FUCK YOU/
a magazine of the arts
NUMBER 5 ~ VOL. 1
FUCK YOU/a magazine of the ARTS, number 5 volume 1
Ed Sanders, Publisher Printer Editor
DECEMBER 1962

CONTENTS: notes from editor

Charles Olson/ THREE POEMS FROM THE MAXIMUS POEMS
Lenore Hangel/ TO FUCK WITH LOVE
Al Fowler/ SEVEN POEMS
Barbara Mora/ Poem
Mark Samara/ BALLING ED SANDERS
Ed Marshall/ STEPS OF ENTERING THE SKIN
Bonnie Bremer/ FOOL-PLAY
Millard Friedman/ OPENING
Ron Rice/ Poem
Charles Polanski/ Poem
Joel Oppenheimer/ A LITTLE MAYAN HEAD
John Keys/ REVISED
Kirby Congdon/ a poem
John Thomas/ FATE DR. Bonelli
Ed Sanders/ BLOW JOB POEM
Mary Mayo/ CANTICLE
Nelson Barr/ A BOUQUET OF PUCKYOUS

Dedicated to
pacifism, national defense thru nonviolent resistance,
total assault on the culture, vaginal zapping, multilateral
indiscriminate copulatory conjugation, Hole Cons, Crotch Lake,
Peace Eye, mad bands of stompers for peace, & all those groped
by J. Edgar Hoover in the silent halls of congress.

GROPE FOR PEACE!
FUCK YOU

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

One more issue of FUCK YOU/ A MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS to be puked out; the FLAMING COCK issue. Orgasm. Hustle vectors. Total assault on the culture. If the fuzz dont freak the Editor into the slam. ---

FUCK YOU/ press will rear onward. The following are up and stomping Fuck You/ publications: AMPHETAMINE-HEAD, poems, drawings, pukeouts, rants & babble of the heroic pioneers in the water soluble benzedrine movement.

WARGASM,

the poetry and insane babble of the Rev. Al Fowler

SUCK,

anonymous poems from the dicklicks

MAYELAX

magic & arsenics, a collection

GROPE,

erotic poems from the Greek, Egyptian, Sanscrit, Latin, etc. in a bilingual edition.

(note: copies of 1st F.U./ Press pub. POEMS FOR MARILYN still available.) --

dies threatened: FUCK THEM/ a Quaker Journal/ --- without having to suck cock or lick ass the Editor & Editorial Board would like to smear up an Angel to freak us into FUCK YOU/ 6, the FLAMING COCK issue. (offset, more durable paper, photos, larger printing, enormous pissoff/ ) --- the Editorial board was corralling a young 8 year old boy the other night warming up for a meeting & in walked, sparkle sparkle, Elin Paulson, who blew the lad into a frenzy. The lad then went twist happy and Ed and he freaked to a 7b scene, That's 69 with the 5 editorial board members watching. Later the Rev. Al Fowler brought in some Filipanime Propene. It's now hip to trench arms with razor and pack in the dope, so they slashed themselves and the Rev. Fowler did the honors with his ivory trench-straw. Elephant Walks. Gobble scenes. Hole Cons. Radiator whistle proved too much for Paulson so she split for Nelson's to hustle some of his Chatanooga cock. No meeting held. --- well well well, the Ed. and Ed. Board were spaced out at a peace demonstration just recently (the big Cuba rally) and the ass was unbelievable: fantastic young high school SAME squack, old tired liberal squack, sweet crocheted college squack, Junior high school Concern Committee squack, Zionist-Marxist perversion, foot-fetish twoglit. A whole holocaust of fuck-vectors. ---


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

so now let all the ships come in,
pity and love the Return the Flower
the Gift and the Alligator, catchos,
and the mind go forth to the end of the world
Three poems from the Maxima Poems

I, John Watts, via
Thomas Morton, claimant
to possessing disposal
of lands & islands of
sd coast including
Gloucester Harbor, did take
salt stored on
10 Lb Island by
ship Zouche Phoenix, London

& did not disturb
shallows thercon lying
as well as other
fishing gear - sd salt
in tunnes for use in
drying fish was
all I took, the
provenance of same being
sd Morton declared
in his hands & skipped
I wd suppose with
value received

I herin testify
Part of the Flower of Gloucester

from the sunsets

to the rubbish on the Harbor bottom

fermenting so bubbles

of the gas formed from the putrefaction

keep coming up and you watch them break

on the surface and imagine the odor

which is true

at low-tide that you can't stand the smell

if you live with the Harbor Cove or the Inner Harbor to your side
to fuck with love, to change the tempo of the air
passing two strangers into one osmotic angel
beyond the skin

