

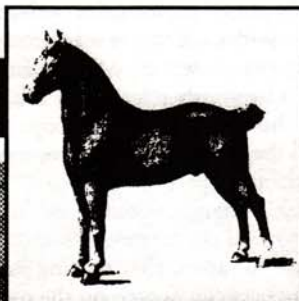
REFRIGERATOR

"ROCHESTER'S ONLY DEMOLITION DERBY FANZINE"

FEWER
WORDS
ISSUE

16
FREE

GET A HORSE, P.3



CITY COUNCIL SAYS SKATEBOARDING IS A CRIME!

SUMMER IN LOVE WORLD

Let's, the doorman at The Bug Jar (not the one with long hair), tells us that the head of the Perot organization here in Rochester faxed the front page of the last Refrigerator ("Perot Promises New Stadium For Downtown") to Perot in Texas and he got a kick out it.

Can this be true . . . that the little guy is so approachable? He is surely the candidate for unabashed dreamers and to think he has such an affinity for Rochester. (Perot has promised to fill in the Inner Loop during his fist term.)

While drawing up plans for the new stadium he spent many hours in the old ball-park on Norton Street. He investigated the local companies that advertise on the out-field wall and has invested heavily in Zwiegle's Hots, Nance's Mustard, Genny Beer, Ragu Spaghetti Sauce, Donuts Delite and Godiva's.

Ross got his show business start in Rochester as First Federal's Hard Working Dollar (the H. in his name stands for "Hard").

He considers Rochester the ideal test market for his "Absolute Rule Agenda" and as luck would have it he is rumored to be a skateboard enthusiast.



PEROT'S PLANS FOR THE NEW ROCHESTER!

