

QUAHAGOS



FUCK YOU/  
a magazine of the arts

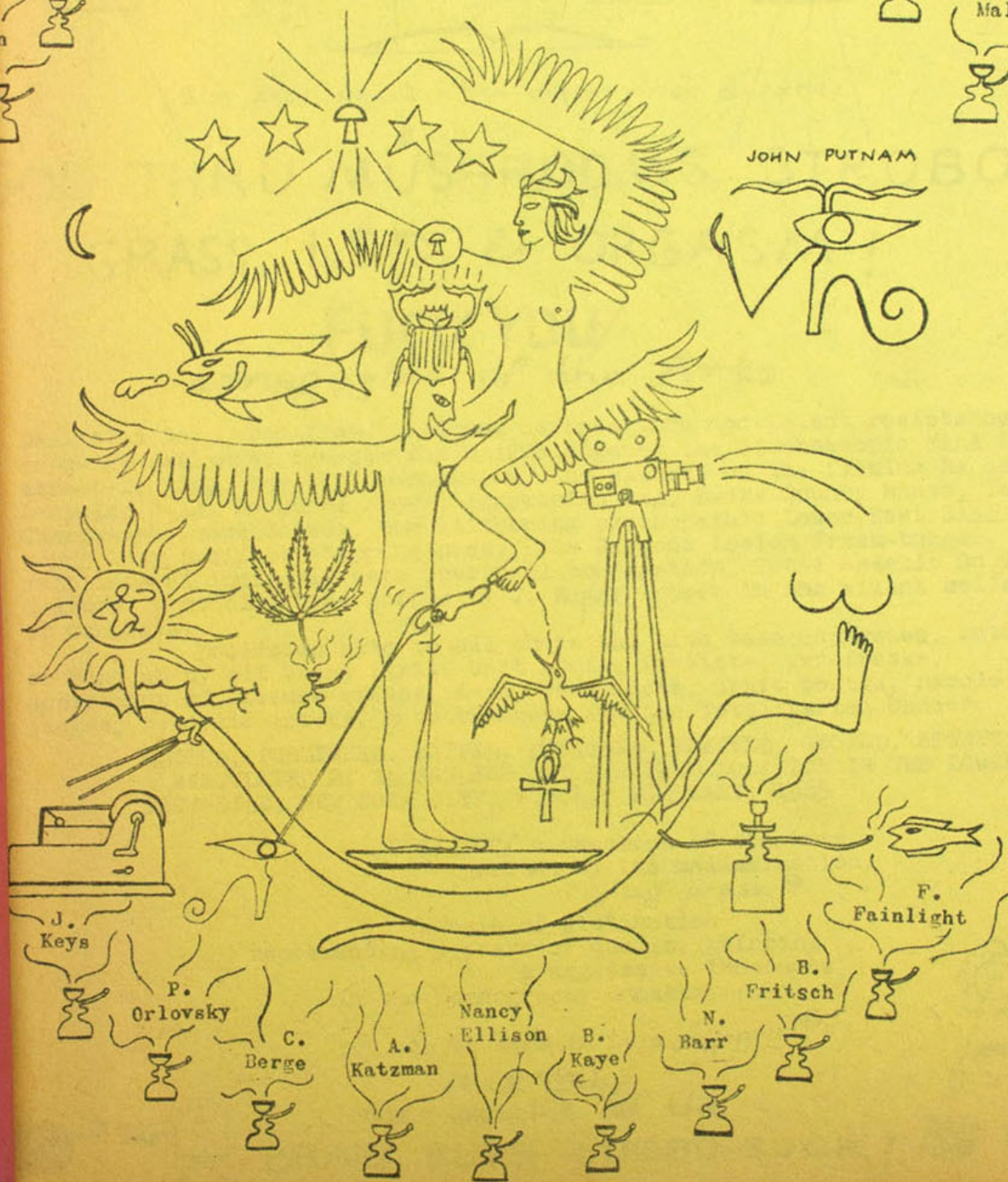
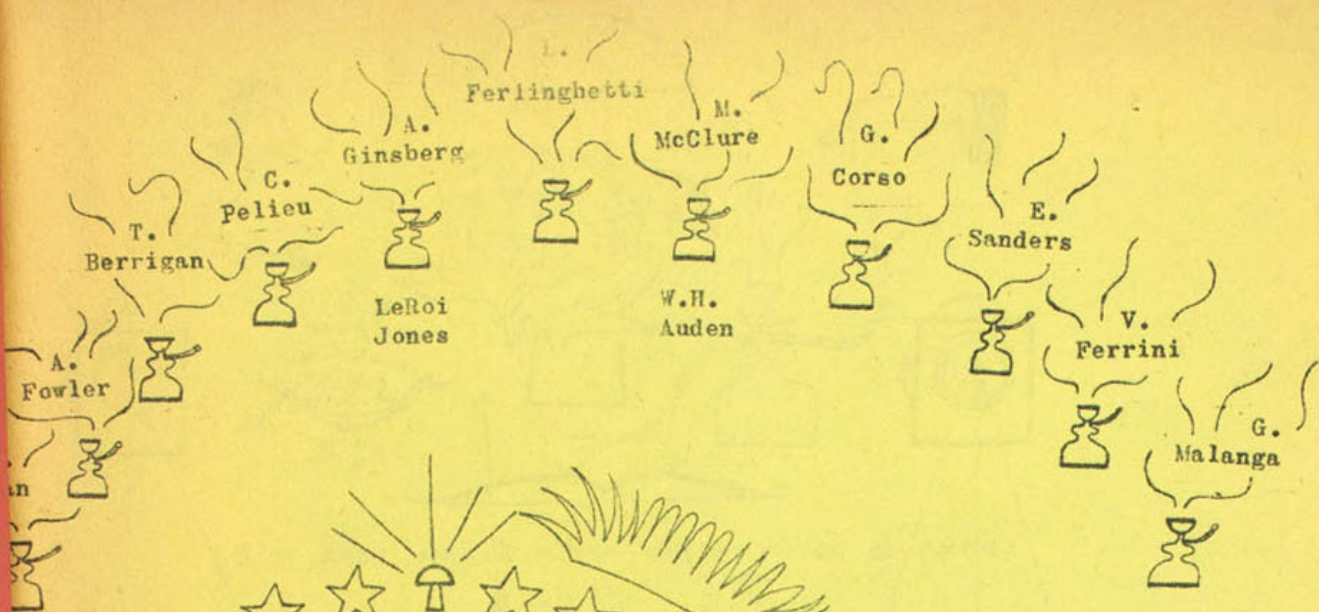
OUR THIRD ANNIVERSARY

