

REFRIGERATOR

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#24
FREE

THE LAST RAVE IN LOVE WORLD

RED MARS • BLACKNESS • GOING CLEAR



What the hell is going on in this mayoral race? Does anyone understand a process that lets small groups of people from each neighborhood pick their choice for mayor? To put this in perspective, you have to realize that whoever the Democratic Party picks as their candidate will probably be our next mayor because registered Dems outnumber registered Republicans 2-1 in this city. Therefore the democratic party primary will, in actuality be the election, cutting 30% of our voting population out of the process. Is this democracy? The process resembles the pre-civil rights south where the same situation existed. Local political insiders controlled access to the primaries, effectively shutting out blacks and making the voter's choice null and void. The Supreme Court eventually had to step in and end restrictions on primary elections. Remember, this was in the land of Jim Crow and lynchings.

Here in Love World, we have, at last count, eight candidates for Mayor. Many will be shut out of the process as democratic committees behind closed doors pick the next emperor. These King-makers have been known to consort with strange bedfellows like Tom Cook, pinheaded local conservative chief (never elected to anything), in order to make coalitions and advance the interests of those who are in the know.

Get rid of political parties at the local level. After all, no one running for local office ever puts their party affiliation on their signs or flyers. And who knows what the local parties stand for besides their petty attempts at Machievellian maneuvering. Imagine if a strong black candidate like Ruth Scott decided to run as an independent, bypassing the Democratic Primary Shoe-in and turning the real election in November into a Real Election. The local polit bureau would roll over gnashing their teeth in frustration. Come on Ruth, go for it. Put the old white guy network where it belongs: in some Florida Condo community.

IT FEELS GOOD TO LITTER. I CAN SEE IT IN THE BODY LANGUAGE OF THE EAST HIGH KIDS WHO DROP CANDY BAR WRAPPERS AND THOSE LONG PLASTIC POPSICLE-WITHOUT-A-STICK WRAPPERS AND MACDONALD'S NEW RECYCLED PACKAGING ON OUR LAWN AS THEY STROLL BY.

Going Clear The healthy, bottled-water-California-set started the ball rolling about ten years ago. Pepsi introduced a clear cola last year and Ivory has a clear dishwashing soap. Coors is marketing a healthy looking, clear, beer-like drink in a bottle that looks like vodka. Now the Canandaigua Wine Company has come out with what it calls its "new age" clear wine in a clear bottle. There is a very fine line between clear, minimal products and completely invisible ones and we are approaching it.

"Kenneth, what is the frequency?"
QUITE FRANKLY, I DON'T TRUST ANYONE WHO USES "QUITE FRANKLY" IN CONVERSATION. IT BUGS ME BIG TIME. I HEARD DAN RATHER USE IT TWICE THE OTHER NIGHT WHEN HE WAS BEING INTERVIEWED ABOUT HIS NEW CO-ANCHOR.

Irondequoit Mall has a business card vending machine for short runs, fly-by-night companies or gag calling cards. At the Elite Bakery on Atlantic Avenue, you can have your business card printed on cookies when you really want to make an impression.

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The Refrigerator is published 10 times a year. Contributions are welcome. All contributions are kept anonymous. Subscriptions are available for \$10 a year. Price includes postage. Back Page, 1" square ads are \$10 and rate sheets are available for the bigger ads. Call 716.288.0880 for more information.

Send submissions
to PO Box 40313 Rochester, NY 14604
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REFRIGERATOR 2

My father had a friend over on Grant Street in Buffalo who sold but mostly repaired televisions. We'd go for visits occasionally and watch World War II footage while the shop guard dog held me frozen to my seat with vicious snips, bared teeth and growling and I hadn't removed my coat. And it was hot hot and stifling as only households with... On one of these visits my mother told me quickly in passing that I was about to be "The Happiest Boy in the World."



