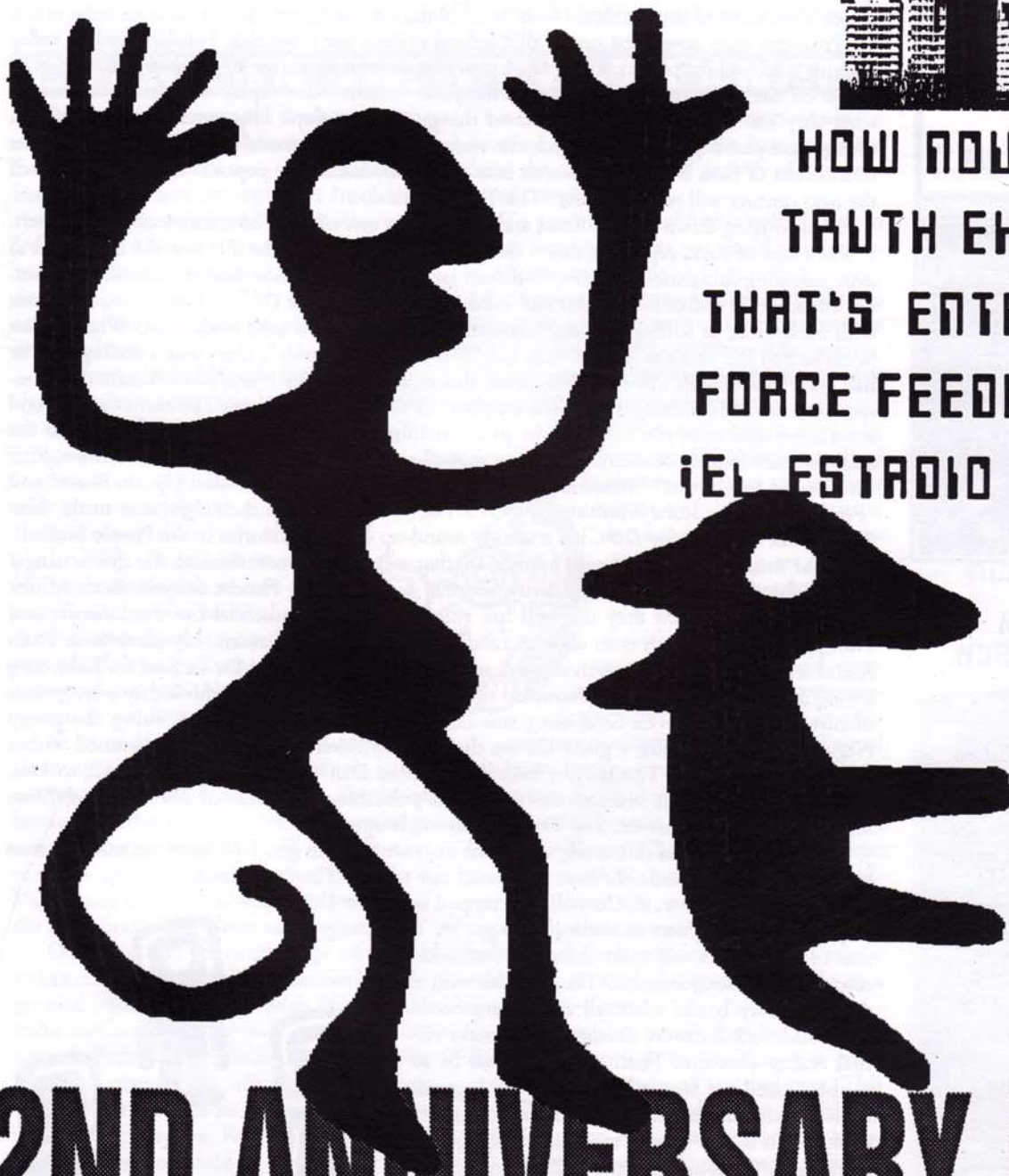


# REFRIGERATOR

FINALLY, THE FUTURE • ROCHESTER, NEW YORK • CIRCULATION 3,000



HOW NOW 2 THOU  
TRUTH EXPLOSION  
THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT  
FORCE FEEDING SOMALIA  
¡EL ESTADIO DE CUMBIA!



