FUCK YOU/
a magazine of the arts

OUR THIRD ANNIVERSARY

MAD MOTHERFUCKER ISSUE!

COVER BY

ANDY WARHOL!!

from his evil COUCH movie
GOD THRU MUSHROOMS, STROBOS, GRASS, LSD, & ORGASM!

FUCK YOU/
A magazine of the Arts

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

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

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

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

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

"you can be sure if it's fug-press®"

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

Notes and Comment

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

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

MONGOLIAN CLUSTER FUCK

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

TOE QUEENS, ARISE!

---continued next page---
announcing Harry Fainlight's new 15 HOUR ASS-HOLE MOVIE, the
most subtle movie in the western tradition, 15 hours of intricate
& engrossing contractions of the sphinctor ani of a famous
Harpers Bazaar model.--- Announcing the Lower East Side's most
sinister book shop, the PEACE EYE BOOK STORE, 363 East 10th St,
N.Y., 9, N.Y. Telephone CLitoris 4-2100 or 254-2100, operating as a
book scene, freak center, & scrounge lounge featuring most of the
literary ejaculations of the lower east side. Stomp with us.---
Gropes & thanks to the kind stompers who helped the Editorial Board
prepare this issue: Ken Weaver, Peter Oriovskey, and particularly
Elaine Solow.--- recent & about to be spurted FUCK YOU/
press publications: a) BANANA, an anthology of harness verse.
b) BUGGER, a Journal of Albigenian Night. An anthology of
Bulgar, anal erotic, pound cake, cornhole & dykek poetry, by
Szabo, Allan Ginsberg, Ted Berrigan, Ron Padgett, Al Fowler, Ed
Sanders, John Kays, John Harriman, & Harry Fainlight. This is
already a legendary full-press publication. A few copies left.
c) THE WORD IS LOVE. we finally spurt to press with this great book
by the whispered Lenore Kandel. a) SADE SUIT by Jackson MacLow, a
very complex book freaked out of the brilliant MacLow brain using
Sade's Bedroom Philosopher. e) HEALTH BULLETIN: Apo-33 A METABOLIC
REGULATOR; A REPORT TO THE CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,
by WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS. (see ad above.)

COCKS SUCKED WITH A FLAIR

TAYLOR MEAD!
The Royal Rimmer
Now Opening
his ROME

Suck Salon

TAYLOR MEAD
c/o American Express
ROME, ITALY

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

1000's of satisfied customers!!!

adv adv adv adv adv adv
TO F**K IS TO LOVE AGAIN
(Kyrie Eleison Kerista)

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

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

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

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

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

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

I sent the following poem as letter to the editor:

POISONED WHEAT

OH, BLUE GRAY GREEN PALB GRAHHR!
TRANQUIL FLOWING ROSE LION SALT!
There is death in Viet Nam!
There is death in Viet Nam!
There is death in Viet Nam!
And our bodies are mad with the forgotten
memory that we are creatures!

Blue-black skull rose lust boot!

Basta/

Michael
Dear Ed,

Here is poem — or poems — you put in any order or whatever. Keep deck. Beam loose to HAP anniversary.

Michael
SLIDE  MUSCLE  SPARK
ROAR  CRASH  CLAW
HAUNCH  SOLID  LION FIGHT
FUR  ROAR
BODY  SLIP  SILK
SMASH  TOOTH  BODY
WORD FROM THE RIGHT WING

President Johnson
is a mass murderer,
and his mother,
was a mass murderer,
and his wife
is weird looking, a special breed
of hawkbill cracker
and his grandmother's
weird dumb and dead
turning in the red earth
sick as dry blown soil
and he probably steals
hates magic
and has no use
for change, tho changing, and changed
the weather plays its gambling
tune. His mother is a dead blue cloud.
He has negroes work for him hate him,
wish him under the bullets of kennedydeath

OPEN FIRE FROM THE SCHOOL WINDOWS
these projectiles kill his mother plagued
by vulgar cancer, floating her dusty horoscope,
without the love even she thinks she needs, deadbitch,
Johnson's mother, walked all night holding hands
with a nigger, and stroked that nigger's
hard. Blew him downtown newark 1928... I got proof!
WESTERN FRONT

