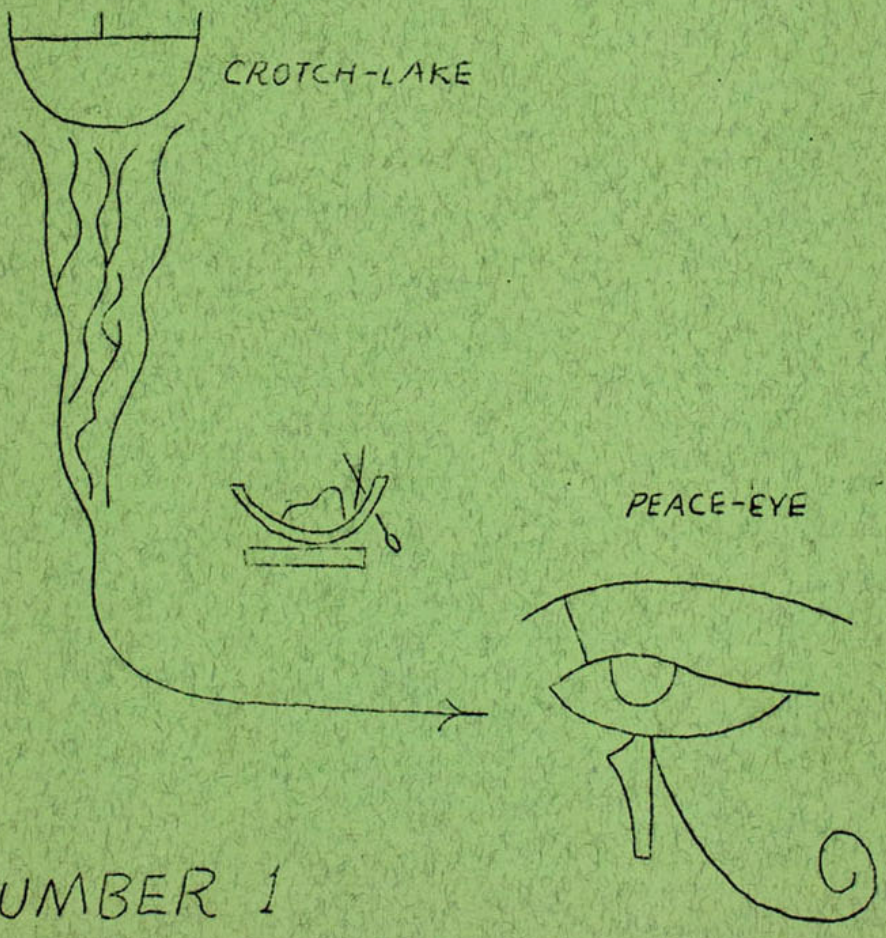
FUCK YOU/
A MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS



NUMBER 1

FUCK YOU/ A MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS

NUMBER 1, ED SANDERS: PUBLISHER, PRINTER
EDITOR

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ED SANDERS/ SIX SOFT-MAN POEMS

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A BOUQUET OF FUCKYOUS

DEDICATED TO
PACIFISM, UNILATERAL DISARMAMENT, NATIONAL DEFENSE
THRU NONVIOLENT RESISTENCE, MULTILATERAL INDISCRIMINATE
APERTURAL CONJUGATION, ANARCHISM, WORLD FEDERALISM,
CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE, OBSTRUCTERS & SUBMARINE
BOARDERS, AND ALL THOSE GROPED BY J. EDGAR HOOVER
IN THE SILENT HALLS OF CONGRESS.

JEAN MORTON

TO US

how come
all the children
of the moon
of blare
and beer
are not
truly here?
you see
even they
come off it
off their love ball
their humble
daytime footfall
and become
from
the cheap trunk
of cheap tricks
the soft-spoken
off the top
of the bowels
shoulder-strapped
carefully-wrapped
phonies
of advancement
and mystical bull

(and all we could say was fuck you)

JEAN MORTON

PRAYER

Will you not squeeze
the thumb
of my hand
bite it
and watch
my eyes
at the same time
and
my mouth
please enter
my mouth
please enter
anywhere
you fit in

ED SANDERS

SOFT-MAN I

Soft-man is denizen
of Rot City,
Soft-man is goosed in the dread Hustle
& torted in the line-sickness,
Soft-man is a groove-man
& Soft-man
is of th' cocoon....

Deep o deep is the cunt
whence I came,
huge is the cunt whence
I came, but Death, Death
is a good tight fuck....