# 2ND ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

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...and ain't this  
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the  
tediousness  
of facts is  
driving  
research  
into this  
phenomena

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**REFRIGERATOR**

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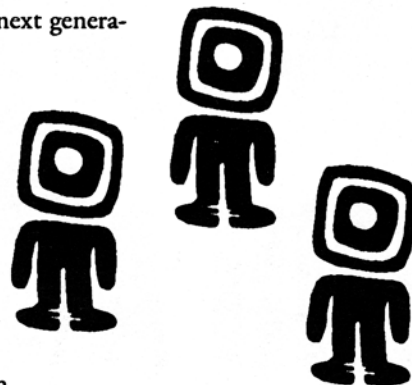
I just finished reading the current issue of *Mondo 2000*. There is very little to read in the thing actually. The graphics are computer-generated and state-of-the-art. They try desperately to cover the common ground in the current frontiers of virtual reality, smart drugs, cyberpunk, wetwear, life extension, hip-hop culture and incredibly short attention spans. It is published four times a year so their futuristic title will be outdated in thirty two issues. That's one of the problems with "state of the art" anything.

Primitive man developed myths that helped explain the mysteries. Fundamentalists today cling to a literal interpretation of a book that was written in an age of parables. Modern man insists on the facts. And if the facts are fuzzy, an instant video replay will determine exactly what they are. I mean, we can look most things up these days. Hip entertainment-meisters, though, are just beginning to scratch the surface of the "new truth" field. Boredom with the tediousness of facts is driving research into the phenomena that popsters in the early part of the next century will refer to as the "The Truth Explosion."

I was driving down Culver Road and listening to one of the FM stations over on the left. It was a sort of dark, repetitive dance thing and this voice (I doubt if it was the lead singer's) kept repeating this announcement, "Michael Jackson has been shot dead in front of a live studio audience." I didn't fall for this like I did for the NPR "Talk Of The Nation" April 1 hoax with Rich Little as Richard Nixon announcing his decision to seek re-election. When Orson Wells scared the shit out people with his "War Of The Worlds", there was a feeling that he had gone too far with this radio broadcast. But now *The Weekly World News* flaunts their irresponsible tabloid journalism to bored shoppers in the check-out lanes. The stories are beyond sensational and with the help of new photo manipulation programs, they have entered the realm of pure fantasy. A recent issue has a shot of a mermaid on the cover. "Half Human, Half Fish Found In Florida," "Screaming Tourists Flee When Creature Washes Up On Shore" and "Freak Of Nature Stuns Scientists." At CVS The *WWN* is on the shelf right next to the *New York Times*. Our Sunday *D&C* has a weekly round-up of tabloid stories in the People Section.

That must be Aaron Neville's voice in that new cotton commercial. In this setting I noticed for the first time the similarity between his voice and Phoebe Snow's. Bette Midler won her law suit when they imitated her voice for a TV commercial but Fred Astaire and Humphrey Bogart aren't even alive to sue Paula Abdul's management. My niece loves Paula Abdul and as far as she knows those guys are alive. The Turtles sued De La Soul for fashioning a song on a hit album around a sampled riff from one of their songs. I think they were jealous of how easily the De La Soul song was constructed. Island Records is suing the group Negativland for putting a giant U2 on their album cover. The courts are jammed with a plethora of libel suits. The lawyers look silly even to Dan Quayle. The rappers talk to kids. The politicians' rhetoric is abstract to them. The publishing guidelines of *The New York Times* seem completely antiquated. The Truth Explosion is upon us.

We have run out of dirt to dig up on the ones we want to get. "We have run out of names for rock bands," I heard. We have exhausted our taboos. The "new truth" is our window. A Cornell kid tapped into the Defense Department's computer network just to get in. The next generation of college kids will make things up for kicks and compete for outrageousness. They'll mess with the digital history banks when all the library books have mildewed. Software developers will make virtual reality obsolete. Their programs will be so sophisticated we won't be able to distinguish between virtual and the old fashioned kind of reality. This is how we will manage to keep things interesting. Of course hoaxers will be prosecuted at first but we won't be able to contain them. All this crap about the liberal media bias will seem inconsequential when we are trying to digest the New Truth.