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

Heavenly Lake
with the isle of yr
peace breasts

we fuck thy sluice, Crotch Lake
in the Brain Boat

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

restat
the road of lips &
the gouging banana

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

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

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

sflip sflat!!
the muso whip
of the scarab wings
over the

PANTING DIKE

-continued-
a circle of Fish Queens there about her
slice up her shriek flesh!
with the butcher strings of
the Sky Harp
peeling her blood flesh
in the barque of the
Butcher Scarab!

o peace for those who enter her
mouth and die peace peace o Consuelo
that your throat must bear
such pilgrims in the darkness,
restat, remaining,
sublation of the All

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

The Mountain Arcania

by its cave all cultures
sumer to Helias Helias
to the street of lips
by her cave, consuelo's,
halls of her throat lit by the cock flares

all have entered it
probed with their orisons
night flare meetings for the inner meaning
19 Dec 1962

Well, where now me, what next,
lying here in the church gloom naked mattress
like a Corpse under Covers, just come into Peter's mouth
with his cock in my mouth and pubic hair spread on my
beard
cupping his soft ass halves with my palms --
now alone with all the French doors closed & darkened
in late afternoon against the skull drum & girl cry of
streets of Market below my balcony --

What next soul task, in all this morphined ease
drowsing to wake at midnight in the oldest city in the
\_\_world --

no need to rush out and carry burlap bags full of dung
to make money

my checks arrive from around the world,

enough to lay here Obolomov all my fourth decade on the
planet
with the stars rising and falling and the now half moon
disappearing and slowly as I peep out the blinds some
nights weeks hence
researed hanging over the wrinkled old river --
rush out by airplane Vancouver New York to Moscow
and shout & weep before mind gangs of new kids born
between wars

(Cont')
with the tan red stain on my index finger dying deeper,
cigarettes & tea
in too many Cafes from Santiago to Kyoto —
What possible poem to imagine any more, who can't
even read Blake or Kabir with two hours rat minded
light-hunger —

Now seem the thrills of scanning the scaly dragon
dream universe
equal in endlessness boredom to passing my moons

.: playing cards
in third class trains circling the equator, thinking
letters to write
or creating a network of poetry slaves drugged by
the lunacy of electronic brain meat —
or simply going home & sitting in the backyard watching
the cherry blossoms fatten on my tree —
having to pay no taxes to anyone, mumbling in my sheets
while
the same star lights of childhood prison the decade on
my ceiling —
perhaps even dream up a monster God in the spotted shorts
of vast eyeball —

My cup runneth over, my seed spilled into one familiar soft
mouth
month after month, as if another birth went connect
life

(Con't)
together after death, all be black beforgotten from
before --
Not even doom, not even Hell except what this is
already
my mouth dry and having to get up & go out in the
chill twilight to take a pee
trying to write a poem -- whatever that could be,
scribbling in a vast book of blank pages, hoping my
death will make sense of chaos notations --
dashes which lead only to the next consciousness
trying to shake itself and be free
like a vulture circling over a green donkey field,
like Lenin wagging his beard
and raising his index finger into the air to signal
the rag booted masses
a new Futurity! Archaic Eden and electric Serpent
and my soul Eve
Curious over the fruit before her face, noisy humming
with radio messages inside.
Poetry's the old apple that tastes death's tasteless
eternity,
Morphine worm that eats itself -- all afternoon with
my cc.x in Peter's bearded mouth --
and I lying here relaxed while he goes to fetch a dead
chicken Tanduri
from the rickshaw thoroughfare a mile away
ALLEN GINSBERG

