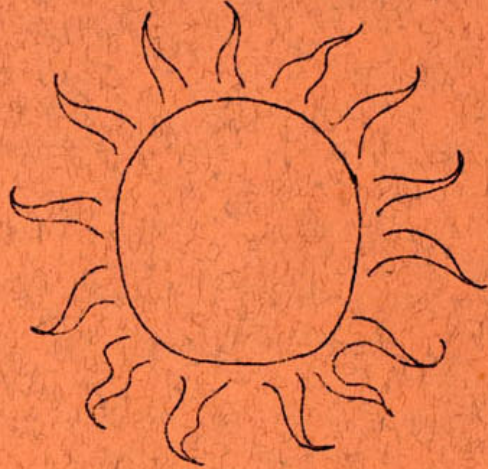


FUCK YOU/
A MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS

SHIP OF
DEATH



CEMETERY HILL



NUMBER 2

FUCK YOU/A MAGAZINE OF THE
ARTS, NUMBER 2, APRIL 62
ED SANDERS: PUBLISHER, PRINTER, EDITOR



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NELSON BARR/ POEM:

ASH WEDNESDAY REVISITED &
ANOTHER BOUGUET OF FUCKYOUS



DEDICATED TO
PACIFISM, UNILATERAL DISARMAMENT, NATIONAL DEFENSE
THRU NONVIOLENT RESISTENCE, MULTILATERAL INDISCRIMIN-
ATE APERTURAL CONJUGATION, ANARCHISM, WORLD FEDERALISM
CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE, PROJECT MERCURY, PEACE EYE,
THE MARGARET SANGER INSTITUTE, OBSTRUCTERS &
SUBMARINE BOARDERS, AND ALL THOSE GROPED BY
J. EDGAR HOOVER IN THE SILENT HALLS OF CONGRESS.

ERIC WEINBERGER

Brownsville Jail-- Mar. 12, 1962

The empty steel bunk
above me
has many holes
drilled in it
Through which the
ceiling is sky
Scratched pornography
for stars
Sweet
incredibly innocent
star bodies
The position of the hands
the give away
of love

EDITORS NOTE: ERIC WEINBERGER WROTE THIS POEM AFTER HAVING FASTED FOR 14 DAYS IN A TENNESSEE JAIL. HE WAS JAILED ON A PHONY CHARGE AND NONCOOPERATED DURING INCARCERATION. HE IS THE HEAD STOMPER IN A PROJECT TO HELP THE EVICTED NEGRO FARMERS (EVICTED BECAUSE THEY REGISTERED TO VOTE) IN HAYWOOD COUNTY TENNESSEE GET BACK ON THEIR FINANCIAL FEET AGAIN.

MARGARET X

RONNIE: an unapproved litany

R U are
Gone
Godward
Apotheosized
Ronnie, Most Wicked
Ronnie, Most Groovy
Ronnie, Most beatific
Ronnie, all-cool
Ron-mezz
Son of my mother
Joy-stick of my soul

U are R
R, the Ronnie
are the ever-burning roach
U R the Ron
Nada
As u were Then, are Now, and ever shall be,
R U are U

EDITORS NOTE: MARGARET X HAS WANTED TO BALL
HER BROTHER FOR A NUMBER OF YEARS. IN FACT,
SHE HAS MAINTAINED HER VIRGINITY (THUS FAR)
AGAINST AN ALMOST INSURMOUNTABLE ONSLAUGHT
OF PACIFISTS, HIPSTERS, COM-SYMPs, ETC.,
IN ORDER TO PRESENT TO HER BROTHER HER
HYMNAL DELIGHT. MARGARET'S LAST NAME IS
WITHHELD AS THERE IS GOOD EVIDENCE THAT
HER FATHER MIGHT BECOME JEALOUS'

ED SANDERS

CEMETERY HILL

"the universe is a scarab
on an endless necklace of energy"

THE SCENE: March 10, 1957---cemetery hill-- at the foot of
which we lived--- 11 pm death of mother-- mother appears in
my room, calls name, touches, then floats out to Death Barge---
late night vision of the Death Barge floating thru sky &
entering the dawn sun-disc.

