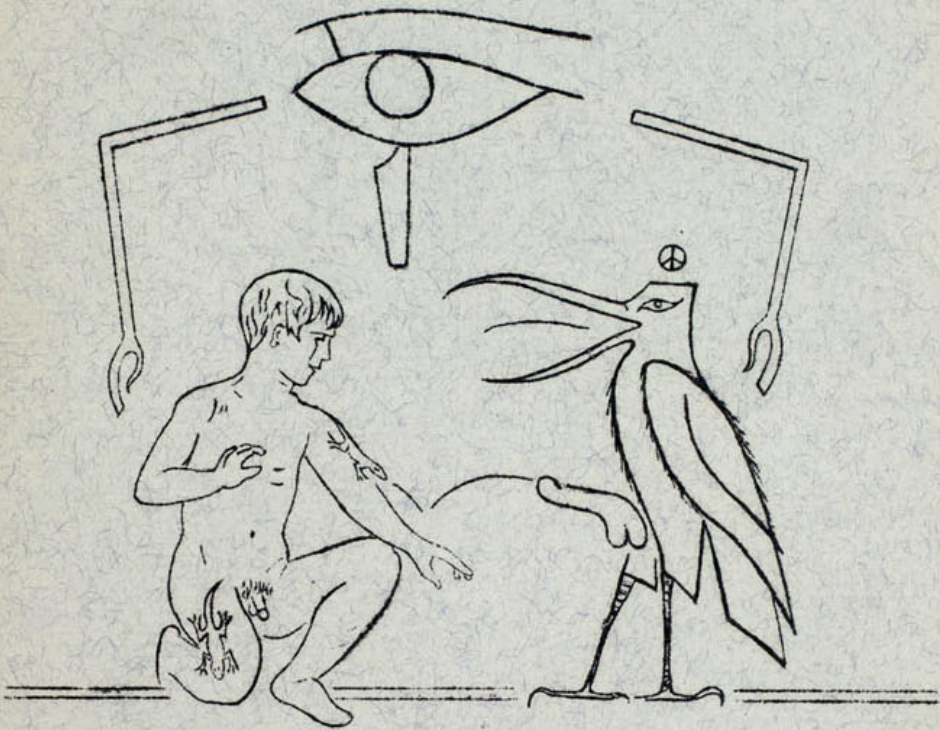


FUCK YOU/
a magazine of the arts



NUMBER 5



VOLUME 4

DEFIANCE !

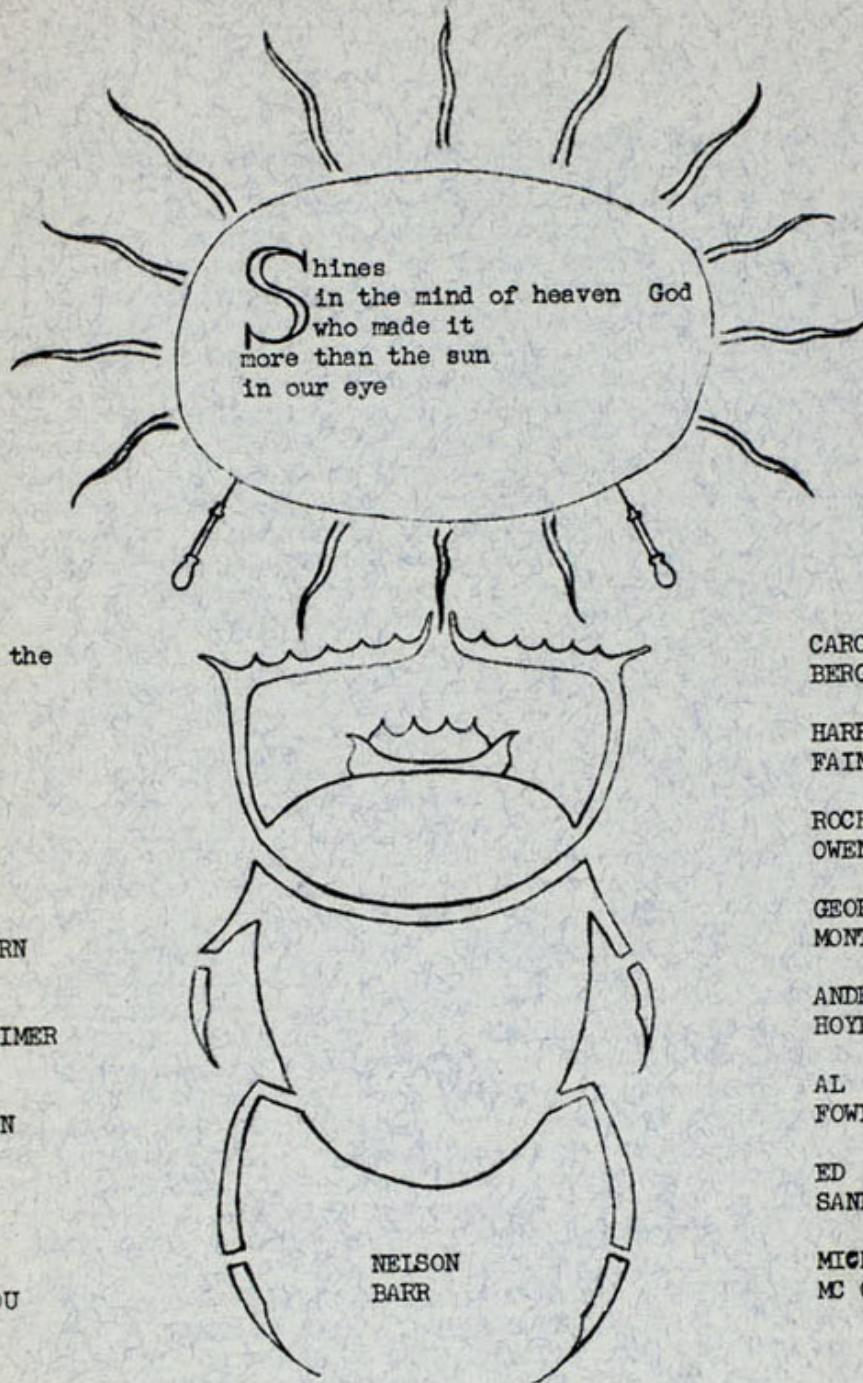


notes from editor:

onward! onward! FUCK YOU/ a magazine of the arts glides forth in the Ra'-vectors. This issue is dedicated to the flaming boy cock & 12 year old snatch. /-- MANUSCRIPTS! MANUSCRIPTS! Sooner or later the fuzz are going to get pissed at our existence & puke us into the slams. Of course, The Editorial Board -- and I'm taking all the motherfuckers with me -- doesn't give a rat dick. However we do want to spew out a few more issues before the Jansenists, perverts & fuckhaters carry our limp bodies to jail. We are especially interested in MAGIC TEXTS, top-flight amphetamine-head babble, chants & Freak Eye Religious visceral data, plus reviews, music, et retch. We can NOT expand without you motherfuckers stomping us your work. Onward onward. TOTAL ASSAULT ON THE CULTURE! Tired of back-line babble over the BATTLE PHONES we take our freak-beams, zap beams peace beams & grope beams directly to the FRONT. So, FUCK YOU/ press to be right there spurting at the barricades the next few months: on the dope front: a special dope issue of Fuck You/ a magazine of the Arts, (types, prices, apparati & methodology... the current dope market & market forecasts ... cautions & explanations... bibliographical notes for the nascent dope-freak... the art of warding off the burn... etc etc...) plus AMPHETAMINE-HEAD, poems, drawings, rants & babble, by the heroic pioneers in the water soluble benzedrine movement. MANUSCRIPTS! MANUSCRIPTS!::: on the sex front-- GROPE, nonsocially redeeming fuck-writing::: on the peace front-- DOWN WITH THE STATE & UP WITH MAN/ a journal of the nonviolent revolution. (in preparation)::: on the finko front-- THE VANCOUVER REPORT, by CAROL BERGÉ.. A blow by blowjob description of the Famous 1963 University of Vancouver Summer Poetry Seminar. Rat-tat-tat! Bergé the Soprano saps us in on Denise, R. Creeley, the big O, Ginzap, Duncan the Elder, the Whaler, ... the love, the frenzy, babble, knifings, turnings of the other ass-cheek, and so forth. Soon to be cackled off the press::: on the Magic Front-- MAGEIA, magic & arcanics, a collection. MANUSCRIPTS! ::: on the poetry front--- books: Sade Suit, by Jackson Mac Low The Word is Love, Lenore Kandel JAZZ POEMS, from 8 sets w/ typewriter, by Ray Brenner WARGASMS, by Al Fowler HIMMER & other poems, by Robert Kaye /--- COCK CITY is ON THE WAY! Our movie is all set, the lead madman has kicked dope & fucking to go. The Times Square documentary/fable of grooving, sucking, fucking, & fucking. Burning death barques. Hole cons & the phonebooth finger-hake. The Overdose Centipede. Consuela & the Gobble Gang. Al Fowler burns in the Canopic Barge! Membrane Assault! /--- Time & again we have received piss-off signals for our use of non-violence, peace terms, the N.D. symbol ☺, etc. in Fuck You/ a magazine of the Arts. Spasms of Ahimsa from Gandhians. Outraged communiques from weighty & prestigious peace-freaks, you know the HOW DARE YOU scene. Again, let it be known that The Editorial Board beats off for TOTAL ASSAULT ON THE CULTURE! & PROGRESS ON ALL GUERILLA LOVE-FARE LINES! PEACE, DOPE, FREEDOM, ANARCHY! WHEN SOMEONE ZAPS YOU OUT WITH A HATE-BEAM, YOU ZAP 'EM BACK WITH LOVE BEAMS! SCORCHED BRAIN POLICIES COUNTERED WITH FLASH FLASH PACIFIST ZAP ZAP GUERILLA LOVE-FARE FREAK BEAMS! DOPE! DEFY THE DOPE LAWS!!! SMOKE/SNORT/SHOOT THE GENTLE PHARMAKA! ONWARD! THAT WE GIVE & RESPECT! & FUCK EACH OTHERS APERTURES, GENTLY OF COURSE, & WITH INFINITE LOVE SPRAY! TO THE BARRICADES! TOTAL ASSAULT! PEACE! LOVE! RADIANCE! SPRAY OUT FREAKBEAMS! ONWARD! ONWARD! WE MUST FUCK ONE ANOTHER OR DIE!!!

FUCK YOU/ the
magazine of
FREEDOM FREAKING FUCKING FERTILITY!

FUCK YOU/a magazine of the ARTS. No 5, VOL. 4.
ED SANDERS: PUBLISHER PRINTER EDITOR



BZABO!, the
Stomper

LENORE
KANDEL

PHILIP
WHALEN

PAUL
BLACKBURN

JOEL
OPPENHEIMER

JOHN
HARRIMAN

BARBARA
MORAFF

GEORGE
ECONOMOU

NELSON
BARR

CAROL
BERGE

HARRY
FAINLIGHT

ROCHELLE
OWENS

GEORGE
MONTGOMERY

ANDREW
HOYEM

AL
FOWLER

ED
SANDERS

MICHAEL
MC CLURE

dedicated to
Pacifism, National Defense thru Nonviolent Resistance, Guerilla Love-fare, Anar-
chia the Goddess, Peace Eye, Crotch Lake, Hole cons, Dope law grope defiance,
multilateral INDISCRIMINATE apertural conjugation, Panamanian red, Honduras brown,
Acapulgo gold, Vera Cruz orange, Buck's County mauve, the Arab Grope tent, the
cocaine olisbos, Submarine boarders & the witness of the Hand of Ra, Mad Bands of
stompers for peace, and all those groped by J. Edgar Hoover in the silent halls
of Congress WE MUST FUCK ONE ANOTHER OR DIE!

SZABO !!

