

REFRIGERATOR

LOVE WORLD'S SPRING SURVIVAL GUIDE • ROCHESTER, NEW YORK • CIRCULATION 5,000

#23
FREE

Bad Acid Trip

TIP OF THE ICEBURG • WEASE POSTER • '64 PONTIAC GTO • LIBRARY HEIST

THE KEEPER



Once when I was fifteen and wandering loose with my friends in Irondequoit, trying to stay interested in the long suburban nights, grabbing beers where we could, sniffing nitrous-oxide off of whipped cream cans in the all night Wegmans and congregating under old willow trees in a field in the middle of town where some old couches gave us our own living room outside, going swimming in pools that weren't ours and traveling overland through backyards and gulleys from one end of town to another, we found this thing in a parking lot; it was round and white and looked somewhat like a plaster cast of one half of a beer keg and my friend Dave scooped it up and determined through metaphysical reasoning that it might possibly be, quite possibly was the center of the universe. We took it with us.

The center of the universe was a responsibility at first, filled with portent, though it started as a joke to relieve boredom, it made too much sense when you thought about it, after all it was random, it was moving around via us and the next person or thing that grabbed it when we tired of it or Dave's mom tossed it or whatever. It could be the center of the universe.

The universe does work in strange ways, as the cliché goes. It was Dave who was with me the second time we did acid and actually figured out the secret of the universe and it was delightfully, wonderfully simple and funny and right—we knew it was true and then for a moment conventional reality thinking intruded and we found a pen and paper and wrote down the secret of the universe and put it in our pocket to look at when we were "straight" (although I now know you can't ever be "straight" again).

Of course, God was laughing at us the next day when what we wrote turned out to be total gobble-di-gook; just a bunch of random letters. We no longer had access to that databank. Instead we got the center of the universe.

For a while we took it to parties and Dave took it to college and decided to leave it somewhere to continue its journey on its own. And now it's twenty years later and there's a lady outside my window with seven shopping carts filled with mysterious packages carefully wrapped in plastic bags and pieces of bubble wrap. She is a crone with a hood, who mutters and rearranges her treasures under the arms of a great pine tree. I didn't think of the center of the universe until my wife saw her about ten miles from our building pushing a shopping cart and I suddenly had an image of many caches of carts spread around town under her care and wondered about the significance of their contents. I knew (not being straight even these responsible days) that I could not glimpse the contents of those carts, that like the secret, they would not reveal themselves to my crude eye but would remain disguised as the mundane. Perhaps she is the keeper of some other essential secrets and her motion from place to place somehow governs the weather and the airs that mold this reality.

Sing Along With Mitch Miller

We read the Bureau of Firearms and Tobacco was torturing the Branch Davidians with Nancy Sinatra's record and that kinda made sense but then last week we read they were also blasting Mitch Miller records at the religious cult's compound and that just seems unfair.

Somebody Voted For Him

I kept noticing these gold crowns on the dash boards of cars downtown. They're in the same spot the plastic Jesus' were when there was metal in the dash. Its not a cult thing because there are too many of them. For awhile I thought they might be serious fans of James Brown's early stuff on King Records. But then it dawned on me. These people are all Bob King fans.

Outlaw Radio

There was a whole pile of these WEASE stickers on the counter at the sandwich shop next to the RPO ticket office so I helped myself to a handful. I am a member of the intellectual terrorist group SAME 3 and we were in the process of ordering bumper stickers when I realized we could cut the WEASE stickers up, turn the W upside down for an M and turn an E backwards for the 3. We plan to scoop up the rest of the stickers and distribute the pieces at our next meeting.

Sculpted, sculpted Perciphus,
I want more.

I copyright all of my poetry—
So many paper airplanes.

Have symbol, will travel.

Energetic mass I miss you.

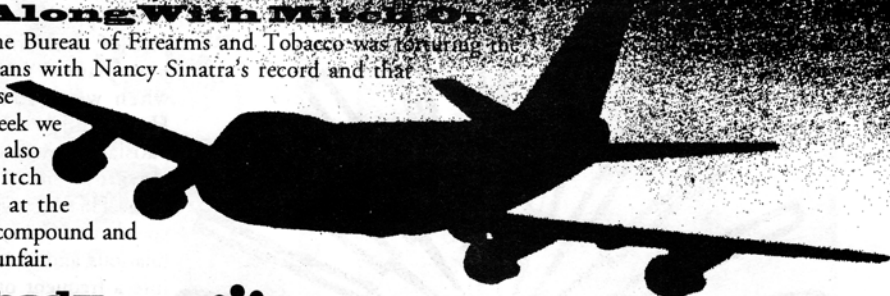
Blowsy, blowsy commentator of my imaginings.

