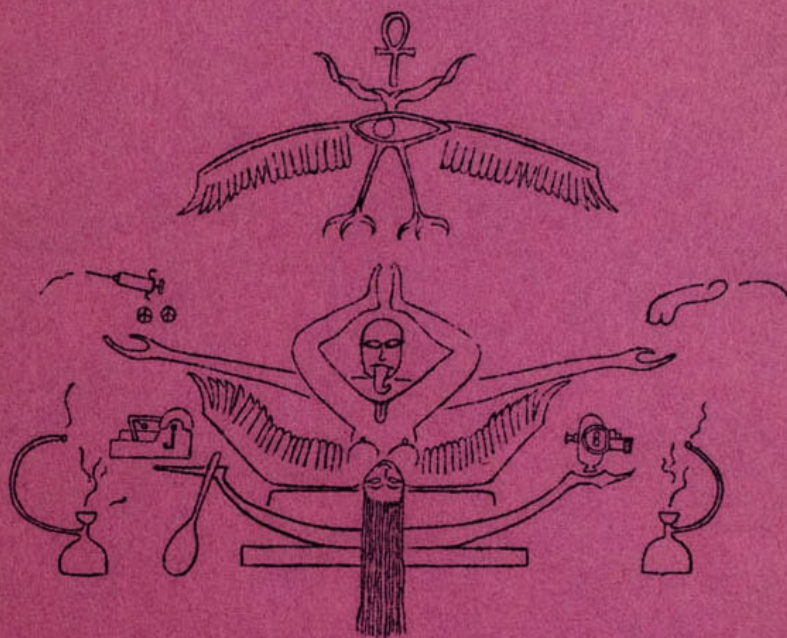


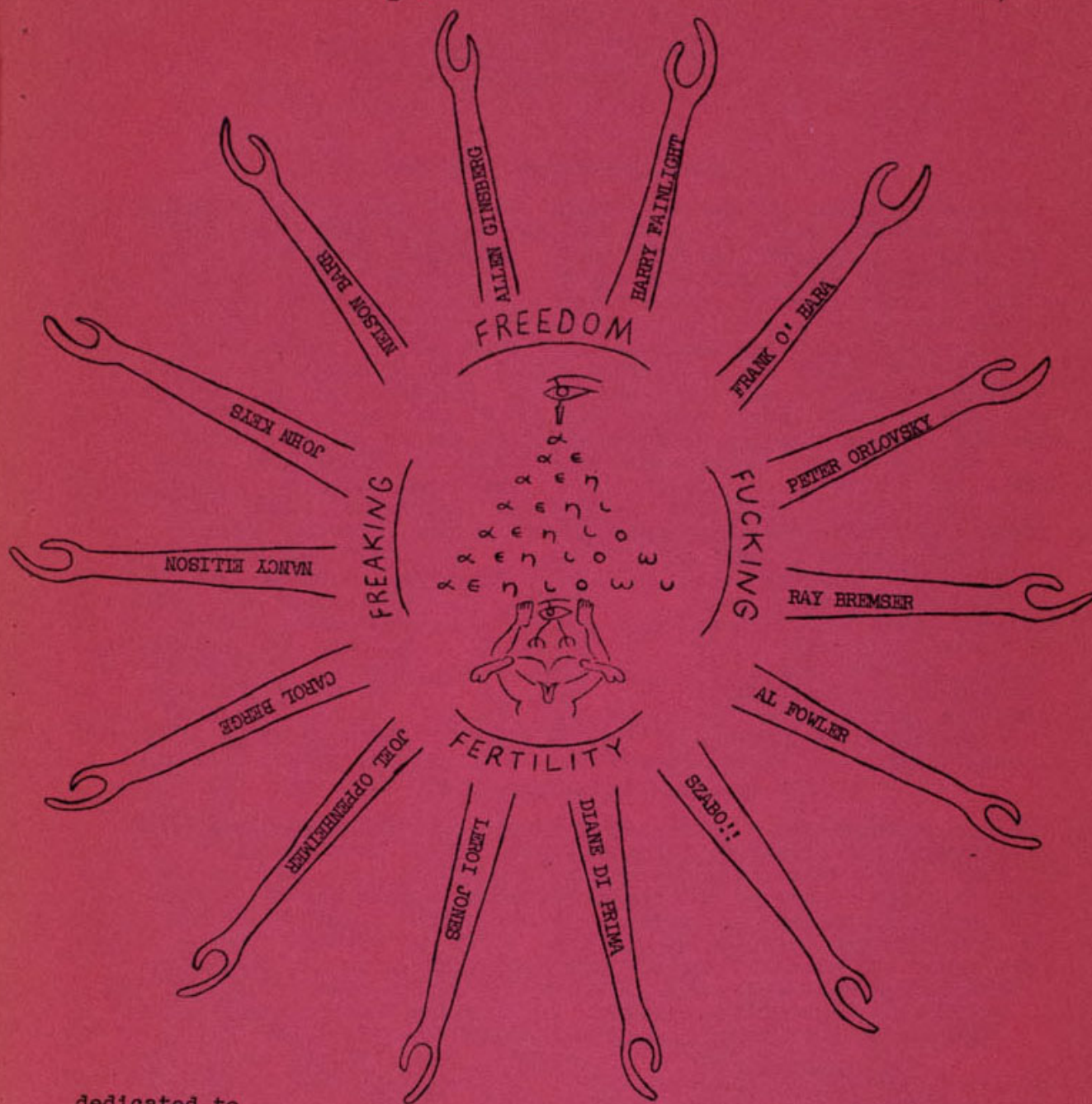
FUCK YOU /

a magazine of the arts



number 5, volume 6

FUCK YOU / a magazine of the ARTS, number 5, vol 6. Apr. 1964



dedicated to
 pacifism, National defense thru nonviolent resistance, Peace Eye,
 the Gleaming Crotch Lake of the Universe, the Witness of the flaming
 Ra-cock, young lady pacifist snapping-pussy, acapulco gold, panamanian
 red, honduras brown, bucks county mauve, light green iowa aperitif,
 submarine boarders, mystical bands of peace walk stompers, Total Assault
 Guerilla Ejaculators, the lower east side mishuganas, and all those groped
 by J. Edgar Hoover in the silent halls of Congress.

and for creepy Rockefeller & his fascist stop, frisk, & stomp-in-your-pad
 laws, we dedicate the knob-fingered Elephant Walk!

A CALL TO ACTION

STOMP OUT THE MARIJUANA LAWS FOREVER

OK, all you motherfuckers. We know that you're smoking more grass than -- a prairie fire. We're also wise that all you cocksuckers-- 1000's of you-- are rehabilitating your lungs under conditions of agitation, metaphysical distress, fuzz-fear, & paranoia! Time is NOW for a TOTAL ASSAULT ON THE MARIJUANA LAWS! It is CLEAR to us that the cockroach theory of grass smoking has to be abandoned. INTO THE OPEN! ALL THOSE WHO SUCK UP THE BENEVOLENT NARCOTIC CANNABIS, THUNSHUN!! FORWARD, WITH MIND DIALS POINTED: ASSAULT! We have the facts! Cannabis is a non-addictive gentle peace drug! The Marijuana legislations were pushed through in the 1930's by the agents and goonsquads of the jansenisto-manichaeen fuckhaters' Conspiracy. Certainly, after 30 years of the blight, it is time to rise up for a bleep blop bleep assault on the social screen. The fact IS that 1000's of you exist all over the whole fucking U.S. scene. But we can't wait forever for you grass cadets to pull the takeover: grass-freak senators, labor leaders, presidents, etc.! The Goon Squads are few and we are many. We must spray our message into the million lobed American brain IMMEDIATELY! If there's public hysteria, we'll pull the classic Guerilla lovefare --enemy attack/we retreat enemy retreat/we attack-- scene! At least we'll be in the OPEN, operating through our many channels and connections, gobbling away at the foundations of the laws. Gobble Gobble! INTO THE OPEN MOOOTHERFUUUUCKEEERRRS!

