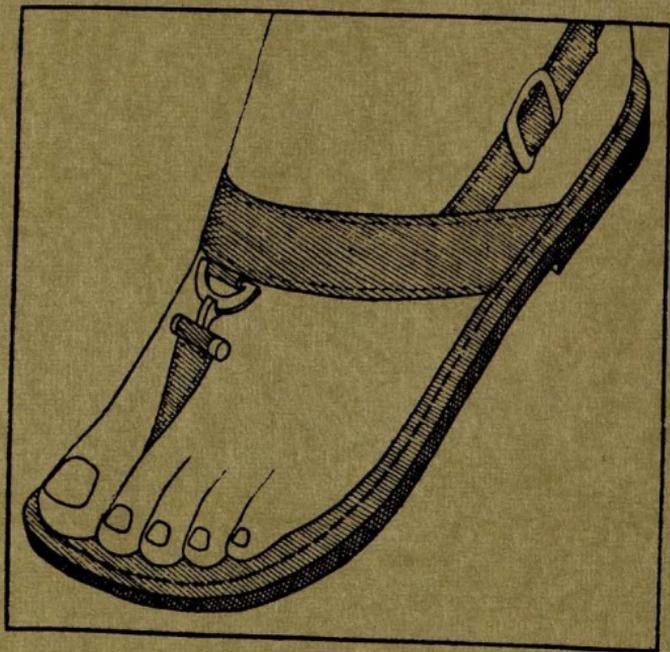


**QUOZ?**



**POETRY**

Dedicated to:

Mary Anne Dito

# QUOZ?

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editor: c.g. cicatelli

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# Contributors

Dr. Al Ackerman	2
Anna Banana	3
John M. Bennett	4
Jim Bohn	5
Marie Borroff	6
Jorge Caraballo	7
Monte Cazazza	8
Carlo Giovanni Cicatelli	9
Dale Lee Coover	10
Daniel Culla	11
Daddaland	12
Jude Enxuto	13
Frank Ferguson	14
Jelly Finger	15
Midnight Flowers	16
Ken Friedman	17
David Fujino	18
Paul Gervais	19
Jack Grady	20
Klaus Groh	21
Billy Haddock	22
Davi Del Hompson	23
Byron Hunt	24
Ray Johnson	25
Peter Koch	26
Jaroslav Kozlowski	27
Mary Jo Maffesoli	28
Pietro E. G. Mancusi	29
Tim Mancusi	30
Amerigo Marras	31
Eternal Marsh-mellow	32
Al Masarik	33
Donald Millikin	34
Opal L. Nations	35
Pat Nolan	36
Valery Oisteanu	37
V. D. Phillips	38
Walt Phillips	39
Genesis P. Orridge	40
Gregg Puchalski	41
Teddy Ramsden	42
Tip Top	43
Edgardo Antonio Vigo	44
Linda Vista	45
Whitson	46
Horacio Zabala	47
David Zack	48

*For Cees and Robinson*

The cheeks of wild young girls are beautiful  
Beyond all gravity of age. They flash  
Mother-of-pearl, pink, curvy, in the full  
They're made for eyes, nothing more; not the lash.  
An old man must not blink; time here is sold:  
Eyeballs glued against this wall of delights  
The old men race the clock at spy-holes  
Till forgetting all restraint groan at these sights,  
Running the fool's gauntlet and letting go  
Their gold into Auntie's hand; and give in. As for her  
If she should wish this troublesome young flesh so  
Close, to trade those fevers for the whip and spur  
Herself, taking what she can get in her own Balaam's  
How can one say money-mad only is what she am?

### BLASTER

*From "In This House of Balaam's"  
CANTOS III- Aunt Fannie*

coph  
copy is always even on the left on account of  
the margin setting. You only request justification in  
your typesetting if you want both sa sides even....  
just for next time

The second "Weegly Breeder" while Ken  
...don't think there's enough here to justify!!!!

The second "Weegly Breeder" while Ken O3  
Friedman was editor.

won't justify....insufficient copy for 2 3/4 " anyway  
try centering it:

The second "Weegly Breeder" while Ken  
editor.

**775-LBP. TIME IS  
SWARMING, CHANGELESS.  
BUILD A BOMB,  
CONSTRUCT AN EDIFICE  
AROUND IT, AND THEN  
EXPLODE THE BOMB.**

*John M. Bennett*

THE UNDERTAKER'S FUNERAL

THERE WAS A GOOD JAZZ COMBO

Several movies stars: \*\*\*\*

TEARS OF BOTH SADNESS AND HAPPINESS

Jokers

CHILDREN AND PETS

Jim Bohn

COMPUTER-PRODUCED POEM

THE RIVER  
WINKS  
AND I AM RAVISHED.

