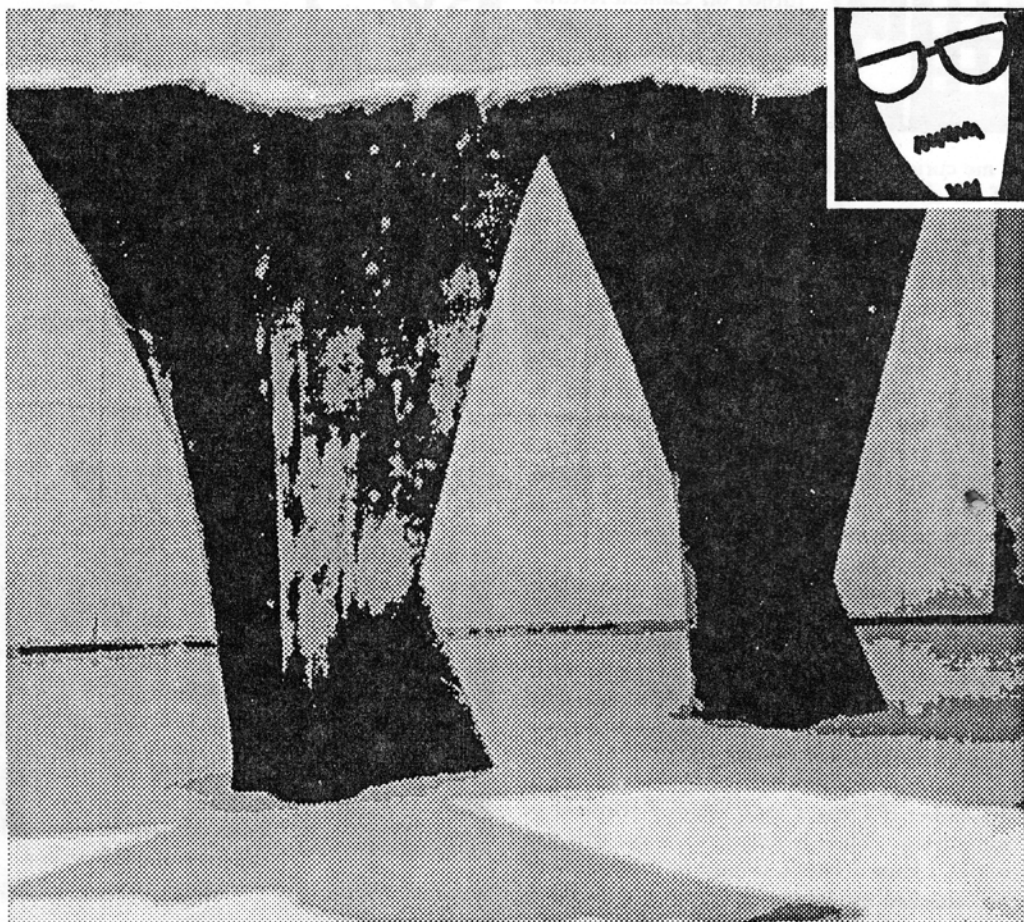


THE REFRIGERATOR

"IT'S NOT A TV" • ROCHESTER, NEW YORK • NO. 1



Our art critic suggests parking your car in the Metro Center Garage on East Main and spending a little time in this wonderful space before rushing off to your next appointment.

The Present Circumstances of the Literary Lion

Pain is a signal something is being taken care Of, for the human knows no downward spiral. Though I've only known the ecstatic variety, Lately, still it's enough to be inspired, and Denounce any pessimism. Present circumstances Shall never permit us to enjoy the kind of Leisure we think we must once have pursued-- Even your own past now is a romantic myth, Talked about by the others. Hardly possible Is it to prepare a leisure text, be like a Writer, not mentioning pain of circumstance. Instead, you've got the grocery list, clutched In your hands, and the car, like an amazement.

