

local news

LIFE IS FUNNY, HO? THINGS SORT OF HAPPEN ALL OF A SUDDEN. LIKE NASHVILLE'S EVERY CHANGING, FAST-MOVING MUSIC SCENE. FOR YEARS, THERE WAS JUST ONE OR TWO CLUBS COMING AND GOING. NOW ALL OF A SUDDEN, WE HAVE THREE CLUBS AND A RIVERBOAT BOOKING ORIGINAL MUSIC. SOUNDS GREAT ON THE SURFACE, BUT IS IT? WITH SO MUCH TO DO NOWADAYS, OUR SMALL-BUT-LOYAL LIVE MUSIC SUPPORTING CROWD IS SO SPREAD OUT THAT NO CLUB ENJOYS PARTICULARLY GOOD BUSINESS. COMPETITION IS FIERCE BETWEEN CLUBS ON WEEKENDS, AND NOT MANY PEOPLE CAN AFFORD TO GO CLUB-HOPPING. SO WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN HERE. WELL, EVENTUALLY SOMEONE WILL SUFFER, AND LIKE ALWAYS, SOME POOR CLUB OWNER WILL BE FORCED OUT OF BUSINESS.

IN OTHER NEWS:
SHADOWS AND THE ENEMY RECENTLY FILMED A LIVE VIDEO PRESENTATION FOR VIACOM'S PUBLIC ACCESS CHANNEL AT ROOSTER'S. IT WILL BE SHOWN SOME TIME WITHIN THE NEXT TWO WEEKS.

69 TRIBE ARE STARTING TO PLAY GIGS ABOUT TOWN THESE DAYS. ANYONE WHO CAUGHT THEIR EXCELLENT SET WITH THE NIGHT PORTERS AWHILE BACK WILL PROBABLY RAISE ABOUT THEIR ENERGY, RAW POWER, AND WIT. DON'T MISS 'EM!

KARNIVAL SEASON ARE A POWERFUL QUARTET FROM BIRMINGHAM, ALA. WELL, THAT'S ABOUT IT. I WANTED TO GIVE 'EM A MENTION, CAUSE THEY'RE GOOD. **GREGORY** (SPORTING A NEW, CLEAN-SHAVEN LOOK) HAS WORKED UP A GREAT IMPRESSION OF WARNER HODGES. ASK HIM TO DO IT FOR YOU, SOME TIME.

Lee's Helpful Hints DO's

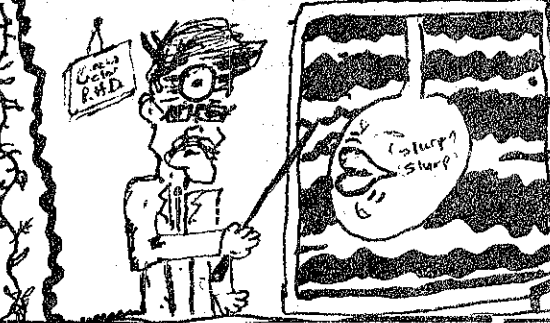
1. Do carry a litter bag in your car.
2. Do brush your teeth twice a day - and after snacks!
3. Do remember that a nice bouquet of flowers can sure be a nice pick-me-up. They add just the right touch!

DON'Ts

1. Don't pick at sores or open wounds with cutlery while dining in mixed company.
2. Don't spread rumors about our friends unless they are already dead.
3. Don't let blind people drive your car - no matter how badly they want to.

STUBBILITY
 "Grandpa... what's STOOBIT mean?" Little Timmy asked his Grandpa, who was not really his Grandpa. "Ho, Ho, Ho, Timmy, you must mean STUPID... well I'm sure I wouldn't know... why don't you go ask your pal OSCAR." Timmy's pal OSCAR was the only REAL person that little Timmy had ever seen. "Imo GNAM inna ta LIMMIN woom na... suhvoo kin EEECHOE din-din." Grandpa said in his most humorous 'country-style' voice. He was telling little Timmy that he was going into the living room so Timmy could eat his dinner. Grandpa was not allowed (by law) to be in the same room with an eating human. Just then Timmy's pal OSCAR rolled up. "Merrin! Timmy! how-bout a nice game of cabbager... or a bowl of SUGAR-SNAILS?" Timmy was in the mood to ignore his pal OSCAR today. Cleopatra, who was Timmy's artificial mommie, suddenly POPPED out of her hiding-place beneath the sewing machine and began scolding everyone for all sorts of things that they couldn't have possibly done. Grandpa peered deep into her eyes and SPAT directly into the air-intake vent on her front. There was an awful churning noise as Cleopatra wobbled a few times and fell over. "PLOP!" said everyone in unison... "PLOP goes Cleopatra!" Grandpa, Oscar, and Timmy all began to giggle like pontoons. RE-BOT, who was the family housekeeper, suddenly HOLLERED like a cadaver from the kitchenette. "HEY, WHAT'S GOING ON IN THERE?" Grandpa started to holler back at RE-BOT, but decided to simply nudge the fallen Cleopatra with his foot a few times. Timmy looked down semi-sadly at the boinging springs protruding from a sort of neck-part on the once proud Cleopatra. "Ya know what Grandpa?" "What's that Timmy?" "Well, I've been thinkin' and I'll bet I know what that old worc means now." Timmy was climbing aboard his boss jet-horsie. "You mean 'STUPID'?" Grandpa asked as he lit his pipe. "What do you think it means?" Timmy answered: his Grandpa but the noise from his boss jet-horsie made it impossible to hear anything.

