

REFRIGERATOR

"REWRITING ROCHESTER'S CULTURAL HERITAGE"

CRAWLING TOWARD DEATH

THE
INSTITUTE
FOR
ETERNAL LIFE
Offers
Miracle Drug
Page 3

**FREE ALL
POLITICS!
ISSUE**

15

PEROT



PROMISES

**NEW STADIUM
FOR
DOWNTOWN**

**Bush Readyng Troops
To Squash Groundswell
For "The Little Guy"**

**TURTLES
MISTAKE
SANDWICH
BAGS FOR
JELLY-
FISH AND
DIE OF
BLOCKED
INTESTINES**



*Americans prepare for summer
vacation in "kinder, gentler nation".*

FATHER & SON



I was talking to my son about how the world was round, and, therefore, you could walk out the front door and, if you kept walking straight, you'd eventually arrive back at the house--coming through the backyard. This is of course ignoring all obstacles, like oceans and mountains and so on (buildings right in your path, etc.); it's just the idea that because the world is round, a straight path eventually returns to where it started--as opposed, say, to going off in endless space.

"There is something weird about this," my son said.

"You don't think it's true?" I asked.

"I think it's true," he said; "but . . . I don't really like it."

"What don't you like about it?" I said. I had an intuition myself about what was sort of horrendous here.

"I don't like . . . coming back," he said. "It's like it isn't the same house."

He hit it exactly, I thought. The problem was this idea of walking around the world and returning to the place where you started, particularly in the manner of coming upon it from the back, so to speak, didn't so much demonstrate that the world was round, but gave the person accomplishing that a weird impression of . . . duplicating the house! It really wasn't the same house, but a repetition of the house gained by walking in a straight line until it . . . showed up again--like in a different dimension.

I tried to express this to my son, who was puzzling like a real philosopher over the results of our having considered the fact that the world was round. He was tucked into his bed, and this was a late night conversation just . . . to finish today.

"It really isn't the same place, maybe," I said; "after all it's the same house, but . . . happening . . . later." I had this sense we'd stumbled upon some frightening aspect of reality, and I just said that clumsily, and paused for a long time.

"I don't want to do it," he finally said.

"Well," I said, "maybe that's why there are so many mountains and oceans in the way, and why, therefore, the world isn't really round at all because . . . nobody can prove it."

He thought that over for a moment. "It's just . . . the planet that is round," he said.

"Right," I said, "and to see the planet you have to be . . . somewhere else." We both thought that over for a while.

"God knows the world is round," he said.

"Yeah," I said. "And that's enough for me."

"I think God made the world that way so we . . ." he began, and then he had great difficulty expressing the thought. "He made the world that way," my son said, "so we couldn't walk around it."

"I think you're right," I said, "that's it exactly."

"Nobody walks around the world," he said. "It's actually impossible."

Then I stood up, to let him go to sleep. I still had to think, what further revelations would occur to this child of mine, who was born with a propensity to wonder about life? I would see him standing at the windows in the back room of the house, at dusk, gazing out at the backyard. Infinity had come down upon him, and he was trying to imagine himself re-arriving, like from another dimension, gone out the front door on a summer morning and coming back, over the fence, through the garden, knocking on the back door and saying, to his mother turning from the stove, "Here I am, I've just walked around the world!"

"Actually I could do it," he said to me, "probably."

"I know you could," I said. And I stood there at the edge of the bed staring out at the moonlit window.

"I think I'll go to sleep now," he said. And in his voice there was just as much bravery in that notion as any other . . . project of thought.

I remembered how when I was a child I believed that I had to go to sleep for the night to pass, literally, that the night was pure depth and the only way to get to the morning was to fall through it all the way. The world wasn't round, but a terrain spreading out in all directions, and the sun didn't come up again until the absolute barrier of night had been established, and then traversed, by the person alive in total mystery.

And now I felt intuitively that this son of mine was actually older than I because he had been in the universe longer before he was born, and on any subject requiring a rigorous, free, philosophic inquiry I should definitely consult first with him.

I'm Rockin As Fast As I Can

In Rochester, in the 90's the rock n roll attitude seems to manifest itself in everything but rock n' roll. The local bands who rock, do so in front of audiences who seem somewhat mystified by all the noise and posturing. Even when it's great, which it often can be, the audience response seems to be on the level of an enthusiastic golf tournament.



