FUCK YOU/

a magazine of the arts

OUR THIRD ANNIVERSARY

MAD MOTHERFUCKER

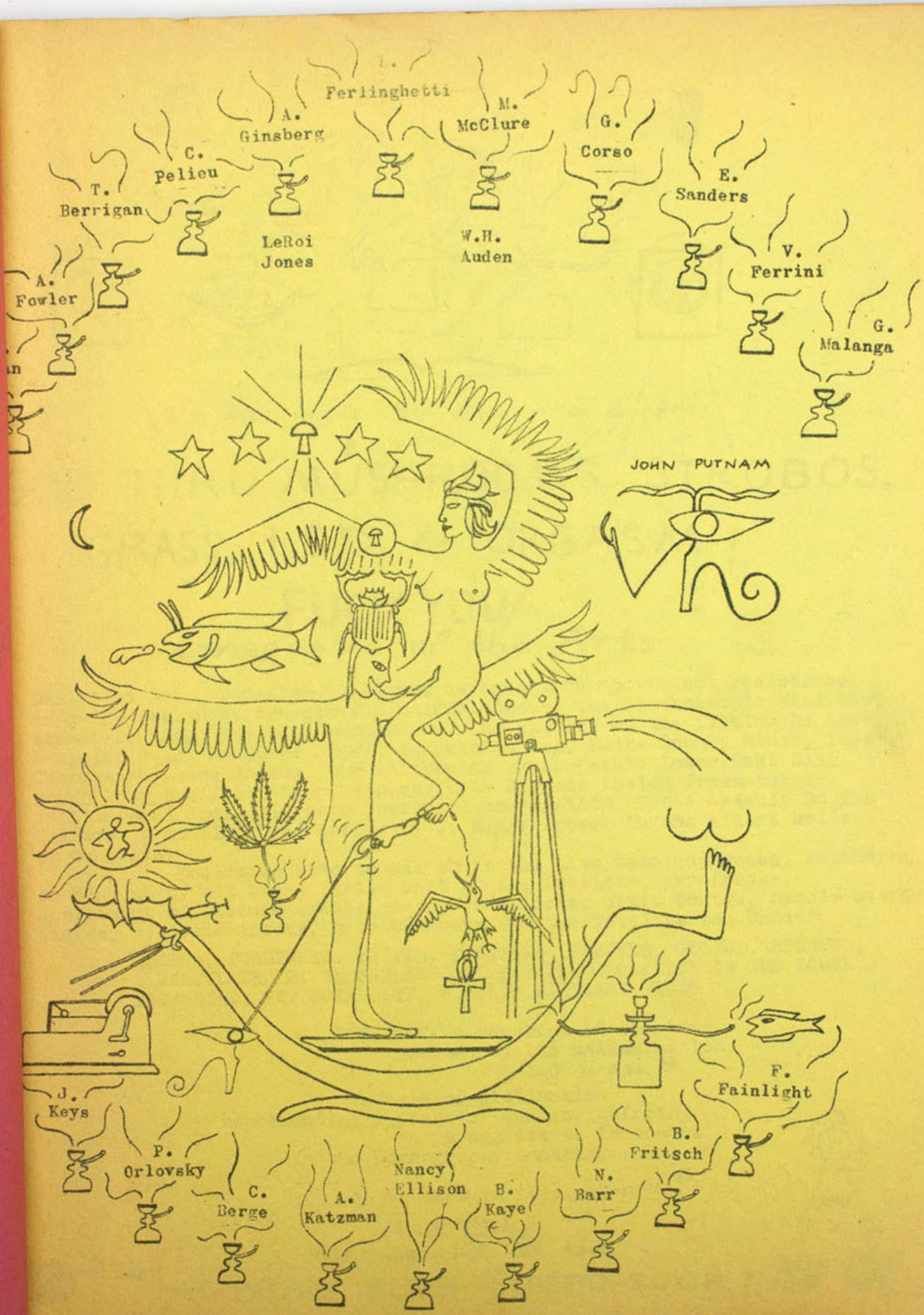
ISSUE!