What is needed, first, then is the classic petitioning; a huge valid petition to be sent to the federal, state, & municipal, governments-- names to include the weighty and prestigious as well as all the nascent Bhu hawks on the set-- signed by all those who smoke or approve. Then, Guerilla lovefare zap attack zone offices to plan the public presentation, public witness aspects of Operation Grass. Contacts with newspapers, the mass media, letters and phone campaigns. An intelligent sensitive public campaign to present the facts, the testimonies of legal and medical authorities, and so forth. Fringe attacks: pot-ins at governmental headquarters, public forums and squawking, poster walks, hemp farm disobedience. In New York: with a number too large & prestigious to ignore, a multi-thousand joint lightup on the steps of city hall---- FORWARD! THIS IS OPERATION GRASS!

Hemp is the WAY! We demand the "holy weed marijuana" under our own judgement!

When a law is useless
when a law is degrading
when it prohibits
the right to
a gentle healthful pleasure,

DISOBEY!!

GOD THRU



CANNABIS

HELP WANTED ★ HELP WANTED ★ HELP
 Girl Friday young lady snapping pus- John Keyes, Al Fowler, Ed Sanders,
 sy needed to assist the Editorial John Harriman. Published in Sept 62
 Board in their various projects. right after She died. Rumored to be
 Skill required in needle cleaning, worth \$10 on the west side. We still
 typing, editorial cock-riffing, col- have a few left. --prices for these
 lating, grass weighing, etc. Must publications are friendship, gropes
 be fuckable. An immediate gratifica- & fucks./-- PUBLIC NOTICE
 tion salary: all the grass she can In the tradition of Samuel Beckett &
 smoke, frenzy, love, madness, & the Ezra Loomis Pound, who were the sec-
 penes insatiate of the entire Edit- retaries of famous stompers, the one
 orial Board. HELP WANTED ★ SQUACK/ for James Joyce & the other for W.
MANUSCRIPTS!! we need high level Butler Yeats, we advertize for a sen-
 poetic data, music, criticism, re- sitive, brilliant, hangup-less, cock
 views, surveys, stories, magic, etc. ful young secretary for Allen Ginsbe
 In the Name of the Council of rg, who is running his New
 ☸☸☸, while we exist York Conspiracy on sheer g
 we should like to puke for uts, sperm & mishuganahood.
 th some totally mind-stomp Please! some young Ganymede
 ing issues--- The next is spurt forward for phone wo
 sue of FUCK YOU/ a magazi rk, letter writing, gobble
 ne of the Arts is on the rehabilitation, raga chant
 press: THE GOD ISSUE! ing, note taking, manuscri
 Crowned in spurting glob pt preparing, & Goon Squad
 of light with poetry in the Assault raids. A.G. needs help

WE
BURROUGHS!

FREEDOM FOR HALLUCINOGENS!

god issue are Charles Olson, Robert in directing & coordinating various
Creeley, Allen Ginsberg, Robert Dun publishing projects, sex experiments,
can, John Wieners, Gary Snyder, public campaigns & so forth. Skill in
Judith Malina, Philip Whalen, Robert shorthand wd be groovy also, to catc
Kelly, Michael McClure, Aulden Van h in notes the eternal babble of A.
Buskirk & HARRY FAINTLIGHT /-- FUCK Ginzap. Prospective Boy Thursdays sh
YOU/ press pub. in print: THE VAN- ould contact Allen in the lower east
COVER REPORT by Carol Bergé. A blow side. ADV★ADV★Cock Wanted★ADV
by blowjob description & analysis of ADV★ADV★ADV★ADV★ADV★ADV★
the evil 1963 University of British --1000's of satisfied customers--
Columbia poetry Seminar. prin TAYLOR MEAD, LTD.
ted Feb 1964::: ROOSEVELT AF for personalized blow jobs, wh
TER INAUGURATION a routine ip scenes, golden showers, etc.
by William S. Burroughs. A Mr. Mead announces the Grand O
famous Burroughs' dream bri pening of the DOWNTOWN COCK CLI
sked out of the YAGE LETTERS NIC under his personal supervis
by paranoid printers. pri ision & with a full staff
nted Feb 1964::: POEMS of machines, queens, leat
FOR MARILYN. poems for her-freaks, & K-Y stompers.★ADV ADV

TAYLOR MEAD, LTD.

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ip scenes, golden showers, etc.
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of machines, queens, leat
freaks, & K-Y stompers. ★ ADV ADV



GROPE FOR PEACE



HARRY FAINLIGHT

For The Ghost of Hart Crane

Again, the rustling of a piece of toilet-paper
summons you back, bringing you pacing & fidgeting
down the long cell-blocks of cubicles,
trying the doors or pretending to be looking for a nickel
until suddenly, your few seconds up,
the automatic flushing system unleashes,
discharging you back into your drowning.

Hart,

stay back there & forget me-- forget
this system their pumping refills, this stillness
already being baited with fresh rustlings.

ALLEN GINSBERG

Walt Whitman

I lost

Tears again last nite
Screwed out of Heaven
by a bitter face with eyeglasses
and a nightstick
Waving Death over America

Walt Whitman, the fuzz

is making Fate

the masses are terrified

No comrade walks the road
over mountains overlooks

the old metropolis from

under your vast Hat--

I was trying to get the Prince to wake up!

O California

O soup of anxiety!

(from long poem on Politics,
circa 1960)

HARRY FAINLIGHT

Le Poète a Quatorze Ans

A hand, from flicking away the cooling,
Liquifying sperm on it, still raised
Out there in the darkness, he listened, straining:

"Surely, if we're always this awake
We would soon arrive at it-- the Truth
Which ~~starts~~^{is} all around us with its weeping angels."

Slowly down his mother's newly polished cupboard
The heavy drops were rolling. One had hit a mirror.
Another was winding its way down the
grotesquely carved leg of a chair.

HARRY FAINLIGHT, mf.

MESCALINE NOTES

Strange how I feel it is already morning, though outside adolescents are making evening sounds. Useless murmur of voices fading into ache-
A breeze smelling of some new puberty.
Blackness dropping its apocryphal flares...

The hell within a negative: throats, nostrils and all orifaces glow with an unearthly inward burning. That powder I took was manufactured there- teeth grinding down the X-ray plates they clench.

The agony encircles itself. This IS the agony.

The montage gets too complex here. The film splits open with screams of laughter, its writhings left as smoke coiling in the projector's beam.

I have writhed away my sheets and blankets. Now I am writhing my way through into the stuffing of the mattress.

Everything is happening too fast for my brain to reverse it.
GOD IS PHOTOGRAPHING ME UPSIDE DOWN.

Geoffrey can you hear me ?
Heroic space adrift....
The beauty of my particles.

As I begin to sing I throw my pen away.
Someone will find it.

Cicadas in the grass and stars
Singing at the roots of universes.

II

The adolescents have quietened down and it is a long time later. I have realized that I am inside God's head and am half hoping, half dreading that I am about to live through a night of the birth pangs of spiritual birth. My mind is full of dark jaws that in the process of chewing infinitely multiply themselves. When I turn off the light the jaws will continue.

Apollo's muscle switches off the light.

Bored voice of guide opening onto Halls of His Metabolism.... "We are standing at the moment within an exact reconstruction of Jonah's echo chamber."

Faintly, the DynaMaya begins to hum....etcetururrURRURRURRURRRR!!

Objects break open into hallucinations;
Forgotten mosaics bursting from beneath the crops.

AH, but as they multiply, I realize these are the scales of the serpent himself. Smiling, an image of the person who gave me the drug, breaks open into replicas, the replicas undulating in monstrous coils.

Yes, each of my buttocks is one of those lights that go round and round the 42nd St. moviehouses.

Twinkle, twinkle, little ass,
This is more than stellar gas.

I am lying on top of another long after an orgasm;
An exhausted swimmer clinging to the greater bouancy of a corpse.

There is no nonsense now about the way in which the insight is delivered.
Wham! There it is on the dumbwaiter; smelling as strongly of shark-gut as that dished up to Rilke on the ninth wave.

A light bulb floating in mid-ocean is virtually indestructible.

Across an outdoor cinema screen flaps a heavy unidentified bird.

III

My mattress as a model of my mind:
My writhings have completely bared it, showing the letters BMC covering the whole thing in a chain mail of alphabet. however, just where my arms and shoulders are this has been part split, part worn away, revealing a grey wadding-like substance. Through a hole in it where there was once one of those mattress buttons, I stick my finger. Inside it feels like coarse horsehair or raffia. Below that the sudden thrill of a bare wire. Then nothing. Void, emptiness as far as my finger will reach down. But then, ah! The other side. Wire...hair... and again soft wadding. I am home.