INNER BEAUTY INCORPORATED, THE NEW AGE MEGA-COMPANY, RECENTLY ANNOUNCED CONSTRUCTION OF A CHAIN OF MEDITATION PARLORS. THE FIRST INNER BEAUTY MEDITATION STATION IN ROCHESTER WILL OPEN THIS FALL IN A DOWNTOWN LOCATION. FOUNDER NITRAM CIDE SAYS IT IS THEIR GOAL TO BRING PEACE AND TRANQUILITY WITHIN REACH OF ALL AMERICANS, REGARDLESS OF RELIGIOUS ORIENTATION. HE VISUALIZES MEDITATION STATIONS IN MALLS AND CROWDED OFFICE TOWERS WHERE, FOR A SMALL FEE, ONE HALF HOUR OF SILENCE AND PRIVACY WILL BE A RIGHT. CUBICLES WASHED IN SOFT SOLAR LIGHT AND A SIMPLE CUSHIONED PLATFORM FACING A WALL COVERED WITH SUBLIMINAL FOCUSING PATTERNS. ION WASHED AIR WILL GENTLY CIRCULATE UNTIL A SIMPLE CHIME RINGS WHEN TIME IS UP. "THESE RELAXATION AREAS WILL ALLOW HARRIED SHOPPERS AND WORKERS TO REPLENISH THEIR CHI AND REENTER THE WORLD REFRESHED AND ENERGIZED," SAYS CIDE.

Love World To Bob Dylan

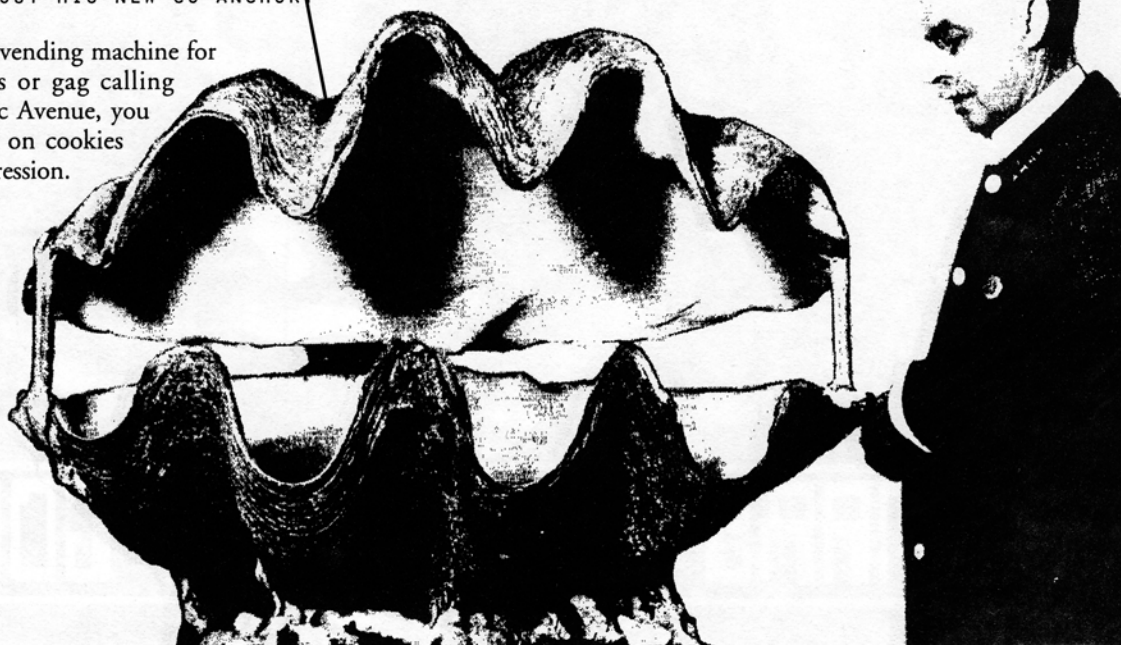
John Bartles took the stage like an overgrown Southern Tier farmboy and tore it up with "Who Killed Davey More?" at the annual Bob Dylan Birthday bash at HBB. Only The Colorblind James group could pull this concept off so successfully each year. Bob himself would not be reliable.



NOD HAS BEEN SELECTED TO RECORD "STRANGERS IN THE NIGHT" ON AN UPCOMING, NATIONALLY RELEASED, FRANK SINATRA COMPILATION.

When is the Post Office going to run out of those obnoxious little deer post card stamps?

