

# THE REFRIGERATOR



SPECIAL  
DOMESTIC #11  
BLISS  
ISSUE!

"TRUTH HAS NO ANALOGY"

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK



## Timehog Turkeys

I know we're on a limited budget, not even a budget really but just a barely reliable cash-flow, and I'd encouraged my wife to do some bulk shopping, even look for two-for-one specials. But she was

acting like she'd pulled off a major heist at the supermarket, really, she was giddy when she told me (last Friday, and a full month away from Thanksgiving), that she'd bought a frozen turkey.

She said she had this turkey she bought on sale, it wasn't for Thanksgiving, but part of the immediate week's programming, and I was immediately plagued with thoughts as to how to schedule this in, because I knew, as I expressed to her, that turkeys are real timehogs, they're like major events—which is why, I figured, they land on Thanksgiving, being actually unmanageable more than once a year, and, actually, not really as savory, unless it's been a year, as say hamburgers, or chuck steak, or juicy little chickens.

Of course I let food just pass by, I hardly taste it, I'm only aware there has to be some variety (or you get sick!), but in my own case I could live on sandwiches, coffee, which is languorous, and beer, which is punctual, and a few long drags on a well-deserved cigarette just to think the experience over. A turkey dinner is not on the horizon, so to speak, of any typical day, I think we only eat turkeys on Thanksgiving out of some shared sadness for life, like turkeys wanted to be food but weren't really chickens, which are quick, delectable, juicy, like I said, and invoking of other kinds of meals—which is necessary because we don't really know why we are eating anything to begin with.

I didn't even ask her where she put the turkey—I knew it was in the house somewhere. All I could think of was... how much time it takes to have a turkey dinner. The clock starts when the turkey is being thawed, then it has to go in the oven for like five hours, and then there are preparations, sidedishes, gravy (interminable in itself), all to make the essentially dull turkey seem essential. Then the dinner itself is pitifully short, and everyone acts ravenous, and you're into second helpings like with a fake gluttony, plus there are all these people around who, formerly, weren't just meal hogs, and then someone says, "well, this will make good sandwiches," in reference to the ugly half-ripped open cavern of cold meat left slaughtered in the kitchen.

But this wasn't a Thanksgiving turkey and my wife was trying to schedule it in the weekend, but I couldn't fit it in, so I said, "why did you buy a turkey?" She said, "because it was cheap." I said, "how cheap?" And she said, "six dollars," and we fell over laughing at that.

It was one of those timehog turkeys they sell, like the turkeys themselves laid down their lives for us. It was occupying the whole bottom shelf of the

refrigerator. I said, "life is too hard for us, let's not get up today," and we stayed in bed all morning talking about this, it was pretty hilarious, I had a lot of things to say—until the kids came knocking on the door and yelling, "what's for breakfast."

Still, I was thinking, this is domestic bliss, I'll just have to get up and make a pot of coffee, check the weather... throw out a few overstuffed chairs... make sandwiches, or go to a movie. I'll get back to the typewriter, where I am all-powerful. "Someday," I said to her, "making a turkey will make sense."

And I could almost see it. But it wasn't yet. Life was too mysterious, too thrilling, and the turkeys too willing to die. "All the scenarios are incomplete," I said, "our life is really in a shambles." I couldn't think of any way to react to life, except to laugh about it.

"I'm going to make this profound," I said to her. And she said, "I certainly hope you will."



Suddenly (it had to be sudden) I said to my wife, "how come we don't leave the ironing board up, instead of taking it down every time we use it?" She said, "what?"

I continued the minor harangue: "we never even have a good place to store the ironing board, but it's propped up with the broom, which is always falling over, and the umbrella is in there too—it's a weird consideration maybe, but this is a stupid habit, I think, based on the fact that we have a fold-up ironing board."

She said, "what?" Then I really got rolling, and I said: "it never really occurs to us, does it, to find a permanent ironing place, but we put it up in a cramped area in the kitchen and have to take it down even to open the refrigerator door. But we could find a place, we have such a big house."

She just kept looking at me. "We could find a place," I said, "how come we don't just leave the ironing board up?"

