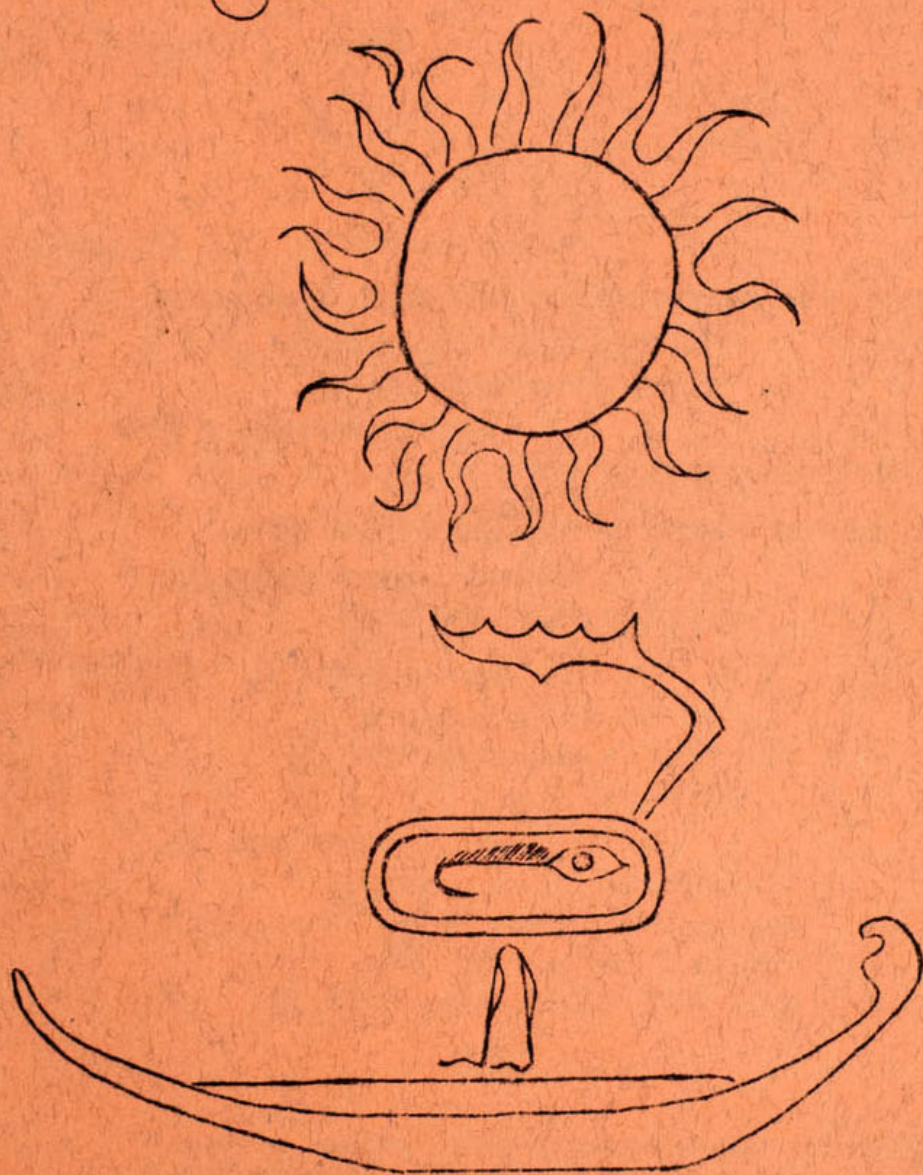



FUCK YOU/
a magazine of the arts



NUMBER 5  VOLUME 1

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



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

GROPE FOR PEACE!



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

One more issue of FUCK YOU/ A MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS to be puked out; the FLAMING COCK issue. Orgasm. Hustle vectors. Total assault on the culture. If the fuzz don't freak the Editor into the slams./---
 Fuck You/ press will roar onward. The following are up and stomping
 Fuck You/ publications: AMPHETAMINE-HEAD, poems, drawings, pukeouts,
 rants & babble of the heroic pioneers
 in the water soluble benzedrine
 movement.