Let the Red Wings go. The stadium should be sold outright to the highest bidder and the buyer must agree to showcase international entertainment on a nightly basis except Sundays, weather permitting. Saturdays, until the year 2000, will feature Colombian cumbia bands. Admission will be free. Only teenagers and PAC TAC will be allowed in the grandstands. The grounds will be designed for adults with plenty of benches and the volume will not be allowed to exceed one hundred decibels. Children eight years and under will be encouraged to play in the bullpens. The concession stands will be open to all. The many open courtyard cafes will encourage loitering. The outfield billboards will remain, but only locally-owned companies will be permitted to advertise and each sign must be hand-painted. Put an OTB parlor in the downtown site.

## CYBERNETIC PLAYGROUND

It's now time to recreate Rochester as the city of the future. Not the megalopolis of the Eastern Corridor but a true city of the future based on those new concepts that are quickly changing everyone's lives. To wit: Electronic Information Movement, new high speed low energy infrastructure, multi-lingual education and interaction and an economy based on becoming the melting pot of the new neuro-culture.

Rochester is the World's Imaging Center, right? Unfortunately this is just P/R babble to most Rochesterians. The world of imaging is just a part of the information economy. In the very near future information will be the currency that runs the planet. Why not embark on a comprehensive plan to educate Rochesterians to be the most knowledgeable population of info manipulators, managers and creators. Florence was known in the Renaissance as a center of art and commerce, Paris is populated by romantics and New York is the money center. These reputations developed because of the high degree of knowledge concentrated in these areas. If we train ourselves to use information the way the Silicon Valley uses electronics, we'll become one of the more interesting places on the planet.

Our physical surroundings could be enhanced to mirror this cybernetic playground. We could start with high speed trains circling the outer loop and extending towards Buffalo, to the lake and south to the beautiful countryside off 390. Every high speed railway would be paired with bicycle rollerblade pathways. Regular daily connections to Toronto would be achieved by wind assisted hydroplanes leaving an artificial island off of Charlotte.

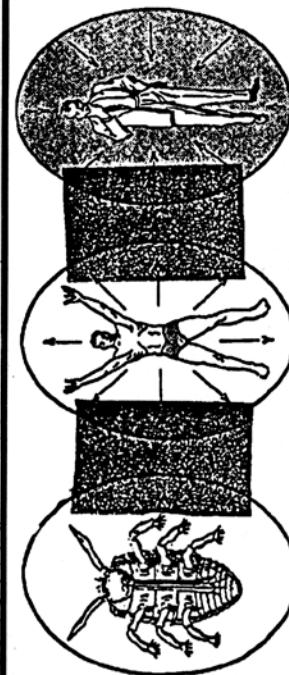


This enhanced movement system would be financed by an increased tax base generated from the unprecedented growth of new info based companies.

To provide a base of highly trained labor to attract these companies, we would revise county educational systems to fit in with a strategy for attracting interesting businesses. Businesses would be required to provide personnel to teach children at all levels about their business. Older employees would spend 4 hours a week in continuing education programs.

One of Rochester's most appealing resources would be highly trained freelancers working out of their homes or individual business incubators. They would provide state-of-the-art training and consulting services to the rest of the world through a digital network based in our town. This would provide one-stop shopping for whatever particular expertise a company or government was searching for. Multi-lingual education from pre-school on up would train everyone in English, Spanish and their choice of Chinese, Japanese, German, French or Russian. In addition, each student would be trained in a manual skill like wood-working, electronics, painting etc. as a counterpoint to their normal studies. It wouldn't be unusual for a systems analyst to take a sabbatical to work for several months as a carpenter or a cook.

This utopian vision has its practical aspects. New companies would have to pay a price for the privilege of locating here. This would be more than offset by the highly trained human resources, economical housing created by the highly efficient transportation system and access to many markets through the Rochester Info Net.