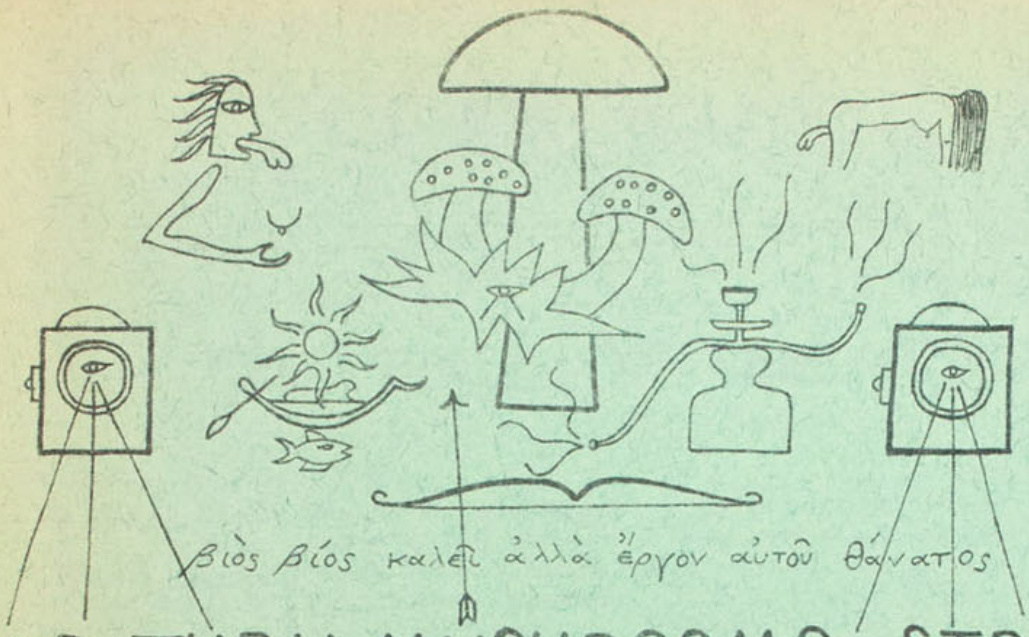
COVER by

ANDY WARHOL!!

from his evil

COUCH movie


L. Ferlinghetti
A. Ginsberg
M. McClure
G. Corso
C. Pelieu
E. Sanders
T. Berrigan
LeRoi Jones
W.H. Auden
V. Ferrini
A. Fowler
G. Malanga
JOHN PUTNAM
J. Keys
F. Fainlight
B. Fritsch
P. Orlovsky
Nancy Ellison
N. Barr
C. Berge
A. Katzman
B. Kaye



GOD THRU MUSHROOMS, STROBOS, GRASS, LSD, & ORGASM!

FUCK YOU/
a magazine of the Arts

Dedicated to: pacifism, national defense thru nonviolent resistance, dope-law defiance, freedom for hallucinogens, the Stroboscopic Mind Zap, street-fucking, the LSD Communarium, the Witness of the flaming Ra cock, Acapulqo Gold, Honduras Brown, Panamanian Red, Bucks County Mauve, Iowa Chartreuse, dope cactus, the slithering psychopathic Lower East Side young lady pacifist snapping pussy, the Jergens Lotion freak-bugger, multilateral indiscriminate apertural conjugation, Total Assault On The Culture, & to all those groped by J. Edgar Hoover in the silent halls of Congress.

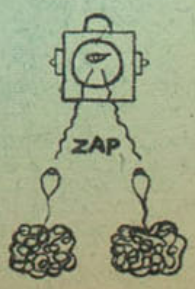
Dedicated also to all those who have been depressed, butchered, or hung up by all these family unit nazis, fascists, war-freaks, department of License creeps, fuzz, jansenists, draft boards, parole boards, judges, academic idiots, & tubthumpers for the Totalitarian Cancer.

