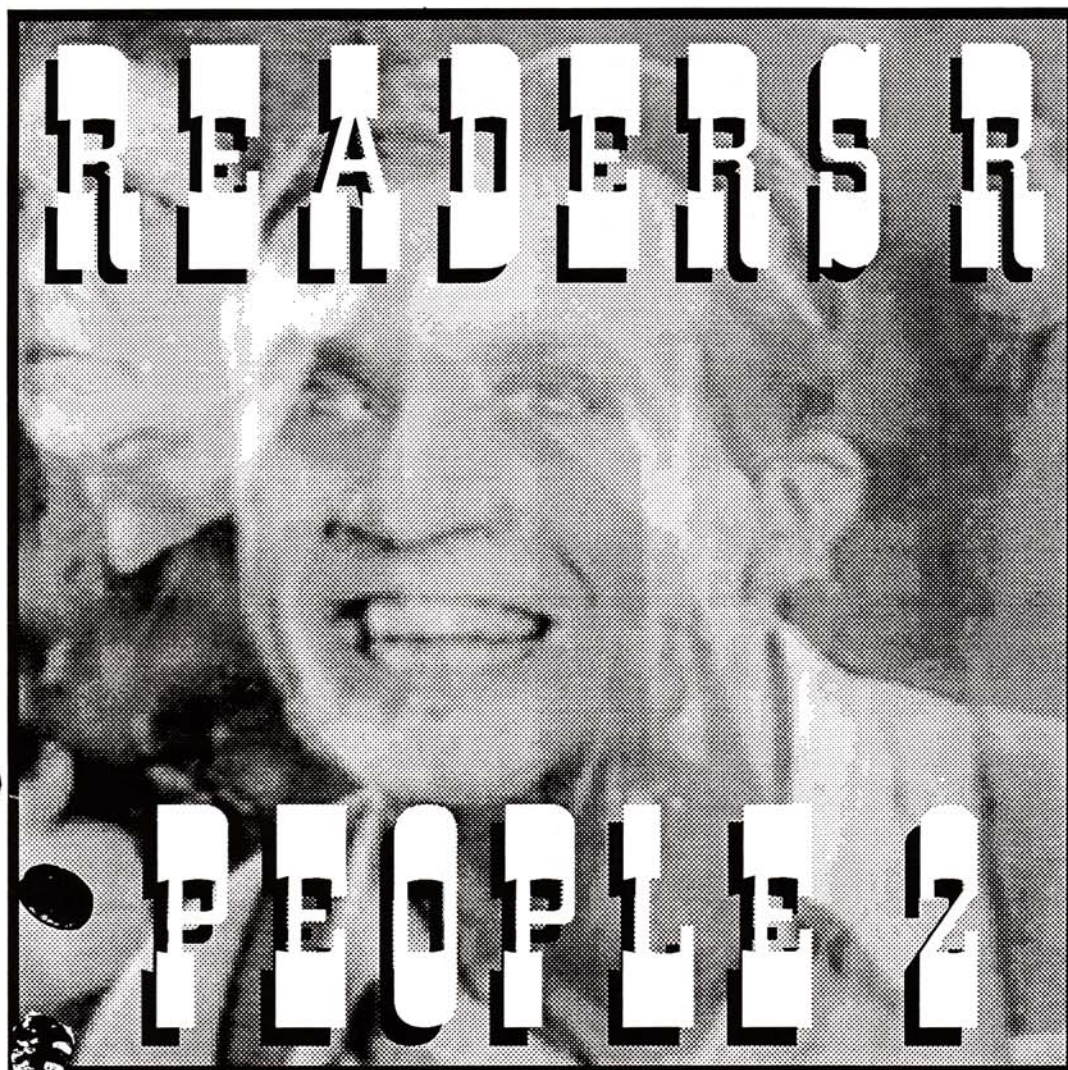


# REFRIGERATOR

"BECAUSE YOU DON'T NEED AN ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE"

JAZZ  
REVIVAL  
ISSUE

#17  
FREE



*Does  
Caffeine  
Make You  
Smarter?*

PAGE 2

I have always assumed it was a tremendous piece of luck to be born into this world, though I can't remember being in any other world (if I push my memory, I can't actually remember . . . anything at all). But it has always struck me as an outrageous, fortunate, fact about my existence, generally, that I got to be alive.

I think what happened was I was granted a sudden departure, like from a life with angels, angels who must exist is a kind of premature, or accursed transcendence – in the insufferably large and timeless universe itself. I think God lives in an insufferably large and timeless universe, and I feel sorry about that. I have a dim recollection of some . . . large sorrow.

I think I am part of a tiny band of adventurers, selected, upon pain of having their memory blasted and their moral fiber tested utterly by the situation of an intellectual absurdity they cannot reconcile . . . in order to be able to wonder what to do with . . . a pile of twigs, a pen and paper, a sidewalk under your feet, a sudden summer environment that says: "very few are granted the opportunity to be alive."

ROCHESTER  
IN  
CULTURAL ELITE  
YOU ARE THE  
IF YOU CAN READ THIS



Ever hear what the French of western Ontario do?...and some of you on the Board of Trustees may know what I'm talking about. They warm the baby's milk with splashes of hot coffee.