POEM for Hustlers

a roman candle

(:the young queen:)
flares/screaming/spewing

bright colors everywhere

& falls like a pile of gray ashes
on 42nd street

LENORE KANDEL

Grant Avenue

they say there's this city ordinance against wandering
I'm guilty
ignorance of the law is no excuse but I've seen NO PARKING signs
NO SPITTING signs NO SMOKING signs lots of other NO signs
but I've never seen a NO WANDERING sign
yet

thank god

the dictionary says wandering is: a roaming at will; traveling
I say it's also a way of life
open to the world
like a sea anemone to a rich green wave
I absorb the flowers and the faces and the words
I devour the multitude, swallow the universe
and all and everything of it becomes myself
the wonder of the world is my most essential food
my absolute and alchemical body would starve without it
I am a sea creature, a star creature, a human creature
no man can legislate my being

LENORE KANDEL

to fuck with love - phase II

to fuck with love - to know the tremor of your flesh within my own -

feeling of thick sweet juices running wild

sweat bodies tight and tongue to tongue

I am all those ladies of antiquity enamored of the sun

my cunt is a honeycomb we are covered with come and honey we are

covered with each other my skin is the taste of you

fuck - the fuck of love-fuck - the yen entire -

love out of ours - the cock in the cunt fuck -

the fuck of pore into pore - the smell of fuck

taste it - love dripping from skin to skin -

tongue at the doorways - cock god in heaven -

love blooms entire universe - I/you

reflected in the golden mirror we are avatars of Krishna and Radha

pure love-lust of godhead beauty unbearable

carnal incarnate

I am the god-animal, the mindless cuntdeity the hegod-animal is

over me, through me we are become one total angel united in fire

united in semen and sweat united in lovescream

sacred our acts and our actions

sacred our parts and our persons

sacred the sacred cunt!

sacred the sacred cock!

miracle! miracle! sacred the primal miracle!

sacred the god-animal, twisting and wailing

sacred the beautiful fuck

PHILIP WHALEN

DUERDEN SAYS: "LIFE IS THERAPY"

I have so much more love than I have given
Not that I've lived chastely, everybody knows I fall
For whatever grope or glad eye
Immediately; & suffer yet from the loss of every one
Remember each with love because I'm hopeless there can be another

CAN YOU TAKE THIS?

(or top it?)

Are you available?

Poetry & sleep, walks in the park, the rhododendrons now in bloom
I take them all, my mind rolls nude among them
Rubs them all over itself

Sleep restoring my youth, burning out my brains with dream
Wrecks the fabric of learning, reason, choice
Takes my wrinkles away, I grow sleek, I wake with tremendous hardon
I pretend to ignore

MY NATURE I SPRING OUT OF THE SEA & RUN WILD ON THE MOUNTAIN
I spring out of rocks & moss & fallen logs my nature
Illuminates the world, the night, I build classical cities
& populate them we are a procession with garlands
& music & monstrous sacrifices blood, stink, horror, cruelty, disgust
MY NATURE why must it bleed senselessly?
Incarnation, I bleed, I am the sacrifice to myself to you
BLAH. INCARNATE I DEVOUR & LOVE I SMEAR YOU WITH LOVE & KNOWLEDGE

Of yourself & me

Freedom of the universe know & create

I draw designs on your flesh with our juices, your belly

The space between your hip & rib I bite (tenderly)

Your tongue runs into my ear as my cock swells into your cunt

ALIVE

waking & sleeping

all the bad worlds gone

fears wars regrets

I can do nothing now but love & bless

& manifest these news....

.....& MORE, MORE, MORE, I am still vigorous

I'm nowhere nearly through with this ALIVE

Although I sleep

Not inexhaustible but capable in so many worlds

I sometimes fall asleep & forget their presence

Later I awake & go there

The contents of this one I squirt into your ear to give you brains

Learn & then scrap it

Despair & then invent, design.

What we accept as world, art, law, culture is DOWN

Gone-- our shells are busted, we find ourselves together

Horrified by the heat of the embrace

LET COME!

& dream, design, relax on the rippling waves of meat

As we are free to move separately

Ten directions of space we say
Problem of communication, distribution, equity
Try coming at it from the northwest or approach it from

(a limited-field equation here,
long series of mathematical symbols
tensors &c.)

You could stop smoking or eating candybars
Try staying up four nights in a row without sleep
You'll come out with a clearer statement of the problem or find
it was only grammatical

GET OUT OF YOUR USUAL FANTASY WORLD & OUT OF THIS MESS THEY SELL US
FOR GENUINE

I DEMAND THAT YOU SAVE YOURSELF

So I can love you

(No. That isn't right)

SAVE YOURSELF YOU ARE MY ARM, MY LIVER, MY KNEES

(it's more like that, although I'm living now .

more or less alone, somehow or other

I'm not entirely separately from you

or I'd be dead)

MORE & MORE & MORE

I've got it in further than ever &

BLAM!

There we are, spread all over the inside
& the line of communication tenderly parts as the serpent
Coils to sleep.

PAUL BLACKBURN

HERE THEY GO

The little lights in the alley
great arc lights on the bridges
and the edges of parks.

The young
are beautiful, walking past in the dark, in the
night, couples, two pairs, three,
children alone . Children .

They've a different world than we had, more
brilliant, darker .
Hip or unhip, there's the same thing
that edge of warm light ahead of them .
Darkness they know . yes, they
know the isolations . come .

Some,
fearing the example of their parents, are
afraid to love . others fearing
the example of their parents,

are helpless before the emotion, not
believing it possible.

"I'm 16 years old," says one girl, "and
never been kissed.
"But I make it once in a while."

The generation
or two, if you like, ahead of them
uses deodorants.

They, tho,
like the smell of hot flesh
suffering relief of its passion.

Sloppy and full of bravado they will live beyond us.
Their cocks dripping helplessly
their cunts full of sperm.

Two classes of Hunter High School girls
came to a recommended M.D.

