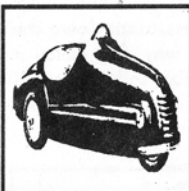


"WHAT THIS WORLD IS COMING TO" ROCHESTER, NY



### Miraculous Gas Gauge

I've always spent a lot of time looking at the gas gauge in my car. I glance at it nearly every other second as I'm driving, my financial situation being such that I only get to put three or four dollars of gas in at a time and the gauge thereby is always hovering between a quarter full and empty. I never run out of gas but the feeling that I might run out of gas has been a constant companion, or it was, until... the miraculous finally occurred and, though I could hardly believe it, the little floating pointer actually stopped its downward descent and appeared to freeze in place—at, I would estimate, about one eighth of a tank.

At first I naturally thought the gauge was broken, but the sight, so familiar, of the indicator at that position kept assuaging me and I kept neglecting to get more gas. I was racing around the city on short errands, I remember, that first week, and what at first was a strange neglect of the necessity of getting more gas turned insensibly into an actual defiance of the idea, until, incredibly, I just became passive about the whole thing, driving by gas stations one after the other like I didn't need them anymore. Eventually, probably during the second week of this, I noticed that I no longer even had any fear that my car would run out of gas, and I'd just look at the gas gauge, permanently frozen near empty—but not at empty, and it would convince me every time.

It is now six months since I have put any gas in my car. Now that I am free of the expense, I drive around more of course; at first I was giddy at my freedom and I abused the privilege childishly, wasting hours driving around just because I felt I was getting away with something, but now I have that under control and I use the car basically like I did before the miracle. This miracle I accept simply now as a plain fact, among a set of facts that were always beyond me (I never knew how the car worked to begin with).

This is the first time I've revealed this situation, and I expect it might cause a slight uproar in some quarters, or expressions of disbelief, even snickering and a further resolve, in some quarters, to have me branded insensibly because I seem to get away with so much in life. But this will die down soon enough, people will go on the way they always have, of course filling their cars up way before the tank even gets as low as mine was when it...revealed its limits. Very few people can stand on the threshold, and see the horizon of a future less fettered with the annoying duties of modern times.

I am not necessarily suggesting that any others can achieve this same freedom. I just know from this instance, and many others, that it does pay, it pays eventually, to live on the edge.



### Getting Out.

A friend of mine lives in the country and I was thinking how we can never just stop by and see him. I mean we can't just take a nice drive out to the country because we have to go through the suburbs to get there. The suburbs not only get in the way physically, but the memory of their experience serves as a barricade to even entertaining a trip to the country. And I was thinking how nice it is in a modern American city. None of the traffic jams or congestion or shopping centers with their own little highways that direct you through their lots to a parking spot that is so nondescript, you can't even find it after wandering around in a climate controlled atrium with a bunch of teenagers around "the fountain".

Manners are a luxury. And, as we all now know because we almost all believe it, we are poorer today than yesterday. When we were better off, yard and garage sales were less frequent; there were fewer signs, and those signs were more scrupulously attended. (There is a connection between credit and shame.) Now, as the yard sales multiply and overlap, they become a flea market, where anyone will sell anything. The flea markets eventually expand into an informal economy, which lurks within the other one, virally replicating itself. (Poverty is infectious. Its victims can't close the flaps on their gowns.) Sure, some weathermen claim the recession is over, or ending. But look: our gift horse is dying of gum disease.



### The Second World

There are so many advertisements for yard and garage sales stuck up around my neighborhood that the lamp posts have started to look collapsed, ALE peeking out beneath BARGA, itself superseded by TODAY!

"We are broke," said a magazine article I read. That was its last sentence, in stark black type: Destitution. Ruin. It had the same effect on me as my girlfriend saying "It's over. Forever."

"Forever?" I said.

"Why do you sound so surprised?" she said.

"Well," I said, "can I just ask, when did you decide that?"

"You. Don't. Listen. To me."

I laid the magazine face down, next to my Mr. Coffee machine, and looked out the window. I live across the street from a small park, where all the grass has gotten very brown this year. My neighborhood, on the south side of the city, has seen the rapid flow and ebb of gentrification. This was a largely poor and black area ten years ago; then the young white settlers came. Now they are leaving again, poorer than when they came. Two "For Sale" signs went up on my street last week alone.