THREE BLACK VELVET PAINTINGS

In one week we watched Michael Jackson's "short film" premier with super model Naomi, the surreal Elvis Special hosted by Priscilla and "The Heart Of Darkness" movie which was made by Francis Ford Copola's wife while he was making "Apocalypse Now". The Elvis show aired on the last day of Post Office polling to decide which Elvis we will get to see on a stamp. I voted for the bloated Elvis because I feel we should be able to take responsibility for our idol-worshipping actions. We inflate these characters beyond our capacity to enjoy them and then want to turn back the clock? Marlon Brando shows up at 300 pounds for three weeks at one million a week and he refuses to allow Coppola to use his bulk on film. He was filmed in the dark. He was wonderful. Elvis sings "Reach The Impossible Dream" a week before his overdose when he can't even reach the mike. It was a powerful performance. And Michael's "In The Closet" was an cross between a vampire movie and a perfume commercial. We payed for his reconstructive surgery. We even got to watch the many choices the plastic surgeons gave him at the end of his "Black Or White" video. These wonderful black velvet paintings aren't signed because we all created them. If we were to vote for the early Elvis it would be like admitting we had no talent.

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The Refrigerator is published about 12 times a year. Contributions are welcome. All contributions are kept anonymous (but at least we admit it). 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 are not available.

Back Page 1" square ads are \$10 and rate sheets are available for bigger ads.

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REFRIGERATOR

PO Box 40313 Rochester, NY 14604

I was on my way to The Institute For Eternal Life, which is over on Thurston Road, on a Tuesday morning, driving across town en route to my appointment there--made six months ago. I was only a minute away from there when I began to reconsider the opportunity though.

I paused at a coffee shop, The CrossRoads at Bulls-Head, and over a couple donuts and coffee just watched the clock on the wall move past 11:00 am, until I was late. But you don't get to be late for these appointments. It's a serious commitment you're making, choosing eternal life, and the doctors (I guess they are doctors who administer the drugs) don't allow missed appointments or walk-ins and besides, they are very busy of course--this is a popular new service in Rochester which, reportedly, has come here some two years behind it's already being established on the West Coast.

"Eternal life, are you kidding, who wouldn't want that?"

I didn't want to forgo the opportunity entirely. I was just having doubts about it, like I suddenly wondered if I understood what was meant by "eternal life" anyway. But, not wanting to skip out entirely, just delay my actual decision, I called The Institute from the phone booth outside The Crossroads, about 11:15 and told them my car had broken down and I was sorry I missed my appointment.

The cheerful woman who took my apologies said exactly what I thought she would, ignoring any hint in my voice that I wanted to engage her in some potentially emotional discussion of The Institute's services, and simply telling me I could be rescheduled if I would like that, but I'd have to wait another six months for an appointment. It's a policy that you get that amount of time before committing yourself to eternal life, for they want you to think it over, they want you to be sure you want eternal life and not just on impulse because it's a lovely spring day...

Like any service which is optional but

CRAWLING TOWARD DEATH

potentially drastic, like optional surgery, perhaps--though these medical analogies are not the ones I would like to use, the providers of the service are always careful to try to avoid giving the appearance of a hard-sell, but they make it clear the client is solely responsible for the decision and, therefore, solely responsible for assessing the results, like it or not.



The service offered by the Institute For Eternal Life, as far as I understand it, contains the following explicit results. First, by the administering of a miracle drug developed several years ago and in fact in use among a group of wealthy scientists and their friends in Europe before being approved for general distribution, the Institute claims it

can actually halt, and in some cases, slightly reverse the aging process. That is, after you take this drug you no longer age at all, but stay the

same age as you were, forever. In some cases, people have actually grown slightly younger, and then stopped at an age which the scientists say is their eternal age, the age they would be, say, in a bodily resurrection. This is the premiere offering of the Institute, a drug which stops the aging process.

Obviously you have to like the age you are at the moment you take this drug or be beyond liking any age you are or will become and hope the drug will take you back a few years--or the service would, in your case, be premature. But if you wait, of course you have to reckon with the possibility of being killed though before you reach the age you would like to be forever, never experiencing eternal life--at least in this version offered us of late.

