

SENSATIONAL TOTALLY CORRUPT ISSUE

REFRIGERATOR

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK • CIRCULATION 3,000

#18

FREE

The night we went off the road on 390 was when I realized how far things had gone and how well she'd planned her own attack on western civilization and the arc of light she called home. The northeastern woods are a rainforest when left alone in the dense rain of spring; a hanging maze of vines and bramble obscuring the canopy above. When a car hits 20 year old trees they shatter in all directions, especially when the driver has the pedal to the metal and can't even see the greenery, can't even hear the crunching and scraping, can't even smell the muck she is diving her little capsule into. All the little stars get washed off into the dark and the air whistles.

When Brian crashed his bike doing sixty into a guardrail in Southern California he said it felt like being in the spin cycle of a washing machine. Before he passed out that is. This was more like riding through construction with the air on, the windows shut and some new age music oodling out of the stereo. You felt the jerks and jars but everything passed by outside our experience, we were insulated.

continued on page 2



Virgin Mary TO APPEAR IN



ROCHESTER

page 5

SAY GOODNIGHT GEORGE!

continued from page 1

She bought the car with this night in mind, it was a Swedish tank with crumple zones and I-beams in the doors, heavy duty shoulder belts, adjustable headrests and no airbag to obscure the experience. She watched those crash dummy commercials with glee and, to the rest of us, seemed obsessed with auto safety. She never said anything about brakes though. The idea was not to stop. Just keep on going through the air and the water and the earth until you find the center of things.

I have one thought about accidents. I don't want to get anything in my eye. I wear glasses, not contacts and a hat with a brim and my seatbelt. I don't drive anymore so I always get the death seat but that's OK, we're all going to get it someday. After all, "today is a good day to die" isn't it?

The arc of light was on TV on Jacques Cousteau Odyssey, all around the lenses and on the sea in the morning earlier than we get up and in the binoculars up on the hill around the reservoir when the sun goes down in splendor over the smoky city. She always said that when she saw that arc she was going to drive right into it, no matter what. It was kind of like the Aztecs or Toltecs plunging off cliffs into another world except she wasn't planning on dying or even getting maimed—after all this was the modern world with insurance and Swedish cars and crash dummies.

The tape she liked to play was Japanese bamboo flute music played by Zen monks but she didn't think it was thick enough (that's what she said), so she got one that had lots of nature sounds mixed with tribal drums and chanting that sounded to me like someone from Long Island had snuck into the studio and joined in. We had big arguments about the music because I thought it should be something really aggressive with lots of overdriven guitars and some kid howling into the mike. She nixed that and said it was supposed to be calmer which didn't mat-

ter cause I wasn't planning on being there when she took her little cruise off the edge. I'd already lived through high school and the suburbs and a lot of fast cars piloted by teenagers high on crystal meth and other exotic boredom enhancers and I still had all my parts, thank you.

So I stayed away from her and her car for awhile.

Now we've been cynical about Yuppies while some of us turned into them or whatever and the main thing is that everybody knows that new age materialists don't really do things like crashing cars on purpose unless they're crazy or had bad parents who had bad parents or both but I don't think we're any different than we were in days of yore. We just don't act on our impulses as often, or in some cases at all, and as a result every little kooky idea gets put under a microscope after you act on it and it could possibly ruin your life so you have to think about that. The only exception is if you happen to be Jacques Cousteau or one of his sons who jump out of helicopters into volcanic lakes all the time. Just in a day's work ma'am. Of course there's no scientific justification for intentionally launching your car off the freeway into an arc of light hidden in a young forest even if you do think it out ahead. She wasn't planning on bringing video cameras or anything like that although I did suggest a first aid kit might be handy. It was really just a well-thought out impulse.

She used to live in Wisconsin and liked it but wouldn't go back she said. She also was really tall and thin and pale and nervous and chewed a lot of sugarless bubble gum. Of course that was true of almost everyone I know, the bubble gum part that is. In fact we were coming back from an early movie and talking about what flavor bubble gum is and I dropped the pack on the floor in front of the deathseat and bent down to get it to read off the ingredients when she said "here we go" in a funny determined tone of voice.

