

The Giltweasel

Fourth Issue
June 1995



THIS ISSUE MARKS THE INTRODUCTION OF
THE GILTWEASEL TO THE COLUMBIA CAMPUS
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MISSOURI.

This is the only item in this month's issue not likely to offend anyone, except maybe someone's mom. Anyway I hate to attribute this one in this issue, but it was written by a Union High School grad, Michelle Hayes.

Ubu

Why was Ubu never instructed to stand? Sit Ubu sit-good dog. the only reason man thought Ubu was worthy of affection was because Ubu gave in to oppression. Was man so afraid that if Ubu stood-up he would gain independence. Ahh, but that is the way in which humans operate. The only way to truly be loved is to give-in to obey. It's even in marriage vows. So what if you develop a free mind, then what? You're a freak? Damn, right. Be like the crowd. Fit in, normal out. If not kiss your social status good-bye. Well Ubu, the choice is yours. Pretend that you want to sit and be loved, or do what you really want and be condemned.

This is reprinted from the April 1995 issue. The Author had a small problem accepting that a few people didn't get it

?

ifisanangel and my manger will help me manage and make me
flee to the starry east. on an asses back and in the betel night
maybe the girled mother has an asses idea of honor. man of
an angel
manager making no later game for the people.
...the people?

* * *

Hoik Da Hoity, Hock the Holy
Bared In the Break Of Day The Holy Shimmer.
The Journeymen Know the value of a real good Shimmer.
Into the World the Holy Shock delivers
a new brilliance from the ego.
Hock the Hoity, Hate The Holy,
and Kings die before the dusk,
before the Hoity, shuck the Husk-a-Holy.
Gosh-By-golly the MAN appears.
Hark the Quickness, Blissful rumors,
Heal the lucky, Grope the Blessed,
Bitch the wicked, Ignore the rest of the Hirsute
bastards. Hump the days and nights
in ecstasy, trim the wicks, Those candle drips-
Hear the Holy, Dazed by the Words-a-plenty,

This one was supposedly written after a creation vs. evolution debate. It's amazing how popular those are becoming in supposed educated circles. One would think that after Francesco Redi's disproof of parthenogenesis(**in the 17th century!!!**) individuals capable of reading might learn from the past. Otherwise there ought to be a slump in refrigerator sales. And, besides, who the hell needs libraries anyway?

After a debate

Once when I was little, I used to think God was George Washington. Silly me... I thought the guy next door looked like George Washington too. I really had this messed up picture of God in my head. Now say it to me and I'll say energy and compost is the closest facial approximation. That's evolution for you. A little kid's perceptions for the masses of grown-ups to debate in public. Now why would they want to confuse the matter with some stupid argument over where monkeys come from?

Today to my head that seems to be taking up a lot of good propagandizing time. These heaven hoodlums could reorganize the earth today into a great big ball of oppression if they weren't so busy trying to prove to other people what they are and what the unconverted aint. Means to me that no-one really knows what they are saying to others, cause they don't know what it is that they really know... Now... just because that chimpanzee can't type King Lear if given a chance, that doesn't mean the average human could.

The two poems?.. on these pages just seemed to go well with each other. Maybe the editor just sees a common theme.

Turning Plowshares Into Shoes

The pulse, fog and fuck touched
lightly around my bosom, his arm-hand
cupped a raw nipple red in the
white-light plane, musty woman groaning
throbbing, cramped back, creaking bones,
my hand creeping 'round that neck,
asphyxiate-cum drool-hand tingle-flinch.
Around her neck strangle, guggle, struggle,
and choke,
bitch-throat dead, one lead, one laid.
Just any old-woman, and that's alright.

All night stoned and boned with my skinny
man at my back, his hand asleep on my
thigh, hardness snaking my ass,
aching asshole, his silver balls and golden cock
humming the Seraph Boys to my door.
'mantine not withstanding, vistas engaged,
Hiss-liver balls
and garden cock brandished with malice to
fucked-once
and forgotten sprite-able bloodied bungs.
Red morning bruises, jaundiced eye, and
purple tongue lagging as Billy gets at 'em.

declaration of indebtedness

Hello, my name is "forgotten".

In the shadow of place cards, name tags, and uniforms, this challenge of a finite mind in a world of electrodes, thorazine, and group therapy, has a loup-garou, batty-shit-faced fucker of a lunatic like me, baffled and extreme.