THEY HAD A DAUGHTER, A MONGOLOID MY AGE AND WHEN SHE DIED THE BOTTOM OF HER COFFIN BOWED OUT AND SHE DROPPED INTO THE EARTH ON HER OWN.



drink this blackness

Coffee is the new
 lifeblood of the world; it
 comes in as many forms
 as liquor and from as
 many places as soap, we're on
 the fringe of craziness,
 of productivity, every reststop
 a cappuccino, every park bench
 is the signal for latte. Food is
 something we consume to keep
 our stomachs lined against the
 acid attack of the beans. Sleep
 is the enemy, distraction the
 substitute for rest. Drink this
 blackness, inhale this richness.
 Black people have always been
 beautiful.

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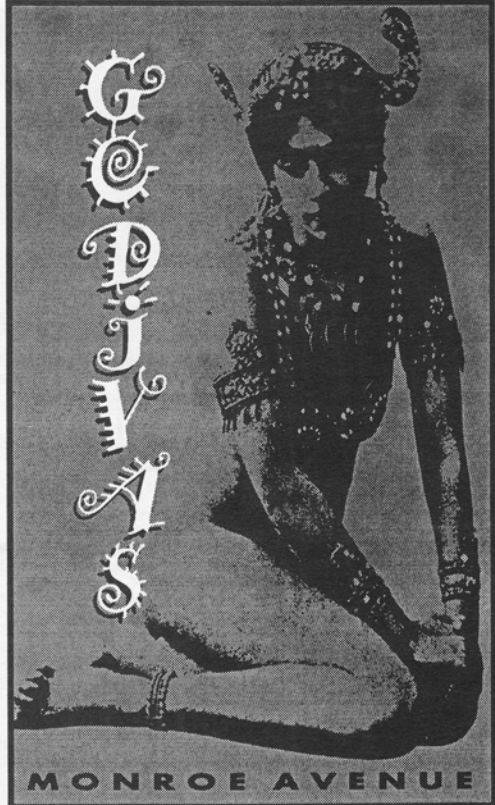
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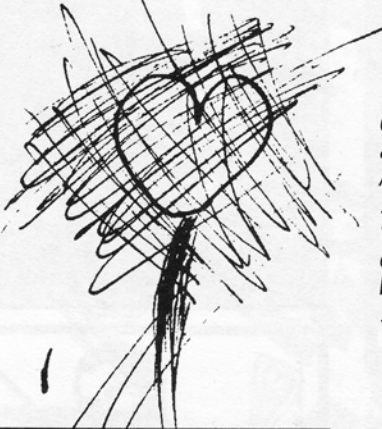
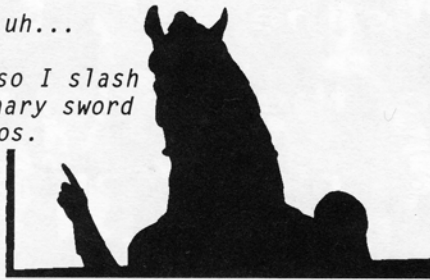
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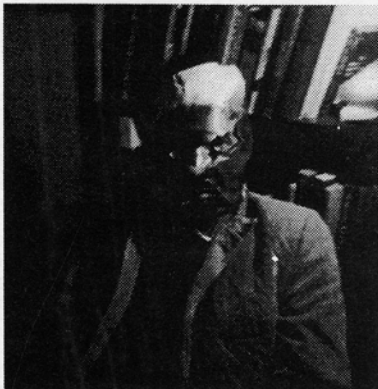


O but once I was jaunty.
Invigorated by action & triumph.
When?
Well, when uh...
Never.
Yes, right so I slash
with imaginary sword
at the cosmos.



Close your eyes
and you may never see again.
A child among fatalists,
I, an obsessive, tried
to prove the consistency
of my organs.
With all the testing
I might have worn them out.