Have you done damage, with that life of truth! Apparently, sort of. The communicating world It's completely mad, the airwaves gone wild. When I watch the evening news, accidentally, I think the cohosts ought to be seduced, or Seduce each other--yes, it's ribald entertainment! Hardly people they deserve a dinner together, Parts in a splendid movie in which all goes Resplendently, and sensually, for that is what Nature, tamely watching and excitable, deserves! Myself, fresh out of commentary, I have to go To the refrigerator, and stand there staring At the cranberry juice. I might eat a donut. I've been so happy, I don't even want the world To know of my life. I think, it might be sacred, All dedication to any consistency, or any love.

The characters on the screen, the people on the Street, should survive another night, until I Think present situations quite through. The Life of mystery is total fortune, fortunate-- Love of God direct, and total insecurity, yes.

What is this intensity, what these expressions Tending to the abstract! Ah, thought has a history Of survival, enough to make a person old . . . See the blockading traffic, the night hour when You are barely awake, but you keep on plugging. Present circumstances are so vivid, the only Fear is that the universe in general is Incapable of the incredible rendering you're giving.

A friend of mine was in the hospital lately, And got out, and saw it was non-existence. He Was really in trouble then, mouth agape, and eyes Ablaze with remembered fury. All his life became A defense. Is truth on the defensive! Yes, yes, For we shall never become sentimental, never speak Of hope to the others succumbing to gross fears.

What is wanted is examples, examples of thought, For examples rise above the case. Writing doesn't Survive, it supplants and replaces . . . all Recalcitrant witnesses, who are the audience tonight.



NO, it's not a new dance although the potential is there; Subculture hopping is a kind of entertainment sport, an answer to those "what to do on Saturday night?" questions. It goes like this: Line up three or four completely different forms of entertainment and do them in one night. The idea is to become explorers of the various leisure subcultures out there. We'll be suggesting some potential stops and are interested in any suggestions that you care to send our way.

Our first stop is Diaz Chicken on North Clinton. Before you ghettophobes panic, I'll mention that Diaz is about one block from Silver Stadium as the crow flies (south). Go in and order 1/2 roasted chicken with a side of beans and rice and a cold beer. Imagine you're traveling in South America somewhere and this is what all the local joints look like. By that standard it may appear almost luxurious. When you get your food you'll know why you're here. Take that cold Heineken from the sweating cooler, take off your panama hat and dig in.

The logical next stop is the ballpark. The view is green, the arc lights come on and hopefully the game isn't too boring. Even if it is, that's not why you're here; this is authentic Americana, invented here, seldom understood by foreign visitors, and steeped in arcane tradition that even the non-fan understands.

It's getting late but it is a warm spring night and you're halfway to the lake so take 104 east to 590 north, go to the end, make a left, climb some stairs and you're in Marge's. After admiring the amazing collection of odd items behind the bar, take your drink and head into the maze of rooms that make up this cottage-turned-nightspot. The jukebox is filled with oddities from the middle and fringes of the road and oftimes people may accompany favorites with Marge's peculiar rhythm sticks and loud maudlin singing. Leaving that somewhat surreal scene behind, you pass by booths in the rear under fruit-shaped chinese lanterns where the chief activity in the summer is counting spiders. Duck out the back door onto the dock and enjoy your drink while your senses drink in the wide expanse of Lake Ontario.

The best thing about hopping is that feeling at the end of an evening that you've really done something; that the experience filled the hours instead of just killing them. Stay open-minded, don't be cynical and you might have a good time.

"Think like a philosopher, act like a king."

Fortune cookie



The city is paying a consulting firm some big money to plan a 100,000 plus sq. foot expansion of the Rundel Library downtown. No one knows where they are going to go since the present building

fills its lot. Meanwhile there is a burgeoning movement to create a retail mall in the old viaduct under the Broad St. Bridge. Apparently they have not considered the fate of unusual retail space that's off the beaten track downtown. Remember the Mill in the old Edwards building? How about the Lincoln Concourse? These places have been the kiss of death for numerous small businesses that learned the hard way what the big chains know; you need traffic and lots of it. But what about the Viaduct? Put the Library in there! There are over 100,000 sq. ft. of space, room for huge windows with quiet river views and a connecting bridge could be cantilevered over the river to hook up with the old building. You could even throw in a nice upscale coffee shop to catch some of those information junkies at lunch.