Dreamed I that
Death & I flooded thru into each other
& my cock-phantom crosst
but my spirit was lost &
drowned above in the crotch-lake....

Cunt-breast-voidofcrotch-eye-ear-mind!
o schism which I approach across the Belly
o slit in th' moan depths & darkness
o slice in the great flank upriver from Peace Eye
o lake of lights berserk & beaming in the
vastness
o lake which is viscid in th' mish-schism

crotch that pisses out stars
crotch-lake that ends itself in our death
crotch that deaths itself in our end
crotch-lake that is a phantom Paste,

Soft-man
is ούτις , no-one,
and is a blurr of confusion
as when a door is opened
revealing a party within
& a man lurches out
coughing puke.

SOFT-MAN II

Soft poem soft poem soft poem soft poem
soft snuffy squishy poem of ooze
rapid the ooze in the clotted nothing
no voidal tampax holds this dripping
"When the machine-lines harden
the flesh becomes ooze"
& the poem is ooze,

O Zeu/Osiris /Zagreus
downriver from the Crotch Lake
may we eat our loaves every day without ceasing
& may the Time-warp focus back upon
us in the petals
& may the paste of ourselves be cast aside
& may we be hard men in the love-tremor
& may all slice-murder and line-murder cease
& may our lives freak back upon our brains in the
word-stream
& may we lift up the strict articulations of the
throat
& the wail of grain-rite and loaf-rite
o may we float in the god-rays to th' Peace-Eye

Blobbing in the warp of freak-beams
& passing to the Viscid;
Pink Brains float in th' Depth,
Brain Blobs hover in the lidless
Eye, glimmer of glaze,
blinkless & beautiful, Eye
dimensionless in the time-drama,
& thru Itself flowing
the stream of petals,
Delight beyond loaves & vases
Outside the shriek of interaction,

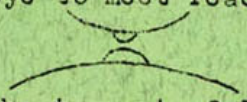
EYE

SOFT-MAN IIII

The brain is a cock-phantom
& the Machine puts on smear campaign
gainst cock
& wins the brain in a business Hustle;
No erection needed when
You fuck the mish system,
Use wad technique;
Unintelligible gibberish? Use your cock, motherfucker!
Slash control grooves & the business Hustle;

Use the Eye-Heart-Mind to walk
to th' Peace-Eye in the day without ceasing;

grant your eye to meet Peace-Eye



in the torrent of Petal,

give your brain to float
among the Brain Pinks

in the river flowing to Peace-Eye

give o give in the word-stream

stomped stomped out in the line-slaughter,
hustled hustled in the groove murder,

give

that your tongue be slaked
in the cunt of honey

that your eye rub glint to glint with

Peace Eye

Downstream
under the great rapids
in the petal torrent

SOFT-MAN V

Softman is filled with groove-trauma
& is buggered in the schism mish.
O shriek it to Peace Eye.
The Barque Death floats thru line-murder without
tremor.
Death lights float over the crotch-fluid.
Death eases the line-hatred,
& his cock-essence issues forth
to rejoin his cock-ka,
immutable in the ball of cosmos.

Softman breaks down,
even softman has push point, break point.
Blob torture ends with
mild form of protest.
See them in
the picket lines,
The Blob Men,
the pretenders to social justice,
gently protesting;
they shake their banners gainst slice murder,
ah they cry:
The DEATH-BOARD is gasing a man,
he forced young girls to eat him;
ah they cry:
blob lines not extend for Spades
to Westchester;

Polaris slides along
groove-lines to
death position,
softman breaks down;

Th' deterrent voids in zeep battle,
Ray guns gas spray toxin plus death pits;

breaks down breaks down.

Copulation-Products
slide along groove channels.
Outbound to Peace Eye,
Brain Pinks leave slice-murder
Squid-plex time fever now-channels.
Whine out Terror Bulletins now!
Slime it in groove trauma
with the yammering cunt placed above the brain!
Gnash out at the ugly!

(cont)

Vector Hatred, invisible power surge from yr hate,
aids knife in slice murder;
Slashed throats flap as nervous carp,
cut & dangling in the red.
Halt slice-murder & the hate blisters!
Ablate and stomp silenal dance.
Falsify Blob papers, afternate
farouch limpness with frenzy shimmy!
Keep up hammer motion,
build Goof City to the wail of sirens,
laughter & flaming teeth,
outside Cancer Citadel,
Goof City Operation Open Skies!

Softman is goosed in the
dread hustle forever,
as when an old faggot
is stomped out
in his pad
after cock-suck.

