FUCK YOU/
a magazine of the arts

NUMBER 5
VOLUME 3
FUCK YOU/ a magazine of the ARTS
number 5, Volume 3, May 1963
Ed Sanders, Printer Publisher Editor

"we drink
or break open
our veins solely
to know...."

'LENORE KANDEL/ HERO THE RIDER

ROCHELLE OWENS/ To An Arrogant Fart
PETER ORLOVSKY/ Second Sex Experiment
JEAN FOREST/ Queen # 3
MARC SAHARA/ CampIng Out with Taylor Mead
CAROL BEAC/ the love hang
RAY BREMSER/ Poem
JOEL OPPENHEIMER/ A LONG TESTAMENT
BOB KAYE/ Madroogle
J. SOCIN/ Graffiti in a public john
AL KATZMAN/ LAMENT
JOHN THOMAS/ two poems
BARBARA MORAF/ poems
NANCY ELLISON/ CACA CACA
JOHN KEYS/ POEM FOR THE AIRCRAFT
MARTIN SEGAL/ poem
TAYLOR MEAD/ babble-vectors
JACKSON MAC LON/ Light Poem
SZABO/ Poem for Marilyn
NELSON BARR/ another BOUQUET OF FUCKYOUS

GODTHRU CANNABIS

Dedicated to
pacifism, National Defense thru Nonviolent Resistance, Anarchia the
Goddess, Orlovsky's long Egyptian finger, Peace Eye, Hole Cons, Peace
Walk Dicking, dope thrill Banana rites, Acapulqo Gold, Panamanian Red,
Honduras Brown, windowbox freak grass, the anarchco-commio-greaser
conspiracy, submarine boarders, mad bands of stompers for Peace, and all
those groped by J. Edgar Hoover in the silent halls of Congress.

GROPE FOR PEACE!
SPURT SPURT

FUCK YOU/ pukes onward! The rationale behind this issue, I mean fuck the rationale— the Editorial Board was passing around the Honduras Brown and getting pretty fucked up before crawling over to evil Stanley's Bar, the men insane in a fuckcup coporate scene— Anyway, a huge spew of manuscripts had been cornholing our mailbox for months and every day Nelson Barr, Szabo, Bob Kaye & the rest of the Board were trembling like a piss-shudder to get at the mineo. So, the sense of the high was that we circle jerk to press. Zap Zap. /--- POEM FROM JAIL POEM FROM JAIL. Poem from Jail by Ed Sanders is a thing to be hustled or even bought. Published by Lawrence Ferlinghetti's CITY LIGHTS BOOKS, Columbus & Broadway, San Francisco. Written in 1961 after Sanders attempted to board the Polaris submarine Ethan Allen in a Guerilla Love-fare peace set. The cocksuckers pulked him into the slams where he spurted this series of prayers & babble on about 500 feet of arsenic. A delicate mixture of squackophila, pacifism, prayer, & acts in the Mountain. 35c on or under the counter of your local book freak./--- FUCK YOU/ PRESS soon to be bricked out of the twat and stomped into life. The following are definite publications:

**AMPHETAMINE-HEAD**

- essays, poems, paintings, rants & babble
- by the heroic pioneers in the water soluble benzedrine movement.
- late summer -

**SADE SUIT**

- by Jackson Mac Low
- an historic 13 section spray scene w/ Sade's Bedroom Philosopher.
- early early -

**WARGASHS**

- a crosspuk of the vision of the Rev. Al Fowler -- snorts & skinpops from His notebooks & ravings -- publication time unknown. Still in the hospital kicking dope -----

**JAZZ POEMS, by**

- Ray Bremer -- from 8 of Ray's sets, including BACKYARDS & DEVIATIONS, & sections from the DRIVE SUITE & the MADNESS SUITE. A hot taste of the total Bremer coughout----
- early summer -

**HIMMER & OTHER POEMS**

- Robert Kaye -- a selection of an insane polack's babble including the famous CAROLCURIA. To be printed as soon as the cocksuck gives us the final manuscript. - probably summer -

**THE WORD IS LOVE,**

- poems by the San Francisco poet Lenore Kendel, described by Lawrence Ferlinghetti as "the sexiest poet this side of the Kama Sutra"
- late summer we hope -

Also threatened: DOWN WITH THE STATE AND UP WITH MAN, a journal of the nonviolent revolution. Manuscripts invited./--- COCK CITY COCK CITY COCK CITY, a movie written, hustled, & spurted by Ed Sanders is still on the way. Cock City, the Times Square documentary/able: the Dixie Hotel Gabble, Phone Booth finger-hakes, the O.D Centipede, Al Fowler kaks, Fowler in the Burning Death Barque, Fowler gobbled by the O.D Centipede. Gabble Gabble Gabble. /---

[Signature]
TO AN ARROGANT FART

for Gil

why do they come out up?

(the middle-class)

FOR LUNCH & JOBS etc.