The Institute makes it clear that achieving eternal life does not actually prevent death altogether, but only that form of death coming at you (before now inexorably) by aging. It is still possible to die accidentally, in violent car crashes, etc. It is even possible to get sick and die of the sickness, a factor most

"A miracle drug in use among wealthy scientists and their friends"

people taking this drug impulsively probably don't consider, since in our society sickness and age are intertwined in the popular imagination--when, medicine has said for years, there is no explicit connection--that is the apparent weakening of the body due to age is not a weakening making it more susceptible to sickness in general, but actually more resilient toward some sicknesses, even oblivious to some forms of tortuous pain experienced by all of us in our sensitive youthful bodies.

These are all things to think about, when faced with the offering of "eternal life" as put forth by the Institute--which, by the way, is housed in the old Seminary at the corner of West Sawyer Place and reportedly numbers as a good portion of its staff the many nuns who continued to live on there after the Seminary closed. Everyone assumes these nuns are immortal, probably the first clients--though I don't know about that, because there is a difference, I think, between "eternal life" and... eternity itself.

Eternity itself, after all, is not advertised as happening on earth, for one thing, whereas if you take the Institute product you end up eternally living in Rochester, unless you move, but if you move you might suffer a

(continued on next page)

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very severe disorientation being among people in a different city and not knowing who or how many of them were eternally alive or, like we all used to be before, just bumbling along the old time line of aging and death.

Is the opportunity to have time stopped such a deal, one wonders? And what about the new complex social situations that are arising every day, like when people, say in their thirties, who have stopped aging encounter others who haven't. Obviously it's a new factor in all romantic encounters, one almost feels that those who have been to the Institute should wear badges, or perhaps conspicuous tatoos maybe on the side on their heads.

I also wonder, of course, if this is really happening, or if it is a total scam, because not enough time has passed to collect real evidence, and the people who have taken the treatment are so exuberant just with the thought of what has (maybe) happened to them that they become younger by sheer suggestion. Years ago a German scientist suggested that age itself was a product of the mind, and the body just collaborated with it, because, as he wisely pointed out, eternal life is actually an idea totally in conflict with life itself--which is precisely . . . not eternal.

I mean aging cuts two ways, if you take the whole picture; you actually need to age to begin with, it's called growing up. Then, at the top of some curve you aren't aware of, this process insidiously starts bringing you down. You only have some brief period where you are perfect, so to speak, neither young nor old, but the perfect representative in mind and body of the person you feel inwardly you were intended to be.

That's the person you imagine eternally walking down Monroe Avenue, day after day, year after year, always stopping to get an ice-cream cone, and always lingering in the store window to consider its catchy displays. Eternal life, as presented by the late night television ads from The Institute, features an endless series of beach parties too, with other people who are safe from life's threatening processes that can alter your very appearance and confuse you completely. What is chiefly prevented is the scenes of old age which so many fear, where you become sentimental and foolish and maybe even bitter, and actually pine away for life as it used to be.

I don't know, I've got six months to decide whether I want to live forever--that's the new stakes. Before this, to tell the truth, I wasn't that concerned with aging. I'm not that old right now, though I'm older than I was when I was young, surely, I mean I'm aware of being sort of . . . cresting, that's the word; I feel I'm at that cresting point where my hands, for instance, aren't getting more beautiful and strong, but they're a little craggy in the wrong light. My mind, however, is

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dynamic--I mean it's never been more explosive, it's always on the verge of a revelation. So I think I might be a little like . . . a monster in a suit, if I stopped changing physically at all. There'd be nothing to . . . get in stride with, so to speak.

I think I'm trying to talk myself into not getting the cure. Life in time, with an unknown ending . . . wasn't that a thrilling situation once?

The truth is I am actually looking forward to being at death's doorstep. And I want to have crawled there and look sort of badly beaten up by life, don't I?

Yes, when I saw the huge Metropolitan Life Insurance building off Route 490, when I saw the billboards for the other miracle products of our mad society, I always was able to resist. I could see it was just somebody getting rich, making people think it was . . . bad planning to die! Finally I must conclude this Institute For Eternal Life must be a bad dream too.