Did I spell your being correctly?

Glad to see NRBQ play the Sun Ra composition "Rocket Number Nine" from their 1969 lp at Milestones a few weeks back.

Finally, a chance to check out the Hyatt. Barry who sells the free range chickens at the Public Market told us about this *Taste Of The Nation* event at the Hyatt on April 18th. Forty restaurants from The Bangkok to the Rochester Club Restaurant supply food and cognac for a benefit for Hunger Relief.

I plan to not eat all day and relieve my hunger in a three hour all you can eat setting. Tickets are thirty-five dollars and available at Barry's stand inside at the Public Market or at the Hyatt.



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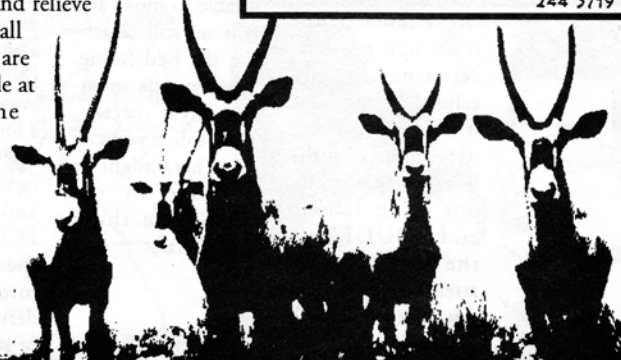


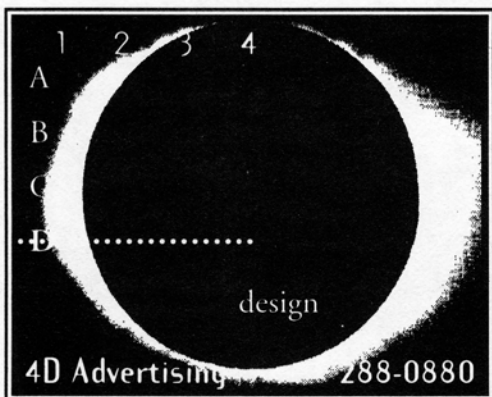
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If WBEE is now the number one station in Love World, the whole country has gone country.

Next issue: Send Us Your Self Portrait Deadline: May 10th.
Submissions on this or any other topic are welcome.

REFRIGERATOR 3





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The Refrigerator is published 10 times a year.
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REFRIGERATOR 2

I resigned from City Newspaper a month ago, in protest—the paper had tried to censor me. While City was trumpeting its tolerance because it had accepted a recruitment ad from the Ku Klux Klan, editor Mary Anna Towler quietly refused to run a piece she'd commissioned from me about Howard Stern's radio program. In my piece, I had taken the position that while Stern may be politically incorrect, he was no real danger to anyone.

I went public with my story. In the ensuing flap, Towler ultimately sent out a press release claiming that, while she agreed with it, she hadn't run my piece because it had been turned in late. That was so pathetic. They had my story on time, forty-eight hours before they had to go to press. I mean, this is a weekly, not a daily, newspaper. It was bad enough that Towler told me she was yanking my piece because it didn't jive with her personal politics, but then for her to turn around and lie about it like that, that's just sad.

When they took the Klan ad and spiked my story in the same week, the message was, "racism is okay if it gives us a soapbox, but God forbid someone seriously challenges our party line." If I'd wanted to bitch about capitalism and Republicans—if I'd wanted to shoot guppies in a barrel and preach to the converted—they'd give me plenty of space to do it in. I mean, I basically slandered Reagan and Bush, and they clapped; no one said peep then about accuracy or fairness. But as soon as I poked this sacred cow, their conservative feminism, they had a fit. And that's when they said my ideas were "dangerous."

When City refused to run my story, I announced that I was quitting on WXXI's radio news, and did interviews with the Gannett papers, and GRC and Channel 13 television. But when all was said and done, my story about Howard Stern was still unpublished.

HERE'S AN EXCERPT FROM IT:

Gannett senior editor Lee Krenis More heard Howard Stern's syndicated morning show when it debuted here and was clearly offended. She listened just long enough to write a column about it, for the February 25th issues of both The Times-Union and The Democrat & Chronicle, under the headline "Much Ado About Stern—And We Ought To Do More."

"This is not a call for censorship," More wrote. Nonetheless, having listened to the show, More concluded that "Stern is toxic...a classic hater, mean-spirited and mean."