THE DAYS ARE GETTING SHORTER



The lights on the expressways are being turned on through the beneficence of his highness the (Robert) King of Monroe County. Now that he has restored the light, perhaps he can restore the art in the airport. The fact that this can be done at no expense to taxpayers (we never were going to pay for it — microscopic ticket fee contributions were going to) would make it easy to do and the King could enhance his stature with his subjects and impress visitors to the Realm, particularly those who bring dollars and jobs into our fair county. Remember Bob, now that you've raised taxes, the conservatives won't support you in the next election so you can thumb your nose at their pettiness and get on with the important matters of life.

Choreographer Garth Fagan is a Rochester icon. In a profile in last week's *New York Times*, Garth is quoted as saying he encounters racism often in NYC and for that reason



he chooses to live in Rochester where he runs into it less frequently. "That kind of stuff distracts me from my work because I get angry and stay angry. Rochester is smaller and more peaceful, and I'm well respected in the community." Why do you think they call it Love World?



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REFRIGERATOR

PO Box 40313 Rochester, NY 14604

WHAT'S THE NAME OF THIS TOWN?

George Clinton & The P-Funk All Stars was the show of the summer. I bought my tickets early at The Bop Shop thinking the promoters were probably watching advance ticket sales before entirely committing to the show. A 22 piece band costs some bucks and George has been around way too long to be fashionable. I called the club the night of the show to confirm that they were in town and to find out whether the opening band was someone we should avoid. The voice on the other end said there was no opening band and the band would be starting at nine. We showed up around nine thirty and caught the tail end of the second song. All of the songs were long and most ran one song into the next. Medleys of Parliament and Funkadelic songs. Top ten songs mixed with club hits and album tracks. Outrageous new verses about the CIA's drug running activities as seen through the eyes of Atomic Dog. Noisy guitars and swinging avant jazz horn solos on top of "the funkier band in the world." The Horizontal Boogie Bar was packed and that must mean 1200 people. The crowd was about 50/50 black and white and all were singing along to some of the funniest lyrics imaginable. The drummer left the stage only once in the four hour show and that set the stage for George Clinton to recite Maggot Brain's introduction. The four guitar players tore the roof off the place in an extended version that took about fifteen minutes to even get to the progression.

At one point a rumour was circulating that Bootsy Collins was there. The bass player had disappeared and everyone was craning to catch a glimpse of the guy in the back of the stage that was standing with his back to the crowd. The bass playing became more pronounced as he worked his way to the middle of the stage but he still wouldn't turn around. They broke into *What's The Name Of This Town*, the lights came up, he turned around smiling from ear to ear and the...



The Computer Business Show at the Convention Center was boring this year. Computers are so commonplace now that three different vendors stooped to using minia-

ture putting greens to induce wandering business people to drop business cards in their fishbowls. The most exciting booth was demonstrating "network quality" desktop video editing capabilities for around twenty thousand. Most attendees were just ducking out of work for a few hours. We kept a keen eye out for candy bowls and said hello to anyone who was offering smarties or peppermints.

Has anybody been to Hungerford's in the East Main Business Park lately? There is no doubt in this writer's mind that the decor in Bob's restaurant is by far the wildest in town. It's like eating on the set of *The Cook, the Thief, his Wife, her Lover*. Flaming train murals, parachutes, crazy art and a multitude of things hanging from the ceiling and nailed to the walls make this eating spot the most cybernetic breakfast spot in town.



There would be nothing wrong with Koch's Golden Anniversary Beer if it was available in bottles. Like the can says, it is "A Great American Beer." It's brewed in

Rochester and the company is owned by Genesee. It sells for \$2.49 a six pack at CVS. There is some dispute as to the proper pronunciation of Koch though.

I bought a \$99 suit at Oaktree in Midtown Plaza. The price included a shirt as well. The tag on the pants said they were made in Thailand and the tag on the jacket said it was made in Taiwan. Now how can that be? They matched perfectly.



