crawling pelt alive
below her belly
and the belly a
wrinkled buddha's face winking
through the folds of soiled rayon.

She had died of cancer,
her legs luminous in death, she
shuffled lewdly, the
stained clothes chafing and
slipping, she murmurs

"syphilis my sweet
syphilis the rot of it -
calls you back -- to
inhabit my flour white flesh again."

AULDEN VAN BUSKIRK

p -8-

LAMI, LEATHER NIGHTINGALE

Lami, leather nightingale,
tornado of light & silver buckles,
con man of fairies

rolls

priests &
bulging legionnaires, astral
hipster in-
cognito he

never knew their worries

unzipped but

razor in hand slices
bread from worsted flannel with
flickering fingers

flashlight-
ing of spirit singing
his
own

mad

song.

Lami - brutal hood & bearded nun - rides
up waves of sewer stench

croaks at
cripples
a dance on cobbled
heads in rush-hour afterglow
calls to
nightbird
blues.

O Lami hand over my out
of sunset melting trash red-gold
before you fade in neon
TV blue

Give back the tinfoil of
tea cut with parsnip, the
shick shaver with a junk-jap motor &
the dazzling watches run by the sun.

Fuck "man's fundamental dishonesty"
(the con man's hymn of praise)

I seek the god in all his forms
& hip disguises. But only the god
digs his own deception you say.

But I love, I
blunder in love the hippest mark is saint or poet
propheying doom so gaily everybody sez yr a goof so

what it's true - flames

colored fenders in

Nighttown USA watch out baby I'm

driving an invisible short so with these

sad gig clothes really aluminum pinstriped threads

you see me naked

Burn Lami, God in me,

Rise burn with the tigers of Eternity,

your hand move in mine toward dark

mounds of hair, your eye blaze through

my socket in cool screaming headaches of

desire & crack the glass coin-eyes,

We/I con all men with love

We/I send out words of black fire into

ears stuffed with asbestos newsprint, I, I

message out of time to all hung up

sad ass loverless landmen

a cry, this cry, to you.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS, CONTINUED FROM BACK PAGE.....

JOHN WIENERS/ Johannus Ipsissimus. The gentle Boston cock-hawk, poet, & paedophile. Spurting upon the absolute ganymedean angel-belly of The Hotel Wentley Poems is his new book just published, THE AGE OF PENTACLES. Gobble, buy, steal or hustle it immediately!!

ROBERT DUNCAN/ The absolute songsman & shrieker right there in the Barque of the West! A Guggenheim Fellow in 1963, Mr Duncan was for a number of years a kept grope boy for a N.Y. mafia leader (really) after which he was a bugger captive for a Queens College professor during a year long white slaveboy scene in Long Island. Slurp up his THE OPENING OF THE FIELD!!!

WILLIAM BURROUGHS/ has one of the most sensitive prostates in the history of Western Civilization; he can experience a spurt scene through pure passive cornholery, sans meatbeating, testacular manipulation, & other normally attendant gropings. Burroughs ejaculates data from Northern Africa where he lives with his son and publishes his magazine. ".... I enclose a short contribution which I hope is suitable for your magazine. The format is three column newspaper and should be preserved if possible. I have long felt that writers should write in present time that is with reference to what is happening right now so the enclosed selection was composed with headphones and a radio mixing what came through with the texts I had selected as suitable for your magazine...."

NORMAN MAILLER/ is the whispered-over soldier, stomper, novelist, poet, critic, cocksman, & politician. His new novel will be spewed out by DIAL. Mr Mailer is spending the summer grassed out in P-town.

CARL SOLOMON/ Shriek! Shriek! is the legendary Artaudian scholar & poet; recently ejaculated from a flip scene in Long Island & now on the freak-lone to zap back at all the creeps, fascists, psychiatrists, poets, & nutscene totalitarians, that puked their creep vectors on him these last few years.