For what it's worth, I don't agree with More about Stern. My own impression is that Stern is for the most part only oafish. However, I do find the concept of "toxic" speech, or ideas, alarming. Perhaps worse, it is simply patronizing. More presumes that while she can see the truth about Stern, his other listeners are so labile that their minds will be "polluted" by Stern's ideas. And I'm puzzled by her assumption that young men's minds, or this community, were purer before Stern came to town.

More described "Butt Bongo," a favorite Stern show game in which women pull their pants down so that men can spank them. Players get points for hitting hard; the redder the buttocks, the better." Of course, More was describing a radio program—in almost exclusively visual terms. Radio: theater of the dirty mind?

More took exception to a contestant who purportedly said, post-spanking, that it hadn't been an "erotic" experience. After further prodding by Stern, that woman conceded (as More reported) that yes, she had in fact enjoyed "Butt Bongo."

So, what to believe? Unsatisfied with the woman's own professed ambivalence, More recruited testimony from Phyllis Korn, the director of Alternatives for Battered Women, a local shelter. Korn hadn't heard the show, but that didn't stand in the way of her interpretation:

"This is the whole issue of 'no' means 'yes,'" she told More.

Well, maybe. Or maybe it's the issue of "yes" means "no." That's the thing about mental states: they're so subjective that one hesitates to characterize a stranger's. For all we know, the woman may want to be spanked, or she may just want to be on the radio. And of course, it's possible (but unlikely, I think) that she really is being abused—in which case someone should complain to the Manhattan police, not editorialize about it.

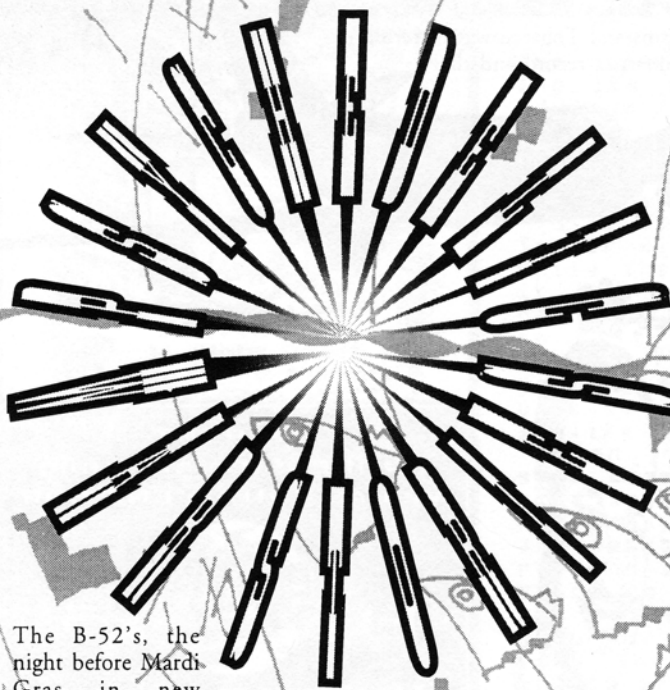
The only thing that seems certain here is that the Howard Stern show won't answer any of these questions for us.

Based on this lack of evidence, More then argued that Stern's show exhibits "precisely the attitude that keeps women's shelters busy." And Korn was cited again, explaining that young men who listen to Stern are learning "that women are objects who enjoy pain" and "that you can subdue them with force, grotesquely, in public."

Now, that's quite a leap, from an apparently consensual (albeit silly) activity to criminal assault. More and Korn just take it on faith that there is a precise, causal link between this sort of radio program and sexual battery. Never mind that there's hardly a shred of evidence, amongst mountains of studies, to support that assumption (and neither More nor Korn cited any). They would have you believe that Stern is shouting "Fire!" in the crowded minds of impressionable young men, and that, far from a false cry, Stern speaks truly and directly to the basest instincts of these alien beings, right to their battering penises and hands.

North Koreans have to listen to the radio. Homes there are wired for one channel—the droningly correct thought of dictator Kim Il Sung—and it's a crime to turn it off. Nonetheless, one day the Korean people will rise up against Kim or his progeny.

Meanwhile, he makes Howard Stern sound like a day at the beach.



The B-52's, the night before Mardi Gras in new Orleans. The second floor stage was old wood and everybody was jumping, dancing. The floor was really gonna break. I moved far away. They threw toys at the audience, which made everyone be a mob. More alarmingly, our transportation was a very drunk, very fast, very good/bad driver who made me think we ran over someone.