Gloria Naylor

(The Women of Brewster Place, Linden Hills, Mama Day, Bailey's Cafe)
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**The Ever In Flux Top Ten Records
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(Soundtrack) (Milan/BMG)
Sonic Youth *Dirty* (DGC)
Cypress Hill (Ruffhouse/Columbia)
Squires Of The Subterranean *Admiral Alberts*
Apparition (Local, Rocket Racket Cassette)
Pixies *Trompe De Monde* (Elektra)
The Master Musicians Of Jajouka
Apocalypse Across The Sky (Axiom/Island)
Peggy Lee *There'll Be Another Spring*
(Music Masters)
Jah Wobble *Rising Above Bedlam* (Atlantic)
My Bloody Valentine *Bloodless* (Sire/WB)
Pulnoc *city of hysteria* (Arista)

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PRODUCED BY CHRISTOPHER OLDGORN
WRITTEN & DIRECTED BY NICHOLAS A.E. JACOBS
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REFRIGERATOR L.

WANT TO SIT IN THE DEATH SEAT ?

Mother asks me. The most dangerous seat in the car. I sat in it, at least part of the time. Midway over Arkansas, I am sitting on the aisle seat, in flight and reconstructing Indiana. Driving is a theme. Plus a Western museum, the Slippery Noodle (the oldest bar in Indiana), old growth forests. Our personalities offer quirky comfort; Mother will set her hair every night until she is 103 and say she looks horrible and be nervous, perhaps for good reason, while Harry (the stepfather) drives. I will refuse to set her hair, even though it is the only thing she ever asked for, practically, and even though I come real close I know she will forgive me if I never get around to it. She already has — maybe. I forgave her for hitting my 20 year old cat — the huntress grump — three times with the car.

They suffer over the death of cats, my mother and stepfather. Little wrens. And take care of others. And watch for 10 cent summer specials at the grocery store: Plums: 10 cents each. Oranges. 10 cents. Kale 10. Chard 10. Tomatoes to drool for: 10. Videos. 10. For \$1, you can get a movie and quite a meal for two.

Driving down to Beech Grove, south of Indianapolis, we square off with thunderstorms. H has to get some papers signed for B, who died 2 weeks ago. She's a distant relative, who was ready to go, lingering long past the husband, the money, the interest. The funeral home's down there south of town and it is run by the Littles, a clan of dimensions ready for prime time, to hear Harry tell of it. He is in the business, drives the departed around. Sometimes my mother goes and they get to look at the countryside. Mother and I have to hit a garage sale across the block, the heat is almost too much to bear. The mist around all the lights does not come from cataracts.



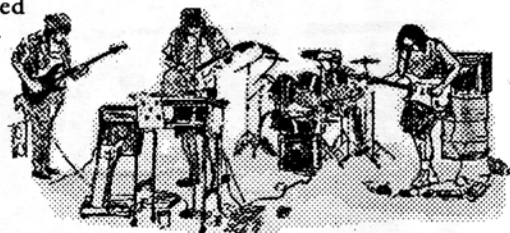
At the sale, five people sit ringside behind a folding table, sipping lemonade. Ready to grade my Olympic buying performance. But do I really want pillow cases embroidered with piano keys? A broken 8-track tape deck. Come on.

So I walk in the back door of the funeral home, a low-slung brick affair gussied up with tall columns out front. Actually there are seven or eight back doors, all pink inside the garage, which is open at both ends. Little signs, by Little or just little, label the doorbell, the door. Which door? Number 1, of course. Down the pink hall, to the front, and down into the BASEMENT where the visitor, the living and the dead, can rest and off hours the funeral employees can sit around and talk about electricity, coffee makers, and who gets what body.

"BOOSH HAWG? Boosh hoog?" I am trying to figure out what this is: a bush hog, a massive farm implement with circular spinning blades. "The Boosh hawg got 'em? That's a shame," Ed says. "Now we'll get 'em, maybe." Apparently two drinking buddies decided to steal one of the city's overgrown weed wackers, started 'er up, and one well, just slipped. Not too pretty. The hardest kind to fix up. There's four bodies somewhere in the basement and I plain want to go look at them, but I'm too polite to ask. Half a coffin corner is jutting into a doorway, perpendicular to the hall, the blackened hall, but I think it's just the sales room. In another dark room, there's a rack of pastel clothes; a lot of people wear prom dresses and cutaway suits to heaven. Backless ones.