EDITED, PUBLISHED, ZAPPED, DESIGNED, FREAKED, GROPED, STOMPED, & EJACULATED BY ED SANDERS AT A SECRET LOCATION IN THE LOWER EAST SIDE, NEW YORK CITY, U.S.A. FEBRUARY, 1965

FUCK YOU/ a magazine of the Arts
printed by its hallucination,
fug-press ®
a name of distinction
representing 3 years of quality printing
& aggressive innocence
in the pornography industry

"you can be sure if it's *fug-press* ®"

FUCK YOU/
the magazine of the
BRAIN BLOB STROBO-SUCK!



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

We shall freak onward in the Rays of Ra . This is our THIRD ANNIVERSARY ISSUE & Fuck You/ a magazine of the Arts will continue forever. The Fuck You/ Editorial Board cluster fucks onward, trailing blazing hookahs of glory, empty Amyl-nitrite vials, di-methyl-tript parsley, & orange LSD basketballs by the 1000's. TOTAL ASSAULT! Onward in the FLESH EXPRESS. The next issue of Fuck You/ a magazine of the Arts will be a gigantic PROSE ISSUE containing millions of pages of ultimate prose spews. Please zap us w/ your manuscripts. /--- ABOUT THE COVER: by ANDY WARHOL from his banned COUCH MOVIE. It was kindly Thermofaxed & glued by William Linich. The superstars are, left to right, Rufus Collins, Kate Helicser & the fellow leaning down to muff Kate, is, of course, Gerard Malanga /--- SHRIEK! SHRIEK! announcing THE FUGS!!!! an unbelievable group of singers featuring Tuli Kupferberg on farto-phone, Brillo Box, finger cymbals, & various percussion instruments; Ed Sanders on organ, sex organ, & Harmonica; Szabo on Amphetamine Flute & recorder ; Ken Weaver on snares & big stomp Buffalo hide drum; & guest stars. Dances, dirty folk spews, rock & roll, poetry, Amphetamine operas, & other freak-beams from their collective existence. These creeps barf from an unbelievable bag. There has never been any thing like the FUGS in the history of western civilization!! For bookings, we are for sale, please contact Ed Sanders at the PEACE EYE BOOK STORE.

help wanted help wanted help Fug-press editorial assistants, typists, young lady head-copping specialists, & hordes of snapping pussy needed for the following projects: a) completion of the new Fuck You/ press publication by William Burroughs called BURROUGHS MONOGRAPH #1: Apo-33 A Metabolic Regulator. b) preparing the fug-press publication "BANANA, an anthology of Strap Verse, Dike Shrieks, harness poems, & worshipful emanations from the Shrine of The Bull Tongue Clit" c) answering the many Fuck You/ editorial board Cock Spurt Alerts. d) assistance in preparing the huge upcoming prose issue of FUCK YOU (#5, vol 9)/--- MOVIES!! 1) Will all the stars & super stars of Ed Sanders under ground epic (two years in the making) please report back for certain re-takes. The director has been plagued by stars disappearing into Hillside Hospital & Central Islip, & the hip chick star tendency to vanish somewhere in New Jersey. Even though you may have married that dentist, please bring you snatch back for a few more reels of Amphetamine Glory. The WORLD PREMIERE of AMPHETAMINE HEAD will occur in spring, 1965! 2) The Editorial Board of Fuck You/ a magazine of the arts announces its first moviemaking venture::

MONGOLIAN CLUSTER FUCK

a short but searing non-socially redeeming porn flick featuring 100's of the lower east side's finest, with musical background by Algernon Charles Swinburne & THE FUGS!!

TOE QUEENS, ARISE!