"I don't know," she said. And I think she was just about to see the light, when Roy Sowers came in, he had some pictures from the party last week and of course we got sidetracked with that. Then it was hours later, several people came over and sundry fascinating topics, controversies too, kept us occupied until two in the morning.

Finally the house was totally quiet, and we were just sitting at the kitchen table, in a mutual reflective silence about life, in one of those ten or twelve perfect moods we've enjoined and perfected over the years. Quietly, not obtrusively at all (it had to be quietly), I said, "Okay, I think we ought to go back to the discussion about the ironing board."

"I love you," she said.



Things to do TODAY!



## Mixing It Up On Park Ave.

Tivoli is the oddest eatery I've been to in a while. It's a European sort of snooty cafe on Park Ave., serving cappuccino, espresso and desserts. Pretty average. Except this fine Euro-style

establishment plays WKLY, 'good time oldies', the sounds of Frankie Avalon and the Lettermen clashing with les patisseries. The clientele isn't, apparently, all too normal either. We noticed one artist-looking type, t-shirt and scruffy face, enjoying his cappuccino. Next to the cup lay a copy of the local college weekly and a portable power drill. Our eyes widened in delight and thinly veiled shock as he proceeded to stir his beverage with the DRILL!!! He laid it down and drank as if nothing unusual had happened. We were gasping two tables away, searching for an explanation, when our attention was distracted by something he was doing with his

hands. He was spelling out something in sign language, the ASL alphabet having been printed on the back of the local college weekly. We took out our copy and translated. R-EDRUM. Redrum. Redrum? MURDER!!!! We dashed our cups to the floor and ran out shrieking, him and his power drill following furiously, signing redrum wildly. We barely escaped with our lives. What excitement. O.K., so he didn't chase us down the street, and we were the ones signing k-i-l-l m-e, but Tivoli remains an odd place. And we are left wondering if cappuccino tastes better when assisted by power tools?



## Hammering It Out

I recently had a disagreement with a friend regarding a shower gift for a couple we know who are getting married. I came up

an ideal gift idea—one that would eliminate endless roaming about malls and would also prove useful for the rest of their lives together. This simple gift object was handsome, awesomely functional, completely unbreakable and, in an incredibly materialistic society, unique. My choice was a 16oz., leather handled, Estwing hammer. Designwise this beautiful tool has stood the test of time, representing the ultimate embodiment of the dictum: Form follows function. One piece steel construction and an elegant shock resistant handle made of layers of leather. I suggested we have the

bride and grooms' names engraved on the shank and wrap it in a nice gift box with a card containing something cute like "For Help In Hammering Things Out Over The Years". Unfortunately my companion wasn't up for it, in spite of my repeated attempts to herd her towards the Sears store at the end of the mall. Would this be our first argument? In anticipation I backed down. We got a nice photo album instead.





### Waiting for Java Joe

Domestic bliss. The martini at the door is no longer politically correct, the joint shared by the stereo is beyond passe and hot cocoa by the fire is a little too sleepy for the nineties. The last bastion of shared comfort these days may be the morning cup of joe before heading off to the two income world.



### My Life On Elevators (Pt. 2)

It isn't as if I don't pay a price for these obsessions--I mean a lot of suffering can eventually result from intense speculation and focus on what, to other people, may seem entirely incidental or not worth mentioning.

Obviously, the vast majority of all elevator rides taken by all the people in the world have gone on unrecorded, I mean unheralded, people just are quiet about a lot of their experiences. But once I am on a subject, I can't leave it, every elevator ride is taken with increasing excitement; I mean I advance in my substantial appreciation, just because I gave it thought.

And, I admit, there were days when I just rode on elevators for no reason at all. I'd go into a building on Seventh Avenue, walk right up to the bank of elevators and wait, get on with other people and pretend I had a destination. It was only awkward when, say, I'd arrive to the top floor with someone else, and have to get off--or say: "whoops, I missed my stop!" Usually, I'd get off, and it would be awkward if it was the lobby, say, of a Stockbroker's firm, because anyone could tell from the look on my face I had no business there, unless I could be classified as . . . a suspicious character--so it would be under guard of heavy stares from the secretary that I would retreat, hoping the elevator would come back as soon as possible so I could go down, or rather back inside the relative safety of the elevator itself.