**the BUG JAR COMPILATION CD!**

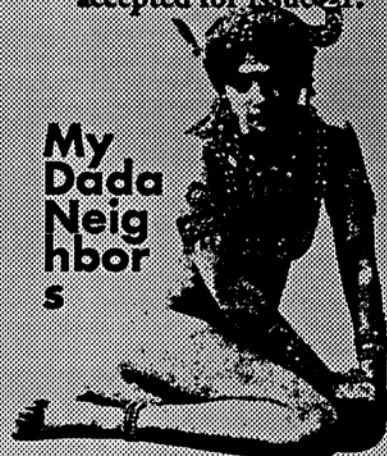
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**HWANBARA GRETTINGS  
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ENLIGHTEN US  
INSPIRE US**

Contributions are now being  
accepted for Issue #1.

**My  
Dada  
Neighbor**



The deadline is January 18  
P.O. Box 40313, Rochester 14604.  
Contributions will be kept anonymous.



# HOW HOW HOW 2 THOW

At least it used to be the Post Office over just beyond Loop Gardens by George Clinton.... Cause yesterday I found some of those colorful stamps my friends across town by there like to pass around and look at. Some other of my more go-getter type friends were concerned about exploding radiation and fallout so they had their genetic fingerprints implanted into survival adaptive insects. Nobody really knows if it worked. And who's gonna care enough after our big birthday surprise to tell one bug from another even if it is dressed in a tux and cane tap dancing across Malley's top shelf singing "Ding-Dong AIDS is cured, the Genesee Flows Beer?"



I foresee bungee jumping right in the heart of downtown Rochester, along with skate-boarding. The Town will be alive with all those enthusiastic spectators, coming in droves on the Auto Fast Track from Buffalo. It will be a non-stop excursion, so they can't escape until they are actually in the inner core of Rochester. In the dark of night, we will move the bungee from Charlotte, (they don't need any added attractions down there, already having a corner on sand volleyball). You will never again have to go to Cobbs Hill to see the skyline — you will be part of it! That is, until they unroll the rope — then you will euphorically be bungeeing, with your stomach in your mouth, and vice-versa. Oh, I know it is considered dangerous — someone breaks a leg once in awhile, and the insurance won't cover; but they can haul you over to the new Monroe Correctional Facility they're building down on the Avenoo (it hopes to be finished by then). There they will correct anything that is wrong with you, and send you happily back to bungeeing, if you can afford it.

Also, I see a whole new concept in dressing. Belts will be in, BIG! Everybody will be wearing belts — no tops or bottoms; just belts with small pouches attached (after all, you have to have someplace to store the er, kleenex). And shoes — you will have to wear shoes. That's so the bubble gum doesn't stick to the bottom of your feet. They will be passing it out (the bubble gum, I mean) down at the new Sooper Dooper Baseball Stadium, just off Main St. That's so you can chew it and spit just like the players. Now, I just watch baseball on TV in the living room with my husband; I mean, he's watching, and I'm trying to read something profound, but every time I glance up, they spit — just for me! Makes it easier to slide home, I guess. With the new stadium, my husband can go down there, and get right into the action, while I stay home, with some mood music and Goethe.

