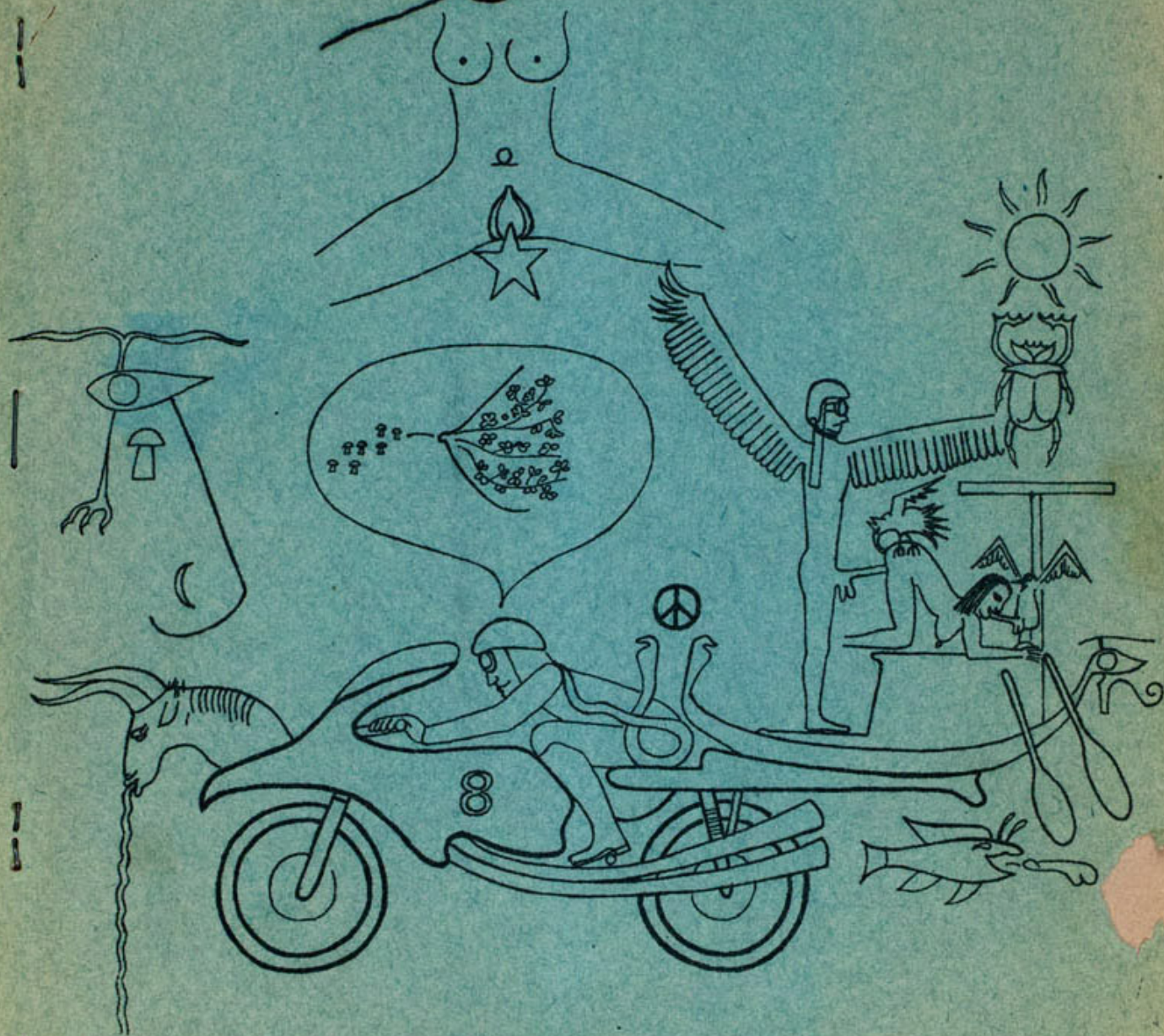


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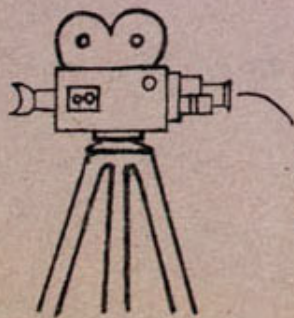
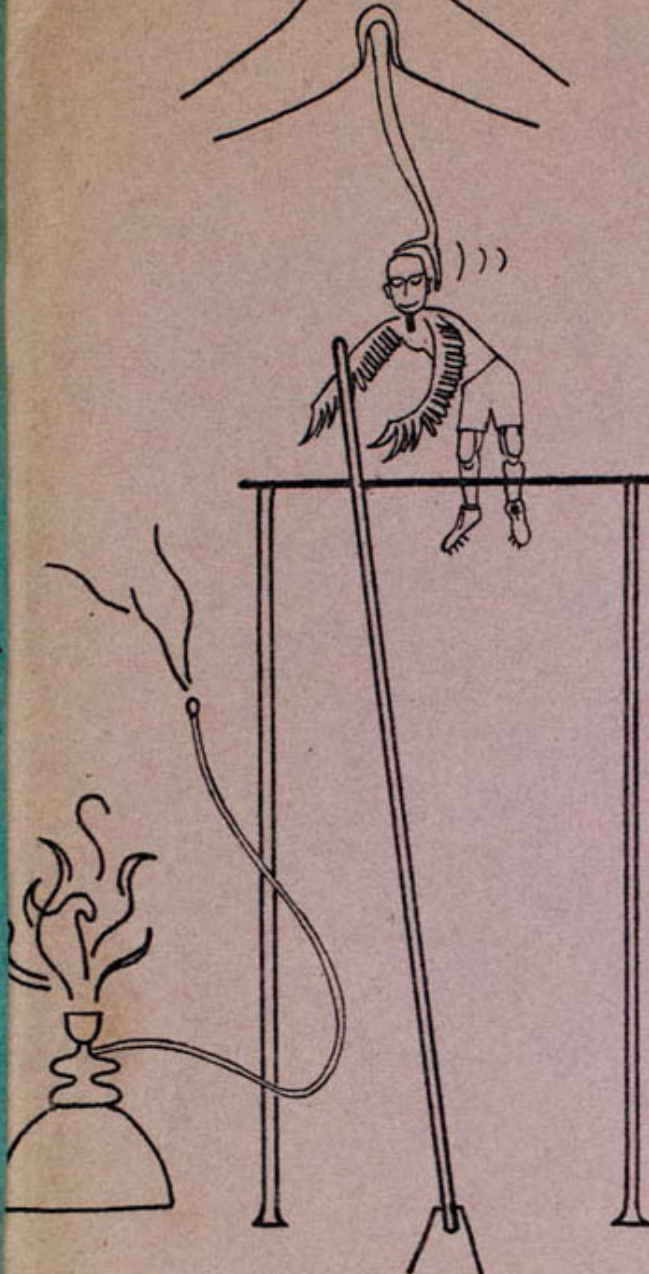