GARY SNYDER/ Gathers in cosmic data from the Kyoto Interstice. He is currently in California. Attention Group-screwers, multilateral petzel jabbers, yohenbine orgy freaks, et al.: here in one Eye-heart-mind is the world's most brilliant, understanding, hopeful & successful orgiastikos, who may be contacted during the months he will be in the states, for organization purposes, grope theory, & participation. For a rehabilitation of the mind, we recommend his books: MYTHS & TEXTS and RIP-RAP and his transtation of the COLD MOUNTAIN POEMS in Evergreen Review 6.

GREGORY CORSO/ is one of the kingpins of the lower east side mafia. His new book of poetry, THERE IS YET TIME TO RUN BACK THROUGH LIFE AND EXPIATE ALL THATS BEEN SADLY DONE, will be published in the spring by New Directions.

PHIL WHALEN/ is the California Professor of Cosmic Sensitivity; poet, musician, and Archon Gropikos of the Council of Madmen in Amenti. The Freak-fires of his genius LIVE! in his books, MEMOIRS OF AN INTERGLACIAL AGE (Auerhahn) & LIKE I SAY (tot/cor)!

JUDITH MALINA/ The Flame Basileia & SQUACK SUPREMA OF THE LIVING THEATRE! For years the genius of Judith Malina hath exploded in our brains.... Tender vectors of gropes & desires from the entire Editorial Board.... EDITORIAL SCREAMS OF NEED & LUST! FUCK VECTORS! Thoeth! Bring forth the Grope Boat!!!

-- notes cont on inside page

⌘ ⌘ ⌘ FREEDOM FOR HALLUCINOGENS! ⌘ ⌘ ⌘ ⌘ ⌘

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS ---continued from back page---

MICHAEL McCLURE/ All vectors point to absolution & eternity for Michael the cockEagle. One may gobble, hustle, or palm his latest book, GHOST TANTRAS, from City Lights, 8th Street, or from Evil Wilson at The Phoenix.

HARRY FAINLIGHT/ the moviemaker & poet, is a thundering Broadway Golden Shower dopethrill Pound Cake gobble-Cadet notorious to the slurp trade on T. Square for his neurasthenic wantoness. Having recently come down off a long penicillin high after a panic-producing oral syphilis scene, Mr Fainlight is described by Alan Sillitoe as the "greatest English poet since Dylan Thomas."

ROBERT KELLY/ is the brilliant poet, teacher & shrieker operating out of Freakingdale-on-the-Hudson. Immediately gobble up his: THE ARMED DESCENT (Hawks Well Press) & HER BODY AGAINST TIME (the whole of El Corno Emplumado #8)

PAUL BLACKBURN/ is the famous american poet, translator, & scholar of Provençal poetry. Within the next 5 or 10 years he expects to complete his book of translations from the madmen of Provence, to be published by MacMillan, for which, as the legend cackles, he has apparently burned them for a few grand. Cackle cackle.

ARNAUT DANIEL/ was a 13th century Troubadour poet, cocksman, polemicist, & slurp-freak, operating out of southern France.

AL FOWLER/ the brilliant New York poet & hebophile who refuses to gobble, freak, fuck or grope anything over 15 years of age. A cleric in the Free Catholic Church, Fowler is a nurse & dope mogul at a New York hospital. His scholarship in narco experiences is fantastic, Fowler can actually experience an hallucinogenic flash thru a quick early morning gobble of a moon pie & a pepsi.

ANTONIN ARTAUD/ is the French poet, dramatist & mishugana. The BARQUE bore him in 1948 to the froth of fulfillment on the eyelid of The Divine Trembling Crotch Lake of the Universe.

ROBERT LAVIGNE/ is the famous picture-freak, paedologian, & painter who 1st broke in the young tender ass of Peter Orlovsky some ten years ago. His 1st New York showing will flame forth in fall 1964 at the Paula Johnson Gallery.

ALDEN VAN BUSKIRK/ The BARQUE OF DEATH transveyed Alden Van Buskirk in 1961 to the Sed Festival in Eternity. He was 23 years old. After superb editing & transcription of his poems by David Rattray (from almost indecipherable notes), AUERHAHN Press will print his entire work under the title, LAMI.

TOTAL ASSAULT ON THE CULTURE !!

GOD THRU CANNABIS!

DOPE!