--continued next page--

3) announcing Harry Fainlight's new 18 HOUR ASS-HOLE MOVIE, the most subtle movie in the western tradition. 18 hours of intricate & engrossing contractions of the sphinctor ani of a famous Harpers Bazaar model./--- Announcing the Lower East Sides most sinister book shop, the PEACE EYE BOOK STORE, 383 East 10th St, N.Y. 9, N.Y. Telephone CLitoris 4-2100 or 254-2100, operating as a book scene, freak center, & scrounge lounge featuring most of the literary ejaculations of the lower east side. Stomp with us./--- Gropes & thanks to the kind stompers who helped the Editorial Board prepare this issue: Ken Weaver , Peter Orlovsky, and particularly Elaine Solow /---- recent & about to be spurted FUCK YOU/ press publications: a) BANANA, an anthology of harness verse. b) BUGGER, a Journal of Albigensian Night. An anthology of Bulgar, anal erotic, pound cake, cornhole & dreck poetry, by Szabo, Allen Ginsberg, Ted Berrigan, Ron Padgett, Al Fowler, Ed Sanders, John Keys, John Harriman, & Harry Fainlight. This is already a legendary fug-press publication. A few copies left. c) THE WORD IS LOVE. we finally spurt to press with this great book by the whispered Lenore Kandel. d) SADE SUIT by Jackson MacLow, a very complex book freaked out of the brilliant MacLow brain using Sade's Bedroom Philosopher. e) HEALTH BULLETIN: Apo-33 A METABOLIC REGULATOR; A REPORT TO THE CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, by WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS. (see ad above.)

{ COCKS SUCKED WITH A FLAIR }

TAYLOR MEAD!

The Royal Rimmer

Now Opening

his ROME

Suck Salon

TAYLOR MEAD
c/o American Express
ROME, ITALY

"Get a good old American Gobble
while on your European vacation"

1000's of satisfied customers!!!

adv ☆ adv ☆ adv ☆ adv ☆ adv ☆ adv

LAWRENCE FERLINGHETTI

TO FUCK IS TO LOVE AGAIN
(Kyrie Eleison Kerista)

Down on North Beach
Up on Potrero
dreaming of utopias
where everyone's a lover
i see San Francisco from my window
thru some old navy beerbottles
The glass is dark
What's it all about
i move the ships about
in my binoculars
like some mad admiral
park dark dark
we are all shunted into it
a concrete Crete
freeway pinball labyrinth
cars into tunnels
dancers long gone under the hills
kiss kiss in stone boudoirs
the earth a turbine
storing sexual energy
turning & turning into the dark
under the skyscrapers with their time on top
stockmarket quotation tickertape time tick tick
civilization and its crickets
The dark thread draws us all in
into the wind-up labyrinth
undischarged sexual energy
not mine the city's
There's the Fairmont phallus
there's the Mark masturbation
there's the Park there's the cement works
there's the Steam Beer Brewing Plant
there's the Actor's Workshop
nothing brewing there these days
there's the Bay there's that bridge
there's that island the Navy doesn't need
We need it but we don't need the Navy
Sail Away forever somewhere why don't you
Ah there's the sun again
There's the Hall of Justice blockhouse
personifying itself
Mussolini Modern

(Con't next page)

there's the sky there's skywriting
chalk on a mirror
what's it all about
someone trying to trace something up there
Sun solves it
in the mirror
of eternity
A train pulls out of Third Street Station
not going anywhere
discharge of aimless sexual energy
tick tick over the rails
to a coupling in Palo Alto
Life goes on not going anywhere
Time goes on tick tick
what's it all about
find the tick
follow your thread
around the next corner
I sometimes wonder if that is what Krishnamurti meant
Love's a lost tick
As we grow older the clatter becomes more complicated
Put your ear to the flesh and you'll still hear it
tick tick over the rails
bearing us away
but who's got a bad ticker
and what's everthing waiting for
Don't tell me they're still waiting
we've been thru all that already
even the poets dug it
you could almost hear them inning to think
tick tick
even the painters finally caught on
pop pop
Now it's all over maybe
no more excitement maybe
nothing happening anyplace anymore maybe
especially in San Francisco baby
stranded whales all over the place
elder statesmen poets high & dry
and a labyrinth the worst place of all
for a whale to find himself
How do we get out
where do we go from here
what's the next development
what's around the next corner
why is everything holding its breath

