

THE REFRIGERATOR

SPECIAL
"EASY ON
THE
POLITICS"
ISSUE!



#7

"THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN RIGHT AND WRONG IN ROCHESTER, NEW YORK"



What's In A Name?

We just got back from Friendly's on Monroe Avenue. We were lucky to get out alive or without a fight breaking out or something. We sat at the counter

and heard the manager scolding the employees, a waitress complaining because they cut her hours and our waiter was just downright unfriendly. Two customers came up to the counter looking for their waitresses. One older woman just wanted a glass of water so she could take her medicine. It took forever to get our food and my bacon had been fried into oblivion. The strips were literally about one inch long. We also watched a woman try to get her money back for three lime green t-shirts that said Friendly's on them. She had washed them and they were all blotchy. The manager said, "It is against store policy to take a return but I don't feel like arguing with you" and gave her the money back. After this scene the women waited by the little sign for the hostess to seat her.



Do You Have Twenty Nickles For A Dollar?

I had a pocketful of change so I studied the price break on the parking meter

downtown. 5 cents for 6 minutes. That's 8.33 cents a minute. 10 cents for 11 minutes. That's .91 cents per minute. And 25 cents for 26 minutes. That's 9.6 cents per minute. So, one dollar worth of nickles gets you 2 hours while four quarters only get you one hour and forty-four minutes.



Long Live The King!

Finally, the man is back, released to coincide with the release last week of the 4 CD box set of JB. Kinda

makes you wonder if Polydor's PR arm had anything to do with the incarceration and publicity generated while they readied the re-packaging of his old hits. But just think of the party possibilities with four JB CDs.

So "Live and Lowdown at the Apollo, Vol. 1" was the the greatest live show ever recorded. Maybe, but the greatest music ever recorded has got to be Cumbia, from Colombia S.A.. I sold my baseball cards in 1984 when I thought this wave of card nostalgia was peaking. I got 1100 dollars for a shoebox that included a complete '63 set, in mint condition, along with triplets of Pete Rose's rookie card. We took a nice trip to Cartagena with the \$1100 and heard Cumbia for the first time. My favorite collection of this head-swimming music is Fiesta Vallenata on the domestic Shanachie label.



It seems that one TV is no longer enough in any of the bars in town with a few notable exceptions. The sports bar phenomenon is the extreme end of the situation with some of these 'entertainment' spots sporting at least one TV per patron. This ensures

that no one need have contact with their fellow humans at all other than jostling each other at the bar. Even the local pubs have two or three of these mental magnets, inevitably tuned to one obscure cable sports network or another. The

during beer commercials or strange humanoids flexing muscles I've never seen before that grabs me. Whatever it is, it's destroying many people's ability to converse and socialize in public. One local bar owner bemoans the necessity of having these brain freezers in his establishment but says that solitary individuals coming in need a TV to look at so they won't feel lonely or appear as social outcasts. I think the box turns us into outcasts, or zombies, caught in a moment, unthinking and alone.

Jazzberry's does not have a TV. Nor does the Old Toad. I've sat in the bar in both places on a quiet early evening and had meaningful conversations with total strangers. A feeling develops of shared sanctuary from a hectic world. Small observances are shared and a little fabric begins to be woven. Those who truly feel they are outcasts could blossom in these places, learning a few people skills in the pleasantly anonymous atmosphere of a quiet bar.



Suggestions for what to think about at red traffic lights (particularly the one at the corner of Monroe Avenue and

Laburnum Crescent, which is interminable): (1) why you have come to believe that cars have human faces, and human rear-ends. (2) what is the difference between "four-wheel drive" and "all-wheel drive", as seen in a recent car commercial. (3) whether the traffic light is working. (4) what is in your glove compartment (without looking), (5) whether we are in a period aptly described as under the influence of Platonic or Aristotelian logic. (6) whether people who have died meet in heaven other people who have died (think of specific examples). (7) Where you are going after you get to where you are going.

If none of these thought arenas, so to speak, engages you enough to prevent that feeling in your knees from making you want to press the ejection seat button (so to speak), try thinking about . . . anything at all—and how come you never think about anything at all, really, but just sit all day wasting away.



What Do You Say To Barking Dog? We have new neighbors. They must be deaf. Their dog sits in their backyard and

barks like a maniac for no apparent reason. We were on the phone, in our house, and a caller from Massachusetts asked if that was our dog obscuring the conversation. I've leaned out the window and yelled HEY, at the top of my lungs, several times. That works great for about two minutes but I must admit I sound pretty obnoxious doing it. I just came from their house. The dog was the only one there so I left a note. "Your dog is driving us crazy" signed "The Neighbors". We'll keep you abreast of further developments in this situation.

Three musical jokes.