As it was explained to me the emphasis was less on convenience than on development of social skills.

Only if you have real discipline. Not discipline in the sense of leather or the military but the discipline to stop when you are ahead. In coffee drinking (my only form of self-cafeination) there is a subtle and beautiful point where, after two or three cups, you have reached a perfect coffee symmetry. The world is round and blue, your mind is clear and for a moment, you are indeed, smarter. Then, unless you have great self discipline, you go for one more cup, reasoning that through the wonders of good coffee you can prolong this moment. Alas it is not so for this next cup tilts the world; your teeth begin to grit, your toes tap and your thoughts run restlessly into one another. You are no longer smart, just confused and awake.

Only after midnight, bought from Dunkin Donuts on Monroe Avenue while you're driving past Mannequin World.

Of course. Everyone knows that coffee is the spanish fly of human perception.

Obviously. Has anyone ever written a masterpiece on Postum?

Not brewed coffee. No. But the chocolate covered espresso beans they sell at Canal Town - they make you smarter.

Well jeez, this one's really bringing the old timers out of the woodwork ain't it? Coffee, that old kinda coffee before they took it all apart and put it all back together with some nuts and bolts left over, had a socializing effect. And that's what's gonna make you smarter.

No. Coffee is actually the sum of an angst-ridden materialistic world. It is the approved drug that drives us to work diligently and then to consume passionately. Without it, global capitalism would disintegrate. Pass the camomile.

If you're pretty hung over you shouldn't drink coffee because you might get the shakes for lack of vitamin B etc. But the sugar in a cola orientated soda with 1000t's caffeine and effervescence...ooo! The sugar kinda sneaks the caffeine through the alley what I say.

You know when Leyland Palmer has just killed Maddie and after offering to show the cops his new golf clubs in his trunk (where Maddie's body is) and then he starts driving away and laughs? That's how smart caffeine makes you.

## Does Caffeine Make You Smarter?



My newlywed bride and I didn't have anything to do or any reason to be anywhere or anywhere to live when we started out so we drove nonstop for a month. We took lot's of caffeine pills and drank and drank a lot of beer. There was a hole in the floor and we rigged up kind of a...well anyway I can imagine that caffeine pills'll be coming back in time to be illegalized like just about everything else that's a kick. We came up with this one thing to avoid hallucination swerving. Pretty simple - Put some extra hands, another set of nerve impulses, and different dream milieu on the wheel. Four hands, one driver.

Anyway, one brand of caffeine pill we found called Mr. Pep, came in a tube with a cartoon of a smiley energetic business type on it-boasted 400 mgs. per tab! No Doz is 50 and claims to be equal to one cup of joe. Those were the days when you could drink and drive around the clock if you wanted and all the time knowing that if you pulled into an all nite diner in Nebraska off an exit at four AM there would be the display of the moving eye and tail cat clocks and the mooing salt and pepper shakers

and your battery would be dead when you left but it's OK because it seems like the best possible entertainment is staying close in that chill Nebraska pre dawn where you washed your face and never came down.

Coffee is an hallucinogen. It doesn't make us smarter. It makes us think we are.

I am a recovering coffee drinker and since I am a coffee house musician, the impulse to fall off the wagon is ever present. In fact, I have probably written some of my best music under the influence. I heard that David Lynch drinks a ton of coffee every day before working on his films. The drummer in my first band drank a pot of coffee before every job and was convinced that it boosted the level of his ability. Coffee also fueled several hours of deep discussion in diners about music.

The history of my inability to tolerate a good strong cup of joe extends back to my college days. One morning, I drank two cups on an empty stomach. About an hour later I had an anxiety attack. A few more years went by before I had the sense to face my addiction and quit. No more insomnia; no more fits of cranky anxiety.

I miss that euphoric lift in the morning, the strength to meet the world no matter what. No more late night entries of esoteric poetry in my journal; no more frantic, intellectual discussions at Jay's in the middle of the night. Now I'm calm and nice ... and ... dull.

It wasn't the weird retro graphics on the can. It wasn't the enticement, "It's stronger, use less." It was the name that spoke to me. Choc full o'Nuts...the heavenly coffee. It spoke of coffee houses with pink formica. Of curlers and crullers. When grease was good, and a morning cup o'joe was the only self-help anyone needed.

And as I was staring into a steaming cup, I knew I soon would remember that essential thing I was supposed to do today.

### Copyright 1992

The Refrigerator is published about 10 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.

Call or Fax (716) 288-0880 for info.

**REFRIGERATOR**

PO Box 40313 Rochester, NY 14604



Time must be a property of life known only  
Below the sun, sun never burning out,  
Created for an endless display of clear light,  
The sun where demons in captivity fly . . .  
To us the sun appears to rise upon the world  
Absolutely new in the dawn, every day  
Refreshing, like a new idea. Yet it descends  
Within the course of that day as old as anything,  
As old as the world entire, with all history,  
In the dusk, the fires of dusk, red and black  
With crude insignias, charcoal markings in  
The sunset held . . . beyond the imagination.

