FUCK YOU/
a magazine of the arts

NUMBER 5
VOLUME 2
FUCK YOU / a magazine of the
ARTS, NUMBER 5 VOLUME 2
Ed Sanders, Publisher Printer Editor

TOTAL ASSAULT ON THE CULTURE!

CONTENTS:

ジョン・ウィンナーズ / POEM
トゥリ・クッファー / F**K IS GOD
カーール・ベル / I F**KED A BEAR AND FOUND GOD
テイラー・ワーレイ / NOTES FROM HIS DIARY
ポール・ブラックバーン / the one-night stand
バリー・ウェレンシュタイン / TIMES OF OUR TIME
レイ・ブリューサー / TWO POEMS FROM THE TOMBS
ジョン・ケイ / POEM
ハンク・ディクソン / BILLIE THE KID REVISITED
エリン・ポールソン / WITH LOVE STILL
パズィラ・コッコ / GROPE POEM
ジャクソン・マック・ロー / from SADIE SUIT
Bob K. / from CAROLCURIA
ネルソン・バー / ANOTHER BOUQUET AND A POEM
アル・フォーラー / SEVEN POEMS

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

FUCK YOU / the magazine of the
WRITHING SQUACK
FUCK YOU/
a magazine of the arts
number 5, volumes 1 & 2
puked out in an unnumbered
edition of 500 costless copies
AND
in an exclusive
edition of 10
signed & numbered copies
with a genuine blotch of the editors sperm
on the cover

(see editor as to price of the
BOILING SPERM edition)
JOHN WIEIERS

You talk of going, but don't
even have a suitcase.

A SERIES OF REPETITIONS

I will be an old man sometime
And live in a dive somewhere.

I will think of this night some place
the rain falling on stone.

There will be no one near
no whisper on the street,

only this song of old longing
the plaintive yearning to be young

and you together on some street.

Now is the time of dark retreat
from drugs, desire, dance.
This is the last chance.

This is not the last chance.
I shall be young again.

Why, only yesterday I lay drugged
on the dark bed through two days,

while they came and went
as the wind

and they shall come again
to bear me down into that pit
called despair;

It is all there, what shall wear
me away and drag me into that place

there is no returning from.
Old age, disaster, doom.

It shall be as this room.
With you by the sink, pinching your face

in a mirror.
Time is as a river

and I shall forget this night,
it's joy.

You shall disappear down the road
and I shall moan your name

in the pillow, while candles burn outside
in windows of strange houses

to mark my fame.
I SAY

To masturbate is human....