The first time someone broke into my car, I was indignant. Like most people, however, I didn't keep anything of real value in it, and there was nothing missing. In fact, the only evidence of the crime was the shuffled heap of maps, receipts and owner's manual, which I used to keep in the glove compartment, dumped ignominiously on the seat and floor. I reported it to my neighbors; they clicked their tongues, then told the other neighbors. Until I got rid of my car, because it didn't start anymore, it was broken into another half dozen times. The last time, someone stole my jumper cables.

By then, however, I no longer bothered to report these incidents to my neighbors, nor they to me. They all had gotten car-alarms. When they go off, in the middle of the night, it's disorienting at first—in that instant between the first and the second wails, I ask myself where I am. My ex-girlfriend used to have nightmares that incorporated the sound, like a European ambulance. Sleeping alone, I've learned to be lulled by the sirens. I imagine myself in the middle of a war. I've slept through worse, I say—and then I'm asleep.

Carless, I walk a lot around my neighborhood. I see the proliferating yard and garage sales. Sometimes I notice the kinds of charming bargains that the Gannett Taste Patrollers imagined and coveted, but mostly I see a lot of things that no one could possibly want. There is a distressing preponderance of items like canned goods. Why would anyone buy a can of stewed tomatoes on a card table? Who would want one shoe? A broken record player?

"You could fix it," said the man. You cannot.

## QUITE OF THE NIGHT



"Got some bad news today" my neighbor said over the fence. I could hardly wait for this one because sometimes he makes things up. "Oh yeah, what's that?" My nephew in Oregon is in the hospital. Hit and run. Bunch of Mexicans. "What?" I said. "He lost his license and was riding a bike to work. They ran him down." I ride a bike and I wanted to know more. "How do you know they were Mexicans?" I asked. "They came back to see if he was alive and drove off, they're as bad as goddamned niggers."

When we moved in, some thirteen years ago, his wife rang our back door and woke us up to say "so glad you're not a colored family". This was his second wife and they were in the process of splitting up. He later told me he caught her having an affair with the old man who lived in our house and had just died at seventy five. She took her kids with her when she split, and they were MONSTERS. A piece of trim had fallen off the running board of our car and I was going to pop it back on so I set it by our back door. I caught these kids with a concrete block set up in their front yard as a saw horse and they were cutting up this piece of trim with a hack saw into six inch pieces. And he told me he was having problems with the kids stealing money from him at night. His wife made beautiful sounds though on the organ with the built-in drum machine. Um Da Da, Um Da Da..

I used to play in a band and we'd come home late at night all wound up and one morning we found a note on our door that we stuck on our refrigerator and memorized like poetry. "I sure wish you would be more quite at the wee hour of the nite. The slamming of car door, starting of car also loud talking. Ill will not put up with it. I have spoke to my lawyer about it. Because Ill take it up with him the next time it happens".

Well his kids got pregnant at 16 and all left too, so he's all alone now and happier than ever. He plays guitar and sings at all hours. He keeps telling us he's got gigs in all these towns we can't quite place. He always wears the same outfit when he plays, a black western vest and a red polyester shirt with a big collar. And one day when he was telling me where he was off to, I saw his name written above his pocket in black magic marker right on his shirt. He went up to Canada to play at some dome and when he came back he told me, "I can't believe how expensive everything was in Canada, a bottle of pop was seventy five cents, seventy five cents!"

This morning he woke us up with the roar of this rototiller that he bought and repaired and is now trying to sell to someone. He knows everything there is to know about cars and never tires of my dumb questions. "I love this shit!", he tells me when I bug him. He helped me put new brake pads on our car when it started screeching.

He can't get around that good so I mow his lawn. I use his power mower and he's soldered this Schaeffer beer can on the muffler that keeps blowing off. It's like walking behind a city bus, sucking down all those fumes. In the winter when the first snowfall comes he's out there with his cane hanging over the handle of this monster snowblower that he can barely handle. I like getting out in the winter and shovelling snow but I know he feels like he's got this thing that can manhandle winter and if he can't use it he wants to watch me use it, so I wind up out there throwing snow a block away while he shouts directions at me.

We keep talking about going fishing this fall.



### Bathtubs I Have Known Episode 4

I bathed him today. Ran the water blood warm, like those particular summer nights when you can't feel the air. As warm as your skin, its like swimming in a vacuum. Damson plum bain moussant; that's bubble bath in French. Sounds better in French. "Potato" sounds better in French. His skin tastes better in French, in plums and early morning and shy sun. Purple soap running clear on his back, red freckles like his hair, hard muscles rising over big Welsh bones. His hair turns chestnut brown when wet, mine turns black. But I didn't bathe today.

