TOTAL ASSAULT ON THE CULTURE!

FUCK YOU/a magazine of the ARTS
number 5, volume 9, June/July 1965

Rā' is hip to it ALL

printed, published, edited, stomped, zapped, & ejaculated
by Ed Sanders
at a secret location in the Lower East Side
New York City, U.S.A. 1965

dedicated to
Pacifism, national defense through nonviolent resistance,
left wing squack, Crotch Lake, Peace Eye, Mick Jagger,
lower east side group-grope, Tompkins Park Hamadyads,
seducing Ted Borriaga's wife, the LSD communarium, God
through Cannabis, The Charles Wilson Conspiracy,
DMT distortion scenes, secret Amyl-nitrite sniffings
in the john of Le Metro Café, Hashish Forever, the
witness of the Flaming Rā'-cock, all large-knocked
girls from Antioch in the back room of the Peace Eye
Bookstore, freeverse gutter doggerel, The FUGS, pacifists
in jail because of war creeps, & all those groped by
J. Edgar Hoover in the silent halls of congress.

GROPE FOR PEACE!
this is
the magazine of
butt-fucking,
revulsed freaks,
dope dealers
& group grope
NOTES FROM EDITOR

Great pleasure it is to announce the FIRST ANNUAL FUCK YOU/ PRESS AWARD FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE TO THE ARTS. This year the award goes to Panna Grady for incredible generosity, kindness, tenderness, & benevolence in dealing with many freaky neourthestic artists, poets, moviemakers, magicians, etc, on the N.Y. scene. It often takes great patience in editing writers, but her grace & squash-vectors have been fantastic. /-- Infinite thanks to Ken Weaver and Betsy Klein for helping to freak this mag out. /--

Be sure to rehabilitate your prick with John Wieners’ ORGASM TONIC! (See ad on back page) /-- freak out the FUG ALBUM!!! Folkways Records has puked out an album by the legendary rock & roll, folk-spew, ghead, singing group, THE FUGS! This album includes many of the notorious Fug hits, Coca Cola Bouche, I feel like homemade shit, Gads Rocka, She’s got a Bull Tongue Oilet, Jack Off Blues, and many more! Slurp it up from yr local record freak!!! /-- the great drawing on page 1 of superman is by the evil Joe Brainard /-- What the Fuck!!! we cannot zap out a prose issue unless you prose motherfuckers send us prose!! The Editorial Board wants an eternal prose issue. Please stomp us. /-- LENORE Kandel’s eternal THE WORD IS LOVE, is cut, copies may be obtained at most important bookstore. Book stores may order, at trade discount, from Peace Eye Bookstore 383 E Tenth St N.Y., N.Y. 10009. /--

For the next issue of FUCK YOU/ a magazine of the arts, we would like to have a centerfold photograph of the FUCKMATE OF THE CENTURY. What we want is a large photo of a couple fucking, done in color preferably, in order to show the tit-freaks mags for their foldouts. So, all photographers who have some fuck photos, please zip them to Ed Sanders /-- The first FUCK YOU Editorial Board movie, MONGOLIAN CLUSTER FUCK, is nearing completion. If anyone has a stuffed ram to loan us, that is the only thing holding up finishing the movie. /-- Ed Sanders new book of poetry with a foreword by Charles Olson is out! New Yorkers may have trouble getting it, since Ted Wiilons has banned it from THE EIGHTH STREET BOOKSHOP. You can slurp it up at the PEACE EYE BOOKSTORE & Scrounge Lounge at 383 E 10th N.Y. City. $1.50 /-- If you’re pissed off at the war-crops or if the draft is trying to stomp you, freak it up with GNV 325 Lafayette St, N.Y., N.Y. specializing in peace walks, petitions, defense establishment peace-invasions, submarine boardings, etc.; or dial in Dave McReynolds of WAR RESISTER’S LEAGUE 5 Bookman N.Y., N.Y. McReynolds is a brilliant architect of any new humane politics. /--

FUCK YOU/ the magazine of GRASS-SMUGGLING!!
GET YOUR PILES OUT OF VIETNAM!!

A FUCK YOU/POSITION PAPER: operation Fuck-in.

The Johnson touch

"more dead gooks, ma"

IT makes us puke green monkey shit to contemplate Johnson's war in Vietnam. Lyndon Baines is squirting the best blood of America into a creep scene. Kids are "gook-bricking" in Asia without thought, without reason, without law. One has to reach in to the most putrid bugger lore to grope up sufficient sectologies with which to describe this cranky whale blubber fart-whiff. Surrounded by creeps, killers, & unknown butt-hooks whom history will puke upon, Johnson oozes onward. The citizens of the world are having the Great Fear zapped at them by a bunch of meshugans.

THIS is addressed to the squawk-hawk space cadet furburger grop multitudes who may freak upon this position paper. Time is now to call a FUCK-IN! Clearly a demonstration of peace by tender forniciating love-bodies will be a group screw zapped around the world, certainly the most interesting demonstration in the history of Western civilization. The fuzz might be able to stop the demonstration but there'd be many a tit hanging free, cooks thrust out of zippers, naked writhing bodies, & mouths in tender places, before they'd do so. On the next page you will find A DECLARATION OF CONSCIENCE CALLING FOR A FUCK-IN AGAINST WAR CREEPS. Please sign it, THE WEIGHT OF THE WORLD IS LOVE! GROPE FOR PEACE!!
A Declaration of Conscience
AGAINST WAR-CREEPS.

we are lovers & gropers, with
enormous phalloi full of tenderness, with sweet snatches of joy,
with apertures & appendages ready to poke, freak, fuck, &
wiggle for our communal benevolence, to create with our
bodies an area of peace. To
offset the negative karma of
the war in Vietnam, we agree to
meet at a romantic screwable pub-
lic location to hold a FUCK-IN.
We call upon the cocksmen,
snapping pussy & lovers of the
world to join with us to
FUCK FOR PEACE!

☐ I will Fuck-in.
☐ Preferring to eat dick, I will suck-in.

name & address

after you sign
please send this declaration
to Ed Sanders
Peace Eye Bookstore
353 E. 10th St. New York City
PINDAR!
ΠΙΝΔΑΡΟΣ

THE FIRST OLYMPIAN ODE

Ἀριστοῦ μὲν θόρα, ο ἐν χρυσῷ αἰθίμενον νυκτὶ
αἰτε διαπερήνυκτε μεγανδροῖς θέοι θρόνοι.
καὶ ὁ αἰθλὴ γαρ ἁρπαῖ
εἶδος, φίλον θυρ.,
μὴ κεκαίον τοῖς σχοινί.
ἀλλα θαλανθόροις ἐν αμερα θαννον αἰθρὸν ἐρήμου δὲ αἰθρος,
μηδ Ὀλυμπίας σειρὰν σεραν οὐδεσμον.
οὖν ὁ πολυφορος ὅμοιος αμφίβαλλεται
στάσιν μητεσσι, κελάδειν.
Κρονὸς παῖδας εσονειων οἱσομενοι
μακαρειοι Ἡρωνος εστιν.

