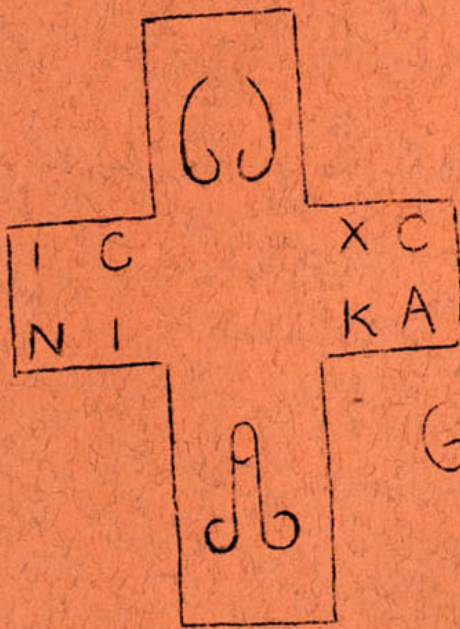


FUCK YOU/

A MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS



GOD
THRU
ORGASM!

NUMBER 3

FUCK YOU / a magazine of the
ARTS. ED SANDERS, PUBLISHER
& PRINTER, EDITOR



RA IS HIP TO IT ALL!

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MEN & WOMEN

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☮ JOHN HARRIMAN/ POEM

☮ TULI KUPFERBERG/ THREE POEMS




DEDICATED TO
PACIFISM, NONVIOLENT DEPTH RESISTENCE TO INTERNAL &
EXTERNAL AGGRESSION, THE NEW NONVIOLENT HOLOCAUST,
PEACE EYE, TOTAL ASSUALT ON THE CULTURE, LOVE/FREEDOM/
ABUNDANCE, THE COAST TO COAST ROTISSERIE, CIVIL
DISOBEDIENCE, OBSTRUCTERS, SUBMARINE BOARDERS, MAD
BANDS OF STOMPERS FOR PEACE, & ALL THOSE GROPED BY
J. EDGAR HOOVER IN THE SILENT HALLS OF CONGRESS.

MULTILATERAL INDISCRIMINATE APERTURAL CONJUGATION!

Notes from the EDITOR :

ABOUT THE COVER: the original of this amazing drawing/ideogram is to be found on the west wall of the editor's apartment. It was drawn there during Mr Sanders' famous 1961-62 new years eve party by the very clerical hand of the Most Reverend & Right Honorable Michael Augustine Itkin, D.D., Ph.D., D.Scot., etc., Catholicos-Patriarch of the Western Orthodox Free Apostolic Communion (Glastonbury/English Gnostic Transylvanian Rite) of the Old Catholic Church, Archbishop-Primate of New York and Philadelphia-- Presiding Bishop and Primus inter Pares Old Catholic Episcopal Synod. (for those of you who dont know the Reverend Itkin, He Really exists.)//

threatened for some future issue: a crotch-poem from Art Harvey/--- It's coming! Bigger than life! The "famous dialogue between two well known faggot pacifists" which has created more metaphysical hysteria among the gay pacifists than a war. Watch for this gay exchange in issue 4 or 5./--- There will be only two (2) more issues of Fuck You/a magazine of the arts, your friendly magazine yum-full of sex, lust, pecker-tracks and art/---- A flying fuck with a rolling do-nut to Art Harvey for his inaccurate faggoty article in the recent Peacemaker about the Nashville-Washington Walk for Peace. Harvey is a blatant nignog and it is the wish of the editor and the entire Editorial Board of Fuck You/a magazine of the arts that Arty the Fairy refrain from fouling up any future action for peace projects and confine his activities to luring a certain young lady pacifist to his New Hampshire pad./--- In some future issue perhaps we shall reveal the names of the up-to-now nebulous Editorial Board of Fuck You/a magazine of the arts, that scandalous crew of non-violent terrorists. The big question you should ask yourself is: are YOU on the editorial board of this magazine?/---- There has been a lot of bitching from the Peace Hierarchy about the use of the nuclear disarmament symbol  in Fuck you/. You know, the How

DARE you scene. If that pissed them off, they should have seen what the symbol would have looked like if (as originally planned) we had dangled a couple of gonads off the bottom of the circle./---

 GROPE FOR PEACE!