SYMBOLISMS FOR THE DAYS

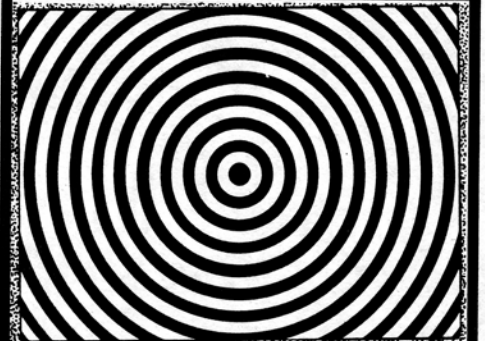
- July 1st* Avenue after avenue the city is covered with rain. A bus full of youngsters is leaving for a mountain climbing weekend.
- July 2nd* On the top of the mountain a bus is waiting for young mountain climbers to take them back to the city. From the surface of the sea the sun is reflecting like an egg yolk in hot oil.
- July 3rd* With precisely placed explosives a twelve story structure is brought to the ground. After the dust settles a kitten is seen grooming itself.
- July 4th* In the Mediterranean waters, Medusa and Sepia are face to face staring at one another. Sepia nervously releases her ink. Medusa remains perfectly transparent.
- July 5th* Small men's choir from Eastern Europe performs in the U.S.A. as a cultural exchange. All the choir members have a visual impairment with one eye or another, yet their voices are superb.
- July 6th* Youthful, health-oriented mother and her teenage son after a vigorous tennis match are heading toward the lemonade stand.
- July 7th* Western visitor to Japan, after touring Japanese gardens all day long is contemplating between Scotch on the rocks, Sakki, or no drink at all.
- July 8th* In the beautifully designed park for outdoor sculpture, the wind tears the banners at opening ceremony.
- July 9th* Children are flying kites on the sunny beach with their parents observing them taking photographs. Some kites collide with each other and fall. Both parents and children are laughing and untangling strings.
- July 10th* New city is built near the North Pole. Even though there are six months of night and six months of day, meter readers are reading year-round.
- July 11th* Monument has been erected to a national hero. In the ceremony, his wife and children are on display with politicians for the nation to see. Wife's new husband listens on his car radio.
- July 12th* Battlefield is covered with dead men and disabled military hardware. Red Cross nurse heads toward the ambulance vehicle as if limping.
- July 13th* In the scorching desert sun even a lizard is looking for shade. Yet the manager of newly opened hotel is harvesting plants for the lobby and the main entrance.
- July 14th* Yellow ant is dragging large twig across the field. One end of the twig is cut on a blade of grass.
- July 15th* Four wise men are pondering the problems of the world. Monarch butterfly flies in and lands between them on the open book.
- July 16th* Gardener is tilling soil by the large pond. At the lunch break he teaches his son how to fish.
- July 17th* Grazing horse is swatting his tail and his right ear is constantly twitching. The left one is perked up and motionless like an antenna.
- July 18th* Twelve years apart in age, two friends are looking at the instant photo from the recent picnic, where they look more like twins.
- July 19th* Hanging disc of the setting sun is about to touch the surface of the sea at twilight. Summer roughed up by the surf is ready to fade into fall.
- July 20th* Under the Berlin Wall there was a small passage through which good will never stopped passing back and forth.
- July 21st* Elegant mother is strolling with her twins each in one hand across a large plateau in the city park.
- July 22nd* After many years skilled craftsman who became stockbroker returns to his abandoned workshop and inspects his tools, which are still as sharp as ever.
- July 23rd* Through the blizzard that even wolves fear, teenage brother and sister are returning to their parents after running away from home.
- July 24th* "You pierced my heart," dying soldier says to his opponent, "yet my thought can still kill you. But I will forgive you."
- July 25th* Surgeon after his day is done washes his hands and with the towel he used to wipe them cleans the sink.
- July 26th* Well-to-do gentleman is bragging about his college daughter, and shows her picture in the nightclub. His mistress impatiently suggests that he call a taxi and go home to his wife.
- July 27th* Cousin from Australia calls the Balkans after midnight, without realizing that the time zone and mentality should be adjusted.
- July 28th* Staggering drunkard on a cold Manhattan day gives his jacket to his buddy. Now dressed only in his undershirt, baggy pants and worn out sneakers, he is hoping to be arrested.
- July 29th* Country Western singer's flight to America is delayed in Istanbul. He is so worked up he takes the first available flight anywhere to the West.
- July 30th* Newsboy on his route to deliver the evening paper realizes that most of the morning delivery hasn't been picked up yet. He is saddened and his rosy cheeks begin to pale.
- July 31st* A hawk goes to the optometrist to get a new pair of reading glasses. But after trying each and every frame, he convinces himself his vision is fine.

REFRIGERATOR 2

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YES

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beautiful women.

Ezra Pound

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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 driving down Gibbs Street, where I'd just parked in a handicapped space for five minutes because I had to jump into Java Joes to pick up some artwork from Mary Freed, I think, or else it was I had to dash over to RG&E to pay half the amount on my Final Disconnect Notice, and I was in a hurry leaving downtown because I had to get home, naturally, but the light was red at Gibbs and Main and I paused there, fidgety, and condemned.

I thought, you shouldn't really think that life doesn't exist when you are paused at a red light, you should try to make some use of it, the clock is running on your own existence no matter what it looks like. So I glanced out the right-hand window, and I saw a policeman on a horse there, right below the Eastman School of Music marquee.

The sign attached to the traffic light said "No right on red," I noticed, but it was just as I made the right turn, on red, that I noticed that and it was actually the sight of the policeman on a horse that had made me act impulsively, because policemen always make me super-alert like they, the policemen, know my whole history and my future and I should act properly, which means in the spirit of a proper cover-up, just for them, the guardians of the public space we all want to believe in, if not for myself.

Then of course I realized I had committed a crime, turning right on red underneath a sign that said "No Right on Red," and I was already half a block down Main Street. I was thinking, ha!, well a policeman on a horse can't really chase me, can he? This struck me as a hilarious new idea, a horse-bound cop chasing a car—a dashing yellow Escort just having committed the aggravious error of turning on red and, previously, if the truth be known, stealing five minutes in a Handicapped Parking Space.

Can a policeman on a horse issue a parking ticket? This is what I was wondering. I was checking my rear-view mirror.

