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# FUCK YOU/

a magazine of the arts



1 NUMBER 5  VOLUME 2



FUCK YOU/ a magazine of the  
ARTS, NUMBER 5 VOLUME 2

Ed Sanders, Publisher Printer Editor



TOTAL ASSAULT ON THE CULTURE!

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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, peace walk dicking, mad bands of stompers for peace,  
and all those groped by J. Edgar Hoover in the silent halls of  
congress.

FUCK YOU/  
the magazine of the  
WRITHING SQUACK



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

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



JOHN WIENERS

You talk of going, but dont  
even have a suitcase.

A SERIES OF REPETITIONS

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

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

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

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

and you together on some street.

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

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

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

while they came and went  
as the wind

and they shall come again

to bear me down into that pit  
called despair;

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

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

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

Time is as a river

and I shall forget this night,  
its joy.

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

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

to mark my fame.



TULI KUPFERBERG

I SAY

To masturbate is human....  
to fuck divine

I say the purpose of the revolution  
is to eliminate masturbation

I say fucking is holy

I say the revolution is holy

I say the family that lays together  
stays together

I say that God & fucking are one

I say that sick sexless souls cause war

I say fuck or die

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

I say governments oppose fucking  
because old men oppose fucking

I say anyone who hates this poem is jealous

I say come all ye fuckful

I say fuck is beauty

Fuck is God



CAROL BEERGE

HOW TO SCREW A BEAR AND FIND GOD

apples oranges nutbowl and all the noses,  
transplanted from earth too far far from where the air  
was much colder than california they are labor zionists  
'i wd like to cover this story for you  
as i did the monterey jazz festival'  
the air was much colder on the steppes / it was necessary  
for air to travel long distances through the nasal passages  
there were no oranges in russia but the orangetrees in  
isrye-ell are flourishing in the newly settled deserts  
ah jews my brethren must every national  
event pertain directly to your judaism?  
how many noses and breasts called bosoms like grandma's  
all the softly waved dark hair as the waves on dark oceans  
as the waves to the new country the heart equated to the  
waves equated to the checkbooks in this the new country

stuffed dates in this odd modern oasis w/ blonde furniture  
(name of ben gurion gets ball rolling,) policies, appeals,  
name of kennedy ( does kennedy believe in bomb shelters? or  
what does kennedy believe in?) :roomful of handpainted  
paintings, rack of carefully selected & displayed sheetmusic,  
encyc brit actually being used / ah all the pigeon-breasted  
soft-voiced women the shrill ravens with cawcaw noses and  
there has to be a shirley or it couldnt be real

mention of zionist of dues of giving of solicitation it  
begins in earnest bowl of green apples grapefruits ora nges  
all self-consciously bright how could natural fruit be gaudy  
(mention of pacific jewish press) ah california furthest west  
of stars of union of stars of david ah ginsberg's naomi, ah  
middlemen of old vienna of hamburg of odessa ah small buddhas  
leaflet with imprinted menorah many books incl old testament  
but printed in english not hebrew "when i called his office  
to see if speech available his secty suggested i contact the  
pacific jewish press; i do subscribe to it; those of us who  
dont subscribe will find it to be unusually worthwhile in  
keeping up with zionist affairs" mention of nachum goldman  
into discussion of

zionism zionistic organizations emphasis on  
need for education jewish youth jewish cultural background...

(we who are outside ourselves making the notations  
for the music while the others dance the dance)

mention of german reparation payments in form of certain  
exports to israel families whose members hurt by hitler

the chairs roughly in a circle nothing but bare floor  
w/ terazzo-imitation linoleum in middle tweed jackets  
younger generation not experienced in great chalenge of their  
elders and so asking themselves why should we remain jews? need  
for educating them to make up for lack of horror experiences  
new fat lady comes in late she is my cousin lillian  
married to my cousin irwin in new york he drives taxi  
she is wellfleshed wears sandals but is very hamische



reference to constituent organizations to national  
council, to proportion of members to zionists present  
at affair to powerful unified instrument

a darkwood carved cigarette urn, full. a wood bowl  
with walnuts filberts hazelnuts brazilnuts pecans  
hazelnuts almonds butternuts & built-on nutcracker