{grows in my hands
like a tree}

miracle miracle
out of the burning bush
I understand the blaxpin ladies bruising their softest flesh
in unassuagable worship

(like a tree)

positions and pleasures of need my body
transforms into one enormous mouth

suckfucking oh that lovely cock

big grand and terrible
the utmost implement of love

I taste the mouthparts of my body
cocksucker in heavenly
the tongue between my thighs spreading my legs to screams
and burst I burst I burst
he moves from me and to me then
plunging (big grand most terrible)
into and all of me
can help but shriek
YES YES YES this is it this is what I wanted this
beautiful
he explodes volcano tipped inside me my veins drip sperm
my G.C.D the worship that it is to fuck}
AL FOWLER

Heroin

"eyes taken down to sea
It's takin' down to sea
Ice taken down to a
Ayes talkin' down the sea"
insensibility
he lapsed into
unconsciousness
after the groovy
c.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
*

TAKEOFF

long probe for vein in
heroin takeoff
in the men's room of
the college in the
crave over the scummed
tile under the barebulbs
blowing the shot when
the Burns Guard comes,
skinned & high &
strident wailing
coads thinking
voidal tampons,
bust my works, & I left Jones down the commode
for the nonno brevis,
paralyzed.
LARSON O.D.'S; FOWLER SACRED SHITLESS

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

THE HIP LADY PACIFIST THAT IN A LOWER EAST SIDE STOREFRONT

eyes big as broken thyroid
& hands swift pink devices,
the chair could hardly want more
clutching such ass.
trunk of honeyed organ
each outa gut proud,
it was little wonder then,
that just as she was born,
the clocks of the city
all frequented man
& blundered him
dully.

COCK CITY

this is Cock City

town of snow & big yen
bulge & shrink under the phosphors.
Fitzgerald effect of
ago
membranes get warty,
think hive
street & mechanical
wonders of the final
broken motion,
think entropy when
snow & time conspire
think sex
quickball under the stairs
on cement conveyor
belts/ swooping to gritting
come
think war
think noise
think
the years of the long/ horns
of angelus
groping thru the fog.
Caroline:
An exercise for
our Cocksman Leader

I saw the hot eyes of my young daughter
rolling in passion
her body writhing naked
groping thru my pants and shorts
feeling for her daddy's prick

tiny scarlet pussy burning for the lustful
invasion of my wet, Harvard, unperturbed tongue
(my slick fingers reaming her ass

pity this busy daughter; caroline; not.
incest is a wonderful pastime
my victim (Jacqueline safely in bed)
plays with the bigness of my manliness
her lips excite nicely my throbbing
hardon till seepspray
squishes round her molars

If I should sneeze; her infant tits,
caught in a brutal slash
of white & shining teeth; would be bit off;
And ev'ry whitehouse guard lock twice
before he spilled the beans

Her pussy, crammed cheekful of cock,
is rather tight
But let us fin'lly come,
and in her cunt the little muscles writhe;
the slimy tube contracts & drains me dry.

For oft, when I'm aroused I lie
to Jacqueline, mother of my brood
And carefully, the nurse sneak by
to find my baby waiting nude.

And then my crotch with passion fills,
As to my child I teach lewd skills.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Stark paranoia gripped the editor
as he typed this stencil. Fuck it.
VISION

When the unrelenting morning spoke again of drugs when the poets slept and the coke conversed vaguely with itself, using many mouths I saw us all laced to a crystal smaller than an asterisk when pulleys on our tongues obeyed crisp dicta shaped like strands of silk & miniscule facets owned our breath, Kif lit a lantern in the brain that clove existence, etching archetypal laughter in the blankness of a thought & we covered in our bodies loathing us, atomizing intellect & squirting out fact.