MAD MOTHERFUCKER  
ISSUE !

COVER by

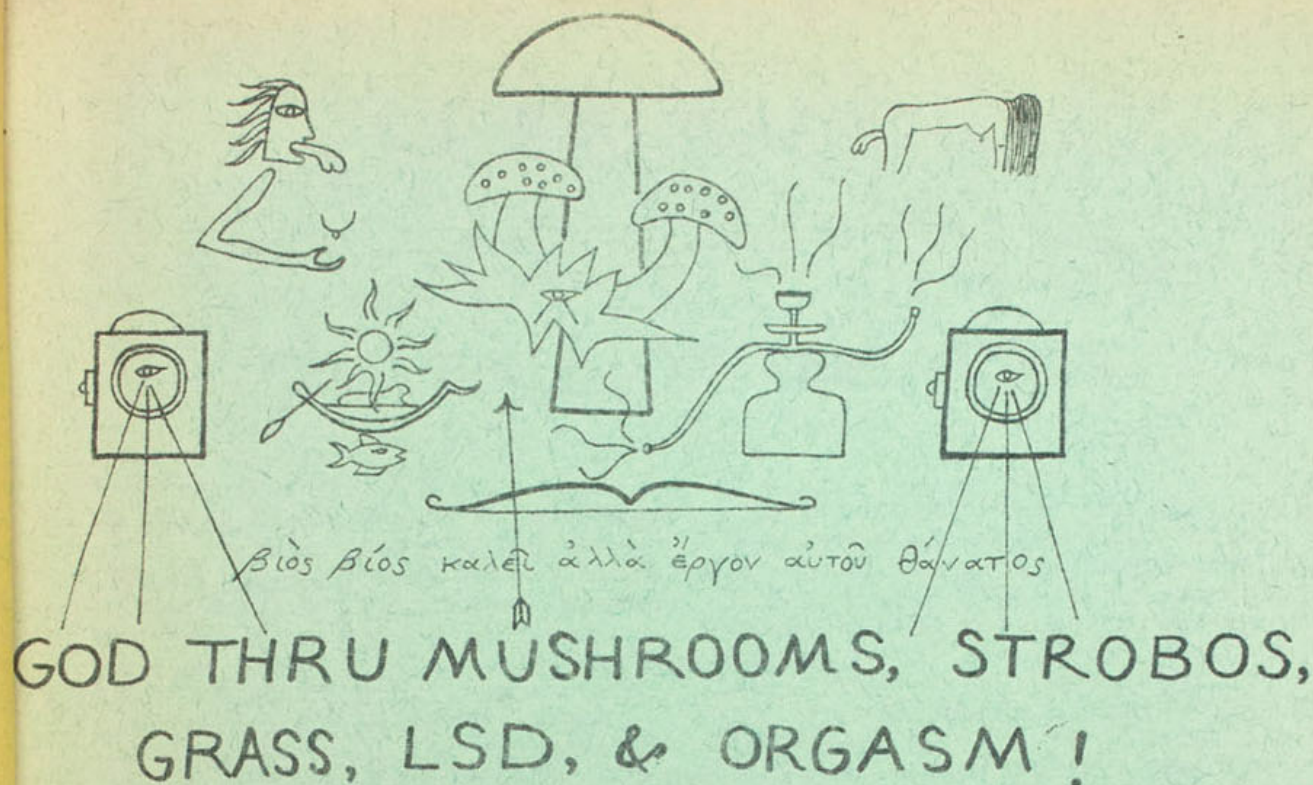
ANDY WARHOL !!

from his evil  
COUCH movie



JOHN PUTNAM





## FUCK YOU/ a magazine of the Arts

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

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

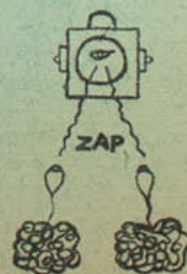
EDITED, PUBLISHED, ZAPPED, DESIGNED, FREAKED, GROPED, STOMPED, & EJACULATED BY ED SANDERS AT A SECRET LOCATION IN THE LOWER EAST SIDE, NEW YORK CITY, U.S.A. FEBRUARY, 1965