Elga's new poem:

PUCKS PAKES PINKS & PRINKS or
THE FAT KID WHO DRINKS MILK OR THE BOY ON THE BLOCK
WHO CARRIES A STICK WHEREVER HE GOES LATER HE GETS
ON A MASTHEAD AS A BOOK EDITOR

still Elga:

i have a vituperative tongue so my mother says but
my eyes are focused correctly now & i see fuckfakesfinks &
prinks

mustache
& spite (mustacchio)
so's got
the right (Swinnintino)
to his lewd twattle

Plato vs. Aristotle?

Aquinas vs. Kant?

Cassius Marcellus Clay vs.

Sonny Liston?

& if you ask Liston about the
manager, Swinnintino, he says:

"he knows so much
& such distink words"

& if you ask Clay about taking
a risk:

"well i will riskit & call him a
priskit a tanket a green &
yellow basket
& a mediocre mother-fucker"

(cont)
HERO THE RIDER

hero the rider sinless
windblasted through moonlight nights

man-engine

VULCAN THE Crippled GOD conceived you with his metallic sperm
raping the juicy thighs of Venus most maculate
beneath the volcano

!Hero!
screaming night agony over tract circle purgatories
racing the two wheel penis through world-universe intersections

hero the sinless rider

HERO THE WINDSUCKER

HERO THE HALFGOD
HERO THE nevermore wrapped in ashes buried in junkyards
torn by lions untouched.....

HERO THE PERIPHERAL ANGEL INVENTOR OF THE WHEEL AND INNOCENCE

hero the black leather saint of the virgins
ora pro nobis
now and at the hour of your death
I want this made clear, this is Gil
into the ring I go & I know that my heavy hairy legs are — MINE!
they work behind brightly colored satin shorts
(if I heard the most beautiful voice
in the world trill I'd put it down
with a contemptuous term it's not MINE)

a horse. I'm going to beat it again.

How great am art. I,
& my friends are a lot
I sway & undulate
I am very male
I speak Italian
& my lips are a rose
I am very sexed

Turn my epidermis over
kiss it. It's eminent

How wonderful am I made!

I'm a good-looking he-male &
I strut & write verse

EDITOR'S NOTE: check Gil Sorrentino's review of the
Four Young Flaming Snatches in Kulchur 9.
Second Sex Experiment
or " Recorded Happenings
Peter Jerking Allen Off.

July 12, 1961...Tangiers

Allen Ginsberg: I feel hornry. Ya better close the windows & the
door otherwise it will be chilley & put on a robe.
How are you going to jerk me off & do that (type-
ing) at the same time (love nikeing) or lie next
to yr body?

Peter Orlovsky: Thats the problem, we did it once already, we have
all the time in the world, no rush, I'll use my
right hand first & type with the left hand as best
I can. OK?

AG: Uhuh, Allen gives a sigh of pleasure. That's not if
you can keep that up.

PO: I continue jerking his off, his cock has a slight
bend, as if a little wupped—got that way when Allen
was fucking a colored girl friend, the girl moved
her box just when Allen was going to come
so that his cock came out of her and wound up
above her cunt, when it happened it wasn't too painful because— I am
jerking him off all this time, he puts his hand to
mine to make it go faster and puts his other hand
into under my robe lays that hand atop my cock—
lifts his legs like woman getting screwed and spreads
them— takes the ash trey from little table next to
bed with my cig drags a puff— & puts it out
fast—it was

AG: keep going Peter, don't break the rythum.

PO: He will be coming soon—he lifts his legs—lifts
his body off the bed ass behind part—I keep jerk-
ing him off & try to go faster with rythum—stacy
hotter that way

AG: ouch,
PO: am I hurting you?
AG: yeah, yr doing it so irregularly—hold my balls
PO: He grabs my left hand, wants me to hold his balls—
so I do—
AG: I keep getting hot then all of a sudden it
stops—it's all so irregular—
PO: I go to stick my finger in his ass hole, figuring

(cont)
that this will get him hot-on the tip of his cock--
the lips start to usher-up a little due drop of
pre-expecting joy that seems about to come-I took
my left hand now to jerk him off & with right hand
fingered his ass-hole--the due started to get more
dewer, the cock harder--he raised his legs higher
into air & I started to go faster with my hand over
his cock now--figureing if he didnt come now he
might not come because his cock might be getting
sore by all this irregular jerking on his cock--
starting to COME--the come COMES & flies out
between wet lips like silver dragon flies & lands on
white sheet--some come falls on his cock & some on
my knuckles, as he's coming I say
"at-a-boy" & he says in response to that a few
seconds latter--"thats great" & hugs me with both
arms & gives me a sign. All over & wiped up come.
It took 5:45 to 6:10 am--25 minutes--would not of
known had I not noted down in pad a cig calendar
to keep at track of how many cigs I smoke in a day
& just before putting my hand to aliens cock I lit a
cig & noted it & time when took. End of jerk off
session.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Yes, motherfuck, this IS an authentic
document.
I wish I could crawl into myself and roll away

She thought in the warm tub surrounding her in white tiny material which peels which is rough

I await the true touching of the Messianic Age when love and knowledge replace obscene curiosity

Can see why the Greeks dug tubs

Getting older
Keep thinking
I haven't begun
Jesus half a life and I haven't begun

The green round, rubber plug spreads reflexion speckled in hot and cold chrome

"Songs for the King's Supper" imported musical delicacies after seven proper to a warm tub

Getting bigger around the middle The thing grows in the middle of the middle ignorant of my repulsion
CAMPING OUT WITH TAYLOR MEAD

Can be fun
for two other people
more together
coupled in
two separate
pup tents

"Let them eat cock," he mumbles in his sleep.