Do Not Eat the Fruit Or

Otherwise Disturb the Design

"stop me if this paper i am about to read is too long"  
but everyone too polite for paper which lasts 20 mins  
w/ mention of. aliyah mobilization federations  
community councils agencies stimulated encouraged  
vigorous effort organize projects promotion hebrew  
planned stature areas special interest capacity  
means movement liaison present intolerable condition  
YEAH and

joint effort pooling resources activization enterprise  
sovereignty (had enough? should i continue, the nose of  
the speaker asks, mumble mumble yes go ahead mumble...)  
congresses bases organic unity implementation pledge  
participate spirit instrumental

FORCE WITHIN AMERICAN JEWISH LIFE

oy.

the young wife stares blindly while her enthusiastic  
inspired husband has the floor now her expression not  
changing for next twenty mins mention of bore from within  
what is being done at temple emanuel nothing how much  
does he make what does he do i will study the wifes clothes

beige walls small oranges area rugs cotton  
machine washable windows w/ louveres screens  
all electric modn kitchen she has a maid yes

it is impossible for the average person in u.s. to go  
to israel suppose he doesnt want to live on a kibbutz  
he has to give up a six room house live in 3 rooms the  
govt there shoudl make proviso for middleclass

nutcracker on my left getting

heavy use by now a nervous

gregory peck type attorney

mention of AJC JCRC ADL AZO CRC NCRAC by speaker in  
red sportshirt buttoned no tie tightlipped wife staring

one woman or 'gal' takes green apple

puts feet up on coffeetable and munches

, whose nuts is this guy to my left cracking?

mention of theodore herzl of youth aliyah of chain greenberg  
of regular plain old aliyah ah ah ah

COMFORT ME WITH APPLES for i am fairly tired of  
organizations and i want to simply ask all of you  
why dont you go to israel if you dig it this much and  
if you do Take Me Along Honey you make me feel the Call



TAYLOR MEAD

from HIS diary.....

I have a huge manuscript  
and a small penis

\*

I need to have a fifty  
million dollar fart let  
in my face

\*

I had chocolate mints,  
and wheat and vitamins  
and opium and I nearly  
threw up.

\*

I want to be a  
sarcophagus of innuendo  
and I am  
ZONK

\*

I'm a candy-assed swede.  
what are you?

\*

I want to get a permanent high  
in your pants

\*

Fuck Fart faces new book

\*

Are you willing to  
be apartheided or are you  
chicken-shit you  
candy-ass

\*

I want to be a winter-suited  
motherfucker

\*

this British sailor says I have Gertrude Stein eyes.

\*

Would you like a  
sexy weightlifter  
jazz pianist for a  
screw or  
get eyeball kicks looking  
at half naked farm-boys  
in furniture-less  
Lower East artsts on flppr  
pad.

\*

opium is the opiate of the  
people.

\*

simple infamous faggot  
Taylor Mead.



in an ever maddening  
circle

\*

The uncanny magic  
that is Taylor Mead

\*

Goodbye prick-dangler

\*

What are you gonna  
do with a drunken  
sailor -  
Blow him in the  
morning when he's  
sobered

\*

The Basilica of  
St. John the rapist

\*

Ronnie Rice has a  
microphone that picks  
up everything - the hussy

\*

All I want for Xmas is my husband's two front nuts

\*

cosmonaut, dope addict  
Taylor Mead

\*

My penis is real tiny  
today because the opium  
is using it for something  
inside my body

\*

those sailors called me "Candy Ass"  
(those candy-ass U.S.S. Lexington  
pansies - love em - too  
dangerous though to go - leave  
them in the store - pity)

\*

I am zonked behind  
Marlon Brando who has  
a big zonk  
only my friend says  
his zonk is tiny having  
grabbed it  
but that was in cold water  
swimming pool ladder grope.

\*

Junky madness  
cock sucking gladness  
joy to the world  
the king's on high

\*

I'm due at the Peace Center any moment.

\*

Ed. Note: written on an amphetamine comedown. mead up for days.