θεμιστειον οὐ αμφεπει σχαπτον εν πολυμαλῳ
Σικελια, δρεπαν μεν χρυσαφος αρεταν ἀπο πάσαν,
αὐλαίκεται δὲ καὶ
μουσικας εν αἰτο
οία παίξομεν φιλαι
ἀνθρεσ ἀμφι θαμα παρεξαντι νακα δωριαν ἀπο φορμίγγα πασσαλος
λαμβανει, ἐν τοι Πίσας τε καὶ Θερενίκου χαρι
νοον ὑπὸ γλυκυσαται εὐθῆς σφροτείαν,
στε ναι Ἀνέφω σετο, θεμας
ακεντρον ἐν ἀροματε περεξαν,
κρατει δὲ προστίμηξ τροποκαν.
Πιθανόν γεγονός ήταν οικονομικός πόλεμος και οι πολεμικοί να εμφανιζονται στην επιφάνεια του ρωμαϊκού κράτους. Η πολιτική τους ήταν η απερίοριστη καταναλωτική της, τονίζοντας την ανάγκη για πόλεμο και αναγκαστικές διεξαγωγές. Οι πολεμικές πράξεις ήταν οικονομικά επικίνδυνες, καθώς αποτελούσαν το βάση της αναπτυξιακής και εμπορικής ικανότητας. 

Πιθανούν ότι η πολιτική αυτή ήταν η απαραίτητη από την οικονομική ιδιότητα προς την κατάληξη των πολεμικών δράσεων. Η ανάγκη για πόλεμος και τροφοδοσίας ήταν η απαντήση της συνεχής πολιτικής επιτήδειος και της αναπτυξιακής ικανότητας. 

Σε πολλές περιπτώσεις η πολιτική αυτή ήταν η απαραίτητη από την οικονομική ιδιότητα προς την κατάληξη των πολεμικών δράσεων. Η ανάγκη για πόλεμος και τροφοδοσίας ήταν η απαντήση της συνεχής πολιτικής επιτήδειος και της αναπτυξιακής ικανότητας. 

Σε πολλές περιπτώσεις η πολιτική αυτή ήταν η απαραίτητη από την οικονομική ιδιότητα προς την κατάληξη των πολεμικών δράσεων. Η ανάγκη για πόλεμος και τροφοδοσίας ήταν η απαντήση της συνεχής πολιτικής επιτήδειος και της αναπτυξιακής ικανότητας.
ΠΙΝΔΑΡΟΣ

παγε τοις

Συναξάθην ἱππόχωρον βασιλέα. Καμπεί τέ οι κλέος
ev εὔαναρι λύδου Πελοπόννησος αποιχεῖ-

τοι μεγαλεύθηρα ερασάντα λαιόχος

Ποσείδαν, απελατεῖνο μεθύστος εχέλες Κλεόθε

ἐλευθαρίας φασίδιων ὁμονDEPTH=xemάθεον.

ἡ θεάματα πολλὰ, καὶ ποὺ τι καὶ βροτῶν φαίνει ὑπὲρ τοῦ ἄληθεν λόγον
deβιβαζόμενος ἦν ἐφοβεῖσθαι ποικιλίας εἰσακοῦοι μῦθοι.

Χαρίς δὲ, ὁπερ ἀπεκάθευσε τε μειλίας θυσίας,

ἐπιφεροῦσα ἴμαον καὶ ἀριστάν εἰμπάστω πίστον
eμενον τον πολλὰςε

ἀμεροὶ ἐκτοιοι,

μαρτυρεῖς σωφρονοντες.

εστὶ δὲ ἀνδρὶ φιλους φοίκιχρις αμαὶ δασμονον καλας μενον γαρ αἰτία.

οἱ δὲ λύδοις, σε δὲ, αντίνα προτετον, θεογνοποιεῖ,
oποι συνεπεξε πατρὶ τον εὐμομοναν
eρεξένοιν:

σιλόν τε Σιλιοῦ,

μοιδέα τε δείξει δείνην παρεχων,

τον ἄγαληταιναρ ἀρπασαι

δεμένα φανερα μερομέσης των ἁμυθων

ὑπατον εὐμομον ποτι βαμα δίος μεταβασει,

εκάς δευτέρω χρόνῳ

θάνατι καὶ Γαννυμῆτς

Ζητεῖ τοις ἐπὶ χρόοις.

ὅσα οὐσίων επελέξει, ἠδύμα μητρὶ πολλα μιαμιμονεῖ ποτες αγάνων,

ἐνέπτει χρὴσει ἀνθίκα φθονέρων γειτονῶν,

ὑπάκασιν σε πορὶ ξεῖοναν εἰς αυξαν

μεθαίρει ταμων κατα μελη,

φραπεξεῖτε, ἀμεὶ δεοναι, κρανον

σέβετε διεσαπαγόν καὶ φαγον.

ἐμοὶ δὲ απορα γαστρικυρρον μαχαρών τιν εἰπεῖν. αφίσοναναι

ασχολοῦν χαλασάναμ βαμία κακαγοροσ.

εἰ δὲ δὴ τιν νὰρ ὁμοχόλον ὁλομνονον σκοποι

ἐκτιμάντων, τὴν λύδοισα τοσάττων ἀλλα γαρ κινάπει

μεγάν ὀλίγων σιματότητα, κορα δ ἐλεν

ἀνω ὀπερπλαυ, ἄν ὁ πατρὶ ὑπερεχερεστα χορταρών αὐτοι λίθον,

τον αἰεὶ μενονιν κεφαλής βαλεῖν εὐφροσύνας ἀλοκεῖν.

ἐχει δὲ ἐπαλαμμον βιον ὀσκον εμπεδοθείνων,

μενα κριῶν κεταρων πονον, ἀδανατον σιντικοφανεῖς

ἀλλακεῖσι συμποτοίσι

νεκταρ μεβροσιαν τε

δαχναν, οἰσιν αὐθίνην

θηριαν. εἰ δὲ θεον αὕτη τις ἔλεγαν τι λαθεμεν ερδαν, αμαρκανεῖ.
You Got a Point There, Pop

Yes, fellow high-sinks, the war between men and women, the out and out bloodshed war is now upon us (the cold war lasted ten thousand years). The men hold the cities, possess supply lines to England, France, Germany, South America. The women hold all the Great Plains States, half of Chicago, eighty percent of the rural areas. Neither side shows signs of tiring after some twenty years of goofing, castrating, and just plain mutual rape. The outcome is inevitable...

... Ask Lem....

Lemuel Peters, fresh up from the South where rebel forces have cleaned out his home state of Georgia, stands facing the bare-breasted tigress Ruth O'Leary, savage amazon and mighty captain in her Majesty's Fighting Fifty-first.

"Come git it white boy!" She bares her teeth, letting loose a low snarl that chills the hair along Lemuel's back.

"My, God, you is a nigger!"

"What you expect, Sadie Turnip?"

"Wheel-u, I'm gonna git me some nigger-meat!"

"Wah! You is gonna git it if you can, you mean! I is from the Cannibal Island of West Banuba and I is gonna git me white man's meat and I is gonna eat it! Hmmm... I can taste them testicles fryin' next to the taters right now!"

He was scared, but he hadn't been spiggoted by a woman yet, so reason told him he would be safe, victorious, and really, after all, there was no need to worry, was there?

Keep it simple, he thought. Remember your duty. All you gotta do is sink your bayonet into her belly and lift up quick and hard. Forget all that shit about hitting the knees. Get that corpse,
buddy, and then you can scoff it back of them bushes if you still feel like it.