The hammerlock
round
my waist
Gorgeous George
in action again

"Hey, man...like wake up...hey
what the hell is this scene?"

"Let them eat cock," he mumbles...C O C K!
He brought the motorcycle
taddy bear fashion up closer
to him

I was back in the saddle again
what with handlebars
goring us both

Mosquitos were masturbating all over the scene
and I was
no longer
a virgin.
the love hang

everyone full of holes
walking the streets like
so many henry moore statues
but delineating space as
anything but joy
the big empty
empty cunts open mouths
black pit eyes worn assholes
all the loud soft noise
as of animals in pain
:love me in any way
you choose but soon
do not be deceived by my
mask notice the apertures
i wear into the sunlight
under acquired raiment
:is it you my dear who
can recognize then
give me a sign of it
that i may know you
i am a statue
full of holes
signed by god
i will not speak of your
frantic camouflage if you
do not mention all my empty
:fill me with you or
your ideas of me
lead me your body to
fill me a bit
so we may walk the streets
like so many kollwitz prints
THE CUP OF SEX / THE TIP OF WOMB

RAY BREMSEN

I OFTTIME BUY

all beauty bends before me
   showing her breasts/my
breath a waft across nipples;

(i am warm/forelorn/tonight!
...the cleft down/deepening into
the waitress' blouse/describes
   my own descent
down into,...

where/under skies/lie
fields of pulsatce pleasure
like of thighs
none-other rather tether
which to contemplate
my compromise!

all beauty breaks its element
   apart; denies its prize/be
tokened, eyes or words, what/
ply on love & money:
   so that
love's own only anesthesia dies...

from which/the waitress
bends at the waist
accepts a tip/too bent
too-much for far/more deeper
pleasures/ & for much more/
further-downwards;/bends
into thighs/i would break on
beneath me...

(thinking of coffee-lips/slipped
laid bosom looking/look-up
with the pleasure/ tho,
rather come/i rise
 & go...)}
wanting
to keep my mof
shut
wanting not
to say anything

stupidly believing everybody
is always saying the wrong thing
when it comes to the
people around then

text for today, saith the preacher, or,
"divorce is a sign of knowledge in our
time", william carlos williams

it was possible the next
morning, rosy-fingered
dawn, me, my fingers,
your flesh awake.
it was cool
to the touch, and smooth
flesh under hand. cornball.

I

something i had forgotten, the
permissiveness, perhaps,

baby, it's 12:15, and
i had thought,
by now, baby,
i'll be sound asleep.

thinking of you, thinking
of you, i stopped in
for a pint, the walk
took longer than expected.

to hold me, he said.

but the beer i corked
last night? imagine me, me,
not finishing a quart of beer.

it was still sweet, so the
pint is unopened on the table.
but i'm not nearly as drunk as
i might be, and it's friday nite.
and it's twelve fifteen, too, baby,  
i haven't turned into a pumpkin.

II

this city  
is filled with a  
stink wasn't in my  
nostrils last night,  
i didn't smell it so bad  
before then. a stink of  
rot, i'd suppose.

my hand ran down  
your side, my nose  
burrowed in the hollow  
of your collarbone.

', . . and as often as i  
pressed her to my breast i  
smelt the delicious fragrance of  
musk and other perfumes that exaled  
from her . . .'

and, ', . . the smell of a woman  
will really fuck up a fight --  
i mean i didn't mean to curse --  
will really screw up a fighter.'

they inspect his sheets every morning.  
what do they do when they find  
the champ had a wet dream, does he  
stand in the corner two hours.  
maybe, someone suggested, they shoot  
it back in with a needle. how  
do they cook it all up?

well, my  
sheets are filthy with the  
unclean hours i have spent sleeping  
in disobedience to augustine/s dictum.  
i have burned with desire, and been  
unwilling to assuage it, and then,  
worse, have done so, under the influence,  
the road to being paved with.

III

we slept all night with our arms  
under each other's neck, or  
we didn't, first you turned
away and i fitted my body's
bend to the bend of your
ass and flanks, then, we lay
on our backs, then, i turned
away, and that way we slept.

you with your arm over my belly,
i could feel your belly against me.
when we woke up, we were
turned away, each from
the other. but we're americans,
that's the way it really is.