to fuck divine

I say the purpose of the revolution
is to eliminate masturbation

I say fucking is holy

I say the revolution is holy

I say the family that lays together
stays together

I say that God & fucking are one

I say that sick sexless souls cause war

I say fuck or die

I say the Catholic Church is antifuck
& the Jewish Church
& The Church

I say governments oppose fucking
because old men oppose fucking

I say anyone who hates this poem is jealous

I say come all ye fuckful

I say fuck is beauty

Fuck is God
CAROL BERGER

HOW TO SCREW A BEAR AND FIND GOD

apples oranges nutbowl and all the noses, transplanted from earth too far far from where the air was much colder than california they are labor zionists 'i wd like to cover this story for you as i did the monterey jazz festival' the air was much colder on the steppes / it was necessary for air to travel long distances through the nasal passages there were no oranges in russia but the orangestrees in isrya-ell are flourishing in the newly settled deserts ah jews my brethren must every rational event pertain directly to your judaism? how many noses and breasts called bosuns like grandma's all the softly waved dark hair as the waves on dark oceans as the waves to the new country the heart equated to the waves equated to the checkbooks in this the new country stuffed dates in this odd modern oasis w/ blonde furniture (name of ben gurion gets ball rolling,) policies, appeals, name of kennedy ( does kennedy believe in bomb shelters? or what does kennedy believe in?) roomful of handpainted paintings, rack of carefully selected & displayed sheetmuse, encyc brit actually being used / ah all the pigeon-breasted soft-voiced women the shrill ravens with caw-caw noses and there has to be a shirley or it couldn't be real mention of zionist of dues of giving of solicitation it begins in earnest bowl of green apples grapefruits are nges all self-consciously bright how could natural fruit be gaudy (mention of pacific jewish press) ah california furthest west of stars of union of stars of david ah ginsberg's moom, ah middlemen of old vienna of hamburg of odena ah small buddhas leaflet with imprinted menorah many books incl old testament but printed in english not hebrew "when i called his office to see if speech available his secty suggested i contact the pacific jewish press; i do subscribe to it; those of us who dont subscribe will find it to be unusually worthwhile in keeping up with zionist affairs" mention of nachum goldman into discussion of zionism zionistic organizations emphasis on need for education jewish youth jewish cultural background... (we who are outside ourselves making the notations for the music while the others dance the dance) mention of german reparation payments in form of certain exports to israel families whose members hurt by hitler the chairs roughly in a circle nothing but bare floor w/ terazzo-imitation linoleum in middle tweed jackets younger generation not experienced in great change of their elders and so asking themselves why should we remain jews? need for educating them to make up for lack of horror experiences new fat lady comes in late she is my cousin lillian married to my cousin irwin in new york he drives taxi she is wellfleshed wears sandals but is very hemiesche
reference to constituent organizations to national council, to preparation of speakers to minorities present at affair to powerful unified instrument
a darkwood carved cigarette urn, full; a wood bowl with walnuts filberts hazelnuts brazillnuts pecans hazelnuts almonds butternuts & built-on nucracker
Do Not Eat the Fruit Or
Otherwise Disturb the Design
"stop me if this paper i am about to read is too long"
but everyone too polite for paper which lasts 20 mins w/ mention of aliya mobilization federations community councils agencies stimulated encouraged vigorous effort organize projects promotion hebrew planned stature areas special interest capacity means movement liaison present intolerable condition
YEAH and
joint effort pooling resources activity on enterprise sovereignty (had enough? should i continue, the nose of the speaker asks, mumble mumble yes go ahead mumble...) congresses bases organic unity implementation pledge participate spirit instrumental
FORCE WITHIN AMERICAN JEWISH LIFE
cy.
the young wife stirs blindly while her enthusiastic inspired husband has the floor now her expression not changing for next twenty mins mention of bore from within what is being done at temple emanuel nothing how much does he make what does he do i will study the wifes clothes beige walls small orange area rugs cotton machine washable windows w/ louvered screens all electric mod kitchen she has a maid yes it is impossible for the average person in u.s. to go to israel suppose he doesn't want to live on a kibbutz he has to give up a six room house live in 3 rooms the govt there should make proviso for middleclass nutcracker on my left getting heavy use by now a nervous gregory pack type attorney mention of AJC JCRC ADL AZO CRC NCJW by speaker in red sportshirt buttoned no tie tighttipped wife staring one woman or 'gal' takes green apple puts feet up on coffeetable and munches
whose nuts is this guy to my left cracking?
mention of theodore herzl of youth aliya of olom greenberg of regular plain old aliya ah ah ah
COMFORT ME WITH APPLES for i am fairly tired of organizations and i want to simply ask all of you why don't you go to israel if you dig it this much and if you do Take Me Along Honey you make me feel the Call
from HIS diary......

I have a huge manuscript
and a small penis
*
I need to have a fifty
million dollar fart let
in my face
*
I had chocolate mints,
and wheat and vitamins
and opium and I nearly
threw up.
*
I want to be a
sarcophagus of innuendo
and I am
ZONK
*
I'm a candy-essed swede.
what are you?
*
I want to get a permanent high
in your pants
*
Fuck Fart faces new book
*
Are you willing to
be spertheided or are you
chicken-shit you
candy-ass
*
I want to be a winter-suited
motherfucker
*
this British sailor says I have Gertrude Stein eyes.
*
Would you like a
sexy weightlifter
jazz pianist for a
screw or
get eyeball kicks looking
at half naked farm-boys
in furniture-less
Lower East artiste on flipper
pad.
*
opium is the opiate of the
people.
*
simple infamous faggot
Taylor Mead.
in an ever maddening circle