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

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

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

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





## THE TALK OF THE TOWN

### Notes and Comment

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

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

### MONGOLIAN CLUSTER FUCK

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

**TOE QUEENS, ARISE!**

--continued next page--

FUCK YOU/ the talk of the Town

- 3) announcing Harry Fainlight's new 18 HOUR ASS-HOLE MOVIE, the most subtle movie in the western tradition. 18 hours of intricate & engrossing contractions of the sphincter ani of a famous Harpers Bazaar model./--- Announcing the Lower East Sides most sinister book shop, the PEACE EYE BOOK STORE, 383 East 10th St, N.Y. 9, N.Y. Telephone CLitoris 4-2100 or 254-2100, operating as a book scene, freak center, & scrounge lounge featuring most of the literary ejaculations of the lower east side. Stomp with us./--- Gropes & thanks to the kind stompers who helped the Editorial Board prepare this issue: Ken Weaver, Peter Orlovsky, and particularly

Elaine Solow /--- recent & about to be spurted FUCK YOU/ press publications: a) BANANA, an anthology of harness verse. b) BUGGER, a Journal of Albigenian Night. An anthology of Bulgar, anal erotic, pound cake, cornhole & dreck poetry, by Szabo, Allen Ginsberg, Ted Berrigan, Ron Padgett, Al Fowler, Ed Sanders, John Keys, John Harriman, & Harry Fainlight. This is already a legendary fug-press publication. A few copies left. c) THE WORD IS LOVE. we finally spurt to press with this great book by the whispered Lenore Kandel. d) SADE SUIT by Jackson MacLow, a very complex book freaked out of the brilliant MacLow brain using Sade's Bedroom Philosopher. e) HEALTH BULLETIN: Apo-33 A METABOLIC REGULATOR; A REPORT TO THE CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, by WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS. (see ad above.)

COCKS SUCKED WITH A FLAIR

TAYLOR MEAD!

*The Royal Rimmer*

Now Opening

his ROME

*Suck Salon*

TAYLOR MEAD  
c/o American Express  
ROME, ITALY

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

1000's of satisfied customers!!!

adv ☆ adv ☆ adv ☆ adv ☆ adv ☆ adv

LAWRENCE FERLLNGHETTI

TO FUCK IS TO LOVE AGAIN  
(Kyrie Eleison Kerista)

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

(Con't next page)

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

(Con't next page)

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

(Con't next page)

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

(Con't next page)

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

Michael McClure

Jan 28

Dear Ed,

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

I sent the following poem as letter to the editor:

POISONED WHEAT

OH, BLUE GRAY GREEN PALE GRAHR!

TRANQUIL POURING ROSE LION SALT!

There is death in Viet Nam!

There is death in Viet Nam!

There is death in Viet Nam!

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

Blue-black skull rose lust boot!

Basta!

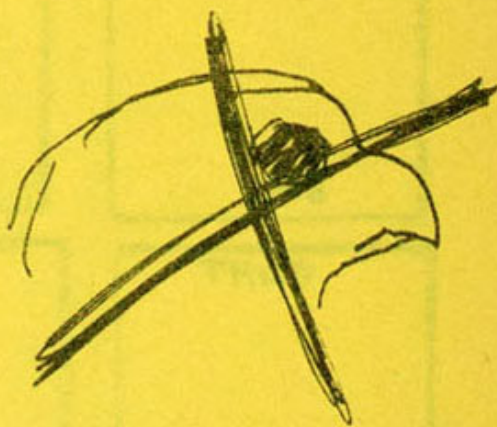
Michael

Dear Ed,

If you no  
like this write  
& I send you TOE ODE

Here is poem - or poems -  
you put in any order or  
whatever. Keep deck. Beam  
Looove, & HAP anniversary.

Michael



MICHAEL MC CLURE

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

DRIPPING

LOVE

ROAR

MUSCLE

BLANK

BLOOD

CLAW

ROAR

HUGE

ROLL

SPIRIT

ROLL

EYE

SING

THUD

BODY

RUSH

BODY

SLIDE

ROAR

MUSCLE

CRASH

SPARK

CLAW

HUNCH

FUR

SOLID

ROAR

LION FIGHT

BODY

SMASH

SLIP

TOOTH

SILK

BODY

TENDON

MEAT

BLACK

CLOUD

BODY

CLANG

TEAR

POINT

ROAR

BODY

BROWN-SILVER

FLESH

POOL

PAW

LEROI JONES

WORD FROM THE RIGHT WING

President Johnson

is a mass murderer,

and his mother,

was a mass murderer,

and his wife

is weird looking, a special breed

of hawkbill cracker

and his grandmother's

weird dumb and dead

turning in the red earth

sick as dry blown soil

and he probably steals

hates magic

and has no use

for change, tho changing, and changed

the weather plays its gambling

tune. His mother is a dead blue cloud.

He has negroes work for him hate him,

wish him under the bullets of kennedydeath

OPEN FIRE FROM THE SCHOOL WINDOWS

these projectiles kill his mother plagued

by vulgar cancer, floating her dusty horoscope,

without the love even she thinks she needs, deadbitch,

Johnson's mother, walked all night holding hands

with a nigger, and stroked that nigger's

hard. Blew him downtown newark 1928... I got proof!

LEROI JONES

WESTERN FRONT

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

ED SANDERS

from the GOBBLE GANG POEMS

Heavenly Lake  
with the isle of yr  
peace breasts

we fuck thy sluice, Crotch Lake  
in the Brain Boat

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

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

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

ARCANIA

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

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

-cont-

ED SANDERS

page -2-

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

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

restat  
the road of lips &  
the gouging banana

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

flare-spurts spew off  
the prow

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

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

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

PANTING DIKE

-continued-

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

in the barque of the  
Butcher Scarab!