Lying on the attic floor in the middle of summer. Bbbad acid coursing through my brain. Friends all gone home... Just me and the MOSQUITO! That little vampsect flying, trying to find a vein. I close my eyes and Woah! I'm traveling down my veins at hyperspeed. Veins emptied of blood. Veins made of polished steel that go on forever. Only me and the song of the mosquito as inhabitants of this infinite realm. Deeper and deeper, the buzzzz penetrates into my consciousness. It echoes! It rings and it rasps across every nerve like a violin bow scraping out one note louder and LOUDER as the little bugger attempts to fly into my ear to do what? Lay eggs?

Take one 4-way of lightening and crush it to a fine powder. Put this in a bowl and dissolve it in a small amount of water. Put the entire solution in an eye dropper. Lie down. Lifting the eyelid with one hand, squeeze as much of the acid solution into your eye socket as possible. Repeat in additional eye sockets. Visualize small blood vessels in the soft tissue lining your eyelid. Wait seven to ten minutes. A huge and singular body cramp seizes your body. A sort of living rigor mortis. You are blinded.

Eight hours later you regain consciousness and remember absolutely nothing. You are unable to move and you are still clutching the bed frame. Your muscle memory says...terror. You realize you can see. There might be someone in the room. You think you are safe.

It was a joke and one of our worst nightmares—"Yeah, when we're forty Hey Jude and Satisfaction will be elevator music. Haar Haar! It was so absurd it was hilarious and therefore a frequent one liner. Well, of course, that reality came to pass much sooner than we had even joked about and now my worst acid trip seems like a romp through the strawberry fields.

I knew I should've stuck with Clodabine (I don't even remember how to spell it, it's been so long!). That was always visual and pretty and really did seem like the Hallmark card kind of trip depicted in movies and TV. Lots of colors and shimmering stuff. But this particular night some friends were doing acid and I joined in the fun. As I remember it was the kind that came on a tiny piece of paper (Windowpane?)—so easy to ingest unlike mushrooms or peyote buttons. The night involved a dance at the college and I was one with all around me until I saw it. The guy who had come to visit me was with an acquaintance and they looked pretty cozy. Well that was it. I was a mess for the rest of the night and my only saving grace was a song called Me and My Arrow by (Nielson?). The event stuck with me a little more dramatically because of the ego crushing reality and selflessness of LCD. I was a mere speck. I never was interested in plundering those depths in such detail. Give me a pretty visual anytime.

I knew right away that it was a mistake after I swallowed it but its the nature of the beast that once committed you must go along for the ride. My bad trip came about because something inside refused to accept this certainty and did not want to be high. I sat on a corner of my bed and refused to move. Many friends came over to celebrate and there was soon a full scale high school, beer blast going around me while I sank further into confusion, paranoid and immobile. It was a perfect warm summer night but no one could convince me to move. I was in fact glued to a tiny piece of the universe, surrounded by well meaning ogres and it took all my attention to keep the room a room. I couldn't let go and just enjoy.

It was enough to signal an end to the marvelous excursions of the past. I was lucky, I didn't end up in a straight jacket like two friends, I didn't end up lost downtown, beat up and tripping in a jail cell like two others, I didn't end up with a shotgun in my mouth like another. I just had a 4-5 hour bad time. 12 years later I ate some mushrooms with a girlfriend who had never tripped; it was a nice evening and we laughed a lot and after a couple of hours I drank a few beers and circled right back to this reality. That was like a little journey to a place I don't need to go to anymore. But to this day I know that everything we hold and see is a dream, nothing is solid, life so dear is ultimately an illusion.

As I remember it, I ran into an acquaintance on a Saturday morning outside of a coffee shop near the campus. He told me about some acid he had just brought into town from I don't remember where now. I should have paid more attention. I bought three tabs. I made plans to get together with a few friends that evening and trip. That's all.

There were four of us. We smoked some hash while three of us were waiting to get off. Things got real weird in the apartment so we decided to go out for a walk. The one in the group who had not dropped brought along Timothy Leary's *Book of Trips*. I kept drifting off and then I would suddenly catch a glimpse of my friend walking and reading this gibberish aloud to the three of us raving lunatics. We stopped for a while near the Fine Arts Building and I watched these buildings sing to me. Wild industrial music with Koyanastatski like visuals and then I would be gone again.

We headed over to Andy's house. He always head downs, everybody knew that. In fact he died a year later from Valium and beer. All I remember is him asking us to leave that night. Our guide was clearly having a hard time keeping us in line. We sat down somewhere and I got scared watching myself in action. The classic separation of ego thing I guess. I tried to

relax but didn't like what I saw. We were driving each other crazy and had to split up. Steve was ready to talk to God and felt he had to go to the top of the library and take his clothes off for this meeting. Someone took me to the Health Center. The only thing I remember there was a nurse in an unbelievably bright elevator saying, "We'd like to help you but you will have to tell us what your name is". I didn't have any id on me and this request completely freaked me out.