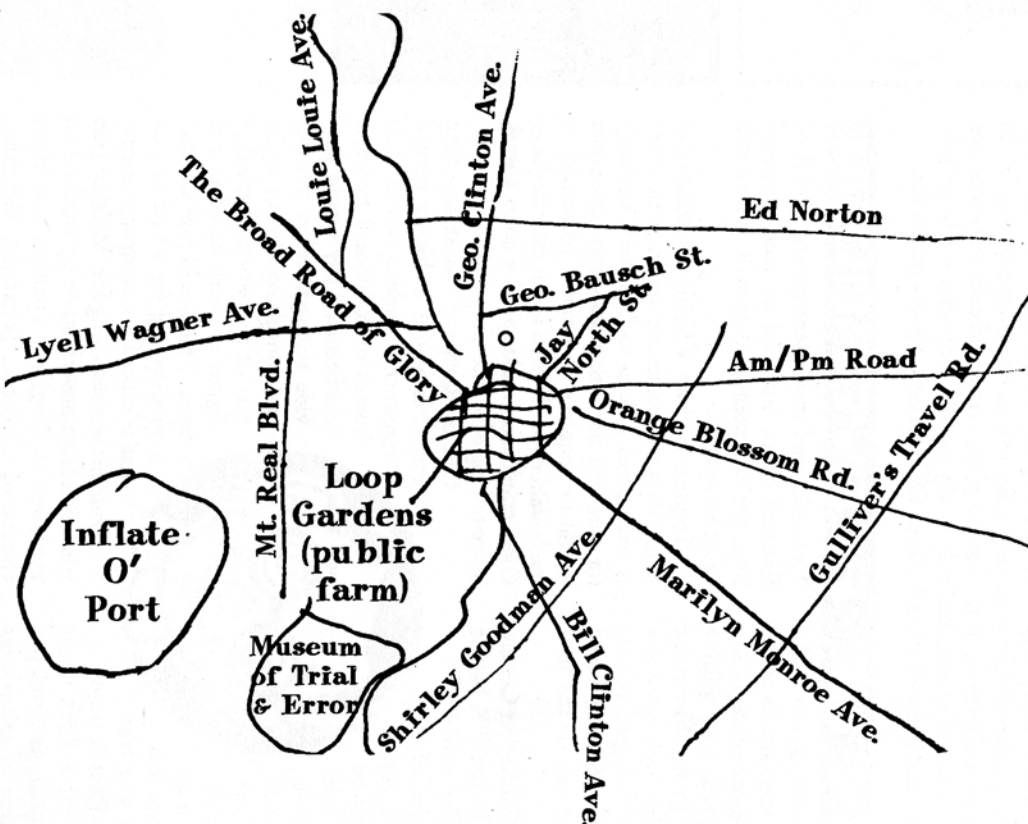
Well, folks, that's enough Vision for now — we don't want to scare the tourists.



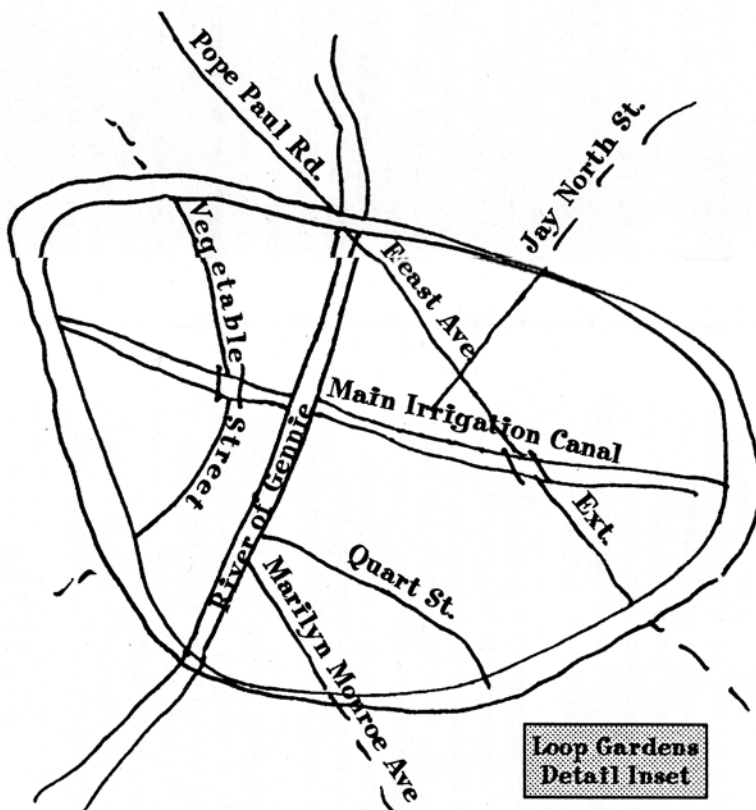
Years ago I heard a very earnest poet explain that the earth has periodic ice ages. He said they occur once in every fifty million years, and last about a million years. We are in such an age now, he said; otherwise, Upstate New York would have the climate of Southern California, and Southern California, climactically, would be all but uninhabitable. As I said, this was years ago — long before grimmer notions of global warming, the greenhouse effect, and the ozone layer entered popular culture — and as I sat in the audience I was excited by the prospect of balmy weather in my hometown someday. Paradise would come to me.