A FRIEND OF MINE TOLD ME HE ATE A NEW BRAND OF HOT DOGS RECENTLY. AFTER GLANCING AT THE INGREDIENTS ON THE PACKAGE, HE NOTICED THAT THE WEINERS CONTAINED COW LIPS. FOR HOURS AFTERWARD, MY FRIEND CLAIMED HE COULD FEEL THE COW LIPS SUCKING ON THE INSIDE LINING OF HIS STOMACH. HERE IS THE AUTHENTIC HOSPITAL X-RAY:



CRITICISM cont...
 We are somewhat limited in our efforts to bring out factual, useful information because none of us live in the real world. Nashville already has one very fine local music publication, anything else would tend to be a repeat of the same thing. Luckily, we seem to have many people who enjoy and share an interest in our brand of humor. If everything had a message, things would tend to get dull, eh?

HOWDY, GANG! WELCOME TO THIS WEEK'S "WEASEL"! I'M MELVIN THE HORSE OF COURSE, AND AS YOU CAN SEE, I'M DEEPLY ENTRENCHED IN THE PHILOSOPHY OF "SUMMER-ISM"! I'VE PUT MY BRAIN IN NEUTRAL, MY PHONE ON HOLD, AND MY SCHEDULE IN THE GARBAGE!



HOPE YOU'RE HAVIN' A GREAT SUMMER LIKE I AM! THE MAIN THING TO REMEMBER IS: "KEEP REALITY AS FAR AWAY AS POSSIBLE!"



HERO PIG EATS BIG APPLE

HOW TO HAVE FUN WITH REAL FUR DEAD ANIMALS

THE BEST METHOD TO HELP YOU BRING YOUR ANIMAL TO LIFE IS TO THINK OF HIM AS REAL AND ALIVE. BY DEVELOPING THAT FRAME OF MIND YOU WILL AUTOMATICALLY PUT YOUR AUDIENCE, CUSTOMERS OF FRIENDS INTO THAT SAME FRAME OF MIND! YES, THAT FURRY LITTLE GUY IS ALIVE!

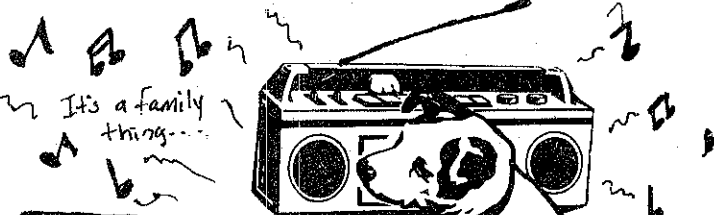


Jewish, Very Handsome—23, 5'11", Ivy grad, enjoys Schubert, Perelman; respects elders, gives Tzeddukah; seeks similar Jewish female, 20's, to share dumb movies, more. NYM 1912.

The

semi-humorous, difficult to understand, absolutely free publication known by various underground circles

WEASEL WEEKLY



It's a family thing...

WEASEL WEEKLY
HEY, THIS IS THE LAST SUMMER ISSUE. OUR FIRST FULL-LENGTH ISSUE OF THE NEW SEASON WILL BE OUT AROUND THE 3RD WEEK IN AUGUST. WE'RE SORRY ABOUT ANY GARBAGE AND INCONVENIENCES THESE RIDICULOUS ONE-PAGERS HAVE CAUSED. WE'LL MAKE IT UP TO YOU THIS FALL, PROMISE!
KEEP SENDING MAIL TO:
618 E. MAIN, GALLATIN, TN 37066

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FREE!
TO OUR GUESTS.

OH, HI EVERYONE! IT'S ME, LEEA CARR AGAIN. WELCOME TO ANOTHER ISSUE OF THE WEASEL. SORRY THE PLACE IS SUCH A MESS.

WOW! SUMMER'S ALMOST OVER, AND I HAVEN'T EVEN TAKEN OFF MY LONG JOHNS. BUT I DID CATCH "ANDY GRIFFITH." THIS MORNING. IT WAS THE ONE WHERE OTIS STOPS DRINKING AND BARNEY... OH, ENOUGH OF THAT. I DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME HERE. LET'S GET MOVIN'!