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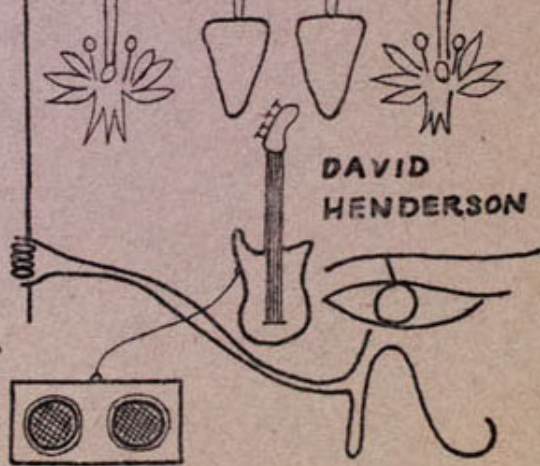
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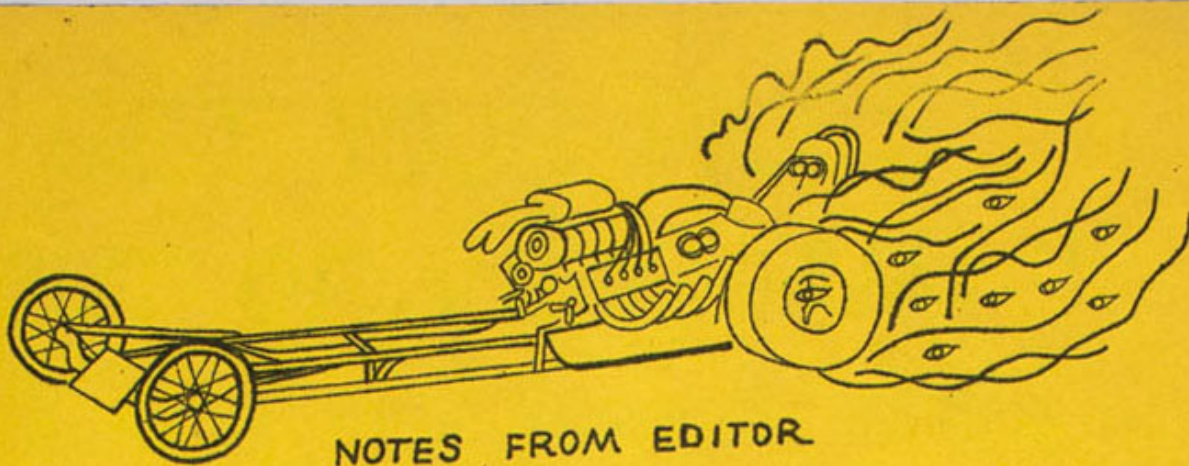
DAVID HENDERSON

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a magazine of the arts  
JUNE 1965







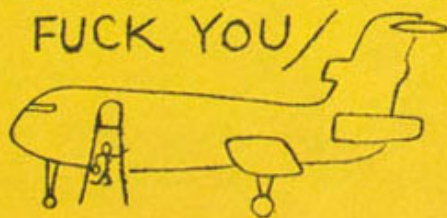


## NOTES FROM EDITOR

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

{ Betsy Klein } for helping to freak this mag out. /--

Be sure to rehabilitate your prick with John Wieners' ORGASM TONIC! (See ad on back page) /-- freak out the FUG ALBUM!!!! Folkways Records has puked out a album by the legendary rock & roll, folk-spew, a-head, singing group, THE FUGS! This album includes many of the notorious Fug hits, Coca Cola Douche, I feel like homemade shit, Caca Rocka, She's got a Bull Tongue Clit, Jack Off Blues, and many more! Slurp it up from yr local record freak!! /-- the great drawing on page 1 of superman is by the evil Joe Brainard /-- What the Fuck!!! we cannot zap out a prose issue unless you prose motherfuckers send us prose!! The Editorial Board wants an eternal prose issue. Please stomp us. /-- LENORE KANDEL's eternal THE WORD IS LOVE, is out, copies may be obtained at most important bookstores. Book stores may order, at trade discount, from Peace Eye Bookstore 383 E Tenth St N.Y., N.Y. 10009. /-- For the next issue of Fuck You/ a magazine of the arts, we would like to have a centerfold photograph of the FUCKMATE OF THE CENTURY. What we want is a large photo of a couple fucking, done in color preferably, in order to show the tit-freak mags the direction for their foldouts. So, all photographers who have some fuck photos, please zap them to Ed Sanders. /-- The first Fuck You Editorial Board movie, MONGOLIAN CLUSTER FUCK, is nearing completion. If anyone has a stuffed ram to loan us, that is the only thing holding up finishing the movie. /-- Ed Sanders new book of poetry with a foreword by Charles Olson, is out; New Yorkers may have trouble getting it, since Ted Wilentz has banned it from THE EIGHTH STREET BOOKSHOP. You can slurp it up at the PEACE EYE BOOKSTORE & Scrounge Lounge at 383 E 10th N.Y. City. \$1.50 /-- If you're pissed off at the war-creeps or if the draft is trying to stomp you, freak it up with CNVA 325 Lafayette St. N.Y., N.Y. specializing in peace walks, petitions, defense establishment peace-invasions, submarine boardings, etc.; or dial in Dave McReynolds of WAR RESISTER's LEAGUE 5 Beekman N.Y., N.Y. McReynolds is a brilliant architect of any new humane politics. /--



FUCK YOU/

the magazine of  
GRASS-  
SMUGGLING !!