For years it's been central, the water, the easing of friction. He nearly slid under in sleep, that certain temperature of water is enervating and my hands, me, the silkening... his eyes were glazed and the tension gone.

There were times when the bathtub was filled with his big body, wind-up frogs, fish, hippos, dolphins, Andy the Panda floating with the soap snug in his belly and my small body jammed into Mr. Faucet. I was having fun. I was eating soap bubbles. He wanted to touch me. I wanted to play. But not always. I've been quite serious in late November evening bathrooms, milk running down my length from the half gallon tipped above. Cool sweetness on my warmth. A tongue to lick it off, a window to climb out of, a bed to enter into. Bathtubs are sensual but not practical. Too small. Too solid. I am afraid of drowning, of being held under by those big hard hands. That tepid water filling your mouth like fingers, your lungs like terror. Water releases friction, but it does it by placing a barrier between the two bodies. The distance is made greater.

### Refrigerator Ten

This tape that The Squires of the Subterranean sent us is really quite charming. Charming is not a word I used to use. But several people have said they find The Refrigerator "quite charming" so I've started using it myself. The tape reminds me of mid-sixties experimental pop music like Brian Wilson's solo work. Sort of Beatlesque but a little country too and psychedelic. Stephanie's phone message and the T-Rexish Pretty Deep Pockets are highly recommended. If we had a Refrigerator Top Ten list we'd put this tape on it along with

2. Yuengling Premium beer from America's oldest brewery. \$10.99 a case for 16oz. bottles from Beers Of The World. 3. Peggy Lee. 4. Mancuso's Shoe Repair on Monroe Avenue. 5. Nino's Pizzeria on Culver Road. They do not deliver. 5. National Geographic. 6. Janes Addiction while they last. 7. The new coffee shop next to the Stereo Shop on East Avenue. They roast their own beans. 8. George Jones. 9. Vic and Irvs. And 10. The Bible.

### The Week In Review

You're starting a fire with the Sunday NY Times and trying to decide which section to burn first. I say start with Sports and then the Business section. From there it's a toss-up between Travel and the Week In Review (old news). The magazine sections, like Men's Style, would be a likely first candidate but there's so much ink on the pages that they stick together, and if you can get them to burn, it's more like a chemical fire with green and purple flames.



### My Life On Elevators

There was a period in my life when I was constantly riding elevators. As you know, every ride in an elevator results in another ride—obviously, elevator rides appearing in pairs, even if the down ride is eight hours after the up ride—though in my case it was during a period when I lived in New York City and was looking for a job, which I never got so I had innumerable job interviews in tall office buildings, up rides in fear and anticipation, down rides in a complex mood half-sorrow and half-relief.

During this same period I had a group of friends who were always having dinner parties, and they were all great talkers, but I was the best talker, or anyway they always wanted me to tell stories. And it was difficult to come up with material, because I wasn't doing much, except riding elevators. One night I told the following true story, except I added a few details to make it more exciting.

I was riding this elevator, cruising upwards toward the twenty second floor and the elevator stopped about at the tenth floor, the door opened and there was a woman standing there (I remember her vividly to this day). When the door opened she didn't move, but she looked right at me. I was standing dead center in the elevator, staring out, and the woman said: "excuse me, is this elevator going up or down?"

Well, I don't know why I did this, but it was entirely spontaneous; I sort of paused like to consider her question, and then I actually forgot which direction I had been going. Then I thought, "the elevator door will automatically close in about one second", and I looked her right in the eye and said: "shut up." The elevator door closed on her astonished face, and I went sailing upwards, out of reach, giddy with emotions I could hardly suppress. I was about doubled over with laughter when the door opened on the twentieth floor, and I stumbled out, through a small crowd of entering elevator people.

I told that story at the dinner party, and it was a big hit. I gave the impression that my life was total adventure, and I probably gave a lecture about how it is literally impossible to be bored in this world if you are alert to all the comedy in it. But someone said they couldn't believe I had actually done that, and I said, no it actually happened just the way I told it—only I added maybe one or two scenical details to make it vivid to the listeners.

"Oh yea, which details," the guy wanted to know (and he was the host of the party).

"Well," I said, "I am not sure I really forgot which direction the elevator was going, literally. I mean I did have a sense of panic, but I can't remember exactly—it might be true. I forgot. The rest of my thoughts were exactly the way I related it," I continued to assert, "especially the thought of saying 'shut up', that was the main thing."

"Okay," my interrogator then said, "what was the other detail?"