* The uncanny magic that is Taylor Mead
* Goodbye prick-dangler
* What are you gonna do with a drunken sailor —
  Blow him in the morning when he’s sobered
* The Basilica of St. John the rapist
* Ronnie Rice has a microphone that picks up everything — the hussy
* All I want for Xmas is my husband’s two front nuts
* cosmonaut, dope addict
  Taylor Mead
* My penis is real tiny
today because the opium is using it for something inside my body
* those sailors called me "Candy Ass"
  (those candy-ass U.S.S. Lexington pansies — love em — too dangerous though to go — leave then in the store — pity)
* I am zonked behind
Marlon Brando who has a big zonk
  only my friend says his zonk is tiny having grabbed it
  but that was in cold water swimming pool ladder grops.
* Junky madness
cock sucking gladness
joy to the world
the king’s on high
* I’m due at the Peace Center any moment.
* Ed. Note: written on an amphetamine comedown. mead up for days.
THE ONE-NIGHT STAND

Migod, a picture window
both of us sitting there
on the too-narrow couch
variously unclothed
watching sky lighten over the city

You compile your list of nos
it is incomplete
I add another
there is no anger
we keep it open
trying,
shying
away, your all
too-solid body melts, revives, stif-
fens, clears and dis-
solves, an i-
dentity emerges, disappears, it is
like watching a film, the takes dis-
olving into other takes,
spliced suddenly to a closeup
The window tints pink

I wait

We sleep a bit. Your
identity goes and comes
it is never for me, it
is never sure of itself

I wait, you

ask too much of yourself, why
of the moment, why
is your fear of feeding off other people? Must
you always feed off yourself
and find it unreal food you eat, unreal
water you drink from the source of yourself, unreal
liquor you take from the hand of a friend, and
never grow gloriously drunk, but stay
eating yourself
finding the fare thin,
stay in a dark room holding
uneasily, in an unreal hand
a thin man's unreal cock who stays
and grows more unreal to himself?

We both sleep.

New day's sun
doubles itself in the river
A double string of blue lights
glares to mark the bridge, the
city huddles under a yellow light
the sodium flares
gleam under oblique
sun's double in the stream,

I wake
ready, make my move.
"You'll make me pregnant" you murmur
and barely audible, "I'll die"
neither will stop me
your legs are open
I am there at the wet edge
of life, the moist living lips

It will not do
I have been at this life's edge
and hurt too many hours
It will be all me for a moment
then all you
Identities will dissolve
under this new act, or
six quick strokes
you move once
under this new act, or
six quick strokes
you move once
toward me, say
one word, even
moan, I will be finished
done
dissolved
become real, alone, no
it will not do
You are no victim and
I no rapist hero, I can
still, I
stop at the life’s edge

Later
we are too real
separate, try
to recover
dully, our-
selves gone out
The coffee does not warm
there is an orange sun in the river
there are blue lights on the bridge
Animal tenderness and
sadness is all we salvage, is
all the picture window
mirrors and maintains
BARRY WALLENSTEIN

Times of Our Time

I. Exit Muses

It was the day the
dust refused to desist
moving on the rigid tar

It was the day that
scalded the fabulous bird
Arabian bird dead and blind

A rusted flute entertained
the turning of dust
the burying of waters

John was gilded and splayed
by a pack of lesser rats

This is the day Fornication
forgets the tradition of two

This is the day inceptions
are balloons on the fingers of spastic

This is the day dust
dries poems in the mind

This is the day
enter the egg
John drools over revenge
John grows a forked tongue
John slowly licks the mirror down
before he is hung
sur la croix
KRIMITY Grindin’ Allen’s Giant Bowels

NOISE: it’s grown so quiet now
that softness falls clattering
like an iron manhole-cover!
grating skirmish
dirty teeth across a length
of gabardine
the absence of sound is
a milliliter, ripped down
the truncated breast
of a South Bend Lathe!
silence enters the daffy machine shop swift
as a stolen moment is swift
& a thief of such/much quicker! forestall
the incredible NOISE! O,
my ears are stuffed with cotton!
still, the lack of any sound!
death without end; how quietly the foot steps in my head
bash down my brain! SHUT UP!