We are living in the optical illusion  
of the special monster who begot us,  
Whose purposes are far beyond us. We are  
Only capable of stating our experiences, using  
Words we do not understand. We're lavish,  
Believers to the core, we're a privileged few  
Thrown off the face of the sun. We're poetry,  
It's our best guess, one description wagered--  
The earth, the yard, the house, the room starts  
Out of the atmosphere of night and,  
Momentarily free in the morning light, turns  
Back into the shadows of its history, again.  
Our instruments, our eyes, register a complaint,  
Or an adoration, of the sun-gods we don't trust.

Life below the sun is where the timid people are.  
That must be, I've stayed here too long now  
Not going blind, nor challenging the blank sky.

I feel like I could write one sentence that would  
Say it all, how I voted for the world, like a child,  
How when it's overcast I feel I am inside. The  
Great house of emotions that are unresolved  
Stays with me night and day, when night and day  
Are bound up in a . . . temporary distinction.

Time is a property of life below the sun,  
The sun is not burning out, we have no way  
To perceive it. We're under a shadow--  
transparent shadow, blunt eraser of  
Ultimate meaning, dead sun for all uninhabited  
Regions. A trophy on the mantle of God!  
Walking out in the day, I can't . . . figure it.  
I've got a discourse on the sun, in the mystery.

## WHO'S THE MAYOR

Recently Mayor Ryan spoke to a group called Parents Of Murdered Teenagers and the speech received coverage on the local TV news. The fact that our city has a group called Parents Of Murdered Teenagers is in itself an indictment of the system but when we hear the mayor's commentary it really gets scary. The Mayor was asked to tell this group what was being done about the horrible murder rate and how we as citizens can help. In his typical grumpy, evasive manner he muttered something about being better examples to our youth. The faces of the parents in the room were hard and emotionless. It was obvious that they did not believe that anything was being said or done either. Children are dead, killed by children, often parented by children in a society that cannot imagine a life beyond next week. The mayor faces no electorate (his reign ends this year) and has only to face the parents who have faced the bloodied bodies of their heirs. He can mutter something to the cameras and walk away.

There are answers to the question of how to stop the murders. Legalize and register drug use. Install self-esteem building programs at every level of the educational process. Regulate the flow of weapons in this country and in this city. Give the ghetto youth who need to escape more opportunities to get out. Stop worrying about the music they're hearing and start worrying about the fact that whole generations of families can't read the contracts they sign at TV rental stores. Address the fact that alcohol consumption is a far bigger problem than drugs and leads to many more spontaneous acts of violence. The list goes on.

You don't have to be a braintrust to come up with solutions to the problems in our city. What you do have to be is willing to cut through red tape, find innovative funding mechanisms, stop commissioning expensive studies and most importantly, be willing to put energy and money into programs that require years of effort to be successful. Our Mayor has stopped dealing with the problems he will no longer be responsible for in years to come. Let us hope that we will not see an expansion of groups like Parents of Murdered Teenagers because of shortsighted political careers.

*Karen Krenis used to write about entertainment for the Times Union.*

**EUROPE  
HAS FALLEN**  
Europe steeped in history  
has fallen  
with it's broadsword  
into a shallow pool  
frightening the fish

## THE GREATEST JAZZ IN THE WORLD THE ARTPARK JAZZ FESTIVAL

**FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 3-11PM**

**Gary Burton and Eddie Daniels**

*"Bennie Rides Again",*

*A Tribute to The Benny Goodman/Lionel Hampton Era*

**The Jimmy Smith Quartet**

**The Abbey Lincoln Quartet**

**Bobby Watson and Horizon**

**Slide Hampton w/ The Michael Weiss Trio**

**Colored Musicians Club of Buffalo**

**SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1-11PM**

**Elvin Jones Jazz Machine**

**Paquito D'Rivera**

**Joe Henderson**

**The Herb Ellis Trio**

**Holly Cole Trio**

**Monty Alexander**

**Bobby Previte w/ "Weather Clear,**

**Track Fast"**

**Sebastian Whittaker and The Creators**

Tickets for each day are \$29.50 reserved  
indoor seats/\$22.50 lawn. Two-day pass:  
\$49.50 reserved indoor seats \$42.50 lawn.  
To purchase tickets or for more information  
call 1-800-659-PARK. Tickets also available  
at The Bop Shop. Artpark is located 7 miles  
north of Niagara Falls in Lewiston, NY.

## CLUB L'AFRIQUE

Live From California  
Imago Recording Artists

**THE SEXTANTS**

with opening band "IN ONE"

**Thurs, August 27**

Every Thursday is Alternative Night  
With Multiple Live Bands

**265 N. Clinton Ave. 325-7090**  
(Downtown, across from AmTrak)



Watch  
Us  
Roast!