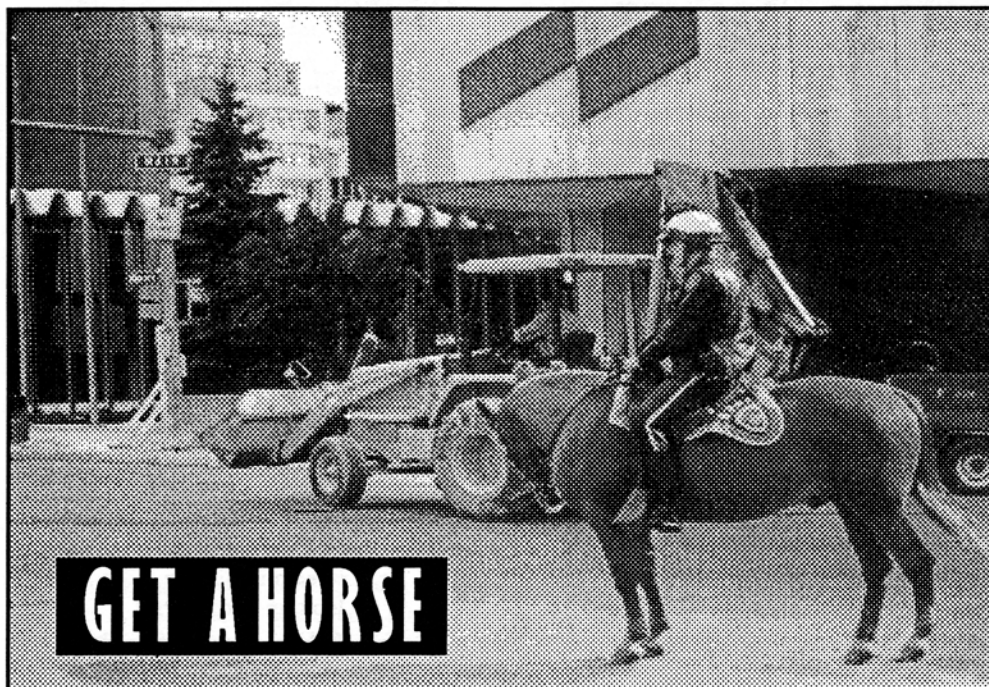
Hey! Why not? The riding cop was thundering up behind me, just as I got to Richmond Street. I couldn't believe it, but part of me said . . . you have to believe it. Then the criminal driver in me, without further consultation, streaked through the parking lot next to Richmonds, full of potholes, and I wondered if the horse-cop could follow

that I was really on the run now. I got all the way around, through the back alley, and just abandoned my car by the Chinese Restaurant, below a sign that said "Illegally Parked Cars Towed by Mr. Tow, etc." which didn't phase me at all, with all these other things going on, and I went in the back door at Richmonds.

I figured he couldn't bring his horse inside the quaint cop I had at such a disadvantage from the start, plus I knew they took

cars, or . . . the sight of the dusk in the form of red and green lights, beginning to burn out the window.

The establishments of the night are revving up. But I know where I live. I haven't gone to far into the modern world, have I? I'm staring at this frosty mug and thinking, I might slip a century, leave the saloon and get back on my pony, ride off into the sunset where is foretold these burning skylines . . . these adventures of misplaced men.



the hitching posts down at Richmonds fifty years ago at least.

So then, at the bar I asked for Bruce Miles, the elusive owner, because I had to collect for some ads he owed me in this publication I'm involved with. Bruce is a hard man to catch, I can appreciate that. So I stop in there whenever I go by just to maybe pick up . . . twenty dollars, and maybe book a show for this new band I'm trying to get together called "Five Minus Bob."