So I'm not going over there, I'm sorry I'm just going to quietly ignore all these invitations and let life take me right apart.



Oh Say, Can You See?

There has been a movement underway for sometime now to make Arpad's "Bitchin' Worker" our national anthem. The Refrigerator agrees. Its only available on vinyl and we recently saw a few copies in the Local Artists section at Record Time. Ask for it by name. "Calm Down" by Arpad & The New Sons Of The Industrial Revolution.



WELCOME TO LOVE WORLD

A funny thing happened at our first Refrigerator Sponsored Night (Pete's Rock Band & The Bootlickers at Jazzberry's, April 16). Pete LaBonne sang some very funny songs but that wasn't what I was talking about. We gave away Refrigerator money, three dollar bills with Emily Dickinson's picture on them. They were good that night only at the bar and the MC made that clear. So when we reimbursed the bar for the bills that were spent at the end of the night why were ten of them missing? Remember they are good in Love World only.

Pete LaBonne's opening solo sets were the stuff legendary tales are made of. We also managed to give away 300 Refrigerator magnets that night. Godiva's calendar this year will be in the form of a cassette tape with twelve local songwriters along with their guitars. And we've heard that Pete has recorded a killer version of "Kill This Bottle" for the compilation.

Look for the "The Refrigerator Presents" Demolition Derby this summer.

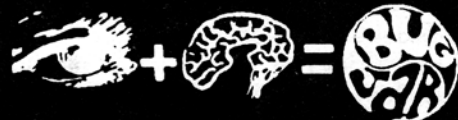
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"BOB IS FILL IN THE BLANK"

The Church of the Subgenius Show (Monday nights on WITR) is part of a nationwide phenomena. This Negativland-like soundtrack to Bob nonsense, is available on a full length video from Polygram. It's called "Recruitment Film Series #16" and the visual samples fly like tape edits in the wind. At one point a bowler tosses another guy down the lane like he was a ball. There is a lot of significance placed on Bob's pipe. Imagine collecting snippets of sales pitches for god on tape and then switching the word god for Bob. Mark Mothersbaugh from Devo plays a role in all of this and keeps popping up. You could just put a paper weight on the channel button of your remote control or you could bring the video home. It's available at Lakeshore Records and Record Archive and probably at the great House Of Guitars. My favorite part is the instructions at the end of the video that instruct the viewer to turn the tape over.

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"It's really a paper for elitist snobs - i.e. people whose self-worth has exceeded their mental capacity but are unaware of it."

Rick Gagliano, Publisher,
THE DOWNTOWNER,
April 15, '92

GEORGE JONES COFFEE CUP

Tom Waits and his wife have 16 new songs for us on the CD soundtrack to the Jim Jarmusch film "Night On Earth." This is such a powerful combination these guys have here. Their cool, PostBeat, Minimal Modernism styles compliment each other wonderfully. I haven't seen this film yet - I assume it will be at The Little soon - but there are five still shots in the CD book from Los Angeles, New York, Paris, Rome and Helsinki. And Tom Wait's music has been crafted to international standards with small orchestral arrangements and a loose jazzy feel setting the stage. Previously, he had almost departed from the piano lounge lizard style of his Electra recordings to develop a down home, small American city, blues roots for Island Records (sound epitomized in his Big Time movie). Ralph Carney who brought his band of wildmen, The Swollen Monkeys, to Rochester to perform in the early eighties with Personal Effects, who were at the time on the same label, plays six different horns and pan pipes and really brings this thing to life. Most of the music here is without vocals and paves the landscape for wide open daydreams.

The daydreams become a bit of a problem in Naked Lunch and would inhibit us from performing our roles as functional human beings if we were to give in to this Bug Juice. William Burroughs describes how it was possible to stare at his shoes for most

of a day without getting bored in his intro to the book - like Dead Ringers, which we just saw again on Cinemax. David Cronenberg's movie slowly weakens you, and then breaks your legs when you are all but helpless with fascination. Howard Shore's soundtrack on Milan Records featuring Ornette Coleman and The London Philharmonic capitalizes on this setting and soars on its own.

Imagine Ornette's sax swinging wildly with his son Denardo on drums and seventy seven musicians in the pit. As Ornette says in the liner notes "Truth is simple to consume."