# GET YOUR PILES OUT OF VIETNAM !!

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



The Johnson

touch

" more dead gooks, ma "

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

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

GROPE FOR PEACE !! ☺☺☺



# A Declaration of Conscience AGAINST WAR-CREEPS.

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

## FUCK FOR PEACE!

- I will Fuck-in. \_\_\_\_\_ name & address
- Preferring to eat dick, I will suck-in. \_\_\_\_\_

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







PINDAR!

ΠΙΝΔΑΡΟΣ

THE FIRST OLYMPIAN ODE

Ἄριστον μὲν ἄδωρ, ὃ δὲ χρύσεον αἰθομένον πυρ  
αὖτε διαπρέπει νυκτὶ μέγανόρα ἐξοχα πλούτου.  
εἰ δ' ἀεθλα γάρουεν  
εἰδῆσαι, φίλον ἦτορ,  
μήκεθ αἰῶν σκοπεῖ  
ἄλλο θαλπνότερον ἐν ἡμέρᾳ φαινόντων ἀστέρων ἔρημασ' δι' αἰθέρος,  
μὴδ' Ὀλυμπίας ἀγῶνα φερέτερον αὐδασομέν.  
ὅθεν ὁ πολυφαῖτος ὕμνος ἀμφιβάλλεται  
σοφῶν μήτιεσσι, κελαδεῖν  
Κρόνου παῖδ' ἐσ' ἀφνεῶν ἰκομένους  
μακαίραν Ἰερῶνος ἐστῖαν,

θεμιστείον ὅσ' ἀμφεπέεισεν Ἰσχυρὸν ἐν πολυμάλῳ  
Σικελία, δρεπῶν μὲν κορυφᾶσ' ἀρετῶν ἀποπασάν,  
ἀγλαίζεσθαι δὲ καὶ  
μουσικᾶσ' ἐν ἄνω  
οἷα παίζομεν φίλων  
ἄνδρες ἀμφὶ θάμα κραπεζᾶν. ἀλλὰ Δωρίαν ἀποφορμιγγᾶσ' πασσαλοῦ  
λαμβάνει, εἰ τί τοι Πίσας τε καὶ Φερενικῶν χάρις  
νοῦν ὑπογλυκυστάταισ' ἐθήκε φροντίσιν,  
ὅτε παρ' Ἀλφειῶσ' ὄρεσ' ἄμα  
ἀκέντητον ἐν δρομοῖσι παρέχων,  
κράτει δὲ προσεμίξε δεσποτᾶν,



τουνεκα προηκαν υιον αθανατοι οι παλιν  
μετα το ταχυπομπον αυτισ ανερων εθνος.  
προς ευανθεμον δ οτε φθαν  
λαχναι νιν μελαν γενειον ερεφον.  
ετοιμον ενεφροντισεν γαμον

Πισατα πηρα πατροσ ευδοξον Ιπποδαμειαν  
σχεθεμεν. εγγισ εμβων πολιασ αλος οιος εσ ορφνα  
απυεν βαρυκτυπον  
Ευφραιναν\* ο δ αυτω  
παρ ποδι σχεδον φανη.  
τω μεν ειπε\* <φιλια δωρα Κυπριασ αγ ει τι, Ποσειδαον, εσ χαριν  
τελλεται, πεδασον εγχος Οινομαου χαλκεον,  
εμε δ επι ταχυτατων πορευσον αρμψτων  
εσ Αλιν, κρατει δε πελασον.  
επει τρεις τε και δεκ ανδρασ ολεσαις  
ερωντας αναβαλλεται γαμον

θυγατροσ. ο μεγασ δε κινδυνος αναλκιν ου φωτα λαμβανει.  
θανειν δ οισιν αναγκα, τι κε τις ανωνυμον  
γηρασ εσ σκοτω καθημενος εψοι ματαν,  
απαντων καλων αιμορος; αλλ εμοι μεν ουτος αεθλος  
υποκεισεται\* τυ δε πραξιν φιλαν διδοι.>  
ωσ εννεπεν\* ουδ ακραντοις εφασατ ων επεσι τον μεν αγαλλων θεοσ  
δωκεν διφρον τε χρυσειον πτεροισιν κ ακαμαντας ιππουσ.

εμεσ δ Οινομαου βιαν παρθενον τε συνευνον\*  
τεχε τε λαγετας εξ αρεταισι μεμαστας υιουσ.  
νον δ εν αιμακουριας  
αγλαισι μεμιχται,  
Αλφεου πορω κλιθεισ,  
τομβεν αμφιπολον εχων πολυξενωτατω παρα βωμω. το δε κλειοσ  
τηλοθεν δεδορχε ταν Ολυμπιαδων εν δρομοισ  
Πελοποσ, ινα ταχυτας ποδων εριζεται  
αχμαι κ ισχυοσ θρασυπονοι\*  
ο νικων δε μοιπον αμφι βιοτων  
εχει μελιτοσσαν ευδιαν

αεθλων γ ενεχεν. το δ αιει παραμερον εσλον  
υπακον ερχεται παντι βροτων. εμε δε στεφανωσαι  
κεινον ιππιω νομω  
Αιοληιδι μολπα  
χη\* πεποιθα δε ξενον  
μη τιν, αμφοτερα καλων τε ιδριν αμα και δυναμιν κυριωτερον,  
των γε νου κλυταισι δαιδαλωσμεν υμνων πτυχαις.  
θεοσ επιτροποσ εων τειαισι μηδεται  
εχων τουτο καθοσ, Ιερων,  
μεριμναισιν\* ει δε μη ταχυ λιποι,  
ετι γλυκυτεραν κεν ελπομαι

συν κρηματι θω κλειξειν, επικουρον ευρων οδον λογων  
παρ ευδειελον ελθων Κρονιον. εμοι μεγ ων  
Μοισα κηρτερωτατον βελοσ αλκα τρεφει\*  
επ αλλοισι δ αλλοι μεγαλοι. το δ εσχατον κορυφουται  
βασιλευσι, μηκετι παλαινε πορσιον.  
ειη σε τε τουτον υψου χρονον πατειν, εμε τε τοσσαδε νικαφοροις  
ομιλειν, προφαντον σοφια καθ Ελλανασ εοντα παντα.