(Con't next page)

Why am i here
typing in my attic
tick tick
i've got a good ticker
i'm winding up my thread
but i am no Prince Theseus nor was meant to be
i'll slay no minotaurs in my Attic retreat
with the sword i use to cut my meat
Still i'm always looking for the action
at the heart of things
Must be something shaking somewhere
someone on some rooftop must be loving
in the hot sun
in this labyrinth of solitude
which is neither cold Crete nor hot Mexico
but is still full of solos
gringo pachucos
trying to trace it but
trying to figure out
what it's all about
and why the sun still goes on turning
and still is god to my dog
The sun the sun behold the sun
Great God Sun still riseth
in our rubaiyat
and strikes the towers with a shaft of light
The sun the sun still rules everything
even the sky as we know it
even love as we know it
even life as we know it
which is nothing but heat
discharge of sexual energy
And the sun goes on cooling
discharge of undirected sexual energy
And the Cold War gets cooler
other-directed sexual energy
And two more government scientists throw in the sponge
mis-directed sexual energy
But is this cooling-off period to string us out forever
how about some love in the cold climate
how about some instant joy
inner-directed sexual energy
Let's get hot again baby
kiss kiss in stone boudoirs
i didn't say shoot i said fuck

(Con't next page)

i'm sorry officer i'm sorry mother
that's the only word that'll do
it's a word of love daddy
for which there's no refined substitute
still i'm trying to refine it
i'm trying to make it holy
i'm trying to make it socially acceptable
even to Cretan cretins lost in a maze
For to fuck is to love again
so let's everybody love it up
every body
That's the solution Comrade
maybe the only one Comrade
why are you so puritanical Comrade
let's turn on together Comrade
and you too Colonel Cornpone
i'm serious Comrade
i'm serious Colonel Cornpone
let's repeat it together
To fuck is to love again
Lord have mercy
To fuck is to love again
kyrie eleison hallelujah
A litany like that
means more to us Romans
than any Hail Mary full of grace
though blessed be the fruit of her womb
And don't think you have to like down to do it General
that ain't the only way General
no one is asking you to lie down abjectly General
the tick of hate is loose in the labyrinth
dies irae dies illa illa illa
and ticks carry diseases but fucks carry love
which is also infectious
So get ready General
Ready Get set Fuck
kyrie hallelujah
by the right flank fuck
and blessed be the fruit
by the left flank fuck
and blessed be the fruit
by the rear fuck
and blessed be the fruit
Blessed Blessed Blessed
So fuck thy neighbor in another country
exchange fucking populations
you send us all your women
we'll send you all our men wearing neckties

(Con't next page)

Americans love travel
we love exotic places & people
you'll think ours are exotic too
i'm tired of this climate anyway
you're tired of yours
so let's get together on this
let's get down to bare essentials
and have a mass exchange fuck
a fucking real exchange program
an enormous international hardcore Fuck Corps
and nevermind the protocol
we've all got our own passe-partout
if to fuck is to love again
and nevermind the overpopulation
Contraception can contain
all but love
and blessed be the fruit
and no more quotas
and no more discrimination
we dig Chinese chicks we dig Cuban chicks we dig
Arab boys
we love women in babushkas
but you can't buy them at Cost-Plus
with the women still in them
so nevermind exchanging anymore jewelry or hardware
lord have mercy
just exchange ourselves
just transpopulate
just transcopulate
that is just infinitely
transfuck
hosanna pulchrissima
kyrie hallelujah
we'll both still have the sun

Michael McClure

Jan 28

Dear Ed,

There's a hideous article in new Sat Eve Post titled WHAT'S SO TERRIBLE ABOUT GERM WARFARE? (Jan 30th)

I sent the following poem as letter to the editor:

POISONED WHEAT

OH, BLUE GRAY GREEN PALE GRAHHR!
TRANQUIL POURING ROSE LION SALT!
There is death in Viet Nam!
There is death in Viet Nam!
There is death in Viet Nam!
And our bodies are mad with the forgotten
memory that we are creatures!