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

restat, remaining,  
sublation of the All

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

The Mountain Arcania

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

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

-----

ALLEN GINSBERG

From JOURNALS

19 Dec 1962

Well, where now me, what next,  
lying here in the church gloom naked mattress  
like a Corpse under Covers, just come into Peters mouth  
with his cock in my mouth and pubic hair spread on my  
beard  
cupping his soft ass halves with my palms --  
now alone with all the french doors closed & darkened  
in late afternoon against the skull drum & girl cry of  
streets of Market below my balcony --  
What next soul task, in all this morphined ease  
drowsing to wake at midnight in the oldest city in the  
: --world --  
no need to rush out and carry burlap bags full of dung  
to make money  
my checks arrive from around the world,  
enough to lay here Oblomov all my fourth decade on the  
planet  
with the stars rising and falling and the now half moon  
disappearing and slowly as I peep out the blinds some  
nights weeks hence  
reappeared hanging over the wrinkled old river --  
rush out by airplane Vancouver New York to Moscow  
and shout & weep before mind gangs of new kids born  
between wars

(Con't)

with the tan red stain on my index finger dying deeper,  
    ciagorettes & tea  
in too many Cafes from Santiago to Kyoto --  
What possible poem to imagine any more, who cant  
even read Blake or Kabir with two hours rat minded  
    light-hunger --  
Now seem the thrills of scanning the scaly dragon  
    dream universe  
equal in endlessness boredom to passing my moons  
    playing Cards  
in third class trains circling the equator, thinking  
    letters to write  
or creating a network of poetry slaves drugged by  
    the lunacy of electronic brain meat --  
or simply going home & sitting in the backyard watching  
    the cherry blossoms fatten on my tree --  
having to pay no taxes to anyone, mumbling in my bedsheets  
    while  
the same car lights of childhood prison the decade on  
    my ceiling --  
perhaps even dream up a monster God in the spotted shorts  
    of vast eyeball --  
My cup runneth over, my seed spilled into one familiar soft  
    mouth  
month after month, as if another birth wont connect  
    life

(Con't)

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

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

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

trying to write a poem -- whatever that could be,  
scribbling in a vast book of blank pages, hoping my

death will make sense of chaos notations --  
dashes which lead only to the next consciousness

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

the rag bootied masses  
a new Futurity! Archaic Eden and electric Serpent  
and my soul Eve

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

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

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

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

from the rickshaw thoroughfare a mile away

ALLEN GINSBERG

DREAM

21 Dec 1962

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

TED BERRIGAN!!!!

FOUR SONNETS FROM HIS BOOK, THE SONNETS

III

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

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

TED BERRIGAN  
from the SONNETS

LXXVI

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

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

TED BERRIGAN  
FROM THE SONNETS

LXVII

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

TED BERRIGAN

LXXVIII

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(Con't)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(Con't)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(Con't)

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

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

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

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

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

# Friends

of GERARD MALANGA  
(commissioned by Ronnie Tavel)

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

& hundreds more which  
Gerard Malanga trembles  
in paranoia to mention

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

& thousands of faces  
and snatches in the  
night

VINCENT FERRINI

I H S

I

They too  
know how to celebrate  
candle & halo

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

choiring

II

Sheltered under black windy wings  
& white

numberless immaculate  
harem

Himself had no idea  
it would ever come to this

then & now  
tossing in His sleep

III

The smallness of any rejection  
not even a worm

the stopped at Half  
give evil root & fruit

IV

Lord & disciple  
siamesed

V

His work is done  
& His Father's

If He came back  
who would know how  
to know Him

each man by his own crucifixion  
his own death

& perhaps  
a resurrection

VI

Who know what LOVE is  
puncture no man for any cause

VII

Maira is midwife  
at each floor of ascension

VIII

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

IX

"The tears of Magdalene  
how shall I still them

& all my sisters  
who are in Magdalene

When shall the silence of the thundering  
unanswer let me go

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

The unceasing moan at my feet  
at whatever turn

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

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

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

O that one might come  
& hack me off this Cross

& free them from this Wheel of me  
this inturning punishment

people need me for up here  
dangling"

X

"Must it be untill it is  
my own unself

come back to undo  
2000 years

(Continued next page)

& unending  
O my sister with thy charity

Forgive me for I know  
what I have done

I stare down from this Darkening  
blotting out the sun

in the churches  
I am the axle of

& no one knowing  
what is going on inside me

with that weeping put there  
I, in this black womb

& they in their black tomb  
O deo, deo

What art thou  
& where?"