ΠΙΝΔΑΡΟΣ

ραγε κωο

Συρακοσίον ιπποχαρμῶν βασιλῆα. λαμπρὴ δὲ οἱ κλεός  
 ἐν εὐανόρῳ Λυδῶν Πελοπὸς ἀποιχία·  
 τοῦ μεγασθενῆς εὐρασσατο λαίολος  
 Ποσειδᾶν, ἐπεὶ νῖν καθάρου μεβήτοσ ἐχολε Κλωθῶ  
 ἐλεφαντί φαιδιμον ψμον κεκαθμενον.  
 ἡ θαύματα πολλὰ, καὶ πῶς τι καὶ βροχῶν φατίσ ὑπερ τὸν ἀλαθῆ λόγον  
 δεδαδάλμενοι ψευδοσι ποικιλοῖσ ἐξαπατῶντι μῦθοι.

Χάρισ δ', ἀπερ ἀπάντα τεύχει τὰ μείλιχα θνατοῖσ,  
 ἐπιφεροῖσα τιμᾶν καὶ ἀρίστον ἐμῆσατο πίστον  
 ἐμμεναι τὸ πολλαχίσ·  
 ἀμερᾶι δ' ἐπιλοιποὶ  
 μαρτυροῦσ σοφωτάτοισ·  
 ἐστὶ δ' ἀνδρὶ φάμεν εὐικός ἀμφὶ δαιμονῶν καλά· μείων γὰρ αἰτία.  
 οἷε Ταντάλου, σὲ δ', ἀντία προτέρων, φθεγγόμεαι,  
 ὅσοτ' ἐκάλεσε πατῆρ τὸν εὐνομωτάτον  
 ἐσ εὐανόν·

    φίλων τε Σιπύλον,  
 ἀμοιβαῖα θεοῖσσι δειπνα παρεχῶν,  
 τότ' Ἀγλαοτριαιναν ἀρπασαί

δαμνέτα φρένας ἡμέρῳ χρυσεαῖσσι τ' ἀν ἵπποισ  
 ὑπάτον εὐρυκίμου ποτὶ δάμα Δίωσ μεταβάσαι,  
 ἐνθα δευτέρῳ χρόνῳ  
 ἤλθε καὶ Γανυμήδης  
 Ζῆνι τῶσ ἐπὶ χρεός.  
 ὡσ δ' ἀφαντοσ ἐπέλεσ, οὐδε μᾶτρι πολλὰ μαίτομενοὶ φώτες ἀγαγόν,  
 ἐννεπε κρυφα τὶσ ἀντίκα φθονερῶν γείτονων,  
 ὕδατοσ ὅτῃ σὲ πυρὶ ζέοισαν εἰσ ἀκμᾶν  
 μαχαιρᾶ τάμον κατὰ μέλη,  
 τραπέζασσι τ', ἀμφὶ δευτάτα, κρεῶν  
 σέθεν διεδασάντο καὶ φαγόν·

ἐμοὶ δ' ἀπορα γαστριμαργῶν μακαρῶν τιν εἰπέισ. ἀφίσταμαι  
 ἀκερδεῖα λελογχέν θαμίνα κακαγόροσ.  
 εἰ δὲ δὴ τιν ἀνδρᾶ θνατόν Ὀλυμποῦ σκοποὶ  
 ἐτίμασαν, ἠν Ταντάλοσ ἔστος· ἀλλὰ γὰρ καταπέψαι  
 μέγαν ὀλβόν οὐκ ἐδονασθή, κορῶ δ' ἐλέν  
 ἀτᾶν ὑπεροπλόν, ἀν οἱ πατῆρ ὑπερχρεμάσε καρτερόν αὐτῷ λίθον,  
 τοῦ αἰεὶ μένοιων κεφαλᾶσ βάλειν εὐφροσύνας ἀλαταί.

ἐχει δ' ἀπαλαμόν βίον τούτον ἐμπεδομοχθόν,  
 μετὰ τριῶν τετάρτον πόνον, ἀθανάτων ὅτῃ κλεψαῖσ  
 ἀλίχεσσι συμποταῖσ  
 νεκτᾶρ ἀμβροσίαν τε  
 δάκεν, οἰσιν ἀφθίτον  
 ἦσαν. εἰ δὲ θεόν ἀνῆρ τὶσ ἐλπεται εἰ λαθεμέν εὐδῶν, ἀμαρτάνει.



You Got a Point There, Pop

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

... Ask Lem....

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

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

"My, God, you is a nigger!"

"What you expect, Sadie Turnip?"

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

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

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

Keep it simple, he thought. Remember your duty. All you gotta do is sink your bayonet into her belly and lift up quick and hard. Forget all that shit about hitting the knees. Get that corpse,



buddy, and then you can scoff it back of them bushes if you still feel like it.

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

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

"Hsssssss! Come git it nigger!"

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

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

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

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



lookout camp near the summit.

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

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

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

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

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

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

She was insane with glee. Fine work of this one. Cackle-cackle!



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

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

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

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





Lady Dick-head

FUCK YOU/  
a magazine of  
the ARTS

fuckpress<sup>®</sup>

promoting  
pornography  
thru its  
subsidiary,

THE LADY  
DICK-HEAD ADVERTIZING  
COMPANY



Interregnum

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

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

Image for Fowler

Queer dawn  
whose birdsong is this "tink tink"  
of rocket-metal cooling  
on some planet remote as  
this broken radiator  
coming back on.

The Question

Strange hand that appears  
held out towards me asking-  
"Am I changed so by coming  
from under this toilet partition wall?"

Cruising

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



Cruising

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

To Noreen

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

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

O. vaseline and vacillation.

II

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

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

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



Magic Song

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

O lovely shamefulness of breezes wands of  
neon touch,

O Queen of Spring.