In fact, as we have since been told, even a miniscule increase in global mean temperatures would do more than change the long-range weather forecast. For one thing, it would melt the polar ice caps and raise the level of the seas. Still, if water finds its own level, Rochester could have all the advantages of a lakeside resort town in our lifetimes. Boat rentals, chateaux, islands...why not? Environmentalism sometimes seems like little more than a chain of dire predictions, a fashionable pessimism. But if nature in the long run is a zero-sum game, as I believe, then it seems to me that someone, somewhere, ought to benefit from these sea changes.

It'll be you and me, on a hilly island where Cobbs Hill used to be. We'll tan ourselves in rented lounge chairs beneath frangipani leaves, and waiters will swim to us; bearing lime frappes. As we toy with our



Inflate O' Port



Loop Gardens Detail Inset

maraschino cherries, we will silently toast our old friends, their old homes, beneath the vast inland seas, Perhaps someday we'll even visit them while snorkeling. By the ranch houses the fish like best, in the former suburbs, something will wink and glimmer. "Look," you'll say, a little sadly, to yourself, "those are pearls..."

But you'll quickly brighten again. A perfect tan can go a long way.



In the new and modern world, the virtual world, the futurist world we were told would come, there would no longer be poverty or disease. Instead we would wander through shining cities populated by beautiful people, every corner a green oasis filled with strangers discussing life.

Unfortunately, our virtual Rochester of the near future won't be that sterile hothouse filled with the flowers of civilization.

Our lost ones travel forward in time with us and undoubtedly increase. Sociopaths, rebels, disabled, disassociated, and uneducated; they fill the spaces we create and forget; the doorways, the steam grates, the underpasses beneath our high speed trains.

Victims of AIDS and its pathway diseases, children abandoned and gone wild, the dyslexic and the illiterate will still make up a portion of our homeless. They will be supplemented by skaters, hustlers and lowlifes who choose to pass on the regimentation of our info-state. They'll bed down at hotels that consist of little more than sleeping tubes stacked in storage facilities and rented by the week or month. Social Services will issue benefits Smartcards that debit the person's SS account when used in approved Wegmats to purchase food and necessities. These automated food supply depots will feature brightly colored 3D enhanced photos (technology by Kodak) of meals which are selected by pointing. Computer monitoring of each welfare recipient's diet, whereabouts and associates will be possible. PIN #s will be replaced by voiceprints in a futile attempt to avoid cheating.

The quality of life for the lowlifes will in fact be low.. A new business entity, the for-profit charity, will come into existence, using behavior modification techniques to rehabilitate street persons and get them off welfare. These companies will be paid a percentage of the savings by the government and will be the subject of intense scrutiny as former Social Service employees leave the government to get on the gravytrain.

An AIDS cure will exist but it will be engineered by off-shore geneticists in a form that requires constant small doses for years. These doses will be in a constant state of development as mutations occur in the original strain of the disease. The drug companies will be reviled when it is revealed that some of these strains were released into the population by overzealous marketing departments. The vaccine riots of 2003 will not miss Rochester, a center of research.

Red meat will be a decadent delicacy only consumed raw with great gusto. These thrill seekers will discreetly purge themselves after the orgy. Most of us will have problems digesting animal protein and will have ceased to eat it. Alcohol will continue to be the drug of choice, supplemented by a variety of drugs designed to provide instant sobriety and ward off hangovers. Addicts will be treated with supplements that make their drug of choice intolerable to their systems but the chemists of the third world will always provide new compounds. Rochester's excellent InfoNet will become a favorite way of transferring the newest formulas to the many labs around the world.

People will regularly take Smart Pills to enhance their work but will not be able to understand it after the pill wears off.



Rochester computer artists will create state of the art other reality salons that draw thrillseekers and imitators from all over the world. Interactive media rooms educate our children through a combination of historical images, sound tracks and experiential learning that puts the child in a reality-optional environment. These are entered in groups to learn problem solving and interpersonal relationships. Street musicians are provided with public outlets (electrical outlets) and nightlife becomes twenty-four hour as people carry their work stored on personal digital assistants.