As if it is not enough to just record an album these days, the first song of Lou Reed's new CD on the Warner Brothers label is from the Wim Wenders movie "Until The End Of The World." The whole album might as well be a movie. Lou deals with real life in such a graphic, threadbare way I find myself cringing at some of his observations and dumb rhymes. His role has always been to make us squirm and that's why we keep coming back. "Magic And Loss" is more musical than anything he's done and I've been following this guy since Andy Warhol presented the banana album which I bought at Midtown Records because I liked the cover. I found "The Velvet Underground and Nico" to be pure magic. Song number 14, the title song on the new CD lays it on the line. "There's a bit of magic in everything and then a little loss to even things out."

My in-laws love opera. Can you imagine. I've always thought the medium had possibilities though, with a contemporary setting and maybe a language I can understand and a singer like Iggy Pop. Well, Lincoln Center commissioned "The Manson Family" by John Moran, and Philips Classic Productions has just released the CD soundtrack. He has concocted a really beautiful 20th century classical (as in co-produced by Philip Glass) musical. John Moran reads demented Manson snippets in really demented voice-over Indian ragas and samples and tape loop vocals so the whole thing really gets under your skin which makes it get better with each listen. He is as good a Manson as the guy in the made-for-TV movie. He plays almost all the instruments as well. Iggy Pop sings Jack Lord, the prosecutor's part and Terre Roche does Lynette "Squeaky" Fromme and they sing a moving duet outside the California courthouse. I love opera.

The World Can't Wait To See *The Player*, Robert Altman's New Film.



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SYMBOLISMS (FOR THE DAYS)

May 1st

United Nations flag is at half-mast. Cast iron monument is embracing the globe.

May 2nd

Important man marries frigid woman. One of the wedding gifts they receive is a horse-breeding farm. Another is a fine book of erotic drawings.

May 3rd

Wind direction decodes the message for geese emitted by the microwave oven.

May 4th

From a fire victim's body burnt skin is removed. Preparations are almost done for new grafting.

May 5th

A mother, after escorting her children on the way to school, gets on her bicycle and heads for her foreign language class.

May 6th

The Chief Executive of an international corporation examines the suit he was to wear.

On the left side the seam is undone.

May 7th

In a car repair shop from morning all through the day pneumatic tools are heard, yet music from a small plastic radio plays even louder.

May 8th

Undercover agent in a bright yellow pickup truck is returning home from work, singing at the top of his lungs, "take me home, take me home," or something like that.

May 9th

In early afternoon at an outdoor cafe, grandmother and her favorite granddaughter are distracted for a moment by a single leaf on the sidewalk.

May 10th

Retired sea-captain after working half a day in his vineyard, relaxes in his hammock. Neighborhood kids are eagerly waiting to hear some more stories.

May 11th

A reindeer is grazing in the zoo, then sniffing the air for snowflakes. A flock of geese is ready to go south.

May 12th

A shark swims through a school of fish, single-mindedly in pursuit of his mate.

May 13th

Liquor cabinet is forceably opened. None of the bottles are missing, and all are still sealed, yet some are empty.

May 14th

A cold rain is pounding roofs and the pavement in the sea resort. An empty bottle of sun-tan lotion lies half-buried in the sand.

May 15th

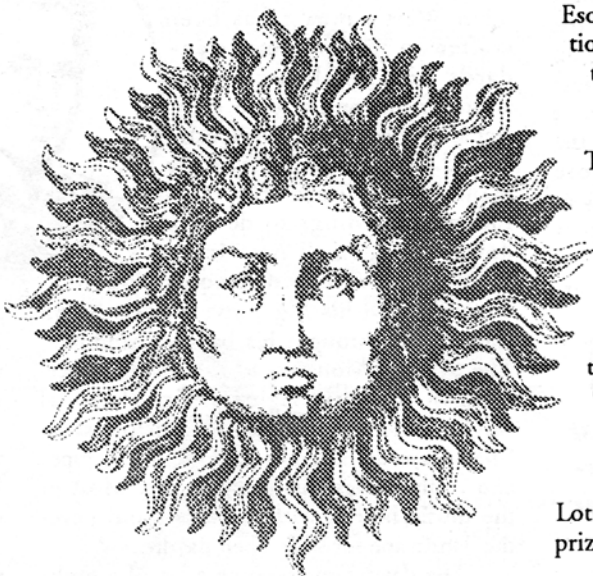
Stuttering adult is taking singing lessons. He sings very well when nobody listens.