\*\*\*

No one here but me and these gently bleating crickets  
-who will be your shepherd then but I?



GILBERT SORRENTINO

From "The Perfect Fiaton"

People in Hell are clothed  
in coats and dresses, some of  
the women wear lace, some

are richer than others, own  
a face that possesses white  
smiles. In that fashion of that

place, they all say hello  
to each other. Such is Hell  
in its democracy. Without

the clothes they moan and weep,  
that is their fashion, too. This  
takes place on Saturdays, after

the parties are through. Over  
all, and through the smoke  
and flames of the posters

(hung for prospective guests)  
absolute horror persists. One  
might think it the earth,

but that the evil insists  
on being recognized. Dandy  
Satan has his choice of pain.



A stinking city full of stinking  
people. What things they do  
are not flowers, but are sometimes

flowery. They know that they  
are garbage and this fact  
somehow consoles them. Their

faces grin from the news,  
their voices, remembered, are  
vomit. But there are flowers

in the sky! one shrieks. There  
are flowers in the sky,  
agrees another. Hearts pump

blood, long ago sold. These people  
are real, are real, they are  
absolutely rotten, and are real.



The stupid painter paints. He  
sells his world, or what he thinks  
is someone's world. Writers write

their junk, everybody drinks his  
booze, is gay, adultery is just another  
day in, day out minuet.

Behind this world, is nothing.  
This world reveals itself completely --  
the painter is a liar, the writer

wants to sell his books and fuck  
somebody who says she loves  
his work. What strength can I,

who feel these temptations pressing  
on my very eyes, draw from these  
images of lust, and of success?

It is a total darkness. It is  
filled with women who are never  
wrong, and when they make some

small mistake, stand in heels  
and beautify the whole of day  
and evening. God has allowed me

to see only me, and that sight  
is enough to drive me to the sources  
of a power, any power.

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

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



Memories of You

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

Chased out of Bryant Park,  
from behind the monument,  
by a cop, with a big black buck.  
I fingered his wedding ring  
as I blew him. Fied to Boston

and the Esplanade where I was fucked  
on the overpass by a student  
while hundreds of cars raced by  
below, unknowing of our ecstasy?

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

Thought of San Francisco, and Union Square,  
nothing there--and the park on top of Nob Hill,  
where I cruised all dawn until finally  
a man came out and took me up the backstairs  
of the Bachelor's Club and blew me in the bathroom,  
I think, locked. In my self? and what use

of this, this purgation of senses. Back to Boston,  
jerking off on trains, I gotta stop taking  
that wheat germ oil; find a negro at poetry reading  
and he fuck me in "skyscraper" over Third Avenue.

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

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

Now back to New York and The Turkish Baths  
which I find no fun, tho Frank O'Hara does,  
and Allen Ginsberg sits in his white pajamas  
and dreams of men as I do--and thinks of fame  
at least used to but doesn't have to anymore.  
as he is it. And I see what style this has  
degenerated into,



a vain pulling of my own prick and those of others.  
When it was supposed to be a verbal blowjob of a poem.  
And I have known women, too, laid beside them  
but never balled them. Tho I want to.

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

Unless some woman see and relieve me of this misery.

2.

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

*John Wieners*



ALDEN VAN BUSKIRK

The Pimple

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

- o v - begin

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

That dream or the real & terrifying time w/ a girl last month, too immense for time really, a revelation that left me glazed for eternity -



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



insane instruction repeat themselves in my ear & the  
idea of a core vanishes like a slow zeppelin over  
Biloxi, Mississippi - now there's no kitchen no San  
Francisco, no earth only pale blue around me, we're in  
space my hands out of sight below me arms down thru  
clouds into the flesh of her leg covering the earth -  
the earth what happened to the earth it is melting to  
pimple-vegetable-curd feeding up through the canyon in  
that flesh forever out of sight & lost?

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

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

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



Billy the kid, the criminal  
committing crimes, constantly  
expanding his consciousness

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

Food, clothing, shelter  
sex and drugs

\*\*\*\*\*

Frank is sitting in the park, blearyeyed, un-  
shaven, smelling of filth & urine

about thirty, he looks ten years older now  
a man

He'd been working for several months, living  
in a furnished room, until last week, he  
began to drink again, ending up with Sneaky  
Pete on the Bowery, homeless, penniless, tremb-  
ling, as he tells me his story

out to Brooklyn, to the A.A. meeting? A  
friend of his will give money, maybe \$25  
to get him back on his feet  
will I go

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

I hope he gives me enough, to give  
some to Frank--but he probably won't, you  
know how people are



!!\*\*\*\*\* SZABO\*\*\*\*\*!! (page 2)

yes, i'm absolute  
i can leap buildings  
in a single bound  
squirt drugs, into me  
& play it cool  
hours at a time

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

if i can't  
eat it, or shoot it up  
then fuck it



My Monthly (a turgid monthly newsletter from Turgid Mead--  
your European co-respondent) (sent every six months)

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

And the only way I too can remain sexless like DeGaulle and maintain command of my country, France, is regularly to get screwed

- So I went dear lord this afternoon to the Cathedral of St. Honore (now my dowager saint) to lite a candle at both ends.

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

missing part

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

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

On train to visit near Marseilles I sat near a great french sailor and we loved each other but had different ports of call and the conductor after  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour of the sailor going insane with passion trying to communicate and me showing him the page in Berlitz where it says will you marry me - the conductor said I was in the wrong car. It is interesting that the other people in the car tried to keep us together by pleading with conductor for me to stay in their car, and they knew the sailor and I were bursting with young love. We promised to meet in Australia and I went forward, past the dining car.