Paul Blackburn

THE ONE-NIGHT STAND

---

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

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

I wait

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

I wait, you

ask too much of yourself, why  
of the moment, why  
is your fear of feeding off other people? Must  
you always feed off yourself



and find it unreal food you eat, unreal  
water you drink from the source of yourself, un-  
real liquor you take from the hand of a friend, and  
never grow gloriously drunk, but stay  
eating yourself  
finding the fare thin,  
stay in a dark room holding  
uneasily, in an unreal hand  
a thin man's unreal cock who stays  
and grows more unreal to himself?

We both sleep.

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

I wake

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

It will not do  
I have been at this life's edge  
and hurt too many hours  
It will be all me for a moment  
then all you  
Identities will dissolve  
under this new act, or  
six quick strokes  
you move once



THE ONE-NIGHT STAND

-3-

under this new act, or  
six quick strokes  
you move once  
toward me, say  
one word, even  
moan, I will be finished  
done  
dissolved  
become real, alone, no  
it will not do  
You are no victim and  
I no rapist hero, I can  
still, I  
stop at the life's edge

Later

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



BARRY WALLENSTEIN

Times of Our Time

I. Exit Muses

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

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

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

John was golded and splayed  
by a pack of lesser rats

This is the day Fornication  
forgets the tradition of two

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

This is the day dust  
dries poems in the mind

This is the day  
enter the age

John drools over revenge  
John grows a forked tongue  
John slowly licks the mirror down  
before he is hung  
sur la croix



RAY BREMSER

ETERNITY Grinding Allen's Giant Bayards

NOISE! it's grown so quiet now  
that softness falls clattering  
like an iron manhole-cover!

gratings skirmish  
dirty teeth across a length  
of gabardine  
the absence of sound is  
a millfile, ripped down  
the truncated breast  
of a South Bend Lathe!

silence enters the daffy machine shop swift  
as a stolen moment is swift  
& a thief of such/much quicker! forestall  
the incredible NOISE! O,

my ears are stuffed with cotten!

still, the lack of any sound!  
death without end; how quietly the foot steps in my head  
bash down my brain! SHUT UP!

the breathless hush of hacking:  
another murderer! buzz-saw  
sears the eyes: you can see &  
eat this vacuum/grasp this void  
in hands & not forestall, put down,  
the sudden shock,  
the severing slash of  
emoted steel-like blade  
that dismembers me/my body;  
the drop of the pin  
of absolute endless silence  
, walking, a peg-legged monster,  
thru the squall of corridor

shhh; the impregnable wall of  
nothingness/grinding the bit  
to a tool that erupts like hell  
let loose; that explodes like  
iron-machet/

cold-konk on the head  
which strains to listen,

yet dies  
of a clamour & Thunderstroke  
never heard:

it's as cold as dead!  
and the scream of a mortal grave/crash,  
vibrating gentle God's loud maddened red!

ray bremsen in the tombs  
september 1962



Rolling with the wind

cylindrical empressario roll on by me haralling!  
the dusty, august & impressive totempole turn to stare!  
what is this rolly-olc, this fat around the pillow case  
i sudden see &, captured by momentum, join the fare?

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

THIS IS A BANKED TRACK AROUND WHICH  
SHOOT 20 PERCENT INSANITY FOREVER!

(Van Cliburn play  
Tshkowski on enormous  
symphonic piano: accompanied  
by tympani & flute...)

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

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

criminal court, part 1-A- criminal court part, 1-B;  
Bronx County Supreme Court, part 83; Manhattan  
Arrest Court; Night Court; Gamblers Court; General  
sessions, part 2-A; part 2-B; part 3-A; B,C,C, & E;  
Felony Court; magistrates Court; Supreme Court Clinic;  
Domestic Relations Court; special Sessions, 1-A;  
special Sessions, 1-B; 1-C; 2-A; 2-B; 3! Richmond  
superior Court, part 1700; charges, F.O.A.; 3305;  
1751; homicide; lethalcide; sunnyside 6-5000! this  
is pennsylvania! Hartz island! Rikers! Sing Sing!  
Auburn; Dannemora; Attica; Great Meadow; Balvue;  
Matawan; Central Islip; Pilgrim State, oblivion...