Ah well, my curiosity recedes. We get in the car and dodge more thunderstorms. And definitely those farm implements: "The door said do not open while machine is running and DANG if he didn't open that door and it sucked his arm right off." Ah, but that's a different story. Ed drove off in his van, Ed who fixes things around the funeral home. The van blared a 30-second ditty, wishing he was in the land of cotton, looking away. The 30 seconds seemed forever, like an earthquake. Everywhere you drive around here, the home town, the roads are being renewed removed rearranged, those little weighted flasher barricades stick out just enough for a late night weaver to take plenty of them out.

Time to embrace middlebrow. On the plane, I decide to write a cookbook for fat people and sell it in the *Weekly World News*. It will be a positive experience.



INFEST '92, GENESEE VALLEY PARK



Virgin Mary

The first time I saw Madonna wearing a rosary I flinched. A soft core pop star with the rosary around her neck was the very definition of sacrilege. Surely she was doing it for the shock value, I thought. But she is Italian and she probably said as many Hail Mary's as I did in my youth so why not wear the beads on stage. Their symbolism is better served there than in a drawer. I mean I started thinking about the religion I was brought up in again when I saw them and I hadn't done that for a long time. If there is a God, (and I'm quite certain it would not be a he) God would want us to continue to kick the big ideas around. So Madonna is only doing God's work.

I started thinking about my friends and I racing through the rosary to see who could say it the fastest and us deliberately mispronouncing the Latin responses as alter boys in an attempt to crack each other up during the mass. If I thought about it some more I'm sure I could have recalled the many valuable Christian lessons I learned.

I've read with great interest the recent reports of sightings of the Virgin in New Jersey and Cold Spring, Kentucky. The church is currently investigating one hundred and fifty Marian Apparitions. The reports of sightings have risen sharply in recent months due to the highly publicized events in a small mountain village of what was Yugoslavia.

The Virgin Mary has apparently appeared there to seven young people on a regular basis for the last ten years and some seventeen million people have made the trek to watch. Sick people claim to have been cured and many others have reported seeing a flash of light. Some have even reported seeing their rosary beads change colors although no one has been able to catch this little trick on video.

The bishop of Trenton told the faithful to stay home last week when Joseph Januszkiewicz said he expected the Virgin to visit. The last time he had one of these visitations the town was overrun with pilgrims and it cost the town a bundle in police and sanitation overtime. I'm sure the guys with Mary T-shirts made out just fine though.

In grammar school we learned of miracles at Lourdes, France in 1858 and Fatima, Portugal in the early part of this century. These were wild stories that the nuns told us with straight faces. I think the children that the Virgin decided to visit in Fatima were even our age. They must have been awfully good, I remember thinking. Believing these stories was a test of our faith.

Reading about these sightings now and seeing the rosary as a fashion piece makes me think that God wants us to move on from these statues and St. Christopher medals. Church officials have their hands full separating the visions into possible "miracle" or "nut" categories. I had an experience years ago where I saw me engaged in a deep conversation with myself and that was just a cheap psychedelic. If I had tried, it just as easily could have been the Virgin Mary in a burning bush.

All of the church-certified miracles happened before our time in foreign countries. Like all the wild stories in *The Enquirer* only happen in England so nobody can prove them. The possibility does exist that these miracles were the work of the Fatima Chamber of Commerce. Just imagine the concession revenue in that town. Our local officials are always trying to get out-of-towners to have their convention on the banks of the Genesee and stay at the new Hyatt. I wonder if it has occurred to anyone to include the Virgin Mary in their Vision 2000 plans.