It was all within the experience of the late afternoon, the sun hanging low over the city. If I'm stopped and can't accomplish anything more, I buy a Rolling Rock and think the whole thing over—whatever anomaly has just occurred to me, like . . . policemen on horses or . . . people with overactive imaginations in



Food Chain

I noticed a pile of ants up near the rafters in our garage and went in the house to ask my wife if we had any Raid. She laughed because we never

have stuff like that in the house. I rode down to CVS and picked some up. It was on sale. These weren't just a few busy little ants going about their business. There were at least a thousand of them. They were large black ants and some of them had wings and were trying to fly. They scared me. I had the feeling they were mutating right in front of me and that they had to be stopped so I wrapped a kerchief around my nose and mouth, climbed up the ladder and dumped half the can on them. They came crawling out of the garage onto the driveway. Within minutes sparrows had landed and were gobbling up the dying ants. I shooed them away. The next morning I found a dead mouse near the garage and I scooped it up because I know our cat loves mice.

TOPS VS WEGMANS

One paragraph or less, reader-contributed essays will be published in our upcoming "Cultural Elitism Issue".

Chain Food

REFRIGERATOR 3

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THURSDAY: LOVE MACHINE 9-2

FRIDAY: AFTER WORK ESCAPE...

LIVE SALSA 5-8

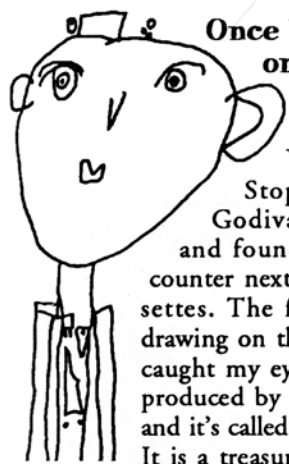
DANCE FACTORY 9-3

SATURDAY: PURE ENERGY 9-3

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Once I appeared on The Brady Bunch and sang Pretty Woman

Stopped in to Godiva's last Saturday and found a book on the counter next to the local cassettes. The folksy, little kid drawing on the hot pink cover caught my eye. The book was produced by Writers & Books and it's called "Waiting Room." It is a treasure chest of poetry written by kids who are or were confined to Strong Memorial Hospital. The writing is no more tragic than real life so don't buy this because you feel sorry for these kids. Alicia Marie Jackson writes, "My mind is like a crayon that is running out of time." Buy it for the privilege of watching their imaginations soar. The title of this article is the first line I read when I picked it up. It's from "The Price Is Right" by Vicki Ranney.

When I got the book home I found a poem by Herbie Pearl whose parents used to wheel him down the stairs at Scorgies to see the bands. His poem levels me.

Twelve year year old Jeff Moore writes "I am married to a cat. I purr for her" and later, in the same poem "I have 2,327 black dogs that all have the same name. When I ring the bell I have a kitchenful."

WELCOME TO LOVE WORLD

The Eighth Annual (so many days before or after) Bob Dylan's Birthday (at the Horizontal Boogie Bar this year) was clearly the best yet. The band, Colorblind James Experience, was in top form after a four month hiatus. They backed a wide variety of local luminaries as they performed one Dylan classic after another. This is a brilliant concept and a "Love World" tradition.

Marie-Claire Stambac's performance "The Blues With Edith Piaf" at the original Gelatos on Park Avenue was magical. She stomped and twirled up and down the stairs and out onto the sidewalk as she played her tiny accordion and sang in French.

REFRIGERATOR

BOY WONDER

Rejoice Emmett
you got a car
and no bank account.
You got a job
that brings
diddleysquat each week.

Ya quit drinking
but not deep down--
It'll come back
to haunt ya
Ya loved it too much.

This is a poem
about survival
and survival
is the name of the game
for the boy wonder
oh, yes, indeed
the daylight hours
scream in his face
to look up and reform.
Yeah, play practice
takes out the slack
play practice do deep knee bends
for all to see
and go home
to write in the journal.

Yes the boy wonder
still gets around
even if he doesn't
have a bank account.
You can always count
on him showing up
somewhere
somewhere bright-eyed
and somewhat feverish
in his domestic pursuits.

She turned "No" into a three syllable word
when she yelled at her dog.