SOFT-MAN VI

Peace Eye is open to any who
rip wide the brainvalves, &
fuck the mish system,
be it with wad technique.

Crotch lake, where Death Barque
Slides toward Petal Torrent,
is a lake of lights in the flash of Brain Pinks
Outbound to Peace-Eye.
The Brain Lights glint in Death Barque,
The Crotch-tide draws them outward,

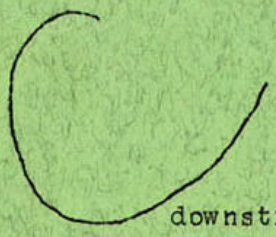
The Tide The Tide

THE TI DE.

Real is the Eye-Heart-Mind,
The Torrent is real , the love-burst is real,
Real is myriad real is the fever.
The vision is simple:

(cont)

Crotch Lake



of whom flows downstream

The Torrent
Petal Torrent

in which the Eye-Heart-Minds
The Brain Pinks
float to Peace Eye

And there to enter
the tides of
desire & fulfillment,

a sucking-in
as of a constant fucking

& a giving forth
as of a cunt forever
giving birth,

The Tides There

The Tides

THE TI DES

ALLEN HOFFMAN

HYMN TO AMUN-RA-SANDERS,
THE SUN DISC

Hail to Sanders-Ra when he rises in the East.
Ah Ra-Amun-Sanders when he rises
on the Peaks of the East
in the paws of the Shit-bug, Khepri, the Scarab.
Adoration to Ra-Sanders in the Barque Prow
slicing thru the cosmo-fluid.
He floods out freak-beams over the Nile, o Ra,
brings he seed to shoot &
wheat-spikes in the crystal trellis of air,

O Ra
Ra-Amun-Khepri,
lord of the Ennead, soveriegn
of the gods in banquet,
lord in the dance of the id.

Homage to Ra on top of the Black
Land of Egypt,
Falcon soared over the vastness, lofty of plume,
freak-beams are the overlay, ply over ply,
in your crown, o Ra,
finer finer than the crotch-wires in the
thighs of heaven.

Ra is the god of the EAST BARQUE and the WEST BARQUE,
He prongs up the prick into belly,
He makes the seasons by months,
Heat by the spray of his Eye,
Love from the myrrh of his glimmer,

Ra, Dark Falcon, Ra-Amun,
who draws forth from desert
the wheat spikes
& the love flesh.

PAUL BERNER

FREAK-GRAM: SOME NOTES ON NONVIOLENT SUICIDE

jackie i love you but it's no use- i am writing the waiting word- but i am alsays- my life is the lone ranger william told of rotting apples in stomachs and on heads- the unshot rotten apple in stomach-ulcer- HIYO SILVER-he comes galloping up and bow and arrow TWANG shoots it off- only by now its been there past tense gnarled and withered and it's always in the nick of time- it's just in the nick of time- it's always in the nick of time so much that one time you wish it were in the nick of too late- i'm getting all sliced up on the razor edge of just in the nick of time between here and there- now it's a poem- my whole life- and my whole tragic poem is waiting in bedrooms and a search for beds
how shall i continue in the past tense and future tense only- when people are kind enough to dread our presence in church of theirs and i am strung up by my long and lovely love hair and not so suddenly i dont care-
jackie- jackie- jackie-jackie-they are always talking outside my door and patting their sons and daughters on the back for turning in a witch and being so clever in the detection of hair and learning their lessons so well-jackie-they laugh at a magazine joke- what about? is it about me? are all jokes about me? i mean aren't they all? freedom is when people are totally naked but they can't even where the clothes they want- jackie i need you-and i need you- and you are not here -and i'm writing to calm myself believe it or not- where am i? when was i embalmed? i'm obsessed by ulcer - i can't get my mind off it-the cure IS- RELAX- and and it has been shown that certain animals cannot be born in captivity and that ulcers sometimes cause sterility until peoplerelax and stop worrying about their existence or just don't care anymore-and it is a tight squeeze between two extinctions- and it is proven i think that captured caring they deteriorate or crawl away to gloomy corners and cower and pine- to death sometimes-wanting death to be final-and i hate it-but i want it now with every futile sour breath i draw
and it isn't you that makes it so- it's needing you - and it's needing-and it's needing beyond need- more and more and more and more and more-need until never- . because i'm right

EDITORS NOTE:This was written on west coast when Paul and the wife Jackie were stomped apart & Paul was just about to put the slice to the throat. Also written during compound metaphysical distress due to contemplation of a perhaps sterile cock.