**CAPPUCCINO  
ESPRESSO  
PASTRIES**  
**OPEN TIL MIDNIGHT**  
**16 Gibbs Street • 232-JAVA**



**September 1st** Workman with big chain saw is cutting down enormous maple tree. Beehive that lived there for many years is moving to a much smaller tree. **September 2nd** When the shepard fell off the cliff, all the sheep's wool turned black because of sorrow. **September 3rd** When the shepard got married and played flute for his bride at night, sheep's wool turned white and ready for shearing. **September 4th** Zoo keeper is explaining to the visitors, "animals are instruments, you just have to play them right." **September 5th** After losing virginity, young woman visits psychiatrist and loses her innocence. Then she goes to church and loses her spirit.. Then she calls police to file rape charges. **September 6th** Tired musicians return home in early morning. They brew a fresh pot of coffee and play for themselves to relax. **September 7th** An airplane has landed with some difficulty. The flock of birds takes off at the same time. **September 8th** In a search for the truth young western educated man goes to Tibet. He runs out of money and uses his credit card to return home. **September 9th** From the streets of recently liberated nation, drums are heard all through the day celebrating freedom and preparing the nation for the restless night. **September 10th** Gamblers in a dim and smokey room would like to take their losses and go home. None of the men has the courage to be the first to interrupt the game. **September 11th** Man is hunting alligators deep in the swamp. He has only one leg with shark-skin shoe on it. **September 12th** On the hillside a herd of cows is grazing and it is a serene sight to see. Down in the middle of the town rebelling farmers are spilling milk. **September 13th** After the Olympics some of the Gold Medalists know that a few of the Silver and Bronze Medalists are better athletes. **September 14th** The rooster is crowing at the breaking of dawn. The city hall clock strikes ten times. **September 15th** Father with large family wakes up in the early morning and sees most of his sleeping children uncovered. He covers their backs and before going to work dozes off for a short while.

## FREE OUTDOOR CONCERT

**MINIATURE INFEST LIVE MUSIC PICNIC EVENT**

**DAVE RYPTON**  
**NOD**  
**HEADS**  
**LUMBER**  
**S.L.T.**  
**METHOD**

**NIHIL GARDE**  
**ROCK BAND**  
**UNMUTED**  
**FADEAWAYS**  
**POSSESSOR**  
**ORGAN**

**SATURDAY AUGUST 29**  
**12 NOON • RAIN OR SHINE**  
**RIVER BEND • GENESEE VALLEY PARK**  
**KICK IN THE EYE GRAPHICS • BLAM PRODUCTIONS 1992**



This guy I work with is fond of quoting Nietzsche every now and again, and while his favorite is the old "what doesn't kill you makes you stronger" quote, my personal favorite is: "When you look into the abyss, the abyss looks into you." Which resurfaced in my mind as I walked down Frederick Douglass Boulevard Saturday, during the Corn Hill Arts Festival, with the addition of my own rather cynical postscript: "and the abyss is made up of hundreds of strangers wearing sunglasses." I was having trouble walking that day and kept tripping over stroller wheels and knocking into shopping bags. Old people walk too slow, kids don't look where they're going, everyone moves in pairs and I felt like we were all just white mice treading the wheel or was it just my own alienation? I indulged my ever present paranoia and decided upon the latter. Because what could be more...um...wholesome than all these people gathering together for some art, some craft, some food and some music. I mean, these are the things that make up a good summer afternoon. I bought an Italian ice and began to enjoy myself.



Someone entered the room last night as I drifted between the worlds of waking and sleeping. They entered as light. Thin strips of light drifting slowly across the ceiling. They were actually down on the street, but a part of them entered the bedroom. The headlights of the car they were in reflected off the slanted rear window of the car that they were trying to park behind and came up through the venetian blinds to the ceiling. Every thought they had, that became a movement of the car, came into the room. Their subtle pressure on the brakes, the steering wheel, the gas pedal, their inexperience in parking; all of this came into the room and danced across the white ceiling. A performance of awkward attempts and compromises. Then came that beautiful 30 seconds where nothing moved. The lights were still as the driver assessed position and tried to decide if he (it felt like a "he") could improve things any. Apparently not because as quickly as the light entered, it was gone. With a flip of the headlight switch, the room returned to darkness.



I was riding by Who's Bar on East Main the other morning when I was struck by a note they had posted next to their "rowdy country music" sign. It said 2 for 1, Before Noon.



The Refrigerator was asked by the Times Union to name our favorite album of the last four decades. That was easy...John Coltrane's *A Love Supreme*. But we misunderstood the question. Karen Krenis was asking for one lp from each of the last four decades. For some reason *A Love Supreme* did not wind up in this list.

If my Brian Jones plays with the Pipes of Pan at Joujouka 8-track disintegrates the next time I shove it in I won't worry. Bill Laswell has recorded the master musicians of Morocco in a beautiful package for Island Records. William Burroughs has named the album *Apocalypse Across The Sky*. In the liner notes he advises "Listen to the primordial sounds of a 4,000 year old rock band...listen with your whole body, let the music penetrate and move you, you will connect with the oldest music on earth."

The songs on *Admiral Albert's Apparition*, the doubly amazing new tape from Rochester's The Squires of the Subterranean, sound like Beach Boys outtakes from the Smiley Smile era. The fact that these songs are as memorable as the work of Brian Wilson compounds amazing. The tape is available at the Bop Shop and Godiva's.