The day's emotion and turmoil vanished in the moment's pitched tension. Only one thing stood uppermost in Lemuel's narrow head. *Kill the enemy.* In and up. Quick and hard, like they taught you in basic.

The pair stalked each other over the barren Jersey hill top, two guards of a last outpost, two night spies come face to face after the heat of the day's torrential blood-bath.

"Hassassas! Come git it nigger!"

"......watch it white boy, I is gonna git you quicker than you think!"

They circled warily over the dusty grassy ground, the stars unmoving over their heads. Bayonet steel flashed in his hand, a Turkish scimitar glistened like water in hers. Her black leather fingers barely covered the ruby encrusted handle. He saw blood on the blade and the rubies round fingers. This one means business, he thought.

The eyes flickered wickedly, unblinking, with hate. He feinted and made a lunge for her abdomen -- she stopped back, lay the scimitar across his neck, and he fell forward knocked cold.

"Hee hee!" cackled the bitch. "I got me a white boy! He ain't dead yet, but I is gonna take him and I is gonna torture him till he screams! Hee hee! Boy, you is gonna wish you was dead right now there!" And she bent over, breasts like wet bronze in the cool night moon, her eyes glory with conquest. Hooking a foot with her sword she dragged poor Len off across the dirt and grass to her

(cont'd)
lookout camp near the summit.

He found himself tied naked to a huge oak, flame licking up his thighs, singing hair of his balls. The amazon was dancing around him, rubbing her huge black pussy, slobbering at the mouth and uttering garbled cries at the moon.

"Owl!" he screamed. "For goddamn lady, have pity on me! Let me offs here will yah? I'll do anything you want! Kill me if you want to, but for goddamn don't torture me like this!"

She came close and looked into his eyeballs. He felt naked woman flesh rubbing his bare chest and in spite of himself his penis rose quick and difficult to full attention, throbbing gently.

"Ah, thankee man, you'll never regret it, I promise yah..." She was stamping out the little fire with bare feet. Now only the moon and the distant light of the city marked the shadows of skin that moved rhythmically next to the mighty tree.

"White boy," she said, pulling herself off his sword at the last second and watching the white juice squirt against her belly and breasts, "I like you, but you is going to have to learn to keep quiet when you is another man's prisoner." Wherewith she whipped out a short knife from a little scabbard that hung on a string round her middle and stabbed him in the mouth.

He screamed. She yanked his tongue out with her sharp fingers and cut it away at the roots that go back deep into the throat. Blood gushed from his crot-hole, and the torturer let it wash down her front and run trickling into the dirt. Poor Lemuel could only moan half-unconscious from the pain, his life-juice running out of him like sewer-flush.

She was insane with glee. Fine work of this one. Cackle-cackle! 7 (Cont'd)
What a sport this war! What freedom and fun! Getting a slick razor from her kit she went close again to Lemuell and carefully oh so neatly sliced his fat testicles and dropped them into her frying pan. Then, while things were cooking and spitting, she lobbed off his cork and drew pictures across his chest with the razor, pictures that came out sharply outlined in blood and then were obliterated in the gush from thousand severed veins. Then, she sliced his eyeballs open, watching the juice run like fat tears down his cheeks. She cut off his nose. Chomped his ears with her teeth. Raked his cheeks open with her razor. Disemboweled him with his own bayonet. And last but not least, slit open his stomach and stuck her hand deep inside to draw out his half-digested dinner.

"Well, I'll just let you die, white boy, while I eats me fine repast. Then I'll pack you up in freezer cartons and send you off to base camp. Nice flesh like you make nice meal for little girls!"

Lemuell felt himself die there in the moonlight. His last impression was the smell of his own testicles frying in the grease of his own innards. He heard the smack of thick negro lips and the clink of steel fork against iron pan.

"Right good, white boy. I gotta commend you. You got a right fine pair o' jewellies here... Yum yum!

8
FUCK YOU/
a magazine of
the ARTS

promoting
pornography
thru its
subsidiary,

THE LADY

DICK-HEAD ADVERTIZING
COMPANY

Lady Dick-head
Interregnum

A queen’s brief flaming left
these ruined palace walls
these peacocks strutting them at dusk

One calls

that cry
hideous with what its thousand eyes
in coming night behold.

Image for Fowler

Queer dawn
whose birdsong is this “tink tink”
of rocket-metal cooling
on some planet remote as
this broken radiator

coming back on.

The Question

Strange hand that appears
held out towards me asking—

“Am I changed so by coming
from under this toilet partition wall?”

Cruising

The voice that they ask in— that faint
complaint in the night of doors who
have long forgotten now whether they
want to be open or shut— left
unlatched to each faint pass or
shub so long now— O stroller go home.
HARRY PAINTLIGHT (page 2)

Cruising

The voice that they ask in— that faint complaint in the night of doors who have long forgotten now whether they want to be open or shut— left unlatched to each faint pass or snub so long now— O stroller go home.

To Noreen

My misness clinging to hers, both lost in some mist of mister an missus.

Ah, allies in allbis, so long in bye-byes.

O, vaseline and vacillation.

II

Useless amends to leave my arm under your sleeping weight all night 'til it is as far away as you.

A muscle in it, fluttering like some trapped thing in its last, struggles suddenly stops.

Outside, nothing passes, yet the lights still change punctually; that flip, flip, flip, as of cards being dealt out.
Magic Song

'Tis Spring
and night to be a young queen
walking in lovely shame through the awakening
neon breezes.

O lovely shamefulness of breezes wands of
neon touch,
O Queen of Spring.

***

No one here but me and these gently bleating crickets
-who will be your shepherd then but I?
People in Hell are clothed in coats and dresses, some of the women wear lace, some are richer than others, own a face that possesses white smiles. In that fashion of that place, they all say hello to each other. Such is Hell in its democracy. Without the clothes they moan and weep, that is their fashion, too. This takes place on Saturdays, after the parties are through. Over all, and through the smoke and flames of the posters (hung for prospective guests) absolute horror persists. One might think it the earth, but that the evil insists on being recognized. Dandy Satan has his choice of pain.
A stinking city full of stinking people. What things they do are not flowers, but are sometimes flowery. They know that they are garbage and this fact somehow consoles them. Their faces grin from the news, their voices, remembered, are vomit. But there are flowers in the sky; one shrieks. There are flowers in the sky, agrees another. Hearts pump blood, long ago sold. These people are real, are real, they are absolutely rotten, and are real.
The stupid painter paints. He sells his world, or what he thinks is someone's world. Writers write their junk, everybody drinks his booze, is gay, adultery is just another day in, day out minut.

Behind this world, is nothing. This world reveals itself completely—the painter is a liar, the writer wants to sell his books and fuck somebody who says she loves his work. What strength can I, who feel these temptations pressing on my very eyes, draw from these images of lust, and of success?

It is a total darkness. It is filled with women who are never wrong, and when they make some small mistake, stand in heels and beautify the whole of day and evening. God has allowed me to see only me, and that sight is enough to drive me to the sources of a power, any power.

I have love in my hands, all smeared, red, as in blood or lipstick, years have deepened the color.

It is the same red that our friend, the painter, paints. He smiles, he whistles as he wastes my time.
Memories of You

Blown the fags in Central Park, one after another, after midnight in the snow; on park benches—under the Japanese Pavilion.