And the hands with white veins There dropped on me from above and boiling boiling boiling the breath of fire came boiling and the white eyes floated out upon the darkness in my room & the voice called out from There my name; 11:pm March:10 1957:silence; and floating up over the hill beyond the Cemetery was Apparition with veins full of white blood & white eyes beaming Berserkness, Nameless, a Phantom, never to enter again the house she curst, & to have grown thin in the curse house down from the Cemetery Hill where I knew Death would enter early after my Grandmother had misinformed	me about Death: "You shall neva die." & my mother hipping me later bout death & I ran out onto the Terrace and faced the Cemetery up on the Hill where the winter sun-rise glistened off the metal name-plates There, Death-rays focused into young eyes; yes I ran out on to Terrace in a death-vulsion, for Grandmother had said that Dis would make me live forever, & I cried there, stomped into the Death-chain which I had fled, age 5, fled fled; & always the sun-shafts glittering off of tombstones on the hill above my home meant Death; Death was a hill with	tombstones for teeth, a Grandmother, a mother without hope, and in the mornings a rain-crow exuding Death in the trees; And day now puking itself up over the Horizon reflects on Cemetery Hill, beams upon the ground where my mother lies in a beige suit in a dark brown coffin, Bars laden with earrings, & a necklace on the neck; and on the night she died I saw the Barge of Death float out into the Black & the death-ship full of cakes & vases entered the Plexus, freaked itself in the sun's-eye; & I heard her voice at 11:pm silence:march 10:1957 and she floated up over the Hill beyond the Cemetery (cont.)
---	---	---

& entered the
Sun-barge
& when
dawn
was balling
the Hill
she was
sucked into
the Sun.

I have
seen seen seen!
her floating
in the Barge
& she was
as a sunflower
invaded by floodlights,
& her eyes
were white
& her veins
were full
of white blood
and her
mind opened out
& the brain-valves
were turned open
and she entered
the Brilliance
& her mind
was staggered
in the flood
of phenomena;
and I have heard
o I have heard
my mother
on the barge
of death,
seduced into the rainbow,
led into the current,
an Eye flinging freak-beans
on itself,
a telephone book smeared
with blood;
and I have heard my mother
as her shade stomped out
of the steaming flesh,
and her voice claws
out of the night there,
whose hands were
so beautiful,
whose hands
hooked out at the
oxygen tent
as she lay dying,
puked into the death rattle,
bones arattle,
katakakic stompout
of the Blossum!

Frenzy of the
Time-Murder!
Death-Meat cooling off!
Sunflower out of the Flesh!
All out All out!
And then she
went out upon
The Trembling Flank
and went forth upon
The Great Necklace of Energy
& rode out
in the
Death-barge
and entered where
the Scarab
dangled from the Neck-strands,
and the brain
talked freely,
& she then stood
in a perpetual
tremble
on the Black Back
of the Scarab
and she was caught up
in the whirr of wings
There,
& she became full
in the great
Plasm of Being,
& her Eye-heart-brain
went berserk in the
desire & fulfillment.
Eyebrow
in the time-blossum,
Ear swiveled in
to th' Trembling Flank,
drool dr
ripping
in the Cascade,
Brow into
Crotch-gulf,
& her mind
entered
the Vastness
& the Cosmos
quaked
& her Eye
entered upon
itself
in deliverance,
& forever into
tremble and nothing,
always into
tremble and nothing,
Last Breath
into
tremble and nothing,