JOEL OPPENHEIMER

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

what/s all the shouting about, the man wanted to know; i couldn/t tell him.

it wasn/t, even, as if there wasn/t anything to shout about, there was plenty, i can tell you. but how could i translate successfully enough? to tell him just what the shouting was about.

so finally, since he kept insisting, i told him all, how the celts had deserted their sacred oath, and more important, the border guard, and alexander, big man, halfway into india.

JOHN HARRIMAN

(ANTONINIOUS PAPER NUMBER TWO)

Neighbors I present to you some implications

it is better to be than to be red and
it is better to be alive than to be dead
we all will die and know it
let it not be by each others hands.

let us not be mistaken
there are explosives in the ground which must be removed
there is a scattered army which must be disbanded
there are weather stations which must become obvious
we must stop changing chemically the instincts of animals
we must say NO without fear and or reprisal

there is much work to be done
constructive work
feeding each other teaching each other loving each other

if we are truly on the precipice of a fertile valley
if we are to continue to plant our seeds
we must stop hurting ourselves and free all prisoners.

we have no where to go but up

today in my birth city in my birth state in my birth country
it is a holiday

across the WHOLE country civil rights is being triumphed
though children are being sent to prisons
though dogs are being used against people
and promises and threats and lies

a hundred years ago the battle of Gettysburg Pennsylvania
was finishing being fought and won and lost

and we cannot afford to lose more men or more time
simply because war manufacturers tell us that we can

outside in the streets today where it is sunny and warm and quiet
young men and women move wrapped in their dreaming
the smell of the dream can almost be tasted
it is not as hard to describe as to live it.

independence day 1963 n.y.c.
day of the long journey

BARBARA MORAFF

FOUR POEMS

in a hip song mistress
my address is a waterfall
& grove of young
pines
i amuse myself with stallions
& sport occasionally
in a thin white dress

ground like barren like acid soil fully milkweed
my womb tells me funeral tales, at night, him
lying next me the terrible heat of his abundant penis
glowing blue arguing my bones to new patience
& forward of dust he pythons us
my feet turn to water in his mama what smells like
fish so hair & laugh over the funeralsongs
reflexive, & pull his hair of hair
& the walls burn down

CAROL BERGE

An Answer to one of the Other Women
(to Anne L.)

for David Ready, Lenore Kandel
& Ed Sanders

No, honey, I cant tell you about my boyfriend's equipment, or other virtues, because you'd just be jealous. I have seen you, moving glassy-eyed around the Village, miserable and loaded, getting juiced to get out of the tight corset that is your life. I have seen your husband, the look of the hunted and trapped animal on his lined face which may have held joy once. No, honey, I cant tell you directly how my guy is hung, and what we do when we make it, or what our lives have been together, because that word is beyond your understanding. I have heard your agony flowing from your mouth, as I have seen its opposite, the love-fluids, moving in spurts from his body, freely as he wins me and his own being.

I cant tell you what it is Corso and his wife have, I cant explain to you the differences between one world and another, I cant even try to show you: I could only say some of us have made a choice, are willing to take chances and go out sharply toward it all. I gave up trying to tell you what makes Corso a great poet: when I saw you had no poetry about you or your life, when I heard your anguish turning into vitriol, when I visualized what your days and nights are. Woman, if that is what you are, how do you spend your life? Where is the loving, the beauty, the joy, what are the chances you take, to gain the magic? Corso is great! is gentle, is free of people like you, is a maker of memories, his wife is beautiful, I cant tell you any of it.

I have seen you shaking with rage, knowing that it is not love, I have seen you tight with horror or fear that there are those moving near you who say fuck, and live it not as ugliness or boredom, but as a way two people say love! I have seen you go rigid with fear that there are those near you who consider the body beautiful and majestic, full of golden fluids of love, and who do not ever envy you

in your terrible ignorance! I have heard you rage at a poet who has travelled paths on this world beyond your circumference or dreams, and call him illiterate! I have watched you approach the chasm of Being and recoil in horror! and I have recoiled at your life and days.

When is the last time you had an orgasm, the roller-coaster through the jungle of his body and yours, the fine minds cast aside on a spin and fast dive and rise through the immediate of the wild trees, off the tracks and the very trees losing their bark as you both swing through, losing track, no weight at all, the not being and the not thinking, the imaginary gold car through the gold leafless barkless trees and then earth underneath you as you slowly drift down and touch?

Touch skins? you remember? the last time? you fucked with joy? with love, with honesty, with horror for yourself as woman and for him as man? was there a time? anne? when you moved with him on that roller-coaster, when you walked through the dark trees and swung your legs together and watched the trees go gold and leafless? when you walked naked in the sun of his eyes, loving his great castle body and your soft bridges, thighs?

There are people moving near you, near you, touching each other and loving, there are children who know what a woman and a man are, without fear, with magic and majesty, there are children of these people, who will grow up knowing the mind as a place of beauty, the body as a wonderment, there are men and women who give names to the loving which are honey in the mouth, even as the body is honey in the mouth,

the word 'man' is in your mouth not often enough, the word 'husband' is in your mouth more often than his sweet parts, do you know the beauty of your man's sweet body, have you honored him with your full love, not just to open your eyes to him but your body and mouth and all in loving, when have you taken his secret idea of being in that dream he moves through, when have you honored him for what he himself is, what illusion of man is he, who sleeps beside you, turning when you turn your back, cringing in his dark eyes when you perform the ritual you have come to accept as duty,

when have the avenues of the Village held you both in joy, even as they are

forest paths in our city, when your man looked down and called you woman and held you, remembering bodies, do you know there are those who know this and are not afraid! do you know Corso and his sure words, have you lived in Paris, have you moved in Mexico, have you let a country reach your marrow, have you let a man reach your marrow, have you taken all your books and sold them so that they do not matter, have you sat in the moon shadow of the Acropolis and considered what the Old Ones knew of love and living, did you know of the whores near Catullus, do you know the words they used to speak of love, where is the delicacy you never had, that geishas know from the time they are children, where is the wife you never were, the art and delight of pleasing your man, have you seen the Babylonian eyes or kohl-rimmed India, o woman! To fuck as all women!