Also, I wasn't married at this time, so I was always thinking I would meet my wife somewhere, accidentally, for I thought she, my wife, pre-existed and just needed to be looked for, like I lost her and couldn't remember where, because of this strange life of riding elevators I felt like I'd lost a memory of more than that even--of everything some days, and I'd keep riding like to get my memory back, scared, in a sense, to get off the elevators. I say, this is a type of suffering. And I would relate those stories to my friends at dinner parties, and get no sympathy, but just more laughter. It was turning into a conversational genre, these elevator stories, and other people tried it to--or they tried subway stories, or bus ride stories.

I encouraged people to come up with their own stories. It was as easy as being alert and remembering what had happened, I thought.

Of course you aren't supposed to be super-alert on an elevator, you're among a group of strangers who are supposed to stare straight ahead, and self-conscious behavior makes everyone feel uncomfortable. But I would create episodes before I knew I had done anything, and I'd say things to people when there were just two of us. Like . . . "nice shoes!", if I was staring at somebody's shoes senselessly for thirty seconds.

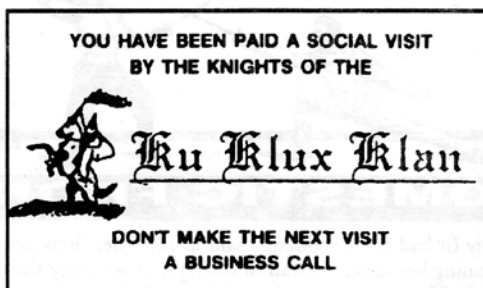
Through all this I never suffered totally, though, cataclysmically--that was reserved for the next summer, when I finally found a job, which was not in one of the office buildings as an Editorial Assistant for a publishing company, but, believe it

or not, running an elevator.

It was on 47th Street, which is called Diamond Street, where all the jewelry shops are, and I got a job running a service elevator. I couldn't believe they hired me, but I was desperate for work. The trouble here was that I couldn't operate the thing right. It was an old-fashioned with a lever operating it's up and down motion, and it didn't stop automatically at floors, you had to line the moving elevator up with the floor. It was just no good at it. Also, the doors were often open and these guys with big boxes on wheelcarts were waiting, so they'd watch me, impatiently. You could look right up and down the shaft and the elevator had a glass roof so I could see right out of the skylight, and I could see the vibrating wires that held the elevator up, and I was terrified (unreasonably) that the thing would suddenly drop to the basement and crash--or by some other action of its own nature suddenly zip upwards and fly right out of the building.

I couldn't get the floors lined up, but would slowly approach the moving floor--or it was me that was moving, the floor wasn't . . . I was always disoriented--and then I'd flinch and my hand would move the lever too quickly so I'd drop suddenly half a floor. The movers, with boxes full of diamonds, would curse at me. I had that job two weeks, and I was demoted on the janitorial staff, to cleaning bathrooms. They put me on the fifteenth floor and told me to clean every floor, like that was enough to keep me busy for years. I quit that job on the seventh floor.

Some people say they decided to become writers. I think in my case it was . . . unavoidable.



### Non Silba Sed Anthar

My wife and I drove down south last week to visit some friends in Nashville. We stopped in Bloomington Indiana where we went to school and stayed with some old friends. Dan Quayle went to law school at IU and his buddies from Huntington were all arrested in a big drug bust down there. Someone from Sixty Minutes was in Bloomington trying to sort out the facts and our friends were brought into a meeting as witnesses and sworn to secrecy. This thing has been in the funny papers now so they felt free to talk. The story is Bush picks Quayle for '88. Within two weeks the drug ties are brought to his attention. He tries to dump Quayle. Quayle's influential publishing family says they'll spill the beans on some Bush dirt if he does. They put the most outspoken of Quayle's buddies in solitary confinement til the election is over and the buddies are still pissed off for some reason.

We continued on to Nashville where one of our friends works for a printer. They were asked to print some cards and when she saw the artwork she refused. Her boss couldn't turn down the work though and she gave us a couple of the cards. They have raised type and they feel evil. When we got back we went out for a run and on the wall around the playground on Merchants Avenue we saw "KKK Rules"! That night we saw Duke being interviewed by Ted Koppel and he was so slippery that by now I'm getting Dan Quayle mixed up with David Duke and Clarence Thomas with Willie Horton.