May 16th

Vegetarian restaurant is filled with the smell of grilled meat coming in from somewhere else. Everybody walks out into the backyard, which is hot and humid.

May 17th

On a completely deserted avenue in the front of the Parliament in the early morning, street cleaners are unfolding hoses to wash the pavement. Several cockroaches are rushing to cross to the other side.



May 18th

In the sunny yard deaf-mute workers on their lunch break are engrossed in sign-language conversation and laughter. Their colleagues who can speak and hear are observing, amused and speechless.

May 19th

Law-abiding citizen is mugged. As mugger runs away, he drops his hat. Robbed citizen picks it up and under it he finds his wallet.

As it begins to rain, he puts the hat on.

May 20th

Mother tells bedtime story to her child and then turns off the light. As the door closes the kid pulls out a book of comics and a flashlight from under his pillow.

May 21st

Master mason is painstakingly restoring historic building in the middle of the summer. The street

is deserted, everyone has gone to the beach.

May 22nd

Telephone call in the early morning is inspiring and the voice is kind. Appointment with City Hall looks promising for the time being.

May 23rd

The paint store's entrance in the sunny morning is full of customers needing supplies. An ice-cream truck and a plumber's van slow down for a moment and then pass by.

May 24th

Esoteric lecture on civil liberties and limitations is held in the international resort. At the same time a local college theater is rehearsing Aesop's Fables.

May 25th

The river's smooth flow is interrupted by the mud-slide and the bridge is washed away. A pontoon just erected is crowded with people rushing for emergency supplies.

May 26th

Marine Corps of Engineers and volunteers are immersed in clean-up operation. On the outskirts of town a warehouse is cleaned and turned into a temporary school and a City Hall.

May 27th

Lottery player of many years wins substantial prize. After celebrating and giving generously to everyone he knows, he wins twice.

May 28th

Soldier resting in the woods has dozed off while his company moved on. After waking up he is embarrassed, but first he looks for his mirror and a comb.

May 29th

One of the last crowned heads of state is in deep prayer in the back of His Majesty's limousine, waiting for a traffic light.

May 30th

Divorced college professor is moving out of town. He separates his belongings. On a heap of books that are to be discarded is an old red sweater, given to him by his first love.

May 31st

Without knowing he is connected to the main switch-board, the telephone man is whistling loudly while troubleshooting way up on the telephone pole.

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Dear Refrigerator,

I was kicking around the idea of subscribing to your magazine for awhile - I figured you could use the ten dollars to cover printing costs if nothing else. The final clincher was while I was giving Issue #14 a cursory second look before passing it on to a friend. I noticed a brilliant headline that I hadn't seen the first time around: "UB TOP 40 NOT". The best headline I've seen since "Keith Moon Dies Before He Gets Old"!

Please don't print this letter - Thanks. I really do enjoy your publication and might submit something someday!

Thanks, Anonymous

Dear Refrigerator,

Just wanted to say I loved The Refrigerator Presents Pete's Rock Band!! at Jazzberry's April 16. Great poster and banner above the stage!!! Thanks for the magnet too!

Christopher Earl, Rochester

Dear Refrigerator,

When I was in high school in the early seventies, we were shown a film which was required viewing for all students with the exception of those whose parents had excused them. The movie was known by everyone as the holocaust movie. Class by class we were led down to the auditorium to see a grey film that in a remorselessly striking fashion showed us the horrors of the camps. We saw trainloads of Jews herded into "delousing" showers and watched as men hauled their naked bodies out. We saw bulldozers pushing around mountains of corpses and saw huge mounds of human hair and, in the officers' family homes, lamp shades of human skin.



These images are a familiar part of recent history now, but then, placed in our suburban high school context, they were unforgettable.

Syracuse painter Jerome Witkin has chosen the holocaust as a subject for recent paintings shown at the Memorial Art Gallery. Done on a very large scale in a style reminiscent of the current Renaissance in comic book art, they are allegorical images of evil confronted by regular people in WW2 Germany. As comic book art they are well done, as paintings they are a barefaced attempt to make a reputation through the acceptable shock value of historical genocide. No NEA controversy here.