the breathless hush of hacking;
another murder! buzz-saw
scares the eyes; you can see &
eat this vacuum/grasp this void
in hands & not forestall, put down,
the sudden shock,
the searing slash of
emoted steel-like blade
that dismembers my/my body;
the drop of the pin
of absolute endless silence
, walking, a peg-legged monster,
thru the squall of corridor
shh; the impregnable wall of
nothingness/grinding the bit
to a tool that erupts like hell
let loose; that explodes like
iron-machot/
cold-konk on the head
which strains to listen,
yet dies
of a clamour & Thunderstroke
never heard:
it’s as cold as dead!
and the scream of a mortal grave/crash,
vibrating gentle God’s loud maddened red!

ray bremer in the tombs
september 1962
Rolling with the wind

cylindrical expressario roll on by me: haralling!
the dusty, august & impressive tompole turn to stare!
what is this roll? old, this fat around the pillow case
i sudden see & captured by momentum, join the war?

(it's my old rollerskates
tonight transports me; i
the former phantom of New York;
i the latent prisoner of speed
whipped around pylons of otherwise
tompoles, whose seventy thousand
countenances repel & desinhibit me!)

THIS IS A BANKED TRACK AROUND WHICH
SHOOT 20 PERCENT INSANITY FOREVER!
(Van Cliburn play
Tchaikowski on enormous
symphonic piano accompanied
by tympani & flute...)

I am a DEAF & A DUMB
MUTE; all time gibbering....

once go-round; two around, thrice go-round, four...
a mile in just this number/two times more!
on the left-bank is old rolladium heroes;
the jersey jolters! Detroit's Death Defying
Dovile...now the graceless
intercom/startler: the vague
steel skating-rink with court-list:

criminal court, part 1-A; criminal court part, 1-B;
Bronx County Supreme Court, part 83; Manhattan
Assess Court; Night Court; Gamblers Court; General
sessions, part 2-A; part 2-B; part 3-A; B, C, C, & B;
 Felony Court; magistrates Court; Supreme Court Clinic;
Domestic Relations Court; special Sessions, 1-4;
special Sessions, 1-B; 1-C; 2-A; 2-B; 31 Richmond
superior Court, part 1700; charges, F.O.A.; 3305;
1751; homicide; lethalicide; sundayside 6-5000; this
is pennsylvania! Harts island! Riker's! Sing Sing!
Auburn; Dannemora; Attica; Great Meadow; Belvue;
Matawan; Central Islip; Pilgrim State, oblivion...

still, the robin goes around, the bank of track is
45 degrees...the Washington Jets Bake birthday-cake &
know you were coming...a banjo strumming;
(Thelonious Monk play
rootie tootie - i am deaf
& dumb & (one mile run, keep
running, 0, cylindrical expressario on the gol

Ray Brumser
Tombs, September, 1968
DAVID RATRAY

IN GOD WE TRUST (& old glory wrapt in cellophane untouched etc)

god
that's not me, that
unhallowed embryo of an instrument panel
haloed in eggwhite

I refuse to be re-
created in the image of

(tombe, manhattan: visitor's booth telephone is electronic abstractor
of a jailed voice & all intonation
volume
sound I once knew & loved it by become weight-
less substance that has been totally amputated, no
arms
legs
cock or any shape at all)

god is a thalidomide
fuzzy gray image of what
any man could be made into & the man
is

god is a softening of the bones

god is a softening of the stone faces of lawgiver
law & letter of law into the

  pigeon shit he covered them with
the word lost

justice blurred, its medium
choked with this airborne fungus

god coming in on all frequencies

the robes of justice splattered up & down with spleen

god is a sponge sucking with many mouths
& if he does
make me back into that nightmare machine
my man face an instrument panel erupting with