WARGASM,
 the poetry and insane babble
 of the Rev. Al Fowler

Μαγεία
 magic & arcanics, a collection

SUCK,
 anonymous poems from the dicklicks

GROPE,

erotic poems from the Greek, Egyptian,
 Sanscrit, Latin, etc. in a bilingual edition.
 (note: copies of 1st F.U./ Press pub. POEMS FOR MARILYN still available.)/--
 also threatened: FUCK THREE/ a Quaker Journal/--- without having to suck
 cock or lick ass the Editor & Editorial Board would like to snarf up an
 Angel to freak us into FUCK YOU/ 6, the FLAMING COCK issue. (offset. more
 durable paper. photos. larger printing. enormous piss-off.)/--- the Editorial
 board was cornholing a young 8 year old boy the other night warming up for a
 meeting & in walked, sparkle sparkle, Elin Paulson, who blew the lad into
 a frenzy. The lad then went twat happy and El and he freaked to a 74 scene,
 That's 69 with the 5 editorial board members watching. Later the Rev. Al
 Fowler brought in some Flipamine Propene. It's now hip to trench arms with
 razor and pack in the dope, so they slashed themselves and the Rev. Fowler
 did the honors with his ivory trench-straw. Elephant Walks. Gobble scenes.
 Hole Cons. Radiator whistle proved too much for Paulson so she split for
 Nelson's to hustle some of his Chatanooga cock. No meeting held./-- well
 well well, the Ed. and Ed. Board were spaced out at a peace demonstration
 just recently (the big Cuba rally) and the ass was unbelievable: fantastic
 young high school SANE squack, old tired liberal squack, sweet crotched
 college squack, Junion high school Concern Committee squack, Zionist-
 Marxist perversion, foot-fetish twatgelt. A whole holocaust of fuck-vectors.
 /--- Adv.★ Adv.★ 1000's of satisfied customers!★ Adv.★ Adv.

TAYLOR MEAD, LTD., PERSONALIZED BLOWJOBS etc.

"No K-Y needed with T.M.

the mad salivator"

★ Adv.★ Adv.★ Adv.★

so now let all the ships come in,
pity and love the Return the Flower
the Gift and the Alligator, catches,
and the mind go forth to the end of the world

CHARLES OLSON

Three poems from the Maximus Poems

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

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

I herein testify

Part of the Flower of Gloucester

from the sunsets
to the rubbish on the Harbor bottom
fermenting so bubbles
of the gas formed from the putrefaction
keep coming up and you watch them break
on the surface and imagine the odor
which is true
at low-tide that you can't stand the smell
if you live with the Harbor Cove or the Inner
Harbor to your side

LENORE KANDEL

to fuck with love, to change the temper of the air
passing two strangers into one osmotic angol
beyond the skin

(grows in my hands
like a tree)

miracle miracle
out of the burning bush
I understand the lingam ladies bruising their softest flesh
in unassuageable worship

(like a tree)

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

suckfucking oh that lovely cock

big grand and terrible
the upthrust implement of love

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

AL FOWLER

Heroin

"eyes taken down to see
I's takin' down to sea
Ice taken down to c
Ayes talkin' down the sea"
insensibility
 he lapsed into
 unconsciousness
after the groovy
 o.d.
oh & after
 he'd turned blue & we'd
started rescue breathing
 & shot him
 a dropper of brine
 the bastard
 came to
 blowing
 a bad riff
 so, what with the smeck
& all, we threw him out the
 window

*

TAKEOFF

long probe for vein in
heroin takeoff
in the men's room of
the college in the
nerve over the scummed
tile under the barebulbs
blowing the shot when
the Burns Guard comes,
skinned & high &
strident wailing
coeds thinking
voidal tampons.
bust my works, & i left jones down the commode
for the norice brevis.
paralyzed.