"Oh yea, there were two details," I replied, "at least, I fixed a little." He was looking at me like he found me out, and I had to stare right back at him, like to keep my integrity. I said, "if you want to know, the other detail I added was... well, I didn't really say 'shut up', I just thought of saying it, but the door closed too fast. I was going to say it. I did double up with laughter at the thought of it, though, and the woman never did get the answer to her question."

"Thought is real," I said, with an air of finality.

"Well, this is ridiculous," the host said. Several others panicked too—and they said, "what are we supposed to believe anyway, when we talk to you?"

Then I tried to salvage the elevator story by saying that really, the interesting thing is that when that question was asked, I thought it was like a test question, for me—like the woman just wanted to know if I knew the answer. It never occurred to me that she wanted to know, actually. I mean I wasn't trying to be cruel, certainly! It was just this existential episode, central to my life on elevators.



"You are totally unreliable," someone said. It got to be known as "The Shut Up Story," and since then that group of friends have never believed me about anything. I just went entirely in the direction of adding details to everything, and I became a novelist. In my first novel, there were many scenes on elevators, of course, for I could discourse on the subject forever.

**Ed Blackwell** is the greatest drummer in the world. His playing is primitive, polyrhythmic and melodic. He uses a lot of toms. His work can be found on many Ornette Coleman albums and most Don Cherry albums. He has recorded three albums with just Don Cherry, I mean just drums and Don. My favorite is *El Corazón* on ECM where he gets equal billing.



We've noticed that local political hopefuls don't put their party affiliation on any of their campaign materials. They usually have a little note saying "paid for by citizens for good old Charlie", but no Democratic or Republican party logos. We surmise that this is because party politics scare voters during the campaign. For instance, if you are a Republican-Conservative and you're running in the inner city, you don't want to advertise your preference. Unfortunately nowadays it seems to be a requirement to not have real preferences if you wish to serve. Don't say what you think and don't do too much thinking about what you say. The Keep It Simple Stupid theory. Campaigning consists of shooting (verbally) at the other guy and being good looking. It helps to fit into the "opposite of your party type" category. This includes conservative blacks, anti-abortion women and liberal business owners.

This last category seems to be particularly timely. A famous colorblind local musician and writer, suggested to this writer one night that we start a political party with no candidates; at least to start. We would develop a platform of strictly local issues like The Inner Loop and The Pink Sidewalk Folly Downtown, publicize it with the Refrigerator's massive PR abilities and see if any likely stooges, ..er, candidates would emerge under it's banner. I told him about my imaginary party that I invented to aggravate my Nicaraguan Relief Liberal Type acquaintances. I call it The Liberal Capitalist Party. The typical LIB-CAP would be a former eighties materialistic go-getter who developed a conscience as part of their nineties New Age awakening and empowerment. With coffers filled with guilty money acquired as merciless business whizkids, the Liberal Capitalists would sally forth to do battle with AIDS, teenage pregnancy, drugs and all the other symptoms of the malaise of our times. We (and I must count myself as a poor but sympathetic LIB-CAP) would go after the causes of our problems, leaving PACS and Sununus upended in the dust of our passing....It is a drug isn't it, this political thing? Gary Proud should know. As one wag put it: Pride goeth before a fall, Gary. More on the Prez Race next time.

**Musicians** have some of the most active fantasy lives around. Recently we were down near the lake and found ourselves gazing at the posters in the window of the Penny Arcade, that bastion of teenage mainstream hard rock. The bands advertised had one common trait: it took a lot of effort to decipher what the names of the bands were because of the incredibly ornate typestyles and logos they used. One of the most lavish posters advertised the upcoming concert of Back Doors, a band so close to the real thing that "when the late Jim Morrison's sister saw the band in concert, she broke down in tears at the sight and sound of that man on stage."



#### Talking to God Again

Then God was saying to me, "we just let all this happen to you, it's part of the plan to make you into a complete emotional wreck"

"Oh," I said, "that makes sense. But you understand, of course, that I'm basically a regular guy. I'm just too naturally happy, I think, that's been my big problem."

Then God said, "look around the room, review for me where and when you obtained every item, like that plastic clock and that glossy art print of --who's that?, why it's St. Jerome!"

I had been writing in my notebook, late at night, and I was paused, just talking to God. "And how come you are writing in that notebook, what do you hope to preserve?"

Especially these moments, I thought, I hope to preserve consciousness itself. Then I spun around in my chair, the feeling that someone was in the room was so strong.

"Tell me something," I said to God, "if you are God, then who is . . . God?"