Blue-black skull rose lust boot!

Basta!

Michael

If you not like this write & I send you TOE ODE

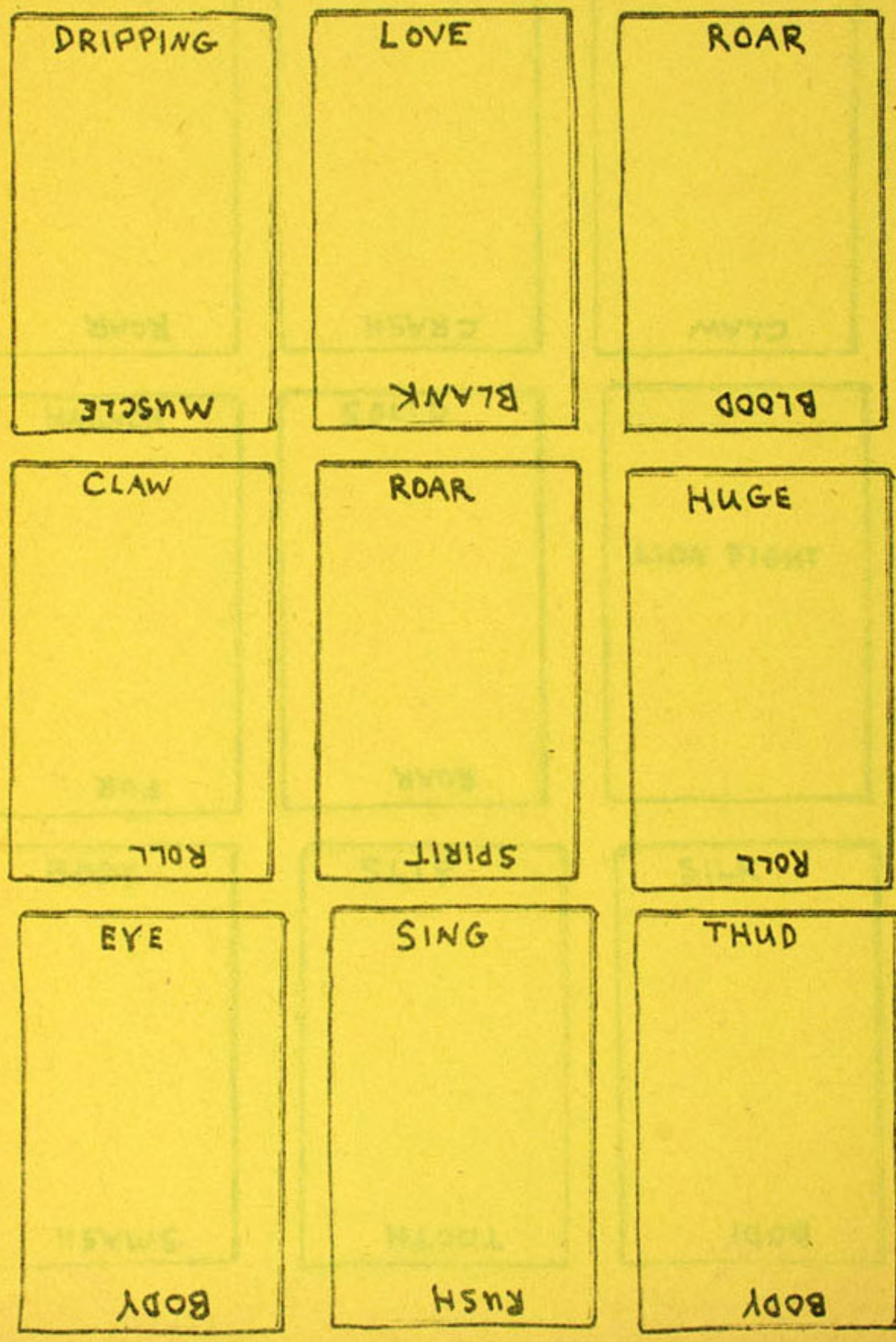
Dear Ed,

Here is poem - or poems - you put in any order or whatever. Keep deck. Beam Loove, & HAR anniversary.

Michael

MICHAEL MC CLURE

MICHAEL MC CLURE CUTOUT CARDS --- MAKE YOUR OWN POEM!!!



SLIDE

ROAR

MUSCLE

CRASH

SPARK

CLAW

HAUNCH

FUR

SOLID

ROAR

LION FIGHT

BODY

SMASH

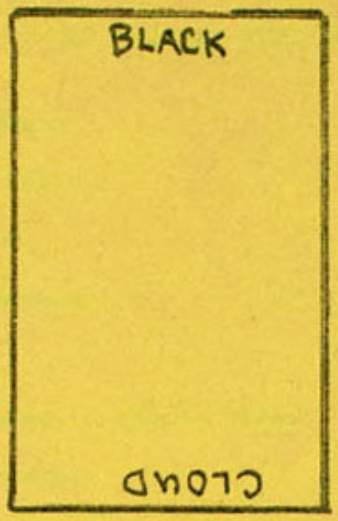
SLIP

TOOTH

SILK

BODY

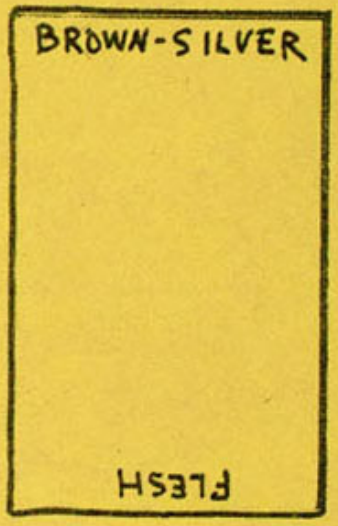
TENDON
MEAT

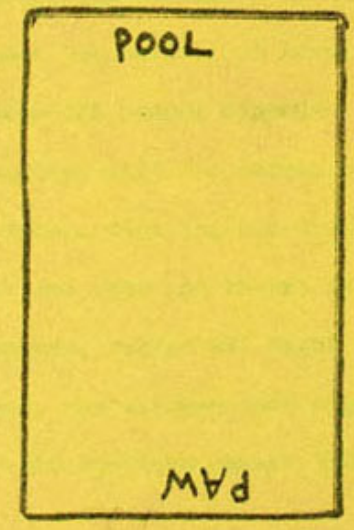

BLACK
CLOUD

BODY
CLANG

TEAR
POINT

ROAR
BODY


BROWN-SILVER
FLESH


POOL
PAW

LEROI JONES

WORD FROM THE RIGHT WING

President Johnson
is a mass murderer,
and his mother,
was a mass murderer,
and his wife
is weird looking, a special breed
of hawkbill cracker
and his grandmother's
weird dumb and dead
turning in the red earth
sick as dry blown soil
and he probably steals
hates magic
and has no use
for change, tho changing, and changed
the weather plays its gambling
tune. His mother is a dead blue cloud.
He has negroes work for him hate him,
wish him under the bullets of kennedydeath
OPEN FIRE FROM THE SCHOOL WINDOWS
these projectiles kill his mother plagued
by vulgar cancer, floating her dusty horoscope,
without the love even she thinks she needs, deadbitch,
Johnson's mother, walked all night holding hands
with a nigger, and stroked that nigger's
hard. Blew him downtown newark 1928... I got proof!