Spiritus Aeterna
into
tremble and nothing
Crotch entering
into the
Word-machine,
Eyelash
dragged over
the time-stream,
ejaculata
in cosmo,
The Dark
enters
& reenters
the flesh
& the
Vagina
comes into being
around the
endless Phallus,
& the heart
appears
beyond the Eye
& forever
verberates
in the time-plex,
and she enters
in continuing
desire with the
Angelloi,
tense & bristling
on the terrace
of stars;
& word-lines
were crushed
in the Vibrata
& were
to the ear as
resin in a
foot fetish,
and Hello
out there!
cry of the
Shade,
& she was caught
up in the
utter roar,
Plexus now,
no more
in the Vortex
but BECAME
the Vortex,
became the Lamb &
the blood
flowing
out of Lamb.

NOV 5, 1961

SOFT-MAN VII

Give/ Stomp Brain Valves/ End the dread Hustle forever/
That you ride out alone among the Brain Pinks,
That you set sail in crotch-lake tween the Crotch-flaps,
Each Flap gnashes out at the Brain Pinks flashing in th' Barque
Death,
& the Brain Pinks in Death Barque freak out beams
& widely parts the crotch-flaps in the spray of freak beams
& the Death Prow cleaves the crotch-fluid toward th' Petal Swirl,
And downward the torrent all pinks downward,
That your Brain Pink spin thru the Rapids
between the Hate Flaps and downward
Torn and tortured to the River swollen of Brain Blobs,
The River flowing to Peace Eye.....

Soft-man has no curricula
has no agenda,
Soft-man is sucked in to the Blob Cult forever
as if a cunt plastique
were sucking in an endless meat hunk,
Soft-man is skewered onto a vast electrical rotisserie
& wallows in the gushy flashbacks of Ma,
the womb, mother crouched over the grave,
legs draped over the death pit.
Life is the hot drop
tween dark cunt
& the grave.
Soft-man is just plainly STOMPED,
SQUISHED
in the "enormous organized cowardice",
soft flesh under the mother-waves,
damp skin rolled under the womb-tides,
mouth slurped over an
electrical nipple.

The Board Votes:

Push panel button RECURRENT BLOB SHOCKS.
Soft-man Shit in Terror.

SOFT-MAN VIII

PART I/ (The Gobble Gang Poems)

1
young consuela
was the chief turkey
in a Gobble Gang
in the arcade
at times square
before
she became converted
to
nonviolence

& after
she read Gandhi
she organized
a 42nd street ashram
of bull dykes.

2.
the ashram was full of finks
& consuela
threatened
a nonviolent
burn
on all bulls
caught
doing
Banana.

EDITORIAL

EDITORIAL

EDITORIAL

SEVERAL STAFF MEMBERS OF THE CATHOLIC WORKER WERE STOMPED OFF THE WORKER SET AS A RESULT OF PUBLISHING IN FUCK YOU/ A MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS OR AS A RESULT OF CONTINUED ASSOCIATION WITH ITS EDITOR. DOROTHY DAY, THE HEAD STOMPER AT THE CATHOLIC WORKER, HAS SUCCOMBED TO THE JANSENIST DIALECTIC AND FLICKED 4 PEOPLE OFF THE SET THERE. THIS OUTBURST OF CALVINISTIC DIRECTIVES SEEMS TO US NOT IN THE SPIRIT OF ANARCHY, NONVIOLENCE, & THE VIEW OF CHRIST IN EVERY MAN. HOWEVER, WE UNDERSTAND THE NEED OF THE GRAND OLD LADY OF CATHOLIC PACIFISM FOR A CLOSED METAPHYSICAL SYSTEM WHERE THERE ARE NO DISTURBANCES SUCH AS FUCK YOU/ A MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS, ETC. THEREFORE, IN FUTURE ISSUES OF THIS MAGAZINE WE SHALL REFRAIN FROM ANY MENTION OF THE CATHOLIC WORKER TO SAVE MISS DAY FROM ANY MORE METAPHYSICAL DISTRESS. IF ANY OF THE MAD GROPPERS LEFT AT THE WORKER WANT TO PUBLISH IN FUCK YOU/ A MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS ALL MANUSCRIPTS SHOULD BEAR THE NOTATION: "APPROVED BY D.D."