Tom Verlaine's *Warm and Cool* is the best record he has done since Television in the seventies. There are no dumb vocals on it. Billy Ficca's jazzy drumming is the secret weapon. Joe Henderson's *Lush Life* is the best old school jazz album I've heard in years. I think the new school jazz guys could be making raucous, wild, noisy albums like Cypress Hill. Sonic Youth has good intentions but their new *Dirty* is not nirvana.

Unfortunately the best thing about the new Deee-Lite album is folding the ecopak down from the long box size. They should have let Bootsy play bass again.

One self described jaded, formerly from Rochester, rock critic sent us his 10 Favorite Records of Mid-1992. 1) *Shakill's Warrior* - David Murray w/ Don Pullen (DiW/Columbia), 2) *Girlfriend* - Matthew Sweet (Zoo), 3) *Infamous Angel* - Itu's Dement (Philo), 4) *Kiko* - Los Lobos (Warner Bros./Slash), 5) *3 Years, 5 Months & 2 Days...* - Arrested Development (Chrysalis), 5a) *Disposable Heroes of Hiphoprisy*, 6) *The Calculus of Pleasure* - Either/Orchestra (Accurate), 7) *The Jaz Life* - Malachi Thompson (Delmark), 8) *One Too Many Salty Swift & Not Goodbye* - Cecil Taylor (Hat Art Reissue), 9) *Sun Ra* - (Reissues on Evidence), 10) *The Language of Truth* - Julian Joseph (Atlantic), 11) *Standing In A Safety Zone* - Fairfield Four (WB)

## THE ALL ORIGINAL PLACE TO BEAT

# Milestones!

Opening  
In September

Restaurant/Live Music 50 East Avenue

**September 16th** A soldier is reprimanded for returning too late from his leave. His fiancée is lectured by her parents for staying home all the time. **September 17th** fisherman pulls his net out and on the bottom of it he finds some shellfish and a bright red piece of ceramic from an unknown era. **September 18th** A bullfighter is receiving applause after his best performance. The band is playing louder for the next fight is about to begin. **September 19th** Both the Turk and the Greek in Danish pastry shop order the same sweets. **September 20th** Pretentious Ivy League woman marries well-to-do hobo. At her twenty year reunion with stiff upper lip she is explaining to her classmates that the three-piece suit is stupid armor. **September 21st** Daring entrepreneur on the verge of financial collapse is heading toward the beach with a fishing rod. **September 22nd** Government official perfectly dressed is ready to depart with chauffeured limousine to his office, but his left moustache is sticking out fighting the moustache wax. **September 23rd** Folk singer is singing in an outdoor concert: "Idiot from Yalta had big knives, but they did not know how to cut the cake. Now we are all overweight, and starved for fate." **September 24th** Sculptor observes his latest work after it has been cast. In abstract forms bigger than life he recognizes his wife. **September 25th** Horse while drinking water is observing the reflection of his face in it. As he lifts his head the dripping water erases the image. **September 26th** Pianist is concentrating behind the stage before major performance. His pale face borrows strength from his hands, and the concert begins. **September 27th** Squirrel is jumping from branch to branch holding the biggest nut she could find. Other two from the ground are observing her, very impressed. **September 28th** Movie theater which plays cartoons non-stop is visited by Tom and Jerry dressed as Hawaiian tourists. **September 29th** At modest farm all the animals are making rustling noises before going to sleep, but the dog is barking now and then and restlessly running around. **September 30th** two peasants in a Mediterranean village are sitting in the shade and sipping wine. A little further away, a young girl and her brother are playing chess.

**4D ADVERTISING**

**A MACINTOSH-BASED DESIGN STUDIO**

**288-0880**

**KEEP IT COOL!**

**ADVERTISE IN THE REFRIGERATOR**

**288-0880**

**LOCAL ARTISTS!**

**NOW IS THE TIME TO GET YOUR WORK IN**

**THE THIRD ANNUAL MEMBERS SHOW**

**PYRAMID ARTS CENTER**

**CALL 461-2222 FOR DETAILS**

**MODERN/ALTERNATIVE WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY NIGHTS**

**SAINT**

**171 SAINT PAUL BOULEVARD • ROCHESTER • INFO 232-1600**

**DJ JAY GIPPE**

Annie Wells

Her New Solo Cassette

## Standing In The Doorway

Available at Godivas, The Bop Shop and The Record Archive

*Make Every Cup  
A Special Occasion!*

CANALTOWN



Roasters

Freshly Roasted Coffees  
Espresso Bar • Elegant Desserts  
1805 East Avenue 271-6690

## CARPE DIEM NIGHTCLUB-ESPRESSO BAR

WEDNESDAY: UNDERGROUND HOUSE 9-2

THURSDAY: LOVE MACHINE 9-2

FRIDAY: AFTER WORK ESCAPE...