Chased out of Bryant Park, from behind the monument, by a cop, with a big black buck. I fingered his wedding ring as I blew him. Fled to Boston and the Esplanade where I was fucked on the overpass by a student while hundreds of cars raced by below, unknowing of our ecstasy.

Returned to Bowery, where I found no one except one man's hardon in a doorway, facing the street.

Thought of San Francisco, and Union Square, nothing there—and the park on top of Nob Hill, where I cruised all day until finally a man came out and took me up the backstairs of the Bachelor's Club and blew me in the bathroom, I think, looked. In my self? and what use of this, this purgation of senses. Back to Boston, jerking off on trains, I gotta stop taking that wheat germ oil; find a negro at poetry reading and he fuck me in "skyscraper" over Third Avenue.

Back to trees of Boston and Public Garden, where I blew men all night long. The stain is still on my face. How can I face my brother, who first seduced me—and my other brother, who I seduced—and my mother and sister who prays for us all.

Now to Buffalo, where I do nothing— but jerk off and think of Charlie. Bob Wilson blowing 78 men one weekend on Fire Island where they serve an Olson martini.

Now back to New York and The Turkish Baths which I find no fun, the Frank O'Hara does, and Allen Ginsberg sits in his white pajamas and dreams of men as I do—and thinks of fame at least used to but doesn't have to anymore. as he is it. And I see what style this has degenerated into.
a vain pulling of my own prick and those of others.
When it was supposed to be a verbal blowjob of a poem.
And I have known women, too, laid beside them
but never bailed them. Tho I want to.

Would some woman come up and give me enough of her flesh
so I could ball her and pretend she was a man,
For how else could I do it? For I have a woman's mind in a man's body, and it would be lesbianism otherwise, and it is a curse.

Unless some woman see and relieve me of this misery.

2.

For I will go to Spoleto and blow them there,
travel back to San Francisco and blow them there,
"get fucked in the ass by saintly motorcyclists" would it were so; cruise Boston streets again with Billy Donahue, pretend it is all peaches and cream while inwardly I scream and dream of the day when I will be free to marry
and breed more children
so I can seduce them
and they be seduced by saintly motorcyclists in the dawn.
The Pimple

I thought the inspiration for The Pimple had died just now when I again examined the wheat paper beside the cigarette-rolling machine — Wheat papers heard of from an old spade teabread in St. Louis who ed. they were only kind used in Mexico etc., etc. & which Coals has just brought me as gift. Then saw the writing paper where I'd placed it for doing The Pimple. Last sentence tumbled thru my mind before the wheat paper distraction was to insert in The Pimple something like "I write slowly & in a particularly exact hand because I've just been reading Henry Miller & dug him too much for poise that I need now." But first that of the pimple recalling a Demerol vision of gangrene grease legs filled w/ straw & Capper confessing to me & I to him of how we had aimed core-pellets from teenage pink-white pustules at the mirror & delighted at a direct hit, & how I hadn't told him of my secret dreams of a pimple forest where I am the hygienic woodsman w/ surgical axe lopping huge mushroom trunks clean thru newly sliced rim, whereupon assistants — grave little men they were in this, sculptured beards & soft boots — sneaked out of the sky to stand band in hand about the rim. Musician plucked his 2 stringed zither & stamping began; noiseless pounding of their suede boots in porous ground — the sponge-white earth trembles violently & the volcano erupts in slow motion, a white earth-grub rising then (pop) flies free — straight up and sticks to the sky, hanging there — just another cloud, then the guest flog or drum pounds and eyes glitter coolly at me approving: You are the new axeman —

— o y — begin

and I do, lopping easily, but suffocating with pleasure of the work at first, then as the humming sounds — faster and frantic my silver axe slices thru the airflesh — no resistance — the rhythm faster, dancers fly about each rim, the sky festooned w/ hanging grub-clouds, the axe lengthens — weightless - to a mile-long blade & I swipe acres at a blow, all sky white w/ a few blue eyes now cocks & stalagmites, a of meaty manna upside down. I choke on its flesh, God's white shit is pure & I am a centripetal dervish spinning in place the axe lengthening out as needed to encompass lands out of sight, beyond the dream. An eye riding on the blade-edge.

That dream or the real & terrifying time w/ a girl last month, too immense for time really, a revelation that left me glazed for eternity —
After dinner w/ friends & Val is goodnatured, devoted - woodcuts, water colors, & full of love & remarks like asking George about his epileptic fits etc., after dinner she says she has this - no I come in on her already jabbing it w/ a needle a huge red welt w/ only a pale pink-white center dim & not high-topped so naturally the axe is no good here & she is scared & so am I the I scornfully laugh & offer my cool surgical assistance: she accepts & I throw out the needle wash hands & by then goofing friend held up a candle like real surgeons & apply gently two forefingers to outermost peripheries of the sunken meteor. No result & I know this is a deep one so w/ deep breath lay into her press straight down & harder, eyes closed, sweat breaking on my palms, lean in standing upside down on my hands all body weight saying I give myself to you completely prehistorical mesozoic grandaddy, wound down in her so far & then the skin breaks, a tiny wound breaks w/ the first flood - grey monolith picked in slime spouts a full inch into the air, she gives a cry of disgust & sexual titillation & still it's coming up the wound widens an enormous white turd now, (her things are shivering & I know - I know this giant worm is wound deep into her ass - coiled in there for centuries, it all oblivious of America awaiting the super-axe man tested in dream to awaken it, bring it to life maybe as the snake of evil fated to embrace the earth, but the demon in me drives my hands out of sight in the porous wells of her leg on either side & my finger tip, hear the trembling & tell me it is bottomless, she is the Virgin who must give birth to this monstrous God her womb goes thru earth to the real Hell I was laboring in w/ my axe no wonder the mirror on the sly; the dancing men, my blood is lead & pistons bang it to the fingers (I'm still upended standing on my hands in her leg) & the turd is an enormous stalk wide as my arm, the three arms there a tripod holding my eyes in place & I know now there is no core! this is it, the pimple of man's evil dream, nobody, not Capper or me if I cd help it would go further - her ass once so full has shrunked into white folds beneath skirt which falls down about my arms & is abruptly shot up torn away by the terrific speed of the thing, it's through the ceiling now I think will the landlord make us pay, but no sound & I can't look up axeman's cool voice is in my ear urging just the right pressure on one side then on the other, & I see the little men down there dancing gravely on the rim praising me. Me? I'm not the guy you want? But I am, I am satisfied now & cool this is the operation I've been trained for. I won't panic. Familiar
insane instruction repeat themselves in my ear & the idea of a core vanishes like a slow zeppelin over Biloxi, Mississippi now there's no kitchen no San Francisco no earth only pale blue around me we're in space my hands out of sight below me arms down thru clouds into the flesh of her leg covering the earth the earth what happened to the earth it is melting to pimple-vegetable-curd feeding up through the canyon in that flesh forever out of sight & lost?

It lies on the floor like a busted balloon. an old condom, I pick ip up & shake it dry, then blow into it warm air & she opens out again, talking as she blooms, about a pimple on her leg somebody shd squeeze because it makes her faint to do it.