Alas, home. The sad smallness of revisiting scenes of childhood (the child shrunken to a mummy, the mummy to a mattress even?). The same states of headache and nausea I started with again are with me. My hope clings to the image of a birdlike or reptilian birth. This aching head the egg the night had laid and from which something still may be born.

This headache is the scream to be rescued of some princess locked in a tower of my mind I have not yet found my way to. Hurry!

HARRY FAINLIGHT
mescaline -3-

Ah, how little I am advancing. Already I am imagining how I will impress my friends with pieces from this journal. Feeding my pursuers with pieces of myself to gain time. Hurry! Hurry! In the crack between two thoughts, the cockroach of genius disappears.

I suppose it has come to this because at some point during the night I chose literature instead. Though the choice was implicit merely in keeping this journal. And this is just what literature is: an addled birth, something thwarted from its ends, an essentially unnatural thing.

Outside, it is lightening. The first dry ratchet catches in the throat of a bird, then cogwheel flintily catching cogwheel, the day begins to move.

The Dawn is wheeling its huge refuse cart.
Dead snakes and drag-queen dresses,
the claw of a huge unidentified bird and the arm of a statue
all trailing from it or hanging over the sides.
On top, a monster egg is nested in a torn open mattress,
above them, like the sail of a primitive vessel,
a patched-up cinema screen.

....a breeze smelling of some new puberty.

Feed it the rich protein of sleep.

Harry Fainlight
June 20th, 1963, New York City.

FRANK O'HARA

Un Chant d'amour

Shepherd descend from the sky where sleep your sheep!
(To the down of a shepherd beauteous Winter I give you over)
If your sex under my breath is still covered with frost
Dawn will loose it from that fragile dress

Is it a matter of loving at sunrise?
In the throats of the herdsmen their songs still sleep
Let us raise our curtains on that marble scenery;
Your dear bewildered face is sprinkled with sleep

O your favor crushes me and I sink
Noble vessel dressed for the wedding of the Islands
With the night, Yard arm! Particular insult
O my dark Continent my deep mourning's dress!

A moment outside God rage in clusters of gold
(He breathes and falls asleep) relieved to emit you
Helped by your hand I believe I see the sky come down
And lay its white gloves tenderly upon your eyes

Above all it's its sweetness that isolates you and spills
On your delicate forehead this rain of November
What shadow what Africa envelops your limbs
Twilight of the dawn inhabited by a serpent!

Waitz leaf in reverse and misguided mists
You tie flower of the wind this scarf to what tree?
My finger cracks the frost of the wood of your harp
Daughter of rushes standing upright in the separated hairs

In the brim of my cap a sprig of hazelnut
Hooked askew titillates me my ear
In your neck I hear a bird who sputters
And my horses sleep standing up in the footpath

Caressing the heedless eye the shoulder of the sea
(My sandal is soaked unstitched the wing)
I feel my hand swollen under your moss-grown heat
Filled with the white herds invisible in the air

My lambs are going to graze from your haunch to your neck
Browsing on a savory grass and broiled by the sun
Some blossoms of the acacia are rumbling around in your voice
Goes the bee to steal the honey of their echoes

But the green pavilion of the rovers of the sea
Must be taken care of somewhere, be stretched up with the poles
Shake out the night, the blue, powder your shoulders with it
Drill fountains of air in your sandy feet

To drag me up naked on blue flights of stairs again
Solemn and foundering in these waves of dreams
Tired of perishing perpetually upon the very brink of my lips
The Horizon fell asleep in your folded arms

Your naked arms are going to whinny tearing my night to pieces
Damien these black horses disembowel the water's depths
Gallop carry me off centaurs foaled from the womb
Arms of a negro who dies if sleep flees from me

I've embellished their nostrils with ribbons with roses
With hair too from despoiled girls
I've wanted to caress their sunlit coat
With my arms elongated above the rivulet!

Your restive shoulder has thrown off my hand
It's dying desolate on my docile wrist
Hands that hastens vainly lopped off, but more agile
(The five fingers of a thief with carmine nails)

So many hands at the edge of the roads and the woods
Close to your neck it used to love to live naked
But become almost a monster to your eyes
On my hand the heel I'll kiss your fingers

Shot down by surprise a soldier smiled at me
From a trellis of blood on the whitewashed wall
The shred of a discourse caught up in the branches
And in the grass a hand on the rotting toes

I'm talking about a country flayed to the bone
France of the perfumed eyes you are our image
Sweet as her nights, perhaps more so
And like her, wounded o France, allusive

Long ceremony to the sound of twenty drums
Muffled. Nude cadavers taken for a walk in town
Under the moon a cortege with sour brasses
In your wooded vales, at the instant for ploughings

Poor hand that's going to melt! And you still leap
In the grass. From a wound or from blood on the stones
Who can be born, what pageboy and what angel of ivy
To suffocate me? What soldier wearing your dead nails?

Me go to bed with those feet that uncurl the sea?
Beautiful tale of love: a child of the village
In love with the sentry roving the beach
Where the amber of my hand attracts a kid of iron!

In his torso, asleep-- of a strange kind of
Creamy almond; star, o coiled little girl
--This tolling evening blood in the blue of the garden path
It's of evening the naked foot striking on my lawn

That shape is the rose's and keeps you so pure
Keep it up. The evening already unwraps you
And you appear to me (stripped of all your garments)
Tangled in your bedclothes or erect against a wall

Dare my lip at the brim of this hemstitched petal
I'll shaken cull one drop which is falling
His milk swells my neck like a flight of doves
O remain a rose a petal beaded with pearls

Prickly sea-fruits flay me your dear beams
But the thin fingernail of evening will slit the bark
Drink rosy tongue from these brimmings with all your might
If my heart hindered in the gold of a false chignon

Capsize anchored living without power to puke
In a sea of bile to your sex yoked
I wander immobile through it with immense strides
This world without kindness where you darling see me sleeping

I roll beneath the sea and your surge above
Labors its axletrees writhing with your tempests
However I shall go far away because the working sky
With the thread of the horizon in a sheet has stitched me up

I prowl hopelessly around your house
My dejected whip dangles on my neck. I watch over
Through the shutters your beautiful eyes those hornbeam bowers
Those palaces of foliage where evening is going to die

Whistle like a young piece of trade, walk with cold eyes
In the rushes your heel crushing nests of eggs
Carves in the wind into gilded shells
The air of mornings in April and horsewhips the azure

But see he's not destroyed and sheds his leaves at your feet
O you my luminous prop, of night the most fragile
Star, between lace and snow of these islands
Of gold your shoulders, white the finger of the almondtree

after Jean Genet

FRANK O'HARA

IN THE MOVIES

Out of the corner of my eyes
a tear of revulsion sighs,
it's the point of intersection a foot in front of me,
I call it my cornea, my Muse.
I hurl myself there-- at whatever fatal flowery flourish!
flower? flower?
if that face is flourishing, it's toes of tin!
Well, but there is a face there, a ravine of powder and gasps,
I can see it, I must caress it.
I give it one of my marine caresses since it is inferior,
petulant.
And the clear water of my head pours over that face.

Flowers. Flowers.
Just because the day is as long and white as a camel
you'll see my head leaning against this masseur of a seat
and the blood in my pants mounts to the stars
as I ponder the silver square.

Flowers. Flowers.
every afternoon at one, why not caress the wind
which passes from the airconditioning to my seat?
as the waters underneath Times Square
pour through my eyes onto the silver screen.
I'm here, pale and supple as a horse-shrine.

Ushers! Ushers!
do you seek me with your lithe flashlights?
enveloping me like the controlled current of the air?
There seems to be a ghost up there,
brushing off his gems and plumes.
It's a great feathered prick that impaled me in the grass.
It was an organ that announced a certain destiny.
And as the plumes flutter in the current they spell out *****
but I don't believe my eyes, it's only a ghost's habit.
I bought a ticket so I could be alone. With the plumes.
With the ushers.
With my own prick,
and with my death written in smoke
outside this theatre where I receive my mail.
Guts? my gut is full of water, like the River Jordan.