Editors note: it is well known all over the lower east side how, last summer, after several months of cocaine suppositories, Mr. Fowler went totally jack-o-lantern. The Alimentary Quakes on a coco. supp. comedown produce visions of this sort.
Spanish luz

german

in the consonant

consoling feeble punice rub bothe shelle
the fishy mary, hold-on, whilst thee wet
please my toga
thy toga

your blood-within enough of flymouse

tales man
tilla verge on thee guts
be Weeping & Spanish in a whisper, alway
dawn covenant's your gifts
might with ease easily mangle what soft
thought is there, in the courtyard, the fog
lifting its home, laughing maria & under
curt standing in the blood only, deaf, saline,
underspoken

tales man
like the hair on your chest you got
mary bothe tho'shelle tho fish the heart-on
tology

so please my toga, an appointment
o sea-spawned for cocktails.
wt ones, in, wearing

just skin
for a chance encounter for a change
MARK SAMARA

CAMPING OUT WITH ED SANDERS

Coooooch

Coooooch

Coooooch

Coooooch, Cooooochoo, Coooooochoo!

"Not Bad!"
FOWL-PLAY
   / riff on bones

ACTION...

this uppidy nigger walk on Cage/like/stage
footstep sound down
drudge dug judge offa jury/en-grave/in/law
fidget around inner robe (all god's chillum gotta robe o lord)
ope-mouth
NO SOUND
but/song of FREEFLIGHT

FORMALLY
   /in a medium of bone-black
who

fear the lucid oracle
would burn to amorphous fumes
the sulphuric pustulence announces

his arrival in the tombs
draped black tapestry
of the principal matador

and crosses himself
for his mother
and wife
/facing the virgin

all of this is only the presence of flowers
and
obscure the line
surrounding the golden inconstancies/we humans
will love by
and hidden the bones ARE
Our
/present fear of burial

////BUT.....

pick-up-on
performance of one
fanatical priest so
lost in his own mysterioso of

BLOOD/or
watch children
who are the real
museum keepers and play in
soft shapeless mounds
of mud and dead bird feathers
promise new LIFE
by retaining the shape and
form of a wishbone
ED MARSHALL

STEPS OF ENTERING INTO THE SKIN

As the barber blazes the shaving blade
against the hide —
swinging on the hooked-ring
the ribbon tale will have been
scratched with its own
hieroglyphics —
metal will be driven into the skin—
hide or even the shaved away bark —
metal may bruise the skin —
hide bound

Bones may tingle and
throw back the assault —
those knuckles —
buckles
yet hide bound

There are throw backs —
without metal and
without hide —
And they travel right
through where the tissue lies
And there is much rushing,
pushing and plumbing through
the thighs —
and against the thighs —
the brush — the flush

Skin ’n’ bones —
Bored finger tip will
strike
and poke —
skin ’n’ bones

The index finger will
pin-point
dot dotted by
dot
its own dot
(dot your i’s
and cross your t’s)
T-Bone
and plot the
stretching by throwing
the shedding — shredding
thread — fine hair
Dido did it —
Bitto —
Cathage

may I touch that
Lift him up the hair —
that grass —
wild root —

lift him right up —
by that cat’s hair —
watch the spine fall into
its curve —

look at the mouth agape —
while the stomach is
contracting —

You may touch that valve
and hear the gaseous sound —
You are just a hot water bottle
with cap apart to
burst

It is heavier than any
chug-a-lug—lug—lug

And I climb into the next tank
paced up with whispers
after lectures

If I don’t push this
cylinder — I am dead, dead, dead!

And away with the piston
And if I don’t —
I am dead, dead, dead

Burp!

Do it quickly, push it —
shove it — don’t

lift it up — let it slide —
not slid

let it ride —
One heavy stroke will
kill it —

One ride too light
will fade out your
blinders forever
I grab you by your
shaker
And you shook up
the heart —

I must push on
everyone as a
cushion

And sometime I
am crackled
right down with

A red hot poker —
with this line and

crack —
run into my spine
and screw it — itch!
Prick — Prick — Prick
I am cracked —
tickle — tickle — tickle
I am pickled —
pickle — pickle — pickle
That it is
Dick — Dick — Dick —
Tick — Tick — Tick
sick — sick — sick
stick — stick — stick
Hickory — dick —
stick — stick —
I am a grandfather's clock
with a new
veneer —
with a pipe
still puffing —
and organs
still blowing —
in an incarcerated —
incarcerated species
of homo-sapiens —
Cuckoo — Cuckoo!
I am cracked —
who will move in
and scratch the
next line?
who will blow the
next stop in the
pipes?
Who will blow
off their top
over my head?
MILLARD FRIEDMAN L.A.M.F.

OPENING

the pink dappled lust for the pink nipped bust of the girl green blooming naked warm and smiling want—waiting firm yet o so soft and easy caressed waiting there just before the dark of day.

and very often just before the light of night.
RON RICE

Creation from zero
master of superman
that hammers the cosmic
I find you at last
There in the sun.