I am a real man. Not a sensitive guy or a machismo male. I can cook and do so often, utilizing handfuls of garlic and large dollops of fragrant oils and spicy sauces. I have opinions which I occasionally share. I am unconcerned with popularity. I am going bald and keep my hair cut very short. No floppers for this guy. I read and I do not own anything with Lycra in it. I drink Rolling Rock, Guinness and very dry martinis up with a twist. Tequila makes me wish I was dead the next day so I avoid it. I am married but my wife kept her name. Its nice to meet you, whoever and whatever you are; I'm not picky. My only fault is that I am a little unsympathetic to fat people.



our mail was particularly
abstract this month
anonymous self portraits
is kind of a strange concept
we really weren't sure
which contributions were
intended to be self portraits

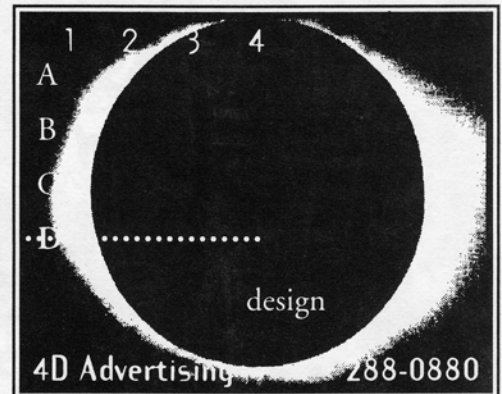
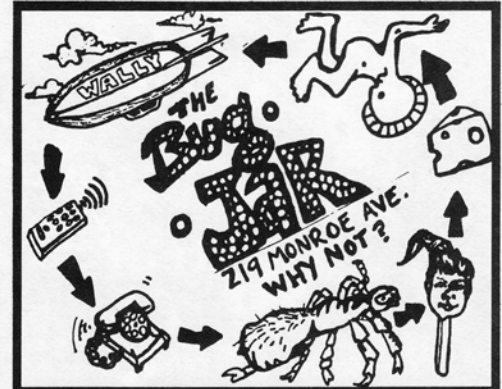


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YOUR INVITATION TO PARTICIPATE IN Montage 93

Did Rochester style itself as the World's Imaging Center in order to host two to three hundred thousand thrill-seeking convention-goers for world-wide events like Montage '93 this July? Keeping these cynical thoughts at bay is a full time job. Montage '93 is being billed as a major International Festival where art and technology are expected to converge. "Rochester is the ideal site for the world's premier imaging event," says Nathan Lyons, President of Montage '93. "We want to show how technology is changing the way we live in a dynamic environment, where people learn by doing, seeing, and interacting with people who live and work on the cutting edge". The Refrigerator will be distributing a special edition (our twenty fifth)(working title, "Montage My Ass") at the Festival. This issue will feature **your responses.**



Montage: a composite photograph or other artistic composition consisting of several superimposed components.

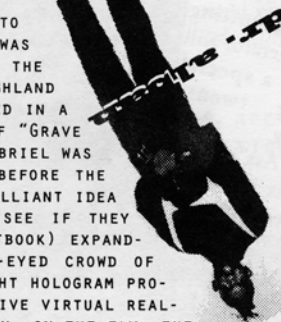


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TECHNOLOGY IS CHANGING THE WAY I LIVE. I'LL TELL YOU HOW.

Please publish my response (anonymously) in the upcoming "SPECIAL ISSUE" Refrigerator #25. I understand I can use a bigger piece of paper or fax my response to 716•288•0880. Send responses to The Refrigerator PO Box 40313 Rochester, New York 14604. (Deadline is June 25)

THE LAST RAVE IN LOVE WORLD



MARK FROM HAMILTON AV WAS THE FIRST TO TIP US OFF. ALL OF HIS PROJECTION EQUIPMENT WAS RENTED OUT FOR WEDNESDAY, JUNE 2, INCLUDING THE GIANT PROJECTOR HE USES TO SHOW MOVIES IN HIGHLAND PARK. HE HAD TWO COMPLETE SOUND SYSTEMS PACKED IN A TRUCK AND BOUND FOR THE PUBLIC MARKET, THE SITE OF "GRAVE RAVE". WHEN THE PROMOTERS OF THIS EVENT HEARD PETER GABRIEL WAS RENTING THE WAR MEMORIAL FOR THREE NIGHTS TO REHEARSE BEFORE THE OPENING NIGHT OF HIS UPCOMING U.S. TOUR, THEY HAD THE BRILLIANT IDEA TO APPROACH THE COMPANIES INVOLVED IN MONTAGE '93 TO SEE IF THEY MIGHT BE INTERESTED IN REHEARSING THEIR MIND (AND POCKETBOOK) EXPANDING TECHNICAL APPLICATIONS IN FRONT OF AN EAGER, WIDE-EYED CROWD OF YOUNG TECHNO-SEX-CHARGED PRIMITIVES. THERE WERE LASER LIGHT HOLOGRAM PROJECTIONS LINED UP AND YOUNG EXPLOSIVES DISPLAYS, INTERACTIVE VIRTUAL REALITY DEMONSTRATIONS AND SOFTWARE THAT ENABLED YOU TO DESIGN, ON-THE-FLY, THE OUTCOME OF THE EVENING.

IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL NIGHT AND THERE WAS AN INCREDIBLE AMOUNT OF ENERGY IN THE AIR. THE TINY PSYCHEDELIC FLYERS THAT BEGAN SHOWING UP IN AS MANY PLACES AS THE WEASEL STICKERS THE WEEK BEFORE DID AN INCREDIBLE JOB OF ALERTING THE RAVERS. SOME OF THE REGULAR PUBLIC MARKET VENDORS WERE PAID TO JUST SHOW UP WITH THEIR LIVE CHICKENS AND 3D JESUS CLOCKS. SMART DRUGS AND SMARTFOOD POPCORN WAS OFFERED AT EVERY OTHER BOOTH, IT SEEMED. MARK FROM THE OLD BTB WAS THERE SELLING TRENDY MECHANICS CLOTHES.

MANY OF THE VENDORS WERE BOOMIN THEIR OWN PROGRAMS AND ATTRACTING SHIFTING CROWDS. THEIR WAS NO FOCUS TO THE EVENT WITH THE POSSIBLE EXCEPTION OF THE NEARLY NAKED DANCERS ON TOP OF THE CARS IN THE PARKING LOT. BARRY WAS SELLING HIS ORGANICALLY GROWN GAME AND DOING A BRISK BUSINESS WITH HIS EXOTIC MUSHROOMS. QUICK TIME MOVIES AND RANDOM LIQUID LIGHT WERE PROJECTED ON EVERY SURFACE OF THE SURROUNDING WAREHOUSES. EASTMAN KODAK WAS TEST MARKETING THEIR NEW SINGLE-USE CAMERA THAT TAKES PICTURES AT NIGHT WITH VIRTUALLY NO AVAILABLE LIGHT. MEDICINE RECORDS FROM NEW YORK HAD A BOOTH FOR THE EVENING WHERE THEY HANDED OUT FREE 12 INCH COPIES OF THEIR NEWEST RELEASE, THE AMAZING "FIERCE RULING DIVA" AND FULL COLOR T-SHIRTS WITH THEIR LOGO AND A FISHBOWL OF PILLS ON IT. THE BEATS PER MINUTE OF THE AVERAGE SONG IS NOW APPROACHING 150 BPMs AND THE BASS IS REARRANGING OUR MOLECULAR STRUCTURE ENABLING US TO NOT GET TIRED.

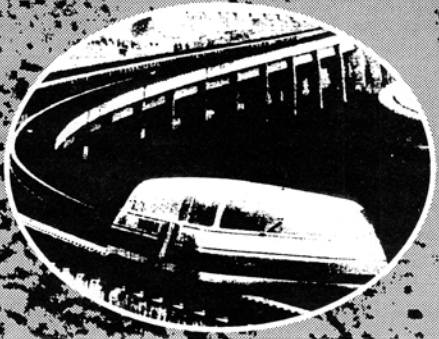
A SPECIAL STAGE WAS SET UP AT THE END OF THE MAIN BUILDING FOR MATT GAGE TO PERFORM. HE HAS HAD SOME INTERNATIONAL DANCE HITS THAT WERE RECORDED IN HIS LIVING ROOM IN THE SOUTHWEDGE AND AS FAR AS I KNOW THIS WAS HIS FIRST LIVE PERFORMANCE. THE STAGE WAS KEPT DARK THE ENTIRE TIME AND THE INDICATOR LIGHTS ON THE KEYBOARDS AND PROCESSING EQUIPMENT WOULD BLINK WILDLY AS MARK MOVED IN FRONT OF THEM.