### Shaving Cream and Pepper

I was out of shaving cream and pepper, I went to the store with five dollars and some change. When I got there I realized I was out of cigarettes too, And that was not a sacrifice I

was going to consider.

That left me a little over three bucks.

So many shaving cream choices!

I treated myself, I went for the gell kind,

A bit more expensive, but hell I'm worth it. Lime-scented.

Then I went looking for the spices,

The cheapest tin of pepper was a dollar sixty-nine!

I couldn't believe it.

I was guessing I could pick some up for like eighty-nine cents.

I've either never bought pepper before or haven't bought any for a long time.

Maybe Debbi is right--

I don't do enough around the house. Boy,

I really wanted that pepper.

It's not so much the taste, although I'm sure that plays a role in my heavy usage,

As much as it is the ritual of preparation,

Shaking the pepper on excites me.

Using a lot of it on my potatoes, man, separates me from the crowd.

I could have stolen it just as easy as setting it down.

God bless me, I set it down, and walked away, dejected.

I know I could live without shaving cream too.

I could accept nature and let my whiskers grow.

But Deb doesn't like a scratchy face,

So I shave before we make love and dodge the question.

Are you growing a beard?

Almost as if it's an unnatural thing to do.

In a sense this is a political poem.

And it's usually as political as I get.



### Refugees

I live in a hundred-year-old house in the South Wedge, where the floor slants perilously, and the porch railings are loose. I live with a dog; a rather confused but sweet border collie who often says, in her fashion, "Please, please, PLEASE could we get some sheep?" When she is happy, she sneezes, which leads me to suspect she's not properly wired or something. When she is sad, she eats the couch. And, happy or sad, she sheds. Strands of black hair sail across the wood floor, docking with other hairs until they become the beginnings of a hairball, moored around a chair leg. I often imagine that it would be a good thing if I just vacuumed her, but, not being wildly successful, I don't own a vacuum-cleaner.

The porch light blew out again this week. To change it, I had to stand on the rickety porch railing and reach out into the eaves. I slid the frosted glass cover off. Instead of the dim bulb and its flashing, there was a dark mass inside. I pulled it out -- an elliptical ball made of fiber and hair. Stepping down from the railing, and pulling at it, I saw that it was a bird's nest, made from the border collie's hair, interwoven with that stuff inside cigarette filters. They were the filters from my cigarettes, presumably. I often just stamp them out on the lawn or the sidewalk around my house, and I don't make any special effort to re-collect them; but there weren't heaps of them around, and still, I'd never wondered what became of them. Also, I remembered reading somewhere that some birds

liked nicotine.

Just as I laid the nest on the porch and stepped back up onto the rail, I saw the birds: a line of them, maybe half a dozen, small, black, perched on the gutter of my next-door neighbor's house. I could have sworn they were looking at me. And they were fidgeting.

All through the summer I'd fed them with store-bought seed, in a feeder I hung on the backyard fence. I'd fed them not out of any concern for their welfare, but because I'd reseeded patches of the lawn, and if I didn't give them another food source, they'd just scoop up the grass seed before it rooted. On the side of the Wegman's Wild Bird Food bag it clearly says "ONCE YOU HAVE STARTED FEEDING YOUR BIRDS" — notice they are "your birds" now, — "IT IS IMPORTANT TO KEEP THE FEEDERS WELL SUPPLIED DURING WINTER MONTHS." I know it says this because day in and out I see the bag sitting on the side of the kitchen counter, half-full and closed with a twist-tie, just as it has been since the last of the grass sprouted about a month ago.

I had had the food to feed them, and hadn't even bothered. And now, I'd callously ripped apart their home, where they no doubt went with stomachs grumbling — just so I could feel more at home when I came home at night. I looked back at the birds on the gutter. But, but, but — this is my home, I said to myself. The birds fidgeted some more.