Creation on target X
child with a plastic dream
as you ran, I sung
Geni of spiderworks

clown of power
master of water
magnet of industry
nail of my heart

Once again the long ranger
silver bullet of the vision
the magic railroad

A million years of war
and still you in the desert
looking at the stars

Paperwork to reach the stars
A magazine called Tino
A clocked call
A reason without rhyme

Sixteen dragons carry the coffin
to the gates of the unconscious

Sitting forever on railroad tracks
THRU SERVICE FROM NEW YORK TO CHICAGO

i wanna get straight
my tracks look like a subway map
people at work think i'm nuts cause i ball in an old steam iron
i think people at work are filled with rotten promises
an old steam iron that's still warm
well if it isn't rat race its warts on my tongue
or some head asking me for twelve cents
its a hip rabbi art critic
giving head to a pregnant goldfish
that's the funniest thing i've ever heard
what can i tell you
i didn't ask for the whole thing to be a goddamn lie
i liked it when everything was sweet and simple
now its answers and confusion
amphetamine fuzz money silk panties hassles rubbers
a lost idea
i really don't want to miss the point mother but
its going too fast for me
i need a place to hide
where im safe and warm and secure
where i don't have to plead with the fucking landlord to
turn on the heat
i don't know any women large enough to hide me
i can't sleep
i'm afraid in the dark
someone wants my marbles to play with
i still need milk
you never finished feeding my when i was little
i don't finish paintings any more
im almost finished
im frightened
come on god
i don't dig the way you end the play
i don't think i'm going to be the hero
and i think im worthy
of being a good guy just once
im finished being a fay cat
im finished being a spade cat
im finished with second rate rabbits
i want to find out what being a nice fellow is like
come on man
i don't want to kiss you i want to kiss a million dollar
dream of happy
happy happy time with all sorts of sweet shit all over it
wow that would really be nice
when it hits me
that i'm awake
my mouth dry and caked and swollen
i wanna get straight
you embraceable you
A LITTLE MAYAN HEAD

for Eric Weinberger

little, an
easy handle, the
fat lips and
pinholed eyes.

and the straight
nose, the incised
cheekbones, lifted
from the side of the
chin, up right to
the crease of the
nose and eyes.
even the jug ears,
something to hold
onto, something to
handle it with. none
of it, on the face of it.

the old
feathered
serpent, the
young and
rising mountain,
the evening star.

no faces in the mud
we draw in, no

that is, if that
mixed breed of
spanish indian made
it yesterday out of
the day before's mud
and wove the wicker basket
new, and dropped it and
others in, and in the
village square caught tourists

it still rings. the
jug ears, they were filled
with the sound of
going off, the offbrain
hallinations fill the
eyes, seeing.

the scars
and cut surfaces of
the man's skin fill with
as much ochre and black and
scarlet eyes, the face still
swings out that thousand or more years.
the mud i drag my feet in
is the same my boy brings
horse in a two gallon oil can.
play it, making anything
you want. the barter for
a man/s head or a god/s
not very important.
what i said was: little boys,
of the age, say, four or nine,
have the sense of it. they play,
and the face is made. just what
you got upset about that time,
hombrecito, the face is made, in
the end, with no nonsense about it either.

the cicatrice, of course,
remains. it was treated that way,
packed with mud and herbs, and
held apart, till it healed open.
the wound closes over, but the
scar tissue never goes.

the ritual of it carries
the importance, which is how i
live, one way or another. out of
dreams to heal, to go back into
the cave of the winds, and
haul out the demon, or, to see,
on the sixth day, say, the buck,
all black, with the broken
right forehoof.

she never did
learn which animal it was she
fell back before, but knew very
well which stone it was fathered
her child for her. her boy.

all of it, to remember where
it was you started, what false
start it was began the scene.

the scar tissue, he said, gleams
dull white under the tan of a
fleshy arm, i wouldn/t know. her
belly where it joins the thigh
showed always the stitching where
the devil went out of her.
all of this to go by, don’t
worry about the circumcision,
or where the ants bit to prove we were men.

my own lungs, I must admit, start
to catch, each time I forget the
serpent in my bosom, and the bite
reminds me what I ought to know.

whatever it was hung us up, also
moved us over the hump.

the cicatrice
building a ridge of strong muscle or
cartilage, to swing, like a club.
without asking for it, a child’s/knees and elbows take it constantly,
the beating, because he wants
to learn to walk.