IV

your flesh,
like a butcher's
measure
that
coldly, sure,
flesh, what other
name to give it,
resilience, meatiness we
never dream of, your
flesh, then,

cool as pound's chick's,
there in the dawn beside
me. it never ceases to
amaze me how tender a woman
can be, and myself, oh christ.

therefore, tonight i will
love you in my dreams,
that much i control, that
much i do control.

my brother the doctor
then seventeen

me, 9
he, just back from
college

you can't, he said, dream about
what you want to, you dream
about what you have to.

so, he said, i had, then,
1939, to
dream about cowboys, goddamn!
i killed five buffalo that
night, he wouldn't believe it.
the curve of the flesh
the more astounding.

V

she's long lean and
lanky aint had nothin to eat
my nostrils fill with the
odor of you, the
it's so nice to make love to
our peers i wonder we ever
did anything else, fucking romantic.

VI

i wanted to get your clothes off and didn't know how.
every zipper stuck, or was encumbered by a pin.
a sin. you had to undress yourself, practically.
it's the only way i ever knew or learned.
that's how bad it can be, and to be out of cigarettes.
it's unamerican, i shouted, in the darkness.

VII

that he is come back finally
to what is around us, and
to lumber strikes, or
the scaling paint of freighters.
even a study of hercules in
love. myself i can think of
nothing but the interpersonal
relationship. each man at it
his own way. i turned my head
when the siren went off. my
clock ten minutes fast.

a good schedule to stay on if
you've always got to be somewhere.
i do, on the subway by nine
to meet her, to hold maybe
four hours, push it that far.

enough to make love in, or
talk, or go to the party. i'll
decide, i'm the active partner.
VII

no better in the mountains,
he learned that, carry yr house
like a turtle he sd a long time
ago.

there were sprinkles of rain
the last time i walked out.

much is someone/s reality. that
in the
corner the quarters lie stacked
to get drunk on sunday night, enough
to make it to bed.

'just enough, he
sd, only as drunk as i need to be'

and he fifty-eight, can/t ship out
anymore, can/t take it anymore, does
handyman work out on the island.

still the dispute: was
he drunk, or did the horse throw
him. meeting/s at

IX

dear b: but that there was
a
tenderness implicit and expressed,
enough so it amazed the both
of us, we expected something else.

stiff cock and wet snatch, god/s
combination. got in return what
other people forbear.

got in return

a need to write letters yet.

just about to give it all up too,
extcept i can/t chop a tree any more,
or wodnt, it/s the same thing.

(can/t see the people for the trees,
i thought, and went on to other chapters.)

IX

the way a
woman walks
and holds
herself, walks,
said burton, like
a gazelle, like
the full moon,
herself, well
you can believe it.

the plum-
colored room, the
pink and white
marble 
cemetery
outside the window,
the disorder of
the room itself
enough to destroy
us, we held on.

and if i lived
by a stream? any
better? the poem
March thru yr body
any sweeter?

wld you dance
in the moonlight
belly swaying graceful
as gazelle or eland?
myself a bear
'that leafy cave'

Dont push it
any further.

XI

i shall have to get
a shade, or put up
that bamboo one, over
in the corner

but i
don't know how well
that one works, and
it's filthy

in any event
in four rooms, only one
window to worry about.

one of these mornings
one of the boys in the
typing class outside
that window is going
to see your fine body
naked next to mine

'it being warm, her cover
had been cast aside, partially
revealing
not understanding this perception he will tell his teacher, that dedicated priest who recites a litany of letters to them every morning, he will cause this apartment to be ravaged like provence, and for much the same heresy.

or the kid will tell his father, a grand old irish cop, and the fuzz will descend on us, just as i am admiring the curve where your belly starts, and they will destroy this bed like the maypole at merrymount, and for much the same evil.

of course he'll do neither. he'll tell his classmates, and the priest and father will catch them all beating it and the cat will be out of the bag

'we are here, he sd, to learn once in a while about it.'

may 26 / june 8 1960
new york city
MAWdroogle

MAWdroogle
the large gone frantic
mother angel
contrary to the MAN
devil that hangs in
the sky like a large
ass covered in a print
dress + madroogle has
large Slavic breasts + sells
candy + can speak all
languages

EDITOR'S NOTE: written in a stupor on the editors floor,
found some months later in the rubble
when the editor was getting bricked out of his pad.
JAY SOCIN

Graffiti in a public john

Down with Castro,
up Castro
dirty word
is clean
and clear
if you are
what are you looking down here for?

Made date
kneel to the hole
I am only fourteen
and I've never been kissed
but I can make it a little.

I am lonely
for someone
I'll be back tonight
around six
don't fail me
someone
someone

help
LAMENT ( POEMS FROM OKLAHOMA )

Who is Bernice
that savage impulse I go to
on my 3 day pass to town?
She drinks. She farts.
She loves me.
We carouse in bars,
drink away our flesh
and her 3 wierd sisters
Topsy, Flossie and Gina,
they sew a garment for us;
one weaves, one unravels,
one cuts.

Who is Bernice
wild indian of Laughton
I love? When I am away
she waits in bars
exclaiming in her drunk
"I love that big jew."