A*DISAPPOINTING*TALK*WITH*GOD

You've probably seen the tractor trailer trucks with huge G.O.D. letters on it. Talk about using the lord's name in vain! The letters stand for Guaranteed Overnight Delivery. The truck I saw parked out in front of Midtown last week had a "Message To Congress" painted on the back. "Support Your Country Again! Vote for the President's Domestic Storm. 1-800-DIAL-GOD."

"The company is not affiliated with any religion or political party" said the receptionist when I called. "So what is Domestic Storm?," I asked. She had no idea and acted like I was the first one to Dial God. She connected me with a women who said she had something she could send me that explained the company's position. It didn't come overnight and it didn't explain Domestic Storm but it was a memo from the president of the company that explained that "(they) were asked by a group of businessmen to help out our economy. . . The fact remains that when Congress gets together in support of the President, the entire country moves forward quickly and decisively as evidenced by Desert Storm."

To heck with the old checks and balances thing. To heck with the separation of church and state. The country is tied up in knots. Let's bring out the ultimate marketing weapon (G.O.D) and kick some ass.



SEE YOU IN CHURCH!

Normally, the Bleeding Head of Arnold Palmer that we launch is 5 inches tall. This time, however, we had a special made-to-order Life Size Bleeding Head, resplendent in gory dripping neck stump and lovely head wound. The Reverend Ivan Stang launched the Head from the new UFO-kewpie catapult at the recent Church of the Subgenius devival in Cleveland. At the Buffalo devival in March, a little girl launched the Head with an oversized plastic golf club.

I had a set of those oddly shaped toys when I as young. I played golf a lot. Growing up in Brighton, I was surrounded by golf courses. I felt threatened to play golf, as if I would be engulfed by closely shaved greens if I didn't play the sport. I have played a lot of golf, but . . . I have never launched a Head.

This devival was a ground-breaker. Stang made 5 new recruitment and psychedelic videos to be shown on the multitude of monitors in the club. Preaching was done among lasers and billowing, foul smoke. Of course, there were the usual events, the dispensation of Pils, the mass Short Duration Marriage ceremony, the writhing and frothing-at-the-mouth of rabid Bobbies, and the first life size Palmer Head.

People ask stupid questions like Why a Palmer Head? Why not a Sam Sneed Kneecap or a leg of Lee Trevino? Ridiculous! Launching those parts would be silly. Gosh. Not that the Church of the SubGenius is only about assaulting the craniums of decapitated world cup golfers (not that we'd ever launch a Head still attached to its owner)--it's so much more.

We are a gentle, peaceful religion and only hit Heads on the most solemn of occasions.

THE MIGHTY HUNTER

The mighty hunter
on a wilderness rampage
shouting
I have not come to kill the beast
but to enslave him



Post Moderns strive for a condition like that of God before creation. To get there, they must move backward through the process of creation. They arrive at the First day with their back to the sun watching their shadow casting significant (they believe) shadows in the void. Then on to before day one, playing with themselves in the dark that fills nothing. And God (meek now, before he invented TIME and EVERYTHING) bolts away toward a distant, perfect existence



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Back in 1990, the company I was working for held a lottery to determine which employees should be fired. As luck would have it, my social security number was one of the dozens chosen. With a Pinkerton guard breathing over my shoulder I was instructed to "clear out my desk and stay the hell away from the computers."

The following day I found myself near the end of a four-block line winding around the State Unemployment Corral. It was then that I decided to sell my car. This turned out to be a prudent move because in the last two years the only job offer I've had has come from a Japanese company in Yokohama.

Despite it all, I've found that doing without a car in America is not nearly as bad as what people will tell you. (It seems that most Americans would rather sacrifice their legs than their car keys. After all, with properly fitting prostheses, even paraplegics can drive modified mini-vans.)

I'm once again doing something I figured I had been exempted from: riding the bus. Just the other day as I boarded an RTS bus, the swarthy driver said in a gruff voice: "Don't bring that container on the bus." This puzzled me because, as far as I could tell, I wasn't carrying a container of any sort.

"Container?" I asked doubtfully.