LIVE SALSA 5-8

ALTERNATIVE MUSIC NIGHT 9-3

SATURDAY: PURE ENERGY 9-3

99 COURT STREET  
ROCHESTER, NY  
3 2 5 - 9 0 0 6

## GNOSIS REALTY



*"Caring for the earth's garden within the city"*

SUMMER/FALL  
RENTALS AVAILABLE  
PARK/EAST AVE AREA  
732-3210

STAGE POETRY CO.  
AND BORDERS BOOKSHOP  
PRESENT

Ted Williams & The Media Assassins'

"Basic Mythology 101"

Sat, Sept 19 7-9pm

**BORDERS  
BOOK SHOP**

1000 Hylan Drive 292-5900, TDD 292-0301

## TOPS VS WEGMANS

I needed guannabana nectar. I needed 15 pounds of chocolate toffees. I needed mango chutney. If Tops didn't exist, I'd be left eating Wonder bread and drinking Sanka. Wegmans, oh, they'll cater to the "gourmet" tastes, the smelly, tasteless French cheeses, the 300 different flavored coffees, the truffles in wine sauce with fermented toad skin, but do they carry the food the real people eat? What about the rest of the world? Must all non-Anglo Saxons be forced to eat white, middle class American food? Ah, no, Tops comes to the rescue.

There's the regular, American food, but also an Indian section, a Spanish section, a Mexican section (real Mexican, not just mushy beans)



and lots of neat Asian food. The Tops in Ithaca is even better. Cornell University is there, and they employ a lot of foreign professors. Tops recognizes the need, so you can find things like seaweed, dried cuttlefish snacks, things I can't pronounce, things I can't translate and vegetables that look like spaceships (round, cigar shaped objects with port holes with green men peeking out.) Wegmans says: "You either eat American or you eat snobby, over-priced snoot-food. But Tops sez: "Hey, you want guava paste for dessert? Sure! You

want just one pork rind? Come on down." Tops is freedom. Tops is choice. Tops is what American values were based upon.

## THE WISDOM OF OLD AGE

I was heading down to Midtown to get a certain cd when this old guy's eyes met mine. "Hey sonny, do ya got fifty cents for a cup of coffee?" I thought, he is probably just going to buy booze but what if he really wants coffee. What's fifty cents to a working guy like me?

I got so caught up in thought I just walked into the mall. Twenty minutes later I walked out with the disc. The old man was out there holding a cup of coffee. When he saw me he yelled "You cheap assed motherfucker."

## A TRIBUTE TO TOMORROW

The Newport Jazz Festival at Saratoga featured 24 hours of live jazz with a sprinkling of blues and pop. T.S. Monk (son of Thelonius), Elvin Jones, McCoy Tyner, Shirley Horn, Tito Puente, Mel Torme (great!), Diana Reeves, the New York Jazz Giants, B.B. King, Milt Hinton; the list goes on. In general the performances were excellent, inspired by the zany crowd and beautiful surroundings. The jazz historian would have been thrilled to hear whole sets of John Coltrane compositions, tributes to various songwriters and numerous standards. The listener seeking the adventurous spirit and groundbreaking performances of the past was disappointed. The unpredictable charismatics like Miles Davis and Ornette Coleman were conspicuous in their absence. Even more disturbing was the lack of young musicians doing original material.

Jazz is enjoying a resurgence as the huge, appreciative crowd at Saratoga attests to. Unfortunately, it seems we are celebrating a historical medium with time honored traditions rather than an open ended performance based art. Endless precisely calculated solos and perfectly designed stylistic traditions like bop and cool were never what the music was all about. Jazz at its best is dangerous, challenging music that gives the audience a glimpse into unknown territories filled with a beautiful clamor and clarity. At its most mundane it is a tribute to itself, filled with reflections of past glory. We need an Original Jazz Music Fest so the writers and improvisers can show their way to play. The all jazz bill we've seen advertised for Art Park in September holds promise.

## I HAVE A DOG AND I DON'T NEED TO VOTE

One of the unfortunate aspects of the crime sprawl in our city is the growing number of what I call crime dogs. There is one around the corner from us that is chained to a tree stump in the backyard and when anything moves in our neighborhood the dog starts barking. It has worn a dirt circle in the backyard that looks like a helicopter landing zone. The owners blast CMF loud enough in their house to drown their dog out. When the barking gets to me I just yell "Hey" at the top of my lungs like an idiot and it works for about ten minutes.

A few doors down on the other side there is another one of these dogs named Harley. This dog is a cross between a doberman and a pit bull. The sight of the owner in his Harley Davidson t-shirt scolding his dog Harley is, well, like poetry.

CNN's Lynn Russell is always experimenting with her hair.



## THE NEVER ENDING NARRATIVE

I was standing at the bar at Friends & Players and I'd lost my cigarette lighter, so I asked this woman if I could use her little black lighter--and she seemed delighted, we even started a conversation about lighters. I said the smaller lighters contained the same amount of lighter power as the traditional fat lighters, because they had highly compressed gas, probably. This led to a few other observations about the world, partly because I had a copy of *The Refrigerator* with me with Ross Perot on the cover, and she was from Israel and said Perot was actually a military strategist. Israelis know about that sort of thing.