The holocaust has figured prominently in the art of the postwar 20th century, including innumerable books, fiction and non-fiction, films, poetry, theatre and the visual arts. We have seen sculpture of victims, heard their stories preserved on film, read poems inspired by guilt for having Germanic roots and now, in our ponderously conservative art museum, we are exposed to overblown comics portraying subjects so shocking that one wonders if the artist didn't clap his hands in glee when he stumbled upon the idea. For these images are guaranteed to create notoriety for the artist.

As more documents are released in East Germany and the new eastern republics, we can expect a surge of new horrors to come forth. The Nazis were so thorough in their

evil that there is no doubt that nearly anything imaginable was in fact realized. At this point we must accept the possibility that re-creation of these horrors as art may be serving the same purpose as the creation of new gore in the movies. . These images are available as film, in the recorded memories of survivors and in the meticulously complete records of their perpetrators. Their re-creation by an artist with technical ability but lacking imagination leaves one cold and more than a little angry at the "Art World."

M.E., Rochester

Dear Refrigerator,

Doug Curry, host of WRUR's Blacks and Blues Friday night show, possesses a bright cheerful and affectionate nature. Through his music he shows generosity and kindness of heart, as well as a love for domestic life. He possesses great powers of persuasion and can be successful in any career where master salesmanship is necessary.

After listening to Blacks and Blues every Friday night for the last 3 months, it has become a part of my life along with being a part of my Friday night curriculum. His show sends out a message all over the world and tells a story for many that can relate and have experienced life in the way his music is played. Doug's choice of artists is impeccable; it's the music that his listeners want to hear as well as what he's feeling at the time of collecting or choosing the music for his show.

Blacks and Blues is a complete and satisfying show that has changed the lives of many listeners along with bringing to others joy, peace, love and happiness for the blues every Friday night.

I've heard many blues Disc Jockeys all over, especially in the Chicago area, But Doug Curry is the best; his ego and love for the blues tells his life story and I'm one of his best fans and most die hard true listener every Friday Night since I realized that I could listen to WRUR in my area.....Doug Curry is the Best.

Betty Jean Ragin, Rochester

Dear Refrigerator,

I do a lot of soul searching during election times since as declared King of Transcendia I have in effect made myself subject to standards that apply to presidents and kings. Certainly the same standards of courage and character are called for. Also this calls for endorsement of a presidential candidate from Transcendia, since I along with most Transcendians have been spending a lot of time in the United States.

REFRIGERATOR ?

COFFEE ROASTED ON THE PREMISES



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I don't really get comfortable with wanting fame. It seems a further burden to be famous and poor at the same time. Launching the Rocket into the United Nations would make me and Transcendia famous, but I could end up in jail without bail thinking of it. The Rocket Launch would require a milling crowd of no less than twenty people surrounding the apparatus and the rocket on the sidewalk. A bit of marching around to find the right part of the sidewalk for whatever the wind is that day. Maybe a film permit and a film crew would clear it all. Anything for fantasy.

And there is the United States on the tube, all of it just like a barometer for the world. The tube advertising illusions from Hollywood, advertising guns. And I can turn it on and sense the commonly owned emo-



tion along with even the tenor of the emotion which I now feel as grief in advance for the killing of our children. We are already seeking revenge upon ourselves in the movies. I feel the mind cruising into fantasy as science fiction is now too much to handle. . . Modern Times are not even recent history now. As much as Transcendia to me is the

science fiction story that I can't even write because it has taken over my life quicker than it was supposed to.

I did not have time for it to be just an idea. Time had already called for it to be real before I could send it out to the toy factory (something from a Buster Crabbe serial). The reality is that when we are old our children will have nothing to care for us with. Then comes the apocalyptic riot. And Mel will perish along with his children. We will have revenge on the right people ... who will be ourselves.

Sincerely, Russell Scott Day, NYC

Dear Refrigerator,

Couldn't resist the challenge to a speculative (mixed media) drawing of God. Too bad you can't print it.

Cordially, Melanie Sherwood

Dear Melanie,

What makes you think we can't print mirror finished mylar?

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