DANGEROUSLY, INTENSELY, THE MUSIC  
SINS AND BRIGHTENS  
AND I AM WOVEN.

Marie Borroff

ACCEPT = COMPLY

DESTROY = EMANCIPATE

Jorge Caraballo



*On top of old smokey  
All covered with blood  
I shot my poor teacher  
With a forty-five slug.*

*With a forty-five slug  
I blew out her brains  
They then had me committed  
For the criminally insane.*

*They said to plant flowers  
On the grave of that old maid  
They said to plant flowers  
Instead I threw a grenade.*

**Monte Cazazza**

DREAM OF JANUARY 28, 1972

THERE'S GONE NO PLACE TO HIDE  
AND UH, RAN OUT OF LETTERS SONTZU  
I DON'T KNOW,  
IT'S A FRIENDLY CHARACTER  
NOT UNLIKE THE NOON  
THAT'S OVER THE FIRST TIME  
YOU DIG  
IT'S THE END OF  
THE FIRST PART.

Carlo Giovanni Cicutelli

Rub. Mu.



**HIGH ABOVE THE  
GAGA RUBES the  
rubber chickens  
seize the SKIES  
RUBBORRHOID  
MUSCLES FLEX FROM  
PIES**

"WE actually live, today..."

**RUBBORRHEMIA VORTEKS**

ah! amiga  
del perro y del cabron  
! hoy he tirado mi condón por la ventana!

una picha  
sobre el coño  
! qué espléndido abanico!

en el monte de venus  
morada  
la poya en flor

por la misma inercia  
de la penetración  
los cojones vuelan

muévete oh tumba  
mi esperma  
es el viento de primavera

ay! hija de puta  
tu pro fundizas  
mi paja

pequeño cucú uterino  
-canta y cahta, chupa y chupa  
!hay mucho que joder!

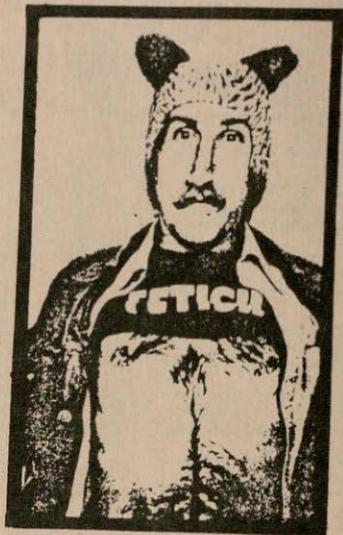
escupitajo de picha  
torna transparente  
el puente de seta

coño sangriento !  
quítale los labios!  
es una poya.

esta poyal  
ponla labios!  
es un coño

!la espuma de tu coño.  
no pensarás que la ha encontrado  
esta picha que rebienta...

daniel culla



**You must be Joel·Ken,  
Al Maserik.  
You must be Joel·Ken,  
Al Maserik.**

### The Flying English Muffins

If ever muffins should fly  
it would be pretty strange.  
Next thing you know the Swedish  
meatballs will take off.

Fuck you stew. Flake off Kelloggs.  
Hit the dust Pillsbury. Same to you  
Black Muslims. If only I could  
get out of here.\*\*\*\*\*

Jude

**FEAR  
THE**

DADAMENU

MARCELERY DU CHOMP  
LOBSTERS VAN DOESBURG  
TRISTAN TSALAD  
BRETON & EGGS

TOOTHPICABIA INCL.

**JELLY FINGER**

*...The Dead's audience is beautiful. At a typical  
sold-out show at Winterland, the mass of people  
all operate as one force, giving energy and support  
to the Dead which they return in musical form.*

*--Janice Lyn Butler*

and the boogie monster cries out 'boogie!'  
and the band starts playing  
and the boogie monster cries 'more boogie!'  
and the band keeps on playing,  
too scared to move

*Midnight Flowers*

The fog lies thick  
Across the Mendocino coast,  
Lies deep  
    on forest hills,  
And yet one swears  
    by those true stars  
which seen  
    with hidden sight  
                    alone  
    command allegiance.