#### Seeds

After being beamed on the head by an acorn on my way to work the other day, I began to notice that there are an awful lot of seeds around this year. The acorns are so thick that the crushed shells in the street look like bark mulch. Not only oaks, but most of the other trees seem to be bursting with little beans, long shells, nuts etc. We think the answer goes

back to the infamous ice deluge- the trees were strained so they reacted with an explosion of fertility. Mother Nature took a major hit but bounced back with a vengeance, it seems.



#### Something You Can Do for The World

I was in line at Wegmans about 8:00 pm and there was one guy ahead of me. The check-out cashier said: "Paper or plastic?", but she sort of muffed it, she said "platter or plaspic," and she started giggling, but the customer dutifully said, "plastic", and the check-out girl went on with everything even though, I could see, her head was spinning. While she was putting the groceries in the bag and taking the money, etc., she started talking to the clerk next to her, right across the aisle, expressing her thoughts aloud like . . . she and the other clerk were in a different dimension.

"You know what they ought to do, Gail," she said, "they ought to put up a little sign or make buttons for us to wear that say: "paper or plastic?"

Gail said, "yea, I'm sick of saying that too."

I thought, well that wouldn't work, people wouldn't get it, and the button idea would make people laugh because it would look like the question was: "what I am I made of, paper or plastic?"

The clerks went on talking, I liked that, and Gail said she was going to college and study accounting. Then it was my turn to step forward, and answer the question, but I was prepared to save the dizzy girl and I emphatically said "paper!" before she had to ask. She smiled with relief at me and was very cheerful about weighing the four apples and real fast about putting the 1111 code for my age when the Koch's Golden Anniversary six-pack crossed into her territory.

I wanted to say, "we always get paper because we use the bags for trash in the kitchen, I'm not really part of the environmental movement in any but a token way," but I didn't because so many people would have overheard me being so . . . conversational. It's like a business, after all, buying groceries, especially at Wegman's, a business or a sacred duty it seems (that's the mood), and when I got home I discussed with my wife this plight of clerks having to say "paper or plastic" nine thousand times in succession.

We came up with a simple plan to alleviate their stress. What we suggest is that it become morally incumbent upon customers to answer this question before it has to be asked, since by now everyone knows the question is coming. Why stand there cruelly waiting for the question which is such torture and repetition to the check-out person, whose life at work borders on the robotic in so many instances. This is an act of kindness we all could perform, helping a little to humanize our unfortunate surroundings



"I'm so glad we never touched it."

#### Take Heart, Wherever You Are

With this tenth issue of The Refrigerator we are able to inform our readership that their ranks have suddenly doubled. Their Conversational Partner (a nickname given this broadsheet last week) has extended its reach beyond its stronghold in Rochester, and may now be considered, still fledglingly, a national publication. Through the inspired assistance of an (anonymous) friend in Burlington, Vt., The Refrigerator is now distributed in that city on Lake Champlain. And, via an (inspired) alliance with The Borders Bookstore chain, this issue has gone by hundreds at a clip into Borders stores in Kansas City, Indianapolis, Philadelphia, Ann Arbor, and Rockville (Maryland). We're expanding laterally, like a good offense, while not changing our game plan (content-wise), or conversations in the ... huddle.

Far-flung correspondence is encouraged. Satellite cities, however many develop (though we remain fundamentally unambitious), can only increase the centrifugal force around our headquarters, securing further the strong illusion that Rochester is the center of the universe.



#### Magiland

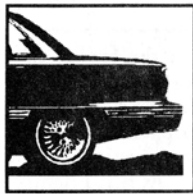
We took our boat down to Seneca Lake, the largest and deepest of the Finger Lakes. The lake is beautiful, not all eaten up by cute little cottages or anything. The water is so cold you can only swim for a few weeks in mid summer (it's 650 ft. deep) and in the winter it hardly ever freezes because the wind never stops.

When we were pulling our boat in out of the water, this guy who was watching our technique told us he'd boated on Seneca Lake for 40 years and he suggested we get a second motor which I couldn't believe. "You never know what can happen out there" he said. And we don't. I mean we just bought the boat, a 1970 fiberglass motorboat, and we have a list of things we'd like to get for it but another motor is not one of them. A motorsboat?