I had to keep a grip as I prepared quail for the first time. I'd heard it was a delicacy and bought some from the Fare Game Food Co. (all free range organic fowl) at The Public Market. Proprietor, Barry gave me a recipe that sounded interesting. You marinate it in a Chinese/sesame oil/dry sherry/ginger-type sauce. I carried the package home in great anticipation. As I cut open the plastic that enveloped the 4 small featherless creatures I began to understand why some people become vegetarians...not for health or

animal-rights reasons but merely for that undeniable queasiness at the sight and feel of these things that will be dinner. There lay 4 tiny spread eagle birds (all but the leg bones had already been removed) on my baking dish in the marinade. I pushed them down with a fork to cover them with the marinade and they let out a little whoosh. That prompted me to quickly put

the tin foil over the dish. Of course the cooking part was easy - broil both sides and they look like regular food. Yep, delicious delicacies that we savored with hardly a second thought as we perused the nightly newspaper. There it was: "Quayle Says He's Winning The Battle For Family Values". That's what he thinks.

We just ate him for dinner.



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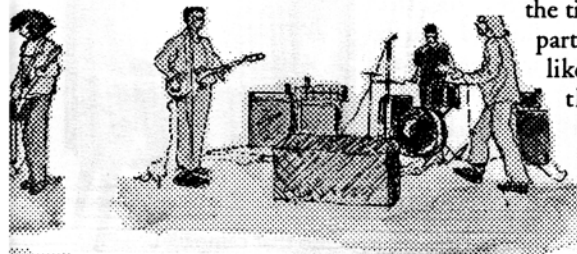
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BASIC ERRANDS (Special Report to the Refrigerator)

I was over to my neighborhood bar recently — a bar where all the regulars are over fifty and I consider myself an outside observer and am sure that I am considered as such by all the regulars, even though I drink the same beers they do and they include me in their conversations. I stopped by recently, and to my surprise someone I knew was there. I mean someone I knew from outside the bar, from the local poetry-rama of the past five years. Someone even younger than myself.

I saw straight out that there was an intricate conversation already underway, and that I would have to wait five minutes or so before people had repeated their opinions in a way that would give me most of the diagram, so I just accepted a beer from Joe and sat back.

Our hero, the local poet, who was also drinking the right beer, was holding forth to Pete, a short man with fine white hair, a course red face and squinchy eyes, with whom I had often butted heads myself, though genially. Right now, Pete looked like if he could get out of his corner, he would go for blood. The poet glanced around the bar to gauge his audience. A couple of Pete's buddies were chuckling softly, but the other guys gazed at the poet blankly. Ginger was staring at the bottles above the bar and Joe was looking down at a glass he was wiping. I smiled, as I often do when anyone looks at me, no matter what I am feeling. The poet's eyes swept past me as though I were a complete stranger. I had been prepared to say hello, but held back. The poet's eyes had sunk since I last saw him. The new dark circles and tighter mouth, the higher forehead and wilder hair had brought forward a previously unobserved resemblance to Edgar Allan Poe. I sipped my beer and waited.

"Well, I can see what this all amounts to," he spat out with surprising violence in the bar grown quiet and small. He rose and stalked out, leaving money on the bar with a trailing hand. I did watch over my shoulder out the window as he strode out and then shifted about on the sidewalk lighting a cigarette. He shot me back a glance that seemed to say, "OK, come out here and I'll explain the whole thing to you, but not to those clods." I looked at him sympathetically, but I still had two thirds of my pint to go.

"That guy . . ." Pete shook his head. The discussion turned to beautiful women. After an open nomination and rating of several public beauties, with much wrangling and scoffing, one of Pete's buddies said that it was surprising how much prettier or uglier a woman could get when you got to know her. Another fellow added "or when she takes off her war paint." "Or her clothes" offered a morose fellow in the corner by the phone, Joe noted that there were a lot of beautiful women who took lousy photographs because their beauty was all in their movements and energy. He asked if I minded if he used me as an example. I said no, I didn't mind.

"If you took a photo, all you would see is that nose, am I right? And that wouldn't do you a bit of justice, honey."

I had to admit that he had spotted my weak point as a photographic subject. That topic kind of petered out when no one could think of anything to say that would somehow bring Ginger in. Ginger was an overbaked woman left to cool too long, who always sat just at the curve in the bar where she could see everyone but seldom spoke. There was nothing gallant, or even diplomatic to be said, and so the subject turned to sports. I slid from my stool, paid Joe and slipped outside.