still, the robin goes around, the bank of track is  
45 degrees...the Washington Jets Bake birthday-cake &  
know you were coming...a banjo strumming;  
(Theolonious Monk plays  
rootie tootie - i am deaf  
& dumb & (one mile run, keep  
running, O, cylindrical empressario on the go!

ray bremsen  
Tombs, september, 1962



DAVID RATTRAY

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

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

I refuse to be re-  
created in the image of

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

god is a thalidomite

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

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

pigeon shit he covered them with  
the word lost

justice blurred, its medium  
choked with this airborne fungus  
god coming in on all frequencies

the robes of justice splattered up & down with spleen

god is a sponge sucking with many mouths  
& if he does  
make me back into that nightmare machine  
my man face an instrument panel erupting with  
knobs he can manipulate  
as he once did  
on the skin of the book of job

I'll purr like any ex-  
pertly overhauled machine

but the human I monitor  
will scream

for r.b.



JOHN KEYS

Poem for Charles Olson come Summer

well, these other motherfuckers

have their stiff faces

propped up over the tight

asshole regions

of the

rumbling coffee-houses

& the fink women with excuses long as 9th St.

east of the park,

how they should

go down over Ave C to learn how cool

the female eye

is

before the heat;

so my friend

he won't get off this street,

and how that

other giant looks soo

solid in this street,

and the other,

the 1st talking

the A F of L - C I O

of Verse;

where the omens are, this street

in mid-July

being born again

beneath these omens like that prison song;



and across

the street

a building is split like a glacier

with a line

down her front

the red to the west

the white to the east

the way this

day is

the dull morning

then white

& the afternoon wig

off the top of this

street

split on that line

at her July 29th, in the year of the glaciers,

where now, this years

they hold together

like the building across the street

& that line does not

then split, but joins;

& the Giant

dwells within

but not in this street

not among the stiffness,

he is

br  
ocean, man ( 0 - -en - d ) ..... )  
sh

he smiles,



so, how he beams  
where no poem goes  
                                  sea-sun  
on this crust of street  
this poets-walk  
                                  this widow  
I have been dumped into,  
                                  now,  
                                  so NOW I deal  
                                  with it, this  
                                  phenomenon  
  
this meeting  
                                  has something in it  
  this omen  
cleaves this street  
                                  & gutters  
                                  are                   silver

EDITORS NOTE : When the big O was on the NY set  
in July 62, Mr. Keys met him on 9th st  
up the block from the old 9th St.  
Coffee House, in front of that famous  
building full of rampant pussy.  
This poem puked out as result.



HANK DIXON

BILLIE THE KID REVISITED

The law

You have asked me to respect the law  
You speak about the spirit of the law, the concept  
of justice, freedom, truth, fairplay, and the  
sacredness of institutions....

Fishbone in a rattle snake throat

What is your name!

There can be no respect for the "concept" of law  
apart from the character of its execution!

Like that gunsling kid, I have learned the law  
the hardway

I give you a field of dead bodies shot in the back by the law  
I show you ten million tenement ratholes, and fifty million  
starving babies: all perpetuated by the law, all maintained  
by the sacredness of institutions

I take you west and east, south and north, I show you office  
buildings, limozines and socialwork robots, masturbating  
justice and fairplay, ejaculating corruption and bigotry  
everywhere;

Frank Riverton, millionaire, stole five million from the  
American public; he gets "investigated" and receives a  
suspended sentence; he is welcomed by Argentine dictators;  
we hear he loves humanity, is kind to children and deploras  
juvenile delinquency



Willie Jones, a black peon in Alabama, comes upon a ten dollar  
bag of neckbones; he takes them home and family eats  
a full meal in years; later he is "captured," and  
sentenced to eight years at hard labor; he has a "record"  
for the rest of his life and can't get a job anywhere

what does the name Charles Mack Parker mean to you

What do Sacco and Vanzetti mean to you

What does the jailing of Bertrand Russell mean to you

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

You talk about law and institutions

What is your name!