Anyway, about half way down the lake on the east side, just past Dresden, where the locals gather in couples on the weekends to dance, is Rainbow Cove and a funky motel called The Showboat. It looks like a beached New Orleans riverboat and the rooms were individually decorated in the early sixties. The lounge has mostly country music on the jukebox. This a real fishing scene. We played a brilliant George Jones song about drinking a commemorative bottle of Jim Beam that was shaped like Elvis. They drink it down to Elvis's pelvis and when they get down to the bottom of the bottle the chorus kicks in. "Ya Ba Da Ba Do, the king is gone and so are you". In the morning we ate at the Magicland Restaurant down the road, very homespun, family style, and we asked why they called it Magicland. I thought it might be some old Indian folklore but it turns out the old man who owned it used to do magic tricks for patrons before he died eight years ago. I was sorry we missed that.

#### Oldsmobile

quietly redesigned their 98 for '91. It looks like a cross between a mid sixties Desoto and a top-of-the-line Japanese car with European styling. What's suprising is that the design is almost as distinctive as the classic American cars of the 50's and 60's. It looks clunky and areodynamic at the same time. The sides of the car bevel out below the windows like a bumper car, the door handles are recessed and the back wheels have short skirts. I road in one down south in the Spring and kept thinking I would see a lot of them here. I never even saw a black one like the ad in Scientific American. I called the Olds dealer here and told him I was writing a review of the '91 touring sedan for The Refrigerator and I wondered why I didn't see more of them on the road. He gave me an 800 number in Lansing and the PR guy there told me there were several reasons for this. New car sales in general were way down blah, blah, and Florida, Texas and Arizona are where you really see a lot of Oldsmobiles. They spent four years easing this car into production and they were a little late getting it on the showroom floor for the '91 season. The '92 will look virtually the same but will have "Dual Climate Controls" which will allow you to set different temperatures for the drivers and passenger sides!



#### Dear Refrigerator,

I hold y'all in the highest respect, for strangers, that is, and so it was hard for me to begin this letter. But I felt you needed some honest feedback.

I was reading over the latest issue and kept on flipping it over and over thinking maybe there was another side, a side that was humorous and thought provoking and typical

Refrigerator material. But there was no other side.

Imagine my disappointment.

Oh!!! WHAT happened?

Why must you all complain? But look at me, here I am, complaining. Ok. I love the Refrigerator. It makes me feel good, it makes me happy to know people who actually think about life exist. I look forward to each issue. I have faith that the next one will be good, will be more uplifting. I'm not talking about the kind of uplifting that born again Christians exude. I mean the opposite of ...well, this last issue.

You're great, you're great, how many times must I say it before you understand I LOVE what y'all write. But I am disappointed and irritated. Please be happy. Please don't use your broadside to air your grievances about nasty icky life. We know life sucks. We don't tell you our problems.

Very Sincerely, Suzanne DeGrasse,Rochester

Dear Suzanne,

You don't have to cushion the blow. We loved your letter but Issue #9 was the SPECIAL "SOUND OF DOOM" ISSUE.

#### Dear Refrigerator

I've always lit my fire in three places-two in front and one in the back. It seems to work ok but all of a sudden I've become conscious of where that match goes.

Shelley-Lake Luzerne

#### Dear Refrigerator,

What's in the Refrigerator? Cream Ale? White Hots? I suspect that the content of our refrigerator is much different than yours, but perhaps not. I wonder about The Refrigerator's taste in coffee, though. One senses he does not use Arabica Beans, alas. I went out to Berkeley last New Years to see my sister and her three children. Luckily they had a great coffeshop around the corner with delicious Sumatra Beans. I notice also that you are preoccupied with beer. Beware! My father and I are not talking these days due to various distortions resulting from alcohol; three decades worth of damage. Myself, I can't afford to lose any brain cells--not one more cell.

Ah yes, a garrulous Refrigerator, which is curiously laconic at times.

Robert Paviour, Charlottesville, Virginia

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10AM - 5PM  
VILLAGE GATE  
SQUARE  
Free To The Public

**BORDERS BOOK SHOP**  
**Quality**  
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A Play by  
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Directed by Tim Anderson

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KARMA  
HIT MY  
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Nightclub  
Thursday  
Through  
Saturday 9pm-?

**DIEM**  
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New Release!  
**COWBOYS  
& INDIANS**  
Available At  
The Bop Shop

**Sat Oct 12, 8pm  
Sun Oct 13, 8pm**  
35 Members/17 Non-members  
461-2222  
VILLAGE GATE SQUARE  
271 N. GOODMAN ST.  
ROCHESTER, NY 14607

**RIGHT  
B A R  
WRONG  
TOWN**  
**RICHMONDS  
Downtown**