KF II/9/75

FIST

head

PAIN

## APE MAN DEMI GOD ARSE

-Break on through, Yea!  
Hot breath of leaching dogs  
women w/in ceriable emptyness  
w/in ceriable passion??  
Echos of heinteria  
gains of hoodlums within City limits  
Zip gun delite  
flashing blades/ challenged to their  
early deaths/ hidden under their socks  
Broken glass/ warm beer / metal bar stools  
Dead at 23 within a dome capsule  
Yea! Thanks for the ride!!!

Paul Gervais

(1:30 OCCASIONAL CINEMA HAIKU )  
3:30 5:30 7:30 9:30 )  
a daily flashlight  
yawns & winks at the ceiling  
intermittently

Jack Grady

## UMWELT GEDICHT

**IST** ES DAS, WAS ES IST

ODER

IST **ES** DAS, WAS ES IST

ODER

IST ES **DAS**, WAS ES IST

ODER

IST ES DAS, **WAS** ES IST

ODER

IST ES DAS, WAS **ES** IST

ODER

IST ES DAS, WAS ES **IST**

ODER

.....

?

ooo

KLAUS GROH - D2901 FRIEDRICHSEHN •

the ice cracks the rock,  
opening while his cock  
branches into two tubes.  
massaged the surging boobs,  
muscles in the walls  
his sperm-bloated balls  
become longer and thin  
her saliva-wet chin.  
a brilliant, glowing sun  
my puckered bun.  
has the power to push.  
with her streaming bush.  
ride along in a train.  
humiliation, on top of her pain  
is what the red glass  
of the table, her ass  
lighter than cold air,  
diving into her pubic hair.

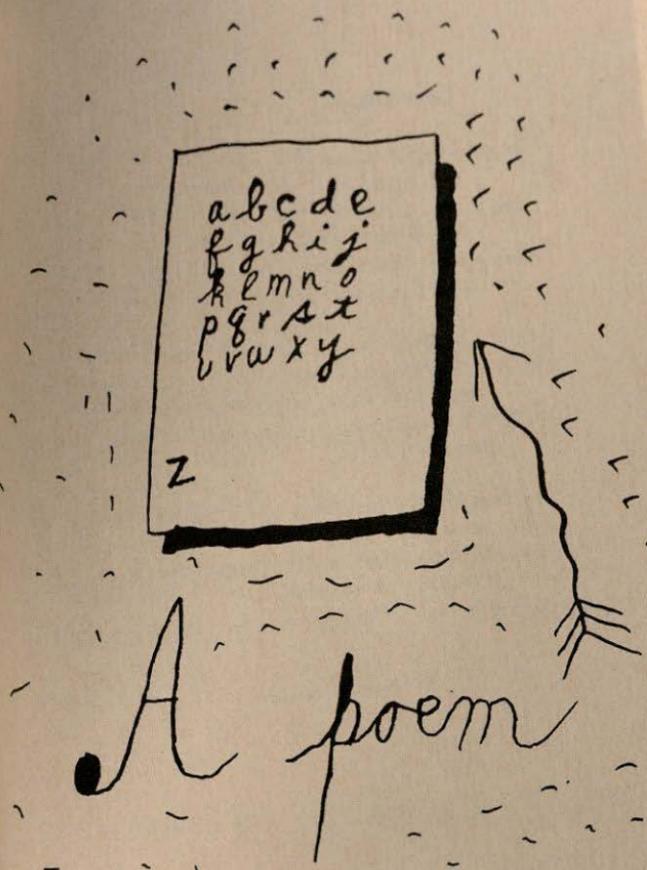
Haddock

# WEAR YOUR RUBBERS

Davi Det Hompson

ABEE IN THE ACT  
OF SYMBIOSIS  
MADE LOVE  
TO A FLOWER  
BY OSMOSIS

A poem



a	b	c	d	e
f	g	h	i	j
k	l	m	n	o
p	q	r	s	t
u	v	w	x	y
z				

/a short history of catholicism

**Mary Jo Maffesoli**

Scorning, scoffing, scolding  
lashed into selfmade ashes  
Asking, what Final Judgment  
do I pronounce?  
A quandry of contentions  
Angelic,  
or Satan's slime?  
Drenched in a baptism of depravity, bound  
And intended for the kiss of contempt  
In chains of demonic cleverness, wicked  
jangling challenge to spirits more sanctified  
worthy souls (mine scarlet)  
Ha! Our blacktrimmed reverends  
nurtured hallucinations regarding our earthliness  
Ominous (as if to prove-) appearing  
from some two-dimensional stronghold  
Tottering our perspective, originally possessed by us,  
nine-tenths surrendered.  
irrevocably bartered now,  
Beads for islands; there