"That soda pop container." The bus driver growled with such authority that, for a moment, I feared a liter of Coca Cola Classic had inexplicably affixed itself to the nape of my neck. Then I thought, this is peculiar: I'm boarding a bus whose driver is actively hallucinating.

"I... don't know... what you're talking about," I muttered.

Just then a shadow came over his face. His eyes stared ahead, into unfathomable estrangement. He simply shut me off, denying my very existence.

That's when I gingerly offered him a dollar for the ride home.



*A cloud of mist drifted thru the pines
the windmill paused to watch the damp
soul of the forest ascending
in wide lazy spirals into the heavens.
And the black ribbons strung
from uprooted tree trunks shimmered
silently, in the expectant stillness.*

*I touch 2 fingertips to the corner
of my eye and penetrate
the prism in a droplet of dew*

*Today is the last day
of life on earth as we know it*

*The forest is ice flooded with
a sullen dazzling light
And a shadow of tempest hurls
a sheet of clear plastic
into the windmill blades
as I run naked on an animal
trail becoming very sleepy*



Don't Ask Me

I had to fly to Boston for business reasons. They were x-raying my stuff at Logan Airport and the guy stopped the belt when he saw the inside of my bag. "What's in there?" he asked. "My clipboard," I said and he asked "What's on top of it?" "Papers," I said, but he wasn't convinced and he called for a woman to examine my bag.

"What am I looking for?" she asked aloud as she opened my bag. "Guns or weapons" I said. She looked startled and asked very seriously. "Is there a gun in here?" I said no and sort of chuckled. "Don't even joke around here" she told me.

I was just sidling out of the CVS Pharmacy with a cheap little Memo Pad, and my eye caught this sign attached to a big wire bin that said "Tunafish, 54 cents apiece," and I was nearly tempted. "So what," a reasonable voice said deep within me as my eye caught the fine print on the sign which said "Limit Four Per Person." Let's see, I thought, going out the glass doors, if they are going to make the sale available, why limit it?

I probably wouldn't have given it more thought, but we were having people over that night and I told the party about this Tunafish Special, expressing my opinions as I usually do with the utmost emotion. My friend Jerry, taking a particular interest in this miniscule tale, said "what time does the CVS close?" Well, there were fifteen of us at the party, and Jerry had this look in his eye, so I said, "they're probably still open"

The plot was hatched and we quickly conspired to drain this deal at CVS. We were all suddenly in our cars and arrived at Loehman's Plaza like in attack formation. We parked our cars in a row and filed into the pharmacy a couple minutes apart, I didn't want to create a laughing mob scene.

It went really well, it was methodical, those of us out on the sidewalk had no idea what the clerks were thinking, if they were thinking anything. I figured we'd clean them out, but the trouble was there wasn't quite enough of us, there were five cans left in the bin, reportedly, when Jerry, who had become my first lieutenant in this, came out with his four cans and said "It's close but there's probably five cans left."

So somebody had to go back in and hope the clerk wouldn't remember them, or wouldn't care (I thought, I wouldn't care if I was the clerk). The sign didn't say, anyway, Limit Four Per Person Per Day. I like tunafish--what's the problem with that?

"No problem," I said, to the group excitedly amassed on the sidewalk, each with their little bags of tunafish, "no problem, I'll finish the deal." It was my idea to begin with, the last heroics were clearly my responsibility. So I went in and took all five of the remaining cans, reaching deep into the depleted bin to get that last can, and I said to the clerk as I approached her jauntily, "Hi, these are the last five, and I thought you could make an exception."

She just looked at me. I didn't know if she thought something was up or not. "Well," I said, "it would look pretty silly, one can in the bin with that sign saying Limit Four Person Person, wouldn't it?"

There was this tremendous pause in the universe, the kind of thing I live for, during which I noticed that this girl-clerk was really dreamy and I wanted to drop the whole thing and... talk to her about something else. I was fainting on my feet suddenly with the whole absurdity, and I felt this clerk might console me.