I woke up the next morning with funny blue pajamas on. I was still tripping but the Thorozone had really taken the edge off. I was standing at the window looking out at the flowing parking lot when a psychiatrist came in to ask me a few questions about my childhood.



For two days, the water authority people worked on the water mains in front of our house. The water was off for a while; so was a large section of the road. On the third day, a truck showed up to repair the hole.

This morning, at 7:00am, my doorbell rang. A woman wanted to know if I had seen the trucks that were out in front of the house. I said "why?"

"They opened it up over there and emptied a whole dumptruck full of toxic waste into the ground!"

"Wow!" I thought, "Toxic waste? Are you sure?"

"What else could it have been?" she responded, "I mean it was a whole dumptruck. They're always doing this, and nobody knows who or where they are! It could only be toxic waste or something!"

At this stage, I pointed out that there was an 8 ft. by 8 ft. patch of fresh asphalt in the road, to repair the spot where the workman had stood, their heads just barely visible above the hole.

"No," she said, "It wasn't asphalt. They wouldn't need a whole dumptruck to fill that hole with asphalt. It was toxic waste. I have the people from Washington coming in to investigate. The local authorities are too corrupt."

I was into this. "Washington? That's a hoot. I lived there, and they make the locals seem downright homogeneous."

"No," she replied, "We have a new administration that'll take care of everything. I have the EPA, the FBI and the Department of Interior investigating this."

"Why don't you scoop up a sample or two of the substance in question and take it to an independent lab for evaluation? That way, you'll be sure there is no conspiracy to undermine your theory."

"I'm not touching the stuff," she said, "And besides, that's not the point. They are ALWAYS dumping this stuff, and nobody knows where it's coming from! This is only the tip of the iceberg!" She was clearly agitated.

"Why would the city dump toxic waste into it's own sewers; sewers that they have to maintain? It's just asphalt. I really think that you ought to open your mind to the idea that everything is not a conspiracy or deviant plan. There are some things that are just ROAD REPAIRS."

"I don't think it was that sinister," my wife chimed in from across the room.

"I used to work at City Hall," the woman exclaimed, "They are overrun with the mob! I was there when they set fire to the records in the basement to cover things up! This is well documented. Gannett reported on it!"

"Why would the mob keep records on illegal activities in the basement of City Hall?"

"They set the place on fire. They are overrun with the mob!"

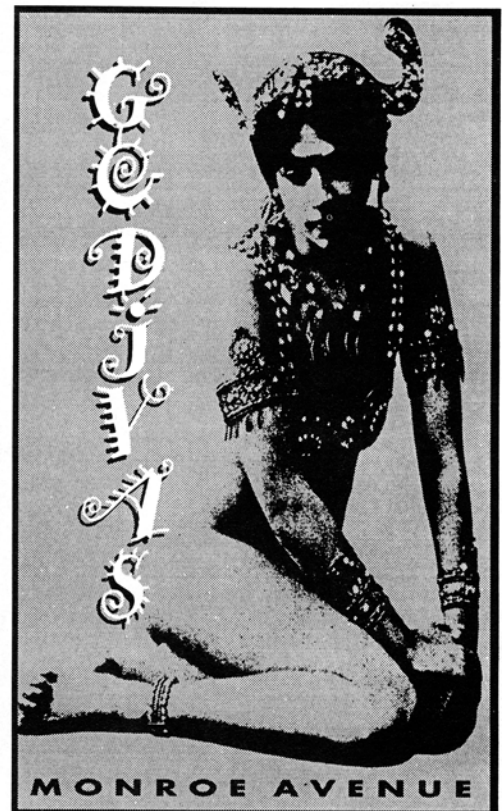
"I see... Have a good day, OK?"

"There's toxic waste being dumped in front of your house, and you don't care!"

"Really," I said, "Have a nice day."

"Look, I wanna be around when the fascists take over the country. Then you'll be sorry!"

With that, she stormed off, this Gladys Kravitz for the nineties, the cane she carried was at a perpendicular position to her body. I went and had a cup of coffee, inspected the patch in the road, and suddenly realized that I wasn't on acid!



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OUT THE HOUSE

Bug Jar- These bugs are radioactive, casting a glow much brighter than the average bug. Best decor, best Guinness drafts, best conversation, best week night out Wednesday and best marketing. The rotating giant insect above the bar has me hypnotized into returning over and over again.

Milestones- Bruce Miles frowns one day and smiles the next and so does his club. The best room for live sound, particularly for intimate little shows like Colorblind's Elv's night (so jammed you couldn't move and great in spite). Home of Geoff Wilson's ecstatic Monday jams and the Songwriters live in the perfect setting. Food at all times.