LARSON O.D.'S; FOWLER SCARED SHITLESS

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

THE HIP LADY PACIFIST TWAT IN A LOWER EAST SIDE STOREFRONT

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

COCK CITY

this is Cock City
town of the snort & big yen.
bulge & shrink under the phosphors.
Fitzgerald effect of
ego
membranes get warty.
think hive
street & mechanical
wonders of the final
broken motion.
think entropy when
snow & time conspire
think sex
quickball under the stairs
on cement conveyor
belts/ swooping to gritting
come
think war
think noise
think
the yearn of the long/ horns
of angelus
groping thru the fog.

AL FOWLER

Caroline:
An exercise for
our Cocksman Leader

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

VISION

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

Editors notes it is well known all over the lower east side
how, last summer, after several months of
cocaine suppositories, Mr. Fowler went totally
jack-batty. The Alimentary Quakes on a coc. supp.
comedown produce visions of this sort.

BARBARA MCRAFF

Spanish luz

german
in
the consonant
consoling feeble punice rub bothe shelle
the fishy mary,head-on, whilst thee wet
please my toga
thy toga
your blood-with,enough of flymouse

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

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

so please my toga.an appointment
o sea-spawled for coctails.
wet ones,ir wearing

just skin
for a chance encounter for a change

MRK SAMARA

CAMPING OUT WITH ED SANDERS

Ooooooooooh

Ooooooooooh

Ooooooooooh

Ooooooooooh, Ooooooooooooooh, Ooooooooooooooooooh!

"Not Bad!"

BONNIE BREMSER

FOWL-PLAY

/ riff on bones

ACTION. . .

this uppity nigger walk on

Cage/like/stage

footstp sound down

drudge dug judge offa jury/en-grave/in/law

fidget around inna robe (all god's chillun gotta robe o lord)

open-mouth

NO SOUND

but/song of FREEFLIGHT

FORMALLY

/in a medium of bone-black

who

fear the lucid oracle

would burn to

amorphus fumes

the sulphuric pustulance announces

his arrival in the tombs

draped black tapestry

of the principal matador

and crosses himself

for his mother

and wife

/facing the virgin

all of this is only the presence of flowers

and

obscure the line

surrounding the

golden inconstancies/we humans

will love by

and hidden the bones ARE

Our

/present fear of

burial

////BUT.....

pick-up-on

performance of one

fanatical priest so

lost in his own mysterioso of

BLOOD/or

watch children

who are the real

museum keepers and play in

soft shapeless mounds

of mud and dead bird feathers

promise new LIFE

by retaining the shape and

form of a wishbone

ED MARSHALL

STEPS OF ENTERING INTO THE SKIN

As the barber blazes the shaving blade
 against the hide ---
 swinging on the hooked-ring
the ribbon tale will have been
 scratched with its own
 hieroglyphics ---
metal will be driven into the skin---
 hide or even the shaved away bark ---
metal may bruise the skin ---
 hide bound
Bones may tingle and
 throw back the assault ---
 those knuckles ---
 buckles
 yet hide bound
There are throw backs ---
 without metal and
 without hide ---
And they travel right
 through where the tissue lies
And there is much rushing,
pushing and plumbing through
 the thighs
 and against the thighs ---
the brush --- the flush
Skin 'n- bones ---
 Boned finger tip will
 strike
 and poke ---
 skin 'n bones
The index finger will
 pin-point
 dot dotted by
 dot
 its own dot
 (dot your i's
 and cross your t's)
 T-Bone
 and plot the
stretching by throwing
the shedding - shreading
 thread - fine hair
 Dido did it ---
 Ditto ---
 Carthage

may I touch that

Lift him up the hair --
that grass --
wild root --
lift him right up --
by that cat's hair --
watch the spine fall into
its curve --
look at the mouth agape --
while the stomach is
contracting --
You may touch that valve
and hear the gass leak --
You are just a hot water bottle
with cap apart to
burst
It is heavier than any
chug-a lug- lug- lug
And I climb into the next tank
gassed up with whispers
after lectures
If I don't push this
cylinder I am dead, dead, dead!
And away with the piston
And if I don't ----
I am dead, dead, dead
Burp!
Do it quickly, push it --
shove it - don't
lift it up -- let it slide ----
not slid
let it ride --
One heavy stroke will
kill it ----
One ride too light
will fade out your
blinkers forever
I grab you by your
shaker
And you shock up
the heart --
I must push on
everyone as a
cushion
And sometime I
am crackled
right down with
A red hot poker ----
with this line and
crack ----
run into my spine
and screw it -- itch!