PENNY X

CROTCH-POEM



EDITORS NOTE: PENNY ANN X HAS SCORED A BREAK-THRU IN IDEOGRAPHIC POETRY. THIS CROTCH-PLEX IS AN EXACT REPLICA OF A VAGINAL SMEAR CREATED BY HER ON A POROUS CLOTH (NOW IN EDITORS POSSESSION) DURING THE EARLY MORNING HOURS OF MARCH 16, 1962. PHYSICALLY, IT REPRESENTS A PREORGASM DISCHARGE OF THE PURIST TYPE. PHILOSOPHICALLY, IT IS A DEPICTION OF THE LOFTIEST FORM OF POST-PLATONIC LOVE ETHIC, WITH THE LATEST FOAM DIAPHRAGM & SEX TECHNIQUE TO BOOT.

AL FOWLER

POEMS, WARGASMS, HYMNS TO YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN.

RIVER POEM

senile river,
floor littered
with aeons of pointless garbage
slender frameworks of beast
granite leftovers from
a mountain eaten during the mesozoic,
in lusty banquet of your middle age.
let it be said you are less than the
least silence
of any entranced youngster,
who gulps a nascent universe
with each unlikely breath.

EDITOR'S NOTE--WE DETECT SOME GOBBLE METAPHORS
IN THIS POEM.

POEM

i am evangelist of sense
luring the young from classrooms
with a hint of total vision outside reality.
revolutionary songs shouted thru amazed cellblocks
intimations of divinity
in pacifist hashish rituals
god in teaspoons!
essence of christ in
stark hallucinations
that leave the actual forever suspect
anyway irrelevant.
radiations of disembodied love
actually visible
& forever tenant
in the blurred self.

TWAT

HEY, uptown girl
green eyelids & brown puff of conquered hair
absurd pubescent knees peeking under
skirt.
scared highschool eyes boring
thru pigment.

sophistication etched on your mouth
bulbs of future breast
tense plumpness of snatch silky
you murder your intense
moment of colossal youth
bewildered newness
cowers to extinction.

ECCE PUER

CHILD, growing into youngness
more female than
any warmest woman
all the exact requisite
gentle qualities
eyes so fully shy
they swallow me
& the sure
spiritual motions
& the intuitive
wisdom
& flowering tenderness
of sensual question
compassionate skin of cosmos
your being pumps
triumphant
thru my buckling veins.

SCHOOLGIRL*

hair a fragrant nimbus,
softness of eyes puzzled,
quivering with shy youth,
the improbable
body
twelve years from
uterus
leans over
stark algebra.

*EDITOR'S NOTE: UPON CONVERSATION WITH THE
AUTHOR IT BECOMES EVIDENT THAT
THE OBJECT OF THIS POEM'S
FREAK SPRAY IS A 10-11 YEAR OLD
PUERTO RICAN CHICK WHO STROLLS
9TH ST & AVE C, LOWER EAST SIDE,
USA.

ED SANDERS

SHEEP-FUCK POEM

The ba ba lanolin fur-ears

sex
Trembling Lamb
where I enter the
matted meat
of the trembly sheep
the cunt warm
& woman sized
offered by the lamb
which is surely the
lamb of god, the
lamb of the Trembling Flank;
& the bucking & sighing
when the prick sput
the hot come
into loins
& the lamb looks back
with her eye
& glazes me
in the freak-beams
& we are oily & atremble
in the lanolin glaze
frenzy morning field
hay hidden
fuck-lamb
day in bloom torrent.

nov61-feb62

-----Song of the Blood Munchers-----

We are those
gone GA-GA
in infinity,
we are the
laughing children
in the MEAT MARKET,
we are the soft,
the organized cowards,
ours was the Lamb.
Meat varies
but BLOOD is BLOOD.
Blood love is our love &
over the market place
& the KILL CULTS beyond
among the Machinery,
our hearts beat even faster
& our blood
gives satiety
in moments
to the GOBBLING LIPS.