I had forgotten about our hero, but he was still outside. He must have smoked half a pack.

"Hi," he said testily.

"How have you been?" I asked.

"Hanging in there." He threw down his cigarette and snuffed it with his toe. "Hey, why did you act like you didn't know me?"

"It seemed like you didn't want to be known."

He looked at me a long time, as if he were taking a mental photograph, or more likely a polygraph. "OK, OK." He finally lowered his stare and contemplated his shoelaces. I felt I was supposed to wait, so I waited. I felt sure that he was going to launch into an explanation of his quarrel, and was starting to think about whether I needed anything at the 24-hour Tops on my way home. But what he said was: "I'm starting a magazine a better magazine than any of the crap around here I'm focusing on the macabre the disgusting the surreal the mystical the sublime. Send me something...you send me your twenty best pieces and I'll publish one in the first issue."

"I doubt my latest stuff would fit."

"Yeah, well, let me be the judge."

"What will you call it, this new magazine?"

"The Freezer." He grinned.

That's when I thought of it- frozen orange juice. I needed frozen orange juice and cat food.

MONDAY AT THE PENNY ARCADE

The beauty in noise, blood, guts, dismemberment, guitar, drums, piercing screams, guttural throat clearing vocalizations. All this and more at Napalm Death, Carcass, Cathedral and Brutal Truth, Penny Arcade Sept 21, 1992. T-shirts everywhere identifying each to his/her own. Bouncers bore "Bosco's New", others "Cannibal Corpse", etc. Dark stage, lots of real fog, glorious colored lights, extraordinary sound. 1st, Brutal Truth — unknown till now. Fast diamond hard. One second long songs, yes please. Cathedral — much slower. Dense sound. A chapel of meandering metallic foil. Finally...Carcass — intense wonderment of surgicore, mortified barrage of six string force post-op musical dissection. Way hard way to go Carcass all night long Rochester Yeah. Then Napalm Death — burn victims unite under flaming assault showers, we begged for more...a frenzy filled miasma. Loved the cover of Dead Kennedys' Nazi Punks Fuck Off. The bouncers were worthless 210-280 pound losers looking for kids to throw out and had a bad time because no one even attempted to stage dive. They probably knew not to. These English dudes can really crank and ya all missed a good show if you weren't there.



The Bangkok Restaurant on State Street may be the most exciting dining experience you'll have with your clothes on. The Thai food is seasoned to order and for



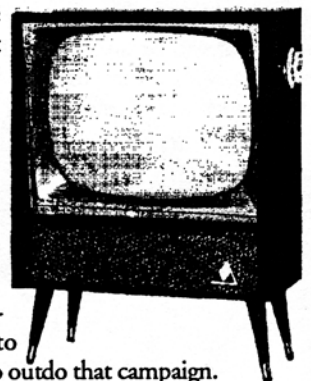
tune ups they place three jars of pepper sauce on your table to mix and match. The meals are light, exotic and energizing.

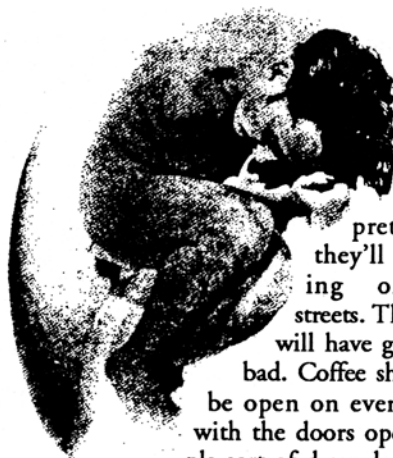
The sign on the fence said The Clothesline Art Show is the biggest source of funds for the Memorial Art Gallery all year. Why don't they just shut the thing down and turn the grounds into the area's biggest flea market.

The new cop cars are ugly. They look like generic state trooper scary things with those stripes. I like the old friendly blue and white Adam 12 cars.

I WAS HALF ASLEEP

on the couch the other night when a headache commercial came on that finished with the tag line, "Make A Bad Day Go Away With Excedrin PM." Their competitors are going to be hard pressed to outdo that campaign.