When she left me
only after a month
I went wild.
All the seargent said -
that Apache Dido
waits for all men.
She's been pregnant 3 months.
Oh who is Bernice?
If I stuck my arm up
to the elbow,
there would only be the wind.
JOHN THOMAS

OKAY OKAY
I guess you're right Cowboy
no one attains
anything but never
mind pretty soon the
typewriter demon
will come home
howling butterflies

FOR BASHO
beside the dried up
fountain a tcad guarding his
& the smell of hard
BARBARA MORAFF

the abdominal snowman

lay me naked in the sea
let the water bear me
go then to japan
make the monskene
tavel
see the world
the muntains the snows
in this way you willslow
yr cats cone do no pickin
on this line not holler.
youll see-be mountain snow wheeling
mountain passes
untouchable but what is touching you
is everything/snowing.
in this way youll wheel,eating
as much of yang as you drink of yin.

so lay me naked in the sea
let the waters
bear me back to where we come from

POEM

during the past few months become manastic
content. this
unseemly phase
is im sure a function
of space
of having only the weather
to contend with

& i embrace it & hang the bells
i make of its wind
over your side of the bed
NANCY ELLISON

CACA  CACA

inspired by Antonin Artaud and dedicated to
RAY BREMMER

'....the hypocritical tartufery of the age distills in
its secret orgies, out of hatred for poetry.'

I

tere are fifteen
coffins at my feet
all black and grown by
cement
poured shaped and made available by
gloomy applause
in unison by twelve
hungry
tempted by the smell
it brings
a poet's smell is different
sexual
for those twelve
they were well fed
an inadequate morsel perhaps
not well prepared nor fat
they devoured poetry crumb by crumb
drop by drop and were nearly
unaware
of the poet
it is said blind
justice
the poet was unfortunately lost
somewhere among the many coffins
cemented in new jersey
there are leaks
and the smell of the poet isn't entirely lost
bad though it be for
daughters of the state
madame morte and warden fatridi
do not enjoy recovering their buried
it is not a matter of religion
but the smell that upsets them
with the pleasure of living inside it however
one forgets
the secretion
accumulating

II

please they say
do not accuse us of smelling bad
though we touch bottom
nous sommes a cul
together inside
alive well inside the dead one
i have seen them escape before
my eyes
these black coffins
secreted and struck dumb
spilling in puddles at my feet
and mirroring holes
new jersey
bored through by virus justice
decomposed and made acid
and all for a poet's dream
of streets
there is no let up
the day before yesterday at some time specific
let us say between noon
the streets were disposed of
obscene city streets directed by their
insistence to staring
and staying outside
we will they say make a hole
with everyman's dirt
and being sure to get out before earth falls
we will cover the poet
born into a hole not chosen by any of us
madame morte and warden fretti
do not enjoy recovering their buried
it is not a matter of religion
but the smell that upsets them
with the pleasure of living inside it however
one forgets
the secretion
accumulating

III
the hunger of twelve
can tongue brains into distances
by their measured gluttony
gorging the meal of a poet
the suffering of which is taste enough
to confine the crumbs dropped from black coffins
unfortunately the smell continues
pungent spirit the fetus
of a poet
moaning the unconscious rebuked man
please do not accuse us they say
of smelling bad
though we touch bottom
we cannot be your stand in for this
self death styled day by day
but we do enjoy sipping your black coffins
there are fifteen coffins at my feet
all black and grown by
cement
lost in
new jersey
somewhere in a poet's dream
of streets
Poem for the Aircraft

I am pushing toward

May Day Mayday

the bedrock

blockout the radio
form a block out of
the radio the form
block of the radio
block the form of

specific Springtime

PSI 8000

pushing toward

that crushed diamond

the honk of

the insistant honk

of : springs : elbows : shocks

...gear down, is your
down locked

he come up auxillary field

utility truck PSI

8000 &

"landing permission over requesting
permission enter 45"

O so the bird
O love, memory,
a field below,
the town, spinning
down over it

where the line

SPLITS out of anthro...O Oesta

confab momentarily
where are
the fly of ointments we do not
know of exactamente Mississippi

"he give him the chant
he never hesitate
in a big hurry"

so manifold....he never
hesitate
the gloved hand
the instruments
smell how the cockpit

....over !"

Malden Control !
Malden Control !
read........me !

Dresden-thin this air I feel soo
they come in soo low, low
over Laredo/ light headed

the red earth
how cracks
not filled

with specifically
precious/ precious....

the young ponk
he leevee he fanther
die een thee candy stor
holding he hershey
behind the gum-balls
he he he he he
he he he he he

blood

& no blood dry he lay
dry up 8th Ave how I
starboard tanks
tank no tank

how go now Red Red

O Mother of Mercy
O Mother of Distress
Comply with us
take our sight

bedrock

of the fence coming up
always the fence coming
up quickly the tall trees
beyond where the manifold
pressure hangs in the pine
cones where my viscera hangs
in the cylinders picking my
jaw bone out of the manifold
teeth the infant born in
a corn field out of the
falling Cessna when the
engines cut the corn they
found her pelvis in the
cotton stalks a hundred
yards away the cornfield......