ARISTA RECORDS HAD SOME SORT OF SATELLITE HOLOGRAPHIC PROJECTION OF DR. ALBAN PERFORMING FROM HIS HOMETOWN IN NIGERIA. THE DISCO DENTIST'S RECORD "IT'S MY LIFE" WENT TO NUMBER ONE IN TEN COUNTRIES AND WAS JUST RELEASED HERE THIS WEEK. HE REALLY WAS CHARMING AND PERSONABLE LIKE GRACE JONES WHEN SHE PERFORMED AT HEAVEN OR EEK-A-MOUSE AT HBB.

THIS WAS A WILDLY SUCCESSFUL EVENT AND BODES WELL FOR THE UPCOMING CONVERGENCE OF ART AND TECHNOLOGY AT MONTAGE 93. AND IT WAS NOT THE LAST RAVE IN LOVE WORLD, SIMPLY THE LATEST. WE'VE ALREADY HEARD RUMORS ABOUT ONE DURING MONTAGE AT THE OLD RED WING STADIUM.



I WON'T GIVE IT AWAY



Lately it has been amusing to read all the futurist predictions for the nineties and beyond and realize how far off these prescient pundits have been. Toffler and all those guys predicting imminent financial collapse (The Great Depression of the Nineties, etc.) have tried to predict the near future with a startling lack of success. Not surprisingly, the predictions that hit home have come from those writers and film directors producing speculative fiction, once known as science fiction. William Gibson's *Nueromancer* and Ridley Scott's *Blade Runner* both portray near future societies riddled with technological advances and social decline not unlike the strange mixture any urban dweller sees daily-gangs with pagers and cell phones, real estate hucksters with laptops and microbusiness owners creating hollow corporate shells with faxes and modems; a sort of science faction.

Although I dumped on sci-fi after adolescence in favor of artier fare, a title grabbed my attention recently while thumbing through new books at the local library. Kim Stanley Robinson's *Red Mars* (Bantam) chronicles the settling of the fourth planet in the not too distant future by an iconoclastic group of scientists, visionaries and nut case corporate fundamentalists. The author displays an amazingly wide range of expertise, seamlessly integrating psychology, techno-babble, a disintegrating earth society based on international corporations and third world rebellions, Mars as the wild west, planet transformation through the process of terraforming, environmentalism, genetics, designer drugs and on and on. This apparent mishmash is held together by a pageturner storyline and halfway decent characterization in which people react to change like people would by doing all kinds of destructive things to each other. The book climaxes with an enthralling look at the construction and destruction of a space elevator, the technocrats' latest major hardware fantasy. I won't give it away, but take it from me, you don't want to be around when a thirty mile long giant cable comes cruising down out of control.

Red Mars has its faults; a fixation on hardware and the usual swashbuckling, bigger than life characters, but it does prove that conventional speculative fiction of the non-cyberpunk variety is alive and well. Not only is this an entertaining read but there promises to be two sequels coming soon. I'll be watching.



FOR 2 PEOPLE

TAKE 1 LB. RAW SHRIMP (LARGE, EXPENSIVE) AND PEEL THEM.
TAKE 1 LARGE OR 2 MEDIUM MANGOS (VERY RIPE), PEEL AND REMOVE FROM LARGE PIT (SCRAPE PIT WITHOUT GETTING TOO MUCH STRINGY STUFF) INTO A BOWL. MASH MANGO INTO A LUMPY PULP (MESSY, I KNOW). YOU CAN AVOID ALL THIS BY GOING TO AN INDIAN GROCERY STORE & GETTING A CAN OF MANGO PULP WHICH WORKS FINE (USE 1/2 OF A LARGE 2 LB. CAN & KEEP THE REAL MANGOS FOR EATING!).
HAVE READY... 1/2 CUP PLAIN YOGURT, JAMAICAN STYLE HOT PEPPER SAUCE, 1 LIME, FRESH CILANTRO/CORIANDER. ALSO HAVE PREPARED: BROKEN CORN BREAD OF RICE COOKED WITH COCONUT MILK.
HEAT A FRYING PAN/WOK. ADD A BIT OF BUTTER AND THROW IN THE SHRIMP. STIR FRY THEM QUICKLY SO THEY JUST TURN PINK/WHITE. SCOOP 'EM OUT & PLACE THEM ON A PLATE, COVER WITH FOIL & PLACE IN WARM OVEN (TO KEEP WARM).
KEEP PAN MED-HIGH HOT AND THROW IN MANGO PULP. AS YOU STIR FRY THE BUBBLING PULP, ADD HOT SAUCE TO TASTE (SEEK COMBO OF SWEET & HOT), ADD JUICE OF 1/2 LIME, STIR FRY TO COOK OFF SUGAR, ADD 1/2 CUP YOGURT, REDUCE HEAT & STIR TILL IT'S JUST BUBBLING AGAIN.
ADD THE SHRIMP, AS SOON AS YOU'RE SURE THE SHRIMP IS HEATED THROUGH, SPRINKLE WITH CHOPPED CILANTRO AND STIR QUICKLY ONCE. IMMEDIATELY SERVE ON BROKEN CORN BREAD OR BED OF RICE COOKED WITH COCONUT MILK.
SERVE WITH COLD RED STRIPE.
(POSSIBLE VARIATION-IF YOUR GRILL IS FIRED UP, PREPARE SAUCE AS ABOVE BUT GRILL SHRIMPS OVER FIRE SO THEY ARE JUST WHITE/PINK. BUT HAVE SOME CHARCOAL SINGE, PLACE SHRIMPS ON CORN BREAD/RICE & POUR SAUCE OVER.)