An Inner Beauty Juice Bar will be opening in Rochester in the near future.

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# THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT

**ROCHESTERIANS IN THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY WILL LOOK BACK IN AMUSED REMEMBRANCE AT OUR TIME, WHERE THERE WAS BELIEVED TO BE A DISTINCTION BETWEEN ART AND RELIGION, MUSIC AND RELIGION, THOUGHT AND RELIGION.**

**IN THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY, ROCK BANDS WILL TAKE UP RESIDENCE IN ABANDONED CHURCHES. RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES WILL TAKE PLACE IN NIGHTCLUBS AND THEATERS. SINGERS, DANCERS, EVEN COMEDIANS WILL ACKNOWLEDGE THEIR PRIESTLY CALLING.**

**ROCHESTERIANS WILL ENGAGE IN AN UNENDING QUEST FOR UNDERSTANDING AND WISDOM. AND THAT QUEST SHALL BE CALLED ENTERTAINMENT.**

**REFRIGERATOR** 

Sports apparel is everywhere and I just assumed the people who wear the stuff are not really supporting the teams whose logos they wear but simply sporting a healthy look. In fact I had read that gang members often wear a certain baseball team's cap. I bought a hat with a P on it because my name began with a P. I wasn't prepared when someone started talking to me about the pitcher in last night's game while I was in an elevator. And then when the Pirates got in the playoffs, I couldn't even wear my hat.



## HOLIDAY

Then the jazz song opened new vistas, the Radio played away across the room, the Rain outside was specially improved, dark Cars drove by the second story window.

The mind has nothing, it's a Fourth of July Set of explosions. You could hear your Laughter displayed, before you made it, Find the children, years later, discover That you must have made the perfect choices. For your life has become . . . wide open.

The drummer plays by reacting to the Sudden sounds, like tumbling out of a Pile of autumn leaves, or clamoring up The stairway with clogged heels. The music Has been left below, the living room is Empty most of the time, and objects on The mantle were placed there by hands Of the future, reaching down from the sky.

Understanding nothing, you live backwards, Radical, in seclusion, verifying in a glance, On a windswept morning, the ultimate Truth of a world that is vilified, Ignored it seems, merely ready for The unexpressed emotion of whoever tried To believe what's real is . . . what's eternal.

## FOOD

On a good day we'll stop at BTB for lunch. The food is fun and the day gets better while we're there. Mark has ESP and is always right there with an extra cup of coffee.

### Szechuan Noodles

From Blessed Thistle Bakery

1/2 # Udon noodles, cooked  
1 cucumber, peeled, seeded and cubed  
1/2 bunch scallions, chopped

### Dressing:

1/4 c. Smooth peanut butter  
1/4 c. Tamari  
2 T. Boiling H2O  
2 T. Apple cider vinegar  
1 1/2 T. Toasted sesame oil  
1/4 t. Cayenne (or to taste)

Hint: Dress the noodles while they're still wet. It makes life easier.





Give me crack and anal sex.  
Take the only tree that's left  
and stuff it up the hole  
in your culture  
Give me back the Berlin wall  
give me Stalin and St. Paul  
I've seen the future, brother:  
it is murder.

*From The Future, a new record by Leonard Cohen*

Last minute Christmas shopping will be so easy this year. Everyone I know is always looking for something completely different to listen to, so as a giftgiver you can't go wrong with these. David Ripton

*Poetry Sucks Me* is Lou Reed's

*Berlin* meets Tracy

Chapman on Monroe

Avenue and Pete

LaBannes's *Retro*

*Strip Down* occu-

pies that prime

piece of musical

real estate

between New

Orleans and

Stoney Creek in

the Adirondack

Mountains. Their

performances at the

Triple Cassette Release

Party at Carpe Diem

were sensational. Both

artists are thoroughly engaging

and too good to be found in a con-

ventional record shop today. They each have

a cut on the *Welcome To Love World* compila-

tion tape if you can't make up your mind.