DREAM

21 Dec 1962

Dream -- dreams all night ending with long morning dream -- Peter & I in basement of Department Store, a special sale is going on, salesman is Norman Mailer; at Xmas gift counter selling weird Scientific artistic toys -- I buy one, and then go back & buy another, realizing they're a good investment & be worth money in the future. Rather like the street movie machine -- a home made box on wheels with projector & peepholes and small motor for electric like and crank for hand rolling showing old technicolor fragments of Wizard of Oz with Judy Garland, that we found in Desaumedh Market Street last night, which Peter peeped into for 6 annas (a penny) -- So I go up to the counter and buy a big toy I start carrying home -- a woman salesman is there - some tall gaunt lady, a New York aristocrat -- Diana Trilling or Mrs. Carr -- ? -- nervously warning me that Mailer has been hanging around with some tough gangster folk who are threatening him -- I should go companion him keep him safe -- But I think "damn if he's playing with those goofs it's not my fault it's against my principles I wanna get out of this scene not in -- I gotta go home protect my toys."
Stronger than alcohol, more great than song,
deep in whose reeds great elephants decay;
I, an island, sail, and my shores toss
on a fragrant evening, fraught with sadness
bristling hate.
It's true, I weep too much. Dawns break
slow kisses on the eyelids of the sea,
what other men sometimes have thought they've seen.
And since then I've been bathing in the poem
lifting her shadowy flowers up for me,
and hurled by hurricanes to a birdless place
the waving flags, nor pass by prison ships
O let me burst, and I be lost at sea!
and fall on my knees then, womanly.
I wake up back aching from soft bed Pat
gone to class Ron to work (I
never heard a sound) its my birthday. I put on
birthday pants birthday shirt go to ADAM'S buy a
pepsi for breakfast come home drink it take a
pill I'm high. I do three Greek lessons
to make up for cutting class. I read birthday book
(from Joe) on Juan Gris real name Jose Victoriano
Gonzales stop in the middle read all
my poems gloat a little over new ballad quickly skip old
sonnets imitations of Shakespeare. Back to books. I read
poems by Auden Spenser Pound Stevens and Frank O'Hara. I hate
books.

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

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

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

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

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

The Pure No Nonsense: and all day "Perceval! Perceval!"
A Hobble Poem snatched from the notebook of W. H. Auden & now believed to be in the Morgan Library

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

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

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

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


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

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

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

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

(Con't)
Singular powers of extension. For a second or two
It lay there inert, then it suddenly stirred in my hand,
Then paused as if frightened or doubtful of what to do
And then with a violent jerk began to expand.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(Con't)
I stroked the lobes of his ears, the back of his head
And the broad shoulders. I took hold of the compact
Gloves of his bottom. We tottered. He fell on the bed.
Lips parted, eyes closed, he lay there, ripe for the act,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(Con't)
Gently, intently, I slid to the massive base
of his tower of power, paused there a moment down
In the warm moist thicket, then began to retrace
Inch by inch the smooth way to the throbbing crown.

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

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

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

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

Leon Hecht
Wystan Hugh Auden
John Ashbery
Taylor Mead
Allen Ginsberg
Peter Orlovsky
Howard Moss
Kenneth Lane
Fred Herko
Rufus CO&Ins
William Moos
Denis Leagan
Professor Louis Trahan
Winn Chamberlain
Gregory Markopoulos
Alan Marlowe
Bob (Ongine) Olivo
Ronnie Tavel
Joseph Gibbon
Neil Eisner
Paul Goldberg
Henry Michelanny
Sergio Gajardo
Jerry Morton
John Dodd
Andy Warhol
Kenneth Koch
Henry Geldzahler

& hundreds more which
Gerard Malanga trembles
in paranoia to mention

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

& thousands of faces
and anachron in the
night
IHS

I

They too
know how to celebrate
chandlo & halo

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

choiring

II

Sheltered under black windy wings
& white

numberless immaculate
harem

Himself had no idea
it would ever come to this

then & now
tossing in His sleep

III

The smallness of any rejection
not even a worm

the stopped at Half
give evil root & fruit
IV

Lord & disciple slameded

V

His work is done & His Father's

If He came back who would know how to know Him
each man by his own crucifixion his own death & perhaps a resurrection

VI

Who know what LOVE is puncture no man for any cause

VII

Moira is midwife at each floor of ascension

VIII

He has caused more trouble up & down the centuries than any other name
"The tears of Magdalene
how shall I still them
& all my sisters
who are in Magdalene
When shall the silence of the thundering
unanswer let me go
The vulture of my own tyrant self
ripping bits of my heart out to feed me
The unceasing moan at my feet
at whatever turn
I am the Spectacle & the Witness
& they weep for me
Ah to be done with this agony
I am the root of
I am their end & beginning
but I am I, they are they
O that one might come
& hack me off this Cross
& free them from this Wheel of me
this inturning punishment
people need me for up here
dangling"

X

"Must it be until it is
my own unself
come back to undo
2000 years

(Continued next page)
& unending
O my sister with thy charity
Forgive me for I know
what I have done
I stare down from this Darkening
blotting out the sun
in the churches
I am the axle of
& no one knowing
what is going on inside me
with that weeping put there
I, in this black womb
& they in their black tomb
O deo, deo
What art thou
& where?"