This pimple, this snake out of the Volcano of flesh is the means for evacuation - It's arbitrarily given me as the means for the emptying. Whether concealed or in liquid - carrot or flood - they're packed there - all the images of a lifetime extending outside that life in time. I've drunk so much coffee I'm sick & couldn't describe them w/ this shaking pen. But like the night I took LSD & pot - all the images of my life I that, each seemed endless - But that night w/ its nightmare are one dot on the carrot-worm still wrapping itself around the world, invading the Universe.

The poem is a psychic invasion. The world seen for the first time in a Proustian deja-vue - seen again for the first time - terrifies Dreams too. But the pimple, the evacuation of all images, doesn't terrify at least not the artist; and it is only the artist who has squeezed this pimple. It drains the shit and senti mentality and leaves the artist coolly working away, digging for the core that isn't there, until - when it is too late he cannot stop working - it becomes apparent that the pit is bottomless and has no core.
Billy the kid, the criminal committing crimes, constantly expanding his consciousness.

Quite frequently, Pat Garret peering into Billy's window empties out his gun at the unlawful and unnatural action there in Nevada a single circumstance of sodomy, punishable by life in jail.

Food, clothing, shelter sex and drugs

*****

Frank is sitting in the park, blearyeyed, unshaven, smelling of filth & urine a man about thirty, he looks ten years older now.

He'd been working for several months, living in a furnished room, until last week, he began to drink again, ending up with Sneaky Pete on the Bowery, homeless, penniless, trembling, as he tells me his story will I go out to Brooklyn, to the A.A. meeting? A friend of his will give money, maybe $25 to get him back on his feet.

Stopping at my room, I shave & wash myself, change my shirt & put on a sweater, thinking, I will buy a new sweater & a couple allaquid tablets with the money I get from this friend.

I hope he gives me enough, to give some to Frank—but he probably won't, you know how people are.
yes, i'm absolute
i can leap buildings
in a single bound
draw pictures
squirt drugs, into me
& play it cool
hours at a time

putting an ear
to the ground of pulse
beating in the breath
the brain, there

if i can't
eat it, or shoot it up
then fuck it
My Monthly (a turgid monthly newsletter from Turgid Mead—your European co-respondent) (sent every six months)

For two weeks, dear lord, I have not had a manna—I began to doubt ya—could France be sexless with all these healthy pants bulguy idiots running loose (well, not loose—I fear they are disciplined somewhere—old lady De Gaulle chastises their gentle souls with his police mania—sexless switches)—but everyone is rushing somewhere for God's sake.

And the only way I too can remain sexless like De Gaulle and maintain command of my country, France, is regularly to get screwed—so I went dear lord this afternoon to the Cathedral of St. Honore (now my dowager saint) to light a candle at both ends.

I not so much as entered the bleak bowery (shadowy) darkness of this non-descript edifice and was looking at a plaque showing how to speak deaf-mute under a statue of Marie De Medici when this deaf mute in a blue suit (all Frenchmen wear semi-light blue suits—the sweeties) rubbed his big French stomach against me and whipped an arm through my leg between the gaps to harness my lower orifices and tussle away we did flitting from niche to croche, niche to croche vaguely pursued by a monk and a dying lady. Then he let down his pants on an altar under the central nave and jangled his propsosis—this ballet went on for near an hour till I began to think he was gay and left—especially after he shoved my penis into his ass a couple of times—he thought I was French.

missing part

All the above is sick, in that sick country of France which is almost as inhibited and fascistic as United States.

In Italy there is another story—but for now kidzies a little bit more on gay (clunk) Paris, or as it is called in Italy Parisi which in English means paralysis, though what right the English have to call anything or else paralysis I don't know.

On train to visit near Marseilles I sat near a great French sailor and we loved each other but had different ports of call and the conductor after 4 hours of the sailor going insane with passion trying to communicate and me showing him the page in Berlitz where it says will you marry me—the conductor said I was in the wrong car. It is interesting that the other people in the car tried to keep us together by pleading with conductor for me to stay in their car, and they knew the sailor and I were bursting with young love. We promised to meet in Australia and I went forward, past the dining car.

In Italy I just suck and get fucked all day long.

Taylor Mead
SPORING NEWS

The space of time
related or resolved,
a pattern,
1965 on 1890,
the fatherland
of time & the
motherhood of what
called "form",

Fitzsimmons
after a career
in Sports (we
knew better,
Fat Freddy—)
took
to bowling & built
his alley

(the true
american
cunt,
as bailing
which
their women
sit behind
legs crossed
observant &
keeping the score)

the space
& farewell
the one time
original
rosy cross
freemasonic
(bailing the
akras
sphiroth)
baseball,
nine men
from kether cut,

the paradigm
of circulating
light
instilled
by those aproned
periwigs
who made us

(cont'd) 22
so much
free,

who thought to perceive
in the natural
operations of the world
a natural
operation
eil national Work could
grow in the form of,

Baseball,
the lightning flash
off Mantle's bat
(or in the lost
symmetry
of the Polo Grounds
a top of the
ninth grand slam,
Gene Hermanaki,
out
of the symmetry,
out of the system)
bringing
everybody
home,

Kether is Maikuth,
the books of wisdom
the pattern
in the park
offered & we
desire,
the Cooperstown
(it did not
start there)
sutra
unheard,

that taught
the central work was
going outward
to come home)

but the bowlers,
the so-called
boys
have their own
ten pins—
to smash the order,
leave none standing—

that the second
world war
ended
with a lesson

(cont'd)
about ending,

they clutch
the sterile
bull, fingers deep,
heave it with
pretense of grace
to smash the world,
reduce it to a chaos
someone else
some poor spook
has to pick up,

to such amusements
after the war
the retired Dodger
repairs,
nobody
preserves their names,
their names
stay in the books,
unread lists
of that irrelevance
made the exercise
a sport & the sport
a business,

moving westward
Walter O'Malley
contemplates
Nagasaki
& hastens to that fountain
of simple destruction

where the crowd
wants home runs,
longs
for the immeasurable
blast
outward, over ocean,
or drops a ball,
much reduced in size
to attend the weakness
of jerk-off fingers
down the waxed
alleys of the world,

get it over quickly
& do it again,

or sit at home
in what cannot
ever be the garden
of pomegranates'
round gleaming twilight,
& watch the ions
do it for them,

the shells of fake
bodies contriving
a real desolation.
in the comics

last night I saw the holy trinity
Superman, Batman, and Robin
they were shooting it up in my bathroom
when I came home from a hard day’s dreaming
OH POOF! OH ZAP!
Superman alone did up 700 cc’s of POOF!

Later we traded secrets
I told them nothing and they told me all.

there are only ten real people left outside the comics
everyone else is a Martian
or a hero
or a robot programmed to think he is a hero
or you

WHAM! well pop my zowie, dad, who would have dreamt
that Superman was really the Panchen Lama, and sitting
right next to me here at school!

Captain Marvel is your mother

(I suppose you wonder why I came to you in
the garb of an Egyptian temple dancer of
nearly two thousand years ago)

POOF! WHAMMMMM! OH ZOWIE ZOWIE ZOWIE

Batman makes it with Robin
Robin makes it with eagles
Superman never does

BAM! BAM! THUD! GRAAAAACK!
(to others it looks as if the positioning of her arms
is part of a dance but to me her arms are signaling
information in semaphore)

Superman is a Martian in drag! ZOOOOOM!
Wonder Woman is Superman in drag! ZIIIIIP!

DRAG! DRAG! DRAG! ZIP! ZIP! ZIP!