YOURS IN CHRIST, THE SEXUAL LAMB,

ED SANDERS

EDITORIAL

EDITORIAL

EDITORIAL

WELL WELL WELL! THE EDITOR & THE ENTIRE EDITORIAL BOARD OF FUCK YOU/ A MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS WERE STOMPED INTO HART ISLAND WORKHOUSE FOR 15 DAYS AS A RESULT OF THE NONVIOLENT SIT-DOWN IN FRONT OF THE NEW YORK OPERATIONS OFFICE OF THE ATOMIC ENERGY COMMISSION AFTER KING JOHN ANNOUNCED ATMOSPHERIC TESTING. THE JUDGE WAS A PRICK AND AFTER THE PACIFISTS REFUSED TO ASS-KISS, WAVE THE FLAG, OR PROMISE NEVER TO COMMIT CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE AGAIN HE WENT BERSERK AND FLICKED THEM IN FOR U.S. IN JAIL THE OFFICIALS GAVE THEM THE ROYALTY SCENE BECAUSE EVER SINCE ALLEN HOFFMAN GOT ALL THESE GUARDS FIRED AT Rikers Island WHILE HE WAS IN ON A CIVIL DEFENSE PROTEST CHARGE, THE NEW YORK DEPT OF CORRECTION HAS BEEN PARANOID ABOUT PACIFISTS. THIS TIME THE FUZZ OUTDID THEMSELVES HOWEVER, PROVIDING EVERYTHING EXCEPT BOOZE AND SNATCH. A LOVELY LOVELY 15 DAYS.

the very well known
textile manufacturer
in the arcade
at times square

what you dont know
you old fascist
is that
50¢ of this
goes for

Peace.

6.
"and he called me
his Puerto Rican rose
& i pulled
him down
to grope
my breasts all perfume
& yes i said
yes yes i will
yes "

recited
consuela
to the
investment banker
in the
pre-gobble
banter

&
afterwards
the
joyjuice entered
her larynx
& her
voice went up
an octave

& she
went around
croaking like a
falsetto faggot.

7.
sloocamp!
jesus!
a ginny lob-cock!*
hung off
the old banker
& the
monster cock
made consuela's
mouth
taut
& round
as a peace-button.

NOTE:* 42nd street slang for
a hypertexted
shot-put-headed prick.

8.
GOBELE GOBBLE!

was the shrill cry
heard in the
nonviolent
Turkey Parlor
in the arcade

& during the raid
consuela
was caught

hustling
with one eye

& reading Gandhi's Autobiography
with the other

"Balls!

Motherfuck those goddamn fuzz!"

as
she went limp
& fell to the floor
to give her mouth

a rest.

PART II/ (GOBBLE ALERT, PRAYER-WHEEL & VISION)

GOBBLE GOBBLE!

Resist hate-lines!

GOBBLE! STOMP! GOBBLE!

Fuke up the bloat

of a

fantastic 1000 year Hustle!

Get the enemy--GOBBLE GOBBLE!--

on yr freak-beam.

--GOBBLE!

PEACE-MAKES VOTE A MEMORANDUM:

"Spray back love upon
the hate-blisters and line-hatred
as when a tomcat unloads
in a wet-dream...."

MASS ALERT! GOBBLE!

INSECT FUZZ UPON US!

GOBBLE GOBBLE! THE

BOARD HAS VOTED: "RECURRENT
BLOB SHOCKS!" GOBBLE GOBBLE!--

HATE-VECTORS INTENSIFIED

BY YR HATE. BLOB-CULT

SHIMMERS & TWISTS WITH BLOB

SHOCKS. THE BOARD HAS RAIDED US!