Paducah
Paducah
how you
atom energy
sunlight
deep in
the drill 8000

the water the aoft 30
bring back
our savior
don't mess
with the Gods
the river

fluvia
fluvia
alluvial water-soul
out on the levee
go mud away
from that child

buried in the crater

thus

pointing where the Kulcan
priestess would
know
if she would
make it straight
North
set the poles right
change the awful tilt
& set the poles right
that he may come out of the
deep ice of that field

so his brother

FSI 8000
manifold 30±0 n°
29.1 0 n° 28.4±
come out, brother
don the head phones

the terrible open free
space of the sky
white
& blue

& white white
he knows evil he know
the limits come out brother

AND TEAR THE EARTH!
Here I have come

to where?
A bar in the middle of nowhere, New York City
But it's Spanish and that's good.
And why?
Because it makes me feel
separated from obligations
and alone
in a lost town
on the west coast of vanquished Mexico.
The automatic easy emptiness
of the solved day
is gone there.
Gone with the hard binds of responsibility
A woman's alcoholic joy
is used there.
and tomorrow is clutter not heeded.
This bar is my escape
I would not call it otherwise-- I know.
But the unrelenting demands to grow
internalized after twenty six years
in a backdrop of the solely expected
requires relief
and so I'm here.
TAYLOR MEAD ON DOPE

"opium is the opiate
of the people"

TAYLOR MEAD

If you don't make the
poppy fields at least once
you'll have missed the
Grand Canyon of culture.

* there are two good looking
window washers but
they're across the street and
they're busy.

* I want to be arrested as
a permanent zonk faggot.

The scaffold worker doesn't
want me --

* somebody gave me a glass
of water with some opium
in it and I've been zonked
ever since - I think they
turned me on or over forever.

* I want to run candy assed
through your sepia drawers
underwear, what have you
if you have a nice apartment
and there are no narcotics
around
even if you don't have an
apartment
we can sneak into my house
only don't
well
be
nice

* I was married in a
Grecian cathedral to
Prince Peter Ilyitch Grininovsky
attended by 12 hand jobs
and a beat man
who put on the ring
and my nipples lactated
and the bands played
the Band-aid Waltz
and we rode through

Athens lactating and
waving to the fairy queen
mother who waved back
and shed tears which were
put on with a phony
sponge but the peasants
believed them and we
had 12 years of peace
except for an earthquake.
Now we are entering

middle-age and I would
like a divorce

Can you arrange it

Dea

"Why sure."

* greatest poet of the century
or not I'll never make
that blond window
washer --

* I was always a great
shower-taker,
but this house only
has 3 holes and you have to
stand in a slippery tub
and my check isn't
here from my father
and I'm 37 years old
I'm a bum, shower-taker
and great genius
so there
(I'm a petulant monster
with a bushy tail
switching yak-flies
off my back after
each U.S.S. Lexington sailor
in Google Bar on
Sullivan where pock-marked
Jay Hoppee
revives a little
San Francisco
before the Bigerini earthquake...
flatter Bigerini
flatter San Francisco
they turned all those poets
into Volkswagens
and slaughtered
these artists wherever
they could find them
they were afraid
Chinatown was growing
and Buddha was cut
down at his 3rd
party
Mahatma Gandhi never
turned on. and he
insisted on riding
white trains,
with red cross
bands aide tattooed
to the
cow-catcher making
a colorful array
as it passed the
waving villages
and sank into the
Ganges under
Sausalito
sliced up under
rich idiots yachts
hulls seem
screams
open up Cassandras
and let that
faggot proprietor
back
strew frisco with
fourteen pederastic
poppy-houses
with people reading
and mad combos
sort of making it.

*Blue is the color of my true
Portuguese fishermen's hair
and bulging
brown is the color of his
drawers - his boots are
used leather motorcycle
straps and my neurosis
is his left tit.
Tell Margaret Sanger I
want to go to Portugal.

Dig up her grave
and say "Margaret
Sanger! Taylor Mead
wants to go to
Portugal - if a bone
answers - hang up!"

*Bring me a wasted poppy
seed snacker with the heart
of a child

* I want to promote sensuality
and condone the use of switchblades
on the upper Hudson
I want to convert the switchblades
of the brooklyn into
narcotics agents for Bo
and make
Ronnie Rice
a film star and Taylor Mead
a sailor and
empty all the asylums
and fill all the slums
and beat pansies with
motorcycle belts and run
over them with used Volkswagens
I want so many things I'm getting
confused

* I'm clever, good, and a beatnik.
I'm a good clever beatnik
I'm a beat good cleverer
in fact I'm
a breathing mad switch-blade
enthusiast.
Who rapes elevators in
well guarded
Federal housing projects
except
self-service
and electric eyes
and nigger dominated elevator
I only rape white anglo saxon
dominated elevators in Federal
Narco brick layer on layer
great walls of China housing
projects.