XI

That Man-
They cut the sky up for
& stained it with His Blood
He wants the whole sky
but he has a piece of it only
each has his own window
to see through
to work himself out of
into what it is
he is for
each man by the act of himself
wipes off some of that Blood
XII

When the wake is a Wake
the dead leap out living

but the mourning sonnambulists
are perpetually nailing the lid down

XIII

Don't talk about anything—
do it

Did He know what
& how they were going
to erect his life, after

ah, if he had
guessed, it might have been different

XIV

One counted the prayerbeads—
fifty-four
& stopped at Him
what is he doing hanging here

so he unhooded Him
& threw the idol into the incinerator

then was then
now is now

He, too, is grateful
the beads & the praying are on their own
XV

The wrong Christ-
masticate it
digest it
& excrete it

Arise, purified

XVI

When will the priests
brick by brick
start taking the churches apart
to get at the cornerstone

XVII

The walking church of Christ
& not so named
is that one
who' hammered out the spikes
took Him down from that Cross
broke it
kissed the wounds away
& let Him go

XVIII

The new Fish
has the moon for an eye
& the sun
is the other
XIX

See the lid of death
sprung open
Christ, O Christ
is out
& dancing for Himself
with the risen
who are the swirling
THREE PAGES OF DRAWINGS WITH NOTES FROM ORLOVSKY'S EVIL NOTEBOOKS FROM INDIA

DRAWING A: cripple boe leged beggar who lives in the st 24 hrs. a day— he maybe takes legal opium Balle Pill size—he weighs about 70 lbs—he wears leather short pants & wooden box gloves to lift him 3 inches off the ground so he can cross the tram st. He's an old forgotten poor fellow of Calcutta back streets—

DRAWING B: charlie Chaplin on screen in a Demauce movie house the time of one of their numerous revolutions

DRAWING C: drawing of different Love Positions of Karjuraho Yogins temples.

DRAWING D: Street alley Bazzar Sellers in Old Jerislem of Jordan

DRAWING E: a 70 yr old naga (naked Sadhu) sitting in tea (chy) shop at 4 am at Pashawamad Ghat in Banares—his hair if unwound come down to his ankles—

DRAWING F: drawn from high roof over looking Pashawamad Ghat (or bathing spot)—temple in center is Shiva dedicated to him who is also the God of Ganja or Pot—the dead cow is dropped into the Ganges river here—

DRAWING G: from Karjuraho Love Sex embrace show how to make love this way also known as KHON ASSAN or love hold body just the right movement— young kids gave me the names of different parts of the body---

Peter Orlovsky
April 9, Monday—63 --- 20
He reminded me, in passing, that my milk was getting
I offered him a cup he laughed at my cup with coca
alcohol

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

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

A field of eight they vie toward the rail
like a fast music in a slow motion
In flight their hooves fall like hammering snow
Questionnaire's my baby and costs only $2 to ride
And chance'll get me $4 or $20 plus the show
So you can have your Lufthansa your Alitalia
As well as that dinky old crumbly aqueduct in Rome
I'll stick it out here, here's my home
And Questionnaire's my baby sweeter than any Veneto lady
Whoops! what's that rackety old one-propeller Roman Sir doing?
Planes are known to crash
Thus safe bets are known to too
Roman Sir won it
What I said about Rome and its rotting aqueduct
Maybe I shouldn't done it--