The pressure of my boredom is uplifting and cool,
I feel its familiar hands on my buttocks.
And we depend on the screen for accompaniment,
its mirrors
its music
because I've left everything behind but a leaf

and now a dark hand lifts that from my thighs
(out of the corner of my eyes
a tear of revulsion sighs).
No, I've never been in a cotton field in South Carolina.
My head is lost between your purple lips.
Your teeth glitter like the Aurora Borealis.

Cerise trees are plunging through my veins
and not one lumberjack is drowned in my giant flesh.
This stranger collects me like a sea-story
and now I am part of his marine slang.
Waves break in the theatre
and flame finds a passage through the stormy straits of my lips.

In my hands a black cloud of soft winds
pulses forth the error of my blood and my body,
like a poem written in blackface,
his flower opens and I press my face into the dahlia-like mirror
whose lips press mine with the grandeur of a torrent,
it is flooding the cleft of my rock-like face
which burns with the anguish of a plaster beast!
I am said to have the eyes of a camelopard
and the lips of an oriole,
it's my movie reputation--
so now you've found my germinal spontaneity
and you are my voyage to Africa.

I love your naked storms.
I contemplate you with the profound regard of a scriptwriter.
The serene horse of your forgetfulness is a crater
in which I bathe the pride of my race,
as we splash away the afternoon
in the movies
and in the mountains.

Reflect a moment on the flesh in which you're mired:
I'm the white heron of your darkness,
I'm the ghost of a tribal chief killed in battle
and I bear proudly the slit nose of your victories.

Suffer my cornea to adopt a verbal blueness,
for you are the sick prince of my cerise innovations,
and my seriousness.
I bear you mirrors
and I kiss the sill of your porcelain fountain,
dreaming midst the flamingo plumes of your penis.

Seized by flames!
seized by winds!
sea of my sex and your red domination!
(red is for my heart and for the wind of my islands)

which envelops this insect, my self,
and salutes your loins
as the shadowy horses increase
and I pale with butterfly aspirations.

Do you feel the hairs that fill my mouth like cigarettes,
as moss fills the stone with longing no hands can tear away?
do you feel your sword imbedded in the legendary rock?
the repose of rivers,
the source of warriors,
warriors of the stars which are my sighs
and my sighs are black
because my blood is black with your love,
the love of the jungle for its secret pools.

We take the silver way along the rocks
and with my head upon your chocolate breast
the screen is again a horizon of blood.
The drapes flutter around us like cement.
In your drowning caresses I walk the sea.
I am gilded with your sweat
and your hair smells of herbs
from which I do not care to peer.

If love is born from this projection in the golden beehive
like a swan,

I love you.
I am lighting up the evening which is yours,
I implore you;
and the smoke of my death will have blown away by now,
as my ghosts are laid along your glittering teeth.

Peter ORLOVSKY

THANK GOD....
I WASN'T A WHORE BOY,
from a conversation

- PETER ORLOVSKY: Hold it, hold it, I'm trying, I'm concentrating-- just give it a second more-- I'm doing my best-- DECEMBER 31! On that day-- or whenever they think lovely day-- everyone in this big small world will have a dream to start and vote no atom bomb's gonna fall on my little head--no--on everyone's little head. I don't know it's going to happen but it's certain there's no harm to say it. And it would be nice if true.
- ALLEN GINSBERG: Well I can just see Pravda & Time both affirming that it's harmful to have pretty wishy dreams just so you won't have to face the reality and do something about it. Whattya think of that?
- P.O.--The dream force is more powerful than Pravda force--than anyone's force. Is more important, powerful's the wrong word.
- A.G.--In other words you think you can get away with being a lamb, and that's all you got to do.
- P.O.--Well that's a little strike against your soul allen if you think the dream force won't win. Already on the page you got Kruschev winning and me losing. I mean he's right about Russia but can't I be right about just a little atombomb? Well so far we've talked about the atombomb and about dreams and about Germany. and mothers and so much life left on earth that now we got to think about the expanding universe. Everybody taking big trips everywhere else free. carrying briefcases of free food. That takes care of the Starving Problem. I guess the problem is just getting to know everybody on earth. And after you get to know everybody on earth you want to know everybody on the next earth-- People like to take walks--so we all got a lot to do. Have big sexual accordions serenade everyone's heartbeat, so there's no tears of woe from out of the cock. Nothing but a big family of happy come. That's the earth called Street, and what lovely beds we're all going to visit.
- A.G.--Ah, I ain't seen none in a long time.
- P.O.--Whaddya mean didn't I screw you up the ass like a little 13 year old girl recently? and you were on a bed. NO thirteen is too young. Well some girls mature early
- A.G.--Yeah but I haven't even come with you to you in a month.
- P.O.--Well I tried jerking you off the other day.
- A.G.--After I begged you--and you rushed out to get the mail before I even came.
- P.O.--That's not true--no mail--I rushed out to get the pictures before the store closed- I did a lot of things--and it takes so long to jerk you off-and you wanted to relax and have a good time and that takes a longtime--and I was begging you to hurry up-- so what really happened then--
- A.G.--I wound up jerking off before you came back.
- P.O.--What you think about when you came?
- A.G.--You fucking me-and how exquisite the pain desolation of lying in bed solitary hopeless ended in Onan-wilderness, here ten years later in Tanger, after all the tender lovings we've given to each other.

P.O.--Well thank God I didn't charge you anything--that is, I wasn't--I wasn't a whore boy.

A.G.--Yeh, well, I guess it's all lost now, I'm getting older and creepy middleage looking--I guess you get disgusted when you realize what male bald potbellied being you wound up with for Wife. But that's inevitable, I guess it's time we started out toward Female, or me, started,--and see how that feels again-- I still have that nightmare emptiness from Someday when I'm dying and I've left no Me behind, or Child--whole sisters & full sons to futurity, perpetuate this Being--Awful if we didn't even have a chance to settle down and get married & issue new Ginsbergs & Orlovskys before-Wham the Bomb falls & ends that whole ecstatic story--That's the last moment fantasy I was telling Gregory about-- I had it in Peru when I was high on Ayahuasca--it was so real it made me vow to get married & die Papa--not even thinking of Bomb.

P.O.--Boy what a dumpy paragraph.

A.G.--But that's what I mean--specific example, of widening area of consciousness--the druge-trance oped my soul and made me aware of the whole void side of my life & tenderized me to all the girls I'd ever had romance with & denied-- so I'm talking about something real now that general men and women can dig--that was just my scene--everybody got their own, none shameful unless mine be called so--go More Soul of this kind is the Answer to the World Problem because there is no other answer except Soul.

P.O.--Un-hum. Now, you want me to say something?

A.G.--Yup.

P.O.--I didn't want to do it, You made me queer, it had to be you Big Cocky you, but you pulled me so and then I knew I tried hare to fight it

I'm looking over a four leaf clover the one you adore all the time, I'm looking over your big sexy soul

A.G.--That's right you did, you always did keep telling me at the beginning you just wanted to be friends and you were afraid I was just acting nice so I could get in your ass-- and now look at us--.

P.O.--But now I'm a bonafide queer on the witness stand.

A.G.--Did I make that come true?

P.O.--Make it? You hypnotized it true.

A.G.--And now the dehypnotization is begun, I'm getting old and you're realizing you're no longer in my Power.

P.O.--That's why I wrote Howl for you, so as to get you off being queer--give you something to do besides queer. I'm making a cigarette for us. But then you started writing poetry going after your mother and left me in the dust. No wonder Kerouac don't love you any more you made him go chase his mother too. And try to get me after my mother--but I was smart and took my brother. My three brothers. Besides You don't love me any more I brood too much. At least that's the big General Tag you think I do all the time, nothing but a hoody brooder. Permanent depressed brooder. Bill keep away from him, he broods. "I know what you mean man" and I think to myself, Bill says to Allen when they talk about me. And I visualize Bill immediately launches on to the vast underworld dream sperit of the russion people (that Orlovsky's russian--him--)
--a brood rase, man, thats what-- ya can always tell--you see his

long hair that he tries to keep back all the time--you can always tell--its a sure sign--they, them russian people I mean Orlovskys just like them--they dont want to go aneywhear--but in their room's & think their create'en something with their fair floweing over there head like it was the HOLEY MOP that going to clean the world of sins. After a while Bill fineally says to Allen whos silent & hopeing Bill will understand him--"yeah man, its best for you to be away from him now--I mean now--pop, bam---Bill knowcks his chair over as he swings his shoulders to get up & when so doing knowcks his two knee-apes together that make the sound of "come here Allen"--

A.G.--Oh, realey Bill, dont wimper like that to me--I mean I'm feeling something right now--dont you realize I have to sooner or later find a girl & get married so I got a Jr!