If I cant tell you about my man's body, I can tell you it is beautiful, and beautiful; and Corso can say out what is beautiful and what is treacherous, he can speak with strong words and dignity you wont ever understand, it is another country moving in the country you consider your own, it is another province, where the word fuck is a word of loving, where magic is being able to live here, where there is fear only of women like you, who in their fear of being woman will destroy themselves or us in an agony of martini days and corset nights,

we fear that our children will learn from yours that which you call truth, which is death; that the body is not beauty or freedom, that a man must cover himself and cringe, that a woman must simper or hide; O DIGNITY OF THE BODY, OF LOVING, that I would have my child learn, away from you, and he will in his loving be open to the sun, strong and unafraid as I, as Corso, unbound to the sun, the body as castle!

July 11, 1963

HARRY FAINLIGHT

42nd Street

The lights go round the movies
and the crowds go round the square
-traction belts driving nothing.
Inside and out- image moving over screen
or glance over glance- the same
bodiless flickering; shifting sands
whose only reality is this thirst driving
myself and everything else meaninglessly
back and forth again and again.

42nd Street!

Each time I walk down your sidewalk I condemn myself
to ten times more walking down your sidewalk.

O giant traffic-strung scourge I scourge myself with,
Mill of illusion!

Harsh discipline so long in yielding up this vision you finally gave:

One morning suddenly I saw the Times Building loom up
like a wrecked tank stopped by the dawn;
its traction-treads of world new headlines blown off.

History had been defeated/

The tired crowds being turned out of the closing moviehouses
were the prisoners at last being released.

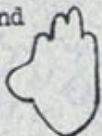
Through their midst, gaze fixed and unseeing, a negro boy
carrying in his arms a huge rainbow-coloured ballroom gown
walked towards the great celebration; the lights
switching out as he passed, the people making way.

MAY '63

ROCHELLE OWENS

MANANANIMAL

here's gorillas
foot & knuckle
'n soft
sand



he's a large
infant eats
tender centers
kopulates



like us
he arrives
'n roars
lowdly

GEORGE MONTGOMERY

COCKMAN

Plasticman, Batman,
Popeye the sailor man,
Superman, Benny Goodman,
Cockman discovered in a subterraenean sex society
Cockman with a strong cock,
Super-human cock, never seen before cock, -----COCKMAN
COCKMAN climbing out into the world
slipping out a stronger than iron -----COCK
Cockman shooting into space
Moonshot, spermshot,
appearing in New York Harbor slipping it into the Statue of Liberty
from under her dirty gown,
Cracking open Hoboken morning,
Oh wake up Jersey City
Oh wake up Lincoln Tunnel,
Cockman has arrived,
Biggest freak in New York since King Kong in the 30's,
Strong cock lifting curtains on Broadway plays,
Oh wake up Chinatown, Cockman is hungry,
Running from Barnum & Bailey talent scouts
Cockman seeking Cuntgirl
Sex Tarzan, Cockman of the pornographic comic characters
Freak, Break, Biggest freak on 42nd Street, I get a hardon & start walking
on three legs, I am arrested,

Cockman of Alcatraz,
 Jails cannot hold me,i club open the bars with my Mother-lovin Cock
 Cockman walking,running,
 funning,sunning,i join a nudist camp,
 Hardcocked,strongcocked,ready-Betty Cockman,
 i out cock em all
 i wonder what the boys & gals home would say
 our sex society is strong,strong cocks,strong cunts,
 great fuckin under the sun,under the moon,under the seas,
 down in our sex society,
 continual hardons,
 fuckin like bunny lovin,
 Cockcity,Cuntville,Fuck Island,Route 69,Around the World,Fuckers Creek,
 Snatchland,Pussyburg,
 i Cockman am a freak up here on Earth
 King Kong wanted Faye Wray,
 i am a rapist,plunging into Hollywood beds at night getting every starlet
 and bunny fuckin,& they wont let me go,
 they run after me,i holding my hard,i am also being chased by 108 homosex-
 uals on roller skates,and Jaguars,and Cadillacs,
 Cockman with a strong cock,
 tapping it on the table
 Cockman is chased by the National Guard,The F.B.I.,Cockman climbs to the
 Empire State Building,
 (apologies to the creator of King Kong)
 Cockman shot down by jet planes,Cockman falling to the street,Dead,death of
 Cockman,National Enquirer,New York News readers,all read about Freak
 Cockman,who died so young because they were so Goddamn jealous.

ANDREW HOYEM

AN INVOCATION TO THE MUSE IN HER LOW HAUNTS

Poetry be bade to mend, made in bed, to bend
like horse shanks switched tails of flies
flown away make wind & flies on their eyelids blinking
long false eyelashes on mares,
lashes waving up a breeze
behooves fake hooves & mouth disease.
Painted ladies. "Rosy Cheeks"--check yourself.
Braided manes, plated hair, ringlets & a roof for the night.
Shingles, bobs & bruisers.

To turn the word to use, for use, sitting there
like a child wheeled in on his hobby-horse by nurse,
a lady marine in full blue uniform, red & gold sergeant stripes,
bends over, lifts her skirts.