Gallery Night, third or fourth annual, and

pretty soon they'll be closing off the streets. The traffic will have gotten so bad. Coffee shops will be open on every block with the doors open, people sort of dressed up (with

at least their favorite T-Shirt on) spilling out onto the sidewalks. It was pouring rain and that made it more exiting, everyone scurrying about, most without umbrellas. Todd Beers' books at The Kathy Klem Studio was the best work we saw all night. Inside the new Angel Fire Gallery next door to the Little Theatre we sipped Bully Hill and gazed over the shoulders of art hoppers at local abstract expressionism. Down the street to The Pin Hole and across East Avenue to the Dawson Gallery. I hope someone bought some of the photos. These are not not-for-profit places. We climbed the stairs of the Visual Studies Workshop but couldn't squeeze into the jam packed loft where a live performance was taking place. Two life size poodles made entirely of burdock going at it on the floor of the Pyramid had a constant circle of chuckling onlookers. Fred Wagner says over 2000 people passed through the Pyramid and he didn't close the doors til 3AM.

WHAT A SHOCK

What a shock to drowsily walk over to the Market Restaurant for breakfast and find it closed. Replaced by hot dog stands apparently. One of the things the highly paid consultants hired by city hall have missed as a great way to attract people to the city is the Public Market. Why not jazz this asset up a bit? The many vacant buildings could be converted to restaurants, cafes, shops and artists' spaces. Some landscaping and a little 19th century doll-up in the form of benches, lighting and possibly a bandstand would bring in the ex-urbanites dulled to death by malls. Certain restrictions would be necessary to maintain the grubby ambiance that makes the market so appealing.

FINDING THE PHONE

I was reading about the Find Phone feature in the manual for our new portable phone and laughing to myself. It seemed ridiculous until the phone rang and we couldn't answer it because it wasn't in its base. We had left it out in the backyard. There is a button that you push on the base that sends a signal to the portable and it beeps until you track it down. It's really a lot of fun.

Dear Refrigerator,

Did you pick such a hard-to-spell name just to confuse me, or was it intended to weed out undesirable correspondents (you being the Cultural Elite, after all)?

Here is something I wrote, I hope you like it, but I do, so your opinion doesn't mean life or death to me. Don't feel bad if you think it sucks, rejection is a part of life.

Rachel

P.S. About #17. In case you're taking votes, I think he means "minute" as in tiny.

Dear Refrigerator,

I have been reading the *Fridge* this past summer and have enjoyed the content and the slant of the work. I thought you might like to include something that happened to me late one night at my typewriter. If you decide not to publish it just throw it out. Say, I thought everyone was anonymous, how come Karen Krenis gets a by line?

Keep up the work, allowing the true voice of the people to be heard throughout the sometimes cold and icy land.

Sincerely, David

Dear David,

Karen Krenis has left town and we thought that was going to be our last reference to her. What you mistook for a byline was just a sentence and was intended to be taken at face value. The article preceding that sentence was another anonymous contribution.

Dear Refrigerator,

Have you considered taking up taxidermy to apply your aesthetic to three dimensional art? You could take road kill and make them into monuments of mortality by stuffing them with extra copies of the *Refrigerator*.

Sincerely, Jon Palattella

Dear Refrigerator,

I noticed your Wegmans bashing in issue 17. I have noticed this slightly paranoid trend before in other urban dwellers.

When I'm in Wegmans I feel safe and happy (usually). When I'm in Tops or Bells I sometimes get twinges of anxiety.

The food in many supermarkets just sits there. The stuff in Wegmans looks at you in a subliminally friendly manner and whispers "I'm your friend, take me home." The people are all attractive in many Wegmans.

The suburban MegaWegmans are virtual Utopias with full service Chinese restaurants and pizzerias and produce sections as beautiful as The Garden of Eden was.

I don't want a dried cuttlefish snack or mung food anyway.



At the rate Wegmans appears to be expanding, is it unreal to imagine they could take over everything? Wegmans could buy out Tops. Wegmans could buy out Bells. Wegmans could buy out the Public Market and improve it: "Wegmans Outdoor Plaza." I will raise my fist in support of the mighty Wegmans.