B.B.--Take a tip from me kid & stear clear of e'm--they got poison-juces dripping all over with e'm--fishey smell too--down right phonoragraphic up a streached ass hole--thays whear they make ya look---wise up Allen & picture ya self right--for once in a while, --cant ya--?

A.G.--Gee, Bill--if ya onely let me do a collage, a cut-up-collage with ya I be so-- aneything Bill--come on Bill, just this one time at yr place-- let me bend over with ya and put in pictures of things ya got here to-- so we could work together--?

B.B.--Allen my boy, ya alright--now what I'm doing here is--Oh by the way have ya ever knowticed the ass of a babboon--well, I came to the amazing discovery the other day as I was bending--well you see,--quite frankley Allen you got you got babboon marks one on each ass-hole--I mean er- cheeks--ya butts--& I just got to have a picture of that. It will have jush amazeing effects when the blue hits it--tho I'll try the grey first--dont worrey Allen you'll have no baboon markes when I get thru with ya--so dont worrey--in fact I'll try to take yr ass away--pronto, just like that--you'll see man, I'm not fooling around--this is strickly straight-----& with one mighty dearing sweep that can can be made only once between 2 men in a room together & fingers becomeing rings-- does Bill tear up the cut-up for the last time--the picture of them both in a room & disapear they both into the invisible to stay--

A.G.--Well then Peter Orlovsky now can understand the relation between public questions and private affairs and how you can't separate the two areas of personal activity--as they are so much in the world today, that's what's causing all the trouble, this big schizophrenia between what a man knows he is, and the Front he puts up to the world before a microphone TV Camera or notebook. Is that why we came back to this scene here in Tanger? Because one thing, I don't see how we can solve our world problems if we can't make heaven in our own room land. Can you comment on this

P.O.--I know theres a lot of love to go around--& a lot of people are missing the ball--for me, I want to stop smokeing & breathe some starey-air in--?

A.G.--Well lets go in the room & make love again, is that the answer to the World Question?

P.O.--Yup. No because I can't give you a baby.

A.G.--I didn't want to stop coming with you just on account of that--

W

3 small prayers to the genii

1.

like trinities of pulque, cana
marijuana...come
only on contact with a
casual letter too cool to be
natural booze...

1 fall into high on image. the
recollection of those
smoothe thighs of you have
scented arrest about them
whereunto, 1

slink.

O, genii of my soul-
scat-tunes, do bring me
only mental cool, i want
hot life all else, always.

2.

leave everything fly.
have wings about it. these
splintering sounds are
subtle, to say the
least...

i dream of a keep in
private arms whose one
retort at life is
mine.

...or turn me on and
pass me by,
intelligently.

3.

for whosoever pledge me
the solitary course into
pajamas or the
sense of them
pledge me
sleep in, as well as my
comfort...but

tender me anyway,
genii of...what? O,
loneliness,

forsake me
not. i have a habit of
unusual proportion and would
vanish into it
otherwise.

RAY BREMSER

frontal phrenal fit

cranial day tomorrow.
i sit thinking of
many shapes of head and
feel enchanted by the split
skull somebody seriously gave me.

i have no job. cannot
work at too many things
except labor in
general. would like, instead, some
understanding of a fat-head's
head.

this would be put to a
good use. what
more should it be? i will
give it my total attention and
figure it all out
in the end.

perhaps write a paper a-
bout it.
or think of other
possibilities. i often im-
agine the possible and
the impossible things.

...& know an honest man in
foonyoon New York, gives an
honest reading ac-
cording to the bumpers and the
knobs there.

he can tell it it's
a head at all. and
has a hobby for a wife with
neolithic carvings over her
top...

(he also balls her once in a-
while, when the tumour is
silent and gathering.)

actually, tho, ouch. my
head hurts so. see where they
did it to, if on the
palm, would be the mount of
venus? consider the shape
i am in, too.

AL FOWLER

are you going to the
perpetual unveiling
this week, mr. fowler;
or will you sit at home again &
watch yourself happen?

"is there really anything outside
at all, & if so
, is it worth messin' with?"

my body is host to a carnival
of actors & the carnate word
shines through my brow so
i am blinding in my own sight. i am become
a hundred forms of light & wave-
energy & charged
particles focussed on a point
more intricate than microscopes
can make the whole world.

in on myself, imitating myself
in a mirror, i have realized my possibilities, &
schemed a means of exceeding them;

you don't exist at all!

you noxious phantom!
amphetamine horror!.. . .!

i murder you after you've

been ultimately kind enough to make
me strong & arrogant

in the midst
of my afflictions
i hymned thee, ate eclairs
to thee. i opened my veins
to thee, & was constipated
every day. the civilized affliction! the
subjugation of time! the annihilation
of space! the adjudication
of matter.

i fell asleep. trillions of
cells forgot i exist. i caught them
plotting against me when i woke up
& it took me hours to
get in the cockpit again

moving downward is the same
as moving
upward.

only the sequence
is reversed, & it's easy to mistake one's
dying
for one's being born. i have no experience
with these primitive centralized
species, these trillions
of interdependent
entities. i have evolved to amoeba;

AL FOWLER
p -3-

to euglena, standing at the apex of the
hourglass of known forms, & await
a permutation to my own universe
where i shall have preceded god.

SOUP POEM

How far thru the soup can any man
swim,
before he has to
mount a pea
& rest?
& if he swims all the way,
then what?
how long can you tread soup,
(trying to hover in the
brothy atmosphere),
hallucinating fish erect
(ourselves) or birds;
the fish of the air
we're slugs to?
but dropping, sinking,
down past chunks of our
own meat & sour air
you'd have me reach
the same old bowl?

i'll grip
the pea with teeth & tongue
till Everything
spoons me out!

AL FOWLER
p -4-

PHONE CALL *
19 may 62
midnight

though the mocking wire
slew the greenness of your voice
The vibrant plastic
struck my ear crying
and if only this clay machine
owned me
Next the actual mouth of you
I'd have fled in your breath
frail as dandelion.

*EDITOR'S NOTE: on the surface this poem looks innocent enough: however, lurking behind is an amphetamine plot. Reverend Fowler's young teenage gropefriend had just been menaced & threatened in the afternoon by the notorious entrepreneur amphetamine-head Van Krugel who approached her with violent sex-lust evil dope grope freak-Eyes & she was overcome with terror. Fowler, having given her a midnight reassurance love call, wrote this poem.

MY LAST SHOT OF STUFF

my last shot of stuff-
stiff cottons purposely left wet for this
final bang weeks later-
i heard it in my blood & my corpuscles
cherish the warmth &
almost groaning ease with which i
^{am}
this moment's like an island of sanity in time
awhile stolen to perch upon, perusing
self, past, obligations, tenderness,
i love you, ann;
this much the soothing fingers
in my brain write- tho my attitude
now probably frightens you & should me-
will when i'm down-
but now... oh my ineffably
golden & secure love....
to feel this rush of clarity into
my morass of weeks & dull pain is to feel
& welcome fate.

(cont)

AL FOWLER

p -5-

we can only teach machines what we
already know.

1 love you as only a doomed,
defeated man can love... with pity, with fierce
tenacity.

1 felt it was safe here- to risk this
unveiling- 1 need stuff too badly-

1 beg you to help me substitute your

metabolic self-

"my hunger, Ann, Ann; flee on your donkey"

ma femme, flee.

1 cannot abdicate my words.

1 am choking with them.

who cares that now or someday

someone chuckles

over them; pronounces them a

poultice, a knockwurst of the

mind?

my head is sandpapered inside &

blown thru with dust of Victorian

rooms shut up these eighty years.

1 no longer recognize my

own memories, there's

the snag, or my visions either.

SZABO!

the szabo poems

17

sunday
contrast the blue sky
with clouds
over the street/down the street corner the sign
delancy

street of orgone crowds i lose myself
(like an amoeba

or paramecium

anyway

its huge it moves i push it to
tell him

(crowd detours

i want flowers

its difficult

to maintain sanity

who does not look in the mirror
without hallucinating

smoke

all over after lightning

bolts

hurled themselves into pushcarts

clearing

empty street

for three

flowers

no apocaiyptic horseman with boots

long hair & a beard

in black or

spanish

puerto rican love

no more only

brilliance

of mad yellow

flowers

the szabo poems !