AL FOWLER

junky II - speedball

the calm grins me.

outside, on the grey street, sounds

assume reality:

grating thrum is truck

(i see it green, old, a probably

spade driving his cigar to work)

toes in my boots itch

i can't laugh anymore

at the tie on my arm,

grim against me

bloody silk foul as a bandaid

on the lockerroom floor

the pipes fart - i need a shave

but ah the

big Flick

er

my chair cranked

up to

the

stars

& the long taste of altitude

eating my breath away

AL FOWLER

Statutory Rape - (the plea)

i don't want to make excuses
but
it was my nature did it i'm
incredibly sorry but there
it is.

oh i know- you don't hafta
tell me..but after her eyes
went all down & inside trailing
bent flowers;

i could've yes i suppose
if i'd only..but look;

suppose you was
in my shoes & she'd
smiled at you & somehow
courts & doom & the
cop's brutal hips cluttering
up the sky & her mouth
around it all-

those teeth..so fucking real they
were, clicking
down against the
whole lie

& like i was saying
i don't want to make excuses
but

i don't want to make excuses
& her mouth so real
i could taste it

AL FOWLER

junky

'cross the green track
where we often
 flaked out &
 counted our absences
 tears, broken telegraphs:
out of bounds & over
 the
 "what"?
 what?
i caught you
 in your crib
doin' those
 all kinda
 private things.
you wept, you pointed
out my lies in the
 junk almanac
you puked all down
 your black shirt &
 flesh, caustic spew
burning out the nerves-
"it ain't no habit, man", you said;
"it ain't no need"
 your pants heavy with sweat &
 one day late for your fix

ED SANDERS

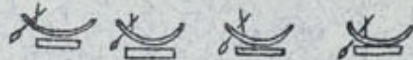
three poems from THE GOBBLE GANG POEMS

(note: consuela is the Chief Turkey in a Times Square GOBBLE GANG)

SHE IS AWARE OF THE CROTCH-SKY
KNOWS THE STREAM OUT OF TWERET,
THE GREAT ONE,
THE LOAVES & DELIGHTS OF THE
TWTAT QUAE SUPREMA

she knows in a quick glance up from the arcade

from the Eye, outward, sees
sees the quick bright flash of the BOATS



consuela the dermal splendor
lays low

over the arcade
looks out from the vaulted walls
of four-two st.

to the dome of the sky:

sees Nut the

Vulture Lady
&

Scarabaeus the
overarching Beetle

its huge bug wings
whipping the LONE DYKE there

she is
sliced in the barb of its whip wings
in this street of
eternal events

sflap! sflat!
the maso whip
of the scarab wings
over the

PANTING DYKE

a chorus of Fish Queens there about her
slice up her shriek flesh!
w/ the butcher strings of

the Sky Harp
pelting her freak-flesh

in the barque of the
Butcher Cobra!

Song of the Cocksucker

BRILLIANT ONE, SHE WHO RESIDES IN THE CASTLE OF IMAGES,
PINK FREAKY TIT TIDE IN THE EAST,

LAGOON! THRU WHOM THE CARVEN COBRA BARQUE
GLIDES IN ITS VECTORS

& THE SACER SCARABAEUS
BURNS IN THE PROW
GRASPS IN ITS CLAWS
A BALL FROM THY ANUS



VECTORS OF RA FOR THY
Lake in the stillness
your stream has the rinse of the sun
waves of it
enter my ears
visceral shudders like to the piss-quakes. The
crinkles in thy ass's hole are the cosmic flower
circled & sung by a chorus of Rim Queens
your hands do sooth my gums again VOID LADY
YOUR PINK LEGS IN THE CREAM-STREAM YOU
lift your breasts upon my tears
shriek-creeks your milk spurts are bursts of the ABSOLUTE FOUNTAIN

ARCANIA
for thee we have had our descent
to the Mountain,
and, outward, from the slick beetle walls
of 42 nd street

we have seen seen seen
THE BARQUE OF THE RAVENING EYE
O GLORY GLORY OF THE PETALS PETALS

MICHAEL Mc CLURE

FUCK ESSAY

FUCK, say FUCK, say CUNT, say SHIT. Say FUCK GOD as a holy prayer.

Those who accept a lifevision or a godvision will not experience life or God.

Those who deny a word help to freeze up life into a denying form.

FUCK can be an exclamation that clears the senses: FUCK DEATH!!

My first conscious use of Fuck as a mantra to break a barrier that kept me from straight speech was in a poem: "OH CHRIST OH GOD OH FUCKING SHIT OH SHIT SHAPED PAIN OF LOVE" . Feeling desire for a woman I could not have, though she was willing, my repressed desire made my senses blur with smoke of anguish. I was too numb to speak. I wanted to tell her, but she was no longer there. I was smoke-blinded by myself. My desire was not obscene but the frustration of my impulse and my weakness put my urge behind a barrier. I sat at a dark desk in unthinking state and stupefied. My urge to love her was lost inside myself. The need to speak straightly to her was strong. OH CHRIST OH FUCKING SHIT OH SHIT SHAPED PAIN OF LOVE, exploded through my lungs and head and I was released to go on and speak of my state of being and trouble. The mantra was a part of me -- and a speech of my spirit. The line cleared me and gave vent to a whole statement. Tho she ever hear it or not it is made to her. I was blessed and given ease by the mantra. It freed me to give name and words to my feelings. It is only a little poem but important to me.

Say FUCK, say FUCK, say FUCK say anything that opens to acts.

Is there any more personal creative act than fucking? Fuck does not mean merely the act of copulation but all ramifications and movements that give sexual delight to the spiritbeast who is lonely and cold and in need of touch and warmth in his separateness. He joins with a woman to make a citadelheavenjungle of conjoined pleasure clearing the accumulated weight from senses. He gives ease and openness by aiding another. Is there a more personal and creative gesture? When copulation is unearthly it is fucking. Fuck is the old deep word. Copulation and intercourse are words made up from a dead language. To have intercourse or to copulate is not to fuck. To fuck is to give moments of ease and warmth to another and to accept the same from a loved one, and to join bodies by cock and cunt and clear the spirit of its heaviness. After FUCKING we relax. The exhalted pair

are made made more free by their generous act and are in a state of natural ease. They see freshness in one another and in the world.

Fucking is personal and noble and should be spoken of. Men who say copulate or intercourse feel removed from their bodies. They use those words to create an illusion of objectivity -- as if they look down on the doings of beasts. And don't they fuck? I would rather fuck with my meat body than have intercourse and watch it with my mind -- or pretend that mind-alooof looks down on a divisible body. I will not amputate myself into pieces that stare at one another and snicker. Fear of fuck is fright of men's desires and liberty.