knobs he can manipulate
as he once did

on the skin of the book of job

I'll purr like any ex-
pertly overhauled machine

but the human I monitor
will scream

for r.b.
Poem for Charles Olson come Summer

well, these other motherfuckers
have their stiff faces
    propped up over the tight
    asshole regions
    of the
rumbling coffee-houses
& the fink woman with excuses long as 9th St.
east of the park,
    how they should
    go down over Ave C to learn how cool
    the female eye
    is
    before the heat;
    so my friend
he won't get off this street,
    and how that
other giant looks soo
solid in this street,
    and the other,
    the last talking
the A F of L - C I J
of Verse;
    where the omens are, this street
    in mid-July
being born again
beneath these omens like that prison song;
the street
a building is split like a glacier
with a line
down her front
the red to the west
the white to the east
the way this
day is
the dull morning
then white
& the afternoon wig
off the top of this
street
split on that line
at her July 29th, in the year of the glaciers,
where now, this years
they hold together
like the building across the street
& that line does not
then split, but joins;
& the Giant
dwells within
but not in this street
not among the stiffness,
he is

br

ocean, man ( O - en - d ) ..... )
sh
he smiles,
so, how he beams
where no poem goes

sea-sun

on this crust of street
this poets-walk
this widow
I have been dumped into,

now,

so NOW I deal
with it, this

phenomenon

this meeting

has something in it
this omen

cleaves this street

& gutters

are silver

EDITORS NOTE: When the big C was on the NY set
in July 62, Mr. Keys met him on 9th St
up the block from the old 9th St.
Coffee House, in front of that famous
building full of rampant pussy.
This poem puked out as result.
The law
You have asked me to respect the law
You speak about the spirit of the law, the concept of justice, freedom, truth, fairplay, and the sacredness of institutions...

Fishbone in a rattlesnake throat
What is your name?
There can be no respect for the "concept" of law apart from the character of its execution!

Like that gunsling kid, I have learned the law the hard way
I give you a field of dead bodies shot in the back by the law
I show you ten million tenement ratholes, and fifty million starving babies; all perpetuated by the law, all maintained by the sacredness of institutions
I take you west and east, south and north, I show you office buildings, limozines and socialwork robots, masturbating justice and fairplay, ejaculating corruption and bigotry everywhere;

Frank Riverton, millionaire, stole five million from the American public; he gets "investigated" and receives a suspended sentence; he is welcomed by Argentine dictators; we hear he loves humanity, is kind to children and deplores juvenile delinquency
Willie Jones, a black peon is Alabama, comes upon a ten dollar bag of neckbones; he takes them home and family eats a full meal in years; later he is "captured," and sentenced to eight years at hard labor; he has a "record" for the rest of his life and can't get a job anywhere.

What does the name Charles Mack Parker mean to you?

What do Sacco and Vanzetti mean to you?

What does the jailing of Bertrand Russell mean to you?

What does the murdering of a policeman by a teenaged gang bring to your mind?

You talk about law and institutions.

What is your name?

Crime is for you who are the law.

The law is for those who do not get caught.

Institution is for you who make money and maintain a stale way of death.

The innocent and powerless are smeared and hunted down.

I am no longer innocent.

I strap two rods to my hips, a third in my belt, and ride against the law.

I will love depraved people with bitter memories and uncertain futures.

The law does not want truth.

The law wants to be paid.

The law gives us a mutilated body wrapped in a bloody mantle.
ELIN PAULSON

WITH LOVE STILL

1

can i even begin
now at this time
when the time is gone and past
behind blue line?
after times and eternities
of changing and changes
in between/
and yes you said so too
and worry/
only now i have symbol of life
and of the sea
blue green
mother of pearl
with me/
my grandmother is sorry
and talks of you still.
my grandfather having died
also since
lying in quiet pine box. . .
did i tell you?
/ postcards from mexico
now and then with no addresses
until one day. . .
(and i was surprised
and my mother was happy
too)
but what is that? as you say
/ but better than nothing. . .