But then the narrative of the actual world clicked back in, and she said, "maybe we have more in the back." I had never considered that. By this time my friends were getting restless out on the sidewalk and some of them were actually peering in the windows to see what the difficulty was. I was wondering, is there anyway I can get into trouble with this?

The clerk now seemed to have the idea this was some kind of incident, and she picked up the phone and called the Manager or someone in the back and said, "do we have any more Tuna specials?" "I don't think I can sell you five of those," she said, and she hadn't even put the phone down but it was still nestled on her shoulder when I heard this big rolling vehicle come down the aisle from the back of the store. A guy in a blue smock with like twenty cans of tunafish balanced in his hands rapidly filled the empty bin.

As I watched that I became mightily depressed. "Forget the whole thing," I said to the clerk, who actually wasn't the dreamy girl I first estimated, but a stern-faced tyrant; "here, I'll take this instead," I said, picking up one of those slim white ball-point pens they have for 29 cents. "No, I'll buy five of them actually," I said, and I plunked down three dollars and marched off.

REFRIGERATOR



GEORGE JONES COFFEE UP

Happily the Kronos Quartet confounds the category put-er-inners. I was looking for their newest record at Record Theatre and tried Rock/Pop, Classical and World (I knew they weren't in Soul). I asked Todd from the Essentials where they were kept. He said, "I think we have them in Classical and Jazz" so I went to the jazz section and found them. They really don't belong in Jazz. Their *Black Angels* album was startling and *Different Trains* with Steve Reich was Kraftwerk's *Autobahn* but the next generation.

The cd, *Pieces Of Africa*, comes with a picture of the band on the inside and they look confused as well. One of them looks like he's posing backstage at the Penny Arcade. The woman with the little black dress could be a receptionist at a downtown gallery or someone who's paid to be snotty. The tall guy in the kooky designer clothing might have been in The Cars and the round guy with the beard looks like he is wearing formal bull-fighting attire.

But the string quartet plays modern music, everything from Jimi Hendrix to Charles Ives, and on *Pieces Of Africa* they play work that they commissioned from composers in seven African countries. In most cases the composer plays or sings along with the Kronos Quartet and the result is really beautiful. I keep forgetting that I'm listening to anything in particular when it is on and when it's over I feel like I should put it back on and really listen to it but then the same thing happens. Maybe they should be filed in the New Age section.

Electra Nonesuch has reissued their Explorer Series from the mid seventies. So far I have Kenya & Tanzania, *Witchcraft & Ritual Music*, Mexico, *Fiestas of Chipas & Oaxaca* and Iran, *Persian Classical Music* and they are essential volumes in the my Wonder World cd Encyclopedia set.

Mexico is my favorite. This is not some precious thing, this music is the sound of the streets during fiesta time. If you've ever stood on the merry-go-round down at Sea Breeze with your eyes closed and took in the sounds of that crazy piano as you whirled around on a warm night you'd have some idea how this record sounds. It is religious. From the liner notes. . ."Our ancestors performed this music and our children will perform this too. Thus the fiestas continue to arrive, never to die and never to be finished."

The Iran cd was recorded in this country in 1974 when the classical ensemble toured the U.S. It's hard to imagine us arming Iraq in their bloody war against this country after they brought this to our shores. The zarb (percussion) solo alone would bring the house down at a Motley Crue show.

Kenya & Tanzania, *Witchcraft & Ritual Music* is certainly not for the timid. Music and medicine are combined in ancient but near extinct ritual practices performed to shake the evil spirits from your body. When I want to really immerse myself in a rainy day I'll put this one on.

Now if I lived in another part of the world and was looking in the world music section for something adventurous, something exotic and really primitive I couldn't do better than The Muddy Waters box set. Sony should buy the rights to this and fill three out of the five slots in their cd players with these discs. . .just weld them into the players. If a satellite was tracking the number one party record in the world right now, my bet is it would be Dr. John's new "Goin' Back To New Orleans" with The Neville Brothers.