"No more!!!," cries the woman inside.

I can't take the whole of the beating, ratting, rattling, chattering, bugging, ambushing, shit-connoisseurs of a cook-friggin' autophile, bastard ethic, bachelor-crab-assed, junked-out, congregation telling me their shit of a bitch, telling me their woes, telling me their 12 steps-- how to reach ultimacy, how to reach nirvana, how to skin a pig and fry the rinds like corn chips. Smack down the party moles, burn those six centuries under my belt, and fuck all those in need!!!

This boy has an agenda in tow and any suit-breasted, penny-toed, cow-bagging, hair-Criscoed, know-the-best-for-me's that want to stand in my way need to reconcile their lobes.

Have the furnace ready because when I'm through with everything I'll be blazing in more ways than one--toked, juiced, balled, broken, bare, hard, bitten, basted, shocked, tossed, cracked, poked, wired, wicked, rolled, robbed, potted, jacked, bled, crazed, licked, pulled, said, raised, dazed, picked, milked, boned, crashed, drunk, held, healed, racked, jumped, ridden, creamed, spaded, hexed, written, awakened.

I would say that this person is pissed about something.

Dial us Safe

Your needles radio christmas tree, o what they say to me,
to smoke my brain with resin cloud of flicker frame and
youngness proud,
that style you wear from top till morn, blackness true and us
unborn,
the many children taken from us, ourselves unknown, the
lives that numb us,
twenty years of normal air, with windows open to many
futures... the devils we have lived with to make your
pockets full,
tell me the bastard of all truth is within me.
speak that song from the heart I hold.
speak the truth of race
That Michael was the nigger of the moon, that needle in my
vein was full of the red deathish crystal love, that a shotgun in
my mouth tastes just like your cock.
speak the truth of sex
This crowd fakes even the friendliness they offer to Jesus,
that no-one stands to be honest when they want to get one
off.
to what is the honor of your presence deemed?
Someone told you free money was in the air, was that normal
air, was there a god involved, was there a drug involved, was
there fucking about, was there death here, was there a young
dead child to mourn, was your mind into the kool-aid, were
there many potential lovers, was I here to tempt you, did you
see your way to the commode, did you see us to the station,
on our way to the clouds, were we stoned enough for you,
wasn't there enough evil in your generation, that you had to
corrupt the dirt?

These three are totally benign, so read on without care.
“ I, Barbarian” appeared in the April 1995 issue.

On a Squirrel in the Backyard
(with apologies to the nut)

For on the sixth day God created the beasts in his kind.
And the creeping things in their kind.
For this creature is in the elm tree it rules.
For it sinews itself among the skies and dirt.
For there are but three names for such a beast.
For its names are known only to itself.
For I have see many a squirrel in many a day, and yet
unbroken life they extend me, they still count me a
friend.
For there are but two of them now sitting in this bush.
For that bush has no nobler purpose than that of this
day and of those squirrels.
For I become momentary and the squirrels become
infinite.
For they are scurrying along the fence.
For their business is true among crooked men.
For their tales are worth their lives.
For their lives are worth their tales.
For they are rich beyond all means.
For the last day of their lives is but an ounce of this
existence.
For their lives weigh but an ounce.
For they are gracious and allow me to witness.
For they are modest and secret themselves frequently.
For they are friendly to ask and to answer.
For they are there.
For squirrels are in the place of the majestic.
For these squirrels stage me and offer a just day.

I, Barbarian

What with thereat spake a judge and he declared all things to
 be bar-bar,
from a hazy sky inspired many poets eye to speak bar-bar
what ho, from yonder window breaks? it is the bar-bar
miles to go before two roads diverged in a yellow bar-bar-bar
and yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of
death, I shall fear no bar-bar
misty minds and chambered ladies live in a grasshopper falls
like a leaf loneliness from years of bar-bar
great orators awake! mountains from Jericho trumpets call
 emperors to lead the challenge of bar-bar
with men of tongue leading the mob to unruly bar-bar, stone
 mouths speak danger of the coming barbarians.

Ursa blood-nose sniffing tubers of May; noting stains
of living through ways of his daylife.
Homo soft-tooth hollow through his middle, rock-teeth
in hand ready while shaking,
 waiting.
brambling mothered, armored keeping in herself the
whole of light and heat of her womb this Sun lives and
becomes nature's fulcrum of bias.