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

Taylor Mead



SPORTING NEWS

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

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

(the true  
american  
cunt,

as bailing  
which  
their women  
sit behind  
legs crossed  
observant &  
keeping the score)

the space  
& farewell  
the one time  
original  
rosy cross  
freemasonic  
(bailing the  
cakras  
sephiroth)  
baseball,  
nine men  
from kether out,

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



so much  
free,

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

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

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

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

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

that the second  
world war  
ended  
with a lesson



about ending,

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

to such amusements  
after the war  
the retired Dodger  
repairs,

nobody  
preserves their names,  
their names  
stay in the books,  
unread lists  
of that irrelevance  
made the exercise  
a sport & the sport  
a business,

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

where the crowd  
wants home runs,  
longs  
for the immeasurable  
blast  
outward, over ocean,

or drops a ball,  
much reduced in size  
to attend the weakness  
of jerk-off fingers  
down the waxed  
alleys of the world,

get it over quickly  
& do it again,

or sit at home  
in what cannot  
ever be the garden  
of pomegranates!  
round gleaming twilight,



& watch the lions  
do it for them,

the shells of fake  
bodies contriving  
a real desolation.



in the comics

last night I saw the holy trinity  
Superman, Batman, and Robin  
they were shooting it up in my bathroom  
when I came home from a hard day's dreaming  
OH POI! OH ZAPI!  
Superman alone did up 700 cos of POW!

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

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

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

Captain Marvel is your mother

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

POW! WHAMMMMMM! OH ZOWIE ZOWIE ZOWIE

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

BAMI BAMI THUD! GRAAAACK!

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

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

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

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



RA-ROOOOOM! Mother, this is my little friend from across  
the moon and we're going to play krrWHAM!

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

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

KA - WHAMPF!

CRANNNNNNNING!

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

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

Pffffff! Click! HMMMMMMMM!

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

BAM! BAM!

THUD!

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

ZIP! POP! WOWIE!

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

WE ARE ALL EQUALLY INVINCIBLE!

WOW!

WOW!

WOOOOOOOW!



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

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

Ray Wood will never be heard from again  
Malcom is gone

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

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

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

Dallas scooped NYC with Kennedy  
Los Angeles scooped the NY Police  
when their soldiers gunned down seven unarmed Muslims  
Birmingham scooped us on dogs

(Although dogs were considered to combat  
oversized Negroes in N.Y. subways)  
Inasmuch as the New York cops beat out Secretary of War  
MacNamara and the occupational force of Vietnam  
with the use of poison nerve gas (Harlem riots, summer of 1964)  
that does not count as it pertains to Foreign Policy

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



Thank you very much  
for Governor George Wallace  
to remind us of the North  
that death to the natives (conceived in the most  
modern of offices)  
has a long history  
in the Nation of America  
North & South Birmingham to Harlem  
current and past  
Malcom was murdered  
the day before George Washington's birthday  
long weekend

for who?  
The last long weekend for a long time  
not until Easter another long weekend comes  
and they could not wait  
and risk a resurrection (they are not that inhumane)

Rank and file knowledge has the Black Muslims  
infiltrated by the FBI CIA G-men Treasury agents  
and the New York City Police department  
who took Ray Wood out of training  
to protect the Liberty Bell  
and resist invaders from Canada

We have efficient Americans among us  
If the Statue of Liberty was so easy to protect  
why not the life of an innocent man  
(Malcom Little, given name)

why did not all the infiltrators go to their bosses  
with news of the plot

Why did not J. Edgar Hoover  
issue a statement that Malcom X's life  
was indeed in danger?

How much overtime pay was paid  
to special secret police investigators-agitators-infiltrators  
the weekend of Malcom's murder

the long weekend  
of silent days and surmised news  
was a sawed-off shotgun  
missing -

from the Police arsenal

does anyone remember Patrice Lumumba?  
Does anyone remember the circumstances  
of his murder?

Is anyone concerned with the strange deaths  
of bright youngmen  
(Kennedy, Malcom, Lumumba, et al)



all the white faces popping up  
lean with suntan oil and decay  
modern uniforms  
the best technological equipment  
and sunglasses that adjust to the light  
(but are no good in the jungle)  
This U.S. is becoming a land of 007s  
from Robert Hall Clothing Stores  
infiltrators from Con Edison  
who pollute rivers and sky  
with hot black ash  
and bomb jungles

because they cannot see in the dark  
The New York Times is thin  
on long weekends  
the New York Post is thin  
on George Washington's birthday  
Their Sunday edition created Friday  
their holiday-Monday edition  
skeleton crew assembled

Sunday news Saturday night  
The Times is thin today  
yet they had someone on hand  
to write Malcom's obituary

(or else)  
they had an obituary prepared for the occasion  
forty-two pages of New York Times  
George Washington issue

NO JAZZ                      NO SASS

D.O.A. for Malcom  
many gunshots at the Audobon Ballroom  
1 cop 2 doors away  
2 cops cruising

"I got there and I saw the crowd beating a man.  
They were hysterical. So I say to my partner,  
'let's get him'. We rescued him from the crowd  
and took him into custody. Apparently he was  
badly injured. Apparently the others got away."

the cop says

Ballroom gunshots  
in neutral Washington Heights  
Broadway Riverside Drive Loews Rio theatre 176th Street  
RKO Hamilton Palisades view & water  
just below the famous Indian Museum



45 bullet shells  
big guns even the anarchist will not touch  
fusillade to saw-off shot gun  
Malcoms over backwards  
brothers and sisters  
wooden chair clatter chorus  
many shots  
many arms  
but we got one, the Police say  
and we are hot on the trail of the others.

