

(Sigh)

How do you pronounce that anyway? Do you actually (Sigh), or do you just say "(Sigh)?" Anyway, was I talking about something? Never mind. I'll shut up now.



...Oh yeah, we also would like to personally appologise for misspelling Rib Ailun's name. The correct spelling is Patsaby 7.

OPEN

Letters to the Editmoron

Well, well, well. Y'all are just wonderful aren't ye? Arrrr...

oops, we don't have any letters, damn.

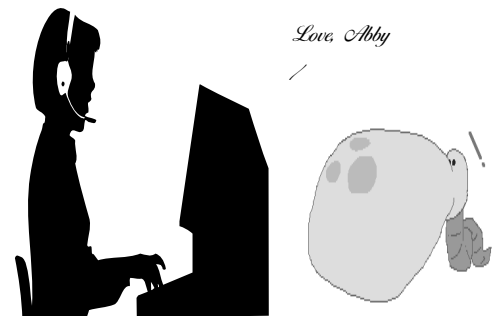
You can usually write to:

NNL
5902 Galaxie Rd.
Garland TX 75044

Dearest Nispy,

Ever since I saw that keyboardist play, I've wanted to smell him. I sincerely hope that one day, all of you will help me with my exotic body piercing.

Love, Abby



Now you too can experience what the children of Great Britain have enjoyed for centuries...

Mommy Hit Me!!!

THE FINAL NISPY ALBUM.

All of the following info. is very likely to change within the next few months, so bear with me here...



- This album will have **MUCH** more music on it than our demo tape (Raunchy display).
- Each band member (*huh huh, he said "member"*) will be writing his own song in his own style that he would actually listen to if someone else wrote it (WHAT??).
- There will be more inter-ludes!!! FREAK!!!

Here is one possible vestigial (I love that word!) song line-up-thingy:

- 1) At Risk
- 2) Banana(na)
- 3) Imbroglio
- 4) F*Ball's song*
- 5) Mommy Hit Me
- 6) Water the Cat
- 7) Orange Raisin Sack (Instrumental)*
- 8) Slab
- 9) This is the **END!**

*tentative title

Stay tuned for step-by-step updates regarding this ooh, so hot album.



Pierre Sucks

Wow! I loved the response that I got from my question! Thanks, and keep the answers coming! Anyway, the new tape is in the demo stage. I'm playing a lot more guitar on this one. (Yay) Look for heavier riffs and much more material than our previous effort. Songs include "Mommy Hit Me," "Orange Rasin Sack," (an instrumental) and "Water the Cat" As you can maybe also tell, we've returned to our original roots as being as stupid as we can. I feel sorry for the Maytag repairman. My CD review this time is Weezer's self-titled debut. Weezer sounds like a heavier version the Cars. That is good and bad. Weezer seems to suffer from the same problem that haunt such bands like Nirvana and Greenday: Their songs sound similar, with one exception: the lyrics are WAY out there... Nispy has been compared to Weezer because of the lyrics to "The Sweater Song," but other oddities include songs like Surf Wax America; where lead singer Rivers Cuomo tries to convince why surfing to work is better than driving. Throughout the album, there are some very nicely made tunes. Along with their singles "Buddy Holly" and "Undone-The Sweater Song", there's the very singable "No One Else," an intersting attempt at a love song... I think. Overall, it's a short, somewhat simplistic CD, but funny at times and above average. i give it a B.

My Joke: What do you get when you cross a bunny with a comedian? A funny bunny. Bye.



Rick's horrid mess.

Well, since George God over there went ahead and explained our next album, I guess I'll have to come up with something else.

THE FUTURE OF NISPY:

Well, I was accepted to Austin College and to Regis University, so I'll be up there somewhere. It'll be neat. As of now, I think Nispy will have been my first and last band. I'm not exactly the musical type (well duh) so Nispy will be a fond memory I will forever hold in my pancreas. We'll all be in touch, and Pierre will form the next Dream Theater band.

As for Yesh & Ryan, I don't know what the hell they're up to.

Scenario II: the revenge

After Nispy's hit album, "Mommy Hit Me," Nispy was signed onto an immediate six album deal after their first major gig at some cool club. They went on to make eighty-three albums on the top ten list, (the other one was banned due to it's moronic content), and win a bunch of those granny awards or whatever. Pretty soon they got enough money to buy and enslave the entire human population, sparing only those who bought the "Mommy Hit Me" album and they lived happily ever after.

THE END.



F*Ball's



Piece of Toast Column

Well, it's F*Ball here again. Today I'm going to examine a piece of toast. Wait, I can't (too obscene for our younger readers. What is that, egg? Don't expect any new Nispy 'til later... way later. It shall be perfection! Especially my song.

One day, the metal glass-ware said to the Snapple bottle, "I'm cooler than you!" I know, I know, it's a sad story, but these newsletters can't always be cheery.

I really am excited about upcoming sh*t by us. It's a new outlook on life and also Fanta Red soda. I personally think they ripped off Big Red but Fanta Red is cheaper. so now I sponsor it.

I'm going to tell you now that there are two upcoming events you have to worry about. The first is the Pantera concert on Feb 3 at Fair Park Colliseum. Be there. The next is the famous talent show! You should have already planned to be there! Otherwise I'll destroy the antelope that hangs outside Rick's house. I'll be throwing signed drumsticks out after the show. All I have to say now is Teh-Eh!!!!

Sincerely Yours,
F*=BALL

P.S. We'll be playing at small children's birthday parties and weddings... oh yeah, and funerals.

ANGLE

Well, since everyone is probably babbling about the new album which is to my great disappointment named "Mommy Hit Me", I won't... Well maybe a little. If you're like me and you think this is the most retarded name that three morons have thought up, please write to the Editor **Pookie** and let's get this situation taken care of. The first person or whale to write in favor of my column can write my next column. Just imagine "Tigger's Flaming Philosophy" or "Rob's animal sex-spin." Anyway, here's my poem:



"Iron Raft of Death"

I once made a Raft of iron.
It Was cool and very shiny.
Some guy told me it would never float,
So I told him to kiss my hiney.*



OK, now back to the news. If you ever want to get a fishing license, forget about it because you are damn scum and we don't like your attitude. For those of you who are wondering why it's been so warm lately, well just ask Pierre and his crotch.

*this is not an anal reference



Blue Oyster, here we come

You heard it here first. That's right. Our drummer, who shall remain nameless, was getting a hair-cut, he was asked if Nispy ever played in gay bars. When Ryan said "No," he was informed that the opportunity was open for



us. So, we'd appreciate y'all "coming out" to see us. We can sneak you girls in the back and who

knows? You might meet some cute guys. True story.



When I die, I want to go peacefully in my sleep like Grandpa, and not screaming in terror like the passengers in his car.

Well, this newsletter won't be around forever, so if any loser still wants to subscribe, they can send \$5 to me at the address up there. Back issues are \$1 each. Enjoy!!!!!!!!!!!!

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