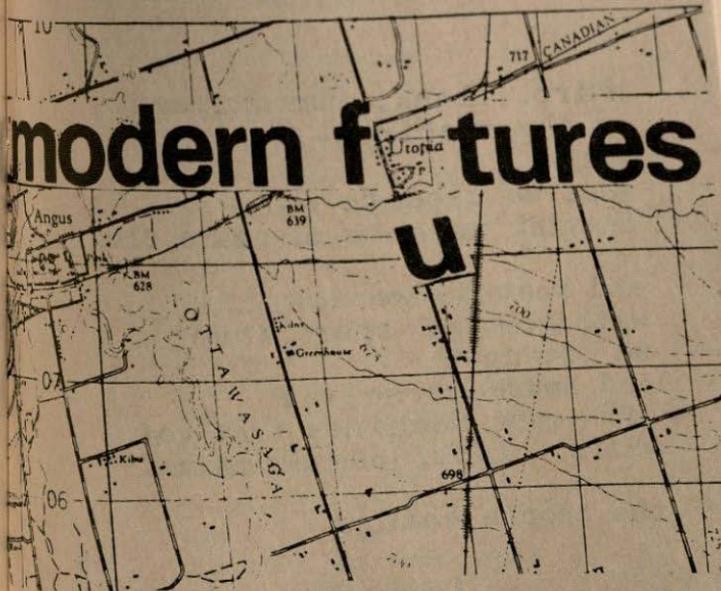
A BLOOD PUN

After he fucked the exposed  
insides of her dead body  
for the third time, he  
just laid there, exhausted  
with blood and little chunks  
of internal organs hanging  
from his cock. A while  
later he showered and dressed.  
He was ready to go to  
confession now. But he  
never told the priest exactly  
everything.

NO-JOKE by Pietro E. G. Mancusi

Hey!  
KPFPA  
What do you say  
you replay  
the communiqué  
from the SLA.

T.M. 1975



whirr, clank, hummmmmmmmmmm  
go the machines-  
doing  
what we used to do-  
leaving us gobs of spare time.

and what do we do  
with gobs of spare time?  
we sit down  
and amuse ourselves  
with more machines that go:  
whirr, clank, hummmmmmmmmmm.

the people eaters.

68

*Eternal Marsh-  
mellow*

3000 poets

there are 3000 poets here  
in the bay area &  
it's beginning to look like  
a bad Hollywood movie  
all these poets huddled together  
like junks in a Shanghai harbor  
rubbing up against each other  
& going nowhere  
except for the endless readings  
where gay poets read to gay poets  
& women poets read to women poets  
& black poets read to black poets  
3000 poets huddled together  
like junks in a Shanghai harbor  
hoping for Clark Gable maybe  
in a single engine Hollywood special  
buzzing the harbor  
then shooting up into the blue &  
skywriting their names  
for all to see.

Al Masarik

EAT PIECE

EAT PEACE

PEE PIECE

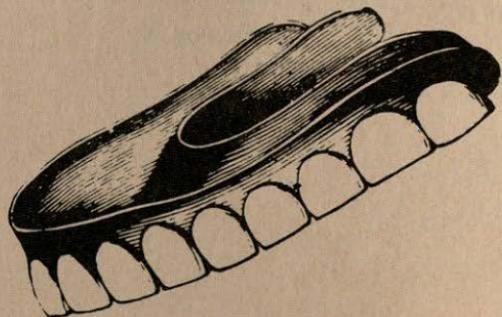
KISS TEATS

PISS TEATS

SUCK FEETS

BUCK SEATS

PEACE EATS



OCCUPATION POEM #32 :  
Snuff tumbler topper

Presses tin tops tightly  
by hand  
on glass tumblers filled  
with snuff  
as they come conveyed  
from packing machine  
uses fingertips to take  
tin topped tumblers  
to tray  
taking tumblers to  
tumbler tester.

\*

OPAL L. NATIONS

INSTEAD OF RAIN

I try to  
rationalize  
my disappointment  
being a poet  
it's only natural  
I should expect  
money to fall  
from the sky

*Pat Nolan*

SACRED VISION OF KALI-RUDRA

Today I will eat a temple of Shiva  
Using my tongue to grasp lingam  
Nails to chew the incense fuming blue  
Lips to swallow the sparkling fire

I will eat a frozen pagoda of Cruel Lover  
In a final spasm of five-fingered exercise  
As a mass-abortion performed on  
Ironing boards installed in elevators

Against fear, mastication begin  
Near Aztec walls where sharks and  
dolphins go to sleep  
A meditation on The End of The World.