**Someone, New In Town** dropped a tape off at Godiva's, certain for some reason, that someone there would be able to get it to the editors of the Refrigerator. It has Snake Mechanics written on the outside of the case. We

gave it a whirl about mid afternoon in our office with the deck in the auto reverse mode. It went around and around before anyone even thought about changing the background music. And what else can any music be these days but part of the scenery. I mean "background music" used to be the worst kind of thing. DownBeat reviewed a Gap Mangione album in the late seventies by saying they had heard better music in elevators. I've heard some pretty good music in elevators lately. We heard the long version of Like A Rolling Stone in Tops one night and decided to switch supermarkets. Muzak is about as cool as college radio these days. It's the nineties and finally rock is officially dead. Get over it. The tape is very dreamy and just like in a dream you drift off for a while and suddenly find yourself trying to figure out what is going on and someone says "what are we listening to?". And you tell them "It's the Snake Mechanics."

Another tape available at Godiva's is "Blasting Cap" by Pete LaBonne who we hear has played on Richard Hell and Alex Chilton records. Pete doesn't "play the blues cause he doesn't get the blues, he gets devastated." This tape is wild and filled to the brim with music that's funky, crazy and rockin ranging from the 50's cocktail jazz of *Socialite Lounge* to the raucousness of *Grandpa's Back In The Rumpus Room*. When the Refrigerator popped the tape in with happy expectation, the mood quickly rose to a gleeful pitch as we listened to an already classic *Stroke of Genius*, "So I'm standing on a grapefruit waiting for someone to turn on the flashlight", the romantic *Thank you Girlfriend* ("for navigating my happiness"), *Baby's Driving The Hillbillies Wild* "Sidekick never seen such a stronghold of nubility...WOW!", *Second Thoughts* where mate Shelley happily joins Pete for the chorus "We're having second thoughts, those old house

wrecking thoughts. The only thing we agree on is that we both have to be free of each other." Our favorites for the moment are the percolating *Happy Juice* "I musta ate some happy juice" and the true gem *Pavlov Cocktail* and, there's 24 more songs!



## St. Footicus

St. Footicus, patron saint of the incompetent, has left behind numerous wise sayings that have withstood the test of time (among other things). While devoid of any new insights, the words of this pure and honest soul bring to us our own simplest observations.

Four of his more well known sayings, have been selected for The Refrigerator, and are scattered throughout this issue for curious readers to find and perhaps attempt to commit to memory.

The fact that the words of St. Footicus are so seldom heard can be understood by anyone who has attempted to even read them and ponder them. They simply do not lend themselves to public utterance. If you have any doubts as to how impossible this would be, try it!



### Revelation in a Minor Key

I was a night student at The Divinity School for a couple semesters, and, I remember, I took a course called The Apocalyptic in New Testament and Gnostic Writings, taught by an intense fast-talking Catholic priest who kept leaping at the chalkboard and bouncing back to face the class with this wild look in his eye and chalky hands like trying to wave away demons in his face. So we were really witnessing his struggles and I kept thinking, he'll die, probably in a hospital in front of a television set, watching a football game, before he figures anything out here. And, I realized, what I thought myself about the material supposedly presented in this class was . . . not really relevant, it would have to wait, what I thought, for some later revelation.

Then what I remember even more vividly is that at the break in this two hour course we'd all go hang around near the soda machine and I kept hearing the loud crashing of a soda can and also the thud of candy bars, in the other machine, until the break was over and we'd go back to our seats for round two of the professor's enormous battle with his chalkboard history.

In two semesters of this I never bought a can of soda, even though it seemed like an enticing option. And I'll tell you why (it's two years later and I have figured out why!). It was too incongruous, that's why. You see I nearly lived in the landscape confusedly projected by those lectures, I was practically with the Apostles on the

first-century terrain, I walked with Polycarp to his execution before the Roman mobs in the stadium, and it (therefore) didn't make any sense to pull a knob on the big snack machine. I couldn't make the transition, and force the act of concentration. I felt ridiculous, modern life seemed incongruous with the attempted study of the past.