But then she suddenly said, just as I ordered another Genny Light, "What is it about men and beer?" She gestured to the beer in front of the man on the other side of her, who I thought must be an American Indian, with his propped up bottle of Budweiser, and with her other hand to my tall Genny Light. "Well," I said, "men and beer have a kind of macho thing going I guess."

"Well, beer is kind of a slinging, hand in the air, guzzle it sort of way to drink, different from ladies drinks," I said. She was drinking an orange concoction with a straw, probably some kind of gin fizz.

"So why the light beer?," she said, "What is the difference really with light beer?"

I didn't even have to think about this, though I hadn't given it much thought before. "Well," I said, "I think people who drink light beer are people who are interested in the beer going directly to their head--as opposed to settling in their stomach and working its way arduously to their head, you know. I think that's the theory behind light beer--it's sort of intellectual beer. You know, less filling--with a more direct kick, and won't make you so quickly bloated."

She was staring at me, affectionately, but still with some degree of curiosity. I didn't feel like I should require her to speak, but I should maybe ramble a little more and then ask her something, like where she worked--so she could equal the score in the conversation without having to come up with anything sudden, unfamiliar, or so completely made up as my dissertation on light beer.

So I said, "You're from Israel, born in Israel?"

She said yes.

"Well," I said, "let's see. Israel was formed in 1946, so you must be like in the first generation of people born in Israel the country."

She said yes to that too, and just kept looking at me like she wanted me to keep talking. So I asked her a series of soliciting questions, in order that she might define herself more completely for me. I thought she might be a spy, an international spy--she was beginning to look like a spy to me. I found out, first, that she had lived in Rochester for two and a half years, and was a journalist, or was a journalist in Israel but worked with disabled children in Brighton schools now, there really being no opportunity for real journalists in Rochester--she hardly read anything put out here, but got papers from Israel.

"Cool," I wanted to say, "how come are you in this bar on Sunday night listening to the Open Jam?" At the moment there was a semi-wild guitar set going, and a dark singer you couldn't hear, but we weren't obligated to even listen.

But I didn't say that, I said, "the thing about Rochester is . . . there is nothing real here at all. It's all speculation."

"Really?" she said. She was more interested in this concept than the concept of light beer, certainly. "Go on," she said, fluttering her eyes.

"Well," I said, "Israel was formed in 1946, after having been formed in . . . six thousand B.C. and destroyed by angry mobs of Muslims in . . . 1200 or something, according to research I have not yet completed, but Rochester is yet to be formed, it might happen by 1996, though, if we keep hanging out."

"Really!" she said . . .

**LUBO TALEVSKI**  
**PAINTINGS & DRAWINGS**  
**PORTRAITS AND**  
**COMMISSIONS**  
**ACCEPTED**



STUDIO  
 1115 E. MAIN ST  
 ENTRANCE DOOR 5, #402  
 ROCHESTER, NY 14604  
 (716) 288-6960

**TAPAS**



**SPAIN**

EXPERIENCE THE WINES & FOODS OF SPAIN

ROCHESTER CLUB  
 RESTAURANT




120 EAST AVENUE • 423-1948

WE RENT  
 PROFESSIONAL AUDIO  
 VISUAL EQUIPMENT FOR

**SPECIAL  
 EVENTS**

**HAMILTON A-V, INC.**  
 232-8800 • 13 Verona Street



454-2966  
 219 MONROE AVE.

Brightness of color seems to draw human interest outward and to lead to muscular reactions. Soft and deep colors seem to inspire contemplation and to lead to mental reactions.

**HOT TRACKS • COOL RATES**

**HAT**

STUDIOS

For your next Album, Demo  
 or Jingle Call

**(716) 248-2110**

STEAM ROOM • SAUNA • EXERCISE EQUIPMENT • TANNING BED

**THE ROCHESTER SPA & BODY CLUB**

Check Out Our  
 New Steam Room



Play It Safe  
 For Life

109 LIBERTY POLE WAY ROCHESTER, NY 454-1074

Bring This Ad In For  
**1/2 Price Admission**  
 Toward A Room Or A Locker

FITNESS CENTER • SUNDECK • SUITES • PRIVATE ROOMS

PERSONAL LOCKERS

VIDEO LOUNGE • REFRESHMENTS

### Dear Refrigerator.

I have come to enjoy very much your off-the-wall publication! It has gradually improved and will surely become a classic! Okay, it IS a classic. Keep pumping out that cool and refreshing stuff!

Sincerely, Katherine LaMay, Rochester,

### Dear Refrigerator,

I'm leaving town (damn!) and don't know what else to do but subscribe to your lovely noosepaper. I love you guys...

Heather

### Dear Refrigerator,

Enclosed are two poems for you to print or not print. One could be for your upcoming issue on chain-food stores; it's about an aisle in the Monroe Avenue Wegman's that has always bothered me because of the gross power it signifies. The other poem concerns our own public market, or at least how I imagined some flowers I purchased there one day. If you print these can you please respect the left hand margins? I don't mean to be nit-picky, but the margins do matter to me. I hope the issues keep coming!