we’ve learned
to walk, what did we miss?

the scar tissue carrying it
forward, the cicatrice under
it all, that much we’ve learned about.

the hard and uneven surfaces, even,
what we move on, the one thing perhaps
the children don’t know, but they
look for it, watch them ‘king of the
mountain’ trying to make it to the
top of the mountain, the scaly
ridges we find ourselves moving on.

the legs do take hold,
the lungs with a bite, bite
in, the scarred fingers can dig in.

we keep the scars hidden, as, if
you will forgive me, the camel which
crosses the desert carries a hump of
fat off which to live, and in his gut,
an extra stomach he fills with water for the trip.

yes, I could wish we had our names
marked on our cheekbones with the
sharp incised black and ochre and
scarlet lines of the tattoo, or the way
our faces were, in the beginning,
formed out of whatever they were,
without handles or fat lips, breathing.
so the babblers take on the vast ornament

cut of
para nois as
against
Ravel, Schubert where he loses the spectacle look

in blue
the perfect straight insane
back of the man to fight
I stagger under the heat
of black garrison bolts
against my stinging flesh
until my lover changes hands,
as well as ends.
Brass buckles knock my bones.
I yell release.
He is amused.
His bored eyes now shine
and prove my pain.
My self exasperate.
I would anoint the air,
i inaugurate the ropes
of my frightened thighs
and bland myself
with the bleeding of my clothes,
but he gobbles up my tortures
in the bottom of his greedy throat,
as I break, and burst.
FAT MR. BONELLI
(cutout malodiction)

celica card doctor cow
Examiner of Prostitutes
snatch hatchet clap snagger
Devil's crooked electric baby

shunaro face bag face
big blue crag face
bocca lump rouge chook
fat Dr. dirt Bonelli

drowned eye dung float
smile sucker shudder pump
cold tongue mouth most
Devil's funtime ointment licker

ran popper dun gut
crab scratcher twisted crack
ass grinner pike rustor
fat Dr. snorer Bonelli

scab cage gash picker
grubber pot fly snapper
acid flusher gobbled mask
Devil's chocolate stero killer

blood bung brain fuck
fat Dr. rat Bonelli
choke slice rot burn
fat Dr. Bonelli
CANDICIE

All deep Saturday there Lord/
Things blue night is now
Come sea/ and allow
Of Baby/ Sunday house thou
Thee/ deep too/ in thy
O blue true New Orleans servant
Lord/ sea/ love they depart
And deep on call in
Of blue mine the peace
Thine sea/ mind/ rising according
Own Baby/ but sun to
Have deep Monday it thy
We blue morning has word/
Given sea good been for
Thee.
ED SAXTON

BLOW JOB POEM

Down her throat is a torrent
that screams with its rapids
down to the sunless cave of her breath
o fill fill fill
her mouth all flame o full
her suck is a frenzy
her cheeks pulled inward
mouth-meat
slumping
in the vacuum.

Teeth dig furrows in the sliding dick
& then are padded over by her lips.
Her portal is the universal O
my BRAIN goes forth in the COCK BOAT
its presence
is known in the Red Hall
the COCK BARQUE slides inward
Sun Disc in the prow
Brain near to the brilliance
Ra-beams in the Red Hall.

Brain in radiance,
the Disc the Beetle (Khepri the Scarabaeus)
ride forth in the BARQUE among the splendors.

Her lips are the uroboros
I enter infinity
which is the snake
the bread
& the river land

, in radiance, with the heat of the Disc,
into Djet, the eternal.

Cheeks drawn in by the suction
for a guantness,
my hands on her breast
her heart a wild thing
her stomach is a divine alluvium
with a river flowing on it
down to her
crotch

my seed flows the underground route
in the cave of her breath
down to the smoldering hole
cave of her word-stream
cave where her breath comes
all staccato
up thru her nose
& some to her mouth
& explodes on the sliding
the in

and out
of the sliding,
hot wind sirocco of her word-stream
gone forth.

No longer able to bear!
destroyed in her mouth!
FLASH! FLASH!
the flash-bulb pop of orgasm!
a shudder runs over
her alluvial belly
mouth misshapen
& her hands upon my buttocks
Flash! Flash!

quake runs up thru my body;
I blank out for a moment
and wake to glory the sun-Disc
new in the Eye-Brain

cock gone forth to the gate of her throat
the come gunned inward
the flood roars thru the Red
Flash! Flash!