Then yesterday I was in Tops Friendly Market, waiting with my two young sons over by the pizzeria, my wife was somewhere out there collecting what she had to buy, and I saw this same New Testament professor shuffle by. I hardly recognized him, he was bumbling over toward the bread section and he looked pretty bad, his shirt was not tucked in and he was confusedly hauling off a loaf of Wonder Break by the neck, it was banging against his knees as he walked. I thought, in his mind somewhere . . . is it still ringing? The big issue, the whole apocalyptic scenario he had tried to fathom, where was it now?

I wanted to address my two sons, aged eleven and nine, and say: "here is the problem, boys. The turnstiles don't match the highway we are on. Or, the highway doesn't fit on the landscape we are on." Or something. The discrepancy was clear to me.

I mean if you are taking a course called The Apocalyptic in New Testament and Gnostic Writings, and its the break, it doesn't make any sense to go over to soda machine and get a cool can of bubbling Sprite. Does it? It makes even less sense to go all out and get a bag of chips to accompany it. Doesn't it?

Christ! I practically exclaimed, maybe . . . it makes perfect sense.



### After the Fire at Berkley

Yes, time is going along so fast. I feel like a toad on a griddle—a hot one-trying to keep track of it all. The fire made big news and a strange atmosphere. The farmer's market had drawn me that Sunday; giant raisins, little lettuce, and apples with strange and beautiful names: Fiji, Gala, I think Sierra Butt. Smoke began to curl, blacken. Get worse in the distance. Then the freeways in the hills closed and so did the market, so the farmers could find ways home.

From my deck I could see flames on the far hill. The smoke wasn't above my house, so the air in the immediate vicinity was fine, and purple and prehistoric a short distance away. I kept watching which way the wind blew. The gusts were so hot from the south, fast enough to jump across freeways. The cats freaked so I knew I'd try to stay around till I found them. For a few hours I luxuriated in what to evacuate: computers? snapshots? romper room diploma? I opted for all of the above (no renter's insurance) but I didn't have to load up the car because the Claremont Hotel, the grand old thing, held. Had that gone up, thanks to those stinking Eucalyptus that explode like rockets, I think the fire might have marched all the way to the Bay.

I watched old prop fighters drop mammoth buckets of what looked like red paint, took panoramic stretch pictures from the deck. Now that everything's over, I haven't gone to see the holocaust. Can't. Too many lives, too many stories, 2000-degree walls of flames. Nearly 3000 homes gone. Them old hills won't be the same.

When I was two, our house caught on fire. The upstairs renters had a fire in their kitchen. I was in the high chair in the kitchen below. So what does my mother run screaming from the house with? The silver. She still feels guilty. Panic works in strange ways. So does guilt.





#### Brief Excursion Downtown

I figured there would be an unofficial dress code just to get into the Rochester Computer Business Show, so I wore my (still stiff) corduroy sportcoat and a tie that bespoke . . . self-confidence, and I prepared to be greeted by a "thank you for Not Smoking" sign (to suffer that incomprehensible sarcasm silently), plus I brought along some money for a Hot Dog, hopefully. I had my complimentary ticket ready, but so did everybody else, and I was in there in no time, after parking my car that is on the wind blown bridge over the desolation of rocks which, I guess, once was a river).

Well, it was a really bad experience for me, though I know I'm not typical of course, but you see my neck and shoulders froze up just as I entered the Convention Center, so I couldn't swing my head around, I mean from side to side properly as I went down the aisles past all the booths and the eager people ready to talk to me about their products and services. But I had to pivot fully each time I thought to stop, or march right through the whole place like someone was chasing me, and when I would pivot, receiving a sharp pain in my neck and for some reason also my left shin, so I would want to to bend down also, which would surely result in a complete spastic attack like happens in dreams when I walk through the wrong doors and am confronted with the wrong scene, well anyway, I'd be facing some display head-on-like I was really interested!

I kept forgetting why I went to this Computer Show. At one booth I went too close to a display of bright slides on a mount and the attendant said, "pretty nice, aren't they?" I said, "yeah," and pretended to be peering closely, but then I said, "Well, I don't know much about it really."

But the guy was a natural salesman, he said, "I bet you don't have slides that good for your business presentations, do you?"

"What?" I said. And then, "oh yea, no sir, I don't." Shooting pains went through my neck, reminding me of . . . something, I couldn't gather what (unless it was . . . life itself!). "No, I don't," I said, trying to shake my head.