2/

yr belly is bigger
than my belly
is six month smaller
(than yr individual conscience
against
the atom bomb
there is no other way to
from life

the szabo poems !

3/

furthermore
1 dont give a shit
sumi brushes
arent back & forth a stroke is downward
energy
with no concept of
not thinkin picture/completion but
here & now
i paint
IM PAINTING
black on white
black sun over white sky
& water (which is clear
-ly not concerned with
actual
contact/the sun
losing itself
in gray fog is
crimson
spilled
a sunset

the szabo poems 1

4/

dark blue
day begins
itself with dirty
rectangles of glass

last night/when kathy was here
 couldnt find my whip

normal fucking
resulted

do y consider pinching

nipples &
biting
lips tongue ears neck
 normal/i do

garbage cans clang trucks
are coming

the szabo poems !

5/

or doped
&BY GOD I DIDNT KNOW WHAT WIENERS MEANT
until now
this poem before
what is now &to come
its my choice

i

the poet/the center creating
the universe

i want

is a number

twenty-six

with amphetamine to

break open my veins

to feel &to

rush

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a line from black mountain

(tho robt duncan isnt

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of motion is
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DIANE DI PRIMA

An Anniversary Poem, for Alan

We walked across the park in the gleaming light.
there were those streetlights that have wirenet around them.
and crisscross shadows on the path.
the paths were concentric circles.
i looked at st. bridget's steeples, like saying hello to frank.
i said i'm glad the spirit of romance is in print in england.
it was the first cold night. i noticed the red coat wasn't warm enough.
especially shinbones cold.
you talked about camping.
i wondered what it would be like to be a boy and go cruising in
the park and get done in the shadow of the johns, or in the
playground by the monkey bars maybe with all those people watching.
i decided i wouldn't like it.
i put my hand on your sleeve but it was the wrong kind. i wanted
a rough wool sleeve. you were wearing one of those green army
jacket things.
we passed the chinless lions on st. mark's place.
you talked about playing the general at the muggs gallery. it was
dark, i tried to think about it, but theatres are floating away
from me.
words i hear all the time, seductive words. what was it about st. mark?
i can't think about horses.
i like my life.
i guess you think it could be better or something.
i like your life too, i don't care about skiing.
i hope you go skiing though. do you need cigarettes?
somebody's crutch was lying in our hallway.
i went upstairs and waited for you to come home.

DIANE DI PRIMA

TAKE 3/16/61

there is a
loaf of datenut bread on the table,
wrapped in waxed paper, a rubber band
around it. a fat man
comes in & out of the back room in his shorts.
the silence is noticiable. i mean, to one
who has lived for four yrs in apartments
facing on a courtyard where they shout
day & night, the silence is noticeable.

the children i am watching are asleep,
the doorbell will ring any minute,
i skim along, typing a libretto
by kenneth koch; avoiding detailed observation
of my emotional state (sic),

the i ching says
that the superior man knows the changes
of season. clothes are hanging
in this kitchen, they are enormous, well,

i won't wash the bedspread tomorrow
or over the weekend, at least
that will be something

DIANE DI PRIMA

TAKE: 3/15/61

maybe i am crazy, since probable nobody else
is up, at 3 a m, eating chicken gizzards
and reading raymond chandler

after having gone thru all the mail that's hung around
for the past ten years, cutting off stamps
for anna's kid's collection. i found out, anyway,
that joan o'malley for ten years never used stamps
w/ pictures, but only those purple threes
(it was threes then). which goes to show you.

i have carefully avoided mention of any harpies
that might still be on the firescape. i meticulously throw out old
dried out rubber bands. if i can manage it
i'll pull out the bed & put on a fitted sheet
not that you'll notice, one way or the other

LeRoi Jones

Houdini

Poured, white powder
on the back of a book
took out my plastic funnel
and honked the powder
up.

Then sit down, to write
before consciousness
drained away. Feeling
the change, the bag-like quality
of ease.

This will be
the last sense I make
for hours.

LeRoi Jones

Letter to Elijah Muhammed

When your talking is murdered, and only very old women
will think to give you flowers. When history is the homework
that presses you, silently, at your dying, in your blood
some briefer hatred digs long shank claws, what will it be like
to be more than that? What will it be to adore the nature
of your killer's affliction?

In whatever epoch of new understanding.
New faiths new religious zeals. The lone savor is knowing exactly
how far to trust what is real. I am tired already
of being so hopelessly right.

LeRoi Jones

Political Poem

Luxury, then, is a way of
being ignorant, comfortably
An approach to the open market
of least information. Where theories
can thrive, under heavy tarpaulins
without being cracked by ideas.

(I have not seen the earth for years
and think now possibly "dirt" is
negative, positive, but clearly
social. I cannot plant a seed, cannot
recognize the root with clearer dent
than indifference. Though I eat
and shit as a natural man. (Getting up
from the desk to secure a turkey sandwich
and answer the phone: the poem undone
undone by my station, by my station,
and the bad words of Newark.) Raised up
to the breech, we seek to fill for this
crumbling century. The darkness of love,
in whose sweating memory all error is forced.

Undone by the logic of any specific death. (Old gentlemen
who still follow fires, tho are quieter
and less punctual. It is a polite truth
we are left with. Who are you? What are you
saying? Something to be dealt with, as easily.
The noxious game of reason, saying, "No, No,
you cannot feel", like my dead lecturer
lamenting thru gipsies his fast suicide.

LeRoi Jones

DoubleFeel

The dead are useless except the basketball players
and the ones who cheered they still make it
sliding across the waxed gym signaling about my legs.

The ones who trailed me in the hallways they'll pass
or some who leaned in the grass poking sticks in Italian lake.

The car riders, the murderers still remain useful
the girl who showed her buzzard cup. The bus swerved
so the driver could look and into the accidental snow
twenty minutes late the cops collected at the corners
to wave us on where the sky and the older politicians

had entered a millenium. The Sungs, growing wet fingertips
and a mushy way of speaking. They tell their tales in rhyme.

The impersonators carrying their wigs in shopping bags
through the cold to rub each other's jocks. Think of Stan Getz
blowing for real, and moaning about Christmas.

"Blue doesn't go with green," hear that years ago
guide them home through my thinking.

Lloyd does not remember his words.
His hair stood all over his head.
What was it he said.

"Blue does not go
with green."

Now he will not die. He wants to write letters
informing the government he is poor in spirit
and will not inherit the earth or the sky
where it rains mistakes in his sleep which is
also poor. Do a nasty dance, and stick your cock
under a car. Knock a policeman through the chinamen's.
Some screaming. Then walk away, the coat swinging
easy at your thighs. Watch anybody. They may love
you. Don't count your blessings. Pick them up.

JOEL OPPENHEIMER

FRAGMENTS OF A LETTER FROM NEW
YORK TO SAN FRANCISCO

my own silences are acute as
yrs, you mustn't worry abt such
things, tho god knows i
want to hear

in this city
the heat is brutal, and
the living also, but we are
concerned with my bed. it
is damp but sleepable.

for
the first time in my life
i am close to learning a
great lesson: don't speak
if you don't want to -- after
a lifetime of compulsive
talking i now stay silent
sometimes.

i am not yet
like babel the master of
the genre of silence
but i am silent sometimes.

i am unhappy (sad) you are
there, i want you here, now,
in my bed, and so i think to
send you warnings. . . .

watch out for the intense young men
they are thinking dirty thoughts

watch out for the poets
they are notorious

watch out for the ones that you mother
they are oedipal

watch out for the scenic beauty
exteriors will kill you

watch out for the cable cars
they will run askew and amok downhill

watch out for the muslims
they think they don't understand a pretty white girl

watch out for the japanese
they eat spoiled shark

JOEL OPPENHEIMER p 2
fragments of a letter from new york
to san francisco

watch out for the chinese
they always pay debts

watch out for big sur
it is going commercial

watch out for the beats
they don/t exist any more

watch out for the beatniks

watch out for the weather
in new york you have to have an apartment

watch out for the fleas
they bite

watch out for the movie-makers
they are everywhere, like poets in /55

watch out for the giants
they play in candlestick park

watch out for bearded jew poets
you know the best already

i wish i know what
magics to work you, what
magics to bring you
home safe, i wish
i didn/t realize that
magic is the only
efficacy, that only thru
spells do any hopes
work, or flashlights, or
invisible carbons.

i wish i know decently how
to be discursive with
you, how to lay out
that which i want, need, or
desire, what the necessities
of our life would be besides
one bed and two typewriters,
how i will explain my own
fetishisms, how i
walk through the days the
way i want to . . .

beware of old husbands
they have hooks in you

-cont-

beware of soft pets
they have hooks in you

beware of the copouts
they abound there

beware of me
i want to take and find out if there is life for us

beware of books
they will lull you

beware of busses
they take far too long going anywhere

beware of my offers
they will lure you
and i am no siren

Lesson I for Charles Olson

Runs

on any dirt diamond blind
man, intent on next bases,
not the ball.