Boogie Bar- This bar really is huge and the place for national artists and mega-groove, pasta, dead afro beat music. Giant sound and knockdown shows like George Clinton's and King Sunny Ade's were and Eek-A-Mouse will be. Say Hello to our man Chopsy. Bosco's-Neuvo-alt-industry-grunge-metal loud and black over by the Franklin Stadium site. Not Politically Correct, thank you.

Carpe Diem- Fashionable personnel put on a warm melange of sex musik, little black dress, socially conscious downtown happenings while the river flows underneath the triangular deck in the best looking club uptown. Magic when there's a band in the White Room.

Friends & Players- Fiends and slayers. Stage like a trailer living room with a wall knocked off and one red bulb for lighting. Genny 12 horse, drunken poets and a steady stream of the best and worst original music in town. Wipe your feet before you leave.

Heaven- There is a party, everyone is there. Everyone will leave at exactly the same time. Talking Heads sang all about it years ago. Big dancing cleavage, tropical drinks, smart raves and beautiful people. "The bar is called Heaven."

Pooch's Pub- The famous happy hour live music club with an upscale Friends & Players' ambience. Blues and R&B, mostly white folks.

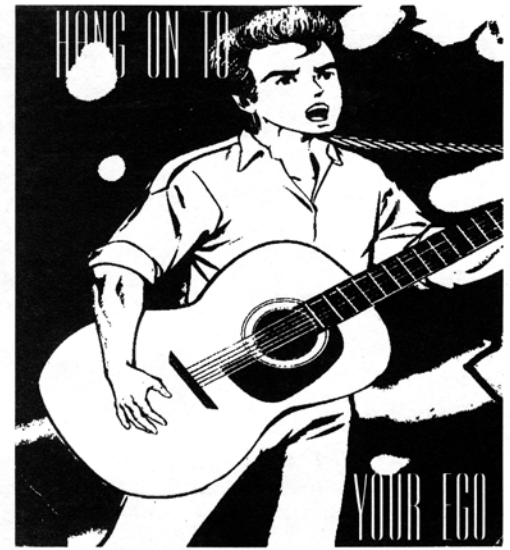
Shep's Paradise- No cover downtown jazz in Corn Hill on Clarissa Street, steps from the former legendary Pythod. Shep himself gives you a real greeting when you walk in for the Friday or Saturday night jazz. Great when you hit the right band.

BK Lounge- West main place to see the real blues and rhythm. In spite of its location, the parking lot is safe and the people are friendly. Great room. We don't know whether they'll still be around when you read this.

The Abyss- Cool, down home, logo, low-key atmosphere. Open at four in the afternoon. Downtown behind the festival tent where Diva's was. No cover makes it a good choice to stop in for one at Monday night is Vampire Night with dark and depressing music. They serve Guinness.

Zel just opened where Zero was and then the Saint. They advertise in the Refrigerator so it must be a cool spot. Call the Infodial number (232-1600) for their description of their new club.

REFRIGERATOR



Maria Daulne, the foremost of the five voices in Zap Mama, may actually accomplish her goal of "bringing people closer through understanding and respect for each culture, with special attention to the people threatened by the triumphant materialism of the modern world" with the fifteen all vocal performances on *Adventures in Afropea 1*. She is part Belgian, part Zairean and her group covers exotic terrain from anonymous 16th century Spanish compositions to chants of the Pygmies of Central Africa and makes it all sound like a pop album without drums. They open for 10,000 at RIT.