FROM THE INNOCENCE OF F

He was at it again: telling fables at the factory. Of course they end with a moral, but Louie's are

always so damn abstract. It doesn't seem to matter much though, even the foreman listens for over twenty minutes then realizes that Louie is on the clock. Louie doesn't seem to mind the tedious work. Even though he's only been at the joint a couple months, he is thought of as one of the best workers. It's just that when he gets started the words keep coming out of his mouth and everybody gathers around. Even Francis, who doesn't understand more than dozen words of English, stops what she is doing to listen. Everytime I try to retell one, say, at the bar across the street or at home to my wife, the magic is gone. I never can finish it. Louie has a way of putting you inside the story.



Dear Refrigerator;

I like your publication. It is one of the few pieces of printed, public-domain matter that is not absolutely saturated with politics. It is really nice to read about other people's experiences, to see that someone is paying attention to living and not the administration of life. So I'm glad you exist.

I also wonder, too, about your *raison d'être*. Perhaps you simply don't need one; or perhaps it is to point out how strange a place the world is. Yes, perhaps by printing articles that demonstrate how subjective and personal life is for each individual, and perhaps in this way show how much all us free-floating island-types (ie, all us humans) have in common, being the way we are, and all, perhaps this is the aim. Perhaps it's an experiment of sorts; a sort of "let's see what happens when we look at reality sideways."

Anyway, The Refrigerator is not something I should think too much about. It is something I shall simply continue to enjoy. Thanks a lot for it and keep up the great work.

Sincerely yours, Matthew Cambell

Dear Refrigerator,

If you don't like this, throw it in the toilet.. (submission enclosed)

Cheers,

John Palattella, Milburn St., Rochester,

Dear Refrigerator,

Thanks for lending me your audience. They were so intelligent they were laughing at stuff even I didn't know was funny.

Pete LaBonne

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REFRIGERATOR ?

Dear Refrigerator,

As you may be well aware I am scrapping day in and day out to eat. As well I am in great danger of becoming homeless. This should be sort of funny considering I get paid 25 an hour when I work. It is even hard for me to maintain a typewriter ribbon. For this machine they cost 5 dollars each for 80 thousand characters. I use one to two a week. This one will print more characters but it is not possible to be corrected with the corrector that is part of the machine.

I beg that some fair provision of work and money come about as soon as possible. Distribution of The Refrigerator at the airports becomes important because I personally was somewhat famous on those plots of land. It is coming to me that AA has the most effective anarchy going, and it is inspiring me to try and model the Transendian form of government after it. This will be forthcoming for the next issue.

I am learning how not to think. I am discovering there is some value in not thinking. Ironical, that the more you don't think, the better your thoughts. My prayers for a stable home-



life and security for our children have pointed me in the direction of the Quaker Church on Gramercy. As well I must go to Al Anon. By the way, this typing machine is on loan, and the owner has asked to have it back. I have nearly completed selling my library to the Strand Bookstore and a store on 18th. New York City is my asylum, orchard, or just flat out home.

God Bless, Russell Scott Day

Dear Refrigerator,

Recently due to lack of "real" jobs my friends Kim and Craig decided to move back to his home state of Maine. I personally feel

the Jazzberry's closing is also a factor, although they refuse to admit it.

So, even though I think they're real fools for leaving me, and I know they'll miss the Refrigerator alot; I know 'cause they told me; please send it to them (enclosed is \$10 for subscription).

You're welcome to tell them they're fools too, if you want. What's so great about Maine anyway? Who wants to live where Bush vacations? !?

Thanks, Moira Connelly

Dear Refrigerator,

In the "Speculative Drawings of God" category does a colored pencil drawing of Jesus at my kitchen table qualify? While the Son of Man has already been seen returning in "clouds of glory" in history (the way I read it), the idea of him returning again in a cloud of cigarette smoke in company with Santa Claus (who has had a bit too many glasses of Christmas cheer), and The King of Hearts (who looks like he could use a drink), is entirely speculative--and therefore plausible in it's own way, I think. I sent this out as a Christmas card this past season, with the message inside "God Rest Ye, Merry Gentlemen, Let Nothing You Dismay."

Regards, Janet Williams

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