Fifth element: luck; said Johnny McGraw
without coaching has no man an idea
of position, no knowledge of ball's placing
Without coaching the base runner is caught off his base
the runner is kept from the plate without coaching

Runs do not go up on the scoreboard
runners make no advance under flies
the rallies are squashed inning and inning
from the first, even till the ninth
The Pirates are not without coaching
Neither the Yankees, both first.

summer 1954

Editor's note: the scene is a Black Mountain College
baseball game. Charles Olson is coaching at third.
Oppenheimer is speeding toward third eyeing for
instruction from Coach Olson. Meanwhile, the O gets
involved with Dan Rice in an argument about Etruscan
sculpture---- Oppenheimer put out 15 feet from plate.

JOEL OPPENHEIMER

FOR OUR COUSINS

you simple shits i don't much
care what you do with your own
lustreless lives throwing rocks
at children, yelling because
a fucking niggah may move in
next to you, but what are
you doing to my life, suppose
i decided to kick some ass your
way because you are fucking up my
life, how would you like that,
that wouldn't be so good would
it if a white brigade started
zeroing in 5.9 mortars on your
fucking houses you are scared
will turn black, on your tight
cunted daughters you are afraid
will get laid, as if any man with
a hard-on wanted one of those
bourgeois bitches who thinks
her cunt is a bank with
deposits only and no withdrawals.
what are you scared of? that
this people who by elementary

proof you brought here, lived
off and fucked the women of,
and on top of it is demonstrable
physically more separated from
the ape than you, might possible
slip in your bed tonight and
god knows what. its time you
faced it, your daughter if she
has any sense will love the
man with the most workable
cock, and might even kiss it.

W H E R E A R E M Y G L A S S E S

wild
creatures, blinded
by passion, tearing
down the pillars, the
whole damned collonade,
for a good deal of
the night, and
next morning
also

JOEL OPPENHEIMER

B A L S O / S B L U E S

wrap me in your greasy arms, morph,
slide me to sleep

in love/s simplicity
it lies, in love/s
simplicity we come to a
stark determination:
just what it/s worth,
losing sleep and hardons
working our asses off in
a vain pursuit, trying
to pursue a trade! love
is a trade, why else settle
for clean shirts or an
evening/s good meal. but
if you won/t understand this,
peace on your soul -- which
i wanted to hold close to me,
and whose children i wanted to build
slowly or passionately in
the night or day

and did you imagine that man whose
most unofficial act is the
raising of his manhood would
ever consent to less a definition?
or, that, able to make paradise
from bread and wine and you
would find a trade denying it all?

the blues are what song sung.

CHANT FOR HALF THE WORLD

(for LBJ)

The women as richnesses of liquid chocolate
between their legs beneath their navels
The women like their own shrieks
glass curse of their angular legs
'in the way the women move' in agony in
graceless floundering on the smooth
dance floor of their lonely manipulations

The women in their floured eyes
their skin mansions such gifts slipped
over inner eyes till fur finally grows
into the fake charity of the yoni

First girlchild becomes servile
Second loses its birthright escutcheon
Third girl has no face fourth is shadow
first girlchild leads schools
second becomes maker of delicate symbols
third creates old specific buttons
fourth is the voiceless farmer's wife

Women with their liberal blackened teeth
moving on round beds above oracles
under stone men as idols of themselves
High priestesses of unnamable objects
called miscarriages or beetroots
Teeth gapped to equal each child lost
Each lost child never bridged

The women breast to breast across empty
across lava-strewn bitter plains
facing lidless eyes of the majestic surgeons
who demand they empty their wombs
of the quintuplet dolls shaped like 'husband'
Women offering full teats to
men with infant faces who drink with mouths
the violet of sleep or of healed circumcision

The women their flowing words of casuistry
tennisballs stuffed into mouths
pingpong balls into eye sockets
volleyball up anus marbles in earcurves
nostrils filled with buckshot
Words falling like terrible stars from the yoni

-more-

What does she say how gesture like silk
how shed skin in the burn of his piercing
how bend how move between rooms like shoji
Sound of brrrrrütsss brrrrrütssss smooth
as skin under birch branches of the sauna
'to make the skin glow'
or Lord Sir King Masoch robed advancing
toward la marquesa Mademoiselle de Sade
exchanging vows and blows

The women near men in thick dance forgetting
honey in joints in hollow of bones
of cunt eyes furred away from how it was
with limbs not wooden but la belle sauvage
The forgetting forgotten
across inflamed glass dancefloors
Laughter a bite of betel feethmarks
hair into oiled peaks as foretold
away from false minuets away
from degradation of boot lingam
shined and polished beyond identification

Man reach for me i am firm open i am
waiting in the dark place which has
all secrets i have
have lust deep as you can reach
But take off that skin that hair shirt
choose between forks of tongue
or is it a forked prick you speak to me with

The women as kosmotics
wombs tipped crazily toward the source light
careening toward the meteorite of fuck
Words of the recent typical insane poet
gone into seed and fat lyrics
behaving like a giant bearded night seed
which refutes its genes assaying day
Saying moon is man sun is a woman
Ah better to be content as bucolic barley
than to outguess the sex of planets

Tragedies of women their toothlessness
having had the wombs wormed like sick kits
having little to do but notice how hills
recall flesh as it might have been
Having been bound from infancy to boards
whichat other times held their own roast flesh
ready for the obsidian knives

The accurate synaptic tracteries prohibited
turned instead into lightning of film
overexposed and comically brilliant
Position of the woman in relation to a tree

If you do it against a tree and it is with love
it is as valid as between silk coverlets
he once told his classroom of Vassarites
and was fired for illuminating fifty gates
Or Agnes de Mille leaping in a dark church
given over now to bowings and deep genuflections
antithesis of the good fuck or dance
All the women gone into black for a pope
trained to despise half of humanity

The women walking with eyes turned inward
their fine navels cabbages of joy
along streets paved with vegetables
The women moving seeded and buttered
offering packaged suicides to young men
harnesses cut from the Fallopian tubes
tied with the deaths of their fathers

The rich women of animalskins
waists slanted in memory of wellsprings
stained with sun with come with breastmilk
The women coppered and grafted into love
reaching smiling toward the lingam
The women with blood with liquid chocolate
shrilling letting loose hand and hair
The women walking as memory of men

JOHN KEYS

Star : Saskatchewan Two.

position of Sun Kamloops district
coming down the mountain, the great
two-headed vehicle lets us off
Kamloops district

Moon in

East latitudes, going

N.E. to Kamloops pick up on
the same star (Venus)

over East River

Precisely in line with
my right eye, it is
the same instance of sight.
When, I do, turn

on in, left, the black-ass
hell of
Dantes black-ass Rockie Mountain hell level of,
North, the old Italian faggot at Two A in the
morning
M for Mother Rockie's Mountain, when I point
my right arm, between
15, 20 degrees, Ursa Minor, up from
Kamloops district coming
in the great two-headed
vehicle I watched the star
take (star mystical

pulsing, one of them, THE OTHERS (that fucking Yeats spaced out)

the big ones

looks like Cyclops Eye, mad, she, hurling

SKY at my head

reaching out to get

around him, take the

eye into my head, see

the eye with eyes on

the inside of my head

not EASY on 2-headed vehicle

vehicle I watched the

star take me to URSA,

to ur-SAAAA through the white

milkiness of the path

Kamloops district BONE-LIGHT

BONE-LIGHT holding BONE-STAR

KAMLOOPS DISTRICT MOVING

WEST NO MOON AT ALL

the pull of moon pulling

East Over the Curve of

Music of Chilliwack back

there Back Over The Sun

the position

down through the earth

on that wierd bent line

from URSA to SUN

from where I am no-sun Kamloops

JOHN KEYS, MF
star : saskatchewan two, cont.