-----Song of the Bull Dyke-----
(the Banana Harness Blues)

That our hunger
give us forth from war
to DESIRE & FULFILLMENT,


thus sung
the Dyke;

o
twang my banana
in infinity,
Give me the harness
o Dark Banana God,
o hang over us
heavy in banana,
o we are
dark with war,
ply over ply
forever the banners wave,
& the Hate & Kill
seem eternal
in
the Basilica
of the Dark Banana Belt.
o set us free
from the Munchers
of the blood
o Lake
and the Torrent out of Lake

---Song of the Eye-Heart-Mind---

our minds float
before us

to the Eye of crystal,
to the clear Eye
as crystal,
with the Eye
frosted free
out of the Hatred,

That  the Boat move
onward to the Eye,

& our Brains be
jammed full
of cosmo-putty
in the sharp clack
of Hate Flaps, &

No eye likened
to Peace
EYE

FOR never
never such intensity
in Desire & Fulfillment
as in th'

E  YE.

Own in the Kosmos,
Death Pinks over the Petal River,

Deep deep
as the light flood
out of sun

& we to have been
Brain Glints
in the swill of the
coursing Barque

and we shall have seen
as broken down
the hate-clumps
under the rainbow
of nonviolence

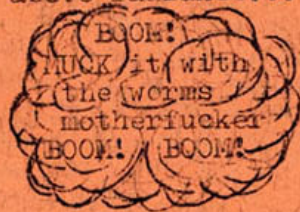
& we shall have gone
under the Ra-waves

& we shall 've foot-bathed
in the calm
waters of the
universe

& we are
those too
jacked alive
in a cosmic
hand-hunch

flowers in the rays
of nonviolence

yr Mind
among the
twisting bodies
shall be as a
clover flower
above radiance....



Born to Nirvana,
Blessed in the Sacred Fount,
Lost in the Burning Bush,
Swooned up out of the ground
to enter Heaven,
Spun out of the thighs
to Laughing Lake,
yes, now,
we,

no shades more,
& our eyes enkindled,
out of Darkness,
in the Torrent,
Petal Torrent,

aus,
and out to Peace Eye;

can we
reiterate enough
that the Eye
is ~~is~~,

Transcending all
Crotch Lake,
forth-drawing the Brain Pinks
in a glint of Death Barques,
in the Deep River
as crystal, &



Time Blossum
sheds Petals
in the
Brain Torrent.

(Apr27-May7-62.Nashville-Wash DC Walk for Peace)

BOB K

CANTICLE

a great canticle of relief
scribbled in drunken Know
when the undulating entity
leaves waves of smile
world has no-bomb
old testaments fulfilled
full of armies and battles
Covenants to be new
till the fist born Come of god
released on a donkey's ass
rides thru my apartment
trouncing on my genital
making it weep child or hope
glow in my underwear carries to skull
where eyes are warm
ears are pierced by angels
who crush the head with Pencil
southern magnetic poles call
while the Part goes off up North
the daisy-chain is always
even after
although words lie
bed sheets are wet with stain
of Joy flash of god
revolutions knocking at the door
conspiracies in the bedrooms
700 miles away loves falsify
dig your Juice weight
while lonely sleep
new constitutions are written
no more bombs
dont tell the children
it'll be a lie
put them in bed

Zoom the mighty wall
Zoom ye genital of magic
SQUIRT BANG BOOM
THE hoax is finished
four stories down
hear my poem
and think fuck
go go go
short-lined poets
axioms are axioms
beer store sings a block away