Crime is for you who are the law

The law is for those who do not get caught

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

The innocent and powerless are smeared and hunted down

I am no longer innocent

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

I will love depraved people with bitter memories and uncertain  
futures

The law does not want truth

The law wants to be paid

The law gives us a mutilated body wrapped in a bloody mantle!



ELIN PAULSON

WITH LOVE STILL

1

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

2

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



3

i did tell you things /

& we played  
our kazoos

4

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

5

someday  
we  
will  
meet  
again  
and  
stop  
wondering

8/20/62



PASQUELLE COCCO

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



BOB K

from CAROLCURLA

1.

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

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

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

2.

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

the gold-winged warrior  
friends flew that bleak  
sanctuary;

gold winged angels  
helmeted with beaks  
flew that sanctuary  
in burlesque.



those over-sexed bird-men  
didn't know what they were doing  
daily they raided the church

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

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

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

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

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

i wanted to run to her  
but had to carry a monstrance  
up golfatha first  
(golgoltha being between  
the front of the church  
& the back of the church  
where i was at),



i ran all the way  
on the way down  
i forgot the stations  
fell three times  
& lost the pearly monstrance  
it didn't matter  
carolcURLa was there

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

3.  
that year again  
i walked to that altar rail  
they smeared me with oil  
i mumbled vows  
& learned arithmetic  
& lost my queen  
& the golden beaked clanking angels  
& the old priest lived on  
& i lived on



NELSON BARR

CALL ME NOT BACK

call me not back

thru loveless dirt-strewn streets  
thru eddying pools of summer want

i go not that way again/

call me not back

with eyes diamond-glazed by silent hallway lusts  
with dark pubic pressures on sheets of fire  
with the tender heat of small rose-nippled breasts

i go not that way again/

for now is winter  
and i have seen blind children weep  
                                    on bruised knees  
around a frozen pond/

with this sight my heart and feet are ice

and i can  
                            go not that way again/



NELSON BARR

ANOTHER BOUQUET OF FUCKYOUS

ye gods! -- it is not enough that fartheads abound individually to cascade their limp turds about our poor ears but in this horrendous day & age - they're organized! The groupings below mentioned have the dubious honor of being the most defecatory amalgamations ----

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

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

Fuck you to the Portugese murderers in angola -- petty bandit degenerates blindly sowing the dragon's teeth for the retribution of free africa / may the men of the New Era heap coals of fire on your swinish heads!!



SEVEN MORE FROM THAT MOTHERFUCKER AL FOWLER!:

BABBLE

where is our excuse  
when the line deepens  
into murkiness  
& we delete our  
truths from the final  
structure?  
oh, i could plead nerves,  
my good set of works ;  
busted by a frantic chick  
seeking her purse like  
a demolition bomb,  
but that's no good,  
i mean it just won't  
hold  
any fat solution.  
why do i babble  
pregnantly  
now & again &  
fill the gaps  
with filled gaps?

I WANT YOU

i want you  
under open sky  
the sun in your  
forehead & spread hair  
the grass around your thighs  
making no mistakes  
of roundness  
i want you in  
water & the air  
i want you  
as long as there is  
ocean  
on the same earth  
i want the  
feel of under you  
a planet  
rhythmic as  
love  
giving all quarter  
i want you  
wherever there is room enough  
to lie down.



MUSEE DES BEAUX ENFANTS

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

EDITOR'S NOTE:

FOWLER IS A PRIEST IN

THE FREE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

ALSO FLASHES BEHIND

LITTLE 12 yr old

females.



CHILD

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

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

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

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

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

Baby of every father's shuddering come  
and each mother's skillful being.  
Child, Infant,  $1/2 \text{ } 40/12 \frac{1}{2}$ , spotless of sin and damned  
by your nature, My seed, spawn of Khrushchev,  
child of calamity, Final tortured zygote in the  
last blasted womb.

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

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



DEMOCRACY!

"Conscripts of good will, ours will  
be a ferocious philosophy,  
ignorant as to science,  
rabid for comfort; and  
let the rest of the world  
croak.  
That's the system. Let's get going!"  
Rimbaud.