XI

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

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

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

into what it is  
he is for

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

XII

When the wake is a Wake  
the dead leap out living  
  
but the mourning sonnambulists  
are perpetually nailing the lid down

XIII

Dont talk about anything-  
do it  
  
Did He know what  
& how they were going  
to erect his life, after  
  
ah, if he had  
guessed, it might have been different

XIV

One counted the prayerbeads-  
fifty-four  
& stopped at Him  
what is he doing hanging here  
  
so he unhooded Him  
& threw the idol into the incinerater  
  
then was then  
now is now  
  
He, too, is grateful  
the beads & the praying are on their own

XV

The wrong Christ-  
masticate it  
digest it  
& excrete it

Arise, purified

XVI

When will the priests  
brick by brick

start taking the churches apart  
to get at the cornerstone

XVII

The walking church of Christ  
& not so named

is that one  
who hammered out the spikes

took Him down from that Cross  
broke it

kissed the wounds away  
& let Him go

XVIII

The new Fish  
has the moon for an eye

& the sun  
is the other

VINCENT FERRINI

XIX

See  
the lid of death

sprung open

Christ, O Christ  
is out

& dancing for Himself  
with the risen

who are the swirling

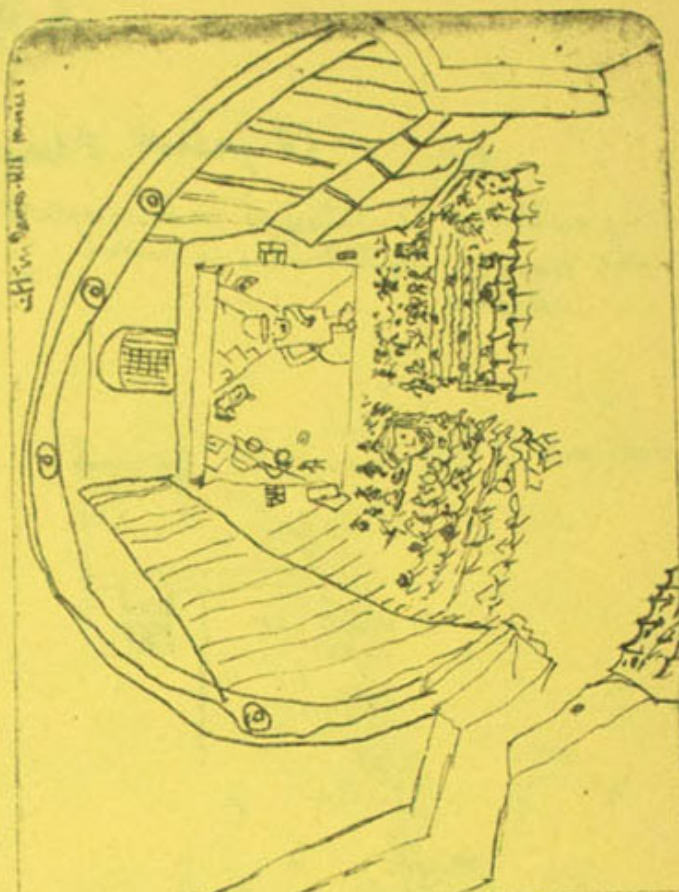
PETER ORLOVSKY

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

- DRAWING A: cripple boe leged begger who lives in the st  
24 hrs. a day-- he maybe takes legal opium Balls  
Pill size-- he weighs about 70 lbs-- he wears  
leather short pants & wooden box gloves to lift him  
3 inches off the ground so he can cross the tram  
st. Hes an old forgotten poor fellow of Calcutta back  
streets--
- DRAWING B: charlie Chaplin on screen in a Damascus movie house  
the time of one of their numerous revolutions
- DRAWING C: drawing of different Love Posisions of Karjuraho  
Yogins temples.
- DRAWING D: Street alley Bazzar Sellers in Old Jerusalem of Jordian
- DRAWING E: a 70 yr old naga (naked Sadhu) sitting in tea (chy)  
shop at 4 am at Dasaswamedh Ghat in Banares-- his  
hair if unwound comes down to his ankles--
- DRAWING F: drawn from high roof over looking Dasaswamedh Gahat  
(or bathing spot)-- temple in center is Shiva  
dedicated to him who is also the God of Ganja or Pot--  
the dead cow is droped into the Ganges river here--
- DRAWING G: from Karjuraho Love Sex embrase show how to make  
love this way also known as KHON ASSAN or love hold  
body just the right movement--  
young kids gave me the names of different parts of  
the body---

Peter Orlovsky

page 1



↑ C ↓ B →



page 2

April 8 - Monday - 63 --- 20

He reminded me, in gesture, that my milk was getting  
I offered him a cig - he lighted my cig with cold.  
a lighter -