When the airplane crashed in the jungle, the natives ran out in great numbers and stood around it for awhile, and then they plundered it--for talismen, any tangible magic objects, to take back to the camp.

In a few weeks these findings had become familiar ornaments, and very useful, uses had been found for them, the dials and radios dismembered from the strange craft that had landed from out of nowhere in the jungle. It never occurred to the natives to wonder what happened to the crew, or that the airplane had been attended by any human beings at all. They just accepted it as an event, even catastrophic once it had been absorbed; eventually the children learned of it in some fashion as it was retold through the years.

Meanwhile, the pilot of the airplane had parachuted to safety. He had walked for miles until he came out on a highway somewhere and got a ride in a jeep to the nearest city, where there were alot of English speaking people at the open-air market, milling around in the late afternoon. He is back in England now, writing his memoirs. The rest of the airplane lay there in the jungle, forever, unnoticed by anybody really.

Historically, this event is insignificant. It is more like a scene in a movie, full of suggestions that sort of evaporate the more you consider them, rich in imagery, full of contrasts! I probably saw something like this in a movie many years ago and am just now remembering it like from out of nowhere.

"They say 90% of TV is junk. But 90% of everything is junk." Gene Roddenberry

"I'm the first one to criticize this horrible substitution of information for human experience. I think information in itself is a dreadful concept. It robs us of the act of the joy of each moment and the mystery of the next."
Jaron Lanier



A Cup of Black Coffee

While we were on vacation, the war in Lebanon (or the war in Lithuania!) grew much worse. I mean we came home from vacation and the first thing we noticed was that the war, in Lebanon, or Lithuania, which we had been keeping track of, had grown much worse. Of course it is fantastic to suggest that we have an influence upon events in that part of the world--of course! Vicarious sympathies for one side or the other do nothing but symbolically for the spectator, who only sees the foreign war on television or reads about it in the newspaper.

On the other hand, it is true that our sense is so strong that we don't have an influence, that it amounts to another kind of moral culpability, every time we read about it and put the paper down to consume another cup of coffee--very black coffee, growing acrid, feeding every internal dilemma! Ah, we need to clear the brain for the battle with the traffic in the morning on the way to work, here where we live and amidst such information about the rest of the world!



When you are living in history (as so many people are these days), you feel you are promoting the general, though so far minority, awareness of basic historical issues of the times. Like how the lakes

are being polluted, the forests defoliated, children's minds spoiled by falsified stories about the Indians, and let's see, what else! When you are living in history you are informed about current events. Events occur in history--it's the matrix.

Well, this can be fatiguing, of course, like collecting clippings all the time. But you resist the sense of a growing unreality, and large grey areas in your thinking. And you sleep with a certain self-righteousness, though uneasily of course. Your childhood is very remote, when you start living in history.

In fact you may have sacrificed the whole idea of a personal life, when you went to live in history--the tide or stream of it. Who knows... The whole process has become a big damn disappointment!



Gossip has it that Sunday night jams at Friends & Players are getting more and more Felliniesque. A friend claims his introduction to the scene was prefaced by seeing a

team of lesbian commandos defacing a Black Velvet billboard outside. Inside, one strange event after another from spontaneous conflicts between rappers and audience to off-the-edge performances by Batavians Carnival Blue have set the standard. Incredibly large female singers and irate bad musicians complete the mix. Perennial rockers, The Fugitives, play house band with a healthy mix of patience and criticism.

Hungerford's Trackside Inn & Coffee House with Sideburned Bob, the proprietor, dispensing coffee, apple pie and jazz piano offers an alternative evening out; i.e. get wired on caffeine and sugar, converse in an opinionated manner and occasionally check out the jazz siren (Sharon Smith), poetry, or performance artist doing odd things. This East Main hangout is in an industrial building near Goodman and features a train decor (?).