Prick -- Prick -- Prick
I am cracked ---
tickle -- tickle -- tickle
I am pickled ---
pickle -- pickle -- pickle
That it is
Dick - Dick - Dick --
Tick - Tick - Tick
sick - sick - sickle
stick - stick - stick
Hickory - dick -
stick - stick -
I am a grandfather's clock
with a new
veneer --
with a pipe
still puffing --
and organs
still blowing ---
in an incarcerated -
incarcerated species
of homo-sapiens -
Cuckoo - Cuckoo!
I am cracked --
who will move in
and scratch the
next line?
who will blow the
next stop in the
pipe?
Who will blow
off their top
over my head?

MILLARD FRIEDMAN L.A.M.F.

OPENING

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

and very often
just before the
light of night.

RON RICE

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sixteen dragons carry the coffin
to the gates of the unconscious

Siting forever on railroad tracks

CHARLES POLANDIK

THRU SERVICE FROM NEW YORK TO CHICAGO

i wanna get straight
my tracks look like a subway map
people at work think im nuts cause i ball in an old steam iron
i think people at work are filled with rotten promises
an old steam iron thats still warm
well if it isnt rat race its warts on my tongue
or some head asking me for twelve cents
its a hip rabbi art critic
giving head to a pregnant goldfish
thats the funniest thing ive ever heard
what can i tell you
i didnt ask for the whole thing to be a goddamn lie
i liked it when everything was sweet and simple
now its answers and confusion
amphetamine fuzz money silk panties hassles rubbers
a lost idea
i really dont want to miss the point mother but
its going too fast for me
i need a place to hide
where im safe and warm and secure
where i dont have to plead with the fucking landlord to
turn on the heat
i dont know any women large enough to hide me
i cant sleep
im afraid in the dark
someone wants my marbles to play with
i still need milk
you never finished feeding my when i was little
i dont finish paintings any more
im almost finished
im frightened
come on god
i dont dig the way you end the play
i dont think im going to be the hero
and i think im worthy
of being a good guy just once
im finished being a fey cat
im finished being a spade cat
im finished with second rate rabbits
i want to find out what being a nice fellow is like
come on man
i dont want to kiss you i want to kiss a million dollar
dream of happy
happy happy time with all sorts of sweet shit all over it
wow that would really be nice
when it hits me
that im awake
my mouth dry and caked and swollen
i wanna get straight
you embraceable you

JOEL OPFENHEIMER

A LITTLE MAYAN HEAD

for Eric Weinberger

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

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

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

no faces in the mud
we draw in, no

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

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

the scars
and cut surfaces of
the man/s skin fill with
as much ochre and black and

scarlet eyes, the face still
swings out that thousand or more years.

the mud i drag my feet in
is the same my boy brings
home in a two gallon oil can.

play it, making anything
you want. the barter for
a man/s head or a god/s
not very important.

what i said was: little boys,
of the age, say, four or nine,
have the sense of it. they play,
and the face is made. just what
you got upset about that time,
hombrecito, the face is made, in
the end, with no nonsense about it either.

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

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

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

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

the scar tissue, he said, gleams
dull white under the tan of a
fleshy arm, i wouldn/t know. her
belly where it joins the thigh
showed always the stitching where
the devil went out of her.

all of this to go by, don't
worry about the circumcision,
or where the ants bit to prove we were men.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

JOHN KEYS M.F.