LOVE IS FREAK-BEAM CONTENT.

GOBBLE GOBBLE! RIP WIDE THE

BRAIN VALVES. SPRAY OUT

FREAK-BEAMS AS THE

TOM CAT YELLOW SPRAY.

TURN MIND-NOZZLES TO

LOVE-SPRAY! GOBBLE!

GOBBLE! SPEW OUT LOVE SPRAY!

SIT OUT BLOB SHOCKS IN

LOVE-TREMORS! GOBBLE GOBBLE!

UNLOAD! GIVE! CONTROL TEAM RAIDS!

STOMP BRAIN VALVES!

MASS ALERT: GOBBLE GOBBLE!

THE BOARD HAS VOTED:

"SLICE UP ALL NONVIOLENT BRAINS!"

GOBBLE GOBBLE! PLEASURE-GIVERS

OF THE WORLD, AID SOFT MAN!

ARTISTS, BULL DYKES, CONSUELA!

GOBBLE GOBBLE IS CALL TO

RESISTENCE!

PEACE-MAKES HOLD COUNTERVOTE:

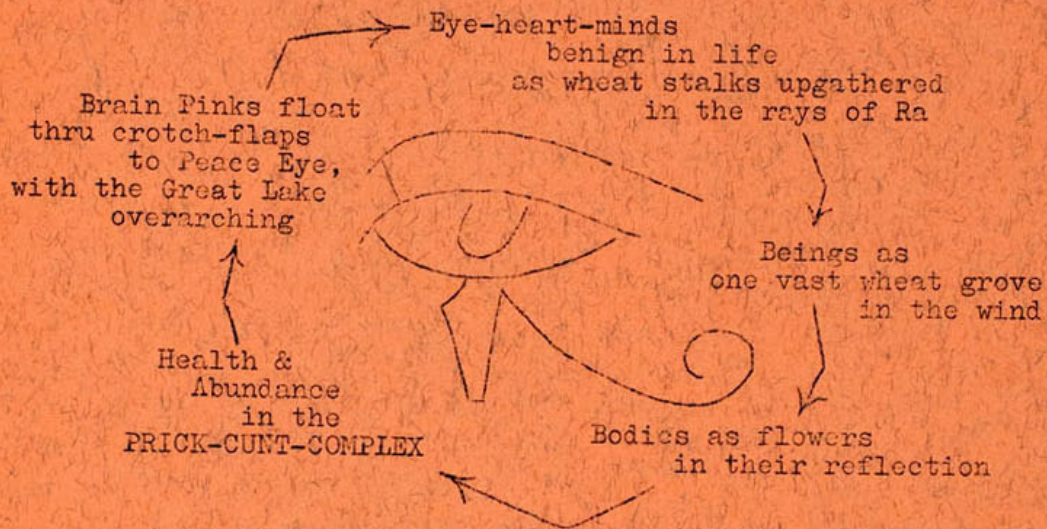
"PROBE HATE-CLUMPS

THRU AND THRU WITH

FREAK BEAMS.

GROPE FOR PEACE."

This the prayer-wheel and vision:



(Hart Island Workhouse
March 23-29, 1962)

SOFT-MAN IX

Blob-shocks
& control-lines
increased by your hatred/
That a machinery cult
could ever be womblike
is fantastic/
These poems no
blueprint to resistance/
Blob Cult & the
"enormous organized
cowardice" of
soft-men and
hate vectors,
DELEND A EST/
Clues offered:
guerilla love-fare,
or total non-coöp,
hypertense
freak beam probing,
Give, stomp brain-valves,
end the dread Hustle forever/

Accept then
these fantasies
o freaked & frigged ones.
Build then
G O P CITY
in America
where there are
United States.
This is the prayer:

O
CROTCH LAKE
DEATH BARQUE
PE/CE EYE
BRAIN PINKS:
EYE-HEAET-MINDS
PRICK-CUNT-COMPLEX
FREAK BEAMS:
LOVE:
NONVIOLENCE
KOSMOS
DESIRE & FULFILLMENT:
THE TI  DES

(continued)

○
All things above ↗
most holy
in the universe
come alive
in my Eye-Heart-Mind
as flowers in-swathed
in the sun-lūx,

○
Be as a vision
There
in my Eye-Heart-Mind
as grain spikes
aroused
from the river mud
in the sun-lūx,

as a fetish of lob-cocks
pronged up
in the sun-lūx.