What do you get when you throw a grand piano down a mine shaft? A-flat minor. What is the

TRANSCENDIA ROCKET LAUNCHED AT SCH. #35



A six-foot model rocket was launched on February 17th, at 1:45 pm, from the playground at School #35, bearing the inscription: "Transcendian Peace Rocket," and "free Terry Anderson", scrawled in black magic marker on the rocket's slender fuselage by the king-leader of Transcendia, Russell Scott Day.

Eye-witnesses included members of the (anonymous) staff of The Refrigerator and some ten neighborhood kids including Princess Olivia Day. Mr. Day, who was later seen boarding a blue and white Amtrak train for New York City, says that he created the country of Transcendia as "a conceptual work of art, and, also, a viable political option" several years ago after suffering (or enjoying) a "vision", described in the official Transcendian video as "a large football."

Transcendia is, conceptually, a country of free-market airports, and eventually spaceports, where citizens of the future, perpetually travelling, pursue lives devoted to "truth, wisdom, beauty, and humor." Currently, the countable citizens of Transcendia are (seemingly) involved in acts of non-violent sabotage (including the making of paradoxical remarks), conducted under some pain of circumstance by the irrefutable king-leader Day, and held in the memory of all participants, while at the same time (importantly) providing the narrative substance for videotapes bound by an inexorable destiny to be broadcast on national television someday.

Somewhere on the market is a video made for viewing by cats which shows squirrels and birds and actually can transfix a cat. Of course we know cats can be transfixed by anything, even the empty air in front of their eyes, transfixed wondrously by blue skies when they happen, but anyway we know there can be video for dogs, dogs can't concentrate like cats and humans. Since cats are, beyond being suckers for quick movements of light and shadows, also very jealous of their time, eventually discriminating cats, holding a conference on this, would decide to rebel from video-watching, in a historic stance that will deprive whoever made such a worthless and cynical product of their means of support.

Humans will always be fascinated by their own powers of invention. It was noted that the owner of the cat seen watching the video was watching along with the cat, whereas the cat did not have a habit of watching the owner's videos. Makers of videos, all owners of blue skies (real or scientifically fabricated) should keep in mind that while it is a miracle of technology that allows them to videotape, say, a rocket-launch, it is altogether another miracle that allows the scene itself to be there to begin with.

stations have been forced to create sporting events like indoor truck racing just to fill their schedules. I have found myself sitting at the bar surrounded by other allegedly living creatures whose brainwaves appear to be held in stasis by the black boxes dangling from every corner of the room. The sight of ten or twelve people sitting and standing in a row, all gazing off in different directions is a strange one. Music plays constantly in the background, eliminating any possible information exchange between the TV and the observer. These boxes are so alluring that I often find myself drifting off into their dreamy world right in the middle of a stimulating conversation. Perhaps it is the sight of bikini babes flashing by

difference between a cello and a violin? A cello burns longer. How do you get a lead guitar player to stop playing? Put sheet music in front of him.



It's A Stoned Gas.

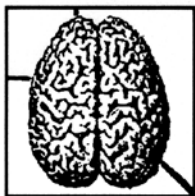
Soul Train is my favorite show on TV and GRC has given it a new time slot which really confused me for a few weeks. It used to be on at noon on two stations which was great because one

of them was about one minute behind the other and when there was a really cool part you could flick to the other and see it again. I have my favorite dancers and my favorite part is the spotlight section about two thirds in when they show the mirror ball and the dancers get in two lines and take turns dancing alone in the middle. The bands usually lip sinc but sometimes the vocals are live. And when Don Cornelius, who must be about seven feet tall, comes up to talk with the bands, the show gets really loose. Channel 5, 11 AM Saturdays, Stereo where available.



Our favorite local band may very well be The Mambo Kings. They used to be called La Muralla and they were great, but as the Mambo Kings they sound even better. You know how those nightclubs in old

movies always seemed so full of atmosphere and the leading couple would have a conversation at a table with while the exotic, professionally dressed band played in the background. Well, I would always watch the band during those scenes and The Mambo Kings could be one of those bands. They put the nightclub back in the nightclub.



"The Refrigerator Presents: Paul Dixon at the War Memorial.

I went to Writers and Books last week for a poetry reading. I got there late, after working late, and could have daydreamed through

the whole thing. But Paul Dixon would not allow that. I was watching him while he waited his turn in the poet-on-deck chair. He is not in what you call "good shape", physically. He keeps his head down and his gut hangs over his belt. He appears disheveled but he reads like an athlete, lifting 8 1/2 by 11 1/2 from a cardboard ream box and delivering their pared-down contents like well thrown punches. He does this while conserving his own energy at the same time so he can participate in the experience of his reading to the point of cracking up when he lands a good one.



It's Different Out There.