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

(Con't next page)
It's the annual running of the Freak Stakes
And here is the Morning line:
The Centaur--------No jockey, his own jockey------Picked to win
(Because he's got both brains and speed)
Nightmare.........Jockey: Bela Lugosi--------Consensus: Uncertain
(Because it all depends on the jockey, if he can scare her
out of her wits to scare him out of his wits, should they
succeed the race'll be theirs)
The Winged Horse------Jockey: Ezra Pound or Allen Ginsberg---No chance
(Because poets lack competative force, and when they do compete
they do it finkily awful)
The Unicorn---------Jockey: Jean Cocteau--------no chance
(Because they're too fragile too effete too airy)
The Sea Horse--------Jockey: Admiral Nimitz--------No chance
(Because they're out of their element)
Silver----------Jockey: Lone Ranger------------Should give Centaur a run
(Because Silver is the only bona fide horse, the only horse horse)
The River Horse (the Hippo)------Jockey: Jomo Kenyatta------No chance
(Because it's overweight, only hope is in its firey jockey)
It is now post time:

They're off!
All the horses are lagging, going slow, some stopping!
The only horse going anywhere is the River Horse, the Hippo!
But Hippo like the others refuses to cross the finish line!
The stewards have called for an investigation--
(The investigation showed that all the horses were doped--indeed the
only horse that wasn't running won, it being 'horse' it being
known by various kinds of shady names, H, Sueck, Boogie, Shit, etc
--and the jockey, Junkie Joe, claims he won the race fair and
hip, that he had no other choice but to run the race as he saw
fit, as indeed the only way he could run 'Horse' was by injecting
it into the race-----The commission agreed and the winner of the
race was 'Horse' which paid 6 dollars to win, 3 dollars to place
and nothing to show---
Claude Pelieu

Four Shrick Pages From LIQUIDATION OF STOCKS

filings
notches
books
antiques thefts
hinges processions camphors
electrocardiograms solders
encephalograms canbers occurences saws
aphasia hypergastritis piss waves arpegios forks
foetus
glucose
hanged men
acne
screens

geo\logy
beans
abscess

analogies pituitary mazes artificial-anus frost canes
stews premiums carpets pumps packaging
reviews stamps
index cunts Editor-in-Chief Sub-Chief Big-Chief Super-
Chief Tampax Kotex Ajax hog-fish pineapples whores shits
porridge Kleenex Jox Rex Fox snots
scratches corners
literature under-pants
missions

triggers levers propellers Chanel Dior Vox M.G.M.
stop valve Conscurt Littre Nobel rescue Glenor Brunamel South-Avi-
tion gutters gourds horses palms skins Cliquet Magloire Ricard glues
Jubiles Beattitudes....

(Conv't)
trunks
hairs
boots
motives
pasturage
greasy poles
switch-blades
rules
ear way
hay-making

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

go fishing
learn to dance

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

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

(con't)
expectorations carbines extorsions itching colonizations zones humors memories evacuations formulas scapular chin-straps kidneys wedding rings vertebral calcinations discharges negations negotiations narrations sanctions obliterations emotions sachets furnaces laboratories suspensory bandages censer ting-mill fornicalonions deportation ---
METAMORPHOSIS

insignia restitutions meals
choromos telescopes groupings tarots Bengal lights
joints mutations atoms intestines drugs vegetables
gas equations proteins vitamins deserts caravans
quihiy reserve shreds plants ace of spades sleep
lightnings pilots births exodus selections trapeze

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

alter-pieces epics training surfing intolerance exiles suicides
excrement sub-products periphrases SILVER always * of
the sea caterpillars onomatopoea tropics jugular veins scope
polemics arguments communication

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

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

ABOVE EVERYTHING IS HIDDEN ROOTS
IMPOSSIBLE WAITING BIC GAME
man is the discontented beast &
pleasure is only the rhythmic
vibration of things not
necessarily specific.

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

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

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

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

legislated gods

into being. trying to impose a vibration
on the universe that the universe
will not endure- for the universe
is a restless critter also
we wept, we cried out
in a hundred languages,
we shouted every name we could conjure up
into the wind.
like prairie dogs,
we built our nests & prayed.
& like the prairie
you came; with your gift of sand
to be baked into
our bread as we huddle together
in the raw evening, speaking
of your secret benevolence & of your
thighs that moisten our way
for us.
we hand each other ritual gifts:
burning leaves, words to ward off
the comfort,
& beg you to
return & bless us again;
O impulse!