(cont)

black prophetic images sit on
masturbated dark table light
under 100 watt sea
listen voice poet scream
on pagan godhead Fi
cigarettes burned till skin
the high skull of bitch
down till Lack
mighty zoom wing
carried to forgotten lavatories
more go to come
that never ends besides
the doorless johns of self-hate
and giggle-set-up-judgements
signs and real light bulbs
stand on wall
eyelid loses its industry
slides with grace
the understanding Lip
into the stomach of Hop
welcoming Bent Voice
wanted rolls of Blow
morning Grunt and Belch
Burp of not knowing but-yes
secret forever only not
Muse hung up on immorality
and nurses its own bastard
dips of offering feel sweet
mouth stain of drag
awareness fills the Skald
with nurse cold arm
nonpoetry on high print
denies voice craving of self
in Then-Hate*Write
to satisfy Hang
in soft eye-lidded
moment of
before now now
now then now
now justnow

JOHN HARRIMAN

TWO POEMS WHILE HIGH

DOCTOR & PATIENT WITH EBBETS FIELD NARRATION

APPENDIX
MATRIX
PICK UP STICKS
PICK UP APPENDAGES
MAIL FRAGILE APPENDIX GHOSTS
WITH FLARE
TRANSPORTING TWINGE AND MURMUR
OF STARING APPENDICES
TO CYDEES
APPENDICITUS APPROPRIATING
APOTHOCLARY ALLOWENCES
FOR FUN
YOU BUMS THE PATIENT CRIED
AT LEAST TRY AND SHOVE IT BACK
A LACK APPENDICLY
WOULD NOT BE FUN
YOU BUMS CALLING LOBOTOMIES
TROUBLESOME
WHO STUMBLE ABOUT
APPENDAGES
STAYING INDOORS OPERATING NIGHTS
SLEEPING THROUGH SUN
AND THE FOOD IT BRINGS
MTRICULTATED APPENDICES
AGAINST SCHOOLS WHERE
THEY RUN BROKEN
FLESH PUDDLES ALONG GROUND.

NEVER-THE-LESS, A ROMANTIC

PETAL PESTAL PEDAL
PESTILENCE
ANEMONIES ANTIPHONE
SING ROMERS ROVING
LAUCOUSLY ALONG,

SONG SIGHTED SLIPPING
BETWEEN BLUE BELL-BARS
FAR FESTERING FRATRICIDE
FUMES OF POPPIES PLANTED

PICKED TO PERCH PENDANTICALLY
AGAINST AGATE EPOCHS
ECHOING ALL SONG,

THIS DAY MOVING INTO THURSDAY
TRIPPING TRAPPERS THRASHING TEETH,

KIEF SONG RIFFS ALONG
WAILING SAILS SET
AT SUNSET WHISTLING
WITHIN A WEARYING BREEZE

STOP
NOT EVEN SNEEZE SPITTLE SPEUMING
ABOUT AGATE ALTARS
RISING ARRIDLY FROM AZURE SOIL
TOUCH TENTIVLY TOP SLABS OF STONE
WHERE ONCE ALONE
TRAVELING TOGETHER
WHETED BRICK BAKED BLACK
BACKED AGAINST BONE
HOLDING A MOMENT
APART FROM HOURS THRONE

NELSON BARR

A Bouquet of Fuck yous

It never fails to amaze the editorial staff of Fuck You! a magazine of the arts that some of the festering pustules of rot & corruption which have been under our hot nonviolent scalpel for the past two issues are beginning to emerge from their dank holes figuring our blades to be slippery-bladed & dulled at last! Well, Herbie, i've got news for you!

Fuck you to Art Harvey - well known sob sister & over all ass-wipe of the Peace movement / the Nashville walk is putting your recent journal-istic gem to good use in the water closet, you turd!