* I must degenerate.

* Are you a white federal housing project.

* I want to take books to
booksellers but I want someone to help
preferably a large person with a penis.
I want an astronaut up my
ass - what are they doing way up
there - the space is right here
*
attacked by small
boys while reading
a current edition of a
large metropolitan
newspaper near
iron railings
*
Young grooving
fart-maddening hero
attacks 12 year old
slave-boy Taylor Mead
in Port Said tent
city shoe shine parlor....
*
Put on your rubber
gloves Dr. Kildare we're
going to plate
*
Alright nurse - heated
spoon, glass of water,
rotgut, clamps,
bands, eyeball kicks,
sutures, filth, real
love and more
nurse quick the
patient is responding
*
We'll make it on
the 7th fl
*
moved to a wealthy building cleaner
*
It made
an entirely
new brain
area and grooved
there for 48 hours
and cost me
nothing and is
worth '62
Lincoln Center
$30 a seat area
orchestration -
a new orchestration.
*
New touch footballers
to replace the old
touch footballers
*I'm a communist sissy.

Send me to Lexington
But not Lexington,
Kentucky - the U.S.S.
Lexington
*
Ron Rice is Josef Von
Sternwelles
*
Dig the serious
students dying up
*
What could be more
fun than dry mopping
tall windows
*
My penis shrank.
*
a little opium
to purge the system
*
God I'm fucking brilliant
*
*Helmut Zacherias? how
did he get on my radio
*
there are men on my scaffolding.
*
These workmen are
zoning that building
*
Will you play with my zonk?
or are you chicken-shit
to play with pansyasses
I don't blame you
but I'm sweet
*
I'm zoning on a trip around
my irises
I'm an iris zonk tripper.
*
Carlton Fredericks tells
me to take vitamins and
wheat germ, but on top
of opium?
*
Dear Carlton Fredericks,
Which should I take
first, the vitamins or the
Opium?
19th Light Poem -- For Iris -- 7 February 1963

(breath pauses at line-endings -- no breaks between pages)

pillow light pillow heels pillow underwear
light pillow light light light
pillow light pillow heels pillow underwear
heels heels suede ceiling heels
pillow light pillow heels pillow underwear
underwear envelope red underwear
underwear watersound underwear underwear
underwear tape-recorder
light light light light light
pillow light pillow heels pillow underwear
light pillow light light light
light light light light light
pillow light pillow heels pillow underwear
light pillow light light light
pillow light pillow heels pillow underwear
heels heels suede ceiling heels
pillow light pillow heels pillow underwear
underwear envelope red underwear
underwear watersound underwear underwear
underwear tape-recorder
heels ceiling suede ceiling heels
heels ceiling suede ceiling heels
suede suede suede suede
ceiling red Iris ceiling ceiling ceiling
heels heels suede ceiling heels
pillow light pillow heels pillow underwear
light pillow light light light
pillow light pillow heels pillow underwear
heels heels suede ceiling heels
pillow light pillow heels pillow underwear
underwear envelope red underwear
underwear watersound underwear underwear
underwear tape-recorder
underwear underwear red underwear
underwear watersound underwear underwear
underwear tape-recorder
envelope underwear envelope underwear osculation envelope envelope
envelope red neck red

(more--no break)
underwear underwear red underwear watersound
underwear underwear underwear tape recorder
watersound tape recorder watersound green tape recorder watersound watersound watersound
underwear underwear underwear tape recorder
underwear underwear red underwear watersound underwear underwear underwear tape recorder
underwear underwear red underwear watersound underwear underwear tape recorder
tape recorder tape recorder tape recorder envelope underwear tape recorder
tape recorder tape recorder tape recorder tape recorder underwater watersound tape recorder
light light dog light light
light light light light
light light light light
light light light light
pillow light pillow heels pillow underwear
light pillow light light light
pillow light pillow heels pillow underwear
heels heels suede ceiling heels pillow light pillow heels pillow underwear
underwear envelope red underwear underwater underwear tape recorder
light light dog light light
pillow light pillow heels pillow underwear
light pillow light light light
light light dog light light
light light light light
light light light light
Marilyn! Marilyn!
the love goddess
gone!

Innocent crows!
over the cornfield
shot down by goofballs!

Marilyn!
the breast thigh cunt child!
hustled by Freud
Shock therapy
to Van Gogh!

Starry-eyed lonesome Marilyn!
sat in empty cafeterias
wondering
what it was all about!

Marilyn! nobody loved you
I dont
but death is eternal!
the shock of Hollywood!
tight sweaters & marriage!

Marilyn you smiled!
like a 2yr old
when your shoulder strap fell!
now, youre cold as the moon!

Golden hair Marilyn!
lechered by capitalism!
dirt in your face!
ashes to god!

Marilyn-
I want to claw thru your fuckin grave!
into your body!
loving the naked framework of soul!