(helpless in the clutches of the awesome
monster from another time Batman rolled
up his sleeve and shot up three thousand
cc’s of WHAM! )

(cont’d)
RA-RO000OM! Mother, this is my little friend from across the moon and we're going to play krrWHAMI!

(I weigh only ninety-eight pounds - yet I can paralyze a 200 pound attacker with just a finger - because I know VAAZZZAAAAAAP!)

oh SCRUUUUUNCH, baby, we can't go on this way any longer, there must be a way out of this costume!

KA - WHAMPP!

ORANNNNNNNNNNG! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Dad! Superman stands for law, justice, and order! Why is he acting like a tyrant?

PFFTTTTT! Click! HNNNNNNN!

Search on! Search all you want! The only way you'll ever find it is with the help of these magic mushrooms!

BAM! BAM!

THUD!

Time's running out fast! If only the clock would stop ticking.....

ZIP! POP! WOWIE!

then I'm no longer a super-hero but just another broken down old has-been

WE ARE ALL EQUALLY INVINCIBLE!

WOW! WOW! W00000000OW!
Raymond A. Wood
the faceless Negro cop
the invisible man of New York City
and the Black Liberation Front
his photograph in the New York Post
arresting Mayor Wagner
with Herb Callender of Bronx C.O.R.E.
his brand new picture back to camera
page one the New York Times

forty-five minutes from jail cell
forty-five minutes to dispute the F.B.I.
Fifty-five minutes from rookie to detective
and the key to the City.

Ray Wood will never be heard from again
Malcolm is gone

Ray Wood back to cameras and microphones
Malcolm X chest bared to Audobon Ballroom

I accuse Raymond A. Wood the murderer
of Malcolm X.

Assassination has become chic
destruction with terrible weapons has
become chic
to the sophisticated Establishment ipso-facto
of America
the south and the north...

Dallas scooped NYC with Kennedy
Los Angeles scooped the NY Police
when their soldiers gunned down seven unarmed Muslims
Birmingham scooped us on dogs
(Although dogs were considered to combat
oversized Negroes in N.Y. subways)

Inasmuch as the New York cops beat out Secretary of War
MacNamara and the occupational force of Vietnam
with the use of poison nerve gas (Harlem riots, summer of 1964)
that does not count as it pertains to Foreign Policy

But the New York Press and Police Corps
in the murder of Malcolm X
has again graced themselves in the eyes
of the sophisticated men of destruction
who dress in modern uniform
indulge in modern poisons
and in florid elegance
murder

(cont.) 28
Thank you very much for Governor George Wallace to remind us of the North that death to the natives (conceived in the most modern of offices) has a long history in the Nation of America North & South Birmingham to Harlem current and past Malcom was murdered the day before George Washington's birthday long weekend For who? The last long weekend for a long time not until Easter another long weekend comes and they could not wait and risk a resurrection (they are not that inhumane)

Rank and file knowledge has the Black Muslims infiltrated by the FBI CIA G-men Treasury agents and the New York City Police department who took Ray Wood out of training to protect the Liberty Bell and resist invaders from Canada We have efficient Americans among us If the Statue of Liberty was so easy to protect why not the life of an innocent man (Malcom Little, given name) why did not all the infiltrators go to their bosses with news of the plot Why did not J. Edgar Hoover issue a statement that Malcom X's life was indeed in danger? How much overtime pay was paid to special secret police investigators-agitators-infiltrators the weekend of Malcom's murder the long weekend of silent days and surmised news was a sawed-off shotgun missing from the Police arsenal does anyone remember Patrice Lumumba? Does anyone remember the circumstances of his murder? Is anyone concerned with the strange deaths of bright young men (Kennedy, Malcom, Lumumba, et al)
all the white faces popping up
lean with suntan oil and decay
modern uniforms
the beat technological equipment
and sunglasses that adjust to the light
(but are no good in the jungle)
This U.S. is becoming a land of 00'z
from Robert Hall Clothing Stores
infiltrators from Con Edison
who pollute rivers and sky
with hot black ash
and bomb jungles
because they cannot see in the dark
The New York Times is thin
on long weekends
the New York Post is thin
on George Washington’s birthday
Their Sunday edition created Friday
their holiday-Monday edition
skeleton crew assembled
Sunday news Saturday night
The Times is thin today
yet they had someone on hand
to write Malcom’s obituary
(or else)
you had an obituary prepared for the occasion
forty-two pages of New York Times
George Washington issue
NO JAZZ
NO SASS
D.O.A. for Malcom
many gunshots at the Audobon Ballroom
1 cop 2 doors away
2 cops cruising
"I got there and I saw the crowd beating a man.
They were hysterical. So I say to my partner,
‘let’s get him’. We rescued him from the crowd
and took him into custody. Apparently he was
badly injured. Apparently the others got away."
the cop says
Ballroom gunshots
in neutral Washington Heights
Broadway, Riverside Drive, Loews Rio theatre 176th Street
RKO Hamilton Palisades view & water
just below the famous Indian Museum

(cont'd) 29
45 bullet shells
big guns even the anarchist will not touch
fusilade to say-off shot gun
Malcolm's ever backwards
brothers and sisters
wooden chair clatter chorus
many shots
many arms
but we got one, the Police say
and we are hot on the trail of the others.

The thin Times today tells
of three black scrubwomen
put to work
on the blood

(just as the handymen of Harlem were put to work
after the riots—patching up)

3 scrubwomen
scrubbing up blood ---their blood--- in time
for a Brooklyn Social Club's dance
that night

the Audobon must go on
the New York Times marches on...

the alleged assassin
broken leg bullet wound and all
is rushed to Bellevue Hospital
on the opposite side of town
and one-hundred and thirty-three blocks
downtown
away from Washington Heights
away from Harlem

the Con Edision reporter
on the Daily News Television Station WPLX 11
tells us of the man 'who preached violence
and died by his own sword'.

the man Malcolm who never was involved in violence
a pacifist until attacked
yet there are those modern men who attach
violence
to 'Big Red the cocaine snuffing jailbird'
then the Con Edision reporter pauses his eulogy
to say he is glad he served. Con Edision
and the Daily News station for thirteen years
and he hopes to serve them for many more
giving the evening news
Modern men of the old Confederacy
Raymond A. Wood
the faceless Negro cop
rookie spy
personally made detective
by Commissioner of Police Michael Murphy
(a man who denies his nickname is "Bull")

Raymond A. Wood back to camera
lips shut to microphones
The secret Police must go on to
higher things
Murphy smiling at the man who saved
the Statue of Liberty and the Liberty Dell
The man who murdered Malcolm X standing
a black suit back to camera
beaming Commissioner...a personable man
always in the Limelight
The men who murder to save us
haircut suit white shirt quick change from jail cell
for Wood
Faceless destruction
back to camera
assassin alleged
of Malcolm X
Hands over face
kicked and pummeled
broken leg
hands over face
invisible men
night. in the orchards &
the hills below
zero.
black & still. not even the moon
has crept out of its cage
& only molecular motion
invisibility silently continues.
but i can't be sure of this on faith
any more than that there is a moon.
that this is really night, & not
the blank at the end of existence.
or that my glandular engine has not
finally failed.

the earth crackles and contracts!
ice expands in the concrete
joints of highway 32.
more work and
taxes for the county or the state:
if the county & the state
still exist.
if i am not mad & gone
false in memory.
& if the "county"
& the "state" ever were
anything but alphabetic constructs
that pleased me in some past age
for forgotten reasons.
& surely
there is no way to verify my data.
the world is too circumscribed &
logical.
i warn you the universe is nothing
but conjecture. i warn myself...

all i
can be sure of is the cold & the wonder & that
processes occur that link the two in this vile
neuronic machine i inhabit that i don't trust
anyway so what it begs for must be
denied it &
i am master now.
i am sole claimant to the void & to the questions I will never allow to be answered; is the sun a memory; a memory radiating memory; & is heat lost to my soul forever?

three a.m.
the state police drive by. either I am real or they are & I care only because I have been taught to care. motion without progress time without duration. oh my vulturous mind devouring God, who should never have dared to be alone here with me.