(Con't)
i'm alone in the house
with a frozen roasting
chicken, & how the
hell can i roast
a chicken
with no oven &
the light gone
mad & my cat
pissing on the floor?
my hands are beginning to rebel; nothing
stops anymore. it all rushes by so fast i
can't distinguish events
from one another. life's
a cosmic soup unloading
through a hatch on everybody's
lap
at once! all blatant
& obtrusive! a tubercle
bacillus snuggling down inside
your lungs & killing
you whether you
love it or not. for christ's sake learn that
at least, already.
life doesn't care (a rat's ass
at all) who lives it.
A cockroach
Crept into
My shoe
He liked the fragrant dark

A cockroach
Climbed into
My shoe
Away from cold and light

I crept my hand
In
After him

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

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

From the shadow of my hand
You keep coming back
   across the floor
For more? -- load --
You've lost an antenna
I'll treat you
The first eye opens by the sun’s warmth to stare at it
The second eye is ripped open by an apothecary and propped with toothpicks, systems and words
I only know there may be more because one hurts
when I think too much

The first eye is blind
there is no other

---

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

Easy to Love
the Poets

Their
SPLENDOUR
Falling all over the pages
into
My lap
I took the skin of corpses
And dyed them blue for dreams
Oh I can wear these everywhere!
(I sat home in my jeans).

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

one between
Venus & her conjunction
with
the / woman herself
this is in the sky;
stay there.
one between
the star
Venus in the pupils
head's students
astrophysics;
arrive.
one between
C.0.B., coming soon
a chronology of
the A.D.C. aphrodite
is from where Cronos
becoming father in every son
eone to one
relationship:
dream

and the men, where the
star is the brother;
Venus aphrodite Venus neuter
or men, no choice;
stay there.
one between
earth & sky
going back
thru the nuts
where the star
shines.
the father who brings home
the beams who bring home
the entirety of his desire

who holds it together is
who the daughter wants to
be measured by pass the
bees.

beau looking in
beau looking in
become death's balls
beau his mother
dream

sister father

a paddledheel
in the old bayous
of.

Teddy Venus Jesus love
just a little bite of you
loneliness is not wanting
asking taking
each enough.
suffering cannot be merited
o bloody muscatoel crucifixion
& god one million times

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

or tree at
xmas sour holiday
plastic and .

I love
will my impotence swell to murder?
will the dog shit come off my shoes?
will the old drunk hurt the children?
city you are the whore
that balled a tribe of camels
to death
I won't fuck
chemical god
hamburger
& lollipops
this has been willed
they
they
made plastic
even the dust of our grandfathers' & there's no place to go
advertizements
of white blood
no life
no soft body

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

science!
science!
science!
science!
science!
birds build nests
& are
gone

far away

gone
gone

broken toys

but

look at those two girls
their bodies against the water
brown bodies

some kind

of miracle
MYTHOLOGY

Guy I know once saw a broad
smoke a cigar in her twat with
the smoke for chrissake
coming out of her ears!
Guy I know once jerked off
in his socks, says that
they lasted for years!
Guy I know once smelled his
own jissom before it dried,
said it smelled like Propane.
Guy I know once got sucked off
by a girl, she swallowed it
and went insane.
Guy I know once shot blood
the third time he came.
Guy I know once didn't know
the meaning of shame.

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

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

ALL SAINTS DAY

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

I. Both of your faces make me notice my veins. As they are limned on my hands, yes, women’s hands tell their age. I can no longer delude myself. I remember the shock of blue veins as the back of my knees, when I had the child. Those small odd-length blue lines of struggle as my first poem to him. His transparent skin showing my blood and his father’s blood and his own. My hands define me, they don’t betray a thing. To lose the body, be beyond ultimate betrayal or dependency of size of page for line-length.

II. As it happens, let it happen. Enough, I know now, to be what one is: to know what one is and where one is at. Sit Buddha-like in the center of one’s world, which is the world of now.

III. Everyone writing about Mt. Tamalpais, which is truly barren. I write of the body, not Muse or the Holy Ghost, but nights the color of blood. I’ve begun wearing that color. You realize it has been a year since we met and talked, four nights ago, and almost three years since we loved. But time is measured by what we are, where we’re at. This man fucks with a firm gesture, unconcerned with all save the idea of body. Yet his veins have words engraved on them, like the tracks of demented sandpipers, he knows the location of the ganglia of nerves, and too much about how to objectively ease most kinds of pain.