Yes, it's true (we think). Jazzberry's Uptown is

opening April 27 with The Essentials and mysterious guests.

"Best niteclub on TV: The Roadhouse, Twin Peaks."



I was coming back home in my car, and just turned off Clinton Avenue onto Field Street, when I noticed a police car coming up Field Street and it seemed to me the driver (the police officer) looked

at me curiously as I went past, but I shoved that off the short story writer in me and proceeded confidently for a block or two.

I noticed when I came past the school though that there were four or five police cars parked right in front of my house, and I couldn't tell from my line of sight maybe one in the driveway even, so, because I hadn't turned down Pinnacle Road yet, in this looping series of turns I was so familiar with that would bring me to my house, I kind of cruised on by the scene from afar and went straight up Field Street to Monroe Avenue, wondering whether I had seen that right--I mean like five police cars more or less cordoning off the street right in front of my house.

So I came down Monroe Avenue and made to turn then at Laburnum Crescent, which is the other approach to my house, a block down on Laburnum, and I could see right away two police cars in a formation blockading the street. So I looped right through the parking lot at Grana's Restaurant there, and parked my car.

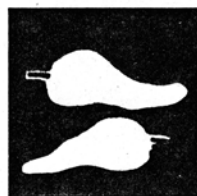
I thought, this is unbelievable. I was trying to remember if I was a most wanted criminal or something. Then it occurred to me this was stupid, I knew I wasn't, it must be some criminal had attacked my house--rather--or my neighbor, maybe my family was being held hostage, my wife and two boys, and right at dinner time. It would be irresponsible if I was cruising around in

it was Jeff Parnell, came abruptly over and started talking. I thought, why is he so inquisitive. Do I appear to be alarmed about something?



It turns out that a lot of people have found that the best places to eat in Rochester are also the least expensive and least pretentious ones. Those where the food is more important than the decor

and ambiance is not studied but accumulated. A perfect example is Gina's on Culver near Atlantic. If you didn't know about it you'd probably never go in; it just isn't too great on the outside. Inside it's surprisingly bright and open with windows overlooking East High's playing fields. But you're not here for the atmosphere or the light, it's the food. Somebody in this place likes to eat and their enthusiasm shows. Real mashed potatoes, real hash browns, one inch thick blueberry pancakes, great dinner style burgers, homemade soups and more, all served in disconcertingly large proportions. Chances are you'll eventually say, "Where'd you hear about this place?" And you'll say, "You know, word of mouth." That's how I find everything in this town. Lunch and breakfast 3-6 dollars. The List Suggestion is a feature of the Refrigerator; put Gina's on your list.



¡Una Merienda Fantástica!

Chop and combine four fresh tomatoes, one half green bell pepper, one quarter red onion, two green jalapeño peppers and the juice of one lime in a

medium size bowl. Put Bearitos in matching bowl and serve.

New Public Enemy CD is only \$10.98 at HOG.



Jimmy Guerin, 7, demonstrates Toyota's new Screamer, a car that runs on voice volume instead of fuel. The car moves faster when you scream louder and is steered by a joystick.

AP

a paranoid fashion while there was actually an emergency at my own house that really needed my attention.

I didn't know what to think, actually. So I went into Grana's, to the bar, where I am fairly well known these days, and I used the phone to call my wife, like to see what was going on. But there was no answer, the phone just rang and rang. Well, then I just sat there, drinking a beer, trying to sort this out. The whole thing was beginning to evaporate.

At this point, the story starts over. I was sitting at the bar, refilling my glass, I guess, I'd been there about a half an hour, and outside it seemed like there was a scuffle erupting on the sidewalk. I walked over to the window to see what the commotion was, but really there was no commotion, or it had just ended. The jukebox was getting louder. The phone rang, and naturally I thought it might be for me, so I looked anxiously at the bartender, expecting to be called over...

That didn't happen; instead, I was interrupted in this reverie when a person I knew,

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