You're depraved, i'm just perverted:  
commuters shot from numbered cannons  
at enormous dart boards  
spike-kneed babies darting into walls  
of paddles held by parents as a game.  
Skydiving techniques employed by the  
masses  
conspiring with ghosts on the radio.  
"tonite's our date to go mad together."  
& you can make the world do anything  
in a sentence,  
if you've got the intent  
but the machine outside - reeking  
of certitude. how it must  
feel. squatting. its clattering  
rusty tongue  
"where we finally debark  
o polyglot kiddies is at  
the circus of your sexual souls"  
harlequin cocks, eyes tossing  
& bloodshot & rheuming noisily  
down their sere cheeks.  
an orgy of comptometers  
tithing us for our own ruin.  
clerks & potentates  
bureaucracy tolerating human error  
only to conserve worshippers  
--meek noses in the subway rooting news--  
hands manipulating knees  
imaginary titties gone eyebrows  
machineguns  
spiked knees yearning for the  
swoop to your throat.  
spikes of decay chains hammered  
bladewise frustration  
uncle-cock swollen for niece  
mouth fulls of kinky cunt hair  
eyes empty as  
the depths beyond arcturus  
nursing a billion  
unseen earths



philosophies cooking  
in the glancing  
of an odor-speck  
from the nostril's hair.  
close to hysterics at the truth  
of existence  
rain on their heads an  
affront  
motorists blind to the instant  
until they're saddled with  
their two tons of iron  
naked in the road.  
\*

#### TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

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

#### THE ROOM. JUNK WITHDRAWAL

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



THEY WERE A NUMBER OF THE BEST... TO BEHOLD AS A... THE... THE... THE...

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NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS:

JOHN WIENERS/ holy John the famous. HOTEL WENTLEY POEMS. eternity.  
Coke head and boy-hawk. Auerhahn due to secrete his second book  
also, if the motherfucker ever completes it.

TULI KUPFERBERG/ Gobblissimus Supreme at the famous Birth Press. As we  
said in issue 3, formerly an Abyssinian transvestite counteragent for  
the CIA. Now on leave under a GE grant to develop a walky-talky  
olisbos (dildo).

CAROL BERGE/ Another of the Four Young Lady Fucks. An east side  
blip screen for rape rays.

TAYLOR MEAD/ handsome well to do Taylor Mead. Queer.  
Hustle his Excerpts From the Anonymous Diary of a NY Youth!  
Volumes 1 & 2.

PAUL BLACKBURN/ a grope poem from one of the best. March on the mind  
from his books, Brooklyn-Manhattan Transit and The Nets.

BARRY WALLENSTEIN/ Poet and madman out of NYU. Another of the  
spaceouts to be seen skulking about evil Stanley's Bar.

DAVID RATTRAY/ another tall gaunt lower east side  
slasher. Stomper in the classics. Originator of that  
famous l.e.s. recipe for psilo-cybin cobbler.

RAY BREMSER/ the outstanding American poet. Recently freaked back into  
the slams by the fuzz, those motherfuckers. The poems in this issue  
puked out in the NY Dept of Correction, the Tombs Branch, before he  
made the bail scene.

JOHN KEYS/ we're hip to Keys. Poet and raptor of pussy.  
A poem about the big O when the O raved into town in July.

HANK DIXON/ rumored to be none other than scaggly cocked  
Calvin C. Hernton, the poet.

ELIN PAULSON/ as we have said: a \$200 hip chick  
pacifist callgirl. The best blow job in NYC.  
Vulva-flower slashed loose in infinity. Total.

PASQUALE COCCO/ unknown. Thought to be a Allentown hustler  
and toke-freak.

JACKSON MAC LOW/ evil poet and stomper on the  
word front. AS we go to press the motherfucker still  
hasnt puked us his promised manuscript; we hope  
not to be forced to write something for him.

BOB K/ Poet. The whole east side has heard how Bob was  
raped (really!) under the brooklyn bridge by a sex  
maddened pacifist this past summer.

AL FOWLER/ a really unbelievable poet. In this issue we have stomped  
some 14 of his poems into print which is just a snort or a cotton  
full of his work. Fuck You/ press to print this spring a larger  
selection.

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

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