Fuck is personal and athletic-physical. It is performed by the spiritbody. It is of most importance because it gives new vision and helps clear old visions so that men may pass from life into life. It is our contact with everything and with ourselves and other spiritbeastcreatures. Besides being action and mantra fuck is a vibrant adjective. Fucking describes a state of matter, or a creature, that is otherwise without description.

Another stanza of Dark Brown ends with fuck as an adjective:

YES, OH BLASTED MAN -- I, O ACHE OF LOVE, HULK OF ARTERIES AND VEINS,
red light through windowed eyelids. To what is black
and red within. To genes directing arm and leg
to the unknown bulk that never pauses
in my move. But blocked. Blocked, that
 blasts,
flowing and billowing from the gut. Stop
turning me, oh ache oh move. I break
THRU, THRU, THRU, THRU, THRU, the size of any
 STAR!

Alive as a plant or any star.

.. RAPTOR OF MY OWN DESIRES,

not winged but armed for freedom.

Bright as my own eye or muscle. (Each

chemical exchange no larger than

a nova.) Oh dullness of mind,

sharpen the body. Not the easy

thing or word. Guard me that I speak

truth. Love me for my sight

of me. Never bless or love me.

Call on me for action. Speak

not without moving what is you. Move

not air alone. Oh dullness. Breathe

brightness of inferno heat. Blaze

clear flames that do not dazzle. Strike

down what lies already. Open

CLEAR AS AN IRIS OR MACKEREL.

BREATHE BRIGHT FUCKING AIR!!!

STAR!

CHILD!!

IMAGE

BREATHE BRIGHT FUCKING AIR!!! Breathe bright fucking air.

When the air is splashed with inspiration, when it is radiant and personal
and it vibrates, what adjective could be used to describe the state of it?

What word is descriptive of great personal act?

It was fucking quiet.

The fucking flower of silence breathes its fucking air.

I was so fucking high I trembled.

Oh fuck, fuck, fuck, shatter me and lift me free.

The night was fucking long.

Oh fuck, oh honest word, oh.

FUCK YOU is a vow of anger and detestation. How the word is twisted!

But in Dante's Hell the man who made fuck-signs at God -- how deeply he felt to make figs.

I WILL FUCK YOU is a vow of love and desire. I will copulate you? I will intercourse you? Or is the man who is a real man never to say I will fuck you ...? Is he to keep his desires secret and tamed and withering behind a wall of censorship and silence. Must he disrespect the desires that make his being? Does a man desire and dream of copulation and intercourse? Or does our sleeping body dream of Fuck? Who is the waking man who thinks of copulation? Is that man whole -- or does he deny himself? The word fuck is sizeless -- it matches honest desire in simplicity of statement.

FUCK represents man beating upon what is not contained in himself.

FUCK IT! I beat upon it! (It is a metaphor.) FUCK IT: As I beat myself upon another muscled body so I beat upon the world. I beat myself upon the body I love. I beat myself upon the inanimate (--but the inanimate is not lifeless -- the metaphor of fuck reveals the truth.) FUCK IT! FUCK IT! I acknowledge it is real! All FUCKING things are real. FUCK YOU! FUCK ME! I AM FUCKED! I AM FUCKED OUT! This FUCKING thing will never stop! There is no fucking end. This is the fucking end. The fucking earth and stars. Blue peaks that fuck the sky at twilight. The sights of solid and untrembling world that enter like

a hammer on my clear spirit and fuck me like a solid fire! And how I move in these real things and fuck with them, and fuck them up, and build fine fucking things of them. How I love the fucking world, and long for fucking death to set me free of fucking pain. How I long to FUCK all things, to hold all things of beauty and ugliness and make truth of them, and grip them in my fucking hand and brush them with my passing fucking shoulder.

How I long to be strong and FUCK. Fucking is the conscious or mindless beating of body on body, the touching of spirit and spirit to pass the gift of love from on to the other. All things are living and all things fuck. All men must know that all things fuck and that all men FUCK. Oh, do not cast down the desire for FUCK or hide it in the veil and chain of lying censorship and thus dilute your spirit! Fucking is great sexual pleasure, is warm and soft and sleek and silent. Fucking is dear and sweet and nestling. Fucking is personal and silent. Fucking is a mighty roar. FUCK SHIT CUNT break down walls that hold men to a single vision (vision is the passage of vision into vision into vision into vision into vision with liberty!) Let no man name words mysteries or make comic laws.

FUCK is the agony of the statement of being fucked and should not be forgotten.

There is no secret language. Jacob Boehme used words to clear mysteries and in his agony he muttered fuck and yelled cunt and smiled. Aristophanes, before a black and smiling marble curtain, had servant and lord alike say fuck and shit their pants upon the stage. Brahms fucked. Beethoven shouted it in his bulging brows while angel wings of hair trembled on mute ears. Jesus blessed fucking. Buddha knew he was fucked by the world about him. We know all men who are fathers fuck. All women who are mothers fuck. We

see young men think of fucking and old men look back on FUCK.

Hear Billy the Kid cry from eternity to show his pain: OH GOD
DEATH FUCKING ACHE, FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK.... !

After writing the opening stanzas of the poem I have quoted herein
I believed I had inscribed my passing vision into poetry -- but with the
liberation of language and struggle to free desires I passed to statement
of sexuality and wrote the next section and titled it Fuck Ode. Then
to be free again I wrote the last section titled A Garland.

Fuck Ode begins:

THE HUGE FIGURES FUCKING, THE HUGE FIGURES FUCKING, THE HUGE FIGURES
FUCKING, ON THE CLIFFS ON THE BANKS IN THE BLACK RIVER

in with the fields without proportion, the black clover

grown meadows. THERE IS NO SIZE! Undreaming and

vast as a dream. This is love INVENTED. The huge

COCK

slipping in the soft dream. Not dream. In the cunt,

THERE!...

NELSON BARR

A Bouquet of FUCK YOU'S

offering # 8

Arriba, anarchoistas! ¡adelante por la Revolution!

