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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ASH WEDNESDAY REVISITED &
ANOTHER BOUQUET OF FUCKYOUS

DEDICATED TO
PACIFISM, UNILATERAL DISARMAMENT, NATIONAL DEFENSE
THRU NONVIOLENT RESISTENCE, MULTILATERAL INDICRIMINATE
APERTURAL CONJUGATION, ANARCHISM, WORLD FEDERALISM
CIVIL DISOBDIENCE, PROJECT MERCURY, PEACE BYE,
THE MARGARET SANGER INSTITUTE, OBSTRUCTORS &
SUBMARINE BOARDERS, AND ALL THOSE GROPED BY
J. EDGAR HOOVER IN THE SILENT HALLS OF CONGRESS.
ERIC WEINBERGER

Brownsville Jail -- Mar. 12, 1952

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 PASTED 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
Goddard
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 BAIL HER BROTHER FOR A NUMBER OF YEARS. IN FACT, SHE HAS MAINTAINED HER VIRGINITY (THUS FAR) AGAINST AN ALMOST INSURMOUNTABLE ONSLAUGHT OF PACIFISTS, HIPSTERS, CON-SYMPHONS, ETC., IN ORDER TO PRESENT TO HER BROTHER HER HYMENAL DELIGHT. MARGARET'S LAST NAME IS WITHHELD AS THERE IS GOOD EVIDENCE THAT HER FATHER MIGHT BECOME JEALOUS.
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
beam
berserkness,
Nameless,
a Phantom,
ever to enter again
the house she curtst,
& 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
die—"
& my mother
hitting me later
about 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-visitor,
for Grandmother
had said that
she would
make me live
forever,
& I cried there,
stooped into the
Death-chain
which I had
bled, age 5,
bled bled;
& always
the sun-shafts
glittering off of
tombstones
on the hill
above
my home
meant Death;
Death was
a hill with
tombstones for
tooth,
a Grandmother,
a mother
without hope,
and in the
mornings
a rain-crow
exuding Death
in the trees;
And day
poking itself
up over the
Horizon
reflects
on Cemetery
Hill,
bears upon
the ground
where my mother
lies in a beige suit
in a dark brown
coffin,
Ears 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 Nexus,
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 bailing
the Hill
she was
sucked into
the Sun.
I have
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 Brillianc
& her mind
was staggered
in the flood
of phenomena;
and I have heard
of 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 rattle,
katakakic stomput
of the Blossom!

Trembling Flank
& Then I 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 Scarsb
dangled from the neck-strands,
and the brain
babbled freely,
& she then stood
in a perpetual
tremble
on the Black Back
of the Scarsb
and she was caught up
in the whirl of wings
There,
& she became full
in the great
Plasma of Being,
& her Eye-heart-brain
went berserk in the
desire & fulfillment.
Eyebrow
in the time-blossom,
Ear swiveled in
toh' Trembling Flank,
drool drri
ripping
in the Cascade,
Brow into
Crochet-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 Acterna
into
tremble and nothing
Crochet entering
into the
Word-machine,
Eyelash
dragged over
the time-stream,
ejaculata
in cosmos,
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
Angeloi,
tense & bristling
on the terrace
of stars;
& word-lines
were crushed
in the Vibrata
& wore
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 between the Crotch-flaps,
Each flap grashes 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 Slaps and downward
Torn are 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 plastiques,
were sucking in an endless meat hunk,
Soft-man is skewered onto a vast electrical rotisserie
& swallow 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-wave,
damp skin rolled under the womb-tides,
mouth slurped over an electrical nipple.

The Board Votes:
Push panel button KATAKOMB 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


YOURS IN CHRIST, THE SEXUAL LAMB,

ED SANDERS

EDITORIAL

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

what you don't know
you old fascist

is that
50% of this
goes for
Pence.

"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 fagget.
7.

slooomp!

jesus!

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 hyperextended

shot-put-headed prick.

8.

GOBELE GOBELE!

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!
Puke up the blots
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 tomatoc unloads
in a wet-dream...."

MASS ALERT! GOBBLE!
INSECT FUZZ UPON US!
GOBBLE GOBBLE! THE
BOARD HAS VOTED:
"RECURRENT
BLOT 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
TOC 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, CONSELA!
GOBBLE GOBBLE IS CALL TO
RESISTANCE!

PEACE-MAKES HOLD COUNTERVOTE:
"PROBE HATE-CLUMPS
THRU AND THRU WITH
FREAK BEAMS.

GROPE FOR PEACE."
This the prayer-wheel and vision:

Brain Pinks float thru crotch-flaps to Peace Eye, with the Great Lake overarching

Heath & Abundance in the PRICK-CUNT-COMPLEX

Eye-heart-minds benign in life as wheat stalks upgathered in the reys of Ra

Beings as one vast wheat grove in the wind

 Bodies as flowers in their reflection

(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,
DELENDÆ EST/
Clues offered:
guerrilla love-fare,
or total non-coop,
hypertense
freak beam probing,
Give, stomp brain-valves,
end the dread Hustle forever/

Accept then
these fantasics
of freaked & frigged ones.
Build then
G-CITY
in America
where there are
United States.
This is the prayer:

0
CROTCH WATER
DEATH BARQUE
BE/BE EYE
BRAIN PINKS:
EYE-HEART-MINDS
PRICK-CUNT-COMPLEX
FREAK BAMS:
LOVE;
NONVIOLENCE
KUSM'S
DESIRE & FULFILLMENT:
THE Ti

(continued)
All things above
most holy
in the universe
come alive
in my Eye-Heart-Mind
as flowers in-swathed
in the sun-lux,

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

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

For we must be exposed
& stand bare-as
in the Kosmos,

(Hart Island Workhouse
March 25, 1962)
fishy

my ass
you motherfuckers just
dont know.
brotherhood, love for all mankind
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

day-rejected/

τὸς ὑμᾶς ἐβασκανεῖν ἦν ἀληθεῖα μὴ πείθεσθαι

the touch of dark-peaked breasts

le mort des joues de

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 yours
offering #2

NELSON BARR

the tremendous outburst of rage
greeting our first humble bouquet has
been most gratifying / never in our
deepest pornographic 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 postwar
genitalia

Fuck you to Nelson Rockefeller - millionair
cutie getting his kicks (a bread)
selling death boxes to the frightened
bourgeoisie.

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

Fuck you to Moses Ichonke - 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: F**K YOU/ A MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS

F**K YOU/ is a mad response to an idea freaked out at a party in 1966. Its birth came about after being knocked up by Jonas Mekas' movie, GUNS OF THE TIGERS.***
---there will be five numbers of F**K YOU/ A Magazine of the arts---- there threatens to be a F**K YOU/
Press started after issue #5 of this magazine, manuscripts invited---- issues 3, 4, 5, will be yumm-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, Jefre 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 F**K YOU/ A Magazine of the Arts. Behold, Phil Altbach! F**K YOU/ salutes you!

Peace

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 THEC/ 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-murmered-about crotch-poem; an account of Ed Sanders' sexual experiences with a sheep; Joffre Stewart's Beat Convention Manifesto, a pseudonymed 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!

GRAPE 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-PROVENE, AN AMAZONIAN SPIRITUAL
DRUG SCRAPED OFF THE SCROTAL SLEDS OF SEVERAL
HIGH AND INDEA 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 PLOX.

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 PERPERVERDNESS.

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-REAMS.
I'LL PRINT ANYTHING.