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Dear Refrigerator,

Its surprising how all the bad trips are so similar. That New Orleans piece right down to the 90 mph ballet, I was there that night resigned to my doom on the upper deck. B52. The Building did eventually collapse on its own (as some time passed and we all were starting to get some solid nutrients outside of Flintstone vitamins).

Good Luck & Skill in the future, Pete

Dear Refrigerator,

Read the label and follow directions. Take one Erythromycin ES 400mg tab 4 times daily. Do not take w/dairy products and take at least one hour before meals. Dr. Leary's prescription says to take in the proper set (mental, spiritual, physical state) and setting (environmental peace and love). Do not take a 4 way at a drunken frat party in a broken don building w/ the B-52s on the Victrola and mosquitos and friends in straight-jackets w/ downers buzzing your brain as you talk to Mr. Friendly-in-Blue. Try it again and read the label and follow directions.

A. Nony Mouse

P.S. the key word in Love World is *love*

Dear Refrigerator,

My good friends and I spent the better part of a yesterday's foggy afternoon rereading our treasured copies of the *Refrigerator* (We've very carefully encased them in nonstaining, dried yak intestine to protect them from the weather and allow only the scribe himself to touch them).

We then spent the evening ruminating on the fact that we are unable to procure a subscription to your wonderous, luminous publication here in Outer Mongolia.

Is there any chance that you might form some sort of satellite paper nearer to us? Oh! to have that lusciously crisp, bitey manuscript delivered to our very own tent flap would truly put a kick in our steps and a twinkle in our eyes.

SED Polo & Pals

Dear Refrigerator,

You printed my last (first) little poem so here's another.

Yours in anonymity

Dear Refrigerator,

Enjoyed page 2 of #23 on the issue of Howard Stern And censorship. It is important to point out to the *Refrigerator* readers, we have two feminist (sic-editor) writers in Ms. Towler and Ms. Krenis-Moore who appear to have a politically correct agenda which leaves no room for a sense of humor or non-politically correct viewpoints. It would be good if these two women could lighten up a little bit.

While Howard Stern is not my cup of tea, I do not see him as a threat to national security or anything else that might be on the feminist agenda. The guy is just trying to make living.

The Rochester media market has a long history of being conservative, politically correct and smug. While many things have changed, a lot remains the same, its only the enemy who is different.

Keep up the good work in the Rochester tradition of "the Sun", "WE", "The Citizen" and "The Journal".

Warm Regards, Bill Gerling, President
Plaza Publishers, Publishers of SmugTown USA



Dear Refrigerator,

BIG NEWS I got FUNKED—yes children, right here in the botanical-organ-of-love city and it was some local boys that did it and did it right.

Now I'm a cynic from the slap'n the ass but these boys calling themselves "Swinging Beef and the Meat Patrol" kicked it. Let me recommend seeing them up close, sister cause they are all so, so pretty.

Serendipitidoo

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