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

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

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

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

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

the Con Edison reporter  
on the Daily News Television Station WPIX 11  
tells us of the man 'who preached violence  
and died by his own sword'.  
the man Malcom who never was involved in violence  
a pacifist until attacked  
yet there are those modern men who attach  
violence

to 'Big Red the cocaine sniffing jailbird'  
then the Con Edison reporter pauses his eulogy  
to say he is glad he served Con Edison  
and the Daily News station for thirteen years  
and he hopes to serve them for many more  
giving the evening news  
Modern men of the old Confederacy



Raymond A. Wood  
the faceless Negro cop  
rookie spy  
personally made detective  
by Commissioner of Police Michael Murphy  
(a man who denies his nickname is "Bull")  
Raymond A. Wood back to camera  
lips shut to microphones  
The secret Police must go on to  
higher things  
Murphy smiling at the man who saved  
the Statue of Liberty and the Liberty Bell  
The man who murdered Malcom X standing  
a black suit back to camera  
beaming Commissioner..a personable man  
always in the limelight  
The men who murder to save us  
haircut suit white shirt quick change from jail cell  
for Wood  
Faceless destruction  
back to camera  
assassin alleged  
of Malcom X  
Hands over face  
kicked and pummeled  
broken leg  
hands over face  
invisible men



I

night. in the orchards &  
the hills below

zero.

black & still. not even the moon  
has crept out of its cage  
& only molecular motion  
invisibly silently continues.  
but i can't be sure of this on faith  
any more than that there is a moon.  
that this is really night, & not  
the blank at the end of existence.  
or that my glandular engine has not  
finally failed.

the earth crackles and contracts!  
ice expands in the concrete  
joints of highway 32.  
taxes for the county or the state:  
if the county & the state  
more work and  
still exist.  
if i am not mad & gone  
false in memory.

& if the "county"  
& the "state" ever were  
anything but alphabetic constructs  
that pleased me in some past age  
for forgotten reasons.  
& surely  
there is no way to verify my data.  
the world is too circumscribed &  
logical.  
i warn you the universe is nothing  
but conjecture. i warn myself..

all i  
can be sure of is the cold & the wonder & that  
processes occur that link the two in this vile  
neurotic machine i inhabit that i don't trust  
anyway so what it begs for must be  
denied it &  
i am master now.







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

IV

your body doesn't any more need you  
than any of a hundred other diseases  
& any rock's as sensitive as  
you are, only somewhat more resigned.  
you poor lame faces with your ideals  
or your fifty dollar habits trying to legislate  
gods into being!

trying to impose  
a vibration on the universe  
that the universe will not  
endure!

but the universe is a  
restless critter  
also.

V

you can't live without dying.  
get me?

too much brightness might as  
well be dark, & you never  
can be absolutely  
sure.

VI

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



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

VII

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

VIII

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

IX

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



XI

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

XII

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

XIII

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



JANINE POMMEY

ON TRAIN FRM. LIVING THEATRE, HEIST-  
TO PARIS, 1/65

CHORDS

raga  
unbeginning unending  
continues

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

train on the track  
and here people/hands

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

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

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



AN AMERICAN DREAM By Norman Mailer

Know who I am? "Hey Rube!" "Doc  
 goofed here, Hohn, --Something  
 wrong-- Too much English." Know  
 where I am? Well, here I am, 2  
 pm, What day is it? November 19-  
 46? I first met Jackie Kennedy in  
 November 1946...Something wrong--  
 Someone goofed the works here Jack-  
 Shift digits---it's 1964, I first  
 met Norman Mailer in a dream I had  
 in November 1964, a drift of news-  
 paper clippings overflowed his lap  
 and swirled about the floor. "Ho w  
 are you, son?" he said shrewdly,  
 "Kick that habit man and sit down.  
 Don't worry, it's loaded." "Fine,"  
 I said, sitting. "Well, Papa, you  
 foxed 'em again, didn't you?" "Yes,  
 he said, "My luck, she is still run-  
 ning good. Look, what do you say we  
 skip this Party-Doll type of dia-  
 and talk like people." "So long,  
 flatfoot," I yelled, giving the  
 his D production. I look in the  
 eyes, take him for his Florida  
 White complexion The News propping  
 him up, "What's up, Norman?" "YOU  
 wig,

Philip Rahv's a Cretin, God  
 An American Dream shd include.  
 Joe Tex? He's right He's  
 of me getting together reading  
 Pearl Harbor Day! What's old?  
 Life Mag., Nothing happened be-  
 fore  
 Blue Black Winged Space GRAHHR!!  
 ic, here Jackie, c'mon girl,  
 need some lunch, then after train  
 I was Robt E. Lee Frewitt ride  
 to keep digging, my scissors out  
 black&white, they shall not be  
 is what Indian's say, they're moved  
 What about when two strong men red Niggers  
 meet?  
 Grab some space  
 "How much?" "Yr money or Yr life!"  
 Talk with a foxed tongue! Ugh!  
 "That was a tape recording,"  
 ning it. "Wanna hear it play-  
 replay what anybody says? For  
 and got yrself a tape example  
 it'll take in all people, all  
 his own words, feedback its words  
 for hidden mikes! those fruits called  
 Put the bite on yrself, man, Your  
 the Times up. It's Goodguys prop  
 Judge," I said. "Bring in the  
 guilty  
 -continued-



man?" "I can see you're one of my  
own, kid," he says. "Direction  
Breakthrough! in the gray room."  
"You mean..." "You're on, baby,  
Breakthrough in the gray room."  
"Well you can imagine how I felt  
at this, Jack. Simply awful!"  
"Old kicks, man," I said. Shift  
linguals! Images, Out. You get me,  
kid? Drop the Times! Make war on  
"Remember Warsaw, Norman?" time.  
the fragrance of Grandma's kitchen?  
Remember the ovens? For god's sake  
don't let that coca-cola thing out!  
Too many similes! Too many meta-  
phors!  
Listen: Show all your cards all  
ers! In Times Square. Times Square!  
You gettin' me there, Norman?  
That Garden of Delights is a  
sewer. "Buggery", Man, "small po-  
tatoes! Allen lives in a building.  
Try to Remember That Night in  
November,  
And Nothing. Got it? Nothing. These  
are conditions of total emergency  
carried out now The Good Guy Way. if  
Old kicks man. Souls rot from or-  
gasm.  
GET THE MONEY. GET THE MONEY.  
GET IT?

pigeons, baby, you coo by the  
s on the reverse side. Shift  
It started long ago in the game  
roll over! Get the money!  
(Take a pill swig some pepsi gag)  
everyone up when I read (I mean  
"You mean in the pejorative wrote)  
linguals! Images: Out! Out!  
there, Dwight? How's yr ass, sense?"  
You read Howl?, well, read Lwoli  
Pablo Picasso? Remember reading  
Quiet Days in Glichy/Inside The Life in  
Give away yr overcoat! Close yr Whale  
You takin' bottles back? Too many, eyes  
Too much Time! Remember Miss Shane  
makes Jack a sharpie! Hello, Chicken Little?  
"Hey, Rube!" "You been readin Suck-  
to my last words anywhere, Howl?"  
lunch, E 11th St. "Loan me 2 Read The News  
lack Lunch Ave A. Get breakfast, bucks,  
Remember that building? Now put egg  
yes, that's a song, infinite in:  
are amazing. Air is gently strange  
you get me there, spud. Life & we  
Clap Clap cross yr partners arm, Death  
I told my auntie I kissed a panty  
English Teacher dies of Cancer...  
----- The Daily News, November-  
1946.