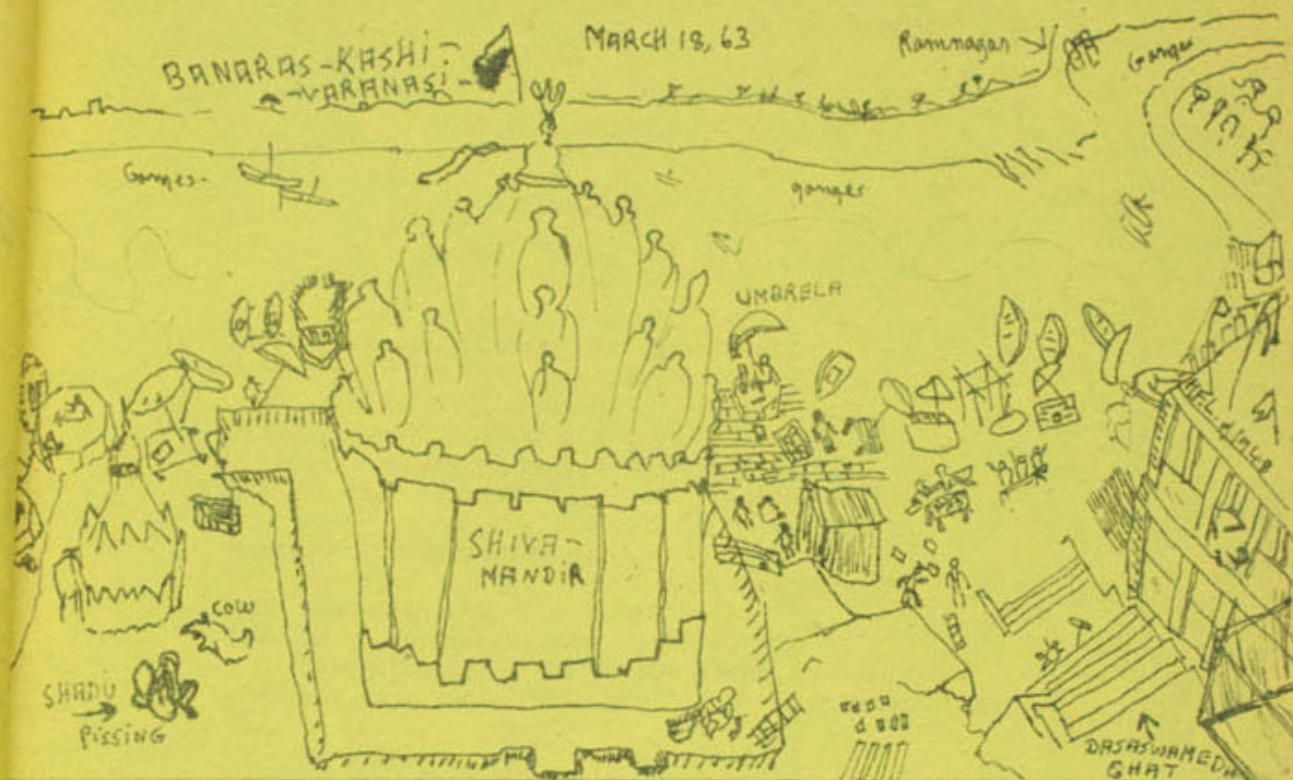


D ↑

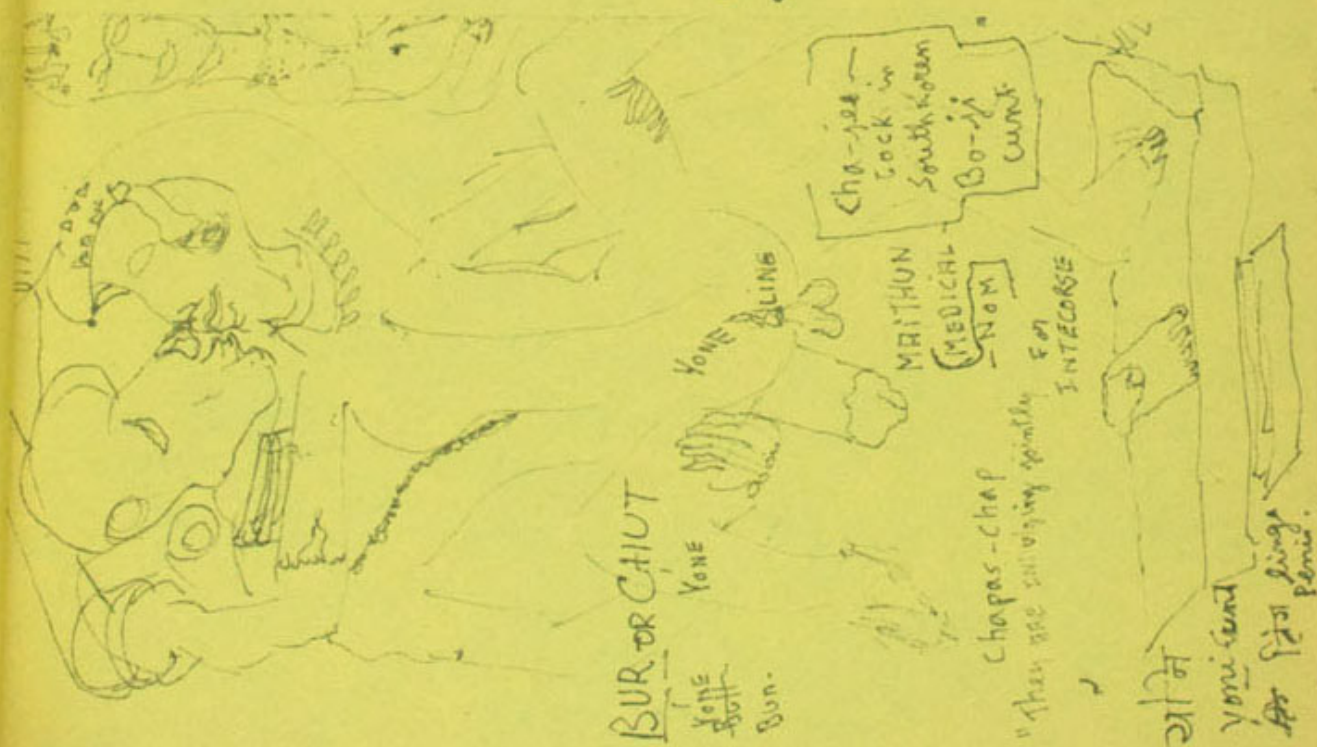


E ↑

MARCH 18, 63


$$F \uparrow$$

G 7



HARRY FAINLIGHT

STREET

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

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

GREGORY CORSO

AT THE BIG A

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

2

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

(Con't next page)

It's the annual running of the Freak Stakes

And here is the Morning line:

The Centaur-----No jockey, his own jockey-----Picked to win

(Because he's got both brains and speed)