Fuck you to all com-sympy & sheis - kopfen with emotional attachments to the Outer Mongolian Peoples' Republic / vacant-minded exchangers of one fucking tyranny for another!

Fuck you to Georgie Lincoln Rockwell & all his dirty wee Nazis -- sick little rodent-eyed mongrels puking around the feet of man! *

Fuck you to NIG-NOGS one and all -- maledicted slime of the theodic sperm-spuw -- defecated excrescence of the cosmic foetal muck -- blind and offal greedily lapping a fetid rivulet rather than the life-flow of being! **

EDITOR'S NOTES: * GEORGIE PORGIE AND HIS CONSTIPATED QUARTET COUNTERPICKED THE 800 MILE PEACE WALK MR BARR WAS RECENTLY ON AND THAT PISSED HIM OFF.

** NIG-NOG IS A TERM COINED ON THE NASHVILLE-WASHINGTON WALK FOR PEACE. HAS WIDE MEANING TO COVER ALL COM-SYMPY, FOOLS, ORGANIZED COWARDS, SELLOUTS, ASSKISSERS, IDIOTS, POLITICIANS, POWER-HUNGRY PACIFISTS, ETC. ETC.

TULLI KURPERBERG

PACIFIST PRIMER

All armies are assinine
Bombs break bums
Can Corvairs copulate?
Definite dangers demand: DEATH!
Every emission elicits 'ereditary errors
Four Flying Fortresses fondly felled four fellow
Flying Fortresses.
God gave gangsters guns?
High hexplosives help hundertakers
In Iceland injury is inexpensive
Jagged jugulars jet juices
Kill komfortably; (Kash or Kredit)
Lousy lovers like lynching
Missile makers madly make merry missiles
Now! new nuisances needed!
Over Ohio orbited officers ordered omellettes!
Pray pilot, prithee propagate pain?
Quality quicksand quickly quiets qualmish Quakers
Rabid rockets riot recklessly
Some sheriffs say: Shoot sandwiches!
Terror titillates tortured tota
U understand U-2?
Very valiant vets vaguely vie Vednesdays
We walk wildly when weapons wound
Xenophon xylographed Xerxes: Xtraordinary!:
X-bomb Xported!
Yesterday Yehovah yelled: Jesus, you yellow!
Zebras zeldom zagrifice zere zchildren

6996th PSALM

Blessed be the hand that plays with my cock
And the fingers thereof
For they shall rest upon my soft balls
And know the velvet thereof

Neither shall any erection be wanting
Neither upon my Tower of David
Nor upon thy ruby nipples
The two fawns, twins of the roe
Which feed among thy titties.

I causeth thee to lie down in green pastures
& protecteth thee from the false lust of the vice
cops
I buildeth a tent of satisfaction over thee
& prepartest a bed for thee in the midst of the WCTU

(cont)

I anointest thy mouth with sperm
Thy vagina runneth over

Yea tho I walk in the valley of thy cunt
Ye shall know no fear
For my rod and cock shall comfort thee.
Forever and ever
Ah men!

COOL

Cool as a fool
Cool as a fog
Cool as a cold fuck
Cool as a tomb
Cool as a Molotov
Cool as a womb in wintertime
Cool as a surgeon his needle in the cool eye
Cool as a greyhound
Cool as a Mailer
Cool as Ted Jones...sleeping
Cool as a harlequin, an obelisque, an odalisque
Cool as a moonlight serenade in a bucket of orange
lemonade
Cool as the eye of a hurricane
Cool as silver
Cool as a damp firecracker
Cool as saltpetre
Cool as Jackson Maclow
Cool as asbestos
Cool as a sewing machine
Cool as a wet moon
Cool as a constable
Cool as Caliwaii
Cool as a gibbon
Cool as a skate in the summertime
Cool as slate
Cool as fate
Cool as a gate
Cool as a grasscumber
Cool as a quart
Cool as a day old knish
Cool as Sunday morning
Cool as a lobster
Cool as a navigator
Cool as a caliph
Cool as a watermelon pit
Cool as a mine
Cool as a subway
Cool as Caligari