VALERY OISTEANU

**WHEN A CHILD  
IS RUDE**



**HANG IT  
OUT OF A TREE**

V D Phillips

38



THE GLASS CERTAINTY

Blue dominions  
on blue gold  
or blue on blue sand

What a question  
has to be  
perhaps

Blue is never  
the answer  
however

Walt Phillips

39

poem for uncle bill

UB who UB  
supposedly an evil power  
yet

an old man  
sometimes it showed  
drinking whisky  
till it slurred

E am E  
we agree it was inevitable  
Uncle Bill

“in search of an alternative universe”

Passing a Rolls Royce  
E promised to buy one  
complete with chauffer

he promised night  
such a sickness  
never known

“this planet rotten”

some future some futility one future

how ridiculous  
a name becouns  
a dream becouns  
a card becouns  
a conversation

we agreed to eradicate a few phenomena and parted

USA  
USA  
USA  
USA  
USA  
USA

Woman

*Teddy Ramsden*

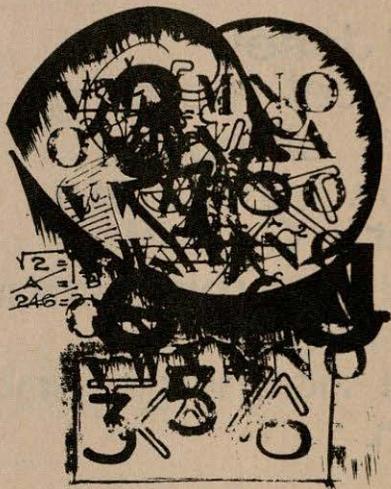
Almond eyes.  
Pools of soft black/amber  
Against the smooth moon  
Whiteness of your face.  
The bored face.  
The slump.  
The full.  
The quarter.  
The half-moon phases.  
Your body shifts  
Into.  
You sit there  
Turning turning  
Turning inside yourself.  
Your body a wheel,  
Round with disappointment.  
Disconnected,  
Like missing spokes.  
Your eyes,  
two holes of hope.

## "A QUIP FROM THE TIP"

Jesu! José!  
Crystal morning.  
Baby's sleeping,  
Ships a'mooring.  
Christi! Crash!  
And booming thunder!  
All's afloat,  
And nothing's under.  
Amen.

Mr. Tip

**TIPTOP NEW ADDRESS**  
**P. O. Box 568**  
**Tucson, Ariz. 85702**



POEMA MATEMATICO DE CONFUSA LECTURA \*  
MATHEMATICAL POEM VERY DIFFICULT TO  
READ \* 1975 edgardo-antonio vigo

Love is an ointment,  
a disappointment,  
a crime,  
a rhyme,  
a waste of time.

Linda Vista

# quoz ?

"Daddy

rode into Butte, Montana  
just as the new pink sun set  
(it was the 23rd of April  
in 1875)

He rode an old night blind gray mule  
named Baa

He'd rode from Billings  
in a record 15 days  
& wasn't waiting me to be expecting

I crawled out into the muddy  
horseshitty slime  
& gurgled

## DADA"

--from The Confessions of  
Albert Simmons, Western Dakota  
Press, Twe Dot, 1911

### WHITSON

- 1) THE ART IS A JAIL
- 2) THE CULTURE IS A JAIL
- 1) THE ART IS A JAIL
- 2) THE CULTURE IS A JAIL
- 1) THE ART IS A JAIL
- 2) THE CULTURE IS A JAIL
- 1) THE ART IS A JAIL

ZABANA/75-

pretty simple song

it's a long road  
to the roots of the tree  
start in the branches  
    you can see  
now to sing "land of the free  
    oh say can you see those  
        stars/ and stripes forever"

DGA

CAW 1974

Sixty years ago an exhibition of so-called dadaistic 'experiences' would have seemed simply impossible and its organizers would have ended up in the madhouse, while today they even preside over art associations. This plague could not appear at that time, because neither would public opinion have tolerated it nor the state calmly looked on. For it is the business of the state, in other words, of its leaders, to prevent a people from being driven into the arms of spiritual madness. And this is where such a development would some day inevitably end. For on the day when this type of art really corresponded to the general view of things, one of the gravest transformations of humanity would have occurred: The regressive development of the human mind would have begun and the end would be scarcely conceivable.

*...Adolf Hitler, Meinkampf*

*(Special thanks to W.R.Draper)*