Nef guards the mouth-roof
her teeth are a peristyle in the Red Hall.
A Bouquet of Fuckyous

With trembling fingers & an awesome regard for the responsibility which the pursuit of Transcendent Truth has enmanted our most humble shoulders, we nevertheless stoutly take pen in hand to anathematize the latest crop of impotent curts spawned by our unhappy planet. The following are among the mangiest:

Fuck you to Madame Blavatsky -- hazy-headed amalgamation of pathetic heresies & pseudo-philosophies, her results are something akin to an early morning defecation following an Afghanistani eating orgy.

Fuck you to John Fitzgerald Kennedy -- bellicose little shorty-irish thug, thinly veened by a Harvard respectability, take out your frustrations somewhere else, Jackie boy, & let people who want to live alone.

Fuck you to Chen-ku Shek -- betrayer of the revolution -- staunch ineffectual antiquated warlord of the "running dog of American imperialism" -- teeth rotting with Chinese blood like a misused tamapex.

Fuck you to Peter Cook for that nauseatingly flip interview in the Village Voice! If this be an example of 'deestablishmentarian' utt up the Empire! & spare us such surf!

EDITORS NOTE: & TO ALL YOU WHO WANT SOMETHING HIP AND CUTE,
TO ALL LIBERTARIANS, COM-SYMS, NIGGEROS, ANARCHISTS &
LECHES -- TO QUICK BRAINS, BUBBLERS, & MOST OF ALL,
POETS ----

UP IT AND WALK IT!
FULK YOU/A MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS: PUBLISHED, PRINTED, & EDITED BY
ED SANDERS AT A SECREt LOCATION IN THE LOWER EAST SIDE, NEW YORK CITY,
USA. #5. VOLUME 1, DECEMBER 1962.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS:

CHARLES OLSON/ Mad Groovy Charles Olson! The Massachusetts Stomper!
The Gloucester Bandit! The famous author of The Maximus Poems, and
numerous tractata, broadsides, & cetera.

LEROY MANDEL/ reputed to be a stunning san francisco box. Fuck You/ 6 scheduled to feature TO FUCK WITH LOVE,
PHASE TWO.

ALL FOWLER/ anarcho-cocksucko-paedophile & total poet. Refuses
to gobble or bell anything over twelve years of age. Clergyman.

BARBARA MORRIS/ widely published poetess. One of the Four Young Lady
Fucks of the Totem/Corinth collection.

MARK SAMARA/actor & artist. A GREEN COBBler & Bearer
of the Peter-Bein in those lower east side Sex-fits
so whispered over by the west side hippies.

BONNIE BRENNER/ an artist & poetess. Ray Brenner's old
lady and totally fuckable.

ED MARSHALL/ the famous New Hampshire poet and dope-freak. Loves
to sip yohimbine to young boys. HELEN HELLAN, is a recent
collection of his verse brought out by Auerhahn Press.

MILLARD FRIEDMANN/ painter. The table hunter and stein-stomp
at Stanley's Bar (12th & E). His recent paintings (Bottle
Dervishes I-LVIII) are universally banned although ONE,
a bold editorial decision, is considering them for cover prints.

RON RICE/ is the proclivity and fairly-freak. Movies of his:
THE FLOWER THIEF, SENSELESS, and one half retched out.

CHARLES POLAND/ another Polish cock to thrust into
the pile of east side indy pacifists. Painter with a
gallery on 9th St. (645 E.)

JOEL OPPENHEIMER/ poet, playwright. The Dutiful Son & The Love Bit, most
recent books. Expert marksman and authority on the Algonquin Law Hides.

JOHN KETTS/probably has balled every chick in the lower east

KIRBY CONGDON/ the evil poet. The Publishing Business' main
connection for spiritual potions, yage, yohimbine, aphrodisiacs,
& scrotal flaks.

JOHN THOMAS/ a San Francisco poet. A podagogusamitokos
in the Swinburnian sense.

ED SANDERS/ Editor of Fuck You/ a magazine of the AMSs,
pacifist dopethrill psychopath. Has the Ankh symbol
tattooed on his penis.

MARY Mato/ a fur burger supreme. Poetess. Hustles at
the Les Deux Magots on Mondays & Wednesdays.

NELSON BARR/ Religious thinker & scatophile. Peace walk

EDITOR'S NOTE: BARF ME YOUR FRICK DATA.
REACH ME IN ON YOUR BABBLE VECTORS,
YOUR ARCANICS, YOUR SPEW,
I'LL PRINT ANYTHING.