2

i remember all warm first nite when
the painting roared off the wall
weaking / and willie in
red whirled around the little black room
like mad angel / i remember forsythias
in hair and crotch and hand
by the river and i found a stone
with a face which i still have / i
remember the hills of massachusetts
& your room / and our garden of
marijuana which didn't grow well /
i remember you warm gentle impatient
beautiful wanting to make my happy only
/ & the hurt
3
i diD tell you things /
   & we played
       our kazooes

4
a song of love is a sad song
hi lilly
hi lilly
hi lo
a song of love is a song of woe
don't ask me how i know

5
someday
we
will
meet
again
and
stop
wondering

8/20/62
I'd love to fuck right now
a blond broad with a taste
that requires a skilled love
as the long night draws to an end
the exciting movement of our bodies are as fresh as the two daisies that glow on the windowsill in the early morning light
already together we hear the early morning rush above us.......
from CAROLCURIA

1.

a child was playing
at the industrial river
pulling junk
(bobbed-wire,
  beer cans,
  paper,)
from between the
shore rocks,
& dumping it
on the beach

"what are you doing?"
someone asked.
"I'm cleaning out
the whole river",
the child answered.

& later that night
he went home
to break his toys
& to bow to black kings
with broken guitars.

2.

mass was a drag
when i was a kid.
(no, i didn't do nothing bad)
("
"
"
"
"
"
")
usually old father
louis bent over
white haired farting
priest mumbling ritual
"my son my son
how many times my son?
/alone my son?
with others my son?
and me not leaning on the pew.

the gold-winged warrior
friends flew that bleak
sanctuary;
gold winged angels
helmeted with beaks
flew that sanctuary
in burlesque.
those over-sexed bird-men
didn't know what they were doing
daily they raided the church

spearing that old prelate
who should have been dead
& raping my queen,
carolurla.

my queen
she was my size
& had blond hair
& blue eyes
she was always there
flash blond & soft
body of blue eyes.

through that body
i entered the blue sky
& flew with those angels,
but they weren't on my side
they raped her daily
on a cross by the communion rail
in front of the trembling parishioners.

"who of you is christian, stand!"
i stood & everyone sat
i threw a bomb Brr-ump!
it was bloody
i killed all the faithful
an usher tried to get me
tried to swat me
with the money basket
i looked at him
& killed him with a spear

standing there the triumphant crusader
i suddenly remembered carolurla
i spun & locked towards the altar
she was at the altar
raped & naked on the cross
a big gash in her gut
her flesh was flesh
& she was dead.

i wanted to run to her
but had to carry a monstrance
up golgota first
(golgota being between
the front of the church
& the back of the church
where i was at),
i ran all the way
on the way down
i forgot the stations
fell three times
& lost the pearly monstrance
it didn't matter
carolurla was there

i kissed her mouth
& held her
& put my body on here
she came to life
off down the cross
her blue eye
the one in her belly
was winking at me
i took off my armor
& we walked holding hands
to the tabernacle
there we took out the gold chalice
& entered
& walked in a white satin garden
without any clothes on.

3.

that year again
i walked to that altar rail
they smeared me with oil
i mumbled vows
& learned arithmetic
& lost my queen
& the golden beaked clanking angels
& the old priest lived on
& i lived on
CALL ME NOT BACK

call me not back
    thru loveless dirt-strewn streets
    thru eddying pools of summer want
i go not that way again/
call me not back
    with eyes diamond-glazed by silent hallway lusts
    with dark pubic pressures on sheets of fire
    with the tender heat of small rose-nippled breasts
i go not that way again/
for now is winter
and i have seen blind children weep
    on bruised knees
around a frozen pond/
with this sight my heart and feet are ice
and i can
    go not that way again/
ye gods! it is not enough that farheads abound individually to cascade their limp turds about our poor ears but in this horrendous day & age -- they're organized! The groupings below mentioned have the dubious honor of being the most defecatory amalgamations --

Fuck you to the Americans for Democratic action -- for their sorry inaction during H. Stuart Hughes' campaign in Massachusetts! You punks are certainly living up to the time-honored liberal sell-out tradition! "Oh we're worried about peace but it actually work for it is so radical!"

Fuck you to the so-called satyagrahas of the Indian non-violent movement for their hypocritical backing of saber-rattler Daddy Nehru in his pomposity "to free the sacred soil of India"/ your hounding to force & violence is a shame to men of peace everywhere!