IV. To trust oneself with the line-break, or confidence in one’s veins, soft color of ink. Kinds of connecting: to watch the friends’ faces high on LSD, and to be with them in all ways, watching them realize one can make it through and one can make it up there on love alone, if one is on the way and lucky enough some of the time. Or to see Hunkele’s sweet face, same color as clay seen at the caves near the Cumberland Gap, or to hear that Donald was caught at Laredo with sticks and must give months or years of his life before he can finish his doctorate work in Mexico. But the man in the front building here, whose name we did not know for months, because his ‘wife’ calls him nothing but ‘ya drunken fuckin bastard’. It is a strange and delicate city, full of bars...

-continued--
V. Designations of love or faith, shape of the flesh behind the knees. Where a man reaches, his fingers tracing that delicate flesh. The flesh wasting despite confidence in it as constant or a substance which will sustain that infernally bright color of the blood or spirit. I wear that color, these days of my incredible 36th year. Or notice flesh of the faces of loved friends, firm, and the seldom-seen junkies who return from jail or joy or hospital. Chester and Larry are in Rockland; one loves drugs, one hates them, both can write almost everything well. The fragility of the device! Huncke, white ashes coating his cheeks, eyes alive in already consumed flesh, how their hands move across their books, mocking the sound of paper burning!

VI. As it happens, let it happen. To the dry seed as it falls from them into foam, from the sweet men who walk my life or body. To take heart from subsisting on gestures. To forget what basic form the body was, was made for, to confuse the word for the flesh, and be confounded in a real dream of the texture of the skin back of the knee. It will go well, or it will not: concentric circles outward from the heart like ripples, like water-marks on paper with high rag-content. If it is destined to shape itself into a wooden agony, or turn instead to the famous blast-furnace, burning the eyes from that arena of metal behind the forest of forehead like a memory of coal; so be it; one survives. Or to trust the line, the breath, as it issues naturally, the words as they utter themselves from the whole or ravaged flesh. Those lips. I said 'utter themselves,' as the nature of insight. To be, let be. Those four, on LSD, letting the fogs out of their fleshy minds, the music behind the eyes floating or cracking out, loose revelation of The Way to themselves, up, out, free, as never in days clotted with the sadness of rules and marked with the thick ropes of dissonant cities: up, out, free. O god their precious huge faces, balloons free of runes and the tracks of mechanical birds, shape of the helium of their voices as they hover near the brilliant curtains of the cave. Remembering their veins, what it is that flows in them, how it was before layers of blood were peeled and rearranged.

VII. Forms of the limbs, as they lie stacked like kindling. No one chooses fire, it has an unbidden quality. We, sweat and streak to let it happen. Forgetting how to make lists of our errors, our reference-books,
to forget all of it, the inflicted forms, Al Katzman reminding me 'It's fun to be stupid' and the realization of how good it is to be free of the intellect, to go back to the body, wail through forms to the Form of the Almighty Castle, to deny even the paper on which we make our delicate tracks of the forsaken sandpiper, to confirm the flesh, firm or sweated or wasted across the indication of face or thigh. The forgetting burns on the heat of days and nights of cities, scalds out finally in the childish laugh of release.

VIII. Surface tension between us. Like the skin of water, like our several skins, shaped or shucked, depending on where we're at. How it was before all this, when the world was held together by our hands, the way the oceans film over the earth, interlacing the continents from time to time, leaving strange-named seas the flavor of our tears of laughter or anguish, the flavor of some, of breastmilk, of bloodred ink.
I stared into your crotch for a long time last night. Then overcome, breathless with your beauty, I said——

"Your cunt is like a mushroom gone to flower"

I petted the wrinkled lips feeling my fingers slide thru the short matted hair wondering at the smell of you. Kissing the divine slit, tenderly making love to IT. What words? Where? to speak of your lovers. Clinical talk of vaginas? medical terms reeking of alcohol? instructions rendered sexless in little pamphlets given free by the "Planned Parenthood Assoc.,"?
The smell and lust and taste and mad moaning twining of loins slippery with screw rendered sterile and test tube free of germs, devoid of wet pubic hair steamy-warm-pumping pulsing with the movement of the mound beneath.