I survive out of mere viciousness.

II

the world can afford only symptomatic relief. you can die. churches & heroin are no more than garments for essential desires that have always forced their way through, in any of a trillion forms; all instantly recognizable. bodies duplicate bodies entering & leaving each other no matter what, no matter when, but you must love without a conscience in order to be God.

III

It's time, it's always time to unwind one of your selves & monster it.
It is part of the mechanism of art to despise oneself get it?
otherwise why live real lives?
otherwise why poison & flatter yourselves with idioscentric tidbits

((cont'd)) 30
stuck to nothing more substantial than a sigh; than a lonely shudder in the dark when the heat's been turned off & mama-love's done payin' for your junk & no sweetheart's ever comin' back to warm you up no more.

IV

your body doesn't any more need you than any of a hundred other diseases & any rock's as sensitive as you are, only somewhat more resigned. you poor lame faces with your ideals or your fifty dollar habits trying to legislate gods into being! trying to impose a vibration on the universe that the universe will not endure! but the universe is a restless critter also.

V

you can't live without dying. got me? too much brightness might as well be dark, & you never can be absolutely sure.

VI

so run till you're bludgeoned by the sleep in your veins; over the next hill are slow warm people of impossible color &

((cont'd)) 31
trading bodies & beliefs like marbles
that clatter in the bag but are never seen,
dancing in celebration of the hour that arrives, that
arrives never letting up, images, passions & nourishments all fled away, as soon as you notice they're here.

VII

this is the last intelligence of a dying brain writ in letters of steel on the horizon: "time time time it is time." time to shout your final No to into their faces, your treason is at hand.

VIII

to be real, to complicate the intersecting labyrinth of human relationships till absolutely anything can happen to anyone any time.

IX

thou shalt not suffer junkies to live.
thou shalt not suffer pawnbrokers or politicians to live.
Sanity demands this
XI

god is no longer necessary. freedom is no longer necessary even i am no longer necessary. existence is obsolete.

XII

i would be alone with the galaxies & the slow turnings & i would be built of durium & fire & the splash of energy from my appendages would make the world squirm in mindless delight.

XIII

i can get away with anything. i have license to lie. if you murder me, it will be for stealing your souls.
CHORDS

raga
unbeginning unending
continues

through unsoundproofed bathroom walls a vast Moan
of the earthvoices, raised in one Roar & varying
dissonance, the Whole Lamenting, CHORD of the world
continuing...

train on the track
and here people/hands

0 when the swerve
revealed pictures
I could have worded I let them go

in the coal stov e corner warmth there was
strumming unnumbered fingers Gathering
MOMENTUM (the windpipe sound that was Origin)
poured thru a hundred mouthharps Opened;
a MOAN gone up from everywhere
HEART OF US VIBRATING OUT THERE

& feel in the air for the oddly grown heaven.......

33 1/2
BOOK REVIEW

AN AMERICAN DREAM By Norman Mailer
Know who I am? "Hey Rube!" "poo
goofed here, Hohn," "Some-
thing wrong--Too much English." Know
where I am? Well, here I am, 2
pm, What day is it? November 19-
46? I first met Jackie Kennedy in
November 1946...Something wrong--
Someone goofed the works here Jack-
Shift digits--it's 1964, I first
met Norman Mailer in a dream I had
in November 1964, a drift of new-
paper clippings overflowed his lap
and swirled about the floor. "Ho w
are you, son?" he said shrewdly,
"Kick that habit man and sit down.
Don't worry, it's loaded." "Fine,
I said, sitting. "Well, Papa, you
foxed 'em again, didn't you?" "Yes," he said, "My luck, she is still run-
ing good. Look, what do you say we
skip this Party-Doll type of dia-
logue and talk like people." "So long,
flatfoot," I yelled, giving the
fruit his D production. I look in the
fruit's eyes, take him for his Floride
teeth White complexion The News propping
him up, "What's up, Norman?" "YOU
wig,
Philip Rahv's a Grotin, God
An American Dream and include. He's
Joe Tex? He's right
of me getting together reading
Pearl Harbor Day! What's old?
Life Mag., Nothing happened be-
fore
Blue Black Winged Space GRAHR!
Ic, here Jackie, c'mon girl,
need some lunch, then after train
ride
I was Robt E. Lee Prewitt
to keep digging, my scissors cut
black&white, they shall not be
moved is what Indian's say, they're
red Niggers
What about when two strong men
meet?
Grab some space
"How much?" "Yr money or Yr life!"
Talk with a foxed tongue! Ugh!
"That was a tape recording,
ning it. "Wanna hear it play-
replay what anybody says? For ex-
ample
and get yrself a tape
it'll take in all people, all
his own words, feedback its
called
for hidden mikes! those fruits
have
Put the bite on yrself, man, Your
the Times up. It's Goodguys prop
Judge," I said, "Bring in the
guilty
-continued-
"I can see you're one of my own, kid," he says. "Breakthrough! in the gray room."
"You mean..." "You're on, baby, Breakthrough in the gray room."
"Well you can imagine how I felt at this, Jack. Simply awful!"
"Remember Warsaw, Norman?" Remember the fragrance of Grandma's kitchen? Remember the ovens? For god's sake don't let that coca-cola thing out!
Too many similes! Too many metaphors! Listen: Show all your cards all players! In Times Square, Times Square!
You gettin' me there, Norman? Listen:
"That Garden of Delights is a terminal suver. "Buggery", Man, "small potatoes! Allen lives in a building:
Try to Remember That Night in November, And Nothing. Got it? Nothing. These are conditions of total emergency if carried out now The Good Guy Way.
Old kicks man. Souls rot from orgasm.
GET THE MONEY. GET THE MONEY. GET IT?
pigeons, baby, you oo by the book"my on the reverse side. Shift linguals!
It started long ago in the game of love roll over! Get the money!
(Take a pill swig some popsi gag)
everyone up when I read (I mean wrote)
"You mean in the pejorative sense?"
linguals! Images. Out! Out! Shift there, Dwight? How's yr ass,
You read Howl? well, read Howl!
Pablo Picasso? Remember reading Life in Quiet Days in Glishy/Inside The Whale Give away yr overcoat! Close yr eyes
You takin' bottles back? Too many, Shane
Too much Time! Remember Miss Chicken Little?
makes Jack a sharpie! Hello, Suze-
"Hey, Rube!" "You been readin Howl?"
to my last words anywhere,
Read The News Lunch, E 11th St. "Loan me 2 bucks,
Jack Lunch Ave A. Get breakfast, egg
Remember that building? Now put in:
yes, that's a song, infinite nostalgia are amazing. Air is gently strange we you get me there, spud. Life & Death Clap Clap cross yr partners arm,
I told my auntie I kissed a panty
English Teacher dies of Cancer... ----- The Daily News, November 1946.
TED BERRIGAN p 3