Fuck you to the Portuguese murderers in Angola -- petty bandit degenerates blindly serving the dragon's teeth for the retribution of pale Africa! May the men of the New Era heap coals of fire on your swinish heads!!
SEVEN MORE FROM THAT MOTHERFUCKER AL FOWLER!:

BABBLE

where is our excuse
when the line deepens
into murkiness
& we delete our
truths from the final
structure?

oh, I could plead nerves,
my good set of works;
burst; by a frantic chick
seeking her purse like
a demolition bomb,
but that's no good,
i mean it just won't
hold
any fat solution.

why do I babble
pregnantly
now & again &
fill the gaps
with filled gaps?

I WANT YOU

i want you
under open sky
the sun in your
forehead & spread hair
the grass around your thighs
making no mistake
of roundness

i want you in
water & the air
i want you
as long as there is
ocean
on the same earth
i want the
feel of under you
a planet
rhythmic as
love
giving all quarter
i want you
wherever there is room enough
to lie down.
MUSEE DES BEAUX ENFANTS

Posing as Sunday school
teacher on the
strength of my ordination
*here we are at the
museum, kids. Note
the locked doors & how
I am nude behind the
medieval armor.*
we romped & balled
in tyrannosaur's
sagging jaws,
virgins deflowered
themselves on
foot-long fangs &
manly halberds.
took turns going
down on a stuffed
gorilla,
packed their
pouting snatches
full of Roman
coins,
tableaux in class
taken from the
classics;
we prayed to Priapus &
Ra in the old,
sarcophagi &
over mounds of
Pro-Columbian art,
jap swords,
trilobites,
the whole
pretending swarm
of child
soaked the
air with
gooey shrinks
of fuck.
CHILD

All-sexed, asexual, piebald & monochrome, heterogeneous true successor of us all.

Of one spirit blessed by paranoia, consecrated in honey, shattered by rain drops indomitably still, Of one body racked with typhus and eaten by ascaris, ruled by a fever of divine gullibility. Of one mind of schizophrenia, of murder, of fellatio, of poem, johannsen blocks of intolerance to the nearest minus 10

Guiltless heir of all the stench and garbage of a billion year sickroom from which the nurse has fled, luckless creature of bankrupt charity, exquisite maggot on the corpse of earth.

You will approach christ to spit in his tender eye, piss on the mona lisa, beat your meat at funerals and die of gluttony with your soul's blood on your soul.

Living Child of my idiocy and illusion of my fanatic skull, with your intellect infinitely innocent, your body merely miraculous, and the dumb wonder of your genitalia scheming Eden.

Baby of every father’s shuddering come and each mother’s skillful being.

Child, Infant, ♂♂♂♂♂♂♂♂♂♂♂♂, spotless of sin and damned by your nature. My seed, spawn of Khruschev, child of calamity, Final tortured zygote in the last blasted womb.

this that I have hinted is holy
Fruit of our passions and writhing lusts.
The essence of anarchic man,
Stupid, Ranting
Lying, Whining, Fucking, Praying, Dreaming, Loving.

All these stupendous miracles and mediocrities are sacred,
And my breath is forfeit to
The rotting excellence of this innocent IS.
DEMOCRACY!

"Conscripts of good will, ours will
be a ferocious philosophy,
ignorant as to science,
rabid for comfort; and
let the rest of the world
croak.

That's the system. Let's get going!"
Rimbaud.

You're depraved, I'm just perverted;
commuters shot from numbered cannons
at enormous dart boards
spike-kneed babies darting into walls
of paddles hold by parents as a game.
Skydiving techniques employed by the
masses
conspiring with ghosts on the radio.
"tonite's our date to go mad together."
& you can make the world do anything
in a sentence,
if you've got the intent
but the machine outside - reeking
of certitude. how it must
feel. squatting. its clattering
rusty tongue

"where we finally disembark
o polyglot kiddies is at
the circus of your sexual souls"
harlequin cocks, eyes toasting
& bloodshot & rheuming noisily
down their sore cheeks.
an orgy of comptometers
tithing us for our own ruin,
clerks & potentates
bureaucracy tolerating human error
only to conserve worshippers

—meek noses in the subway rooting now—
hand manipulating knees
imaginary titties gone eyebrows
machineguns
spiked knees yearning for the
swoop to your throat.
spikes of decay chains hampered
bladewise frustration
uncle-sock swollen for niece
mouth full of kinky cunt hair
eyes empty as
the depths beyond arthurus
nursing a billion
unseen earths
philosophies cooking
in the glancing
of an odor-speck
from the nostril's hair.
close to hysteries at the truth
of existence
rain on their heads an
affront
motorists blind to the instant
until they're saddled with
their two tons of iron
naked in the road.

TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

When we talk on the
telephone, we feel our
lose more heavily.
i stare at the
slits, the box that
sells her voice to
me.
i hold the phone
like a live thing, like
part of her. it holds
a sound i love.
yet i hate the
upright coffin, its
pimply walls,
the printed admonitions
lining it, for being
in control
of our feeble
conversation.
there are things
unsayable in it.
as though the
wires were
jealous.

THE ROOM. JUNK WITHDRAWAL

Now let's line out agony
1890 furnished room bare
of schmack, her gone
down the cataract of
abstract force that pours
around us all & makes
these leaps we don't
control
nothing but our attitude
is ours & now my
mental anchor slips
from the muck of
time.
NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS:

JOHN WIE NERSH/ holy John the famous. HOTEL WENTLEY POEMS. eternity.
Coca head and boy-hawk. Auerhain due to soerce his second book
also, if the motherfucker ever completes it.
TULI KUFFERNLEG/ Gobblerius Supreme at the famous Birth Press. As we
said in issue 3, formerly an Abyssinian transvestite counteragent for
the CIA. Now on leave under a GE grant to develop a walky-talky
olisbos (dildo).
CAROL BERGM/ Another of the Four Young Lady Fucks. An east side
blip screen for rape rays.
TAYLOR MEB/ handsome well to do Taylor Mead. Queer.
Hustle hisExcerpt From the Anonymous Diary of a NY Youth!
Volumes 1 & 2.
PAUL BLACKBURN/ a grope poem from one of the best. March on the mind
from his books, Brooklyn-Manhattan Transit and The Note.
BARRY WILENSKY/ Poet and madman out of NYU. Another of the
Spaceouts to be seen skulking about evil Stanley’s Bar.
DAVID RUTTAY/ another tall quaint lower east side
slasher. Stalker in the classics. Originator of that
famous l.e.s. recipe for pain-cybin cobbler.
RAY BRENNER/ the outstanding American poet. Recently freaked back into
the slums by the fuzz, those motherfuckers. The poems in this issue
pulled out in the NY Dept of Correction, the Tombs Branch, before he
made the bail scene.

JOHN KEYS/ we’re hip to Keys. Poet and reaper of pusey.
A poem about the big 0 when the 0 revved into town in July.
BANK DIXON/ rumored to be none other than scaggy-cooked
Calvin C. Hernton, the poet.
ELIN PAULSEN/ as we have said; a $200 hip chick
pacifist callgirl. The best blow job in NYC.
Vulva-flower slashed loose in infinity. Total.
PASQUALE Cocco/ unknown. Thought to be a Allentown hustler
and toke-freak.
JACKSON MAC LOW/ evil poet and stomper on the
word front. As we go to press the motherfucker still
haunts our offices with his promised manuscript; we hope
not to be forced to write something for him.
BOB K/ Poet. The whole east side has heard how Bob was
raped (really!) under the brooklyn bridge by a sex
maddened pacifist this past summer.
AL FOWLER/ a really unbelievable poet. In this issue we have stomped
some 1/4 of his poems into print which is just a snort or a cotton
full of his work. Fuck You/ press to print this spring a larger
selection.

EDISON BARR/ enough has been said and whispered about
this motherfucker. The grooviest thing he has done recently
was when he burnt his draft card in front of an NBC camera.

EDITOR'S NOTE: SKIN ME WITH YOUR POETRY,
YOUR BANNED MANUSCRIPTS, YOUR RABBLE,
PLANS FOR THE PACIFIST HOLOCAUST,
I’LL PRINT ANYTHING.