Nightmare.....Jockey: Bela Lugosi-----Consensus: Uncertain

(Because it all depends on the jockey, if he can scare her  
out of her wits to scare him out of his wits, should they  
succeed the race'll be theirs)

The Winged Horse-----Jockey: Ezra Pound or Allen Ginsberg----No chance

(Because poets lack competitive force, and when they do compete  
they do it finkily awful)

The Unicorn-----Jockey: Jean Cocteau-----no chance

(Because they're too fragile too effete too airy)

The Sea Horse-----Jockey: Admiral Nimitz-----No chance

(Because they're out of their element)

Silver-----Jockey: Lone Ranger-----Should give Centaur a run

(Because Silver is the only bona fide horse, the only horse horse)

The River Horse (the Hippo)-----jockey: Jocomo Kenyeatta-----No chance

(Because it's overweight, only hope is in its firey jockey)

It is now post time:

They're off!

All the horses are lagging, going slow, some stopping!

The only horse going anywhere is the River Horse, the Hippo!

But Hippo like the others refuses to cross the finish line!

The stewards have called for an investigation--

(The investigation showed that all the horses were doped--indeed the  
only horse that wasn't running won, it being "horse" it being

known by various kinds of shady names, H, Smeck, Boogie, Shit, etc

--and the jockey, Junkie Joe, claims he won the race fair and

hip, that he had no other choice but to run the race as he saw

fit, as indeed the only way he could run "Horse" was by injecting

it into the race-----The commission agreed and the winner of the

race was "Horse" which paid 6 dollars to win, 3 dollars to place

and nothing to show--

CLAUDE PELIEU

Four Shriek Pages From LIQUIDATION OF STOCKS

.....filings ....  
.....notches ....  
.....hooks ....  
.....antiques thefts ...  
.....hinges processions camphors  
.....electrocardiograms solders .....  
.....encephalograms cambers occurrences saws ....  
aphasia hypergastritis piss waves arpeggios forks .....  
    foetus  
    glucose  
    hanged men  
    acne  
    screens .....  
geography  
beans  
abscess  
    analogies pituitary mazes artificial-anus frost canes  
    stews premiums carpets pumps packaging  
                                    reviews stamps  
    index cunts Editor-in-Chief Sub-Chief Big-Chief Super-  
    Chief Tampax Kotex Ajax hog-fish pineapples whores shits  
    porridge Kleenex Jex Rex Fox snots  
    scratches corners  
    literature under-pants  
    missions  
        triggers levers propellers Chanel Dior Vox M.G.M.  
stop valve Goncourt Littré Nobel rescue Glamor Brummel South-Avia-  
tion gutters gourds horses palms skins Cliquot Magloire Ricard glues  
Jubilees Beatitudes.....

(Con' t)

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

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

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

(con't)

1999 2000 2001 2002 2003 2004 2005 2006 2007

[illegible]

## METAMORPHOSIS

```

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

```

.....	\$
.....	\$
.....	\$

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

..... alter-pieces epics training surfing intolerance exilis suicides  
des excrement sub-products periphrases SILVER always \* of  
the sea caterpillars onomatopoeia tropics jugular veins scope  
polemics arguments communication .....

\$ ABOVE  
\$ truth ripped apart by the Imperial Eagle  
\$ sickness murders bodies sway .....  
\$

```

$      .....
$      above alone slightly curved
$      armed solitude
$      bloodless fuzz still worrying about being
$      good musicians .....

```

.....  
 ABOVE EVRYTHING IS HIDDEN ROTS  
 IMPOSSIBLE WAITING BIG GAME .....

\$ .....  
 0  
 \$

AL FOWLER

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

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

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

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

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

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

we wept, we cried out  
in a hundred languages,  
we shouted every name we could conjure up  
into the wind.  
like prairie dogs,  
we built our nests & prayed.  
& like the prairie  
you came; with your gift of sand  
to be baked into  
our bread as we huddle together  
in the raw evening, speaking  
of your secret benevolence & of your  
thighs that moisten our way  
for us.  
we hand each other ritual gifts:  
burning leaves, words to ward off  
the comfort,  
    & beg you to  
return & bless us again;  
O impulse!

(Con't)

i'm alone in the house

with a frozen roasting

chicken, & how the

hell can i roast

a chicken

with no oven &

the light gone

mad & my cat

pissing on the floor?

my hands are beginning to rebel; nothing

stops anymore. it all rushes by so fast i

can't distinguish events

from one another. life's

a cosmic soup unloading

through a hatch on everybody's

lap

at once! all blatant

& obtrusive! a tubercle

bacillus snuggling down inside

your lungs & killing

you whether you

love it or not. for christ's sake learn that

at least, already.

life doesn't care (a rat's ass

at all) who lives it.

ELISE COWAN

A cockroach  
Crept into  
My shoe  
He liked the fragrant dark

A cockroach  
Climbed into  
My shoe  
Away from cold and light

I crept my hand  
In  
After him

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

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

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

ELISE COWAN

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

The first eye is blind  
                                there is no other

---

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

Easy to Love  
                                the Poets

Their

                                SPLENDOR  
Falling all over the pages  
                                into  
My lap

ELISE COWAN

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Relationships

JOHN KEYS

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

ROBERT KAYE

suffering cannot be merited  
o bloody muscatel crucifixion  
& god one!million times

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

or tree at  
xmas sour holiday  
plastic and .

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

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

ROBERT KAYE  
page 2

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

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

science!  
science!  
science!  
science!  
science!