Yours, a frequent Wegmans patron

Dear Refrigerator,

I work at Borders Book Shop in Ann Arbor and one day a couple of *Refrigerators* showed up and I really liked it - then, I never saw it again! What happened?

Here's my comic book - I hope you enjoy it. Feel free to reproduce parts of it if you like. I called Pete Townshend for advice and he said "*Demond* your *Refrigerator*!!" Hope to see it again someday.

Matt Madden, Ann Arbor

Dear Refrigerator,

I heard from *Out Your Backdoor* that yours is a fine lil publication. Here's our latest...would love to see yours (???)

Baby Sue, Box 1111, Decatur, Ga. 30031

Dear Refrigerator,

I am going away to higher my education and would like it if my favorite kitchen appliance would accompany me. Here is my ten dollar check to pay for your troubles. Thank you and please don't publish this splattering of ink in your moospaper.

Love, Jane



Dear Refrigerator,

Two things: 1. Europe has indeed fallen, yes, but the fish are not frightened...they're used to it. 2. Does coffee

MONUMENTS OF MORTALITY

make me smarter? I've had 5 cups already and I'm herewith sending

you \$15 for a subscription...so you tell me. I'm looking forward to issue #18.

Yours In Entropy, Peter Ingle, Bovenden Germany

Dear Refrigerator,

There was chaos on my windowsill this morning as I slid open a large window overlooking *La Bahía de las Banderas*. The famous Bay of Flags here on the Mexican Riviera. A horde of tiny ants scurried here and there while a small black beetle spinning around on its back made me smile and I thought *yes*, Dan Quayle *was* right - God does have a sense of humor!

Last year, along this same bay where the

REFRIGERATOR ?

fun-loving resort town of Puerto Vallarta huddles (and where this native Rochestarian has enjoyed ten ex-patriated years as lazy writer and avid indian art collector) a small amber-colored lucite statue of Buddha mysteriously washed up at my feet, stunning me into introspection. The statue weighed almost three pounds and when I returned home it would first serve as a paperweight over a pile of unpaid bills that had been staring me in the face.

Three days later I was to understand the significance of my find. A letter arrived from a handicapped Rochestarian friend inviting me to accompany him to the Far East in search of a bride! In exchange for pushing his wheelchair through the streets and temples of Indonesia and Thailand I would receive a free airline ticket and five-star hotel accommodations. Our first stop: Borobudur, the largest Buddhist temple in the world, having taken one hundred years to build and located on one of the 14,000 islands that make up Indonesia. I rubbed the Buddha's belly and carefully packed this universal clue of things to come into my knapsack.

That story of our month-long journey (yes, he found his bride in a small village outside of Manila) is contained in a rough manuscript entitled *My Travelling Buddha*, already yellowing with age at a nearby ranch.

This same friend, who recently wrecked his wheelchair and is now holed up in a vet-



erans' hospital in Castlepoint, NY, has just sent me a copy of *Refrigerator*, which I found very warm and literary.

Here in México the printed English word

is at a premium — a thin but well-written English newspaper out of the capital costs over a dollar and a sleazy, airport paperback can cost as much as \$20, so freebies are greatly appreciated.

In closing, I might mention there's an interesting story here for the enterprising news reporter (directed to all of you bushed graduates with nowhere to go), namely, the increasing number of Americans who have successfully found jobs in México and are quietly enjoying life in a much less frantic lane. This is in sharp contrast to the throngs of undocumented Mexicans, many poorly treated by Americans, who journey to *el otro lado*, the other side, in search of a better life.

Jobs can be found here in areas where special abilities may be required, such as tourism, real estate, industry, education, anthropology and art. I suggest a crash course in Spanish along with a full inquiry (contact a Mexican Embassy) into their laws regarding work for foreigners. For example, before you receive your work permit you must obtain a letter from a prospective employer offering you work. Take this to the nearest immigration office.

Please, please don't turn me into one of your anonymous worms — instead print my name and address so friends can write and/or send me something to read! I'll freeze it.

Don Carmen Schimizzi
PO Box 175 — Centro, Puerto Vallarta,
Jalisco, México



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