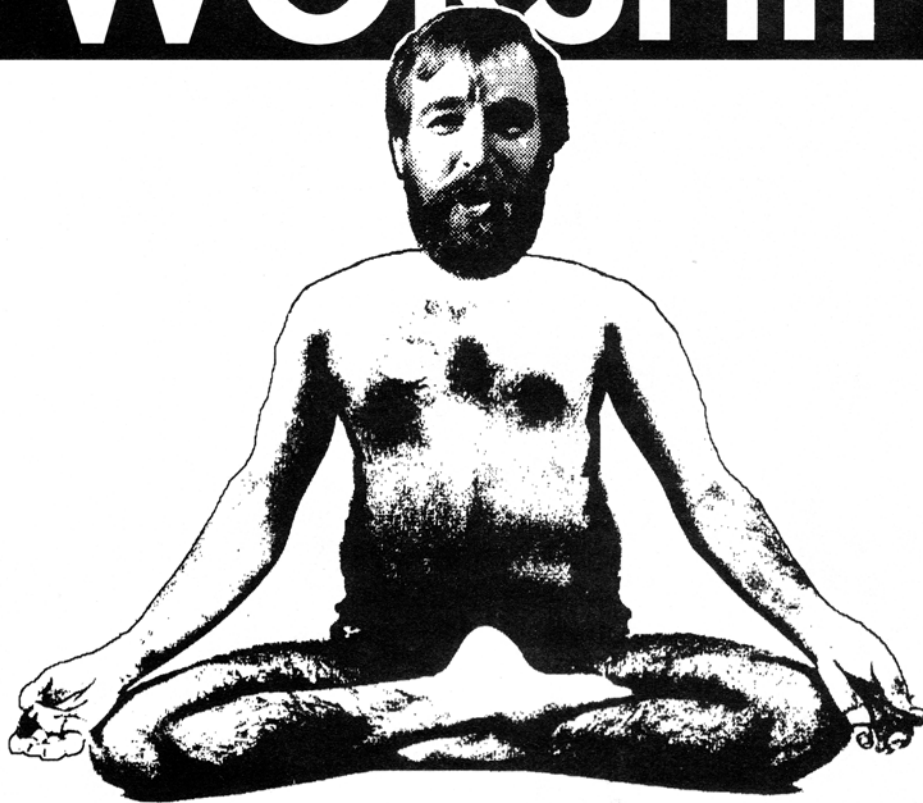
I scored big time from the downtown library. I checked out a cajun music anthology called *Le Gran Mamou*, subtitled *The Historic Bluebird Sessions, Volume 1*. It's on the Country Music Foundation label and contains the first Cajun recording from 1928. This is down home, Bayou-drenched country blues. The fiddle and the accordion are a match made in the low lands of heaven. The tape I made from this goes 'round and around and seems to suit any occasion.

I also walked away with two cds on the Electra Nonesuch label from Bali, both beautiful recordings of a very wide range of island music. The wild, dadaesque Monkey Chant on *Music From The Morning of the World*, recorded in 1966, could get you arrested. Two decades later David Lewiston returned to Bali to digitally record Gamelan & Kecak which sounds like primitive, Polynesian, Philip Glass compositions. Like Sun Ra, this as close as we come to music from another world.

My favorite new jazz record is Henry Threadgill's *Too Much Sugar For A Dime*. Like *Apocalypse Across The Sky*, the Jajouka record that refuses to get off our ever-in-flux top ten, and Praxis, a crazy, wound up fusion extravaganza featuring Bootsy Collins, it was produced by Bill Laswell. This is hard rockin jazz with a heavy backbeat. Like Arthur Blythe's current stuff, there is no bass or rather there is a tuba for a more expressive bass. Remember Asha Puthli's vocals on Ornette's Science Fiction album. Vocals like those figure into the deep funk equation on this one too.

My favorite new rock album is Frank Black by Frank Black, the former frontman from the Pixies. Equally as musical as the band and a lot more fun. Each page of the cd book has Frank in a different outfit, silk pajamas, overalls, flannel and vintage suits and lyrics like poetry. In Ten Percenter he howls "I'm a jerk, If you've got cotton mouth, My mind is like an ocean". Glam-like pop like SLT or late Iggy or Bowie who I hear is doing a jazz album with Bowie, Lester Bowie.

WORSHIP



WEASE

Dear Refrigerator:

I am enclosing a red 1964 Pontiac GTO. Please think of it as the *Refrigerator* staff car. As you are probably aware, the GTO is the machine that started the Muscle Car Era of the 1960s. This Detroit Legend combined a lightweight body with a potent 389 cubic inch V-8 engine. The result was automotive thunder. The car that I am sending features a special GTO hood, Rallye wheel covers, 4-speed transmission, bucket seats and dual exhausts. For many people, the GTO reflects America's golden age of automotive dominance. However, this particular model has a personal meaning. For me, it symbolizes two facts about Russian emigres — they like to work on cars and they have their own Mafia.

I know they have their own Mafia because I read about it in a magazine. Apparently, the Russian Mafia is all over the U.S. and specializes in drugs, prostitution and extortion. After viewing the photos of the alleged leaders, my personal casting choice to play the Ruskie Godfather would be Rod Steiger.

From personal experience, I know that Russian emigres like to work on cars. When I first moved to my street ten years ago there was only one Russian and he owned a two story, two unit apartment building. This man, nicknamed "Crow" and perpetually dressed in a ratty jogging suit, collected Volkswagen Bugs. His friend, referred to as "the Tenant," also dressed in jogging suits and assisted him in his collection of battered Beetles. Apparently Crow obtained his battered Beetles from his connections with the City's abandoned vehicle lot. At one point, I counted 23 Volkswagens managed and owned by Crow. Periodically, neighbors joined together and complained to the city about the presence of all these cars on our streets. But there was nothing to be done. If the cars were ticketed or marked to be towed, Crow moved them to different locations or had them towed by his buddies — only to return when the heat was off. Once I went to City Hall to file a complaint. That's when I learned the sad truth. Crow worked for the Municipal Court.