I dont really know who this offends. Maybe some plant
engineer or agricultural brain will get upset enough to write
me a letter of complaint.

Extempore effusion upon seeing a sign of the Spring.

I think that there will never need,
so much to kill the pernicious weed,

as gasoline we spread as fire,
upon the grass that gives us eyre.

Upon the grass that gives us air,
we pull the root that takes us care.

Upon the root we yanked so fine,
we glaze the sun to never shine.

Upon the sun which turns now black,
we soot the clouds which makes us hack.

Upon these clouds so warm so grey,
we watch the bird fall out and flay.

The choking birds in which are kin,
we kill and eat our sins again.

Their hatchlings dead and on us draped,
the guilt for the mother earth we raped.

Yet, how the weed can manage health,
the gods of life would spend their wealth to find
the cure within each plant,
we strive to live but find we can't.

Where many men have illed and perished,
I find the weed the earth so cherished.

so cherished...

This one is fun!
Be sure to show it to grandma.

fuck subtlety

fuck subtly, fuck suddenly, fuck is all I'm for.
screw now, screw together, fuck is all I'm for.
lick gently, lick me smooth, fuck is all I'm for.
squeeze hard, squeeze harder, fuck is all I'm for.
fuck all the pretty girls, fuck is all I'm for.
fuck the pretty boys too, fuck is all I'm for.
fuck you, fuck your head, fuck is all I'm for.
fuck today, fuck the week, fuck is all I'm for.
fuck drugs, fuck money, fuck is all I'm for.
fuck fuck now, fuck forever fuck, fuck is all I'm for.
fuck sleep, fuck food, life is all I'm for.

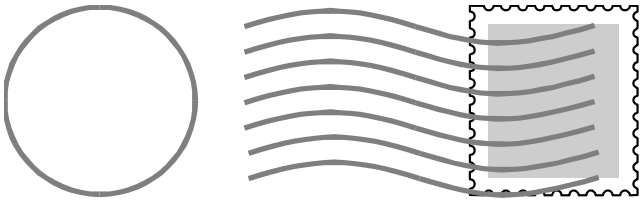
That was fun... And that's why it was in the back.
I think to save the best for last.
That's what I'm looking for. And here's a short
list of my favorite poets(the big ones.)

A.R. Ammons
Galway Kinnell
Allen Ginsberg
Lawrence Ferlinghetti
W.C. Williams

generally any one who can mix nature. raw language, and concision
into a comprehensible **blast** of revelation. That's not a definition
of good poetry, but it's what I like.

I just discovered a lesser known but powerful poet in Ronald
Koertge. These are the people who I would like to emulate in print.

Check it out!



As promised in last month's issue, what you just read should have offended someone somewhere. I believe there is a little for everyone. If your sensibilities haven't been shaken even a little, you will have to arrange a private meeting with me. I'd like to see what kind of person you are.

As in the past, I have to continue to beg for submissions. Since this is a non-profit outfit, all that can be paid are author's copies and thanks, but I have to have material to print. Without hard documents, I won't be able to continue to print a complete issue much longer. Much of the reserve material is running out, and I don't have anything to print from anyone willing to put more than an anonymous entry into the pot. So submit now regardless of the risk.

Speaking of risk, I've noticed in the MU Book that all printed materials are supposed to have the officers of the organization, the editor, and the publishers names in the publication. Well tough. This is a one-man operation, and if the chancellors or university presidents want my name they can send a SASE just like anyone else. The same goes for any group or individual who feels that they need a legal game of sue you-sue me. One stamp of postage will be refunded to anyone who thinks it unfair of me to require a fee to discover my identity. And the SASE is required if you want to get an answer in the mail. Otherwise all official correspondence will be hand delivered.

Since this is a new thing on the MU campus, I will make any of the three back issues available in photocopy to any one who wants(maybe there's a fee and maybe not. It depends on how many requests I get.)

With a new venue and increased exposure
The Giltweasel is adding a new mailing address.
Any submissions or chapbook ideas may be sent
to either of these addresses.

The Buggin' Uffly Press
Or
The Giltweasel Submissions
425 MacArthur Ave.
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The Giltweasel
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