UNSATISFIED CHICKEN COMIX
by Lee A.



Hi. It's a chicken, and I'm Fed up.
People are so silly. I have not have I ever had, no desire to cross the road.



FASHION SHOW
Hello, welcome to the Fashion-show! here's a nice shirt and a pair of pants.

Oh, and here's a beautiful dress that you can wear in any season.

and look at this nice outfit! it's definitely a winner!

My goodness! this one's a bit OUTRAGEOUS. For my taste!!

People think it's so easy to be a chicken. Fuck em! What do they know. Let em try it some time!

Unsatisfied? You bet...

GOSTBIT - "Yard Sale" b/w "Chasing the Wind" (Arts Records)

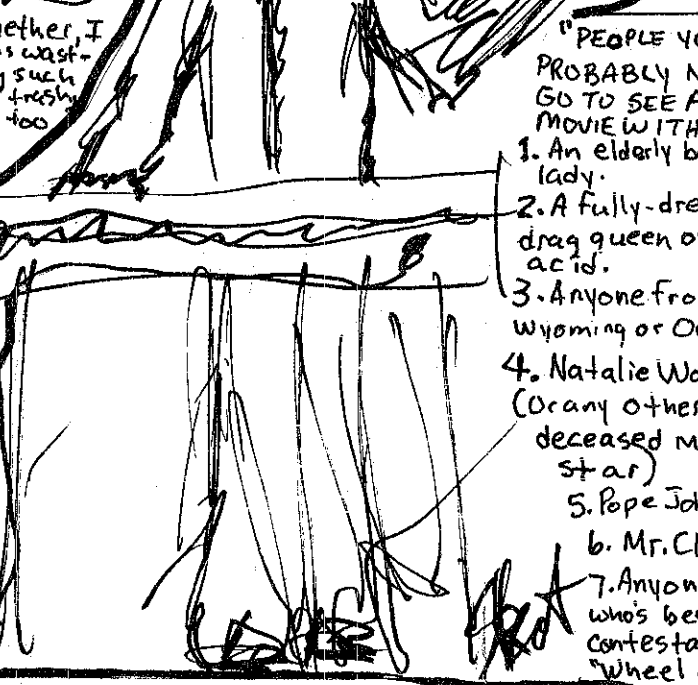
This record is a truly enjoyable one, and I think I like it better everytime I play it. Side One is a fast-moving, funny as hell tribute to America's new favorite pastime, packed with a modern electro-ungle beat. What? They've got a video of this one also? Haven't seen it, but I'll bet it's great. Side Two, "Chasing the Wind," is a little more standard and a bit more serious, but equally as enjoyable. The whole thing comes packaged in a neat-o sleeve, suitable for framing. Pick up a copy at your local outlet or write to Arts Records, 2902 Belmont Blvd. Nashville, TN 37212. (Oh yeah, it's pronounced "Gost-bit")



This was my reaction to criticism. I received from a person whose opinion I respect.

At a recent get-together, I was told that I was wasting my time writing such trivial, meaningless trash that the Weasel is too pre-occupied with themes of death and the paper contains no real message. What else can I say to these charges but, "You're absolutely right." The Weasel Weekly was conceived primarily as a humor paper. (Cont. on back)

A sketch of the lead vocalist/keyboardist of THE LYRES, as seen by SKOT NELSON of FACTUAL (quite a guy) that Skot.



- "PEOPLE YOU'LL PROBABLY NEVER GO TO SEE A MOVIE WITH!"
1. An elderly bag lady.
 2. A fully-dressed drag queen on acid.
 3. Anyone from Wyoming or Oregon.
 4. Natalie Wood (Or any other deceased movie star)
 5. Pope John Paul
 6. Mr. Clean
 7. Anyone who's been a contestant on "Wheel of Fortune"
 8. The world's first test-tube baby

BEST FRIEND SOUFFLE

Ingredients:
one best friend
souffle particles
vinegar
apples

LEE'S CHEF'S CORNER
flour
day-old blood
sugar
chicken fat

This quaint and easy to fix little treat will satisfy your most finicky guests in a jiffy! Here's all you do... Take your very best friend and put chains on them. Then sprinkle souffle particles in their eyes. Stick an apple in your victim's mouth and sprinkle vinegar in heaping amounts over their body. Roll the body in flour and make numerous lacerations in the flesh to let at least three quarts of healthy blood flow into the delicious mixture. Then sprinkle fresh sugar into the wounds and quick-fry in five pounds of chicken fat. Mmmmmmmmm!!! You'll never know just how good of a friend they were until you try 'em fried!

Stephen Michael Fievet