REVISION
REQUISITION III. 62

so the babblers take on the
vast ornament

out of

para noi a

as

against
Ravel, Schubert where he loses
the spectacle look

in BLUE

the perfect straight insane
back of the man
to fight

C
U
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A. KIRBY CONKLIN

I stagger under the beat
of black garrison bolts
against my stinging flesh
until my lover changes hands,
as well as ends.
Brass buckles knock my bones.
I yell release.
He is amused.
His bored eyes now shine
and prove my pain.
My self escapes.
I would anoint the air,
inaugurate the ropes
of my frightened thighs
and blend myself
with the bleeding of my clothes,
but he gobbles up my tortures
in the bottom of his greedy throat,
as I break, and burst.

JOHN THOMAS

FAT DR. BONELLI
(cutout malediction)

police card doctor cop
Examiner of Prostitoots
snatch hatchot clap snagger
Devil's crooked electric baby

chancre face bag face
big blue crag face
booze lump rouge cheek
fat Dr. dirt Bonelli

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

ran popper dun gut
crab scratcher twisted crack
ass grinner piss ruster
fat Dr. snear Bonelli

scab cago gash picker
grubber pot fly snapper
acid flusher gobble mask
Devil's chocolate stare killer

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

MARY MAYO

CANTICLE

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



ED SANDERS

BLOW JOB POEM

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

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

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

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



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

Cheeks drawn in by the suction
for a guantness,
my hands on her breast
her heart a wild thing

her stomach is a divine alluvium
with a river flowing on it
down to her
crotch

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

and out

of the sliding,
hot wind, sirecco of her word-stream
gone forth.

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

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

cock gone forth to the gate of her throat
the come gunned inward
the flood roars thru the Red
Flash! Flash!
Nūt guards the mouth-roof
her teeth are a peristyle in the Red Hall.

A Bouquet of Fuckyou's

With tremulous fingers & an awesome regard for the responsibility which the persual of Transcendent Truth has enmantled our most humble shoulders, we nevertheless stoutly take pen in hand to anathematize the latest crop of impotent curs spawned by our unhappy planet! the following are among the mangiest

Fuckyou to Madame Blavatsky -- hazy-headed amalgamator of scabrous heresies & pseudo-philosophies / her results are something akin to an early morning defecation following an afganistani eating orgy /

Fuckyou to John Fitzgerald Kennedy -- bellicose little shanty-irish thug thinly venerated by a harward respectibility / take out your frustrations somewhere else, jackie boy, & let people who want to live alone /

Fuckyou to Chuang Kai-shek - betrayer of the revolution - strutting ineffectual antiquated warlord of the "running dog of american imperialism" -- teeth rotting with chinese blood like a misused tampon /

Fuckyou to Peter Cook for that nauseatingly flip interview in the Village Voice / if this be an example of 'desestablishmentarian' wit - up the Empire! & spare us such barf!

EDITORS NOTE: & TO ALL YOU WHO WANT SOMETHING HIP AND CUTE,
TO ALL LIBERTARIANS, COM-SYMS, NIGNOGS, ANARCHISTS &
LEECHES----TO QUAINTBRAINS, BABBLERS, & MOST OF ALL,
POETS-----

UP IT AND WALK IT!

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FUCK YOU/ A MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS: PUBLISHED, PRINTED, & EDITED BY
ED SANDERS AT A SECRET LOCATION IN THE LOWER EAST SIDE, NEW YORK CITY,
USA. #5. VOLUME 1, DECEMBER 1962.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS:

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

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

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

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

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

BONNIE BREMSER/ an artist & poetess. Ray Bremser's old
lady and totally fuckable.

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

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

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

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

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

JOHN KEYS/probably has balled every chick in the lower east
side. An inveterate crotch-hawk. Poet.

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

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

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

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

NELSON BARR/ Religious thinker & scatophile. Peace walk
dicker. Sneaky. Duplicitous. Evil.

EDITOR'S NOTE: BARF ME YOUR FRICK DATA.

RETCH ME IN ON YOUR BABBLE VECTORS,
YOUR ARCANICS, YOUR SPEW,

I 'LL PRINT ANYTHING.