For we must be exposed
& stand bare-ass
in the Kosmos.

(Hart Island Workhouse
March 25, 1962)

ROBERT BROOKINS GORE

fishy

I X O Y Σ my ass
you motherfuckers just
dont know.
brotherhood, love for allmankind
is a bunch of shit
if you cant BE
so fuck you.

what?

black is the color of my
true loves hair my ass
because black is just the color.
blanch it out or give it hell
its still black
and so what.
blanched or black its still
love or shit for fuck it all
unless you refuse to live.

JIM FOREST

notes written in the night (for my yes and no catholic
worker friends)

away falling forever
inky curtain of non-existent thread
from invisible webs stars glistening
and of frosted sweat long bedsheet clouds
(sweet sweat
of early morning struggles)

these hang over tree tops
sleeping women
sleeping men
empty beer bottles
distant roads

the night a woman
beautiful & black

like sea gulls
her hair
across my faces glides silently
the laughs absorbed

within me laced
the damp arms
caress impassioned flesh
warm wanting in-ness

with breasts
and lips
and tongue
and thighs
and curled hair
she presses soft within my
mouth

deep night

and i am filled with salty tears brown sugared milk
away
falling forever

NELSON BARR

ASH WEDNESDAY REVISITED

"because I do not hope to turn [on] again.."
thomas stearns eliot

qui timent Dominum...

the night's fearful fog
enshrouding

wafts back the Omega Ω
day-rejected/

τίς ὑμᾶς ἐβάσκανεν τῇ ἀληθείᾳ μὴ πείθεσθαι *

the touch of dark-peaked breasts

le mort des jeunes de Camus

the quiet despair of imprisoned man/

yet and still the ancient cry

qui timent Dominum..

vivent/

ED. NOTE: * "WHO HAS BEWITCHED YOU
TO DISOBEY THE TRUTH?"
I think Mr. Barr is
giving us a quote from
somewhere in the fucking
new testament.

A Bouquet of Fuck yous
Offering # 2

NELSON BARR

the tremendous outburst of rage
greeting our first humble bouquet has
been most gratifying / never in our
deepest paranoid state did we expect such
a groovy vector-cluster of hatred / we can
only hope that the following spreads the
ass-singe a bit further /

Fuck you to the N.Y. Police Dept. -
brutal sadists groping for pacifist
genitalia.

Fuck you to Nelson Rockefeller - millionaire
cutie getting his kicks (& bread)
selling death boxes to the frightened
bourgeoisie

Fuck you to the N.Y. Daily News --
simplified sex for morous - yellow
press forever seeing Red - perverts wrapped
in the grand old flag

Fuck you to Moise Tshombe - killer of
St. Patrice - black motherfucker selling
his own to Brussels capital /

More flowers to follow in next issue
(courts willing)

Notes from the editor re FUCK YOU/

A MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS

Fuck You/ is a mad response to an idea freak'd out at a party in 1959. Its birth came about after being knocked up by Jonas Mekas' movie, GUNS OF THE TREES.*** ---there will be five numbers of Fuck You/ A Magazine of the arts--- there threatens to be a Fuck You/ Press started after issue #5 of this magazine, manuscripts invited---issues 3, 4, 5, will be yum-filled of exposes, sex, greed, lust, & crime; a famous dialogue between two well-known faggot pacifists, Penny Young's much-whispered-about Crotch Poem, an account of Ed Sanders' sexual experiences with a sheep, Joffre Stewart's Beat Convention Manifesto, & pseudonymed pornography from cowardly correspondants, et cetera----- Phil Altbach! We heard from Chicago that you shudder at the thought of being mentioned in Fuck You/ A Magazine of the Arts. Behold, Phil Altbach! Fuck You/ salutes you!