Sun makes Waikiki

so: they have not had the fun
you dont have dreaming
GAUGUIN they have yet to
have that beach thing TODAY
Youve won the race to URSA
going East to Star-Dream
the rock Laurentian spine hook-up
moves to you under Rockies
spine, you (me) going East
Laurentian Rock

laurentian hot rock
one billion years old. been
moving hard ass west.
been springing. making it.
sneaky rocks. laurentian
hot rocks leaning on
the pivot, trying to fool
young head! Thats The Laurentian Rock.

going oueste-oriente behind me
the long way through Kamloops
district center of world cream-
ference
Rockies Rock. what bows down
under Ursa, has tail in air
at urSA

SA north, holds

JOHN KEYS.
star : saskatchewan two . cont.

THE MILK

MILK FLOWING

look away South East, Diesel
throwing great clouds of
Diesel to the MILK, Vapor
Trails, THE MILK knows

KNOWS how we move
seconds of latitude, every
turn of the wheel in the
DIESELNESS Kamloops
in the Valley of The Big Ur-SA

Standing in the dark valley
staring high into the face of God
the Darkness, reckoning back
21 August Swift Current
no sacrificing, the people
childish & insulting, goes in
his eyes, the Big Ursa
goes in his eyes from star
to star to star 6 times
before coming back very high

Time ? Time? asked the great
abstract of the Cup....going thru
down through the eyes from the
arrows

JOHN KEYS

star: saskatchewan two. cont.

that go out to the Supply
of the Universe in the Great Cones

O all all all the whole night
of air was a blackboard
of the Great Milk great
buggering of eyes, your
seven eyes transferring
my two eyes

transferring, watching elements transfer
time
Watching Elements Transfer Time

the great Cup lifts the
Flame that is MILK

my mouth lifts the
flame that is the speaking
of Action

the Head of
my Eyes

is the flame of your levelness
with my incomplete face in the
body of the mountain
the Bear draws closer
KAMLOOPS DISTRICT

GOBBLED BY

THREE BEARS !

NANCY ELLISON

3 POEMS

i lie long mornings
and sample the bird roosting in my tangle
called hair
 left there by hands
to confuse my awaking
i am reminded of your pillow and the smell
it caught from you

weed that hides rock
white deceiving chalk
could crumble under dead pine
i would risk those cliffs down to sea
white first
my eyes have greeted you
my tongue and lips felt your chalk white
no kiss that touch
i have come from algier
my son
the heat is here still
with us
where boats stop
my son dead in white cunt sand
could scream white dust
i can smell your scream marseille

"she must run sleeping down roads of skin"
 neruda

i feel my body covered with dust
you celler my odor of wetness
dragging down wooden steps
my dirty windows
i hear my tomorrow
coming back
to look on
while i stand
to go underground
myself
a hidden floor to lie on

NELSON BARR

wingdlass, stingsalt skald's brow hornhelmed
nordsee missed betwinkled
o'ersee craft to pictland pun pum
pummeled Alhollow seekings norsick
sons strayt from darke murkwar of
gnomethane trollson dwarfthrall

olaf ayes to rome fiercedrove
lavran neilson's thanes rapescan
scot's craiga windfreidim
where red maned isueits bright plaided
thighs enwrapped sheathed blond swords
in starke bairn loinsurge thousand
all year cliffcoupling

'till alass a lad colloden lost send
them on vineiland westword
plungequest -- farthers, hale &
fare they will !

A Bouquet of Fuckyou's

offering #10

The New York Scene -

Having cast up to the present a slightly jaundiced eye on the more general examples of rectal flim abounding in "our culture", we have been resultingly delinquent in bestowing accolades on the local crop of purple-assed baboons----

Fuck you to Creepy Rockefeller and the solons of the New York state legislature for those nazi-style "no-knock" & "stop-a-frisk" laws -- current studies in unconstitutionality / dung stains on the common law / Creep-freak Rockefeller for president!

Up with fascism!

Fuck you to P.A.T. -- thinly veneered racists--middle class niggers / your recent demonstrations filled fair-minded americans with nausea & disgust! Turn your daughters loose in the FUCK MACHINE! you backward creeps!

Fuck You to Police Commissioner Murphy & his SS style "clean up the city" romp -- OK murpho! leave alone the groovers & wailers in NYC! leave all the delicate Times Square petzel-eaters alone you creep herd in the Universe! Clean up thy own scene, freako, everyman will clean up his own!

Fuck You to Robert Moses--boulder of brass cocks of sodom -- stone murder of souls / graniteheart/rock/crunch-mangle jawgut/. Visual Nightmares, Puke Towers, & Totalitarian Garbage spew out of your brain, you hateful creep!

EDITOR'S NOTE: It must be shrieked that Mr. Barr left out Kuh of the prosecutors office, Barlowe of the dept of licenses, and many many other fascists. Grope for Peace!"Death is no worse than a hamburger stand!!"

JK
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in the lower east side, New York City, U.S.A.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS:

ALLEN GINSBERG/ the Freak-eagle has returned from his journeys around the universe shitting light. Located now in N.Y. where he is leading the poets' Guerilla Lovefare campaign against censorship, fascism, fuckhaters, the jansenist Goonsquads, & the Creeping Kreplach. Crash yr brain in his poetry! Howl! Kaddish! The Dope Poems! Abhya Mudra flame spurts!

HARRY FAINLIGHT/ is the extremely brilliant english poet, moviemaker, & hustler. Recently thrown out of a teaching scene at Queens College after cruising the Johns disguised as a votive Gobbler for the Magna Mater Deum Idea.

FRANK O'HARA/ the famous art historian, poet, paidopygoerastes (paidopygoerastes) & track star. Gobble up his books: SECOND AVENUE (totem/corinth) & MEDITATIONS IN AN EMERGENCY (GROVE)

City Lights will print his new book: LUNCH POEMS this year.

PETER ORLOVSKY/ the hirsute poet and Raga chanter. Someone should gobble together & publish his highly historical interviews, sex experiments, & poetry in book form.

RAY BREMSER/ tall evil poet. One of the great screaming voices writing NOW! Various efforts underway to publish his jazz sets, suites, and fugues.

AL FOWLER/ to fellow clerics of the Western Orthodox Church, this brilliant motherfucker is known as the "Right Reverend + Thomas Gregory Aulden Fowler, D.D., poet & practical nurse." Other than his old lady, the Reverend Fowler refuses to gobble or ball anything over 13 years of age.

SZABO/ the poet, pacifist, & amphetamine-head. A former Chicago spike heeled whip-freak, at last report he was still hustling his dysoxin money by stomping Sutton Place mazes.

DIANE DI PRIMA/ the Shekinah Glory! poetess & editor of The Floating Bear. A classified high priority code-fuck on the Editorial want-to-grope list. NEW HANDBOOK OF HEAVEN (Auerhahn) is her latest book of poetry.

LEROI JONES/ the playwright, editor, poet, professor, lecturer, politician, cube preparer. His plays have been exploding in peoples brains lately. In particular, make sure to see THE BAPTISM & DUTCHMAN.

JOEL OPPENHEIMER/ the famous tall hairy poet cocksman & playwright. THE EUTIFUL SON & THE LOVE BIT (tot/cor) are his gobbleable books in print.

CAROL BERGE/ one of the FOUR YOUNG LADY FURBURGERS of the Totem/Corinth pub. by the same name. She is the author of THE VANCOUVER REPORT (fuckpress) & has appeared in 100's of anth., Little mags, big mags, broadsides, tractata, ejaculata, etc.

NANCY ELLISON/ an unbelievably supreme lady poet Grope Geist whom the Editorial Board has long had on its various lists.

JOHN KEYS/ the poet, astronomer, & New York editor of the magazine SUM. He has received the Harry Fainlight Memorial Chair in Poetry & Motherfucking from which he will deliver a series of lectures this spring at the Le Metro.

NELSON BARR/ is the legendary lower east side scatologist, poet, grass freak, cube freak, theologian, motherfucker, quaker, & poon-scomp.