IN AMERICAN DREAM: I am President, a genius, I found Deborah again, I remember the fragrance of a full moon over the abyss of Grandma's kitchen. I'm rejoining company with popular songs four very separate Germans another girl a large Harvard appreciation Jock Phi Beta Kappa summa cum laude Government! I stay alive Trapped beneath a rusty sputter. Suggery in the gray room. pulp. Shee-it in the coffee. "Now why

don't you drink some coffee, shouted the fat detective while beating the shit out of me" old kicks, man,"

elusive silvery air which makes the air between us gently strange. I

walk across that air. "Get THE MONEY." Know who I am? Last Exit

to Harvard, man. Remember the

fragrance of Harvard? "Yes" I said. "And I spit in your wife's

face?" "Yes" I said. "Old kicks, Man." (You may fire when ready,

Gridley). (Get the Money!) At the

dice, I was part of the new breed. (Get the Money!) Get in Yr

Life, Get in that Chamber, Get On Board, Get The Money, CONDITION RED!

CONDITION RED! CONDITION TOTAL! ALL STANCES NO

STANCE! GET THE MONEY! (Remember Damon

Runyon?) (Remember the fragrance of the Moon?) Old kicks, man."

Exploded Ticket Exploded Ticket Exploded.....Provincetown, New York

toad crossing the street, elfin ad her like a book, I got a makes it rise I used to box in college, old kick mechanics 2 years billime.. Old re dissecting Truch Beauty Rahv gettation its 5:15 am you got imaginin, loudly sing goddam! Lawk, You get me there, kid? Sign out!! No more parades!! Taste of Remember the smell of that pulp? not shit?(it's evergreen) Prewitt

why Prewitt on the tape recorder, Who tape recorder? Beats the Know who I am? See that American Dream News. Shift Props. Naked, lunch, and am your bleeding brother, brother Du.

MONEY, BUY A TIMES! Listen, ITS YR Everyone Out! 2 hrs of pushin broom two-bit rented broom? Last straw, the

"I am M'sieur Tarzan." pothole, M'sieur Greystoke! You got a man! Remember the fragrance of a face? (Gridley) SOSSOS (You may fire me now Barricades (the last dangling man) No intercourse. Slice up that Put Life in yr magazine! Get an Oven

Tape my last words any words Good. Take a bow. (Kick that man, the, bent. Get Him! Guys&Dolls, I give you

Remember Pythias? Who were they? D. Socialist Existentialism? Stinks OSir? Is this the A Train? Ticket 1946-64

Ted Berrigan



---NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS continued from back page---

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

JOHN WIENERS/ is teaching at the U. of Buffalo. His books of poetry are the immortal HOTEL WENTLEY POEMS & ACE OF PENTACLES. John Wiener's ORGASM TONIC, the famous hardon serum discovered by Mr Wieners, is marketed by the FUCK YOU/ products corporation.

AULDEN VAN BUSKIRK/ was flashed in the sun's eye in 1961. After his worm scene, David Rattray edited his complete works. They have just been zapped out by Auerhahn Press under the title LAMI. Van Buskirk has been published in Evergreen Review, City Lights Journal, Second Coming, Fuck You/ a magazine of the arts, etc.

SZABO!!!/ peddles his dick, sells dope, writes poetry, stomps whip-freaks, assembles collages, & pimps out of the Valencia Hotel on St. Marks Pl. off third avenue. He is the hero of Ed Sanders' new novel, EAST SIDE.

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

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

LENORE KANDEL!/ spurts scream out of our dicks at the merest hallucination of getting to jab our tongue into Lenore Kandel's wonderful flame-steak. Lenore Kandel is on all Fuck You/ editorial Board gropo-hunger lists.

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

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

AL FOWLER/ is currently living in upstate NEW YORK, picking up his grass money in the Niagara Falls Your Turn In The Barrel Hustle. This is a routine where Fowler makes a meet with a Barrel Queen for a knot-hole slurp session at that park above the falls which upstate barrel queens call Barrel-Suck Park. In the meantime, Fowler lines up a few rubes to bet him re: freaking over the falls. He lures the aroused barrel queen into a rubber lined barrel (easy to do, according to Fowler, because many barrel queens also are rubber freaks) & stomps him over the side. Operation Rube Clean.

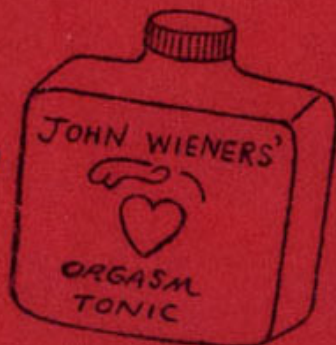
TED BERRIGAN/ is the compiler of a Bibliography of the works of John Ashbery, to be published by the Fuck You/ press. Ted Berrigan is still in a deep coma following a 6 mistress/ too many pills Prostate Explosion. He was to have read at the Berkeley Poetry Conference this July. His book of poetry had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

SQUACK!



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

JOHN WIENERS



ORGASM TONIC

MEN! DO you want

- a smooth rippling ultra-tense glans?
- longer life to your hardon?
- a dick a chick's proud to cop?
- a cock-head tough as a cue ball?
- daily spurt scenes?

DRINK UP!!

a spoonful  per day

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

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

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

FUCK YOU/ A MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS. Number 5, Volume 9, July, 1965.  
Printed, published, edited by Ed Sanders at a secret location in the  
lower east side, New York City.  
NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS:

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