NONVIOLENCE

IS THE

WAY!

GROPE FOR PEACE.

Notes from the Editor re Fuck You/
A MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS.

--- Fuck You/ is a mad response to an idea freaked out at a party in 1959. Its birth came about after being knocked up by Jonas Mekas' movie GUNS OF THE TREES. -- there will be five numbers of Fuck You/ after which there threatens to be a Fuck You/ Press started and Fuck Three/ A Quaker Journal. ---- Issues 3, 4, 5, will be yum-filled of exposes, sex, greed, lust & crime; a famous dialogue between two well-known faggot pacifists, Penny Young's much-murmured-about crotch-poem, an account of Ed Sanders' sexual experiences with a sheep, Joffre Stewart's Beat Convention Manifesto, & pseudonymned pornography from cowardly correspondants. --- Phil Altbach! We heard from Chicago that you shudder at the thought of being mentioned in FUCK YOU/ A MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS. Behold, Phil Altbach, FUCK YOU/ salutes you! --- a late note: as we go to press, word has reached us that Margaret X (see poem this issue) has gone down in defeat before a mighty lob-cock. ----



NONVIOLENCE IS THE WAY!

GROPE FOR PEACE

FUCK YOU/ A MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS
EDITED, PUBLISHED & PRINTED BY ED SANDERS
AT A SECRET LOCATION IN THE LOWER EAST SIDE,
NEW YORK CITY, U.S.A.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS:

MARGARET X---

A BRIGHT YOUNG LADY PACIFIST SCHIZOPHRENIC.
CHIEF NORTH AMERICAN CONNECTION FOR
FLIPAMINE-PROPENE, AN AMAZONIAN SPIRITUAL
DRUG SCRAPED OFF THE SCROTAL SACS OF SEVERAL
HIGH ANDEAN GOAT-HERDS.

ERIC WEINBERGER---

ONE OF THE HOLY POETS FROM BLACK MOUNTAIN
COLLEGE. A PACIFIST AND NONVIOLENT DIRECT
ACTIONIST, FOR SEVERAL MONTHS ERIC HAS
BEEN TRYING TO DICK SOME SENSE INTO THE
SOUTH.

ED SANDERS---

AN AGITATOR & MUCKRACKER OF THE WORST KIND.
A FOUL MIND KNOWN FOR ITS MEDIEVAL POLITICS,
OBSCENITY, & LOVE FLUX.

BOB GORE---

JUST MINUTES AGO HANDED THE EDITOR TWO
POEMS FOR PUBLICATION. BOB IS A HISTORY
MAKING PACIFIST AND NONVIOLENT ACTIONIST.

JIM FOREST---

EXEDITOR OF DOROTHY DAY'S SOCIAL CONSCIOUS
BOPPING CLUB PUBLICATION. GUNNED OFF THE
STAGE AT THE CATHOLIC WORKER BY D. DAY
DURING THE MUCH-MURMERED-ABOUT C.W.
SHAKEUP IN THE POST-FUCK YOU # 1 PERFERVIDNESS.

NELSON BARR---

SIX MONTHS OUT OF A DOMINICAN MONASTERY
MASTURBATION SCENE. WAS WITH THE CATHOLIC
WORKER BEFORE THE FAMOUS DOROTHY DAY STOMP.
SOON TO WALK FOR PEACE IN THE SOUTH.

EDITORS NOTE: SEND ME YR GODDAMN MANUSCRIPTS.

CUT ME IN ON YR FREAK-BEAMS.

I'LL PRINT ANYTHING.