I personally confronted Crow four years ago. He spoke with a thick Russian accent. He claimed he did not own the cars. He claimed they were owned by the Tenant. The noise, clutter, empty gasoline cans and general debris were *all* from the Tenant. During our chat, however, Crow learned that I was an attorney. After learning this, he became conciliatory. We reached a truce, he would not (a) park or (b) work on his cars on my half of the street. Before he walked away, he whispered, "We should talk some time, I have some movies you may be interested in" I often wondered about these films — Eisenstein? *Ninotchka*? Man-Boy love flicks?

My victory — keeping Crow off the southern half of the street — was pyrrhic. Other Russian emigres moved into the neighborhood and, like Crow, they have a strong interest in battered foreign autos. I am surprised at how rapidly they acquire these cars. The emigre from Moscow who moved in across the street has three, a beat up blue Audi, a rusted Toyota Celica and a brown shell of a Volvo. Every weekday morning

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THE HORIZONTAL BOOGIE BAR

TUESDAY APRIL 27

*REFRIGERATOR RECOMMENDS SAMM BENNETT

he repairs these vehicles. Two new emigres arrived last August and their teenage son acquired two bruised early eighties Japanese cars — both in need of engine and body work. Every weekend morning, I wake to the sight of Soviet grease monkeys battling over drive shafts and stick shifts.

I think about the Russian Mafia and the Russian mechanics on my street and I wonder, was this why the cold war ended? Because the Communists wanted to come here, sell drugs and work on cars? Is that the dream that America holds out for the rest of the world?

To add to the confusion, I had to acknowledge my own roots. My grandparents on my mother's side were from Russia. Yet, I had no desire to support organized crime or repair rusted Volkswagens. Was I ashamed of my own roots? Was I attempting to suppress my origins? I became tense and considered stress reduction alternatives. A counselor suggested I get a hobby. That's when it hit me.

I purchased a Monogram GTO kit and began to assemble the model. I left the light on in my kitchen so that my neighbors could see me. I was one of them. I was working on my car, too. Before I completed my final assembly of the GTO components, I carefully wrapped tiny plastic bags of mint (to symbolize contraband marijuana) and installed them under the plastic seats. I packed miniature plastic kilos of salt (symbolizing cocaine and heroin) and placed them inside the doors and trunk lining. If you shake the GTO, you'll hear these scale representations of the marijuana and cocaine. That's your American Dream car and it's now ready to drive across the border. *Das Vadanya!*



NEW SHOES
wrinkled black leather
water drops roll off.
blue jeans caress
toes curl humbly.

Dear Refrigerator,

We are really bummed that we can't get a copy of the Refrigerator in any of the coffee shops (kaffe) in Europe. Oh well—who said you can have everything and anything in Europe anyway???

Dear Refrigerator,

You guys who print the *Refrigerator* monthly your ship has stop rolling. You might as well retired the magazine the "*Refrigerator*" because it's just a waste of time and bread also the *Refrigerator* is "running on empty" the *Freezer* is read by alot of people including the president of the united states, Local poets, Musicians, Artists The Urban Squirrels, The Earthlings Big Hair, Fadaways ect. Before I forget the local poets too. I really think the magazine should pack it up quickly Aaahhh! Taxi please! The *Freezer* is very advisable towards its readers as well as its supporters The *Refrigerator* treats its readers like "they are wimps living in suitcases." The *Refrigerator* is like a bump on the head with no poetry page for its readers nor printing staff. The *Freezer* is roaring like the cover of the *Rolling Stone* the difference is the *Refrigerator* is too yuppie for my daily reading diet.

Tony Nelson

Dear Refrigerator,

Poetry submission from a person without a typewriter, or even a computer for that matter. I relish what youse do.

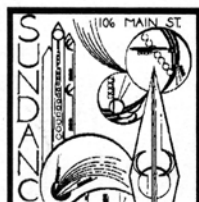
Peace, love, jazz, etc., SED

P.S. A person without a title, even.

Dear Refrigerator,

Thanks for mentioning *Feedlot Loophole* in issue #22 and taking time out to send us a copy. We were even more pleased when we read the rest of your paper. We felt like we were in good company. Thanks again for including us.

Honey Barbara



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