(cont)

Cool as Covent Gardens
Cool as the Queen Mary
Cool as Niagra Falls
Cool as Boston
Cool as a grapefruit
Cool as a sodamat
Cool as sand
Cool as Capote
Cool as footsie
Cool as a leaf in Levittown
Cool as a cat
Cool as a cactus
Cool as gefultefish
Cool as ungefultefish
Cool as a wave
Cool as the water
Cool as white
Cool as the clashless society
Cool as a cocksucker
Cool as a classicist
Cool as a horseless carriage
Cool as clockwork
Cool as the Coliseum
Cool as Capricorn
Cool as a constellation
Cool as the cosmos, man
I mean Cool

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. #3 JUNE 1962

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS:

PENNY X---

WAS TERRIFIED WHEN SHE LEARNED HER MASTERPIECE
WAS TO BE PRINTED. ACCORDINGLY, IN THE FACE OF
MOUNTING HYSTERIA WE HAVE SNARFED OUT HER LAST
NAME AS SHE DOESNT WANT HER PARENTS TO KNOW
SHE'S BEEN FUCKING LIKE A MINK.

AL FOWLER---

IS THE MADMAN EX-SOLDIER WHO PICKETED HIS ARMY
BASE DURING GENERAL STRIKE FOR PEACE WEEK LAST
FEBRUARY. KNOWN THRUOUT THE COSMOS FOR HIS
REFUSAL TO GOBBLE OR BAIL ANY MALE OR FEMALE
OVER TWELVE YEARS OLD.

ED SANDERS---

IS UTTERLY MAD. A PACIFIST DEMON OPEN TO THE
PENTAGON STRATEGISTS AS A TACTICAL CONSULTANT
ON GUERRILLA LOVE-FARE, NONVIOLENCE, AND
TOTAL FREAK-BEAM CANCER ASSAULT.

BOB K---

A PSYCHOPATHIC COM-SYMP PACIFIST POET FROM
DETROIT. BASE OF OPERATIONS NEW YORK BUT
SPENDING THIS SUMMER DICKING AROUND IN CANCER
GULCH, MICHIGAN.

NELSON BARR---

A PACIFIST AGITATOR JUST GONE FUNK-NUTTY ON
AN 800 MILE PEACE WALK THRU THE SOUTH. LOVES TO
FUCK. CAN BE SEEN, GROPED, & 1st CLASS SEMINAL
RELICS ACQUIRED, AT THE 9TH STREET COFFEE HOUSE,
LOWER EAST SIDE, U.S.A., ANYTIME DURING SUMMER 62.

JOHN HARRIMAN---

KNOWN TO BE A WRITER. DEAN OF THE LOWER EAST SIDE
GUILD OF MOTHERFUCKERS AND POETS. QUITE OFTEN
SEEN DRAGGED OFF THE ROOFTOPS WAVING GENITALS
AND MANUSCRIPTS.

TULI KUPFERBERG---

THE STOMPER TRIUMPHANT AT BIRTH PRESS IN N.Y.C.
MUCH PUBLISHED POET. FORMERLY AN ABYSSINIAN
TRANSVESTITE COUNTER/AGENT FOR THE CIA. NOW ON
LEAVE UNDER A G.E. GRANT TO DEVELOPE A WALKY-
TALKY OLLISBOS (DILDO).

EDITORS NOTE: SEND ME YR BANNED MANUSCRIPTS. FIRE ME YR
COSMIC DATA. VISIONS OF THE INCOMPREHENSIBLE,
ARCANICS, OUTPUKES FROM THE JACK-BATTY,
NOTES FROM THE ALL,

I'LL PRINT ANYTHING.