

CUSTARD WALLY

"Hey, you guys sound pretty good when it's ratsy"

After our last disturbance at **Under Acme**, we grabbed a few pickup Halloween gigs with some of our pals, Le Marquis et les Cocoa Cats. Posing as the pseudo-French band "Le Custer," (don't ask) we revisited the infamous crackhouse Nightingale's on October 30th. Tears of sentimental mist were seen to cloud up Chris' eyes as he recalled his previous engagement there when the NYPD tried to steal the band's equipment during one of their legendary shakedown. Apparently, regular timely visits to the Brown Bag Department in City Hall were not being made. We repaid them 12 years later with a plaster-rattling attack that caused all of the rats under the "stage" to scurry for cover and frightened fleeing patrons into wondering how things got so out-of-hand so quickly. We respect those who stayed. For many of the Testosterone Club, the heavenly vision of Sara the Bartendress was more than enough reason to stay until closing time.

The next day, officially Halloween, marked another show with Les Marquis and his Cats. After several hours of turbulent beer-soaked sleep and the requisite delousing, it was uptown to SoHa, which stands for "South of Harlem" (a fine place to remain). A quick touch of minor pre-show food poisoning resulted in several staccato bursts of intensive vomit splattering down the side of Mark's car and the FDR Drive North. In retrospect, we believe that our well-read chums would call this "foreshadowing."

Fifteen minutes or so into our irrepressibly turbulent set, the nonhetero soundman/manager (lovely braids) started convulsing, and our techno/jazz pals had to assume the assault. During the subsequent Halloween costume contest, we realized the plug had been pulled on us at a gay bar in Harlem!! (the televised football game threw us off)

"Fortuna, you tempestuous wench!! What a vicious spin," quoth one of our favorite fictional philosophers.

Can things get any worse? See for yourself on.....

Friday, November 12th, 1999 11:00pm
SPIRAL

244 E. Houston St. 212-353-1740

Spiral is conveniently located in downtown Manhattan, on the north side of Houston St. between Ave. A and Ave. B. Take the **F** train to the **2nd Avenue** stop or the **6** train to the **Bleecker Street** stop. Our 45 minute set will be a televised internet event (www.onlinetv.com), click on **Spiral**.

What mishaps will befall us here? Genital warts? The ceiling collapsing on our heads? Disembowelment on a mike stand? Half and half from a stubby he/she after imbibing Ro-Hypnotic Budweiser? Come join us and find out!! We've included the lyrics to "Worse Than All That Have Come Before" as a therapeutic sort of journal entry regarding the millenium's final Halloween events.

Move to NY and play in a rock band. What a brilliant fucking idea that was.....

Custard Wally: 718-596-4841 Or visit our website: www.custardwally.com email: cwally@voicenet.com