IN AMERICAN DREAM: I am President, a genius, I found Deborah again, I remember the fragrance of a full moon over the abyss of Grandma's kitchen. I'm rejoining company with popular songs four very separate gennies. Another girl a large Harvard appreciation Jock Phi Beta Kappa summa cum laude Government! I stay alive. Trapped beneath a rusty spelter, junkyard in the gray room. pulp shoe-it in the coffee. "Now why don't you drink some coffee, shouted the fat detective while beating the shit out of me" old kicks, man.

elusive silvery air which makes the air between us gently strange. I walk across that air, "Get THE MONEY." Know who I am? Last Exit to Harvard, man. Remember the fragrance of Harvard? "Yes" I said. "And I spit in your wife's face?" "Yes" I said. "Old kicks, Man." (You may fire when ready, Gridley). (Get the Money!) At the dice, I was part of the new breed. (Get the Money!) Get in Yr Life, Get in that Chamber, Get On Board, Get The Money, CONDITION REG! CONDITION REG! CONDITION TOTAL! ALL STANCES NO STANCE! GET THE MONEY! (Remember Demon Runyon?) (Remember the fragrance of the Moon?) old kicks, man."

toad crossing the street, elfin ad her like a book, I got a makes it rise. I used to box in college, old kick mechanics 2 years billing. Old re-dissecting Trucks Beauty Rainy get imitation 5:15 am you got imagine, loudly sing goddam! Lowk, You get me there, kid? Sign out!! No more paradis!! Taste of Remember the smell of that pulp? not shit?(it's evergreen) Prewitt why Prewitt on the tape recorder, Who tape recorder? Beasts the Know who I am? See that American Dream News, Shift Props, Naked, lunch, and am your bleeding brother, brother Du.

Money, Buy A TIMES! Listen, ITS YR Everyone Out! 2 hrs of pushin broom two-bit rented broom? Last Straw, the. "I am M'sieur Tarzan," pothole, M'sieur Greystoke! You got a man! Remember the fragrance of a face?

Gridley) SOS SOS (You may fire me now Barricades (the last dangling man) No intercourse, Sliced up that Fat Life in yr magazine! Get an Oven Tape my last words any words Good. Take a bow. (Kick that man, the.) Get Him! Guys&dolls, I give you Remember Pythias? Who were they? D.


Ted Berrigan
GILBERT SORRENTO is an associate of the notorious Stomp-stomp Oppenheimer & Lead Roach Jones. He is currently taking over Grove Press. His books are THE DARKNESS SURROUNDS US, BLACK & WHITE, & the forthcoming PERFECT FICTION.

JOHN WIENERS is teaching at the U. of Buffalo. His books of poetry are the immortal HOTEL WENTLEY POEMS & AGE OF PANTACLES. John Wieners’ ORGASM TOHID, the famous hardon serum discovered by Mr. Wieners, is marketed by the FUCK YOU products corporation.

aulden van buskirk was flashed in the sun’s eye in 1961. After his worm scene, David Rattray edited his complete works. They have just been zapped out by Auerhahn Press under the title LAMI. Van Buskirk has been published in Evergreen Review, City Lights Journal, Second Coming, FUCK YOU, a magazine of the arts, etc.

szabo! peddles his dick, sells dope, writes poetry, stumps whips, freaks, assembles colleges, & pimps out of the Valencina Hotel on St. Marks Pl., off third avenue. He is the hero of Ed Sanders’ new novel, EAST SIDE.

TAYLOR MEAD, N.Y.’s famous poet, diarist, cockbito, & movie star, is currently touring Europe showing Ron Rice’s movies to astonished audiences. His famous goggle books are EXCERPTS FROM THE ANONYMOUS DIARY OF A NEW YORK YOUTH (Vol. 1 & 2).

ROBERT KELLY is the king of Annandale on the Hudson. He is the editor of MATTER. His latest book of poetry is LINES, published by Hawk’s Well Press, N.Y.

LENORE KANDEL sports a scream out of our disks at the moest hallucination of getting to jaw our tongue into Lenore Kandel’s wonderful flame-steak. Lenore Kandel is on all FUCK YOU editorial Board grope-hunger lists.

DAVID HENDERSON is the gentle N.Y. poet, squack grabbing, revolutionary, snatch gulper, cock-hawk, & space cadet.

JANINE POMMEY, formerly a legendary whispered-over N.Y. A-head & close associate of Herbert Huncke, Allen Ginsberg, & P. Orofisky, now is traveling in Europe where she spent some time with the Living Theatre.

AL FOWLER is currently living in upstate NEW YORK, picking up his grass money in the Niagara Falls Your Turn In The Barrel Hustle.

This is a routine where Fowler makes a short visit with a Barrel Queen for a knot-hole shump session at that park above the falls which upstate barrel queens call Barrel-Suck Park. In the meantime, Fowler lines up a few rubes to hot him on: freaking over the falls. He lures the aroused barrel queen into a rubber lined barrel (easy to do, according to Fowler, because many barrel queens also are rubber freaks) & stumps him over the side. Operation Rube Clean.

TED BERRIGAN is the compiler of a Bibliography of the works of John Ashbery, to be published by the FUCK YOU Press. Ted Berrigan is still in a deep coma following a 6 mistress / too many pills Prostate Explosion. He was to have read at the Berkeley Poetry Conference this July. His book of poetry had been the legendary THE SUNDERS (G Press, N.Y., 1964)

SQUACK!
ANCIENT PEOPLES KNEW THE SECRET
Now, in our time, the brilliant poet John Wieners presents

JOHN WIENERS' ORGASM TONIC

MEN! DO YOU want
- a smooth rippling ultralure-tenus glass?
- longer life to your hardon?
- a dick a chick's proud to cop?
- a cock-head tough as a one ball?
- daily spurt scenes?

DRINK UP!

a spoonful per day

Says John Wieners: "It's absolutely guaranteed. I bathe in buckets of sperm because of it."

bottled & freaked
by the FUCK YOU/ products corp.
at a secret laboratory
somewhere in the Lower East Side
New York City, USA.

A four ounce bottle, only $1.50, from your dealer.

Printed, published, edited by Ed Sanders at a secret location in the lower east side, New York City.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS:

FINNIS was a wonderful 5th century Thamn poct & eagle-freak.
JOE BRAINARD/ is a young genius artist who freaks his work out of N.Y.'s Alan Gallery. Mr. Brainard's new novel is EAGLE-QUEEN, based on the life of Finnis.
TOM VEITCH/ is an associate editor at TIME Inc. His sourtcic witticisms are more often edited out of his Time texts but not until hystorical prostatec sackle rounds have been made thru the senior editors! offices. His is the author of LITERARY DAYS, a book of reminiscences, published by Ted Berrigan's O Press.
HARRY PAINLIGHT/ has dragged his prolapsed rectum off Times Square back to London to scuff up some international rubber pants trade. His books of poetry include the legendary A DICK SPENTO, & the recent LONDON, A BOOK OF POEMS. Freak them up!

--notes on contributors cont inside page-->