

Halloween is close but not before you have a....

# FABULOUS DISASTER

"...And you thought goblins were scary"

You guessed it - more stupid shows!! As usual we took the early slots so you can take advantage of happy hour, beat the cover and get home early enough to get some sleepies! That way, when your foul-smelling, fat-mouthed, egregiously dressed boss blames its' daily fuck-up on you, you'll be well rested enough to hold back those burning tears of rage as you listlessly daydream of emotionally castrating and cauterizing his/her/its effluvious innards.

as usual, all shows start on time and please mention FABULOUS DISASTER when you come through the door, don't worry, we aren't getting any money, but the club owners like to know whether people are just stumbling in or coming to see the band.

**FRIDAY, October 8th 8:00 p.m.**

## **Spiral**

**244 East Houston (between Aves. A & B)**

\$5 cover Phone Number 353-1740 Midnight to 1:30 Happy Hour and a half

Take the **F train to 2nd Ave.** The mere name of this rathole conjures up images of strobe lighting, little foil packets, getting laid and groovy far-out lysergic dress and music. We were groovy and far-out once and shall be so again!! Don't worry about the local festerers, Alphabet City is all yuppied out and the mephitic homeless menace have been beaten down enough to offend only thy proboscian schnozzers. If you breathe thru yer mouth as you pass them, it'll all be over quickly and far more politically correct than kicking the remaining shit out of them.

**FRIDAY, Rocktober 15th 8:00 p.m.**

## **Street Level**

**5 Ave. A (Ave. A & Houston, NW corner)**

\$5 cover 212-388-0560 5-8 Happy Hour

Take the **F train to 2nd Ave.** or the **6 train to Bleeker Street** ("but the 6 train is a long-ass walk," says Chris). We've been playing this club for over a year and well, where have all the dealers gone or are they wearing their uniforms now? It didn't used to be like this. Actually, in the late sixties this place was an underground opium den and it is rumored that young Bill Clinton came here once, didn't inhale and never touched her.

**THURSDAY, October 28th 8:45 p.m.**

## **The Underworld**

(formerly, The Pool Bar)

643 Broadway at Bleeker St.

\$5 cover 212-473-9263

Happy Hour 7-8 and 2-4 with two for one drinks

Take the **6 train to Bleeker St.** or the **N or R to 8th st.** Located at the corner of Bleeker and Broadway, in the basement. Dark sleazy, loud, filthy, slime-ridden . . . well, yeah all of that and more. Aren't you sick of emotionally retarded television shows that pander to contrived adulterous schemes and maudlin emotional tamponery? Why watch it on the idiot box when you can go out and do it yourself!?! There was a time when people went to clubs to socialize, drink too much and hear original music. That person could be you!! Goddamn boy/girl!! Get down on your doddering knees and stick your hands in it, rub it on your face, roll around on the floor and blaspheme detachedly. I mean, just how much time can you spend in front of the friggin' VCR?

*For the latest Fabulous Disaster update, Ovaltinian compounds requests and threats; call 718-596-4841.*