"Well . . . you see!" he said, brightly.

"Of course," I said, "I don't have a business either."

Aha! That nearly cleared my head. "I sometimes think about getting a business," I said, "but I don't know if I could handle all that is involved."

He looked at me. He looked at my tie. I thought, maybe he'll call for Security. "Really," I said, "I think about it, but I get distracted by life, you know, and I never do the first thing about it, like . . . buying a computer."

How's this? A person wandering around in here who doesn't even have a computer? "Yea," said the salesman, and he turned away from me. I could tell, just then, I failed to exist. I could tell he wasn't really interested in me anymore, I was just too . . . primitive. So I pulled that stunt I learned in college, to use when you simply can't make any more forward progress, like in walking, but you have to get out, like out of some convention; I'd regained my mobility, surely, and I put my feet in reverse and swiftly retreated, walking backwards like a character in a rewinding movie, backwards right down Aisle C, through Aisle B, Aisle A, out the double doors, through the reflected sunlight, back into reality

#### Image of Morning

Then I actually thought, she's got everything in Loving me. I'm bringing her with me. We're Starting from nowhere, creatures of a mystery Not understanding anything. And the dawn was Like a blue filter at the window. She was the Mistress of all my . . . comical sorrows. I'd Confessed to her my attempts to be more than Superhuman! And my fast narration tactics were Now . . . all delay. There was nothing but the White curtains, we were talking in the future. I'll do anything, I said, for you to exist so sweetly Amidst these lost commands. Love must be a Relic of another life, when I didn't have the image Of the limits of bliss! There I learned to tell Lies all the times, and I've been struggling with the Damn story ever since, as if we weren't unique. Yes, she said--she was absolutely best, not heaven Sent, but mortal. She was the image of morning.

And I wrote these lines as I was falling, i Variation like the sword and breath sighing. Not as anything was I a lover, but like a man Repainting the roses on the wallpaper . . . To learn that life is what you want, that's enough to Report to the memory! Ah, she made me forget To second-guess my motives. My transcendent Self was . . . a hype, finally. Look now, I said, I've tipped over the very candle. Then I warned her, Emotion when it repeats drives deeper still The question of it it's origin. But, blessed fate, She remained intact until the morning light--

Opportunity for love, I said, is that what you want, It's coming to this, all my solitude . . . for you.

#### Bus Stop Story #1

Baby in the rain, mother hurrying by pushing it in a stroller (baby bundled up, mother bare headed, no jacket). It has just started to rain, and the baby is struggling with the awning of the stroller. Both are scowling. Baby succeeds in pushing the awning back to catch the eye of it mother: simultaneous, instant, big smiles, faces pelted by raindrops. Nearby, two people waiting for the bus, one of them drinking a cup of coffee: "coffee and raindrop," she says to him, holding up the cup as if to drink to his health.



#### Dear Refrigerator,

What are you? Surely I'm not the first to ask. I found your "Flat Earth" issue while exploring Ann Arbor. I "took heart wherever I was." I'm interested to see more. Please send information on ob-taining future

Refrigerators (as if one's not enough).

Thank you, Arthur Grey (Detroit, Mi.)

#### Dear Refrigerator

We really enjoy your 'zine. My favs were #1 subculture hopping and #10 elevator story. The elevator story reminds me of a fantasy one of my friends told me about called "instant retribution." Each of us has a weapon which can kill and then bring the target back to life. Yet, it looks like any other more permanent weapon, so the target, at the moment of death, believes it to be permanent. This weapon would be used as an educational tool. Only people who've done something very dumb or extremely cruel would be the target. The punisher would inform the target of their offense so that they would be aware of it at the moment of death. Upon being revived, they would realize the error of their ways and reform. Of course, people being how they are, this would never work. That's why it's a fantasy.

Jill Leeper, Rochester, NY

The Refrigerator is published at least 10 times a year. All contributions are kept anonymous. Subscriptions are available for \$10 a year. Price includes postage, a Refrigerator magnet and a Refrigerator card that gives you a discount on Refrigerator sponsored events. Back issues of are not available.

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