The three tapes, produced by Arpad and just

released on Godiva Records, are only six dol-

lars each and available exclusively at

Godiva's. These are certified local artifacts to

buy and send to friends in other parts of the

country so they will understand what gives in

Love World.



I got my Battery of the

Month card out in

Milestones the other

night. I assumed every-

one had one of these in

this day and age but

when I brought it up in

conversation, my friends acted like I was

from another planet. This is the second

card I've had and I've managed to get

almost all the months stamped this time.

I have more batteries than I need but I

still get a kick out of stopping in at Radio

Shack and picking up a free nine volt or

another triple A.

I know the whole idea is to get you

in the store more often, but I feel as

though I actually get recharged in there,

and I suspect some big organization is

preparing us for regular reprogramming

tune-ups at high tech checkpoints.



"Have you heard the Nod cd?" No but I feel as though we should be recommending it based on the number of times I have been asked this question by people whose opinion on such matters I respect. I saw a used

copy over at the Bop Shop and

may pick it up if it's still

there. A new cd by another

local band that we

have been playing all

week is *Solid!*

*Behind The Times*

by The Colorblind

James Experience.

Stumble into the

right local bar on

any weekend and if

the place is all

smiles you've found

the CBJ boys. They

have concocted and

crystallized the sound of a

rock band in a saloon in the

early part of this century. Words

were not as cheap and there was often

a parable involved. The crowd could be

tough too. Judging from lyrics like "Once I

was so modern that I could not bend my

knees" in the title song, I'd say they share

Leonard Cohen's trepidation about the future.

Thank god the recession is winding

down in time for the shopping season. In

addition to the above mentioned tapes and

cds, prudent, music-related purchases for rel-

atives to take with them to the future-

would include Sade's *Love Deluxe*,

George Jones *The Early Years*,

Guinee *Les Peuls du Wassolon*, *La*

*Danse des chasseurs*, Lambert,

Hendricks & Ross

*Everybody's Boppin*, and

Neil Young's back to

the future *Harvest Moon*.



### Not Strong Enough To Turn The Other Cheek Yet

The Elks Club on Jackson Road in

Webster has had their nativity scene set up

for about three weeks now and I've had the

opportunity to drive by it several times. From

the road the scene looks like it's about two

thirds scale. I imagine Joseph would come up

to my chest if I walked right up to him. As I

drive by, there is one brief view that positions

two life size cannons (that are on the lawn

year round) on either side of the manger.

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Dear Refrigerator,

Ref: Rochester in the Next Century, Virtual Rochester is a good tagline but, Rochester will always be Smugtown, just the times and players change. Smugtown will live as long as a large percentage is involved in producing products for the World in little yellow boxes.

What was true in 1957 is also true in 1992, only some of the landscape has changed.

Warm regards, Bill Gerling

Plaza Publishers—Publishers of Smugtown U.S.A.

Dear Refrigerator,

Two or three issues back I read "Food Chain", illustrating the risks and dangers of chemical solutions to pest problems. I don't think the ants would have been a menace to homo sapiens where



they dwelled, unless they were carpenter ants, on which I am not a specialist. Thanks for including it.

Sincerely, Kathy Lemke

Dear Refrigerator,

Our hearts pulled us to Austin, Texas. We had both passed through there at various times in our lives and thought we'd enjoy the sun. Texas drivers are wild and roaming which is probably why our insurance has more than doubled. No one here does anything...every-one is "fixin' to do" things. "There" is pronounced "chair."

Each Sunday, according to agreement, we hop in the truck and visit a new place in our region. We had a great time finding a place called Enchanted Rock which is about 90 miles west. It's a huge granite dome in the middle of nowhere that groans at night as it cools from the day's heat. The Indians thought it imprisoned the spirits of the dead. It's truly a magical place.

Living in Austin is like being babes in Toyland...everything here is brightly colored and decorated with a sense of the bizarre and enormous. There are giant arms jutting out from buildings lifting arm weights, dragon-shaped catering trucks, giant termites spinning on flag poles, and 60 foot high statues of Peter Pan. There are great restaurants and a zillion things to do and see. All we need now are the friends to do them with.

Sincerely, Rick & Mel, Austin Texas



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