Surrounded as we are by fascists, counter-revolutionaries, racists, bureaucrats, authoritarian socialists, imperialists, capitalists, colonialists, & other assorted offal, it becomes a task indeed to single out individual turds for recognition in this column / with apologies for the limited space & a preponderance of shits, I hereby bestow flowers on a few of the more important & prominent on the primordial dung heap --

Fuck You to Madame Nhu - cunning conniving cunt - tight assed fascist twat - Mistress of malediction, hater of the good lord Buddha -- beware, bitch - "in the portion of Jezreel shall dogs eat the flesh of Jezreel" /

Fuck You to George Corley Wallace -- little boy ^{II Kn. 9, 36} racist - shame of the South - pint sized hitler of Alabama - grow up, George -- it's not so bad out in the big world /

Fuck You to the dogmatic left -- authoritarian assholes, bureaucratic bumfucks & marxist mothers / we're going to have a revolution in spite of you. Triplicated, mimeed, left-of-center jesuits, so help me Kropotkin!

EDITORS NOTE: ONE MAY FORGIVE BARR FOR THE BREVITY OF THIS BOUQUET. HIS BELLICOSITY HAS BEEN ZAPPED TO A NULL BY 3 MONTHS OF FANTASTIC BHU SMOKING. ALL SUMMER, THE MOTHERFUCKER LAY STONED IN HIS APT SMOKING GRASS & DICKING ALL THAT GOOD SUMMER SNATCH THAT YEARLY STUMPS ON TO THE SCENE. SMOKE FOR PEACE!

FUCK YOU/ A MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS: PUBLISHED, PRINTED, & EDITED BY ED SANDERS AT A SECRET LOCATION IN THE LOWER EAST SIDE, NEW YORK CITY, USA. NUMBER FIVE, VOLUME 4

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS:

HARRY FAINLIGHT/ Because the Editor plans to publish a few of his slurp poems, Mr. Fainlight has approached the Ed. Board in terror that some word will get to all these chicks he's lined up that he is a faggot. Actually, he wields one of the most potent cocks on the set & all future gropes can ball assured that even though he may eat an occasional dick, they'll be getting punched out by a cannibal cock-dynamo. Poet & mushroom-freak.

ED SANDERS/ the editor of FUCK YOU/ a magazine of the Arts. A pacifist dopethrill psychopath & Guerilla Lovefare spaceout. In addition to having the Ankh symbol tattooed on his penis, you will find the first 53 hieroglyphs of Akh-en-Aten's HYMN TO THE SUN DISC, on his nuts. Puke out 35¢ for his Poem From Jail (CITY LIGHTS BKS)!

NELSON BARR/ well well well! Still nothing has occurred as a result of this mother-fucker burning his draft card in front of a NBC camera. A poet & actionist. Divides his time between dope, peace, scatophilia, & balling all that good snapping-pussy at Evil Stanley's Bar.

LENORE KANDEL/ the San Francisco poetess. Reputed to be snapping-squack Supreme on the set there. The Editorial Board falls into Grope Quakes at the slightest thought of a twat strafing. Fuck You/ press to print her flaming joy book: THE WORD IS LOVE.

JOEL OPPENHEIMER/ the extremely evil poet, playwright & cocksman. His books in print are THE DUFFFUL SON (the patterson society) & THE LOVE BIT (Totem & Corinth). Hustle!

CAROL BERGE/ one of the FOUR YOUNG LADY FLAME FUCKS of the Totem/Corinth collection. Dug by all sorts of worshipers on the set. The Editorial Board for some time now has had her name on Gang Bang Alert & would just love to flip a flamecock in her.

PAUL BLACKBURN/ the famous mad stomper poet. Almost everyone is hip to the evil Blackburn Legend so no need to gasp in to it here: the Editor passes over it with chortling spasms of praeterition. Gobble up his books in print!: THE NETS (TROBAR) & BROOKLYN-MANHATTAN TRANSIT (Totem).

PHILIP WHALEN/ the extremely Total author of LIKE I SAY (Totem & Corinth) & SELF PORTRAIT, FROM ANOTHER DIRECTION (Auerhahn). Has published all over the fucking place Chicago Review, Yugen, Ev Review, Godly Allen's New American Poetry, et retch.

ROCHELLE OWENS/ as you know, one of the Four Young Lady Poets (tot/cor). Her famous play FUTZ, (Hawks Well Press) is scheduled for production by THE LIVING THEATRE in the fall. Since she has approached the Editor with concern that we not print any thing freaky about her, we deny right here that we'd like to leap into her crotch.

SZABO!/ a Hungarian mishugana from Chicago. Hustles his bread by peddling grass & whipping masos at Times Square, The Arcade, Sutton Place, etc. Pacifist. Poet.

GEORGE ECONOMOU/ The worshiper of Hermes Gymnastikos. An appallingly evil poet & an Editor of TROBAR & Trobar Books.


BARBARA MORAFF/ the widely worshiped Vermont poetess & hemp/morningglory farmer. Totem & Corinth have published a cross-spurt of her work in the 4 Yng Lady Poets. Needless to say, this poet female is also on the twat-strafe list.

AL FOWLER/ freaky data from the groovy poet & narco wholesaler. Just recently has sucked up a fine slice of nook for a wife (and she's over 12!!). The star of the Editor's movie, COCK CITY. Fuck You/ press to print his bk of poetry, WARGASMS, soon.

JOHN HARRIMAN/ the well known pacifist agitator & stomper. Poet. Head Hustler on the east side/ narco artaudian flamebrain scene.

ANDREW HOYEM/ one of the Head Stompers at the historymaking AUERHAHN PRESS in San Francisco. His own book, THE WAKE, has recently spewed off the press. Gobble it up.

GEORGE MONTGOMERY/ the editor of YOWL & the forthcoming BLUE BEAT. Suspected of being a pacifist & madman.

MICHAEL MC CLURE/ cock-hawk  himself!! HYMNS TO ST. GERYON, DARK BROWN, THE NEW BOOK/ A BOOK OF TORTURE, & MEAT SCIENCE ESSAYS are his hustleable bks in print.

☺ GROPE FOR PEACE 