Cheers, John Palatella

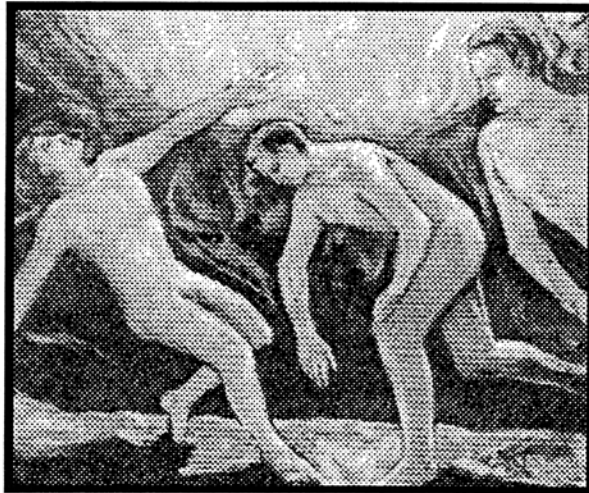
### Dear Refrigerator,

I have noticed, in the past few issues, a disturbing trend in content. It appears to me that you are departing from the tone set by the first issues.

When the 'Fridge first started, it seemed almost to be the most valid and interesting paper in town. It consisted of pieces of varying length, all first person accounts of the minute-to-minute revelations that make up a persons thoughts - a minute journalism. Instead of reporting on events ("news") the 'Fridge spoke of the everyday world and dubbed these observations "events".



Now when I pick up the 'Fridge, expecting this minute journalism. I read two or three pieces in this vein and five or six in a



surreal or fictive vein -- a vein that is every bit as valid as the minute journalism but lacking that journalistic tendency in its heart.

This is no crime, of course, I just believe it is not the strongest direction for the 'Fridge. Sincerely, Brent Cox, Rochester

### Dear Brent,

We read your letter about ten times and still can't decide if you're saying "minute" like sixty seconds or "minute" like tiny.

### Dear Refrigeration:

Hi. We just picked up your inspired icebox of wordy goodies in a cooperative coffeeshop kind of freaky place here in Burlington, Vt. We love it, and are hoping to open a channel to

you because we have recently begun to begin a publication called "3" which we intend to consist of more pages than The Refrigerator, but which will probably be similar in spirit.

We are trying to obtain submissions for "3" from as wide a spectrum as possible, geographically as well as demographically and stylistically speaking. If you wish to help us in our quest, we would probably fall quivering to the carpet in rolling tides of happiness, the throes of which we would enjoy and appreciate. We intend to take accepted submissions as they come and cut and paste them to fit formatting requirements, then photocopy the resulting layout sheets. Sort of a literature verite. We figure if we don't attempt to make "3" look fancy there won't be any grounds for complaints when in fact it doesn't.

Write us at our summer HQ. Advise us, stroke us, make us sit up and bark.

Jim Richardson, Joel Bouwer,  
54 Spruce St, #4  
Burlington, Vt. 05401

### Dear Refrigerator,

You certainly have a good thing going when everyone remains anonymous and you call yourself Refrigerator and have no talk of food. I like the letters, prose and poetry - most of them. I too watch what is being sold at CVS and what is free there and to whom. The title of the piece eludes me - if eludes means escapes. I hope I see your paper again. But if not I'll keep my free copy.

N. L. Flavin

**Fausette Printers**  
271-8650  
606 Monroe Ave.

**WRITERS**  
Readings  
Workshops  
Small Press  
Books

**Grana's Restaurant**  
Good Friends  
& Good Food  
875 Monroe Ave.

**VILLAGE GREEN**  
OPEN 365 DAYS  
A YEAR

**YOVANOVICH**  
232-1320  
**PHOTOGRAPHY**

**HIT THE**  
**RICHMONDS**

**DECK!**  
**DOWNTOWN**

**The Southwedge Barber Shop**  
720 South Avenue  
473-5570

**BOOKS**  
740 University Avenue  
473-2590

**Hey Buddy, Look Out!**  
All New  
**SQUIRES OF THE SUBTERRAIN**  
Tapes  
AVAILABLE SOON!

**COMPACT DISC EXCHANGE**  
**\$1.00 OFF ANY USED CD**  
(One Coupon Per Person)

**APOGEE KITES**  
YOUR ONE STOP KITE SHOP  
KITES WINDSOCKS AIRTOYS  
244-0010  
274 N. Goodman St.  
1st Floor Village Gate  
We Do Repairs

**FARE GAME FOOD CO.**  
Sats. at The Public Market  
Organically Fed  
Free Range Chickens

**C.I.S. COMMERCIAL REALTY**  
385-3990

**HIGHLAND PARK DINER**  
REAL FOOD SERVED REAL WELL  
960 S. Clinton Av.

**Watch For THE ART PARTY**  
Aug 28

**ALVIN'S ALLEY**  
669 Monroe Avenue  
244-5044

**Good Now Thru 9/30/92**  
LISTEN BEFORE YOU BUY  
1559 Mt. Hope Ave  
(ACROSS FROM WENDY'S)  
271-5090

**BLESSED THISTLE BAKERY**

**The BOP**

**SHOP**  
VILLAGE GATE SQUARE  
271-3354