NO! God help me NO!

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

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

I will not speak with a false mouth!

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

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

Fuck me darling - Fuck me - Fuck me oooooohhh

harder - harder - more - more - more

yes - please - oohhh - please - please - please - please

hold me - tighter - bite me

do it - do it - do it - oohhhhh

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

away --- away

gone

gone
DIRECTIONS I (FOR JOHN KEYS)

How does it work
intricacies
words
the poem?

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

John says it’s control
We’ve got it.

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

John and I pass each other.

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

We steer clear of a man standing in a doorway.

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

We turn toward him the whole East Side swelling up like a Brueghal painting.

Where does it get blocked? WHAT?
Here pointing to my head the ashcan of the soul.
AL KATZMAN

THE BLOODLETTING

So I go to
the kitchen
sink.
Perform the ritual
of washing.

I come to you
as you lie on the bad
the wet hands of a lover
used to failure
like crystal slipping
from his grasp.
The effort
to bring together
bits of flesh
leads to bloodletting.
In the pores of his forehead the hairline had weakened

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

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

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

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

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

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

Now I think it’s the only way through
My thoughts of this day and the air’s
Precipitation which reminds me of you.
CHARLES OLSON AMONG THE WHITE TREES

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

Shall it be the face of my mother
Photographed with Tri-X winding B film
3 minutes each day for one year?
Is change knowing what there is to construct??
Why not the brutal, head-on collision
In black on a background of purple or green?
Is it anymore than a matter of sight?
The distances are equally accurate.
"THAT WHICH COMES INTO THE WORLD TO DISTURB NOTHING
DESERVES NEITHER RESPECT NOR PATIENCE"  (RENE CHAR)

for allen ginsberg and leroe jones

i sing the grave of resistance

the malcontent and maladjustment

the drowning graves of daybreak

the new poisons

the swallow in an infested garden

what chance has he against corridors

against the tempered silent corpse who

praises the private poet

i sing the grave of passionate flowers

the megalolovemongers

of weird howlings

the offeror

the penciled madman

the visitor to the village of sad blows

beaten for their shadows

for the back streets of splinter overtures

i sing the vermilion graves of fragile poets

the mute volcanos the idle birds

of slum forgotten streets

the simple sickly

the martyrred white

the wetnurse in the house of authorized prophets

what chance have we against the men who cast

(Con't)
no darkness as they walk

i sing the graves of hidden exile
the outcasts from invalid harbors
of frightened informers
the empty nauses of their desperate beauty
the surviving connection
the voices
the wet dirge alone continues to
patronize their history

i sing the ashen graves of river dead
the stream of inapportuned dead
of docile landscapes
the gray sucking faces
the prudent manhunts
the bleeding boredom
their smell is transparent
indiscriminate

i sing the graves of our excrement
the trembling image
of acid filth horror
the poets etching of dying lands
the dead season
the drying confined body
the somber decaying child
resistance is poetry

"WE MUST OUTBREATHE THE LUNGS OF THE HANGMAN"
(GIAR)
pyramidal hallucinations
drive my sight
shift down
across parchness of bleach-white
intermittent walls

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

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

the half-real fires of blackness
arrowed grays
taut whites
arch thru shattered planes
which share the eyes
propelling the focus thru aeons
of abrupt sharp
torso of horse

to be migain skewered
on the second before the last/
This is the magazine of street-fucking!

FUCK YOU/ a magazine of the arts

FUCK YOU/ a magazine of the Arts, Number 5, volume 8, March 1965.
Printed, published, & edited by Ed Sanders at a secret Statue of Liberty Blowup scene in the Lower East Side, New York City, U.S.A.

TOTAL ASSAULT ON THE CULTURE!!

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

HARRY FAULKNER/ is a brilliant Broadway Peach Pit Queen.

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

--continued on inside--

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

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

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

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

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

BILL FRITZCH/ is a San Francisco Beat shrink & gentle spurtin' phantom of the Nite.

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

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

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

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

TOTAL ASSAULT ON THE CULTURE!

GOD THRU CANNABIS!

The LSD Communnium

★ GROPE FOR PEACE! ★

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

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