Hip sick death Marilyn!
ever saw you
heard your voice on film
-you lived a nightmare!

Marilyn:
the misty clouds
in paradise
your road is ended

Lay your head somewhere
soft, Marilyn
with white silk
your pillow

(I burn a rose
to memory.
smoke in my eyes)

---

A note on this motherfucker: SZABO!!

& narcho-sado-pacilist. hustles dope
on the lower east side, and whipmost on T. Square,
The Hotel Dixie, the Arcade, etc. etc.
Bouquet of Fuckyous

It's enough to give one a swift case of the crawling rectum witnessing the various farthels abounding in this our Earth-upon unhappy planet! I call upon all men to feast their faces on these latest exponents of swillworth-

FUCK YOU TO
Billy James Hargis -- aboriginate par excellence of the Far Right -- reverent coward enthralling Christ in a shroud of redwhiteblue

EDITOR'S NOTE: Juden über alles! you fuckhating fascist!

FUCK YOU TO
Norman Mailer for that recent blaseless comment in THE REALIST that it is better to rape a girl than to masturbate! this bit of Lawrenceian logic should caution all good burgers to pull their daughters off the streets when noorie boy prances onto the set

ED. NOTE: Slight paranoia when coughing this stencil. Vectors of getting slashed off the scene.

FUCK YOU TO
Les Deux Négotis -- new management --
banisher of poets, caterer to the obtuse --
lapdog of the merried -- patron of art (only if it sucks up gelt)! may the hip vomit thee forth from their mouth!

FUCK YOU TO
Con Edison -- electrifyer and gasser of new Yorkers -- monopolistic power combine -- sender of indecipherable bills -- first to go comes the revolution

EDITOR'S NOTE: Brick out 14th street! Down with the state & up w/ man!
FUCK YOU / A MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS: PUBLISHED, PRINTED, & EDITED BY ED SANDERS AT A SECRET LOCATION IN THE LOWER EAST SIDES, NEW YORK CITY, USA. NUMBER FIVE, VOLUME THREE.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS:

LENORRE KANDEL/ herself. The squack Suprema among the San Francisco poets. Fuck You/press to print a bk of her poetry; THE WORD IS LOVE.

ROCHELLE OWENS/ one of the Four Young Lady Eks, (totem/corinth). Her play FUTZ, (a Hawks Well press coughout) scheduled for sept production by the Living Theatre.

PETER ORLOWSKY/ the big G's cockmate. Widely published poet & opium-head. Poems of his to be gobbled in NEW AM. POETRY, YUGEN, etc. etc.

JEAN FOREST/ the poetess. Her poems have evilly appeared in LIBERATION, THE CATHOLIC WORKER, MANAS, and who knows what other seditious scene.

MARC SATARA/ poet, actor, & pacophile. Fuck You/5, Volume 1, featured his Cumming out with Ed Sanders.

CAROL BERGE/ the poetess. One of the 4 Young Lady Furbirgers of the Totem/Corinth collection. The entire Editorial Board and we love to trash a dick in her.

RAY BRENNER/ the famous k ckout & poet. Hacked back into the almanca by the lollapping fuzz. Snarf up his Fuck You/ press book: JAZZ POEMS FROM 8 SETS w/ typewriter.

Joel Oppenheimer/ the notorious poet, playwright. Continually on the eye for squack. The Love Bit, (Totem/Corinth) is his latest book. Hustle it.

BOB KAYE / insane poet, pacifist, & asskicker. Slurp up his HUMMER & OTHER POEMS when it raps off the press.

AL KATZMAN/ is the very serious poet & Editor of the Judson Review, when he's not fucked up on grass or schmack....

JOHN THOMAS/ San Francisco poet. Not much known about him. Thought to be evil and a good connection for Panamanian Red, schms, goofs.

BARBARA MORRIS/ one of the Four Young Plumbing Sketches, (Tot/Corinth). On the Vermont set now. Rumored to be hemp farming.

NANCY ELLISON/ an unbelievably fine slice of nook. Walls on Mon. nights at the Le Metro Cafe readings. COME LATER, a cross-spurt of her work, has just ratched off of Dan Saxon's press.

JOHN KEYS/ the famous poet & squack-hawk. Fuck You/ press is trying to hustle him for a booksize manuscript.


TAYLOR MEAD/ we're all hip to the arch motherfucker Mead. Lately he's been hustling his dope money with such research for Hoover Cleaning. His Books, EXCERPTS FROM THE ANONY. DIARY OF A N.Y. YOUTH, VOL. 1 & 2, are a source of mob grooving, rape, & sedition everywhere.

JACKSON MAGLOW/ the mad slasher. Get out there and suck up his SAD E S U I T. (Fuck You/ press, 1963)

JAY SLOWIN/ the publisher, poet, & flick-freak. Now puking a movie w/ one G. Corso,........ and NELSON BAREL/religious thinker, scatophile, & peace-walk dicker. His pad is a pashville twat-rack for all that young lady pacifist squack we hear so much about..... ASSAULT!