We were in Savannah, Georgia recently, reading the Savannah Morning News. The war had just ended and the editors called a truce with Gary Trudeau and allowed Doonesbury back in

the paper again but only on the editorial page. And there was a little box there that read as follows: "The editors remind readers that this

column does not publish duplicate letters, poetry, chain letters, copies of letters mailed to other publications and public officials, and letters that contain copies of documents or clippings". And I was thinking, Gosh, we publish all that stuff. In fact The Refrigerator got it's first press release recently from the Sunken Room Coffee House. It said G. Elwyn Meixner and the infamous Michael Hurley would be performing there there Saturday May 25. I think that's the same night as the Bob Dylan Birthday Party at The Warehouse with hosts The Colorblind James Experience.



Bathtubs I Have Known And Loved Part 2

Near the end of my stay in Knoxville, my host and I decided to bathe together. I had never shared a bath, and though we were very close, I was shy and nervous. But he is very sensual and free, and put me at ease. I don't know how we arrived at the decision to wash each other, he just poured soap into his hands and smoothed them over my body, frictionless. With a loofah he scrubbed me clean. Like a mother, non-judgmental, he washed me, accepting my scars and marks, flesh and bones. We were like two toddlers, realizing the gender difference, but not letting our sexuality interfere. That is hard to do, uncommon, good. He had this intense way of looking at me when I would succumb to elderly morals and close-minded thinking.

I was to be like him, open, pure, but all the baths in the world could never cleanse me of my imperfect mind.



This year I thought, well I won't put up the screens all in one day, but I'll do it a few screens at a time. I put up the screen doors first, and was satisfied with my new plan. I'd made a breakthrough here. The

second day I didn't up any screens, as a matter of fact, but I discussed my new approach with some people... how I'd slowed down and was taking life seriously for the first time maybe.

There are still some screens in the front hall, a couple weeks later, but we've had some cold weather. All in all I'm not worried. I'm sure I'll get them all up, by the time I have to take them down and consider the storm windows.



French 75 (from New Orleans)

Pour a shot of gin into a highball glass filled with ice, add the juice of 1/2 lemon and fill with champagne.

The refrigerator recommends that

consumption be limited to two but promises an uproarious time will be had by all. Drinking and Driving don't mix. We suggest trying this at home.

In the exploding green softness of nascent spring no one wants to be inside any longer than necessary. Things change so quickly that a week of staring at office walls could mean missing the

flowering of the dogwoods or the tulips in Highland Park. Sitting in cafes, drinking coffee and throwing crumbs to the birds is my idea of how to spend a lunch hour in mid May. The Fruit and Salad Company at the Rochester Museum and Science Center is a perfect spot to whileaway an hour or two. For a little more money, you can sit outside downtown at The Rochester Club in their sunken terrace and drink cappuccinos until you are quivering.

The graffiti I saw on a building at our corner was completely different. Next to the "black crack head" was a little love story. It said, "The manager at McDonalds is a beautiful woman. I would love to have a date with the manager of McDonalds".

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To The Refrigerator:

Son Kelly, your mom feeds the birds, cries about life, she's awake at night, prays for her son. Believe it, you're her number one, you're her pride and joy, more than her "little boy." Your mom stares into the night sky, she drifts from dreams to wish for her son and every mothers son a calm night like this. I wish you could see, your mom's ribbons are everywhere. . . She's so very proud of you, God knows your mom cares, you mom's true mom cares, you mom's true blue. Love, Mike & Mom.

Michael Robinson, Walworth, NY
P.S. Hugs to "Buster."

To The Refrigerator:

The main argument explaining the sparse music scene has been lack of a decent venue. True, Jazzberry's tries. But the fact remains that Jazzberry's is still a bar and it would be nice if there were some alternatives.

There has been for the past two years a cool scene ready to happen but, as of yet, unborn. J. Hungerford's Trackside Inn is, in short, a timewarp. It is perpetual 1972. By day, the home of the industrial breakfast, featuring homefries with enough cayenne to wake the comatose. By night, a genuine coffeehouse featuring live acoustic music.

I was in there a few weeks ago to see Dr. Blue from Syracuse. He was great, but there were no more than ten people there at a time.

Now this is pathetic. Here's a perfect place for ideas to be born. . . where you can hear yourself think, and not deal with sloppy drunks, and no one supports it. With all the whining about what a conservative place Rochester is and how the nightlife is so limited, here is a place to revive conversation, which is the first step in any process of change.

Liz Klein, Rochester

Look For The Refrigerator at Pyramid, The Little Theater, Kinkos, Jazzberry's, Godivas, Writers & Books, Aladdins, Sweet Shop, The Bop Shop, Borders Books and Hungerford's. 1" square ads are \$10. Call 288-0880 for info. Submissions are welcome.

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