ROBERT KAYE  
page 3

birds build nests

& are

gone

far away

gone

gone

broken toys

but

look at those two girls

their bodies against the water

brown bodies

some kind

of miracle

JOHN FRANCIS PUTNAM

MYTHOLOGY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

JOHN FRANCIS PUTNAM

FREEBIE PEEK AT REMAINDERED GIRLIE MAGS

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

ALL SAINTS DAY

In roaring Autumn the jissom of ghosts  
Scalds with crow-caw the Protestant skies;  
A gust of wild soul<sup>9</sup> fucking in air,  
Wincing kites on a day of bad winds  
with cocks askew in the thermal rout  
Fall to windward from memory  
Set aside this day for their groans  
Where the mildew blooms over our balls!

CAROL BERGE

THANK YOU

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

-continued--

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

CAROL BERGE  
page 3

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

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

BILL FRITSCH

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

"your cunt is like a mushroom gone to flower"

I petted the crinkled lips feeling my  
fingers slide thru the short matted hair  
wondering at the smell of you. Kissing the  
divine slit, tenderly making love to IT.  
What words? Where? to speak of your loveliness.  
Clinical talk of vaginas? medical terms  
reeking of alcohol? instructions rendered  
sexless in little pamphlets given free by  
the "Planned Parenthood Assoc."?

The smell and lust and taste and mad  
moaning twining of loins slippery with screw  
rendered sterile and test tube free of germs,  
devoid of wet pubic hair steamy-warm-pumping  
pulsing with the movement of the mound beneath.

NO! God help me NO!

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

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

! I will not speak with a false mouth!

my love for you is hungry-- a beautiful  
beast roaring its wild love song, scaling  
mountains shouting from the highest peaks.  
It is beautiful! Weeping tears of joy  
groaning with the ecstasy of come.

And accepting with goodness the words of the  
Tribe, I say to you real love words.....

Fuck me darling - Fuck me - Fuck me oooooohhh  
harder - harder - more - more - more

yes - please - ooohh - please - please - please - please  
hold me - tighter - bite me

do it - do it - do it - ooohhhh -----

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

away --- away  
gone gone

AL KATZMAN

DIRECTIONS I (FOR JOHN KEYS)

How  
does it work  
intri-  
cacies  
words  
the poem?

Rimbaud  
before and after/  
High till 18  
then  
disappearing  
dark of Abssynia  
slave trade.

John says it's control

We've got it.

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

John and I  
pass each other.

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

We steer clear of a man  
standing in a doorway.

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

We turn  
go toward him

the whole East Side  
swelling up  
like a Brueghal painting.

Where does it get blocked?

WHAT?

THE POEM?

Here

pointing to my head

the

ashcan of the soul.

AL KATZMAN

THE BLOODLETTING

So I go to  
the kitchen  
sink.  
Perform the ritu-  
al  
of washing.  
I come to you  
as you lie on the bed  
the wet hands of a lover  
used to failure  
like crystal  
slipping  
from his grasp.  
The effort  
to bring together  
bits of  
flesh  
leads to bloodletting.

GERARD MALANGA

In the pores of his forehead the hairline had weakened

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

GERARD MALANGA

SOME THOUGHTS OF JEAN SHRIMPTON

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

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

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

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

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

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

GERARD MALANGA

CHARLES OLSON AMONG THE WHITE TREES

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

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

NANCY ELLISON

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

for allen ginsberg and leroi jones

i sing the grave of resistance

the malcontent and maladjustment

the drowning graves of daybreak

the new poisons

the swallow in an infested garden

what chance has he against corridors

against the tempered silent corpse who

praises the private poet

i sing the grave of passionate flowers

the megalolovemongers

of weird howlings

the offeror

the penciled madman

the visitor to the village of sad blows

beaten for their shadows

for the back streets of splinter overtures

i sing the vermillion graves of fragile poets

the mute volcanos the idle birds

of slum forgotten streets

the simple sickly

the martyred white

the wetnurse in the house of authorized prophets

what chance have we against the men who cast

(Con't)

no darkness as they walk

i sing the graves of hidden exile

the outcasts from invalid harbors

of frightened informers

the empty nausea of their desperate beauty

the surviving connection

the voices

the wet dirge alone continues to

patronize their history

i sing the ashen graves of river dead

the stream of inopportuned dead

of docile landscapes

the gray sucking faces

the prudent manhunt

the bleeding boredom

their smell is transparent

indiscriminate

i sing the graves of our excrement

the trembling image

of acid filth horror

the poets etching of dyings lands

the dead season

the drying confined body

the somber decaying child

resistance is poetry

"WE MUST OUTBREATHE THE LUNGS OF THE HANGMAN"  
(CHAR)

NELSON BARR

GUERNICA

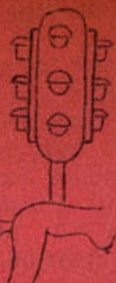
pyramidal hallucinations  
drive my sight      shift down  
across parchness of bleach-white  
intermittent walls

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

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

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

This is the  
magazine



of  
street-fucking!

FUCK YOU/ a magazine of the arts

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

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

HARRY FAINLIGHT/ is a brilliant Broadway Peach Pit Queen.

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

-continued on inside-

GROPE FOR PEACE !!

----NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS CONTINUED----

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

TOTAL ASSAULT ON THE CULTURE !

GOD THRU CANNABIS !

*The LSD Communnarium*

⊕ GROPE FOR PEACE ! ⊕

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

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